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<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Fourteen - Sam

“Sam... Your... Umm...” My mum was red in the face.

Hard to blame her, my giant tits were spread across the tabletop, and they were unlike anything she had seen before most likely.

Damn...

Looking down I could just see skin. So much skin. Gargantuan melons wouldn't even describe what I now had attached to my chest. Unbelievable mass now spreading across the table. The hot flush that came over me had since cooled and I was just in disbelief of what I could see.

My mother coughed, trying to get my attention, she was seemingly unphased by my growth, nor was I for that matter. I just looked at her dumbly and scooped up my boobs into my arms and covered my thick nipples, which were hard from the exposure to the cool air.

“Sorry... I'll... Umm...”

I waddled out of the dining room. My boulder of a belly holding my melon tits towards my chin. It must've been quite the sight. Thanks to my split top, my boobs were out but my belly was uncovered already. I turned to walk up the stairs, but I was stopped when the lower half of my belly rubbed against the stairs on each step, not because of how low it hung but how much it stuck forwards. I had to lean back to lift my stomach over the lip of each step. I was walking into the spare room, and I heard my dad call.

“Sam, is everything ok?” He seemed concerned by how much I was rushing to get into the room.

Thankfully for me, he hadn't seen my body, so I turned in the doorway, looking at him. Only my head hung out the door, the rest of me was firmly tucked around the door frame. I could see him analysing my body, it was clear to anyone who knew me that I had gained weight, he must've seen it.

“You seem... Different...” His words lingered in the air.

“Yeah Dad, I am fine.”

“You sure? You know me and your mother are here if you need anything honey...” His words were kind, so much so that I started to well up.

“I know Dad.” I wiped my eyes; he could see my thick arms now. “Dad.”

“Yes?” He replied, standing to attention like he might be needed for duty.

“I love you.”

“I love you too sweetheart.”

I ducked into the room and closed the door behind me.

Strange... He seemed to notice my changes, when he saw my arm, he looked really shocked and even confused. Strange.

I looked down at myself again and couldn't help but think what he might've thought if he had seen me like *this*.

Impossible to hide, I stared at my fat body, shuffling over to the mirror.

Fuck.

I looked impossibly pregnant, my massive tits looked ready to feed an army of babies, one it looked like I was gestating personally. My eyelids feel heavy, and the food coma was starting to take hold of me.

I looked at the time again.

The place isn't far from here... I probably could have a nap.

My physiology had decided for me anyway, I was slowly slipping into the land dreams. I was laying on my back, I was too big to do anything else. I looked down and saw my breasts rising and falling with each breath, they had lost a lot of their perkiness now that I was on my back, spreading either side of my ribs and giving me a perfect view to the mountain that was my stomach.

Full, huge, stretched and still desperate for more. I could see my world turning black with each second, I snapped up my phone and quickly set some alarms, making sure that I wouldn't be late before I lost consciousness.

The dreamless nap was refreshing and when the alarm hit, I was instantly up, alert and a little bit spooked. I threw myself to my feet, still essentially naked, except now I had gone through some more changes. My stomach had shrunk down considerably, apparently my digestion was that rapid. However, that came with some other side effects. I had a thicker layer of fat all around my body. I didn't dare to look in the mirror, nor weigh myself. I just accepted it and rose to my feet, feeling how tight my clothes were on my body already. I flexed and tore through the last vestiges of my wearable clothes.

I grabbed my fat gut and shook it with enough force to cause my body to jiggle out of control for more than a few seconds. My fat tits slapping against the wobbling mass of my gut. It didn't feel bad at all. It felt almost normal.

Like... I've been this big for ages...

My mind was foggy, I chalked it up to my nap and I opened the wardrobe in an attempt to find something that might fit me. There was nothing. I checked the landing and made sure that nobody was around, so I snuck into my mum's room. My new heavysset frame caused many floorboards to creak and bend to the incredible bulk I was now moving around.

I hope nobody hears me...

I opened her wardrobe and started to search through her clothes.

Mum was a bit bigger than me when I was 180 lbs but not by much, I'd guess 200 lbs. The years caught up to her and her excellent cooking found its way onto her hips. I found something very elasticated and stretchy. A pair of leggings and a large T-shirt. The leggings were at their breaking

point by the time I pulled them over my thick legs, thankfully they covered my lower half. The top was not quite as lucky of a pick. It could only really muster my tits; they took the bulk of the fabric.

This is the biggest thing she has...

I stared at my body in the mirror for the first time since waking up and I was not massively surprised to see that I had, in fact, grown. The full T-shirt was meant to cover down to my waist, it stopped just after my tits. The large melons were compressed together by the top, it was more of a bra than a top at this point. I saw a large amount of skin visible from my midsection next. It looked smooth, mostly firm and taut, flawless in every way other than it was much fatter than any one person should have on their frame.

My eyes lowered and I saw how my gut filled out the leggings, the waistband was digging into my soft flesh, and it was giving me a second belly because of the force it was putting on my tummy. I tested the fabric by moving my leg and despite the threads groaning, they held.

I let out a big sigh of relief and started to sneak out of my Mum's bedroom.

With a loud exhale, I felt myself crash into someone, or rather someone.

I was unmoved by my crash, but the recipient of my stomach was sent flying. I had to turn to my side to see who it was.

Dad.

"I am sorry!" yelped in a pleading tone.

"Sam..." He stared at my body from the floor, looking up at my hugely fattened frame. Each of my tits wobbling and shaking in Mum's shirt.

"Umm... Hi Dad..."

His eyes were wide. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Again, the only one really making a comment on everything. Suddenly I felt a strange sensation from my wrist, and I saw a similar cloud of smoke coming from it again. The smell filled my nostrils and I turned to Dad to see him on the floor, still unmoving. His demeanour had changed a few seconds after the smoke cloud.

"Dad?"

"Sam, why didn't you say you needed new clothes! I'll go get some for you, I'll be back as

soon as I can!” He shot out the door like a flash and left me feeling embarrassed on the landing.

I looked at the time on my watch.

19:21. I don't have time for that.

I decided to make my way to Lauren's house exactly how I was. I felt comfortable enough to do so for some reason. I don't know what it was, but I didn't feel judged by her, and she didn't seem to mind my body.

I had to fight with my car to even fit behind the wheel. My ass and thighs were too wide for the seat, my flesh billowed over the edge of the seat and made it difficult for me to interact with the handbrake and gearstick. Even when I was sucking in, I struggled to get my stomach behind the wheel, it rested on the cold surface, thankfully not applying enough pressure to knock the horn. The wheel was pressed hard enough though to lift my stomach a few inches on my body, which in turn, pushed my tits higher, so now they were resting against my chin. Checking my range of movement, finding it sufficient enough, I started the engine, feeling the ticking of the engine was making my whole-body jiggle, the sensation was rather distracting.

Lucky she doesn't live far...

It didn't take long before I arrived, I pulled up and had to fight to release my gut from behind the steering wheel. It flopped out and jiggled, the sudden burst of movement threatened the waistband of the leggings. I immediately stopped and waited for my body to become still. I looked around and was grateful I didn't have any eyes on me that I could see. I walked up to Lauren's door and knocked.

Checking my watch, I realised that I was a little bit early.

Hopefully she doesn't mind.

I straightened up and adjusted my top. I saw the handle move.

Here we go...

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