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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter Three

Emily felt the power of the moment coursing through her, she took a leap of faith.

“I can’t decide... I think I’ll order two...” She patted her bloated stomach, the noise shook Paul to his core, he shuddered and looked at her with eyes filled with desire. “I know I’ve still got some room left.” Her words were heavy, and lust fuelled, she loved how he was doting on every word she said.

The server came to collect the dishes and Emily caught his attention. “Can I order some dessert?” Her voice was spritely, she was enjoying the rush of what she was doing. She hadn’t felt like this for years.

The man pulled out his tablet and tapped the items that Emily pointed to, his eyes growing wide by the time she tapped to a fourth thing. As he was about to repeat back the order, she stopped him.

“It’s a surprise for him.” Emily pointed at her date, who stared at her wide eyed.

The server nodded and took the empty plates away with him, taking note of how many were on Emily’s side of the table. He glanced and caught her swollen middle; Emily noticed his gaze and she winked at him. Emily wondered if he was the same as Paul or if he was just used to seeing this type of behaviour from patrons.

“What did you order?” Paul asked.

Emily raised her hand to her chin and stroked it. “Well... Then it wouldn’t be a surprise... I just couldn’t stop at two though...”

Paul’s face was bright red, his throbbing cock under the table was making him lose what little blood he had left in his skull. Emily was pressing each of his buttons, what really got to Paul was how good she was at it despite likely having little to no knowledge of the kink.

The wait wasn’t too long, the wait staff brought over dessert after dessert. Paul was taken aback by how much was being piled up on the table. They spread it between the two of them, but Emily pulled them closer to her side. After the fifth plate was placed before them, she looked at Paul, who was in awe at what she had ordered.

“You can have some... If you want?”

Paul shook his head.

“What? More for me is it?” She giggled, taking a spoonful of ice cream from the sundae and inverting the spoon in her mouth, giving him a very teasing pose.

Paul was speechless, something that usually didn’t happen but ever since meeting Emily, it was becoming a more common occurrence. He pinched himself to check if he was dreaming.

*This isn’t a dream...*

Emily ate bite after bite, Sundae first, Chocolate cake second, cheesecake third, apple pie fourth and finally finished off with a loaded brownie. There was almost no pause to her gluttony. Paul watched; he couldn’t believe how his luck was running right now.

He matches to a wealthy woman whose daughter wanted him to feed her, expecting resistance or a long-term plan, he was quickly realising that Emily was more willing than maybe even Stacey knew.

The dessert was gone, far too quickly for someone who had just eaten so much for the main course, especially someone of Emily’s size. Emily put the fork down on the chocolate smeared plate that held a giant brownie not three minutes prior. She pushed the plate forward and let out a large sigh.

“Well... That certainly hit the spot...” Her voice was laboured, she was so stuffed.

Emily looked down and saw her food baby and blushed.

*Did I really just...*

She looked over to Paul who was desperate to get a glimpse of her expanded middle. Taking another leap, she pushed the chair back and leaned back in her chair, as if submitting her body to Paul's horny gaze.

Paul's eyes devoured Emily's hugely bloated stomach, it was big before she had dessert, now it was just something else. It looked like she was in her second trimester, her thin frame was so distorted by the food she had in her gut, it was very impressive that someone so small could have put away that much food.

"I think it is time we go..." Paul said to Emily.

"Why's that?"

"I don't think I can handle another second of you wearing those clothes..."

Emily hailed the serving staff and paid the bill, leaving a decent tip. Paul and Emily left the restaurant together, arm in arm. Paul noted that Emily was waddling as she walked towards Paul's car, he opened the door and let her take a seat, she pushed the chair back and rubbed her stomach.

"Ugh~" She groaned, the effects of the food now catching up to her.

Paul walked around the car and Emily rubbed her stomach, looking at the taut fabric that was almost like a second skin to her equally taut stomach.

*This dress is holding up...*

Paul sat down and started the car, trying not to look at Emily. He needed to focus on driving after all. His efforts were in vain though, Emily placed her hand delicately on his as he gripped the wheel.

"Paul..." Her voice was deep and husky.

He turned to her and saw her bloated form laid back in his passenger seat, her hugely packed stomach stretching the dress, her nipples were thick and hard poking through her dress.

"I... I need to get out of this dress..."

Paul felt his cock throb and he pulled off quickly, his wheels screeching. He made way to his place, it wasn't far, but he couldn't get there quick enough.

Emily was moaning and groaning on the seat, an unintentional side effect of being stuffed so much, certainly something she didn't mean to be doing but it was having more of an effect on Paul than she realised.

*Is she doing that on purpose...*

He thought, almost running a red.

His tires wailed as he turned into his drive, coming to a sudden stop, before he crashed into his garage. Paul rushed around to help Emily from her seat. She deliberately fell onto him and pressed her stomach against his body.

"Your place is nice..." She whispered.

Helping her waddle in through the front door, Paul wasted no further time, he took her straight to the bedroom, his fantasy has played out perfectly, now he rolled the dice in hopes of getting the last big to come true too.

Emily cooed as she realised where she was, she too was too horny to deny this outcome. She pushed Paul onto the bed and watched as he scrambled to turn around and face her. He watched his bloated date standing before him as she undone the zip behind her head.

"Paul..." Her voice was thick and breathy. "I... I am so *full*..." Her hands lowered down over her breasts, and she started to caress her swollen gut. "I ate... *So much*..."

Slowly, to Paul's delight, her hands continued to travel lower, her hands cradling her round belly for just a second before she reached the bottom of her dress. It had ridden up thanks to her expanded stomach, she lifted it slowly, watching Paul's eyes as they followed the hem of the dress as it rose, with great difficulty higher.

Emily revealed her panties, she felt it might be a bit early, but she was too enthralled by what she was just reaching with the hem of the tightly fitting dress. Emily struggled and pulled at the hem to get the fabric to stretch enough to lift over her stomach.

"You've been staring all night..." She moaned. "Even though it is..." She paused and gave

one big tug of the fabric and in an instant the dress shot up over her stomach and it was fully exposed now. “Big...”

Paul stared at her belly and felt himself almost cum from the excitement. He pinched himself.

*Not dreaming...*

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