



Your Feedee

By [Notyourfeedee](#) & [GrowingDesires](#)

The strong smell of your aftershave fills your nostrils and almost causes you to sneeze. You are getting ready for a date, you've been quite nervous and excited because this isn't just *any* date, this is with Jordan. You met the last time you were in town, but it had been a while, four months to be exact. You can still remember how she looked so well; she has been all you've been thinking about for months. You've had a few dates, but they never led anywhere because there was always Jordan. You didn't live in her town, you had only gone there for a university course, but you are so glad that you bumped into her at the bar that night.

Jordan was, what society would call, plus size. Very much so. She was well into the 200lbs when we collided, literally. I had just grabbed a drink and I turned around and bumped right into her cushioned body. The drink flew into your face and all down my shirt, not a good look, but she took pity on you.

Before you knew it, she was patting me down with napkins trying to dry your face off. You had already had a few but you can remember just taking in her beauty. She had short black hair and her smile had evaporated any anger you had within you from being covered in my overpriced drink. Call it drunk libido or maybe you are just a heterosexual horn dog, but you remember vividly noticing her "girls".

She was busty.

Massively so.

Jordan had a soft layer of fat all over her body, it was cute, she was plus sized after all. Her tits were something else. Monstrous K cups as you would find out. Her dress that night was ill-equipped to handle the udders she was sporting. They were bigger than your head, her top showed off a vast amount of cleavage that had me drooling immediately. Try as you might, you tried your best not to gawk but she would later tell me that you had done a better job than most, but she still noticed.

Your night only started from that point, you both had some drinks together, you both ignored the lingering smell of alcohol on your top, and you danced into the wee hours of the night. She told you she was studying here, and you told her you were only here for the night before you needed to travel back home.

That coupled with both your levels of intoxication led you back to her place. The details of the night were already hazy at this point in your memory, but you do remember a few key details.



Her body.

Her chubby belly complimented her thick frame so well, she didn't seem ashamed by it, like most women unfortunately were. Her boobs were even bigger without the dress on, and she knew the effect they had on you.

You remember asking her something about her size, you mentioned how confident and sexy she was and what she said had stuck with you since that night.

"Well... I only want to get bigger..." She drunkenly admitted before we fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning was a whirlwind, you were running late for your train, and you had to dash, but you both thankfully did exchange numbers before you departed. As quick as the exchange in the morning had gone, it was very quickly rewarded when she sent you a picture from the shower, to "Remember her by".

It was blurry, the camera was a bit steamed but there was no denying that she was the sexiest woman you had ever seen.

The conversation kept strong for a few weeks but unfortunately relationships generally need to have a physical component to them to remain strong, this was no different.

For weeks you both left it hanging there, you knew it wasn't likely you would see each other again. It was probably how it was meant to end.



One Saturday night, you were out with some mates, and you had been drinking all day, the jovial vibes were lost on you, they were all pulling girls left right and centre and your closest friend, Joel, was an excellent wingman, but despite this, you still weren't feeling it.

Your mind was thinking of that one night four months ago.

You turned to him and said goodnight and walked home. During that walk, you had the cold night breeze against your face, its harsh and bitter gusts sobered you rather quickly. You pulled out your phone and messaged her.

You: Hey. I need to see you.

Jordan: I've missed you too. But there is something...

You: What?

Jordan: I hope you remember our conversation... About me being, *Bigger*...

You: ?

Jordan: Well... I did kinda... Get bigger...

You: How much bigger?

Jordan: I don't know... I just don't fit in any of my clothes now...

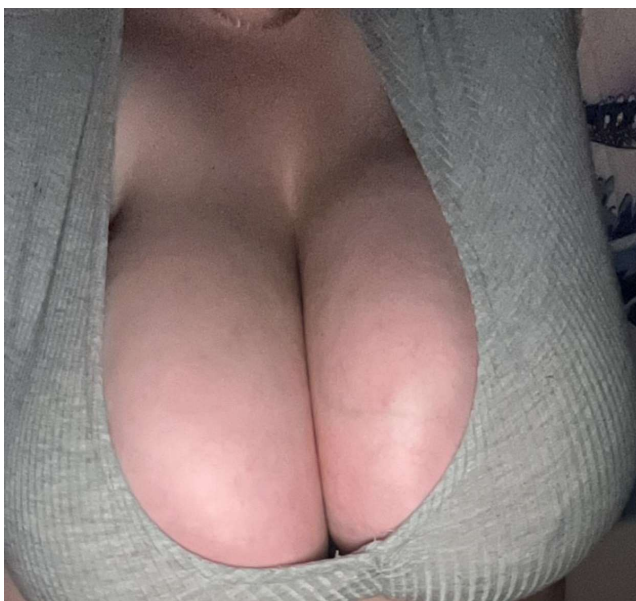
You: I repeat. I *need* to see you.

Jordan: How fast can you get here?

You: Tomorrow.

Jordan: I'll be waiting.

Jordan: One more thing.



Jordan: They grew.

You couldn't even reply. You just stared at your phone in the street, feeling your blood rush to other areas, despite the frigid weather.

The next day couldn't come soon enough, you packed all your essentials and rushed to the train station for the earliest departure. Train was the quickest way to get there. A very long trip later and you finally arrived at your destination. Midday, hungry, tired and wishing that you didn't just spend half a day on a train. You refocused and messaged Jordan with a quick selfie showing you had indeed arrived.

Jordan: You came! I'm just eating food at my place... That is quite normal for me now...

Jordan: Do you remember where it is?

You: Yes.

Jordan: See you soon.

You practically sprinted to the student village near the university, you could remember the footsteps you took all those months ago, this time you are at least walking in a straight line.

You arrived at her door and gave it an over eager knock.

"Come in." Her voice beckoned you in.

You open the door, feeling your palms getting sweaty, shivers running down your back but still just excited. You timidly walked through the familiar hallway to the living room.

"I'm in the bedroom." She paused for a second. "You can come in... Just... Give me a second... I don't know if you are ready for this..."

You looked around the living room and saw a lot of discarded packaging from the food she had just eaten. There was a lot there, you were impressed.

"You can't have changed that much..." You tried to ease her nerves.

"I have. That isn't the problem." Another pregnant pause. "I just hope you are true to your word."

You took the leap and walked into the bedroom.

What you saw shocked you.

She really had changed.

In the short time of only four months, you noted how her body had changed dramatically. She was always busty, but she was certainly no longer a K cup, she was much bigger, it was easy to tell from the photo that she sent yesterday that she had grown but seeing her in person was entirely different.

Your eyes were glued to her tits because of the massive growth they had undergone but also because she was standing before you now in a black bikini and white shorts. She saw your eyes staring at her girls and she lifted them up, her hands stood no chance in covering her tits, not even a third of her melons were covered by her hands.

They were *huge*.

They weren't the only thing that you noticed; her stomach was exposed too. That had also gotten a lot thicker, you don't recall her belly overflowing her waistband when you met. It looked tightly packed from her feast.

"Told you I am bigger... I hope you don't mind..."

You didn't say a word, you just walked up to her and placed a hand on her stomach and gave it a loving rub.

"I love it..."

"Good..." Jordan bit her lip. "Because it isn't going anywhere..."



You and Jordan spent the night together, you couldn't get enough of her body, that night your fingers must've felt every inch of her fatter frame. It still wasn't enough.

Waking up early, you looked at your timetable and realised that you only had one class this week. You decided that you would stay here with Jordan, you couldn't leave now.

Staring at her body under the covers, the quilt rising and falling with each breath, as her lungs pushed her belly and tits against the purple silky bedding, you knew that she was the one.

You snuck out of bed and started to get ready for the day ahead.

Jordan woke up about an hour later, to the greasy smell of bacon. The aroma filled the air and roused her from her slumber. She got up and looked at her body in the mirror.

"Can't believe he likes this too..." She smiled to herself.

Arriving in the doorway to the kitchen she stared at you, she had tried to be modest but the pyjamas she had were far too out matched to contain her burgeoning figure. The shirt had ridden up, the lower portion of her fat belly was on show to you now. You also noticed that her shirt had tucked under her tits, really showing off their increased size as the fabric was taut across the front.

"Morning... You're up early" Her voice was light and sweet; it brought a smile to your face.

"Well, I thought you might be hungry." You said smoothly.

Jordan skipped over to you, her body was shaking the room around you, glasses chimed as they shook against each other from her throwing her body around. Her soft body squished against you, and she planted her lips on yours and gave a big kiss before her tummy grumbled loudly.

"It smells so good..."

You served up a bacon sandwich but rather than joining her, you put more bacon on. Jordan didn't say anything, she must've thought it was for you. Keeping your eye on the busty and ballooning woman, you served up a second sandwich.



Wilful ignorance or blind naivety. You weren't sure but she happily took the second sandwich, and the third.

You jumped when you heard the chair scrape across the floor, Jordan had kicked herself away from the table, her belly entirely exposed now, she had intentionally tucked the shirt under her tits, and she looked at you with a lustful gaze.

"Are you quite finished?" She teasingly said.

"Not even close." You responded while walking towards her with a sandwich in your hand. "Open wide." You commanded.

Jordan leaned her head slightly back and opened wide for you to stuff the sandwich into her mouth. You had lost your composure by this point, and you were trying to force it into her face faster than she could eat. She gripped your thigh and looked at you with wide eyes. She hadn't seen you had a second sandwich and once she had finished the first, she found her mouth quickly filled once again by white bread but with a key difference. The bread was saturated in something.

It took Jordan a second to realise that you had dipped the bread into the pan and soaked up all the residual fat in the pan. To her, your aim was clear, she wasn't sure how to feel, but she ate the food, nonetheless.

Swallowing the last of her meal, she looked at you with a glazed look in her eyes.

"You stuffed me so much... Look..."

Jordan moaned and huffed as she hefted her stomach in her hands, you couldn't help but watch her tits wobble above from the sudden movement. The upper hemisphere of her stomach was taut, packed and wanting rubs.

You placed your hand on her skin and felt the results of your feeding and felt a shiver of excitement. Before Jordan could say another word, you grabbed the whole bottle of orange juice from the table and stuffed the top in her mouth.

You didn't need to tell her, but it was something more for your enjoyment than hers.

"Drink."

She wasn't as resistant as she should've been, she gulped down the bottle in seconds. Releasing a large burp when you moved the bottle away from her.

"No more..." she said, rubbing her stomach.

This was only the beginning.

The whole day, thankfully a Sunday, was free from commitments. You and Jordan lazed around the house, you ordered takeaway junk food and continued to feed her, she would eat a large portion willingly, but you kept pushing her further. You knew you wanted to see her grow, you wanted to see her gain, you wanted to make her bigger.

The night drew to a close and you both fell asleep in each other's arms, your hand firmly on her bloated belly. Jordan was surprised again to find that same smell in the air.

Didn't he go home?

You hadn't told her your intentions on staying. All the better really, for what was about to come.

Jordan looked down and saw the blanket rising high above her, higher than yesterday.

Still bloated.

She attempted to move but realised that she was tied to the bed by her wrists.

“What?” She said with a panic in her voice.

You were keeping a close ear on her for when she woke up, coming back into the room you stare at her like she was prey.

“W-what...”

Her voice trailed off, clearly seeing the massive pile of bacon on a plate in your hand.

“Well... You want to get bigger right... I thought remove the bread, it just bloats, and pure bacon would be better for gaining fat.”

“Untie me and we can do it together...”

“No. You weren’t eating enough. Plus, I know you wouldn’t agree to this.” You point to a suitcase on the side.

“What’s in there...” Jordan says with a whimper, there was a hint of excitement in her voice.

You place the plate of greasy, oil-soaked bacon on the edge of the bed and open the suitcase, pulling out a syringe with a pink luminous goo in it. You walk towards Jordan on the bed.

“This will help.” You say.

“What is in it?”

“It will help.”

Jordan knows that she won’t get any more information from you, she closes her eyes and braces herself for the needle to break her skin. She let out a yelp as you plunged the goop into her arm. You jumped to your feet and grabbed the plate of bacon and observed her for a few seconds.

“What?” Jordan asked, nervous about what you were looking for.

Without any more dialog, you sat beside her and using a fork, you started to shovel the fatty pork into her mouth. Jordan gave no resistance, none whatsoever, she just ate and ate until the meat had disappeared into her growing gut.

“M...More...” She moaned.

You smiled.

Bringing in more food, deep fried hash browns, pan fried sausages and eggs. You were in shock at how much food she managed to put away and still she returned a “More” at the end.

You had run out of food by this point, clearly you had underestimated her gluttony after being injected with the goo. Thankfully that wasn’t the only purpose of the pink ooze. You stood back as Jordan swallowed down the final bite of food and you watched her laying on the bed, bound and covered in grease from her ravenous and messy chomping of the food.

“More.” She demanded.

You smirked. "I don't have any more... I only have the oil that is in the frying pan."

She was silent. You left the room and returned with a jug of grease and fat that you had salvaged. You loosened her wrist restraints and placed the jug on the side table and watched her, to see what she would do. Jordan's mouth was salivating, you could see behind those eyes she wanted it, but she knew that it was too far, it was beyond gross, beyond slob like.

She lost her choice soon enough.

You stuffed a funnel into her mouth and poured the lukewarm fat into the spout.

"Drink it." You yelled.

Jordan did as she was told, feeling disgusted but equally aroused by the idea of what those calories would do to her body. You continued to pour until the jug was clear and you stood up. She looked at you, shocked with what she had just done.

"What's wrong with you?" She said, half-heartedly.

You didn't answer, you just returned to the suitcase and picked up another syringe, this time a green vial.

"What's that one for?"

"It will help."

Another quick prick and Jordan immediately felt something happening. She let out a strange gasp and looked down at the source of the strange feeling. Her stomach.

Her hugely bloated belly was stuffed to capacity, it resembled someone who was expecting a child, it was so tightly packed. It rumbled and gurgled loudly, even more since that green goo entered her bloodstream. Jordan watched as your hand came to rub the swollen expanse that was pinning her to the bed.

"Watch this..." You told her.

Watch she did, as her stomach started to convulse and move, it looked as if there was something in there, but the movements became more subdued after a few seconds and then *it* began.

You and Jordan watched her belly start to shrink, it looked as if someone was letting the air slowly out of a balloon, her stomach became softer, it shrunk. What you could see and what she could feel was that it wasn't the whole story. Elsewhere around her body fat was being added.

Her stomach was digesting at a rapid pace.

Fat oozed over her arms and legs; the thick Jordan was becoming thicker by the second. Cellulite riddled her thighs and arms; she was growing wider by the second. The bed creaked from the change in her weight as the food was being turned into fat at an inhuman rate.

There was a creaking noise from right under her double, almost triple chin. Her top. It was being stretched too now, thanks to her tits. Massive melons that were already in the latter half of the alphabet surged to surpass the arbitrary end to the naming convention used to measure cup sizes. Jordan's DNA spread fat on her in an even way for the most part but compared to most women, who never saw fat affect their tits like it affected her, she felt her boobs get heavier, more full and spread over her torso.

There was a loud rip and Jordan's tits flopped out on her abdomen with a heavy slap. Her stomach had stopped shrinking and was rapidly becoming softer now, the gut was fat and full, she would need a whole new wardrobe to contain this sudden and rapid gain she was experiencing. It was as if you had turned a time machine on and watched what you and she might do to her body in months but rather, than wait that long, it was done in mere minutes.

Panting and gasping, Jordan looked up at you with lustful eyes. Her body had spread over the bed with her expansion, her fat made her sink into the mattress and made it look like she was pooling together in the dip. Jordan's tits were trying to smother her face now with their immense size. You could only gawk.

"Do you have any more?" She said between moans as her hands started to cup her giant melons and squeeze her fat rolls.

"I've got six more vials."