

She spots me in the crowd. It's a large formal event. Everyone dressed in the fanciest outfits they own. It's still quite loud from the music playing over the speakers and all the guests trying to talk over themselves to be heard. I'm quite overwhelmed. And she can see that. Easy prey. Or so she thinks as she saunters over. "Is this seat taken?" She asks into my ear so I can hear her. I shake my head and scoot over slightly to give her room for the empty chair next to me. Instead, she pulls my chair back and sits on my lap.

She winks at me, feeling my lap bulge with the pressure, before joining the conversation at the table. Her hips moving ever so slightly in a teasing fashion. Both getting me to stand at attention and to ride her short dress up, revealing to me the lack of cloth underneath. She reaches down as if to fix the wardrobe malfunction, but finds her way to my legs. And my zipper. Opening the teeth, reaching in, and guiding me out. Not wanting anyone else to share in my wealth of flesh, she quickly shows it away in her own rear flesh pocket, noting just how much I'm squirming but not speaking.

Her movements resume along with the trivial conversation. Just enough to keep me on edge, but not enough to rise suspicion. At least if you were more than 3 tables away. Seeing me squirming underneath her wasn't exactly subtle. But I was far from her first victim. Everyone else in the room knew just not to say anything and enjoy the show. Little did they know what show I had prepared for them, however.

She picks up the pace a bit, wanting this to be over semi quickly so she could find another cutie to get a sample from. My hands reach up and grab her waist, pulling her closer to me, my cock deep inside of her. And I give her exactly what she wants. I cum. And cum. And cum. At first, she thinks nothing of it. Surprised at first by my strength in holding her onto me, but she eventually leans back and relaxes while she takes my load.

It probably takes her a good 30 seconds before she realises I'm still holding her in place and that I'm still cumming. She finds it impressive. Silently praising the full feeling I'm able to give her. Until she keeps getting fuller. Her skin tight dress showing off exactly what's happening. Her stomach pressing out, pump after pump.

When she starts to feel mild cramps from fullness, she starts wriggling a bit, trying to break free of my grasp. "T-that's enough. I-I'm plenty full now." Her dress agrees, ripping a small hole exposing her belly button. I only show acknowledgement by moving my grip from the outside of her hips to the inside and pulling them apart. Letting her legs straddle around me to either side of the chair.

She feels her insides getting tight. The ordeal getting more and more uncomfortable. Until she hears a muffled *pop* from inside of her. The cramps suddenly subside. The tight feeling wearing off. But looking down, her belly starts to sag a bit. Before growing wider as well. She can feel the cum inside of her. Draining lower. Settling into her hips and thighs. She starts growing rounder. Her back filling as well.

Her stomach starts pressing into the table, until my friends get up and move the table out of the way. More rips and pops are heard from her dress. More of her belly making itself known to the world. She notices her vantage point starting to change. Her legs growing wide enough, they are slowly becoming a part of her round waist. Causing her to seemingly grow taller while sitting on my lap.

The cum even started to travel upwards. Her tits feel heavy, puffing up. Her arms reach up to fondle them, only to be met with her dress being wet. She can smell it. The cum leaking out of her nipples. Her panic only continues to grow when she notices having trouble reaching her nipples. Both from her breasts swelling out of reach, and from the cum running into her arms, filling her joints, making them hard to move.

She looks across the room, only now realizing just how quiet everything has gotten. All eyes on her. How much she can see with her newfound height. How much of that is taken up by her sheer girth. Her boobs and belly filling more and more of her field of view. She doesn't even remember when her dress fully ripped off. Just that she is bare now. On display. For this entire room of people.

For once in her life, she doesn't want to be the center of attention. And as if on cue, her vision gets almost completely cut off. Her head lowering into a dimple. She

moves her arms and legs only to find she doesn't have them anymore. Feeling around, she finds she can only move her hands and feet and they, too, are trapped, surrounded by her own flesh.

My friends help roll her off of me. Having to wake me up and help feed me a glass of water. When I am finally up, the crowd parts for us as we roll away our new 8ft round prize.

