

## Chapter 7

“Matt... Matt...” you hear a disembodied voice call out to you

“Hhmmm??” you grumble as you open your eyes. The first thing you see is Emily’s concerned chubby face. Startled you bolt upright “whaa? What happened?”

“Well, I don’t know, I stretched and when I looked over, I saw that you were on the floor. Are you ok?” she asks with concern in her tone

“Uh, yeah I guess, I don’t know what happened” Emily helps you to your feet and you survey her frame, *definitely bigger, did she expand or am I just messed up?*

She sees your gaze meet her middle. “Guess after all that food you might revised your stance on whether I’m fat or not” she frowns

“No, not at all Em, just stuffed from a master chefs’ meal” you chuckle, Emily’s frown fades away

“I guess you are right but like... I look pregnant...” she loses herself in a daze as she rubs her belly

You join her in a daze as you can’t help but stare. You both spend some time in that moment, could be 30 seconds, could be 10 years, neither of you know. Both mesmerized by her hands rubbing the vast expanse of her stuffed gut. Occasionally you notice her hands squeeze and grope her belly fat.

You are both interrupted by Emily’s phone going off, startled, you both jump slightly, and both of your faces are taken over by a burning red blush. Emily hefts her frame over towards her phone on the table and starts to type. You realize you need to distract yourself somehow, you start clearing the plates away and take a slight pause remembering that she ate the entirety of that big lasagne dish. When you return from the kitchen you are greeted by Emily with one hand on the generous upper curve of her belly, she waddles over to you and plants a kiss on your cheek. During the exchange you can’t help but notice the tight belly pressing against your much slimmer frame.

“Thank you, Matt, the food was delicious, I got a text from my roommate, wants to help cheer me up so we are going to watch some movies and I think I’ll enter a food coma then” she chuckles. “You are such a good friend Matt... See you soon”

“Anytime Em, my door is always open to you, have a good night” you smile at her as she turns and thunders towards the front door and lets herself out.

*My god... this woman is driving me wild... time to head to bed, I think...*

You clean up from Emily's feast and get yourself into bed, one last check on your phone before you fall asleep. 3 messages from Em, you eagerly open the chat.

*Emily: Hey Matt, thank you again, sorry I left in a hurry, I didn't want to crash at yours again because of a sudden food coma. Thank you for the food again :P*

*Emily: (Picture Attachment)*

The picture shows a side on shot of Emily seemingly taken by her friend as she's eating from a tub of ice cream, the caption is “I can't believe she is still eating”. You take a moment to inspect Emily's profile as she now sports a significantly larger belly than a few days ago. It pushes out against her dress more than it did when she was at yours. She does look pregnant in this photo with this round stuffed tum now covering over halfway towards her knees. Emily is resting the tub of ice cream on top of her belly as she looks to be as ravenous as earlier and looks impossibly stuffed.

*Emily: My roommate sent this out on her socials earlier, I thought you might find it funny and Enjoy*

*Matt: Still hungry? Wasn't my lasagne good enough?*

*Emily: It was... and please make more for me to gobble up next time I see you. Something is just telling me to eat more... I worry I might be getting a little big*

*Matt: Do you think it is the potion?*

*Emily: I hope not because I drank some more... it was doing such wonders for my boobs...*

*Matt: You drank more?*

*Emily: Can I admit something to you Matt? Don't think I'm weird*

*Matt: Sure, you won't ever be weird to me Em*

*Emily: I am enjoying it... I want to grow bigger, mostly my boobs but there is something about this that is so good*

*Emily: (Video Attachment)*

Wasting no time, you press play. The video starts like it's a POV from Emily, the camera is facing down towards her bust and belly. Her pyjama top covers up her boobs, but she is too busty to hide beneath that top anymore as you can see the fabric stretching to try and contain her boobs, pulling at its side and compressing her boobs against her frame more than it should. Just beyond the impressive bust which has possibly grown some more you can see the stuffed dome, eclipsing everything below her, it pushes out from her frame

mightily as it is looking incredibly round and stuffed. You see her hand creep into the frame and start to rub her stuffed gut, a moan escapes Emily's mouth. "I am... huge" she lets out in a whisper, and she suddenly slaps her belly. The slap is short and doesn't cause much movement most likely because she is so stuffed, but she lets out another moan. The video ends with her right hand on the swell of her belly, her increased breathing can be heard in the background. You watch it two more times, really soaking in everything, it is causing your breathing to increase as you are now lying in bed incredibly horny, you almost forget that you are mid conversation, you close down the video and take a deep breath and look at the chat once more. You have a few messages unread.

*Emily: I hope that wasn't too weird for you?*

*Emily: I shouldn't have sent that... you've seen it but not replied*

*Emily: Forget I mentioned anything*

*Emily: Sorry Matt*

*Matt: Hey sorry, I just needed to go to the toilet whilst the video loaded, internet isn't the best at the moment. Just saw it.*

*Emily: I thought you might have freaked out and run...*

*Matt: No, God no, I said that you won't be weird to me*

*Emily: I wasn't sure to believe you... just something about being this stuffed, it feels good*

*Matt: Looks good too*

*Shit... why did I type that? Maybe I can delete it before...*

*Emily: Oh yeah? I think so too, glad someone else can appreciate it too ;)*

*Emily: It's so big and round Matt, it's a little hard to see over my boobs but I can feel it.*

*Big and pushing out against my top... Not sure how long my wardrobe will hold*

*Matt: Maybe we can go shopping on the weekend for some new stuff?*

*Emily: That would be nice, would you find it weird if I was modelling some clothes for you?*

*Matt: Not at all*

*Emily: (Picture attachment)*

The picture shows Emily standing at a slight angle in a mirror. Her heavy boobs rest on top of her bloated belly, straining the top the same as in the video, from this angle you can see her nipples are hard and tightly pressing out against her top, it's hard to see exactly but they don't look small. You get a much better view and angle of her belly in this photo, she almost does look pregnant because she is so stuffed, her PJ top is ill equipped to contain the ball gut she is now sporting after a night of gluttony, and you can see the lower half is now exposed up to her belly button. Her skin is pale and looks very round even without the aid of her clothes causing a compressing effect, strangely enough despite her rapid growth there are no stretch marks. Her hand rests proudly towards the apex of the curve of her tum, you finally clock her face. Her normally innocent eyes are filled with fire; her now slightly chubbier face is red with a blush, and she is biting her bottom lip lustfully.

*Emily: What do you think about this? ;) Does it fit ok?*

*Matt: I think it might be a bit small, that potion has made you grow a bit*

*Emily: Are you sure?*

*Emily: (Picture attachment)*

Almost as if she took these in sequence over the course of a few months this second photo shows Emily, but her belly is now much bigger, no longer does the top cover her belly at all, it is rolled up to under her boobs which only makes them appear larger. Her belly looks like it has grown from a large medicine ball to a beach ball. It takes up the whole width of the frame. The huge pale dome fills your vision as you get lost in looking at its size. If you weren't horny before then you certainly are now. You need to reply to Em, you snap yourself back to the conversation but not before seeing the huge smirk on her face in the picture.

*Emily: I'm not THAT big, am I? ;) I'm super tired Matt, I think this little piggy is going to turn in for the night, enjoy yourself ;) help yourself ;)*

You quickly look and see she has gone offline. Suddenly you don't feel so tired, hornier than anything else. *Did she give me permission to...?*