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1,272 words.

<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Eleven - Lauren

Making her bigger...

I repeated the words in my head.

She already grew before my eyes.

Bigger.

The word was clear on my fancy LED screen that I paid way too much for each month.

Bigger... Still...

My heart was racing, I locked the door and rushed to the bedroom to grab my “friend” from the top drawer of my side table. I threw myself onto the bed and turned on my toy and started to work myself. It took seconds before I was cumming, I was so pent up from the real-life fantasy that had occurred before my eyes, now to get release, even that wasn’t enough.

More...

I went again. Reliving the moments of Sam’s expanding body before my very eyes.

“Fuck...” I gasped as my body was taken by another orgasm.

She ate... So much...

Thinking back to each slice she ate. How each one she seemed to enjoy more than the last, how she seemed to ramp up and scoff the next one quicker.

“Ah~” I yelped as a third wave washed over me.

She was so stuffed...

I had only one regret. That I didn't touch her belly.

The thought of what that might feel like is what powered my fourth orgasm in as many minutes.

I feel like I am going crazy...

I sat up, my heart rate pounding in my chest, it was beating so fast that Oscar was giving me a thumbs up, stripping him from my wrist and discarding the watch to the side table, I leapt up and ran over to my desk.

“There has to be more on this... Surely Sam isn't the only one...” I spoke to myself.

Firing up my laptop, I was still too horny, I couldn't focus so I started searching for the rapid weight gain associated with Oscar and apart from the various fetish-based writing that was available on websites that I frequented often, I did see one forum post.

Clicking through I saw a thread there, a user claiming that his Oscar was making him bulk a bit too hard and he was gaining significantly quicker than he wanted, but despite his efforts, Oscar's programming wouldn't change.

Not quite at Sam's level.

I held on to my dismissal, there were two pictures which were blurred out. One labelled before and one after.

I clicked the before image and was surprised to see a relatively fit man in his mid-thirties, he wasn't overweight, but he had some work to do to shred off some of that chub.

I clicked after and gasped.

Holy shit.

The picture was taken from the same place, the difference was that the person in the picture was so different. It was the same man, for sure. The face was much chubbier but thanks to the tattoos on his arms, it clearly showed that it was the same person. A gargantuan gut dominated his frame, round and packed tight, he looked like he had been bulking for years by drinking only beer. The hair orb could likely have fit his old body in it.

I was into women mostly but seeing this giant ball gut was triggering a reaction deep within. I quickly found my fingers teasing myself once more.

I think... Sam was bigger...

I writhed on top of my hand on my chair as I stared at the huge man filling my screen. Completely lost to my lust. A few moments later, after I had calmed down, I read and saw very little comments on this thread. A few people messaged to say it wasn't real or they hadn't had any issues but there was an official Oscar who made a comment.

The comment was vague and troubleshooting generic rubbish but there was one part that caught my eye.

“The Oscar is just a fitness guide, any unintended side effects are not the fault of the watch, as outlined in the T&Cs. Please can you check that you haven't input your weight incorrectly, e.g. 2000 lbs rather than 200 lbs.”

What... Like, it would try to fulfil a weight of that high...

I opened my watch and changed my weight goal to 2000 lbs in draft mode and checked out the plan guide it was setting for me.

“Holy shit...”

There was a lot of food...

I cancelled and made sure my goals hadn't changed and I sat looking at the computer screen in awe.

“How come nobody else has talked about this online... It feels like an easy thing to do...”

I had calmed down, the horniness had left me temporarily and I picked up my phone to message Sam. I was nervous that I might have let myself slip a little.

“Hey, I enjoyed earlier, I hope I didn't do anything wrong.” I typed.

“No, why?” Her message quickly fired back.

At least she is on her phone and responding.

I pondered how I should approach this... I mean, I did feed her four cakes, which isn't

normal for friends to do...

“I know you are trying to lose weight and I bought a few cakes. That’s all.” I tapped send.

Sitting there for a few seconds, it felt like weeks, thankfully her message started off by easing me.

“I choose to eat them, don’t worry... Can I ask something?”

Can I ask something...

“Sure...” I quickly typed.

I started to shake. Call it excitement, call it arousal, call it fear. I would say it was a mash of it all. I stared at the top of the screen, next to her name “Typing...”

“Have you found your Oscar to be useful?”

I let out a big sigh, in one sense she hadn’t picked up on me feeding her and losing control, but I felt a bit disappointed in one sense. I thought for a second before typing my response.

“Oh yeah, of course, it has been my saving grace to help me lose all my weight and get into shape. Why?”

Maybe she is making the link between the two like I have? Maybe she has seen that forum post.

“No reason... Okay, I hope it works like that for me.”

Without thinking, I replied “Are you not happy?”

“I’ve not had it long enough to lose weight, but I seem to have put on a few lbs in a few days.”

I felt a familiar twinge below from my overworked vagina.

“Really?” I typed, playing dumb.

“Yeah... You wouldn’t believe me... I can hardly believe it myself.”

I can believe it.

Images of Sam stuffing food into her mouth filled my head and I felt myself become excited again. My insatiable arousal was getting the better of me. I slipped my hand down my trim torso and

started to gently rub my overworked clit again.

“Tell me, I am curious.” I typed recklessly.

Tell me everything...

“90 lbs.”

90!

My hand started to go into overdrive now. A sudden burst of pleasure washed over my body as I worked myself towards another orgasm.

90! She couldn't have been much more than 150 lbs when I first saw her... So, she is well over 200... In days!

Shallow breaths and the wet slick noises of my wrist motions below were now filling the room.

She was huge... She said bigger... She wasn't 90 lbs heavier when I saw her...

I needed to see her. I craved the ability to touch her, to even see her. I wanted to know how that was possible, I wanted to see proof. I was far too turned on to resist what I did next.

I text her one word. “Proof?”

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