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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Five

Emily spent the rest of the time away from Paul trying to make as much of a difference to her body as she possibly could. It was quite extreme the lengths that she went too, barely holding all the food and shakes down at any one time. It was safe to say she had never been so bloated in all of her life.

Paul returned three days later, and he thought to phone Emily to make sure she had food for the evening. After a press on his car, he was calling his girlfriend.

“Hey honey, I was just on my way back and I thought I could pick you up some food. How does that sound?”

There was silence on the other end for a second before a large belch almost deafened him, the bass was so loud that someone walking alongside his car jumped.

“... Em?”

“Paul... Come... Home... Too Much...” Her voice was strained, she sounded under pressure.

“I’m on my way.” Paul said sternly, trying to focus on the driving at hand.

“Hurry...” She moaned just before she hung up.

Paul slammed his foot down and felt the car jolt forward and race towards his girlfriend’s home. Skidding into the drive, he jumped out of the car, almost forgetting to turn the car off he burst through the door and heard the laboured voice of Emily call out to him.

“In... Here...”

Her voice travelled through the hallway from the kitchen. Paul ran into the room and found a sight that he couldn't quite understand.

On the floor, three discarded shakers were on their side and dripping on the floor the very last remnants of their contents. Paul recognised it right away.

*Gainer shake.*

The shakes were not something that Paul had even discussed with Emily, although it was very on brand, Emily had done this all herself. Paul felt his cock twinge in his pants already.

His eyes followed the somewhat trail of bottles to the corner of the counters, and he slowly walked to the edge and looked to peer around. He was shocked by what he saw.

Emily was sprawled on the floor, her thicker legs were spread wide and between her legs was a hugely stuffed stomach. It had only been a few days, but it was clear that she had been stuffing herself really good. The roundness of her stomach was just remarkable. She looked like she had been inflated almost. She appeared so taut and round, there was no chance she was getting that orb into any of the clothes she owned, not that she even wanted too. Her chubby face looked up at Paul and they both locked eyes.

Emily's expression changed from painfully overstuffed to one of lust.

Paul stared at his stuffed girlfriend on the floor. He pinched himself.

*Not dreaming...*

Emily moaned and said “I've got room for one last thing... If you'll indulge me...”

Paul nodded and dropped his trousers.

The shakes were a catalyst and the next few months saw Emily grow bigger a lot quicker. She had doubled her weight within six months, it was incredible. Emily was very aroused by the whole thing as was Paul. Stacey watched as her Mum grew bigger each day, trying her best to ignore it and the money she kept getting, she saw that as hush money now.

Stacey had been noticing however that things were changing again. Paul had sold his place

and he had moved in; Emily was more open about her eating now. Stacey would be passing the kitchen and Emily would ask her to grab her some more food and shakes. Although it filled Stacey with mixed emotions, she continued to do so. Emily was so focused on her love for this fetish and therefore Paul, she was shirking off every responsibility, it meant Stacey was having to look after herself more. This wasn't an issue; Stacey was a big girl, and she was more than capable of sorting herself out but the other change she noticed was starting to bother her. Emily was giving less money, in fact, she was sometimes not giving her any money at all.

“She couldn't have spent it all...” Stacey said to herself as she walked towards the kitchen.

Walking through the door she saw Paul, he was starting to annoy her now, like he had overstayed his welcome.

“Hey.” She said sharply.

“Stacey!” He turned enthusiastically and wrapped her in a big hug. “Thank you for this...”

This was a regular thing, whenever he and Stacey would meet, he would take a moment to thank her. The gesture was nice in theory, but it left a strange taste in her mouth.

“Don't mention it...”

“I won't ruin this. Promise.”

“What is your endgame Paul...” Stacey shocked herself by asking. His words had bothered her and provoked her.

“What do you mean?”

“Look... I told you my end of the bargain, which has been working well-ish. What are you here for?”

His face turned a shade of red. “I... Are you sure you want to know? I mean? She's your Mum?”

“Ew! I know you get your kicks from those.” Stacey pointed to the gainer shakes. “I mean, when are you going to stop? She looks huge, Paul...”

The words were said with malice, but Paul felt oddly proud and aroused by the comment.

“This is your Mum... This is hardly me...”

“Can’t you get her to stop now? I mean, she can’t get much bigger, I never thought of her getting this big...”

“Me neither.” His tone was in complete contrast to Stacey’s.

Stacey shivered. “Just... Get her to ease up...”

Paul’s face furrowed. “No.” The grateful man of a few moments ago was gone.

“WHAT?” Stacey yelled.

“I said. No.”

Stacey saw red. “Listen here, I invited you here for this, you did your bit, and I got my end of the bargain but she is getting too big and she is cutting my money back again. I want you gone now.”

“No.” Paul said calmly.

“Well, I’ll tell her then! I’ll tell her everything.”

“What are you going to tell her Stacey? You wanted me to feed her so she could give you more money. I wonder how that would go.”

Stacey hadn’t really put much thought into her threat. “Just... Just stop!”

“This is what your Mum wants. This is exactly what she desires, I can’t help it that I am having the time of my life here... Oh and the money? That’s because she is using your money to help her gain faster.” Paul was smug, he had her beat. “Now if you’ll *excuse me*, it’s time for another shake.” Paul said, picking up the bottle from the side and walked out of the kitchen.

Stacey was left standing in the kitchen, her body shaking from anger.

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