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<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

### Epilogue - Lauren

The years flew by, Christmas was an awakening in us both. We had a serious discussion after we fucked ourselves silly and we discussed what was going on between us. It was obvious to me at least; I just was more nervous whether Sam was on the same page as me.

Thankfully, she was.

I got her a new Oscar, I recognised that it must be the key contributing factor to her growth and not wanting her to dip below her mighty 435 at the time, I was more than happy to spend every penny I had to get another one of those strapped around her thick wrist. Despite my uncontrollable lust and desire to see her just explode with fat, when she told me she didn't want to use Oscar for weight gain any more like before, I was somehow more turned on.

Willingly, she ate. And ate.

She ate her way up to 450 and I couldn't be happier with how our relationship developed. I would worship her daily, she would tease me and eat daily and then we would drive each other wild in the night. It was a fantasy come true.

I would order takeaways for her and feed her on the sofa, coaxing just a bit more each time, one hand always on that growing gut. I would take her to buffets and would just bring plate after plate for her, my horny brain taking over.

I proposed to her, I couldn't not at this point. I was wildly in love with her and not just for

the pure fantasies she would act out for me on a daily basis, not for the wonderous amount of weight she was gaining. Sam was my soul mate; I had never met anyone I could just be my utter true self with.

The planning stage of the wedding was rather fun for me, I would get stressed during the planning but every night when we would head to bed, I could see what the stress was doing to her.

*Bigger...*

The days leading up to the wedding she was just a few lbs shy of 500, she was so big walking down the aisle, I couldn't help but watch as each inch of her jiggled and shook as each heavy foot thudded on the floor, I wasn't sure the old wooden floorboards could handle her.

She leaned in for a kiss and I will never forget what she said.

“By the time this night is over, I'll be 500.”

Her words made me shake at the front of the crowd. With all eyes on us, she was so bold.

Her family made some comments about her size, but she paid them no attention. We got married and then there was a continuous stream of food directed to her. Her stomach grew bigger in her dress until I heard the seams ripping, despite the last second adjustments this morning, it wasn't enough to contain her steadily swelling belly. I could see her growing in real time still, it was just like before in my head, the reality was much different. Instead of gaining an inch a second, it was more like an inch an hour. Sam waddled towards the bedroom, I stayed behind her to watch her wide body jiggle and shake before me. Squeezing through the door in the room we had booked at the venue, she started to look through her bag for a few seconds before revealing a scale. She had brought one with her intentionally. After a few seconds of standing on it, she asked me to read the weight.

*500lbs. She did it.*

Sam was too exhausted from the day that we didn't get up to anything too intensive before we went to bed, my hands roaming her massive tight stomach for a while before I eventually fell asleep too.

The next morning, I woke up and saw her stomach still looming high on the bed. I ogled it

for some time before I made my way to the gym for my exercise. Since Sam started gaining, I spent less time in the gym but overall, I was still fit and healthy, I had to be. In order for me to realistically have sex with Sam, I needed a fair amount of strength. Oscar had been serving me well still. I still had so many people trying to hit on me in the gym, especially now as I didn't look quite as intimidating with my over-the-top muscles. I always laughed at their attempts at it, I always just thought of how radically different Sam was compared to them.

Sam was great at planning, after I had worked out and we had our breakfast, there was a minivan that took us to the airport. Sam needed to buy three seats to cover off the amount of space her ass needed. After we landed it was a quick trip to the hotel, it was right on the beach front and the view from our room was amazing. I set the bags down, having carried them all myself and in this heat, I wasn't ashamed to admit I had a bead of sweat on my brow.

I turned to Sam and saw her waddling through the door. She had a quick glance around, but she was sweating more than me.

“Honey... I am feeling a bit hungry.” She said with a shortness of breath.

“Don't worry, they have a lovely buffet here.” I reminded her.

“I don't think I can make it down there... Why don't you order me some room service and you can feed me here...” Sam replied in an inviting tone.

I rushed to the phone and quickly dialled through to reception to start placing the large order. I didn't care about the money, I cared about fulfilling Sam and her needs. After a lengthy conversation with the receptionist for the order, I heard Sam let out a gasp. I said my thanks and goodbye and hung up the phone.

“Everything alright?” I asked, I was concerned but I felt something else wasn't quite right.

“Yeah... I just felt a slight prick...”

*Prick...*

My mind started to race. I lowered my eyes from her face and saw the shirt she had on was starting to shift.

“I hope it isn't long... I am feeling... Kinda bloated...”

I watched as my 500 lb wife started to swell, just like she did all those years ago on that Christmas break. Her soft body was becoming fuller, more swollen and she was growing by the second. I fell backwards onto the bed and watched as the shirt slingshot itself upwards and revealed the growing orb of her stomach. Her jeans were cutting deep into her fat, almost cutting her in half. The zipper bust open, and I saw a swelling diamond of flesh pushing further forward.

*That button...*

It was tough, but not enough for what was to come.

Sam let out a huge moan and then the button fired off her jeans and hit me with a considerable force, enough to make me bruise. I didn't care, I barely even reacted. I just watched as her stomach grew and grew before us. It was impossible to guess her weight, she just took a few large steps towards me, and I could feel her huge gut start to press against my knees on the bed, soon it was on my lap and then taking up my entire torso.

“Oscar sure did a number on me this time...” Sam moaned loudly.

I started to rub and massage the gigantic gut and I slipped a finger into her pants.

Her screams filled the air, and I made her cum in record time, it was my turn next, the feeling of her still growing on top of me was more than enough to get me off. Her growth came to a stop, but she was significantly bigger, the weight, it was hard to say, just her dimensions had changed so much, she looked so round and big. She looked over her massive tits and belly down at me.

There was a knock at the door.

Her stomach rumbled and visibly shook, Sam softly teased, “If you want me to get any bigger, you better go answer that now.”

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