

Chapter 3: Day 2

I slowly open my eyes and glance at the time. 10am.

Fuck, I am late... Extremely late...

Usually, I would bolt upright and rush to get ready for work but recalling yesterday's events stopped my blind panic.

Fuck... I'll just text Terry and apologize, tell him I'll be in on Monday or something. Wait, where is Sally?

I quickly tap the message through to Terry. I send it and get out of bed to try and find my love. A faint smell of food enters my nostrils.

Eating again, I guess...

I get dressed and let out a massive yawn and stretch. Slowly I make my way downstairs and to the kitchen. Upon entering I am taken aback.

What the fuck happened in here...

I have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. There are pots and pans everywhere, discarded plates covered in grease and remnants of sauce. A mountain of empty packaging from various food items.

She couldn't possibly have done all this...

Thinking back to yesterday I remember cleaning the kitchen while cooking.

She must have... But where is she?

I hear a familiar sound come from the lounge.

Is that... Combat music?

I slowly walk towards the source of the music. Fear and excitement run through me as I brace myself for the sight before me. I take a deep breath and walk in.

“Hey honey” I call into the room.

“Hey baby, I left you in bed, you seemed to need the rest... Maybe after last night huh?” she giggles.

I can only see the back of her head as she sits in the armchair and faces the TV.

Wait, is that a video game?

The source of the music found; I stand there puzzled.

She doesn't play games...

In all my years of nagging and pushing, Sally has never once picked up a controller and played games.

What is going on?

I now walk toward the chair. I start to notice discarded boxes and packets of snacks around the floor of the chair. Her frame starts to come into view. From my vantage point I see that she has grown more and is almost overflowing the chair. Something deep down tingles within me.

She is bigger...

My morning wood, having not long faded away, now is returning.

What? Something isn't right.

“Glad you are here babe. You took too long to get here so I had to have breakfast without you.” Her eyes don't leave the screen as she continues to play the game. “But I am still hungry, can you please feed me these snacks? I am at a very tough part, and I need some fuel.”

Shock and awe have turned me into a robot on autopilot, I slowly grab at some of the crisps at her side and raise it to her mouth. She slowly and sensually eats from my hand. Returning my hand to the pile to deliver more to her. My cock is now fully erect as I feed her handful after handful of crisps, pretzels and other savoury snacks.

I don't understand... Why does this feel so good...

“Oh, that is so good babe” Sally moans softly. “Here, I’ve got something else for you to do.”

Her now pudgy hands wrap around my right wrist and lead my hand to her bloated belly.

“Rub it for me” she turns to me, the first time she has taken her eyes off the screen. “It feels good to have it rubbed, keep the snacks coming though.”

My hand starts to rub large circles around the taut circumference of her gut as her attention returns to the video game. My left hand returns to the rhythmic feeding session. My dick painfully pulses with lust.

The pocket watch must be affecting me... I need to see that lady again... I've got a lot of questions.

My inner monologue is interrupted by the booming sound of a belch. Sally doesn't flinch or blush. I stare shocked, frozen for a second.

“Don't stop. Never heard a burp before?” she laughs. “Plenty more where that came from” she slaps her gut and releases another big burp.

Fuck...

I feel as though I'm going to cum.

What is happening?

Before I can ponder anymore on the issue at hand, I feel Sally tug my shirt toward her.

“Oh my, what is this?” she says playfully as her hand moves towards the tent in my trousers. “I think it's time for a lollipop” she giggles at the awful joke.

Taken back by her forwardness and the bizarre situation I let her pull my trousers down and release my hard member. Sticking out proudly toward her, angrily pulsing with desire, Sally motions me to stand up and straddle over her legs. I look down at her, still sitting and leaned back slightly. Her gut looks even rounder from this angle. Her boobs too look larger.

“Do you like my belly?” she asks as she slowly rubs the side of it with one hand. Her other hand starts to gently stroke my cock. Transfixed at the large tum before me, my penis pulses profusely.

This isn't right... I don't...

Again, stopping me mid thought she hungrily brings her plump lips to my cock and starts to kiss it.

“So hard... I think you do like my fat body...” Each breath against my member causes it to twitch.

How am I so close...?

Sally opens wide and starts to devour my dick. Her tongue dances around the tip as it enters. I struggle to remain upright, looking down I see Sally staring up at me. That fire again in her eyes. Lust. I start to thrust my hips and increase rhythm. Suddenly she stops and releases my dick from her mouth and lets out a mighty burp. The motion apparently causing more gas to rise out of her. I let out a low grunt and my cock twitches before her face.

“Hhmmm” she moans as she pushes me back slightly and starts to jerk my cock rapidly with one hand. “I want you to cover my stomach with your cum.” she pleads.

Holy...

So close to the edge I can feel the build-up as I approach the point of no return.

“Cover my fat fucking belly. Cum for your fat piggy.”

Shit...

I erupt. Wildly spurting cum all over her. It splashes across her clothes, and she continues to stroke whilst moaning. “Oh yeah...” she says under her breath. Load after load it keeps coming. After what feels like hours I finally start to come down from my ecstasy. I stumble backward and fall onto the sofa to my side. My eyes don't leave Sally's enlarged form as I see her scoop up what she can of my cum and eat it with a moan after each mouthful.

That was insane...

I lean back and close my eyes to catch my breath. Sally, without saying a word, resumes her game. I lift my head to see her attention is now back on the TV. Still in my refractory period I relax for a few minutes while my breathing and heart rate return to normal. I look over once more at Sally who is just rubbing her belly as she has run out of snacks. Each hard press into her soft gut elicits a moan from her plump lips.

“Done, are you?” she asks sharply.

Confused, I nod.

“Good, I need more food. We don’t have any here, can you go to town and get some stuff. I’ll text you a list.”

Perfect opportunity to visit that lady again... If the shop is even there...

I rush to get ready and leave the house before either Sally gets hangry or something else weird happens. We live close enough to town that I decide to walk it.

I get to the street where the shop was, but it is still an abandoned building. I hurry over and peer through the murky glass to see if I can see any sort of movement from inside.

Fuck!

I kick angrily against the wall of the building.

“Language Calum.”

I hear a familiar voice. I turn and see the woman from before.

“You! What happened, what did you do to me? What did you do to Sally?” I frantically accuse.

“Calm down. Why don’t you come in?” she walks past me and opens the door of the-

What the fuck!

The abandoned building has been replaced by the antiques shop once again.

“It shouldn’t be that surprising... You’ve seen magic first-hand, not sure why you mortals don’t learn” she remarks.

Mortals?

“You thought I was a normal human?” she laughs.

Questions rush through my head, but she turns and stops me.

“Calm down, I’ll answer your questions. Just stop thinking so loud for a second.” She takes a deep breath. “I didn’t do anything to you or to Sally. *You* choose to use the pocket watch. The watch is doing exactly what it said it would do. Sally is transforming into your desires. You didn’t heed my warning and now look at you, all horny for something you don’t quite understand. A quite common side effect of the watch actually.”

“Can you fix it, stop it, whatever?” I plead.

“No but do you really want to stop Sally from becoming your desire? Think back to last night. I think you were enjoying the effects of the watch then” she cackles.

She is right... She must be... It makes sense...

“I know I am right; you do too which is good. Finally, you are learning.”

“When will it stop?” I ask nervously.

“You saw the dial, what did it say?”

“Four...Days...” I grumble.

“Well, it sounds like you might need to get some more food for your little piggy then, especially as we are only on day two now” She cackles once more.

Staring into space I can slowly feel the realization come over me about what is happening.

She is just going to get bigger and fatter... My slob wife...

I feel a stirring in my crotch.

“See with a reaction like that, how can you deny it?” she lets out a hearty laugh.

Feeling defeated and horny I turn to leave. The lady is still laughing as I let go of the door. The second it shuts the shop disappears once more. Before I can even process anything my phone buzzes in my pocket. It’s the list from Sally. It fills my screen.

“Should’ve brought the car” I say aloud.

I run back home quickly to get the car so that I could start shopping. As I approach the house, I see two delivery drivers dropping off food.

She is still eating...

Trying to keep my mind out of the gutter and my cock flaccid I focus my attention on getting in the car. It takes me forever to get everything on the list. I fill up the first trolley before I get halfway down the list. I checkout and load it into the car before returning to fill a second trolley. I pull up in the drive and unload the incredible shop, it takes me almost a whole hour to put it away. Of course, upon returning home I throw a few packets of chocolate and sweets straight to Sally who hasn’t budged from the armchair.

Exhausted from the shop I enter the living room only to be met with a burp and a request. Food.

The afternoon progresses much like yesterday morning, cooking and bringing her meal after meal. The difference is that today Sally demands I stay and feed her while rubbing her belly. I bring in a large dish of lasagne in and lift bite after bite to her insatiable mouth, while I rub, grope and knead the tightening belly. In no time at all she finishes the lasagne meant for a family of four and slaps her middle to release some gas.

“Gotta make room for the next meal” she giggles as she lets out another burp.

The cottage pie I put in the oven is just about ready, again enough for a family of four, I dish up the whole thing and proceed to the living room.

“That smells good” she softly moans, still focusing on the game.

I lower myself onto my knees beside her and return my hand to her protruding tum. Lifting the first bite of food to her mouth she quickly chomps it off the fork.

How does she seem so hungry, after already eating a massive lasagne?

Seemingly trying to one up herself she finishes the pie at lightning speed. She lets out more burps and grunts and joins me briefly in rubbing her stomach.

“Ooh.. **Urrp**... I’ll work on thi- **Urrrp** -s and you go get more food”

More?

After her eighth meal I am absolutely spent. “Babe, I think I’m going to go to bed.”

“Oh, that sounds good, me too. Can you help me get up?” she asks.

I head over to my well-fed queen and grab her flabby arm and give it a firm tug to start the motion off. With considerable effort she does eventually rise to her feet. Her large form is much wider than mine, it is almost intimidating as much as it is sexy. She looks into my eyes and wraps her arms around me, squeezing me into her huge frame. The softness of all her newly acquired fat envelops my much leaner frame.

“I think we should have some fun before we go to sleep.” Her hand rubbing my thigh lovingly.

My cock instantly becomes rigid, and any feeling of exhaustion is replaced by desire.

Maybe this isn’t so bad.

We get to the bedroom, and I strip and sit on the edge of the bed whilst she starts to give me a show. The top is much too tight for her so with some effort she peels the food covered fabric off. The slow peel causes her belly to cascade out into the open with a heavy flop.

Oh my god...

I can’t resist anymore and start stroking my cock openly in front of her. Her belly is so fat and bloated, I can’t take my eyes off it. She knows and starts to rub it and squeeze. The disturbance to the protruding gut causes her to burp loudly.

“Oopsie” she says with a playfully innocent tone.

I grunt in response as she then peels the top over her fatty tits. They slap heavily onto her rotund gut during their titty drop. The sound resonates deep within me. I motion for her to join me on the bed. She crashes her larger body onto the bed causing me to be rocked by the motion of the mattress. She lays on her back.

“Fuck me. Now”

I get on my knees and spread her cellulite ridden thighs and expose her fat opening. Already raging hard, I thrust into her without a second thought. The feelings of her jiggling yesterday are now 10-fold as I start to pound her harder and harder, the increased force from my hips causing her to wobble wildly. Beneath me she screams and her vagina spasms on my cock.

At least she enjoys it too...

I stop for a moment to let her catch her breath and I take the same opportunity. I look down at her now puffy face. She looks back and breaks the silence.

“I’m such a fat piggy... Fuck your fat fucking hog.”

Fuck...

I place my hands on her fat gut and start to rapidly thrust into her. Not long after my body is rocked by my own orgasm. I fill her womb with my seed, shot after shot, thrust after thrust I slowly come down...