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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Six

Stacey wasn't about to let Paul win but she had no idea on how to beat him, the next few weeks only saw Emily's size balloon further. She had a distinct waddle now but even without Paul there Stacey noticed her mother spending so much time eating or preparing large meals for herself. Her weight had mostly gone to her belly, she looked almost pregnant, with clothes on she certainly appeared that way but there was enough softness and jiggle that if you paid enough attention you could tell she was just fat. The rest of her body had thickened rapidly in that time and her bust had swollen much further. Stacey now thought that Emily's breasts were bigger than hers at this point.

Sitting at the dining table, watching her Mum stuff herself silly, she couldn't stop thinking about the encounter that she and Paul had a few weeks prior. Since then, she did her best to avoid being in the same room as him. He was starting to make her skin crawl.

"Mum..."

Emily continued to scoff but she looked up and acknowledged her daughter.

"Are you happy?"

Emily was taken aback, but she quickly swallowed her food and looked at her daughter confused. "Yes... Why?"

"I mean... You've changed a lot in less than a year..."

"Oh." She understood what she meant. "You mean..."

Stacey just nodded.

Emily pushed her chair back and rested a hand on her stomach. "This..." Gesturing to her whole physique. "All of this..."

Stacey nodded again.

"Yes. Honestly. Yes." She said firmly.

Stacey was at a loss for words, thankfully for her, Emily filled the void.

"I am very happy. Paul is great and... Umm... This? Well... I think this is just something I am enjoying a lot right now... Maybe that's why I've changed so much in such a short amount of time."

Stacey took the words at face value, and it really made her think about things. The money stream was drying up. She knew that even if she told her Mum the plan, if she didn't disown her for the crazy idea, she might just thank her for inadvertently showing her this lifestyle.

"Good." Stacey said, nodding and returning her attention to her own food.

"Why?" Emily asked, concerned at her daughter's line of questioning.

"No real reason."

"Are you?" Emily turned the question onto her daughter.

"You can do whatever you want, as long as you are happy." Stacey immediately responded.

"Thank you, but that isn't what I was talking about. Are you happy?"

Stacey shook her head. "My friends keep going out and I can't, I don't have enough money."

"I just gave you money on Monday."

"It's Thursday."

"Stacey... How many times... That money should last you the week, you are getting a lot of money and I know I have spoiled you over the last few months, but it has to get back to normal. You can't just buy whatever you want, get whatever you want, it is too greedy."

"You're one to talk." Stacey snapped.

“Go to your room now.”

“I’m twenty-one!”

“I don’t care. Get to your room now. I’m still your mother and I will not be spoken to that way.” Emily stood up, her belly wobbling and shaking as she glared at her daughter.

“Fine.” Stacey stormed off.

“So immature...” Emily said before picking up her fork again.

That night she thought a lot about a plan. Her friends had told her that they were trying to set up a party, but she didn’t have any money left, thanks to her blowing through her last payment from her Mum. Her crush was going to be there. Zack.

Zack was the most popular boy in her school, going into college and in her large friendship group, he was still the number one pick out of all the girls, even some of the guys. He was fit, handsome and Stacey knew she wanted him, she had for quite some time but despite her rapidly rising popularity over the past six months from her being so flush with cash, she had worked so long to even get a chance to see him. For her, this was a once in a lifetime opportunity. She needed to pay for this party to get him there, it needed to be big. She needed the funds. She knew she had to do something, but there was no way to really get what she wanted.

Unless...

She picked up her phone and texted Paul.

“We need to talk.”

Stacey snuck out of the house and met Paul at a coffee shop near his orthodontist practice.

“What is it?” Paul started sharply. “I don’t have a lot of time before my next patient.”

“Paul. I am sorry. You win.”

“What?”

“I said-”

“Stacey, this isn’t about winning and losing, this is about your mother’s and my happiness

now. Your childish plan worked, you got what you wanted, I got what I wanted and now we are happy.” Paul started.

“But I’m not happy! I’m not getting money anymore. She’s not giving me money anymore.”

“Maybe she is right.” Paul added.

“You. *You* can change this.”

Paul looked shocked at Stacey. “How?”

“I don’t know... Stop her from not giving me money, get her to give me more... I made this whole thing... Please... I’ve only got a few years before it is all mine...” Stacey was desperate, in her childish rant she seemed to miss the point her mother was trying to land.

“I can’t do that.” Paul said.

“Why not?”

“Because your Mum, she clearly doesn’t want to do that anymore. She is trying to teach you a less-”

“Fuck the lesson!” Stacey blurted out, cutting off Paul. “What do I need to do here? Do you want to send me money to eat? I’ll fucking do it!” Stacey was irate.

Paul’s shocked expression could not express how shocked he was, but there was a micro expression on his face. Intrigue.

“Is that what you want Paul? You’ve fattened my Mum up, why not get her daughter too?” Stacey was starting to raise her voice.

Paul raised his hand to try and get Stacey to lower her tone. “Hey, Stace, calm down...”

“That is what you want... Isn’t it... You really are a degenerate.” Stacey paused and saw the cakes behind the glass screen. “I’ll do it Paul. I am serious.” With that she picked up her phone and scanned the QR code on the table and furiously tapped away, spending the last remnants of her money to order from the coffee shop.

“Stacey...” Paul tried to speak but he was finding this idea too good to pass up. Stacey was right, he was a degenerate at heart, it is the reason he accepted the offer with Emily in the first place. All of his years and he had never had anything like what he had now with Emily and now her

daughter was practically begging to do the same.

“I need the money Paul. You can feed my Mum, you can burn through my money, I don’t care, but I need this money for the weekend. You can feed me. I. Don’t. Care.” Stacey pleaded.

“Why are you so desperate...” Paul asked, wondering if he was about to blow the morally questionable decision he was about to make.

“I’ve tasted the popular life, I’ve spent so much time trying to be what I should be, I am rich, I should be living that life and this weekend, there is a party...”

“It’s a boy isn’t it.” Paul finished her trailing thought for her.

Paul knew what the likely outcome from that would be, based on his experience from his late teens to early twenties. He held his tongue though, deciding he had already nearly squandered the opportunity already.

“Not just a boy, *the* boy.”

The server came over just in time and placed three thick slices of cake on the table. Paul’s eyes went wide.

“I told you Paul. I’m not fucking joking.”

“Clearly not...” Paul picked up his phone and texted his secretary that he would be late.

“Are you watching?” Stacey said, eyeing up which cake she was going to start with.

Paul locked his phone and looked over the table to Stacey who was about to devour these three large cakes. Her slim “Perfect” body not knowing the level of gluttony required to pack all three away in one sitting.

“Oh yes...”

Stacey did exactly what she said she would do, she used the fork and used the side of the stainless steel to cut a chunk off the coffee and walnut cake, bringing it to her mouth slowly and almost sensually tucking it between her lips and swallowing it down. Her eyes never left Paul’s. He had to pinch himself to see if he was dreaming.

Nope.

He felt shivers run down his spine, he was starting to get hot and bothered as he was finally realising how serious Stacey was. Another bite followed, again, just as sensual, not breaking eye contact as soon as the moist sponge was in flight.

“So...” She said after swallowing down the second bite. “Do we have a deal?”

Paul found himself in a position of power that he had never imagined he would ever be in. “Finish these three and then we can talk...”

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