

The two of them enjoyed the rest of the day, barely able to keep their hands off one another, it quickly got to eight and Claire headed over to Melissa's alone. Thankfully Claire did keep her old clothes to use as PJs, two days ago they would have been hanging off her, she would've been swimming in cotton, now her old clothes are snug.

She knocks the door eager to lose the weight, Melissa answers the door.

Claire seems confused, "Oh I'm looking for Melissa?"

"Speaking."

"What?"

"David didn't tell you? I changed after you were on the bed, you were kinda out of it when you finished growing." Melissa catches her up.

"Well... Can we get this over with then?" Claire clearly wants to lose the weight as soon as possible.

"What is the rush? Come in, do you want a drink?"

Claire enters her house, noticing the Gothic decor. She leads them into the main living room, a big cauldron in the centre of the room, a chair sat nearby.

"Sorry, it might feel a bit much, but these things do require a certain level of ritual as you can imagine."

"I don't mind, as long as it works." Claire says, unphased by it all.

"Well, if you want to start straight away, take a seat." Melissa gestures to the chair.

Claire sits her plump bum in the chair and watches as the thin Melissa brings out some rope and starts to tie her to the chair. Even despite being bound to the chair, Claire seems fine with what is happening. Her mind is focused on one thing, getting her old body back.

“Okay, you’ll need to put this in. It is part of the ritual, I swear.” Melissa lifts up a gag and places it in her mouth.

Claire happily places it in her mouth and feels Melissa tie it around the back of her head. Now entirely bound to a chair, unable to move and speak, she looks expectantly at Melissa.

“You are quite funny Claire.” Melissa chuckles, “I mean you’ve just willingly given yourself up to me, so determined and focused on losing weight...” She shakes her head, “You should really think about David.”

Claire’s eyes go wide as she realises that she is in a rather tight spot here, she is at the mercy of Melissa.

“I mean, even now I can feel his lust, it reeks off of you.” Melissa leans in and sniffs. “It is palpable.” Another big sniff and Claire watches as Melissa starts to gain weight.

“I mean look... Look at what it is doing to me...” She rubs her hands over her muffin tops. “One sniff and...” She sniffs again.

Her stomach swells bigger before Claire’s eyes. Rapidly gaining weight, her clothes start to rip, her fat thighs returning, her blubbery tits busting her bra and her trousers exploding off of her as her ass splits them down the middle.

“That man knows what he likes...” With a click of her fingers, Melissa’s clothes burst into flames and quickly fade away. She was fat and naked now, not fat as she was but she certainly was a lot larger than Claire is at this point. Her boobs rest heavily on the fat midsection. “I think it is only right to give him what he wants... Don’t you agree?”

Claire starts to struggle in the chair, her body starting to move the chair, hopping towards the door very slowly. With another click the chair slides back to the front of the cauldron.

“I’m all about fun, you think I wouldn’t make this enjoyable?” Melissa leans in and kisses Claire on the lips, a long exchange that turns on Claire. “Plus... I know you enjoyed last night. I know you enjoyed the feeling of getting bigger...” Melissa turns and wobbles out the room, “I’ll be back in a second.”

Claire’s mind is racing, she knows escape isn’t likely, but that kiss awoke something inside her, the desire to run was slowly slipping from her mind, it was being replaced by the excitement of Melissa returning and touching her. Claire’s wishes are granted, and Melissa returns with an automated dildo. The black frame was adjustable and at the end was a large dildo that was very thick. She thought that she should be scared but Claire found herself more excited than ever. She didn’t need to ask what Melissa had planned for her, she just knew. Melissa snapped her fingers and Claire’s trousers and pants disappeared, she expertly set up the dildo in front of Claire, there was little resistance to spread her legs and aim the phallic object at her opening. Claire cooed as she waited impatiently for the machine to be turned on.

“You might have guessed, this isn’t part of the ritual, I just wanted some fun.” Melissa looks down at Claire, her hips trying to buck in the chair, her pussy practically dripping and her eyes glued to the silicon cock.

“Looks like you want me to turn it on...” Melissa slowly lowers her hand to the on button. “Say it...”

“Pwhmmm” Claire moans through her gag.

“Good girl.”

There is a click and the machine fires up and starts to fuck Claire, in and out the machine thrusts. Claire gasps at the shock of the first thrust but quickly feels her lust take over. She is so lost in

the moment she doesn't notice Melissa walking around and fiddling with the cauldron. Claire had never used a machine like this before but it might be something she would want in the future, the constant rhythmic sensations clouding her mind as she rapidly approaches orgasm.

"Mmuuuaahh~" She screams through her gag as she climaxes. No rest for her stimulated sex, the machine doesn't yield, it just continues its mechanical rhythm.

Claire's head is tilted back, her eyes closed as she lets out moans, she feels something cold enter her mouth, through an opening in the gag.

"HMMMM?" Claire grunts, shocked. She opens her eyes and sees a plastic funnel now connected to the gag in her mouth, the spout resting on her tongue.

"Oh this? Well..." Melissa's hand starts to trace her soft middle through her clothes. "You want to make David happy don't you?"

Claire nods, her body shuddering from her second orgasm.

"Then drink up."

Melissa scoops a jug of thick creamy liquid from the cauldron and pours it into the funnel. The liquid is rather chilled, it surprises Claire as she was expecting some awful tasting warm potion, in reality it tasted like a strawberry milkshake. The thick "milkshake" fills her mouth but there is enough resistance within her not to swallow. Melissa glares at Claire and leans in.

"You will be a good piggy." Melissa pinches Claire's nose. "And swallow."

With her mouth full and her nose pinched shut, she has to swallow so she can have a chance at breathing. Taking big gulps of the milkshake, she feels it chill her stomach quite quickly. Melissa continues to glare at her as she pours more into the funnel.

"You will drink it all." Melissa slaps Claire's stomach. "Or there will be trouble."

Claire's resistance fades as she instead starts to swallow with reckless abandon, the cold liquid somehow feels great as she swallows it. Her pussy still being driven hard by the fuck machine, her mind being broken by Melissa and the amazing sensation from the milkshake causes her to really get into the experience, she climaxes a few more times before she notices a tightness around her middle.

Looking down she sees her belly is straining her shirt to max capacity.

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