

The Ex

Chapter 1

“Is there anything more stressful than moving?” I hear an oddly familiar voice.

Who is...?

I turn around and see her.

No way...

It's my ex, Abi but she has changed. A lot.

What happened?

“Hey Paul...” her voice lingers in the air.

I remain shocked. Mostly because the last time I saw Abi she was barely 150lbs but now she looks to be almost three times that. She is huge, simply put. She still has that beautifully bright blonde hair, flowing down her shoulders but that is where the similarities end. She looks to be around 450lbs at a guess, her face once slim and cute is now just pudgy and bloated. She still has a cute look in her eyes as they glimmer, staring at me. Her chubby cheeks fill out her face and almost force her eyes to be semi closed at all times. Her plump lips look more normal on her bigger face, formerly looking soft and inviting now look more on brand for a woman of her size. She has a playful smirk on her face, and I know why...

She remembered...

I am someone who appreciates women of a... certain size. About the size that Abi is right now actually. I let her know this fact when we were dating. We met back in college and had a fiery two years filled with passion. It was both of our first relationships where we weren't living at home, we moved into student accommodation and that meant a few things: partying, drinking and fucking. It was during this time of self discovery I shared with her my secret “appreciations” and she was super cool about it, she also had her own things after all. I indulged in these things for her and she would sometimes let me feed her and stuff her silly. Unfortunately, even though the passion was there, we had to separate, we went to different universities. That was 8 years ago, I recently just moved back home, I wanted to be closer to my family. Not in a million years did I expect to see Abi, let alone at this size.

She stands there proud as if showing off her body to me. I don't question it and just take it all in. Travelling down from her plump face, her neck is almost not visible, her fat chins almost cover it up, the huge blubbery extension from her face almost obscures her thick neck. Her thick and fat arms are propped up on her generous hips. She is wearing a short sleeve shirt and it looks a bit small. The lack of fabric means I get almost a full view of her arms. Huge, fat, thick, all words to describe her overflowing biceps, covered in fat, forming a roll over her

elbows. Her plump forearms too are fat, there is enough fat to form another roll at her wrist. I can't quite see her hands as they are sunk into her flabby side now.

She is so massive.

Absolutely astounding, I can feel my breaths becoming shallower as I take in more of her vast body. Her boobs, although covered, are clearly bigger, straining the shirt tightly, forming creases as the fabric is stretched to its limits. Below her bust I get sight of her belly. The massive flabby midsection is huge and billowing out of the underside of her shirt. Some of her flabby stomach is out in the open for me to see. She doesn't seem to mind. The shirt is tight around her gut, straining to contain her girth, thick rolls visible beneath the fabric. She moves her weight from one foot to the other and I just stare at how much she jiggles.

So fat...

Her bulbous stomach shakes and quakes before me, taxing the shirt even more, causing it to rise up. Slowly as the jiggling slows down more of her bare skin is exposed. Her stomach has some stretch marks on it, clearly from her expansive growth. Lower still my eyes focus on the catalyst for the motion caused in her giant gut, her hips. Wide and stretching her yoga pants to their limits, I swear I can even hear the fabric creaking.

So perfect...

The band of the pants cutting into her stomach forming a division in her flabby middle. The upper roll is exposed and seeking to spill out more from her pants. The lower roll is straining the pants at the front, spreading the fabric thin. I can almost make out her skin through the black stretched fabric. Her thick thighs are like tree trunks, due to the stretched fabric, I can see the cellulite on her thighs, they too quake from the movement. Her fat calves flowing into her cankles, her huge shoes do cover her feet but even still they look massive within the huge pumps she is wearing.

"I can't believe it... it really is you..." She breaks the silence; I don't know how long I was staring but I feel my face flush.

"Ab... Abi?"

"In the flesh... albeit quite a bit more than the last time you saw me..." She draws her hands over her frame, teasingly. "But If I remember correctly, you don't mind... All this..." Now with both hands at either side of her belly she gives it a shake. I can't hide it, I just stare.

"Just as I thought." She pauses, "Want to... come inside?"

Frozen in time I just stare blankly, my arousal peaking.

"I'm sure you can take a break from moving for... lil ol' Abi..."

Ignoring her second question, I respond. "Inside? You live here?"

Nodding, "Number 24... Looks like we are neighbours."

I get to see this supersized Abi... Everyday... Fuck...

“So... Want to catch up? Maybe I can tell you how I got so... *Big...*”

I'd love nothing more...

“I can see it on your face...” She adds. “Come on-“

“I can't.” I cut in.

A shocked look forms on her face, being rejected in this manner seems to catch her off guard.

“What do you mean?” Before I can answer she continues the line of questioning. “Don't you like it? Don't you want this?” She lifts her shirt up and reveals the entirety of her upper belly roll to me.

“I'm married!” I blurt out before I do something stupid.

“Oh.” Abi sounds a little defeated.

“I mean... My wife is coming in a sec, and we have another load of stuff to get in...”

“I get it, don't worry Paul.” She slowly covers up her belly as best as she can, watching my face. I notice her stop just before the shirt is at its limits. “Is your wife... like me...?” She gives her belly a pat; my eyes transfixed on the rippling spreading over her fat. “Big?”

I instinctively shake my head.

“That's a shame... I remember you telling me you liked women of the... larger variety... I remember the stuffings.” Her hand is now rubbing her stomach. “They were good times, weren't they Paul.” She takes a step towards me, her body quaking before me. Her massive frame mere inches away from my touch.

I nod instinctively.

“I'm glad you remember them fondly. Maybe we can do that again sometime... I've never stopped thinking about you. I think you are the reason I got like this.” She gestures to her overall figure. “You should at least get a chance to enjoy it right? Invite your wife, I don't mind... We can have our fun.” She bits her lip.

“I would love that... so much... I don't think my wife would be as agreeable.”

“Well... maybe I can help.” She smirks.

“I doubt very much Abi, she isn't like that at all.”

“Never say never... maybe I should have my new neighbours around for food to welcome them.” She puts her index finger on her squishy chin and looks towards the sky, as if pondering.

“That sounds nice... What makes you think you can help?” I ask, too eager to leave well enough alone.

“That, Paulie, is my little secret... I’ve got to get some stuff before I invite you around for food.” She checks her watch for the time. “Just enough time... if I run...” She shakes her head. “Paul, know how much I want this, I am about to run to the shop for you. See you at eight.” Abi turns her huge frame and starts to jog as best as she can down the hall. I stand frozen on the spot and watch as her huge body rumbles down the hall.

My phone starts ringing in my pocket. Without looking I pick it up and answer, in a daze.

“Are you coming? I’m in the car park, I’ve got another six boxes, what is keeping you?” It’s my wife, Scarlett.

“New neighbour...”

“You ok?”

“Fine, she invited us around for food at eight.”

“That sounds nice, awh lovely! Can’t wait!”

“Me neither...”

Chapter 2

I spent the rest of the afternoon grabbing things from the car, we got it all in with just enough time to get ready to head around Abi’s.

“We can do the unpacking tomorrow; we’ve had a long day sweetheart.” Scarlett says, giving me a peck on the cheek.

Scarlett is the polar opposite of Abi, especially now. Not to say that she is bad at all, she is lovely. She is so kind and caring, a real partner in life, we met at university, and we have always had a fun time together. We got married last year after being together for 6 years. It was an amazing day but there has always been something nagging away in the deep recesses of my mind.

For my specific appreciation, she doesn’t do it for me as much as Abi. Scarlett is a traditionally beautiful woman. Thin and fit, she works out a few times a week and she is active. Slim frame overall but she does have some killer curves. Her boobs are quite big

thanks to some good genetics, approaching a D cup and thanks to the workouts she has a bubble butt. We have semi regular sex but in the bedroom department it could be better.

“Yeah, we should get ready.” I agree.

After a quick shower each and dressing in some of our nicer casual clothes we leave the apartment and I let Scarlett knock on Abi’s door. I know what to expect but my wife doesn’t, I don’t know why I didn’t warn her but something about seeing her reaction excites me a bit.

From our side we hear a rumbling. It gets louder and I feel the floor vibrating under my feet.

Deep breath.

The door slowly opens, and Abi’s plump face comes into view.

“Oh hi! You must be Scarlett; Paul didn’t tell me how beautiful you were.” She says, laying it on thick.

Scarlett however is frozen momentarily, likely by the incredible bulk coming into view from our host. The door now fully open I can see Abi in her full glory. She is wearing a low-cut top and some jeans. Much like the yoga pants, the jeans cut into her rotund gut. The lower portion of her tummy is barely being contained in the tight fabric of the denim. Her upper roll stretches her top outwards, this time the shirt is big enough to cover her whole expanse. The biggest difference from last time is now that her boobs are on display somewhat. The top gives a great look at her fat breasts, they seem to be bulging over the bra inside, the effect is amazing. Not even I was prepared for that. Her growth causes her to have some stretch marks on them, clearly showing how quick she gained. Before I can ogle her anymore, she takes a step forward and catches my wife off guard.

“Oh, come here!” Her huge meaty arms wrap around my wife’s shoulders, and she pulls her into her soft expanse. “Sorry Scarlett, Paul didn’t say but I’m a hugger!”

I didn’t get a hug...

Abi sees the look on my face and gives me a wink. There is a size difference between my wife and Abi, apart from the obvious weight, Abi is taller than Scarlett. Coupled with the protruding midsection means that Scarlett is now headfirst in Abi’s cleavage, likely by design. Feeling my pulse quicken watching this huge woman envelop my wife’s head between her tits, I just stand and gawk.

Finally, Abi releases my wife from her fleshy prison and lets her back up for air.

“Sorry sweetie, you alright?” Abi asks.

My wife, blushing and catching her breath, “Yeah... Nice to meet you Abi.”

“Likewise, come on in.” She pauses for effect. “Neighbours!” she lets out a little giggle.

She thunders back into the apartment, and I let Scarlett lead the way. If only to try and take some time to calm down. Upon walking through the doorway my nose is hit by an oddly familiar smell.

What is that?

I look around the room looking for the source of the smell.

Is that sandalwood?

Abi notices my inquisitive gaze. "I see you noticed my Altar; I am still a practising Wiccan."

"Still?" Scarlett picks up on the word.

"Yeah, I've been doing it since me and Paul were together, probably earlier than that come to think about it." She muses.

Scarlett turns to me with a shocked gaze and mouths "What" to me.

I awkwardly smile and just stare.

"Oh, I take it Paul didn't mention me?" Abi sounds disappointed.

"He has mentioned his Ex, Abigail, before but I didn't realise that *you* were her."

"Oh well at least he did mention me I suppose." She gives a smile. "To be fair sweetie, I have changed quite a bit since we dated. Grew out a bit I suppose." She giggles which causes her body to jiggle. "Come, take a seat." She leads us to the dining table.

"So, you and Paul dated? What was it, two years?" Scarlett now asks more curiously.

"Yeah, we dated for a while but we both decided we couldn't do the long-distance thing so when we went to university we split. We did talk for a while after, but you know what it's like, when you aren't seeing someone daily it is easy to lose track of them in your life. Both of us are guilty of that." She smiles at Scarlett, showing she harbours no ill will between us.

"Wow, what are the odds that you are our neighbour?" Scarlett lets out a chuckle.

Abi looks at me with a serious gaze. "Astronomical I'd say..." She winks.

Wait... Is this somehow her doing?

"Yeah, wild stuff." I reply.

"I've made food for you, it should be ready in a few minutes. I hope you like lasagne, my home-made recipe. I've spent years perfecting the recipe and I must say with the amount I've had; I think I've nailed it." She pats her tum, the ripples can be seen throughout her wide gut and her boobs even quake through the boob window, drawing my attention but also Scarlett's I notice from my peripheral vision.

Abi takes her leave and heads into the kitchen. Scarlett wastes no time and starts grilling me.

“You didn’t tell me that this was your ex! Oh my god, she’s massive! You didn’t tell me she was so... big!”

“She wasn’t when we were dating, she wasn’t fit like you, but she wasn’t fat, hardly even chubby really. I didn’t know how to bring it up...” I respond.

“Well, I guess her saying she grew out was accurate... Jesus, she must be 400lbs or something.”

I don’t respond, I just think back to the extreme body comparison between Abi and my wife. I feel a stirring in my crotch.

Thank fuck that the table is there.

“I can’t believe your ex is our neighbour...”

“Me neither, well she was always a nice girl, I mean she is cooking us dinner, so she seems like a nice neighbour.”

“Oh, I’m a gem to live next to.” Abi says, overhearing my comment and enters the room with two plates of food.

I blush but she doesn’t mind, she just smiles back at me. “Sorry, I-“

“Don’t be, I take it as a compliment. We can make this a more regular thing if you’d like, take it in turns?” She places mine and Scarlett’s plate before us.

“Sure Abi, sounds good.” Scarlett agrees. “Truth be told, it’s nice to have a neighbour who isn’t in their late 60s and antisocial. We’d love to have you around for dinner to make it up to you.”

“Well, you’ve got unpacking to do so how about I get the first few. You can even come over tomorrow if you’d like, I remember how long it takes to unpack.” Abi offers.

Scarlett looks at me for an answer. “Yeah, that sounds great.”

“Well, maybe try my lasagne first, make sure you like my cooking?” She jests, leaving the room to get her plate.

“Thank you so much Abi. I can’t tell you how grateful I am for this, so tired after moving today.”

“My pleasure, now let’s tuck in!” She makes a start on her food.

Only now realising that her plate is stacked high with layers of lasagne, the food oozing cheese.

No wonder she got fat.

I look over at Scarlett who has taken her first bite, her portion is large, especially for her. She lets out a long moan as she devourers her first bite.

“Holy shit Abi!” She gasps. “Paul, you’ve got to try this!”

Abi pauses and gives me a knowing smile and a subtle wink. “Told you I nailed it” She gloats.

“Oh... my...” Scarlett moans again after another mouthful. “You can say that again, seriously Paul, try it.”

I take a mouthful and notice Abi making a hand gesture to me as if to ask me to play along. I let out a gasp and lay it on thick. “Oh wow! This is amazing Abi.”

“Probably tastes a bit different to how you remember it right?”

I nod, “Yeah, it does.”

It doesn't, it is lovely, but it doesn't taste any different to how I remember. What's going on?

“Well, I said that I am a Wiccan, there are some Wiccan cookbooks and after years of dabbling I landed on this one.” She winks at me.

She has put something in Scarlett's food.

Before I can even react, I notice Scarlett is now wolfing down her food in a way that I’ve never seen. Mouthful after mouthful she stuffs her face, almost in a trance. Looking over to Abi for answers I am given a wink as she takes her own forkful of food into her plump face.

She has done something... But why am I so turned on by that idea?

In no time at all Scarlett has devoured the huge portion of food and is using some garlic bread to wipe up the sauce. Too turned on to eat, my food is relatively untouched.

“If you are still hungry Scarlett, I’ve got more.”

“Yes please!” She quickly snaps up the offer.

Abi returns with the glass dish she cooked the lasagne in and scoops the rest onto Scarlett’s plate. I notice a faint smell as she walks past me, all but confirming that there is an additional ingredient in her food.

Abi returns to her seat and gives me a grin; Scarlett resumes her feast.

Second helping now done, I haven't made much progress. My time is spent watching my wife act like a glutton. She still looks hungry somehow, I see her eyeing up my plate. My arousal getting the better of me, I slide the plate over to her. No words are spoken but she starts to eat this third portion with the same vigour as the first two.

Abi's foot taps on mine. I turn and she gives me an approving look.

Finally, after the third helping Scarlett looks to be done.

"Oh my god Abi, that is the best food I have ever tasted, I couldn't get enough. I think I am fit to burst now though... Oh god..." She leans back in her chair; I now see the result of her gluttony. Her stomach is hugely bloated, the button of her trousers must've come undone as her belly billowed outwards. A taut round orb stretching towards the table from her reclined position. The shirt she is wearing is now starting to ride up at the bottom, the top however is just strained, overly so.

I just watch her rub her hands over her belly as she leans back, moaning softly as she does so. Abi has now finished her meal and looks over at Scarlett, not with shock but more pride.

"Where is the bathroom?" I ask.

"I'll show you, I need to get dessert too, I've got my own recipe: chocolate brownies with ice cream, sound good Scarlett?"

"Hhhmpf... Sounds good to me..." She groans as she continues to rub her orb.

Abi moves her massive body and is leading me out of the dining room, I follow her, and she grabs my arm and pulls me quickly into the kitchen. I let out a grunt from the sudden tug on my arm. With a surprising amount of strength, she pushes me against the fridge. Her chubby hand is now resting against my chest. Still turned on from watching Scarlett's stuffing and now with this show of dominance I am even more turned on. Words fail me and I just stare dumbly at her. Abi knows she has me wrapped around her finger.

She starts to lean towards me, her large belly now getting close to me, I can feel my excitement rising. She is then squishing me against the fridge with her massive gut.

Fuck... this is heaven...

Her flabby gut covering my lower torso and crotch. Feeling fat pressing against me is almost enough to drive me over the edge. Abi just grins.

"Whilst I'd love to take this a bit further, we need to be quick." She leans in some more, unintentionally pressing her belly against me more, her boobs almost contacting my torso. "I guess you are wondering what I did?"

I nod, trying desperately not to lose my ongoing battle with lust.

“Well...” She says with a sultry tone. “I have a few potions at my disposal, and I just used one... to help coax her along shall we say...”

“W-what do you mean...”

“If you think this is where it ends Paul, you are mistaken. She is going to get so much bigger, maybe even as big as me...”

Chapter 3

“What do you mean?” I ask dumbly.

“I don’t have time to explain, you’re hungry... growing... expanding wife wants brownies...” She takes a step back, releasing me from my squishy heaven. “I’d suggest you sort... that out” She winks as she points downwards towards my crotch.

“I’m-“

“Don’t. It is incredibly flattering Paul... Makes me even more excited to get your wife onboard.” Abi lets out her own moan as she bites her lip. “We aren’t there yet, so get a move on, I need to get into the fridge.

I awkwardly walk towards the doorway of the kitchen. “Turn right and down the hallway on the left.” Abi calls over to me.

Dessert is a lot less eventful than the main, but Scarlett is still massively bloated, she is almost delirious from the ordeal.

“That was super yummy.” Scarlett compliments the chef.

“Why thank you, you look like you enjoyed it.” Abi teases. Scarlett, for the first time looks down at her expanded gut and rubs it. “I guess I did...” She trails off, getting lost in her thoughts.

“Hey, I’m one to talk, eh?” Abi says, giving her titanic tum a few firm pats.

My eyes zip between both women as I inspect their midsections.

All that effort to calm down just to get hit with this...

Abi can see I’m struggling; I see a quick smirk cross her face. “So, Scarlett, I’ve got some brownies here for you to take with you. It was super nice meeting you.” Without warning she lifts her massive gut onto the table and then ignores it. “If you want you can come around tomorrow too? I know how difficult it can be to unpack, sometimes it is nicer to have a delicious meal cooked for you... Right Paul?” She turns her attention to me, but I must look like a deer caught in the headlights.

Since the moment she put her belly down onto the table my focus went out the window. I watch intently as her huge stomach sits there on the table, she is idly rubbing it and I watch her fingers glide over her rolls, even taking brief squeezes of the bulging flesh. I am broken from my gaze by Scarlett who pokes my side.

“Abi asked you a question Paul...” She says, not noticing my gaze but rather focusing on her rotund gut.

I start to answer but find my gaze now fixated on my wife’s hugely round belly.

So stuffed...

Her belly is still straining the upper portion of her shirt, it looks so incredibly tight. However, from a combination of her gluttony and belly rubs, the lower half of her belly is now on display, in the open. I feel my cock throb in my pants and just stare at the bloated skin on show. Not even caring if Abi can see the gut, Scarlett continues to rub her stomach, much like Abi is her own.

“Paaaaull... earth to Paul.” Scarlett’s voice breaks me from the second trance. “I was just saying how nice it’d be to have you around for food tomorrow, what do you think?”

I turn to her and nod instantly.

“Good, it has been a great night, but I think I need to sleep this off.” She gives a big slap to her gut, causing her body to jiggle and shake. “I think Scarlett is much in the same boat.” She winks, “My Lasagne will do that to you.” She looks at Scarlett, almost proud in what she has done.

I turn back to my wife and start to help her up. She is slow and sluggish to get to her feet, she manages to get her trousers buttoned up beneath her swollen tum, this just makes it look even bigger. The shirt has no chance in covering its entire expanse. Slowly she waddles to the door, saying very little, the effects of a food coma coming over her most likely.

“Thank you Abi, see you tomorrow, thank you for tonight. I’m going to go; I feel so sleepy suddenly.” She doesn’t even await a response and just leaves.

Now sensing the danger I am in, I turn and see Abi standing there with a big smile on her face.

“W...W-what did you do?” I nervously ask.

“Only what I know you would want.” She says in a sultry tone. “Come here...”

Still frozen in place I just stare.

“I’m a hugger and I hugged Scarlett, but I never got a chance to hug you, so let me hug you goodbye.” Her grin still plastered on her face.

My legs on autopilot take me to her, I stop just before her body, I can feel the warmth radiating off her body. With half closed eyes she investigates mine, her arms outstretched, inviting me closer still.

Horny and under her spell, I spread my arms wide and embrace her. It is heaven.

Her soft and squishy body pressed up against mine, covering my entire torso. I can feel that her stomach is firm, from the massive feast of food she took in. Once I make contact with her body, I was now in reach of Abi. Her plump hands reach around the back of my head, and she pushes my face into her chest, my face getting smothered between her hefty breasts. I feel myself become flush as her soft and squishy tits consume my face.

Her body is soft and yielding to my slim body, I can feel the immense weight she carries as she bounces on her heels. I hear her let out a soft moan. "I feel so soft right?" her hand starts to play with my hair. "So big too I bet... I grew for you..."

I leave her embrace and jump backwards.

"This... is all for you..." She traces her hands over her obese body. "I got these rolls for you; all of this fat is yours..."

I stand there, trembling, my cock dangerously close to exploding.

"That isn't even the best part about me, Paul." She pauses and I wait in nervous anticipation. "Your wife is going to look like me soon... Could you imagine it? Scarlett... big... HUGE even, blubbery and jiggling with everything she does... Does that excite you, Paul? Your huge fat wife?" She lifts her shirt up and I see her bare skin, she stands topless before me, that is too much. My body shudders and I explode in my pants.

Abi looks slightly shocked but quickly regains composure. "Well... I guess you really do like the new me." She gives a quick twirl, giving me a magnificent view of her body.

Her rolls extend to her back as her soft fat pockets on either side of her back jiggle from the swift turning motion. I manage to take in a pleasant view of her wide and expansive hips too. Panting as I recover from my orgasm, holding onto the wall for support.

"I think you'd best head home Paul... Don't want to keep your wife waiting..."

"B-but..."

"I'll explain it all again to you... go home... cuddle up to your stuffed wife."

I obey and leave her apartment, a wet patch on my crotch, questions swirling through my head, I turn to Abi's door one last time before I open my own. She is staring at me; she raises her hand and with her thick arm in the air she starts to wave goodbye with her fingers. The thick sausage like digits bidding me a good night, she closes the door, the last thing I see is her big grin.

She is good...

Upon opening the door, I rush straight to the bedroom to grab a change of clothes, hoping to avoid Scarlett.

If I can just avoid-

There on the bed, my bloated wife, looking like she is in the early stages of pregnancy. She is laying on her back, her belly rising from her like a mountain, now free from her clothes. The entirety of her firm stomach on display, so taut and round. I start to open my mouth to apologise but I notice that she is snoring softly.

The food coma is real.

Transfixed on her body I quickly inspect it before grabbing a new set of pants. Even in her sleep she can't keep her hands off her stuffed ball of a belly. It looks insanely packed, truly little give to it. My hands slowly head towards the exposed belly, contacting the warm skin I confirm that she is indeed, packed. There is next to no give to her stomach, my hand presses against the tightly packed tum and in her sleep, I hear Scarlett let out a groan.

Don't want to wake her...

Still recovering from my orgasm, I decide to clean up and get myself into bed. I tuck in Scarlett and leave the room.

I wonder what she meant about Scarlett...

Chapter 4

The next morning, I wake up and roll over to look over my wife. I can still see through the blanket that Scarlett is still looking a bit bloated from yesterday's events. Luckily for her she managed to get time off work for the move, I however, was not. I groggily get out of bed and start to get ready for work.

Not like Scarlett to not get up, she usually would be headed to the gym or something at this point.

I finish getting ready for work, pop my head back into the bedroom and Scarlett hasn't moved at all.

She is probably just working off the food, she probably needs the rest.

I grab my keys and head into work.

It gets to about 11am and I've not heard from Scarlett.

Must be busy with boxes, maybe making up for lost time from her lay in this morning.

Paul: Hey babe, how is it going?

I place my phone on my desk and I suddenly am distracted with work. Lunch comes around and I check my phone.

No reply? Hmmm

“Strange.” I say aloud.

The rest of the day is uneventful but with no messages from Scarlett I am slightly concerned on my drive home.

Walking towards my door I notice Abi’s is open. I knock the door softly and call in, “Abi?”

“Come in Paul.” She says in a deep, come-hither tone.

Opening the door slowly I am greeted by Abi. She is at her Altar reading some old looking tomes.

“H-hi?”

“No need to be scared sweetie, this is for Scarlett.”

“What do you-“

“Well, I said I’d answer your questions... go on then”

“What is happening? How? What have you done?”

“So, I came across some great stuff in this Wiccan book and I tried it out and to save you some of the boring details, I made this small elixir. I put this in your wife’s food yesterday and now she is on a path that I think you will enjoy very much.” She winks.

“But like... Why?”

“Well, I never lost my feelings for you Paul, when I heard you were coming back, I needed to see you, I moved to be here, to be your neighbour. I was hoping that, along with my new body, would be enough. But I didn’t account for Scarlett. The sanctity of marriage is sacred, I won’t strip you of her, although I could easily, I think.” The confidence in her voice is equally scary as well as hot. “I thought... why not give you what you want and maybe we can have some fun, the three of us.”

“So... Scarlett is going to gain weight?”

“Pretty much. Have you been home yet?”

“No, I saw your door open, and I thought to see you first.”

“Well, you are likely in for a treat. I wouldn’t find it rude for you to leave and check in on her.” Abi smirks, “In fact, seeing as it’s my handiwork, I would be more upset if you stayed.” She lifts a fat arm towards the door and points. “Go!”

For fear of reprisal, I leap into action and rush to my door, trying the door.

Locked.

I reach into my pocket and fumble for the keys.

C’mon!

Rushing too much, the feeling of overwhelming anticipation rushing through me, I drop the keys.

Fucking hell!

I hear Abi laugh behind me.

Great.

I fall to my knees to grab the keys when I hear the lock make some noise.

She’s there.

I look towards the door and freeze. Slowly the door opens, and I am greeted by Scarlett, but not as I know her.

Before me stands someone that looks a lot like Scarlett, but this version is looking... pudgy and bloated. She is in some gym clothes, clearly, she had the idea to head over there but based on the number of stains on her attire I suspect she never made it out the door. Her belly looking round and bloated, not quite as much as yesterday but she was still rocking a hefty food baby. Her gym top strained incredibly tight over her round stomach and riding up enough to leave a few inches of belly out into the open. That wasn’t the focus of my attention. The rest of her was chubby.

Scarlett looked like she had been gaining for a few months, fat appearing all over her once firm and fit body. Her arms looking pudgier, her face plumping up as were her legs.

“Hey Paul... Sorry I didn’t feel like doing much today.” She said, letting out a huge burp. “I’ve been quite... Hungry...” She lets out a gentle moan as she rubs her belly. I stare in awe at her bulging fingers as they spread wide over the tight expanse of her gut. I look down and see that her hips have even had some movement.

That fucking quick?

I turn to Abi in shock. She winks at me and gestures for me to go into my apartment.

Rising to my feet I look down slightly at my chubby wife, my cock throbbing in my trousers.

“Everything Ok Paul?” She asks in an unknowing tone, her smirk betrays her true feelings. “I know, I know, I shouldn’t make a habit of getting so...” She slaps her firm belly and lets out a deep moan in my face, her breath a combination of all the snacks she has consumed today. “Stuffed...”

I can only stare at Scarlett; she takes my hand and leads me into the apartment and flashes Abi a quick smile. “See you soon for dinner?”

“Absolutely... Can’t wait...” Abi says, as she watches Scarlett lead me into the apartment.

Once inside I can see the true damage she has done, the cupboard doors left open, wrappers overflowing the bin, lots of used pots and pans, the sink filled with plates and cutlery. I turn to my wife and see her cradling her round midsection.

“What?” She smirks. “I told you I was hungry”

Over the next few days this cycle repeats, I’d go to work, come home to a stuffed Scarlett and we’d have dinner over Abi’s. Abi and Scarlett were spending increased time together and becoming incredibly good friends it seemed. Scarlett seemed to get increasingly turned on by my gaze when I got home, seeing how much fatter she would be each time I opened the door.

Two days later I got home slightly early and I walked in on Abi feeding Scarlett, they didn’t see me but I stood, peering through the door at my massive ex stuffing cake into my incredibly bloated wife.

“C’mon, we’ve got two more to eat before Paul gets home.” Abi increases her pace, stuffing each slice into her rapidly chewing mouth. “C’mon piggy.” Abi’s hands rubbing Scarlett’s tight middle, big wide circles to cover the entire circumference of her stuffed belly.

Scarlett letting out some muffled moans between chews and chomps.

“I can see someone is enjoying this...” Abi shoves an extra large piece of cake into Scarlett’s mouth before groping her boobs, which have now grown in size, paying particular attention to the nipples which are now forming tents in her almost too small shirt. “Are you enjoying growing bigger Scarlett?” She pauses waiting for an answer. “I asked you a question, piggy.”

Scarlett nods slowly.

“Good... Want to get bigger?” Abi says, raising another slice to her mouth which Scarlett greedily snaps out of her hand.

That was about all I could take before needing to walk around the block.

One particular day, maybe day four, I opened the door, and I wasn’t greeted by Scarlett, just a voice.

“In the bedroom... I couldn't muster the energy to get out of bed... Come feed me...”

Upon entering the bedroom, I saw an entirely naked Scarlett splayed out on the bed, her newly formed fat rolls spreading to her side, wanting to cover more surface area of the bed. Her stomach looking incredibly fat but also still massively bloated. It sat now, comfortably filling her lap. She rubbed its surface and moaned at my arrival. Her fat tits now too big for any bra that she has, spread across the bloated belly starting to sag to the side of the rising gut.

Scarlett's face has undergone a huge transformation as now she has a huge double... no, triple chin. Her cheeks are constantly puffed up as if she has something in her mouth, most likely a true statement. Her arms now look much more like Abi's as are her thick legs.

It is at this moment I realise that she must be approaching Abi's size. This thought along with the incredible image before me makes me instantly hard.

“Oh! Is that for me?” Scarlett eyes my crotch. “I think I changed my mind about what I want to stuff in me...”

She spreads her thick, cellulite riddled thighs, the massive thick appendages moving to the side allows Scarlett's belly to drop to the bed. She lets out a huge moan as she sinks her thick hands into its underside and lifts her rotund middle, exposing her fat pussy.

From the weight gain it is hard to see her lips as her fupa dominates her crotch and swallows the entrance to her awaiting sex. “C'mon, we've got time before we go to Abi's” She beckons me over.

Chapter 5

It is now day six and Scarlett has seemingly stopped her expansion despite her best efforts to eat through an entire week's worth of shopping yesterday. Most of the unpacking still hasn't been done, she just spends her day eating, stuffing, and consuming anything edible.

I walk down the hallway and I notice Abi's door open. She hears my footsteps and calls me in. I enter and she stands before me now, in her lingerie, her fat body pressuring the fabric and stretching it to its maximum.

“I think this might be a bit too small, what do you think?” She places a finger on her chin and looks upwards as if musing, displaying her body for me.

Her hands rub her belly, it looks a little bigger actually.

“You are right to think that I am bigger...”

“Huh? Did you just...”

“Read your mind? No, it was plastered on your face though.” Abi giggles.

“Sorry I-“

“Don’t be sorry... This...” She places her plump hands on either side of her belly and gives it a shake. “Is all for you...” Her huge body jiggling before me.

My cock threatening to blow already I stare at her longingly. “I... Can’t...”

“I know.... That is why I love to do this even more.” She takes a few steps towards me, her titanic gut now pressed against my torso, she wraps her arms around me and squeezes me tightly into her soft, pillowy body.

Abi pants, clearly turned on by the teasing, her breath hot on my face. “I know you can’t choose. I know you don’t want to leave your wife... but *this*.” She slips her hand down to my crotch and gives my cock a playful squeeze. “*This* says you still want me... What are we going to do?” She says putting on a big pout.

Taking in the sensations of her big stomach pressing against me and her hand on my dick I just remain silent. All my energy is focused on not exploding in my pants.

“Well... maybe tonight is the night?”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“My magic seems to be fading, I spent the day stuffing Scarlett today and yesterday, but she isn’t growing anymore. She is almost the same size as me...” She squeezes my cock again, I’m dangerously close to release. “Four hundred and forty pounds...” She elongates her delivery to really let me take it in, giving my cock a playful stroke. She moans too, happy with her handiwork. “Only about fifteen pounds short of me...”

I grunt. “Fuuuuck...”

She let’s go of my cock and takes a step back. “Not yet... I want that cum...” She licks her lips. “I think you should go get Scarlett... Maybe we can have some fun before eating, I was thinking of ordering a takeaway tonight.”

I stand and stare at Abi.

“Go, go get Scarlett, you can stare at us all you want then.”

I turn and rush to my apartment and open the door, Scarlett standing on the other side of the door in her lingerie.

I guess this was all planned...

She walks towards me and my SSBBW wife's body envelops my own as she plants a long-drawn-out kiss on my lips. My hands roaming over her body, still so turned on from my encounter with Abi.

"Oh, I guess you saw Abi first?" She says between kisses.

I blush, unsure how this will go.

"Don't worry... I spent all afternoon with her..." She breaks the kiss to give me a wink.

Oh my god...

Just as I think I can't get any more turned on; I feel a warm soft feeling against my back. Much like my wife's huge body on the front, I now feel the same on my back. Sandwiched between two massive bodies. I moan aloud.

"Boo..." Abi's warm breath on the back of my neck.

"We want you..." Scarlett moans.

"We want you so bad..." Abi chimes in.

"Fill us up..." Scarlett says before her plump lips press against mine in a fiery passion.

Both women shower me in kisses before leading me to the bedroom.

I can't believe this is happening.

Both women start making out, their plump hands feeling each other's fat bodies, exploring their curves and rolls. All I can do is stand and watch, incredibly turned on at the sight before me.

My ex, 450lbs or so and my Wife who has rapidly gained 300lbs+ in the matter of a week are now making out before me.

They start to rip each other's clothes off as they passionately make out, Abi kissing her way over Scarlett's blubbery form. Scarlett turns to me.

"You just going to stand there?" She asks before letting out a moan, Abi's lips find her hard nipple and starts to suckle on the fat teat.

I quickly join them in undress and Scarlett wastes no time in grasping my cock. Abi still kissing her way across my wife's body Abi starts to moan and stroke at my hard dick.

"Could you have ever imagined this would happen Paul?" She leans in and kisses me.

"Never in a million years..."

Abi pauses her kisses on Scarlett's body as she turns her attention to me. "Sometimes all it takes is some luck and a little bit of magic." She plants a kiss on my lips and wraps her arms around my body. I feel myself being enveloped into her soft and squishy body. Her rolls overflowing my body, I sink into her massive frame. Scarlett starts to kiss Abi's body and starts to worship her massive fat physique.

"Abi... You are so *fat*." Scarlett moans between kisses and gropes.

"What do you think Paul... am I big enough yet?" She asks in a teasing tone.

Both women stop and look at me for an answer.

"You could still gain a few." I say, excitement in my voice.

Both women enter a frenzy and they both throw me to the bed, laying on my back, my cock sprung high into the air, leaking precum both women squash their bodies together.

"Bi...igger?." Scarlett moans.

"You heard him Scarlett, we aren't fat enough. Paul wants us to be bigger." Abi responds, kissing Scarlett sensually on the lips. "You aren't fat enough yet, piggy." She rubs Scarlett's belly, her hand squeezing her top roll. "He wants this bigger..." Abi lowers herself to her knees, her face now level with Scarlett's fat stomach, she buries her face into the jiggy gut.

Abi letting out moans from the sensation. "Do... you really... want me... *Bigger*."

I enter a frenzy "I want to make you huge; I want you so fat and filled to the brim at all times. I want you bed bound because of your huge rotund belly. I want your belly to enter a room seconds before the rest of you, a huge wobbling mass that is always hungry, hungry for more food and my hard cock."

Abi hears all of this and starts to increase her kissing, moaning and gropes. The pressure causing Scarlett to wobble on her feet and elicit more moans herself.

"I want that... I want to be your big fat fucking hog... I want you to stuff me..." In a trance she pushes Abi off of her and leans over me, her thick leg now joining me on the bed, her huge body now straddling mine. The enormous weight of her SSBBW frame crushing my hips, her belly spreading across my torso, as far as my chest.

After some manoeuvring, she impales herself on my cock. I scream out a moan and look up to see my wife's face. It is no use, her huge belly takes up my entire vision, a wall of blubber and fat rolls.

"Oh Paul... you are so hard..." Scarlett moans above the wall of flesh.

She starts to bounce on me, the bed creaking from the immense weight she is now subjecting the bed to. Her rolls bouncing in my face, as her pace increases I can hear her slapping and flopping noises from various parts of her body slapping against itself.

I won't last long like this.

I want to live like this forever, but I knew it wasn't meant to be.

If I can hold out... Just a bit longer.

I push my head back into the mattress, looking behind me towards the window, gripping the bed sheets. Abi enters my vision, upside down, but I can see that she is making her way to me, rather her belly is.

"I'm glad you want her bigger Paul... I know how you can do that..." She moans as her belly now rests against the top of my head. "Cum in her. Fill her up. Knock her up."

This causes Scarlett to scream out loud. "Y-y-yes... Fill me with your cum... Make me huge and Pregnant... *Fuuuuck.*"

"What do you think Paul? Imagine Scarlett growing... Every day... Bigger... And bigger..." Abi teases, I moan in response, but I feel the pressure of Abi's belly increasing on my head. "Like this... I'm getting bigger Paul... Can you feel my belly growing...?"

Oh fuck...

Abi's massive gut now covers my face, I feel her starting to bounce slightly from excitement, I suspect her hand is playing with her pussy but her belly covering my entire head, the only sense I have is touch and between my ex's belly spreading over my body more and my wife's newly expanded body, it is too much.

I explode, a massive torrent of cum filling Scarlett's pussy, I feel her spasm on me too, her muscles constricting around my cock. Almost milking it for every last drop.

I start to feel myself running out of breath, Abi has a good sense of this and lifts her belly and allows me to get some oxygen once more.

Scarlett can't handle the immense pleasure and falls to my side against the bed, moaning from the aftershocks of the powerful orgasm that washes over her body.

Abi shifts and walks around the bed so that she is now in front of my tired and spent body. I crane my neck down to look at her incredible body. She takes a deep breath and I watch as her fat body now plumps up from the inhale, however when she exhales, she doesn't get any smaller. Her body looking incredibly bloated, I start to feel my cock stir once more.

She has in her hand a vial, she pours its contents into her hands and once again lowering to her knees. This time however her belly blocks her slightly. I notice and stare wide eyed, she just giggles. Moving back slightly she then places her hands on my cock and rubs the balm into my cock. A huge burning sensation comes over my shaft and within seconds I am once again rock hard and raring to go.

“You think I would let Scarlett have all the fun?” She whispers, staring over at Scarlett still panting from the high. “I want some of that for me... You can knock me up too...” She rises and her incredibly bloated belly hovers over me, almost obscuring her face from me even when she is that far back from me. I stare at her round orb and watch as it stretches out again on another inhale.

“A trick I learnt... It’s magic, don’t worry about it, just enjoy.” She slowly traces her hand across her belly. A belly that is now so round it has now changed from a double belly with a clear middle fat roll to a massively extended round belly with fat rolls at either side.

“You... You look...” I stutter.

“Pregnant. I know.” She gives me a grin. “This is just a bit of magic... Maybe you can give me the real thing.”

Abi copies Scarlett and straddles me, impaling herself on my hard cock, her belly however is resting against my chin. She calls down to me, “I hope you can breathe down there.”

I stare at the round mass covering my body. I start to explore her body with my eager hands, feeling how tight her stomach is as she starts to bounce.

I won't last long...

Even though incredibly bloated I manage to grab at some rolls either side of her giant stomach. Rubbing and kneading her huge stomach, I feel my pulse rise.

Without warning, Scarlett’s face appears next to me on the bed. She managed to slither over to me, still panting and now getting a good feel of Abi’s belly.

“Wow... She is so big... Right Paul?” She asks, I can only grunt in response. “Do you think I’ll look like that after you get me pregnant?” She moans, as do I. “I want to get bigger than that... I want to be so fucking big...” She moans, I look and see her body jiggling rapidly as her arm works her clit furiously. “So big and pregnant... I’d be big enough then right?” She moans. “No... Bigger... I want to have the biggest belly...” She screams as she orgasms again.

Panting through the aftershocks she says one last thing that tips me over the edge. “Make her big Paul, knock her up, make her huge like I want to be. Huge. Fat and Pregnant.”

Abi screams fill the room as she orgasms on my dick, her pussy clenching my cock.

I explode, a second torrent of cum filling Abi’s hungry pussy. Spurt after spurt I pump more and more cum into her.

The pleasure is too much, everything starts to go black.

-8 months later-

“Is there anything more stressful than moving?” I say aloud.

Moving again, but it was necessary. That night, or maybe one of the other sex fuelled nights, I managed to knock both Abi and Scarlett up and they were both approaching their due dates. We decided to move in together for when the babies arrive but only recently found a place.

Abi giggles in her sweet voice. “I don’t think so.”

“Maybe we can relieve some stress after you get the next load in?” Scarlett says.

Both the women due to their size are on bedrest. I look up from the box I am unpacking and look over to both of my hugely pregnant fat lovers.

Abi’s tits have exploded with her pregnancy, her huge plunging cleavage ever present if she can bother to put any clothes on. Thankfully for me, they are primarily naked, their size making it much too hard to get dressed. Abi’s lips have plumped up, her hair has that maternal glow, and her cheeks look a lot puffier. Still, ever sweet and incredibly sensual when she gives me certain looks, much like the one she is giving me now.

Her breasts have indeed grown, now resting on her shelf of a belly, they are bloated and filled with the beginnings of her milk. The full boobs now have deep blue veins on display, something about that turns you on more. Her nipples are now thick nubs and very dark, clearly ready for milk production, I can even see some colostrum leaking out of the ends of them.

She winks at me and gives her big tit a squeeze, producing some of her sweet nectar, taking a finger she collects the thick liquid and places it into her mouth, sucking longingly on her finger.

“I don’t think he will last until the next load.” Scarlett chimes in. “Especially if you tease him like that... or me for that matter...”

Still transfixed on Abi, I stare as her hands roam over her body, down towards her belly. Her huge stomach still has rolls either side of her gut but the previous rolls she had at the front of her belly are now gone, thanks to the growth happening within.

She rubs her belly like a buddha and just stares at me, licking her lips. “I don’t mind, we can take a break...”

She gives her belly a light shake, causing her jiggling breasts to quake atop her tight and round stomach. I look further down and see how her pregnancy has also caused her to grow much wider hips. She struggles to fit through doors at this point, the girth of her ass and hips is almost indescribable. I don’t get to see it often as she remains on the bed most of the time but when she does move around, I could just watch her giant cheeks for hours. Her fat ass is covered in fat, jiggling with its movement, cute little dimples on each cheek, I can hardly resist giving her a spank when I do see it.

“Stop teasing him with your boobs, you know he is a belly man.” Scarlett speaks up, commanding my attention.

I look at the other hugely pregnant beauty in the room, Scarlett. Over the course of the last few months, she has absolutely exploded in size, specifically her belly. Her belly now measures bigger than the gigantic Abi. Apparently, her family always carries heavy. The taut belly stretches out before her so far that I doubt she can even reach more than 30% of its circumference. Huge and inviting, the massive orb causes unimaginable amounts of arousal. Just seeing her waddle around the house is enough to bring me to the edge.

Pregnancy has done a lot to her body, primarily in her gravid middle but it seems to have displaced some of her fat, her stomach looks tight and round, the fat on her sides stretching to accommodate her precious cargo. Her boobs have grown but not to the extent that Abi's have, she now wears Abi's old bras. She prefers the support and sometimes it is nice to see a deep valley of cleavage, plus when she gets excited the wet spots on the bra really do get my motor running.

“Why don't you take a break and maybe you can take it in turns with us...”

I am so glad that we moved back home...