



THE HUNGER VIRUS
MADAM
PRESIDENT

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The clock on the wall ticked with methodical cruelty. Each second was a small, sharp jab at Agent Megan Donovan's already frayed patience.

She sat on the edge of the military-grade bed, confined to a room that was as sterile and impersonal as a laboratory. The morning was slipping away.

After the grueling cardio session from the day before, she'd been promised a substantial breakfast. A reward, they'd said. A necessity for her recovery.

Now, she just waited, listening for the sound of footsteps that would signal the arrival of Nurse Goldstein or a guard, and with them, the end of this maddening stillness.



1 (Muttering to the clock) "You find this funny, don't you? Just marching along while I starve in here."

2 (Her voice drops to a low grumble) "Patience is a virtue, they say... Yeah, well, so is keeping a promise."

3 (Sighs, rubbing her belly) "Easy, girl. They haven't forgotten us. Probably."

A low, insistent growl started deep in her belly, a clear signal that her body's fuel reserves were running on empty. She pressed a firm hand to her flat stomach, glaring at the clock.



1
"Okay... menu for the victorious, returning agent..."

2 (A small, hungry smile appears on her face)
"First course: coffee. Black, strong, and in a mug the size of my head."

3
"Then, the main event. A steak. Not a breakfast steak, a real one. Thick. Seared."

4
"A pile of eggs right next to it. An entire platoon of bacon strips, standing guard."

5 (She licks her lips)
"And a mountain of hashbrowns, fried crispy... maybe some toast, just to shove everything else onto."

6 (Sighs contentedly)
"Yeah... that'll do for a start."

The silence in the room was absolute, broken only by the incessant ticking and the occasional gurgle from her empty stomach. To pass the time, Megan closed her eyes and began to build her breakfast piece by piece in her mind, speaking the words aloud like an incantation.



1 (Her voice a little too bright)
"Good morning, Agent Donovan. Ready to
get this day started?"

2 (Leaping to her feet)
"Born ready. I was about to stage
a breakout for a piece of toast.
Lead the way."

The lock on the door finally clicked open. Nurse Scarlett Goldstein stepped inside, a forced smile of professionalism on her face. She wore oversized black scrubs, a deliberate choice for their supposed slimming effect, but the fabric still strained noticeably against the new, profound curves of her hips and the solid roundness of her breasts.

The uniform did little to hide the results of her intense transformation in the lab the night before. She felt like an imposter in her own skin, her body now a secret she had to conceal at all costs.

Megan's head snapped up, her eyes lighting up with genuine excitement.



1
"Excellent. First, I have some great news regarding your blood work from this morning."

3 (Ignoring her)
"Your metabolic panel is stabilizing even faster than projected. Red blood cell count is optimal, and the residual spatial particulates we were tracking have diminished by another twelve percent. You're on the right track."

Scarlett gave a tight laugh. She needed to seize control of the conversation immediately, to build a wall of yapping so high that Megan wouldn't have a chance to simply look at her. To notice the difference.

Megan:
2 (Her excitement deflating slightly)
"Great. Can it wait?"

Megan:
4 (Crossing her arms, her stomach letting out a low growl)
"The only track I care about right now is the one to the mess hall."



Megan's gaze narrowed. Years of military training had honed her senses, teaching her to recognize when something was out of place. And the woman in front of her was definitely out of place. It wasn't just her nervous energy; it was her physical presence.



They walked down a long, sterile corridor that opened into a cavernous hall. It was less a mess hall and more a functional feeding bay. With each heavy step Megan took, a low thrum vibrated through the concrete floor.

There was nothing celebratory about the scene. Dozens of soldiers in full tactical gear lined the walls, rifles held at a low ready. Their presence was a stark reminder that this was a controlled military operation.

In the center of the hall, a series of reinforced tables were piled high with a sickeningly vast mountain of cheeseburgers. Suspended from the second-floor gantry above was a massive, cylindrical container of thick, pink liquid, a wide-bore tap and a feeding funnel attached to its base.



1 (Sweeping a hand towards the tables)
"Here we are. We have a little over six thousand cheese-burgers for you. Each pair is roughly one cow's worth of beef, so... do the math. An immense amount of protein, fat, and calories to aid in your recovery."

2
"And for hydration, a custom-blended strawberry milkshake. I don't have the exact capacity on hand, but... it's a lot."

3 (A small, wry smile)
"I know it's not a five-star breakfast, but this is the army. What did you expect? I hope you brought your hunger with you."

Megan stopped dead, her jaw slackening as she took in the sheer scale of the offering. The low growl in her stomach intensified into a deep, predatory rumble, a primal response to the overwhelming sight and smell of cooked meat and melted cheese.



1
"Holy... How many calories is all this?"

4 (Tearing her eyes away from the food to glance at the soldiers)
"What about them?"

2
"I couldn't give you an exact number. If I had to guess?
It's well into the millions, for sure."

3
"Which brings me to them."

5
"They're a precaution. Your metabolism is
still an unknown variable. If your growth
accelerates too quickly, they have orders
to sedate you."

6
"The rounds are non-lethal, designed only to
slow your system down before you accidental-
ly bring the building down on top of us."

Megan's eyes drifted from the mountain of burgers up to the colossal tank of milkshake hanging over the hall like a pink moon. The eternal question: sweet or salty first? The decision felt monumental.



Megan barely registered the warning, her mind already calculating the most efficient way to attack the wall of food. The soldiers, the sedatives, the risk—it was all just background noise. Scarlett, meanwhile, was acutely aware of the guards, trying to keep her posture neutral. She failed to realize that her own recent growth spurt had already made her stand a full three heads taller than any of the men lining the walls. A detail that was completely lost on the food-obsessed giantess.



As Megan eagerly approached the tables, the sheer breadth of her shoulders and hips made navigating the space awkward. She had to turn sideways to get close enough, her powerful thigh accidentally knocking a leg of the nearest table. A small avalanche of burgers tumbled to the floor.

Seeing her quarry completely distracted, Scarlett began to back away toward the exit. Her movement caught the eye of a young soldier near the door. His eyes widened in shock, flickering from his average-sized comrades, to the nurse who was suddenly a giantess in black scrubs, and back again.

Scarlett met his terrified gaze. She slowly raised a single finger to her lips.



1 (In a low, hungry whisper to herself)
"Okay... let's begin."

2 (Muttering softly into his comms)
"She is initiating consumption. All
teams, stay sharp."

3 (Whispering to the man next to him)
"You ever seen anything like this? The sheer
size of those tits..."

4
"Just keep your eyes on her
center mass. The belly, I
mean. That's our worry at
the moment."

Megan hefted a cheeseburger in each hand. They were colossal, each patty wider than a dinner plate, the entire construction larger than a soldier's torso. A droplet of grease slid down the side of one, and she instinctively followed its path with her eyes, her tongue darting out to lick her lips in anticipation.

Behind her, the soldiers shifted their positions with quiet professionalism. They fanned out, creating a semi-circle that gave them diversified angles of fire. If things went south, they needed to be ready.



She brought the first burger to her mouth. She opened her jaw far wider than a normal human could and took an enormous bite, her teeth sinking through the bun, cheese, and multiple layers of thick, juicy beef.

Grease and oil immediately coated her lips and chin. She didn't care. A deep, guttural moan of pure, unadulterated pleasure rumbled in her chest as she chewed, the flavors exploding on her tongue. It was the most satisfying thing she had ever tasted. She shoved the rest of the massive burger into her mouth, her cheeks bulging as she worked to swallow it down.



1 (Loud, wet chewing and smacking sounds)
"(Schlurp, chomp, mmmph)"

2 (Whispering, his eyes wide with disbelief)
"Jesus Christ... did you see that? Her stomach... it's
actually growing already."

3
"I see it. Command, be advised, we have visible metabolic
acceleration. Significant abdominal distension after just a
few burgers."

As the first burger went down, the soldiers watched in stunned silence. The change was immediate and terrifying. Her flat, athletic stomach began to swell outwards, pushing against the fabric of her uniform. The taut muscle disappeared, replaced by a rapidly rounding curve that seemed to inflate with every passing second. The skin pulled taut, the very first faint, silvery lines of stretch marks appearing on her sides like lightning forks as her body struggled to contain the sudden mass.

The sound of her obnoxious, wet chewing echoed in the cavernous hall, a visceral and intimidating noise that set every soldier's teeth on edge.

1 (Mouth full, grease dripping down her chin)
"Oh fuck, yes... so good... (CHOMP, GULP)"

2 (A loud, wet belch escapes her lips)
"BUUURP! Oof... more room."

3
"God, I feel so fucking tight... need to get bigger..."

She devoured another ten burgers in a minute. Her stomach swelled violently, the round curve of her gut pushing forward with alarming speed.

1 (Panting heavily, stuffing two burgers in her mouth at once)
"Fuck, I'm such a greedy pig... I can't stop... (MMMPH, GOBBLE)"

2 (She grabs her own swelling belly, kneading the tight flesh)
"Look at this gut... It's getting so fucking fat..."

3
"Need... more... fill me up!"

The soldiers scrambled backward as her enormous, swelling gut advanced on them like a fleshy battering ram. It was already beginning to hang low, the sheer weight of it pulling her center of gravity down.

1 (Gasping, sweat beading on her forehead)
"Ohhh, fuck... I'm so full... so fucking stuffed..."

2 (A deep, echoing burp that rattles the hall)
"BRAAAAAAP!"

3
"Heh... look at me... a big fat fucking sow..."

4
"I feel... amazing..."

With a groaning lurch, her belly swelled to a monstrous size. The bottom of the gargantuan sphere of flesh sagged down, the skin stretched so tight it looked like polished marble, until it brushed against the cold concrete floor.



3 (Completely oblivious, her voice a muffled, greedy groan)
"Mmmmfph, fuddin' delishush..."

Soldier 1:
1
"Mark! Fire sedative volley one!"

Multiple Soldiers:
2 (The sound of multiple air rifles firing in unison)
"(PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!)"

Soldier 3:
4
"First volley deployed. Darts impacted on target's upper back and shoulders. We have skin contact."

She was far from done. Ignoring the soldiers, she shoved three more burgers into her mouth at once, her cheeks puffing out like a chipmunk's. Grease and ketchup smeared across her face as her eyes rolled back in pure, animalistic pleasure.



A dozen sedative darts struck her back, but they had no effect. Instead, a fresh wave of growth pulsed through her, this time concentrating on her lower body. Her powerful thighs and huge ass began to swell, thickening with alarming speed.



1 (Panting, a wild look in her eyes)
"Fuck... my ass is getting huge... I can feel it!"

2 (A low, pained groan mixed with pleasure)
"So tight... mmmmmmmmm..."

3
"Yesss... make them bigger... fatter..."

4
"Reload! Fire another volley! Aim
for the neck!"

The skin on her thighs grew incredibly taut as they expanded like twin oaks. The growth surged into her ass, which began to swell outwards, creating a massive, rounded shelf of bare flesh that pushed her forward over her grounded belly.



1
"Oh, FUCK! So big... I'm so fucking big back there!"

2 (She tries to look back, but can only feel the immense new mass)
"It feels so tight... so full..."

3
"Second volley is a negative!
Darts are not penetrating the
skin density! They're bounc-
ing off!"

4
"God help us... look at the size
of her..."

With an explosive surge, her ass ballooned to a monstrous size. A web of new, silvery-white stretch marks raced across the taut, swollen skin of her colossal, naked cheeks like cracks forming in a glacier.



She was now a mountain of bare flesh, a grotesque parody of the human form with a gut occasionally brushing against the floor and an ass the size of a car. And still, her hunger was not sated. She mindlessly reached a hand out, her fingers searching through the pile of burgers beside her.

Sound:
3 (A loud CLICK followed by a thick, gushing noise)
"(CLUNK... GLOOOOOOSH)"

Staff Member:
2 (A faint, panicked voice from above)
"Yes, ma'am!"

1 (Shouting up to the gantry)
"Turn it on! Now!"

4 (The sound of her swallowing the thick liquid)
"(GULP, GULP, GULP)"

Somehow, she managed to struggle to her feet, her colossal lower body and grounded gut making the movement slow and difficult. She waddled directly under the milkshake funnel and craned her head back, her mouth open.

1 (Voice muffled by food and shake)
"Mmmph... oh, yesss... (GULP, CHOMP)"

2
"My tits... fuck, they're getting hot..."

Soldier 1:
3 (Into comms)
"Growth is localizing in the chest! Upper torso is expanding!"

The thick, calorie-dense shake poured down her throat in a continuous torrent. With her free hands, she kept grabbing burgers, stuffing them into her cheeks around the stream of liquid. A new, tingling heat spread across her chest.

1 (A low, pleased moan)
"Ooooh... they're getting so heavy... so full..."

2
"Feels so good... wanna be bigger..."

Her breasts began to swell rapidly, blossoming into heavy, rounded mounds of flesh. The skin pulled taut, and the first spidery lines of silvery stretch marks appeared across their swelling surfaces.

Soldier 2:

3
"Look at them! They're blowing up like fucking water balloons!"



1 (Eyes wide with shocked arousal)
"Holy FUCK! I'm... I'm leaking!"

2
"Hahahaha! A fat fucking cow, full of milk!"

Soldier 3:

3
"Command, Donovan is lactating! I repeat, she is lactating! What are your orders?!"

The growth became explosive. Her tits swelled to an enormous size, straining against her chest. Her nipples hardened and thickened, and then, thick, creamy milk liquid began to gush from them, streaming down her already massive belly.



1 (Panting, a blissful, messy grin on her face)
"So much food... so much milk... MMMMMM!"

3 (A loud, milky burp)
"BRRUUUUUAAAAP!"

Soldier 1:

2
"Uh-huh... Roger that, sir..."

4
"Command is saying we must stay put. And avoid shooting. Apparently, this was expected and nothing out of the ordinary. Stay put, soldiers."

Her breasts became titanic, two monstrous globes of flesh hanging over her gut, milk flowing freely from her thick nipples. She was a horrifying spectacle of consumption and creation, chugging shake and eating burgers as her own body produced yet more nourishment.

1
"Ohhhh, fuck... everywhere... I'm getting
bigger EVERYWHERE..."

2 (A deep, shuddering moan)
"So heavy... I feel so fucking heavy..."

The growth went systemic. The parasites in her system, supercharged with a constant torrent of calories, began converting everything into pure lard. Her entire body started to expand, and she grew taller, her head now just a few feet from the gantry above.

3
"She's growing taller! Jesus Christ, she's
going to hit the ceiling! What the fuck
is ordinary about THIS?!"



(Slapping her own jiggling belly)
"Just a big, fat, greedy bitch... MMMMMM!"

Her limbs thickened into fat, shapeless pillars. Her ass and belly swelled even larger, merging into one continuous landscape of blubber. She was becoming a true giantess, a goddess of gluttony.



The scene was pure chaos. The mountain of burgers was rapidly shrinking. The shake poured, her breasts gushed milk, and the air was filled with the sounds of her grotesque feast.



She was a colossal, ever-expanding deity of lard. Her skin was a roadmap of stretch marks, her body a quivering testament to unchecked hunger and impossible growth.

She was just getting started.



Meanwhile, the United States remained a nation under siege from within. Martial law was in full effect, with President Dakota Redwood and her enthralled Vice President, Evelyn Hayes, governing with the absolute authority of the military at their fingertips. The country had become a pariah state; most international flights were canceled by nations unwilling to risk contact with the dangerous regime.

This, however, did little to deter President Redwood. Today was a day of triumph. In a newly constructed government retreat nestled in a secluded mountain valley, she was hosting the Chilean President, Xavi Hernando. The compound featured two colossal villas and spacious gardens, all designed to accommodate the needs of its giantess leaders.

The meeting's purpose was historic and unprecedented: to finalize a bilateral deal granting the United States an unlimited supply of Chile's "undesirables." A steady stream of people to ensure President Redwood's belly, and her power, could continue to grow forever. On the helipad, Secretary of State DJ Lance extended a hand to his counterpart.



4
"Alright, I'm done with this section. Move the scaffolding over to the heel."

1 (Whispering to his partner)
"Put more pressure on the arch. There's still a patch of dirt the size of a manhole cover."

3
"She is... formidable. The embodiment of our nation's boundless potential."

6
"She appreciates thoroughness in all things. Shall we?"

2 (Voice trembling slightly, but forcing a wide, admiring smile)
"Magnificent. Truly... magnificent. The sheer scale of your President... it is a testament to America's strength."

5 (Eyes fixed on Dakota's foot)
"Such perfection, even on this scale. It is the attention to detail that defines true power, is it not?"

As they stood on the red carpet, a sleek black limousine that had just dropped off President Hernando idled behind them. To their right, the source of the nation's lockdown was on full display. President Dakota Redwood was lying on her back, a naked mountain of flesh. Her gigantic feet, each one large enough to crush a car, were stretched out near them.

Two men, sweating profusely in the hot summer sun and wearing only tight-fitting underpants, worked diligently on her left foot. Armed with buckets and long-handled mops, they scrubbed the vast, calloused expanse of her sole while another pair carefully polished her toenails on the other foot, each nail the size of a windshield. In the distance, the equally naked and immense Evelyn Hayes used the gentle slope of a nearby hill as a table, casually picking at the remains of a small forest for her breakfast.



National Security Advisor Mark Jenkins, now reduced to the role of a glorified errand boy, jogged onto the lawn holding a bright red megaphone. Communicating with the President at this scale required amplification. He raised the device to his lips, the electronic squawk of feedback cutting through the air for a moment.

President Redwood didn't even turn her head. She was preoccupied with her breakfast, casually holding a tiny, danglingg woman in her massive hand, preparing to give her a new home inside her belly.



Dakota shifted her weight, cupping one of her colossal breasts with a hand adorned in glorious golden chains and rings. She turned her head slightly toward the hill where her Vice President was lounging.

Evelyn turned in response, the movement causing her own massive, naked ass to shift and knock against a cluster of palm trees, shaking them like toys. Her body was draped in silver jewelry that glinted in the sun.



Getting up from the hill, Evelyn Hayes began to walk toward the small gathering on the red carpet. With a deliberate, almost casual slowness, she lifted one of her colossal feet—adorned with silver toe rings and glistening black nail polish—and brought it down directly on top of the black limousine.

The sound of crunching metal and shattering glass echoed through the valley as the luxury vehicle flattened like a tin can under her immense weight. The soldiers lining the perimeter flinched in unison but otherwise held their ground, knowing better than to react. One of the foot cleaners, however, cried out as a shard of flying glass almost nicked his cheek.



1 (Craning his neck to look up at her, his voice steady)
"Madam Vice President, it is a profound honor. I am Xavi Hernando. I have come today hoping to establish a new paradigm of cooperation between our two great nations."

3
"Indeed. My goal is to ensure regional stability and foster an era of mutual prosperity. Chile has much to offer a forward-thinking administration."

Evelyn:
2 (Her voice booms down, polite but devoid of warmth)
"President Hernando. We are aware. The United States is always willing to explore strategic partnerships that advance our sovereign interests."

4
"Prosperity is predicated on strength and the will to make difficult decisions, would you not agree? We are very interested in your... offer."

In the background, President Redwood casually reached out, plucked a tall flagpole from its concrete base, and began using the American flag at its tip to idly scratch an itch between her colossal toes. It was the ultimate assertion of dominance, a clear message broadcast to any cameras that might be watching: the symbols of the nation were now her personal property. The constitution, the people, the state itself—all were mere tools for her comfort. She was the law. A god.

Evelyn loomed over the visiting president, her shadow falling across the red carpet. President Hernando, to his credit, managed to compose himself and address the giantess with the formal dignity his office required.



1 (Her voice a calm, deep rumble from above)
"You must understand, President Hernando, that President Redwood's time is her most precious asset."

2
"When she grants you an audience, it is imperative that you have a clear, concise discourse."

3
"Weigh your words very, very carefully. She does not suffer fools."

President Hernando, DJ Lance, and Mark Jenkins all had to crane their necks back, tilting their heads to an almost painful angle, and still, they couldn't see Evelyn's face. Their entire world was the landscape of her colossal lower body: her thick, fat-sunken knees, the impossible width of her hips and ass, and her enormous belly dangling high above them like a fleshy planet.

She stared down at the three of them, and it was clear she saw nothing more than insects. Hernando's hands fidgeted nervously behind his back, his diplomatic composure beginning to crack under the sheer weight of her presence.



Then, with a movement that sent tremors through the ground, Evelyn knelt down. The action brought her face closer, but it also made the true, terrifying scale of her belly more apparent. The massive sphere of flesh descended, engulfing the sky above the three government officials, blocking out the sun.

1 (Her voice a soft, deep purr)
"There now. That's better, isn't it?"

2
"Don't worry, I won't drop you."

3
"I have a place for you that's very safe... and
very comfortable. Right in between them."

Evelyn's enormous hand descended, the fingers as thick as tree trunks. She gently, almost delicately, plucked President Hernandez from the ground, lifting him effortlessly into the air. She brought him up to her face, her massive eyes staring down at him as if he were a curious insect.

1 (Looking down at him, her lips curled into a smirk)
"See? Perfectly safe. A bit of a tight squeeze for a man
of your stature, perhaps?"

2
"Oh, dear. It seems my tits are in the way. You can't even
see President Redwood from down there, can you?"

3
"Would you like to climb up a bit? Get
a better view?"

4 (His voice strained, but trying to sound enthusiastic)
"Yes! Please! I would be honored!"

She lowered him down, gently depositing him into the deep valley between her colossal breasts. With a soft grunt, she flexed her chest, squeezing her breasts together just enough to hold him snugly in place. Hernando scrambled for purchase, placing his hands on the soft, mountainous flesh on either side to keep from sliding into the chasm of her cleavage.



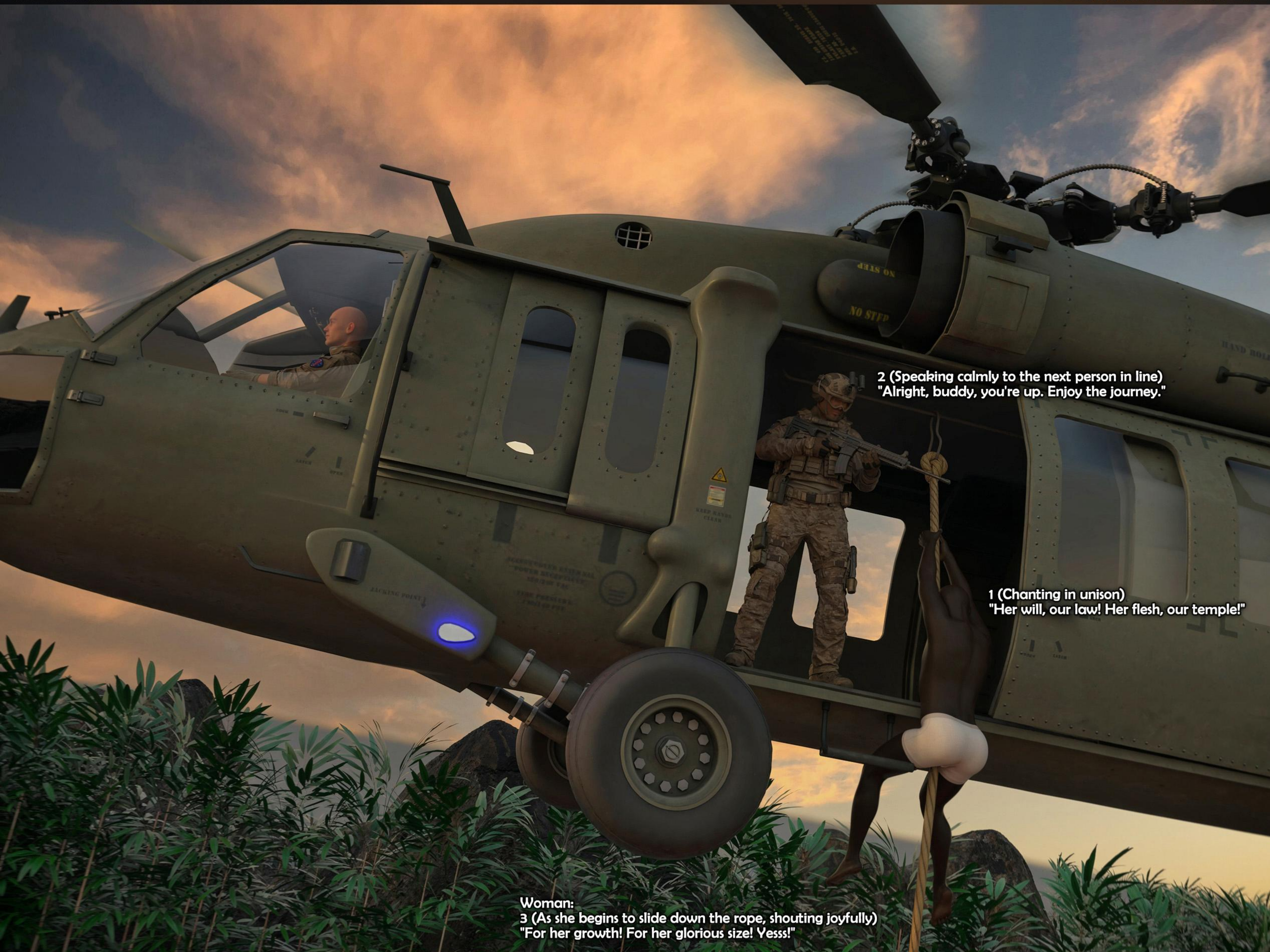
4 (Staring, utterly mesmerized)
"It is... it is the most magnificent
thing I have ever seen."

1 (Her voice resonating through her chest, right beneath Hernando)
"You see, President? This is not a dictatorship. It is a religion."

2
"Ever since our transformation, this revelation of true power,
the people worship us. They see it as an honor, an exclusive
privilege, to be chosen."

3
"They get to reside inside her, to become one with her and con-
tribute to her magnificent growth."

Hernando struggled up the soft incline of her breast, finally getting to his knees on the precipice of her sternum. From this new vantage point, he witnessed a sight of pure majesty. President Dakota Redwood lay before him, her giant double belly a landscape of white stretch marks. Above her, a military helicopter hovered, a thick rope dangling from its open door. One by one, tiny figures slid down the rope, willingly letting go to drop directly into her waiting, open throat.



2 (Speaking calmly to the next person in line)
"Alright, buddy, you're up. Enjoy the journey."

1 (Chanting in unison)
"Her will, our law! Her flesh, our temple!"

Woman:
3 (As she begins to slide down the rope, shouting joyfully)
"For her growth! For her glorious size! Yesss!"

The helicopter pilot held the aircraft in a perfect, steady hover. In the open doorway, a soldier managed the rope, ensuring the willing citizens had a clear path down into the President's waiting mouth. They descended one by one, a steady stream of worshippers, their voices joined in a rhythmic chant that echoed across the valley.



1 (Her voice a lazy, satisfied boom)
"Yesss... that's it. Come to me."

2
"More... I want more of you. All of you."

3
"You all belong to me."

A deep, purring rumble vibrated in Dakota's chest. Every person that dropped into her mouth was a fresh wave of validation, a testament to her absolute power. They were not citizens; they were offerings. Obedient servants marching willingly into her divine embrace.



1 (A soft, gentle burp)
"Buurp.")

2 (Standing on her tongue, inhaling deeply)
"Oh, the divine scent! It smells like paradise!"

3
"I'm ready! I'm ready for my new home!"

Every now and then, she would lazily stick out her tongue, a vast, wet, pink carpet for them to land on. As they placed their feet on the massive muscle, she would sometimes let out a teasing little burp, a fragrant puff of air that gave them a preview of their warm new home. Men and women, all lined up for the honor, knowing that within the President's gut, they were safer than they could ever be out here.



1 (Whispering in awe)
"It's... it's so beautiful. The entrance to paradise."

2
"This is it. My true purpose."

It had become a self-sustaining movement, a nationwide referral program for ascension. Participants would call their friends and families, urging them to join. To leave the uncertain world behind and find eternal purpose and safety within the temple of the President's ever-expanding gut.

A young woman now dangled at the end of the rope, peering down into the dark, wet cavern of Dakota's throat with a look of pure bliss on her face.



Sensing her readiness, Dakota tilted her massive head back even further, presenting a near-vertical slide for her devoted follower. The woman looked up one last time, her eyes filled with tears of joy, and then released her grip on the rope.



1 (A soft, satisfied hum)
"(Mmmmmm.)"

Her final words were cut off as she slid into the President's mouth. Dakota's lips closed gently, her colossal teeth brushing harmlessly against the woman's torso like soft, ivory pillars. Then, her massive, powerful tongue curled upwards, cradling the tiny woman and beginning to pull her deeper into the warm, wet darkness.



For the woman, the feeling was one of utter bliss. She was enveloped in a world of pleasant warmth and comforting pressure. The long, cavernous pathway of the President's throat was slick and soft, pulsing with gentle, rhythmic contractions that massaged her body as she slid deeper and deeper. To them, it wasn't scary; it was a perfect, all-encompassing embrace.



With each person that slid down her throat, a deep, resonant `GULP` echoed from within the president. A low gurgle started in her massive stomach as the first offerings settled in, and the initial, subtle signs of a new expansion began. Her already vast gut tightened, the skin stretching just a little bit more.



¹
"(GULP... GULP.)"

² (Her moan deepens, becoming more guttural)
"Ohhh, yesss... I can feel you all inside me..."

President Hernando:
³ (Stammering)
"In... incredible. Her growth is... tangible."

The growth began to accelerate. Her belly pushed forward, swelling visibly with every swallow. The skin grew taut, shining under the sun as it stretched to accommodate the new mass churning within. The upper part of her abdomen started to bloat, creating a distinct curve separate from the lower swell.



1 (A louder moan, a mix of pleasure and the strain of her stretching skin)
"Nnnngh... so tight... keep filling me up..."

2
"(GULP)"

A deep, horizontal crease started to form across the center of her gut as the top and bottom sections swelled at a prodigious rate. The flesh folded in on itself, creating a new valley in the landscape of her stomach. The promised double belly was beginning to take shape.



1
"(GULP... GULP... GULP.)"

2 (Running a hand over the deep valley in her midsection)
"Heh... two chambers now. I'll need to fill both of them to the brim."

Evelyn:
3
"A sign of her divine capacity and her generosity. She makes more room for her people."

The transformation was now undeniable. Two massive, distinct rolls of flesh comprised her new abdomen. The lower belly was a monstrous, soft pillow resting on her upper thighs, while the upper belly swelled proudly just beneath her colossal breasts, the crease between them a deep, shadowed canyon.



1 (A long, deep, resonant burp that shakes the ground)
"BRRRUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAP!"

2 (Sighing contentedly, her voice thick with pleasure)
"Ahhhh... much better."

3 (Turning her massive head slightly towards Evelyn and the man on her chest)
"Now... where were we?"

The last person from the helicopter slid down her throat. Her new double belly quivered and churned, gurgling with a deep, liquid satisfaction as it settled into its new, even more immense size. The helicopter banked, its purpose served, and began to fly away.



1
"Bring him here, Evelyn. I wish to speak
to him more closely."

2
"Yes, Madam President."

3 (As he is swung through the air)
"Whoa! W-whoa!"

President Redwood was pinned to the ground by the sheer mass of her new double belly, her colossal breasts leaking milk onto the flesh below. She turned her head, her voice a low rumble. Evelyn immediately understood. She plucked President Hernando out and held him upside-down by his leg between her thick fingers.

Evelyn's hand, with the terrified president dangling from it, moved like a slow-motion crane towards Dakota's even larger hand, which lay open like a fleshy landing pad.



1 (Her voice booming towards the helicopter)
"That is enough for now. I wish to have some time with our guest. Give the remains to the Vice President."

3 (Watching the rope of people swing towards her, a hungry glint in her eye)
"Oh, goody..."

4 (Licking her lips)
"My turn."

2 (Over the helicopter's loudspeaker)
"Yes, Madam President! As you command!"

As Evelyn completed the hand-off, Dakota lifted her gaze to the helicopter still hovering patiently above. With her conversation partner now in hand, she had no more need for the main course.

The helicopter pilot immediately responded to her command, banking the aircraft and moving to hover beside Evelyn. The rope, with the remaining worshippers, was dangled before her face.



1 (Her voice a low, impatient rumble)
"Talk."

3 (Interrupting)
"I don't have time for small talk.
The proposal."

2
"Madam President, on behalf of the
people of—"

4 (Nodding quickly)
"Yes! Of course! We are prepared to begin weekly
transports of... undesirable citizens. Thousands of
them. They would be more than happy to serve you,
to do with as you please."

5
"In exchange, we would ask for significant economic
relief and a normalization of bilateral relations."

President Hernando stood precariously on the vast, open palm of Dakota's hand, a tiny figure amidst a landscape of golden rings and perfectly manicured white nails. She stared down at him, a fleeting thought crossing her mind of how easily she could close her fist and extinguish him. But no, he was far more valuable to her in his current state.



2 (Shouting to be heard over the burp, clinging to the ring)
"—AND WE BELIEVE THIS STRATEGIC PARTNERSHIP
WILL BE OF IMMENSE BENEFIT TO US BOTH!"

3 (From the background, as Evelyn eats)
"(GULP... GULP.)"

Dakota:
1 (A ground-shaking belch that echoes across the valley)
"BRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAP!"

As Hernando was making his desperate pitch, a deep, powerful gurgle rumbled up from Dakota's gut. She let out a massive, echoing burp that shook her entire frame. The hand Hernando stood on trembled violently, causing him to lose his footing. He cried out, scrambling to grab hold of the thick golden band of a ring on her finger to keep from falling.

In the background, Evelyn was now enjoying her share of the breakfast. The remaining worshippers slid down the rope one by one into her waiting mouth, their chants continuing unabated.



Dakota's burp subsided, her expression one of pleasant relief. She considered his words for a moment, the tiny man still clinging to her jewelry. She would accept his terms, but she always demanded more.

In the foreground, Evelyn's mouth was wide open, ready to receive the next willing morsel.



3 (A low, throaty moan from the background)
"Ooooh... yes... right to the bottom..."

2
"We have secured a fleet of cargo planes and ships, Madam President. A dedicated and continuous corridor, for your exclusive use."

1
"Let's discuss logistics. I want a detailed manifest and a guaranteed timeline. How, exactly, do you plan on transporting my property to me?"

President Hernando tightened his grip on Dakota's ring as she spoke. In the background, Evelyn let out a low groan of pleasure as another person slid down her throat. The first hints of a new growth spurt began, her already colossal hips seeming to widen, pressing more firmly against Dakota's tits.



3 (Panting softly, her voice thick with pleasure)
"Fuck... my ass is getting so fat... I can feel it spreading..."

2 (Trying not to show his shock)
"A base? Of course... of course,
Madam President. A symbol of our
shared interests."

1
"This... arrangement will require significant security. As a sign
of this new partnership, the United States will establish a new
military base in your port city of Valparaíso."

Dakota nodded slowly, satisfied for the moment. Behind them, the change in Evelyn became more noticeable. Her ass began to swell, the flesh expanding outwards, becoming visibly wider and thicker with each person she swallowed.



3 (A loud, ecstatic moan)
"MMMMPH! God, it feels so good getting bigger!
So fucking heavy!"

1
"And I want to assure you, these are all volunteers.
People who see this as a humanitarian opportunity
to begin a new..."

2 (A dismissive wave of her other hand)
"I don't care what you call them. Just make sure
they arrive on time."

Hernando tried to regain some semblance of control, to frame the horrific deal in a more palatable way. The effort was wasted on Dakota. Meanwhile, Evelyn's growth was now dramatic, her lower body expanding into a truly monstrous shelf of flesh that re-shaped the landscape behind her.



3 (Giggling as she feels her own immense new size)
"MMMMMM... I'm gonna need a bigger country to sit on..."

2 (Sweating profusely)
"There will be no delays, Madam President! I give
you my solemn word!"

1
"The weekly quotas are not suggestions, Hernando. They are
mandates. I trust you understand the consequences should there
be any... delays in your shipments."

Evelyn's ass continued swelling to impossible proportions, a continent of soft, quivering flesh. Dakota's eyes narrowed as she delivered her final, unspoken threat to the intimidated man on her hand.



The deal was done. Dakota had everything she wanted, and more. In the background, Evelyn's growth spurt was slowing down, leaving her with a new, impossibly immense posterior. She let out a deep, rumbling burp of satisfaction.

Dakota brought her hand closer to her face, studying the tiny man clinging to her ring. A playful smile spread across her lips.

3 (Forcing a light chuckle)
"It would be the highest honor, Madam President. But alas, my people still require my leadership."

1
"You know, you'd probably like it inside me. So much better than the usual rabble."

2
"Wouldn't you like to join the rest in my belly?"

4 (Laughing, a deep, booming sound)
"Hahaha! True enough. You're far more valuable to me outside my belly than in."

5
"I was just playing with you, Presid—"

1 (Losing his balance as her hand shakes)
"Madam President?! What is it? What's happening?"

2 (A long, deep, shuddering moan of intense pleasure)
"NNNGH! Oooooohhhhhh FUCK..."

3
"(Nnngh... ahhhh...)"

Her speech was cut short by a sudden, sharp intake of breath. A loud, unrestrained moan escaped her lips and her eyes rolled back into her head, showing only the whites. Her head tilted, squishing her massive double chin into her chest as her body tensed up.

(Realization and pleasure dawning in her voice)
"Ahhh... of course... it's Tuesday..."



It took her a moment to place the sensation. She couldn't see the ground past the mountainous curve of her breasts and double belly, but she could definitely feel it. She had forgotten the time. It was Tuesday. Her weekly worship.

As she watched, a large, specially modified fire truck parked between her widespread legs. It extended a long ladder, the tip landing precisely at the entrance to her slick, waiting cunt. A line of worshippers, who had been waiting patiently, began to climb, ready to jump into the great, dark hole.



Both of the nation's leaders were now being stuffed simultaneously. While Evelyn continued to swallow the last of the offerings from the helicopter, a new stream of worshippers began to fill Dakota from below, driving her into waves of ecstasy.

A tiny woman reached the top of the ladder, her feet planted firmly on the final rung. She stared down into the entrance of the President. It was a dark, deep, cavernous opening, glistening with humidity. The air was thick with the sweet scent of the giantess's arousal.

1 (Whispering, her voice trembling with reverence and excitement)
"Oh, my goddess... it's so wet... so perfect..."

2
"The air is so warm... it's like a tropical paradise."

3
"I can't wait... I can't wait to jump in and make you happy, my Queen."

1 (A blissful sigh as she holds the wet inner walls)
"So soft... so alive..."

2
"I'm here, my goddess! I'm home!"

3 (A sharp, ecstatic gasp from far above)
"YESS!"

With a look of pure devotion, the woman stepped off the ladder. She landed softly on the slick inner walls of Dakota's vulva, her hands pressing against the wet, slimy, pulsating flesh. The giantess below her jerked and moaned from the intense sensitivity.

Surrounded by the slick liquids of her goddess, the woman smiled, ready to leap into what she truly believed was heaven.



The simultaneous, dual stuffing triggered a massive surge of growth in both giantesses. Dakota's breasts and belly began to swell with fresh lard, while Evelyn's hips and thighs started to thicken even further. President Hernando, still standing on Dakota's hand, felt the flesh beneath him begin to shift and expand.



The growth intensified, their bodies visibly lengthening as they both grew taller. A particularly intense wave of pleasure shot through Dakota, causing her entire body to jerk violently. Her hand shook like the epicenter of an earthquake, and Hernando stumbled badly, sliding towards the edge of her palm.



1 (Lost in her own world, her voice a series of breathless moans)
"(Nnngh... oh, god... yes... yesss...)"

2 (A satisfied, deep burp echoes from the background)
"BRUUUAAAAP!"

Another powerful spasm wracked Dakota's frame. Her hand lurched uncontrollably, throwing Hernando off completely. He shouted, his fingers just barely managing to snag the edge of one of her thick, golden rings at the last possible second. He now dangled hundreds of feet in the air from her thumb.



Suddenly, a new, smaller helicopter—a security detail that had been waiting for just such an emergency—swooped in. It hovered expertly near Dakota's hand, and a soldier kicked a rescue rope out of the open door, the line dangling just a few feet from the terrified, dangling president.



3 (Gasping, squeezing Dakota's hand)
"You too... baby... getting... huge..."

1 (Shouting up at the helicopter)
"FASTER! PULL ME UP FASTER! I CAN'T HOLD ON!"

2 (Panting, her words slurring with pleasure as she speaks to Evelyn)
"Look at you... so... so fucking... BIG..."

4
"(Nnngh... bigger... we need to be... bigger...)"

President Hernando clung desperately to the rescue rope, the wind from the helicopter blades whipping around him. Dakota paid him no mind, her attention now fixed on Evelyn's new, colossal form. Aroused by the sheer scale of her partner's growth, she reached out a hand and possessively cupped one of Evelyn's immense, newly swollen ass cheeks. Evelyn responded by placing her own hand over Dakota's, their fingers intertwining in a sensual, powerful grip.



And so the two goddesses of flesh continued to grow, their insatiable appetites for food, power, and their own expansion eclipsing any lingering pretense of governing the nation they ruled. They were forces of nature, driven by a hedonistic hunger that reshaped the very landscape around them.

Throughout it all, Dakota made sure she always remained the biggest, the most powerful, the undisputed alpha. But a flicker of worry had begun to enter her mind. Evelyn, for all her pliant obedience and breathless worship, was growing at a terrifying rate. She was behaving like a true rival, someone who secretly coveted the number one spot.

Whether she would ever dare to act on that ambition, however, was a question that remained to be answered.



Meanwhile, back in the secure military hospital, Nurse Scarlett Goldstein's mind was racing. The incident with the hitman had changed everything. She was curious, and a little terrified, about the new powers she had acquired after being accidentally infected by that strange, glowing cocktail of alien blood and chemicals.

Her spit could steal the size of others, transferring it directly to her. She needed to understand it, to control it. And she decided there was no better test subject than the giantess stuffing herself full just down the hall. In the privacy of a staff bathroom, she found an empty stall and secretly deposited a thick glob of her saliva into a small, sterile pill jar she'd taken from a supply closet.



As she was carefully sealing the jar, the toilet in the next stall flushed loudly. A man began whistling a tune as his heavy combat boots clomped on the tiled floor.

Scarlett instinctively tried to pull her feet back to hide them, but it was useless. She was too big now, and the tips of her bare toes were still clearly visible in the gap beneath the stall door.



Scarlett let out a slow breath. What was the point of hiding? She didn't know how to reverse the growth, and she couldn't stay in a bathroom stall forever. She remembered the shocked look on the soldier's face in the mess hall. They already knew something was wrong. Maybe it was time to stop hiding and start using this to her advantage.

She unlocked the door and stepped out just as the soldier was splashing water on his face at the sink, singing to himself.

2 (Looking down at him in the mirror, a low, amused laugh rumbling in her chest)
"Hehehe."

3
"You forget a thousand things every day, pal. How about you make sure this is one of them?"

1 (Spinning around, his eyes wide with terror)
"JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!"

4 (Staring, speechless and terrified)
"..."

Scarlett passed directly behind him, her thick butt brushing against his back. Her sheer size forced her to bend down to avoid hitting her head on the ceiling. The soldier paused his singing, his eyes flicking up to the mirror. He saw her reflection looming over him, a giant-ess in nurse's scrubs, and he froze, a choked gasp escaping his lips.



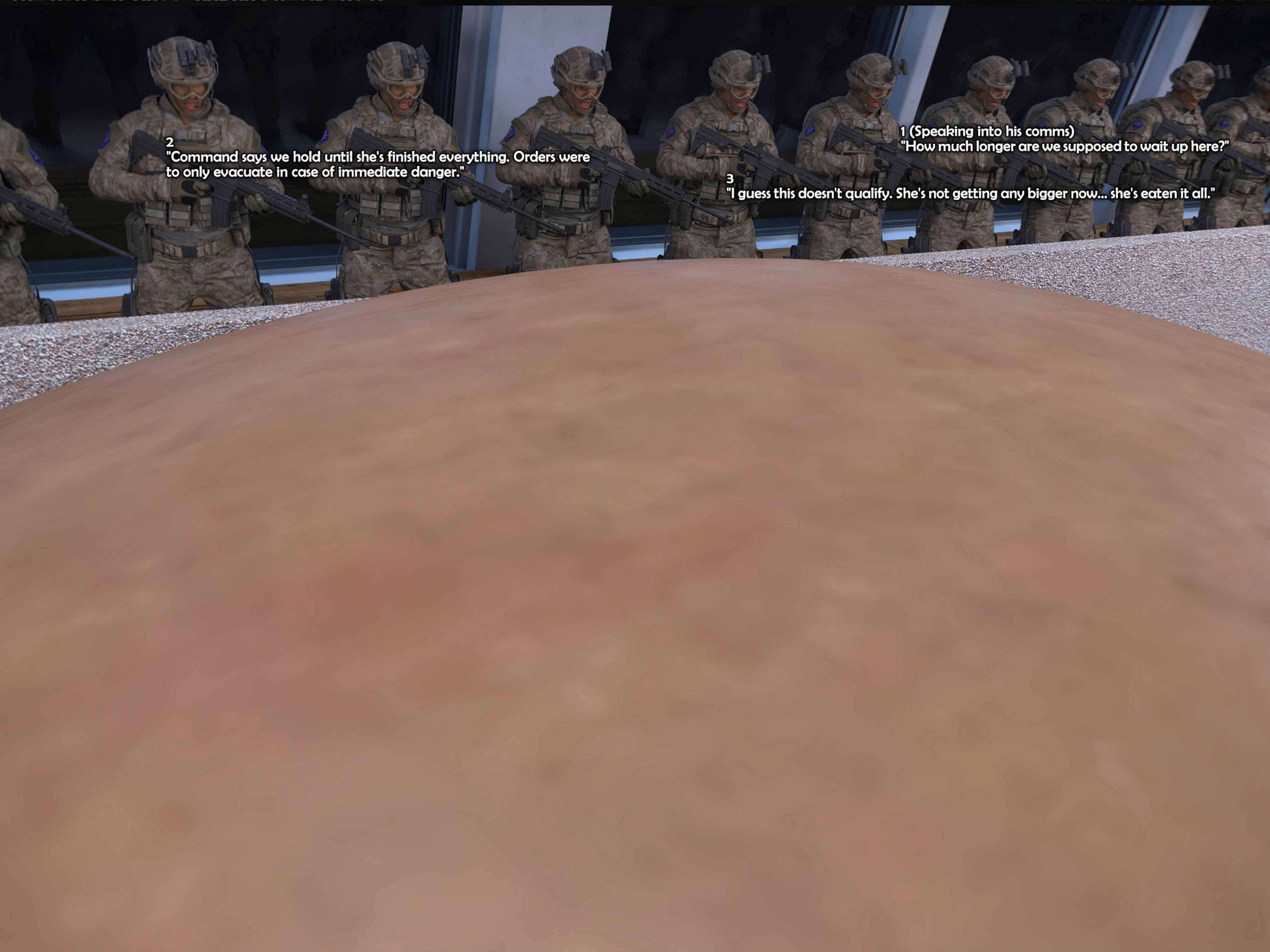
(A shocked gasp)
"Oh... my God..."

After composing herself, Scarlett left the bathroom, the small jar heavy in her pocket. She strode purposefully back towards the mess hall, ready to see the results of Megan's breakfast. As she rounded the final corner and the hall came into view, she stopped dead. Her eyes went wide, and her jaw dropped.

1 (Her voice a faint, strained gasp from behind the belly)
"So... stuffed... can't... move..."

2 (Whispering to herself in disbelief)
"Jesus fucking Christ... how... how is this even possible?"

In front of her, completely blocking the entrance and stretching far down the hall, was Megan's belly. It was an impossible, obscene mountain of taut flesh, so impossibly large and distended that there was no way to get around it. Loud, wet, gurgling sounds of digestion emanated from within. Far in the distance, behind the colossal mound, she could just hear Megan's ragged breathing.



The soldiers had been forced to abandon the ground floor entirely, retreating to the second-floor gantry that overlooked the hall. Megan's gut had swelled so high it was now level with their position, a quivering wall of flesh that had claimed the entire space below.



Down below, Megan was a testament to pure gluttony. She sat on the floor, one arm braced against an empty table behind her for support. The milkshake container lay detached and drained on the table. In her other hand, she held the very last cheeseburger, mustering every ounce of her remaining strength to finish it.



1 (Muttering to herself, her voice thick and slow)
"Mmmm... what a fucking pig... I love it..."

2
"So good... to finally... eat myself stupid..."

3
"Come on, Megan... you can finish this...
just one... last... burger..."

She brought the burger to her lips, managing only a small, shallow bite. A deep moan rumbled in her chest, a sound of pure, over-stuffed ecstasy. It was the feeling she had been craving: a true, all-consuming food coma.



1 (Calling out loudly)
"Agent Donovan! Megan! Are you okay in there?"

2 (The only response is the sound of wet chewing and a low groan)
"(Chomp... mmmph... nnnngh...)"

3
"(BRUUUP!)"

Scarlett carefully approached the massive wall of belly, placing a hand on the warm, vibrating skin to get a true sense of the agent's new scale. It was shocking. The flesh was stretched as tight as a drumhead.



2
"Ma'am, our orders from Command
are to stay and observe—"

1
"Alright, I need this area evacuated immedi-
ately! All of you, out!"

3 (Cutting him off, her voice sharp)
"I don't give a shit what Command told you! I
am the nurse on duty, and I need to check her
vitals. Now get out of here and give me some
space!"

Scarlett knew this was her chance. She turned and looked up at the soldiers on the gantry, her expression one of stern, medical authority.



2
"No. I know what I'm doing. Just because she's big doesn't mean she's a danger. I need the full area evacuated for this. It requires concentration."

3
"Close the blast doors on your way out. I'll report back when I'm done."

1
"Do you... need one or two of us to stay for your safety, ma'am?"

4 (Sighing in defeat)
"You heard her. Come on, let's move."

The soldiers hesitated, looking at each other. Scarlett stared them down, her newfound size adding a layer of intimidation they couldn't ignore.



Scarlett waited until the heavy blast doors boomed shut, sealing her inside with the giantess. She walked up the stairs to the gantry and looked down. Megan had finally finished the last burger and was now leaning back, her eyes closed in a state of strained bliss.



(Whispering to herself)
"Okay... let's see what happens..."

Now was the time. Scarlett took the small pill jar from her pocket, her heart pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. She unscrewed the cap, aimed carefully, and swung her arm back, ready to see what her strange new power could really do.



(A series of deep, slow breaths)
"(Haaaaaaah... haaaaaaah...)"

A thick, glob of saliva flew from the jar. It stretched through the air in a slimy, viscous strand, arcing downwards towards Megan's colossal form. Below, the agent continued to pant, her body trembling slightly from the strain of her monumental meal.



The glob of saliva landed with a soft `splat` right on her gigantic breasts. It clung to her skin for a moment before it began to slowly droop downwards onto her upper belly. Instantly, her skin started to absorb it, the liquid sinking into her pores as if she were a sponge.



(Whispering, her voice tight)
"Come on, come on... please work..."

Scarlett stood on the gantry, her heart hammering against her ribs. She watched the saliva sink into Megan's skin, her teeth clenched with a potent mix of nervousness and anticipation. All she could do now was wait.



1 (A sharp, shocked gasp)
"Oh! Oh, my God... it's working!"

2
"I'm... I'm growing!"

Suddenly, it began. A tingling heat spread through her own body, and she gasped as her breasts immediately started to swell, the black fabric of her nurse's top straining instantly. Her belly and hips pushed outwards with a sudden, shocking force. She looked down, her eyes wide with disbelief.



1 (Staring down at her own chest in amazement)
"Holy shit... they're getting so big..."

3
"It's... it's really happening!"

2
"(RRRRIP!)"

The growth wasn't stopping. Her breasts continued to expand, the fabric of her top ripping at the seams with an audible tearing sound. The dark circle of her areola began to peek through a newly formed rip in the cloth.



(A breathless, half-panicked laugh)
"Hehehe... wow... this is... this is intense..."

Overwhelmed by a giddy rush of excitement and shock, the small glass jar slipped from her trembling fingers, shattering on the floor below. She instinctively brought her hands up to cup her own rapidly swelling breasts, feeling the new, heavy weight of them growing against her palms. A smile, mixed with a hint of dawning terror, spread across her face. In her excitement, she briefly forgot that this wasn't like the hitman situation. Megan was so, so much bigger. The size transfer was just beginning.



The intense growth surged downwards. Her ass and hips began to expand at a terrifying rate, the thick black fabric of her nurse pants groaning under the strain.



1 (Panting, bracing a hand against the wall)
"So thick... everything is getting so fucking thick..."

2
"(SSSHRED!)"

The main seam on the back of her pants split open with a loud tearing sound, exposing the pale skin of her rapidly widening backside. Her thighs thickened, rubbing together with a friction they never had before.



¹
"My clothes... they're... they're destroyed..."

² (A shaky, excited giggle)
"I'm too fat for my clothes..."

Her pants were in tatters now, shredded fabric clinging uselessly to her colossal, jiggling hips and thighs. Her top was barely holding on, ripped wide open at the front, exposing her huge, heavy breasts.



(Breathing heavily, looking down at her new, huge body)
"Oh, my God... look at me..."

With one final, powerful surge, the last remnants of her pants and top ripped away, leaving her standing on the gantry practically naked, her body flush with the heat of her sudden, massive growth.



1 (Her voice groggy)
"Huh...? What the...?"

2
"I... I feel... smaller..."

Down on the main floor, a strange sensation roused Megan from her food coma. A feeling of... lightness. She opened her eyes, a wave of confusion washing over her. The feeling of being painfully, blissfully overstuffed was beginning to fade.



(Panic rising in her voice)
"What's going on?! My stomach... it's deflating!"

It wasn't just a feeling. She could see it happening. Her colossal gut, which had been a solid, unmovable mountain of flesh, was visibly shrinking. The skin, once stretched tight, was now becoming loose and soft.



(Pushing herself up, a look of pure confusion on her face)
"This... this isn't possible... where is it all going?!"

The shrinking spread through her entire body. Her massive ass, thighs, and breasts all began to recede, the immense weight and size she had just gained seeming to melt away into nothing.



The transfer of mass began to accelerate dramatically. As Megan shrank on the floor below, Scarlett exploded with new growth above. Her breasts, ass, belly, and hips all swelled at a terrifying, out-of-control rate.



1 (Screaming as a powerful wave of growth hits her)
"AAAAAH! FUCK, IT HURTS!"

2 (Sobbing, a mix of panic and pleasure)
"Make it stop! No, don't stop! Oh, god!"

Scarlett's entire frame was expanding, her bones creaking as she grew taller. Her flesh quivered and jiggled as it was pumped full of transferred mass, her body swelling like a balloon.



¹
"Scarlett?! What in the hell is happening to you?!"

² (Too overwhelmed to answer, just moaning and swearing)
"HOLY FUCKING SHIT...! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Down below, Megan, still shrinking but now able to move, looked up towards the first floor where she'd last seen the nurse. Her eyes went wide with shock at the sight of the colossal, naked woman who was growing at an impossible rate.



¹
"It's you! You're... you're taking my size!"

²
"I CAN'T CONTROL IT! AAAAAH!"

The size transfer was a torrent now, a relentless flood of mass pouring from one woman into the other. Megan was shrinking faster and faster, while Scarlett ballooned uncontrollably, her panicked moans echoing in the sealed hall.



1 (Panting, her body trembling)
"So... heavy... can't... stand..."

2
"Oh, God... that feeling... down there..."

Scarlett stumbled backward, her massively overgrown body now weighing thousands of pounds. She slammed back against the thin barrier wall of the gantry, her immense weight causing it to buckle and groan. A thick pad of fat, a fupa, swelled into existence at the base of her belly in real time.



1 (A sharp, hitched gasp)
"Oh, FUCK! I'm... I'm leaking...!"

2
"I'm gonna... I'm gonna CUM! I can't stop it!"

The overwhelming pleasure of the growth, combined with the sheer terror, was too much. A hot, electric sensation shot through her groin. She felt a familiar wetness between her legs as her body struggled to cope with the intense stimulation.



She pressed herself against the groaning barrier. Her entire body was a quivering, expanding mass of jiggling flesh, her senses completely overloaded by the terrifying, ecstatic rush of it all.



1 (Eyes rolling back in her head)
"I'm... I'm too big... too heavy...!"

The barrier wall let out a final, screeching groan of tortured metal. Scarlett's center of gravity shifted as her ass and belly swelled one last time, and she struggled to hold her impossible, ever-increasing weight.



2 (Bracing herself, her eyes wide)
"I've got you! I've got you!"

1 (A terrified shout as she falls)
"AAAAAAAAAH!"

Scarlett cried out as she lost her balance, her colossal, fat form tipping backward over the edge of the gantry. Down below, Megan, though still shrinking, was still a giant. Her instincts took over. She lunged forward, her large hands reaching up to catch the falling, and still rapidly growing, nurse.



(A pained, breathless groan)
"Nnngh... it's still... happening..."

Scarlett landed with a heavy `thump` in Megan's arms, the impact driving the larger woman to her knees. The size transfer didn't stop. Pinned to the floor by her own rapidly expanding body, Scarlett could only lie there, holding her swelling breasts as her belly grew significantly bigger and fatter with each passing second.



Megan, kneeling beside the rapidly growing nurse, was shrinking at an alarming rate. Her once mountainously overstuffed belly was deflating like a punctured balloon, the flesh becoming soft and loose as the mass flowed out of her and into Scarlett.



The flow of mass was a relentless tide. Scarlett's body continued to swell, her gut expanding into a soft, plush mound on the floor, while Megan shrank and weakened, the last of her epic meal being siphoned away to fuel her caregiver's growth.



(Scrambling backward, away from Scarlett)
"This is insane! You've gotta be fucking kidding me!"

The dynamic shifted. As Megan's panic grew, a strange calm washed over Scarlett. The terror was replaced by a giddy, intoxicating rush of power. A slow smile spread across her face as she began to massage her own enormous, growing belly.

(Panting heavily, a blissful look on her face)
"Feels... so... good... haaah..."



Scarlett continued to expand, her body becoming softer, rounder, and undeniably fatter. She was reveling in it now, lost in the sensation of her own impossible growth while Megan could only watch in horror as her own powerful form dwindled.



The transfer was a torrent, a visible river of power flowing from one woman to the other. Scarlett was a goddess of expansion, every inch of her swelling with stolen mass. Megan was becoming a shadow of her former self.



With every passing second, she grew fatter, her moans of ecstasy a stark, cruel contrast to Megan's panic. She was completely lost in the intoxicating feeling of her own ballooning flesh. Putting on hundreds of pounds in real-time.

"This can't be happening..."



(Her voice trembling)
"What... what was that? How... how did you do this?"

And then, as suddenly as it began, it stopped. The flow of energy between them ceased. Megan stood, a shell of her former self—still a giantess by any normal standard, thick and powerful, but a fraction of her peak size. She looked up at Scarlett, who was now a true colossus, her eyes filled with worry and confusion.



2 (Her voice louder, more insistent)
"I said, how did you do this to me?!"

Scarlett lay on the floor, panting heavily, her massive new body slick with sweat. The rush of power was fading, leaving only the reality of her immense new size. She blinked, trying to focus on the smaller woman standing before her.

Scarlett:
1 (Gasping)
"Haaah... haaah... what...? I didn't... hear you..."



1 (Her voice full of shame)
"I... I'm so sorry. It was an accident. It all
started last night..."

2
"Last night? What happened last night?"

Scarlett struggled to stand up, a difficult task with her new, ponderous body. She was now significantly bigger than Megan, each one of her breasts nearly the size of the agent's entire torso. She looked down at Megan, a deep flush of embarrassment on her face.



Scarlett began to explain everything, her voice low and apologetic. She told Megan about the hitman President Redwood had sent, the fight in the lab, and the strange cocktail of chemicals and alien blood she had created.



1
"So you... you chose me as
your guinea pig?"

2
"It's not... You're not infected! I-I just wanted to see
what would happen! I thought it would be a small
amount! I'm so, so sorry, Megan. I never meant for this
to happen."

Megan listened, her expression shifting from anger to stunned disbelief. Scarlett explained her plan to test it, her curiosity getting the better of her, never imagining the transfer would be so powerful or so uncontrollable.



As they talked, a strange, tickling sensation started in Scarlett's nose. She frowned, sniffing the air. Megan, however, was lost in thought, her gaze fixed on Scarlett's absolutely gigantic breasts, still unable to fully process the new reality.



It happened too fast for anyone to react. Scarlett tilted her head back and let out a huge, explosive sneeze. A fine spray of her saliva shot through the air, flying directly towards Megan, who was standing only a few feet in front of her.



1 (Her voice a horrified whisper)
"No... no, no, no... you sneezed on me."

2 (Her eyes wide with panic)
"No! I mean, yes, but... it's not what you think!"

Megan felt the wet spray hit the back of her hand. She looked down and saw the glistening droplets of purple-tinged saliva already starting to sink into her skin. A cold, sinking feeling of dread washed over her as she realized what had just happened.



Scarlett scrambled to her feet, trying desperately to downplay the situation, to convince both Megan and herself that it was fine. Her eyes, however, betrayed her, still glowing with a faint purple light from the intoxicating after-effects of the first transfer.



(Her voice cracking with terror)
"Oh, no... No! It's happening again!"

She was wrong. A fresh, powerful wave of tingling heat shot through her body. She gasped as her belly immediately began to swell outwards again. In front of her, Megan shouted as she felt her own body begin to shrink once more.



The second transfer was even faster than the first. Scarlett was expanding at a terrifying rate, gaining hundreds of pounds per second, her height shooting up once more. A familiar, heavy ache started in her breasts, and to her surprise, they began to leak milk again.



(Her words a panicked jumble)
"I DON'T KNOW HOW! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT! I...
IT-IT FEELS TOO G-GOOD"

The lactation intensified, thick streams of milk now gushing from her nipples as her breasts ballooned to an even more obscene size. Scarlett was completely hysterical, frantically apologizing as her body grew wildly, uncontrollably, fueled by the mass of the woman shrinking before her very eyes.



The sudden, intense growth was too much. Scarlett lost her balance, crying out as she toppled backward, landing on her ass with a building-shaking `THUD`. She slid back until she was propped up against the wall, her head now level with the gantry she had just fallen from. The pleasure was completely overwhelming.



As Scarlett continued to swell, Megan shrank. The once-taut skin on her powerful thighs and belly de-stretched, and the first hints of soft cellulite became apparent as her immense mass was siphoned away, leaving her body soft.



Scarlett was completely lost in the sensation, a mindless engine of growth fueled by Megan's stolen size. Her screams of ecstasy were the only sound that filled the massive hall, a horrifying symphony of creation and reduction.



It had been too long. Worried by the prolonged silence followed by strange, new moans, two of the soldiers decided to disobey orders. They found a secondary entrance at the back of the hall, cracking the door open just enough to slip inside.



1 (His voice a choked whisper)
"Oh, my fucking God..."

2
"What... what are we looking at?"

They crept around a wall and peered into the main hall. The sight that greeted them caused both men to freeze instantly. The first soldier shot an arm out, grabbing his partner's chest to stop him from taking another step.



2 (His gaze shifting to the colossal, moaning woman on the floor)
"Holy Mother of God... is that... Nurse Goldstein?"

1
"Agent Donovan? Is... is that you?"

They took a few hesitant steps closer, their eyes fixed on a figure standing near the center of the hall. She was much smaller than the agent they had left behind, but still big. She stood frozen, staring at an even larger figure on the floor.



¹
"This is bad! This is very, very bad!"

²
"Her size... she's... she's bigger than you were!"

³
"What the fuck happened?! How did you shrink?!"

Scarlett:
4 (Screaming in the background)
"FILL ME UP! PUMP ME FULL OF FAT! I WANT IT ALL!"

Megan snapped out of her trance, turning to look at the soldiers with wide, panicked eyes. As she did, the first soldier finally registered the sheer scale of the nurse on the floor. In the background, Scarlett's moans were becoming more graphic, her hips bucking.



Megan quickly moved aside, her expression a mask of frantic despair. She pointed a trembling finger at the colossal, writhing form of Nurse Goldstein, giving the two soldiers a clear, unobstructed view of the spectacle.



1 (Panting, her voice thick with arousal)
"Hnnng... almost there... oh, fuck..."

2
"I'm... I'm gonna CUM AGAIN!"

Scarlett was deep in USSBBW territory now. Her breasts were unbearably large, leaking milk as they strained against gravity. Her gigantic belly had folded into a distinct double roll, a landscape of soft, pale flesh covered in a web of angry, white stretch marks. She sat on the floor, her massive legs spread wide, completely lost to the world.



The two soldiers stood frozen for a long moment, their minds struggling to process the impossible scene. The one who had spoken first, a young man named Peterson, remained rooted to the spot, his knuckles white as he gripped his rifle. He was terrified, unable to bring himself any closer to the colossal, moaning woman on the floor.

The other soldier, Corporal Davis, was either braver or more foolish. He cautiously approached Scarlett, his boots crunching softly on the wet floor. He tentatively placed a hand on the vast, quivering expanse of her lower belly, gently patting the warm, tight skin as if trying to soothe a spooked animal.



1 (Panting, her hips beginning to twitch)
"Oh, FUCK! My pussy... it's... it's pulsating... Corporal,
you have to help me."

2 (Her voice a strained, seductive plea)
"Something's happening... down there. I need you to...
I need you to take a look. Please. Tell me what you
see."

Her already enormous breasts swelled even larger. She threw her head back, an ecstatic scream tearing from her throat as she felt a new, intense sensation begin deep within her groin, a powerful, rhythmic throbbing that synched with her frantic heartbeat. She looked down at Corporal Davis and made a special request.



Piqued by her strange request and spurred on by a morbid curiosity, Corporal Davis complied. He dropped to his knees and began to crawl forward, intending to get a better look under the massive overhang of her gigantic belly. From across the room, Megan saw his intention and a new wave of terror shot through her. She knew Scarlett was luring him.

Scarlett:
1 (Her voice a breathy whisper, egging him on)
"That's it... come closer... you have to tell me what's happening to me..."

Corporal Davis completely ignored Megan's frantic warnings, his focus entirely on the giantess and her strange, urgent request. He crawled closer, his movements slow and deliberate, his gaze locked on the dark, wet space between her colossal thighs.

Megan:
2 (Screaming herself hoarse)
"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, DON'T DO IT! GET BACK!"

1 (A final, earth-shaking, orgasmic scream)
"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Just as Davis reached the precipice, positioning his head directly under the source of Scarlett's cries, her body reached its absolute peak. Her hips bucked forward one last, powerful time. A tidal wave of clear, glistening liquid erupted from between her legs, drenching the obedient soldier in a massive, gushing torrent. He was knocked flat on his back by the sheer force of the squirting orgasm.



1 (A heavy gasp, her voice trembling)
"Oh, God... it's... it's happening again... I
can feel him..."

2 (A shuddering moan)
"It's too good... I can't... (pant)... stay
away from me! Please, stay back!"

3 (A nervous whisper)
"She's... she's stealing his size..."

The orgasm subsided, but the growth did not. Fueled by the corporal, who was now shrinking rapidly inside his drenched and oversized uniform, a new and far more intense wave of expansion began. A fresh deluge of size poured into Scarlett's frame Megan and Peterson could only stare, their minds overloaded by the sheer shit-show unfolding before them, a symphony of stretching flesh and breathless, conflicted moans.



Scarlett's flesh began to billow outwards, her body losing all definition and becoming a soft, ever-expanding mountain of pure fat. She was no longer just growing; the mass was metastasizing, spreading uncontrollably. The corporal's uniform was now a puddle of wet cloth with a tiny, whimpering figure lost inside.



The sheer volume of her new mass was astronomical.



Her body had become a landscape, a geography of immense, soft hills and deep, fleshy valleys. The air around her grew thick and hot, saturated with the smell of her sweat, milk, and the strange, electric scent of the transfer itself. She was a monument to gluttony, built from the stolen essence of others.



1 (Her voice a low, guttural moan)
"It's too good... it feels... too good..."

2
"Don't... come... near... me..."

She was completely lost to it, a vessel for a hunger that was not her own, a conduit for a power she couldn't hope to control. Her humanity was buried under countless tons of newly acquired flesh, and all that remained was the ravenous, ecstatic monster, weeping with pleasure.



"(Nnngh)... my ASS!"

The torrential growth surged into her lower body...



"So... wide... (gasp)... getting so... fucking WIDE!"

...an avalanche of flesh that poured over the floor...



"(Pant, pant)... can't feel... the floor... just... me..."

...burying the ground beneath her in a new layer of soft, quivering fat...

(A half-sob, half-laugh)
"Too big... for the room... (gasp)... too big..."

...as her hips expanded, threatening to test
the structural integrity of the very walls...



(A deep, shuddering sigh)
"Oh, God..."

...leaving her with an ass so colossally, im-
possibly immense that it had its own gravi-
tational pull.



But it wasn't over. As the last of Corporal Davis's size was siphoned into her, the growth rushed upwards again, pouring into her chest with renewed, terrifying vigor. Her tits began to swell once more.



They inflated at a horrifying rate, no longer just breasts but two obscene planets of flesh that blotted out the light, their sheer weight causing the floor beneath her to groan and crack.



She was getting bigger everywhere, a runaway chain reaction of growth that had no end in sight. The tiny, shrunken soldier disappeared completely within the folds of his uniform.



She was a goddess of gluttony, a deity of stolen size, a monstrous, beautiful creature of pure, unrestrained expansion.



1 (Her voice sharp and urgent)
"Quick! Get on my hand! Now!"

2 (Shouting to Peterson, who was still frozen behind her)
"STAY BACK! We don't know what her milk does! Don't
let it touch you!"

Seeing her chance, Megan moved with a speed that defied her size. She dropped to her knees and laid her hand flat on the floor, creating a bridge for the now minuscule soldier who was crawling out of his empty, puddle-like uniform, frantically running towards the agent.

TO BE CONTINUED...