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<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Twelve - Sam

“I’m busy...” I said, implying that I was on the toilet unable to open the door.

“I can hear you walking around.”

Shit.

“Ummm, still, don’t come in.” I pleaded.

My mum was never really overbearing but when she knew something was up, she could flip a switch and very quickly break boundaries she never thought of crossing before. It was out of love and not out of control, fearing for my safety. It was kind and, in the moment, it would bug me, but in hindsight it was always justified.

Shit... What am I going to do...

I clenched as I saw the handle of the door turn. My eyes darted to the lock, and I saw that I hadn’t done it.

Crap.

I couldn’t react fast enough; my large body just didn’t have the jump up energy I needed to keep the door from opening. I stood there, frozen in time as Mum opened the door and her jaw dropped.

It wasn’t hard to blame her. Her little girl who had been doing so well in losing weight since the breakup had surged past that in the matter of hours. She hadn’t said anything about the appetite,

nor my stuffed belly but seeing my body now rippling with fat. She was in shock.

“Abi... Said...”

That snitch.

She just stared at me, my big fat belly fully exposed thanks to my clothes being multiple sizes too small, my fat tits sagging on top of my protruding stomach. She was likely able to see my hard nipples too, it was cold here and I guess that made the whole look considerably more obscene. My thick thighs, fat arms and plush face all were new additions in such a small amount of time.

“What...”

“I don’t know Mum...” I answered her incomplete question.

She took a timid step and placed her finger on the skin of my wobbling stomach. Gasping at the reality.

“People don’t just...”

“I know Mum.” I nodded.

Her eyes and hands continued to roam my body and I felt like a slab of meat being examined by a doctor or something. Oscar was getting warm on my wrist, and I could see the screen was lit up. I glanced down and I saw some sort of haze in the air.

What is that?

I was about to lift my wrist, but Mum startled me with a direct question.

“How do you feel?” The look of concern was slowly fading from her face.

“I feel fine.” I said it to ease my mother but, in that instant, I felt the truth behind those words.

Thinking inwardly, I couldn’t help but feel some sense of worth, safety and contentment.

Then my stomach started to rumble.

It made my mum jump as the whole thing jiggled and quaked. She looked at me wide eyed.

“I mean... I do feel peckish.”

“Are you sure you feel fine... I mean... Look at you...” She gestured to my body.

“I do. Promise.”

“Ok... Well, I’ll book you into the doctors this week.”

Seemingly she seemed to be alright with what was happening to me... and what was that smoke earlier...

“I’ll... Umm... Go put some food on?” She patted my belly, sending shockwaves over the surface of my gut.

“Umm...”

“I’ll think of something, you just put on something to cover up as best as you can, I’ll have it ready in half an hour.” With that she left me standing there in the bathroom.

I stared at myself in the mirror.

Why was she ok with this?

I picked up my phone and saw a notification from Lauren. It was simply one word.

“Proof.”

It was sent before Mum came into the bathroom. My sense of shame had faded and I looked at myself in the mirror again before opening my gallery on my phone, I saw the scale image again and despite the incredible amount of shame and shock I had felt earlier, it had all dissipated and now I was just ambivalent to my sudden weight gain. I tapped the photo and noticed that you could see the crest of my stomach in the photo. Even after noticing, I still send it to Lauren.

I put my phone down and waddled across the landing back into my room. I stripped off my clothes and threw on my baggiest pyjama shirt, it barely covered half of my stomach, the fabric ran out of give when it came to the swell of the upper portion of my belly, that mixed with the boobs, it was hard to contain my form. Lifting my heavy trunk like legs, it took a lot of effort to squeeze them into the formerly baggy trousers. The loose cotton was now being strained at my calves and thighs, the waistband had no chance to get around my stomach, it rested under my belly and barely got over my thick ass.

I looked at myself in the mirror and giggled at what I saw. I looked ridiculous, so corpulent, so huge.

Why do I feel nothing...

That was the biggest thing, I felt nothing towards this, the shock had gone, the fear too. I was just this now. I poked my belly and it felt as real as it did earlier, it just now felt normal.

I waddled downstairs, feeling myself shake and wobble, I noticed that when my feet touched the solid floor, my body still shook for a few more moments. It almost felt nice.

My nose caught a whiff of something delicious in the air.

What is she cooking?

I lost focus as I saw my body in the full-length mirror. I had only moments ago seen myself to feel nothing but now I felt the need to take a photo. It wasn't artsy or anything special, but I knew in this one moment, I needed this photo.

I need to send this to Lauren.

I don't know why I thought it, but I did. It was almost instinctual. Before I had even really thought about it, I had sent it.

I was bursting out of my PJs and my full size was on display, especially due to the too small PJs. I felt a sense of pride almost before I turned my attention back to my mother's cooking. Walking closer to the most divine smell, I could finally make out that she was cooking chips and setting up a plate of cooked meat that she still had as leftovers from the big day not too many days prior.

Cold cuts and meat were a staple in our house after Christmas day. My stomach rumbled and I saw that she had even made a starter for me.

"Thank you, Mum." I beamed at her.

Too busy to respond, Mum just continued to prepare food. At the table was a prawn cocktail.

"I had enough left over... I always buy too much, eat up Sam."

I did exactly as she said, I wolfed down the food and wiped the bowl clean with my finger.

I could drink Marie rose sauce...

I wouldn't usually think like this. Although the sauce was delicious, I knew the awful effects it would have on my body, yet now, here I was, craving more of it.

I was starving suddenly, despite just eating a starter. My belly ached.

Thankfully, Mum served up a plate of fresh cooked chips, covered in salt and oil along with lots of meat.

I took the first few bits and felt my stomach churn in pain.

Too slow...

I knew what I needed to do.

Faster.

I discarded the knife and fork and started to just eat with my hands. Quicker and quicker, I shovelled the huge pile of chips into my mouth, mixed in with a few slices of meat at once. The plate didn't last long, I had cleared the plate and now sat back in my chair. My stomach wasn't sated but it was happy enough to stop complaining. That was until Mum brought out the dessert. A huge cake.

"So many leftovers... We can't throw it out... Sam?"

I gawked at the huge chocolate gateau that was still hardly touched from Christmas day. I felt myself start to tremble, like an excited dog, drool practically started to seep out of my maw.

As soon as Mum was within Arm's reach, I snatched the plate from her hands and started to shove the food into my mouth, not caring about the mess I was making, not caring that my belly had swollen so much from the food that now this baggy top was just a tight training bra on me. I felt another odd sensation in my arm, on my wrist. I looked down and saw Oscar and thought that it must've caught something but quickly I felt the sensation travel up my arm and I could feel my body start to get warm. I threw the final bite into my mouth and groaned from the pressure in my stomach.

So full...

My phone buzzed and I quickly looked to see a notification from Lauren.

"Do you want to come over tonight?"

Going over to her house... Sounds... Fun...

“As long as you have some food.” I replied playfully.

Was I flirting?

“Anything you want. X”

A kiss...

“I’ve just had a chocolate cake, so not that...” with the message I sent a picture of me smiling next to the empty plate. “Maybe some brownies...” I added.

“I’ll get them now. Meet at mine around 8?”

Glancing at my watch, that was only two hours away, I needed to get ready. I gave her message a thumbs up.

Do I even have anything to wear...

I felt a familiar sensation, it started on my chest. The heat had not subsided since I had finished the cake, it had only grown more intense, now, the familiar sensation was taking hold. My top felt tighter in an instant, my shirt was stretching more by the second. It was no match for my growing bust and within a few seconds I could hear seams ripping and giving way to my rapidly swelling breast, I surged down the alphabet. Just before I stopped growing, my top burst open. I didn’t even bother to cover up my now K cups. I let them flop onto the table, huge fat pillows.

I hope Lauren doesn’t mind me turning up naked...

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