

Take Out

Sat on the sofa, a long day of work behind me, I lay my head back. In that moment I can drift off to sleep, I even feel it, my closed eyes becoming heavy, sinking into my skull. Serene and peaceful, only for a minute. My wife opens the front door.

“Heeeeeeey” she says in a drawn-out tone, clearly, she is excited, or at least has more energy than me.

“Hey Babe.” I say flatly.

“Guess what?” She joyously replies.

“What?”

“I got us Chinese!” She exclaims. “I know you had a tough day and I’ve been fairly busy too; I know it was my turn to make food, but I think this will make up for it.” She has now entered the room after having taken her shoes off.

Her arms akimbo with two big bags of food, each one strained from the massive quantity of food within. Looking at her I see her give an embarrassed smile.

“I went a bit overboard... Eyes bigger than my belly I guess...”

That would be something.

Me and my wife have been together for a number of years and very quickly we found that we both had an appreciation for a similar fetish. Stuffing. Big, bloated bellies, gorging oneself, feeding and weight gain.

My wife was a bottom-heavy woman when we met, not much has changed, just she is now decidedly larger. Her thick cheeks fill out everything she wears. Over the years from her eating, it has gone to three places overwhelmingly. Her thighs, ass and belly.

Now standing before me, no longer the plus size woman I met all those years ago she now is much bigger, but I’m getting ahead of myself.

Standing at 5”9, she was never small, she would often exclaim “she was tall for a girl”. Myself standing at 6”5, it meant very little, everyone is short to me. Her long black hair trailed down over her shoulders and covered the upper part of her back and chest. Her face is now carrying a lot more weight than it used too. It doesn’t detract from her beauty, her soft features along with her often warm expression always invoke a smile from me.

Her cheeks were much bigger compared to when we met as was her chin, or rather, chins. Moving on her bust, certainly nothing to scoff at was a solid D cup and approaching E. They looked a lot smaller on her because of her size but when she takes her bra off, you can really see them in their full glory, bigger than a handful for sure.

The rest is where the most significant changes have occurred over the years. Her arms are big, I mean big, her biceps are thick with fat, probably bigger than her thighs used to be. Her

legs are very similar in that they have also grown incredibly fat and thick. Her thighs have always been touching together thanks to the genetics she was given where she primarily stored her body fat there and in her ass.

Speaking of which, her ass has always been incredible and a man who appreciates women of all sizes, I am very appreciative of her big bum. Each cheek dwarfs my hands my magnitudes, it is thick and fat but unbelievably firm. It's huge expanse in my hand is something that still reduces me to a pile of mush. Seeing her wear jeans will turn heads, no matter what your preference is on women.

But I have saved the best for last, she would agree. Her belly.

She was always fluffy around the middle but early on she pushed that meaning to its limits and shattered that barrier. Now her stomach was big, real big. Some might describe it as obese, but I prefer the term perfect. Her belly sticks out from her torso like she is always bloated, it is firm but still fat, it does sag a little towards the bottom and it has a good amount of jiggle.

Her stomach is what we call a double belly, the lower section a thick collection of fatty tissue, the upper firmer and perky almost. Much like her ass, dwarfing my hands by a massive amount. It too is firm, surprisingly so. I would probably compare it to a woman with a belly apron, but it has been pumped up, so it doesn't hang. Quite surreal but I can't keep my hands off of it. Especially on a night like tonight.

Throughout the years it has seen the biggest change. It started off slowly, gradually she put more weight on and she was quite timid to broach the subject when we were only six months in. When I told her that I didn't mind she seemed to accelerate. I didn't help by buying her lots of fast food. Over time it had an effect on her. She grew fatter and fatter as the months went by. About 18 months into our relationship, we finally had the talk.

Discussing our fetishes and preferences in the open, this is where she made the biggest and most drastic changes. We would stuff her all the time, feeding into her fetish. She would grow incredibly bloated and then we would have amazing sex. Her massive belly, if not already, was an erogenous zone for her. Standing now before me, I can't help but have my eyes glued on it.

She is still wearing her work clothes, a simplistic two tone black and white dress with leggings. The dress rides a bit high because of the swell of her ass and belly, causing it to sit higher on her thighs than intended. The dress also has an elasticated hem which sits just under her breasts. The effect is amazing, it cuts between her belly and her boobs making her look even bigger, pregnant even.

Her breasts are proudly displayed in this dress with its low-cut nature and the elastic under her bust pushes them further up. The white section above the elastic is stretched to try and contain her tits, an admiral job but it is struggling to do so.

The upper swell of her stomach is clearly on show thanks again to the elastic, the dress is loose at the end so it is meant to appear like a skirt almost but with her protruding stomach it

drapes a lot more forward than it should, giving the illusion that if she were any bigger you might get a glimpse of her soft fleshy stomach.

“Heellooooo?” She calls to me, snapping me from my daze.

“Oh sorry... What?”

“I said, are you just going to stare at it?” She has put the food down during my daze and uses a free hand to slap the side of her stomach. “Or are you going to help me fill it?”

I nod, quickly rushing to my feet, making a dash to the kitchen to get plates and cutlery. Bringing in a handful of everything, in my haste I bring in seven forks, four knives and eleven spoons. My wife just laughs it off.

“You are quite cute when you are flustered.” She leans in and gives me a peck on the cheek and hands me a bag. “Serve up... I’m hungry...” She takes my free hand and places it on her stomach.

My hand sinks into the soft doughy middle, I give it a cheeky squeeze.

“It’s so empty...” She pouts. “Come on.” She says lustfully before plopping herself onto the sofa and picking up a lap tray.

I rip open the bag and place the food on the plate for her. First up, egg fried rice and sweet and sour chicken. I pile the rice high and drizzle the sauce onto the plate, with each splat of the chicken and veg pieces I see her get more focused on the food, like being hypnotised.

After loading the plate with the main I rummage through the bag and look for the other sides that she likely has ordered.

Where... Oh, there!

A few paper bags at the bottom of the bag contain family size portions of sides. Wontons, prawn toast, chicken balls, spareribs, pancake rolls, spring rolls and of course, pappadums and prawn crackers. By the time I load up a side plate or two she has already started to wolf down the sweet and sour.

The noises from her consumption are already turning me on, a side effect from the years of watching her eat and stuff herself. Knowing that with each bite, munch and chomp she is getting bigger.

“I can feed myself for now, why don’t you eat your food, I picked your favourite.” She points to the unopened bag.

Kung Po.

I open the bag and am blown away from the number of boxes in here.

Wow... She went all out.

I serve up my food and just before I sit down, I notice that she has finished her first plate. I place my plate on the side table and approach her. "What's next?"

"I'll have that plum duck please, there should be another large rice there too."

I serve up the next plate for her and she beckons me closer, I lean in, and she gives me a kiss, her breath smells tangy, like the sweet and sour now resting in her expansive stomach.

"Chivalry isn't dead. Here... Feel my progress." She takes my hand and places it on her stomach. "Not even remotely full." She presses her hand on top of mine. "I've got lots of room to grow still." She gives me a wink. "Your food is going to go cold, you should eat." She teasingly pats my slim tum.

I leave her side, a bit dazed from the exchange, her words ringing in my head. I sit down on the opposite sofa; I find it hard to focus on my food with her chewing and the act of her stuffing herself happening mere feet away from me. I want to join in, but I know my time will come.

Patience.

I flick the TV on, and we start watching some random show whilst we both enjoy our meal. After a few minutes of her demolishing her food I turn to her because I hear the rustling of plastic. Another box of food, this time it looks like chow Mein. She forgoes the plate and eats it right from the box along with handfuls of the sides.

I stare at her in her gluttonous trance, I feel a familiar twitching in my pants. I have barely touched my food, but I can see her leaning back on the sofa as she finishes the box in record time. Now she is looking like she is feeling the effects from her binge.

She lets out a heavy sigh and leans back her head. Her body as a result pushes out her stomach, it rises high on her frame with a deep breath, appearing rounder and bigger than earlier. It almost looks as though someone has literally pumped her up with air.

I don't know how long I was staring at her stomach as she breathes heavily, watching her sexy gut rise and fall with each laboured breath, before I am broken from my trance. A loud thwack explodes throughout the room, her hand swiftly comes crashing down on her now bloated belly.

"It's getting there." She starts to circle her hands around her orb of a stomach sensually. "Still, plenty of room..." She moans softly as she gives her belly a quick jiggle.

I stand up, trying to make a move on her.

"Sit back down, I'm not done yet." She must've heard my movements. Returning to my seat, I watch as my wife lifts her head up and stares at me. "I'm going to get so much bigger before you are allowed to touch me." She bites her lip before she grabs the bag to pull out the next meal.

It looks to be Szechuan and has more rice. Her sides are running low, I make another move, desperate to be closer to her.

Here goes nothing.

“You are running low on sides... I think I saw some more in the bag here...” I start to rustle through the bag.

“You are right.”

I pick up three bags of sides, I don't even care what is in them, I just wander over to her sofa so I can touch my gluttonous wife. Desperate isn't strong enough of a word. My cock is very visible in my pants, it bulges down my leg.

I reach into a bag and remove a bao bun, without even really thinking, I bring it close to her face. She turns to look at me and opens her mouth expectantly. Meeting her mouth, I stop so she can take a bite but then she does something unexpected. She grabs my hand and pushes mine into her mouth. Stuffing and squeezing the whole bun into her mouth in one go.

Taking from the cue I poke the edges into her wide mouth, making sure the whole thing gets in there. I can hear her moans through the bun. Her eyes half closed as I packed her mouth full, her cheeks bulging.

After getting the whole bun inside, she closes her mouth and starts to chew it. I seize the opportunity to touch her. My hands inches from massaging her taut gut, her hands wrap around my wrists, and she grunts disapprovingly and shakes her head.

I try to pull away, knowing she means to continue her feast before allowing me to do anything to her fat body, but she halts my retreat. She stares at me as she greedily chews and swallows the bun.

“I said no, and you did it anyway.” She says playfully. “That desperate to touch me?”

I nod weakly.

“Well... That is sweet but you must be punished.” She pushes me backwards and uses her leg to trip me up. I fall onto my rear.

“Hey wha-“ I am interrupted by her chubby foot in my chest.

Not with any force to hurt, she pushes me onto my back. Laying on the floor I see the mountain of my wife rise above me. Bags of sides in her hand, she lowers herself onto me. Her huge ass on a collision course with my torso, her thighs straddling my body.

I sit and watch in wonder as her belly gets closer to me. It covers my chest and stops just below my chin. From my point of view, I can see the crest of her upper belly which blocks half of her face, I can hear the contents of the meal within, churning with her movement.

The way she has come down on me, she has pinned my arms to my sides with her thick thighs so that I can't reach out and touch her.

“I'm going to finish all these sides... See if you can see me get bigger from down there...” She swiftly opens a bag of more spring rolls and starts to put them into her mouth, she rests

a pot of sauce on top of her bloated belly, not caring that the sauce is likely to stain her dress.

“You should take that dress off, it’s one of your favourites, don’t want it to stain.” I suggest.

“I bet you’d like that...” She places a free hand on her belly and rubs it softly. “It won’t be long before I bust out of it.” She pulls the fabric tight.

I can now see how strained the fabric is over her belly a few more inches and the usually flowing dress will be ill equipped to contain her huge round belly.

“You can’t see but the elastic up here is at its breaking point.”

I try to crane my neck over her swollen middle, but it is no use, she is just too big at this point at this angle. I can only lay there and watch as my wife stuffs her face on top of me, my rock-hard cock pointing to the ceiling, when she moves her ass cheeks lightly graze my hard shaft.

“Someone is excited? Why is that?” She pushes another spring roll into her mouth, a few quick chomps and swallows. “Is it because of *this*?” She traces a finger down the apex of her stomach, I watch on as her finger doesn’t seem to sink into her flesh as it once did. “Hmm...” She shrugs.

She continues to stuff her face, she turns her attention to the TV, ignoring me squirming underneath her. Slowly but surely with each of the small bags of sides consumed she is growing. She dips various things into the pot on her stomach and scoffs up what remains of the sides before she looks back at me.

“Wow.” She cranes her head over her swollen stomach. “I can hardly see you down there.” She gyrates her hips on my torso, seemingly enjoying the feeling of her huge body crushing mine.

“You... You’ve grown...” I break my silence.

Her hands immediately slap to the sides of her titanic tummy, she lifts it with some effort. “Yes... Yes, I have.” She drops her gut on me, it comes crashing down onto my chest and knocks my chin.

I revel in the sensation. My huge growing wife crushing me under her bloated and growing belly.

This is perfect.

As if on cue she gets up or attempts to. She wiggles her bulky frame and slowly rises to her feet. Now, from my point of view, my giantess wife towers over me, confirming my suspicion about the dress. I can see directly up under her dress hem, and I can see her soft subtle skin on show. It looks soft but I know that it is in fact very taut.

“How is the view from down there?” She asks.

“Divine.”

She giggles and shuffles backwards onto the sofa. Plopping herself down she rustles through the bags and pulls out another box of noodles and sauce.

“Feed me.”

I was laying on the floor, horny, dazed and unable to move. Hearing those two words causes me to bolt up. I leap to her side. I snatch the fork off her and serve up her food onto a plate. Singapore noodles mixed with red Thai curry. I twirl the first forkful and bring it to her waiting maw. She sensually takes the first bite and lets out a soft moan.

“Mmmm that is good.” She says after swallowing the first bite.

As I bring the second fork, I sneakily bring my hand to the stomach. It feels immense in my hand. Huge and bloated.

“Mmmm don’t get distracted, I’m still so hungry” She places her hand on top of mine, pressing it against her stomach. “See... plenty of room left...” She presses again and lets out a burp. “Oh, well now I have space.” She giggles.

I pick up the pace, giving her a forkful before she has even finished her last one. Twirl after twirl I stuff into her stomach. I don’t relent on the tummy rubs.

The plate is empty in record time, I look over at my wife and her cheeks are bloated from the amount of food I have forced into her mouth.

She pats her belly, the noise sounds as though she is full, her stomach doesn’t jiggle as much as before. I look down at her bloated form, laying back into the sofa allows her the most room for her stomach to grow. It is churning the food that has been forced into it, but it has a mighty task ahead of it to digest its current contents.

“Room for more?” I ask.

“Yes. Always.” She points to the bag.

Wasting no time, I grab the bag and pull out the next box and frantically start feeding it to her. She continues to open her mouth for more. She is starting to writhe beside me as I rub her belly and continue to stuff her silly.

I go to get another spoonful of curry, forgoing the serving of food and just feeding her direction from the box, I am surprised to see the spoon is empty. Looking at the bag once more I come to realise that the mountain of food has now gone.

During the feeding I entered a trance and I failed to notice the very big change that occurred. Her belly. It is now monumental compared to its already generous size. She looks positively immense. Her stomach is round and bulging out from her. She shifts slightly and we both hear a snap. The elastic gives way.

I look over the dress and realise that it is now stretched to absolute capacity. Her taut gut is half on show, the upper swell has kept the dress strained tight rather allowing it to rise further up her swollen middle.

The mildly flabby apron has now gone, her double belly is no more. Her food filled stomach looks pumped up, inflated even. Bulging tight against the skin, her stomach looks incredibly round.

Her head is leaned back, her belly completely sticking out, vulnerable, I take my chance and swiftly position myself in front of her on the sofa on my knees. Her belly covering so much of my field of vision, I timidly place my hands on either side of her tight gut.

Her skin feels smooth but so incredibly taut, there is no give. She lets out a big moan before arching her back, pushing her gut further forward, enough for a series of rips to be heard. I watch in awe as her stomach stretches further and the side seam of her dress splits. Her belly surges forward with her arching continuing, each second more of her skin is exposed until her stomach stops growing.

"I did it." She says with a strained voice. "I got so big that I bust out of my dress. Look at me... I'm so huge!" She lets out a huge moan as she lays there, her belly reaching high towards the ceiling, blocking my entire view of her at this point.

"You are fucking massive..." I give her stomach a pat, usually this would send ripples throughout her body but now, nothing.

"So full and so big... Ugh." She moans. "I can't reach..."

"Reach what?"

"All of my belly... certainly now what is below it... I need release..." She pleads.

"Let me help."

I release my rock-hard dick from my trousers, I start to rub it against her tight belly. I can hear my wife cooing over her belly.

"I don't need any foreplay... I'm ready..."

Following her command, I pull her leggings off her. Rubbing her thick thighs as I lower them down. The soft flesh accumulated on her legs is so very sensual to rub. I take it all in, enjoying the way she feels beneath my palm.

"I love you hands on me... Do you like rubbing my fat body?"

"Yes... I love it so much..." I say with a voice crack, my body no handling her

"That's good, so do I, never stop."

I oblige my stuffed queen; my hands rub and knead her body all over. However, all things lead me back to one thing. Her huge stomach.

“Help me up. I want to see it. I want to see how fucking big I am... I feel ginormous.” My wife reaches her arms out.

With a lot of effort, I grab a hold of her wrists and pull her first into a seated position on the sofa. Her stomach covers her entire thighs at this point, it sits so high when it is atop her thighs that it pushes her breasts to her chin. There is no way that she can reach all of her stomach, it swells too far ahead of her.

“Oh wow... This is so hot...” She moans as she tries to reach as much of her belly as she can.

My rigid cock is now rubbing against her underbelly as she sits there. She feels it and starts to jiggle her stomach to cause me some friction.

“I bet it feels so huge... Give it a heft...” She goads me.

“I place my hands on the underside of her gut and try to lift it, the incredible bulk is so heavy in my hands that when I lift it, I only really jiggle it slightly.

Feeling her giant dome of stomach jiggle against me is only causing me to feel more aroused, more turned on and ready for something more.

She repeats her actions from earlier, she pushes me backwards so only she remains above me, slowly lowering herself off the couch and onto my waiting prick. She expertly guides me into her without the use of her hands, slowly I feel my length get enveloped into her, slowly her tight lips gripping my shaft.

If before I was unable to see her, now there was no chance. Like an eclipse her stomach blocked the light from the lamp in the corner. Its underside was now on my face, it continued to swell past my face at its apex but luckily there was enough of a window to allow me to breathe.

She starts to bounce and gyrate on my cock; the pleasure is immediately too much for me after the barrage of teasing I've gone through with her eating before me. I lift my arms up and start to rub her bloated stomach and I hear her moan above me.

“So... Heavy... I'm going to crush you one day...” Her voice booms, muffled by her stomach blocking the sound coming from her mouth. I try to reply but her stomach is starting to bounce on my chest, taking my air from my lungs.

She starts to increase the rate in which she bounces, her food filled belly now slapping harder against me, the pressure only serving to turn me on more. I can feel her start to reach climax as her pussy starts to constrict my girth harder. She rapidly starts to bounce, as fast as she can anyway, her moans becoming louder and more like screams.

Big breath.

With a sudden shift in momentum she stops, her belly comes crashing down as she falls forward, her whole weight pressed onto me and covering my face. My cock twitched deep

inside of her. My supply of air starts to run out as I approach a minute under her titanic gut. I tap the side of belly quickly to gain her attention.

Thankfully, she does feel it, she lifts her belly off my face and I take in a few gasps. She doesn't stop there; she rolls off of me to my side on the floor. As she falls to her side, her belly is still on me. With that much protrusion I want to see how she will lay on her back.

Looking over I see her heft her stomach with her arm, the mountain rising high above her. During our romp the dress has ripped entirely off her belly, it only now serves to cover her breasts.

Her exposed stomach is beautiful, a remarkable sight. Entirely round and taut, the bloated mass looks as though it is pinning her to the ground. I can't even reach my arms around it; it is too big. I move to her lower side, seeing her exposed pussy obscured by her fupa.

I slowly guide myself in, not being able to get in all the way without extra effort. Her belly has spread so much on her body that I need to push it towards her face before my hips can even meet hers. Moving the huge mass takes a lot of effort but it is worth it. Pushing further, filling her and feeling her depth on my rigid rod cause me and her to moan in unison.

Her stomach rises up my torso, even on her back, it blocks my view of her face other than her eyes from this angle. The effects of gravity having a small effect on her belly. I slowly trace my hands over it, testing its tautness.

"No more playing..." She pants. "Fuck me..." another deep breath. "Fuck me and my huge fucking belly..."

I start to thrust in and out of her, slowly at first, feeling her bloated belly crash against my body a few times is very arousing to me. I don't remove my hands from it, if anything I am using it to grip and give me more mobility.

Fucking my rotund wife in this state is a perfect encapsulation of our fantasies although she certainly seems bigger than normal.

"Oh. My. God. I'm going to fucking pop." She screams.

Her words turn me on, causing me to thrust faster.

"That's right, fuck your balloon wife, fuck me harder."

I am giving it all I've got; I am not going to last much longer.

"Yes. Yes. Fuck my huge, bloated belly, never stop, don't stop rubbing it... Feel how big I am, all for you..." She screams out in orgasm.

The twinges of her pussy push me over the edge, and I explode deep into her.

Panting, moaning and grunting we both continue to thrust a few more times before the overstimulation forces us to stop. My weakened body is not enough to hold her stomach up, I feel it push against me now, pushing me out of her. I collapse backwards onto my ass.

Looking at her from this angle, I can see her thick thighs, her huge round stomach and her pussy.

What a view.

My arms draped over the cushions of the sofa behind me for support. I watch her belly rise and fall from her breathing, hypnotised.

“Fuck... You got so big...” I softly say, enough for her to hear though.

“Well, I’ve got to eat more, I’m eating for two now...”

My cock immediately wakes back up.

Pregnant??

“Two?” I say shocked.

“Yes Daddy, I think we might need to up my feedings.”

“After one more thing...”

Taking my cock to her entrance again.

“Oh... You like that I’m pregnant?”

I cannot even form words anymore; I just start thrusting again.

“Fuck your huge fucking fertile wife, pump me full of your cum again... Make me pop Daddy.”