

"Ding-dong"

Greta looked around at the large imposing house in front of her as she rang the doorbell. She and her boyfriend Trent, had been dating for seven months now and tonight was the first time she was going to his house. She understood why, the house was enormous. It looked like something out of an old movie; a gothic mansion with a large gate surrounding it. Trent's parents had a lot of money and the house had been in his family for generations.

Greta was nervous about the invite, unsure how to dress, she had on a pair of tight black jeans and a casual blouse. She looked professional but not overdressed. At twenty-five she was pretty, with a slight pear figure, she had had her fair share of boyfriends, then she met Trent. They had met at a friend of a friend's party. He seemed like a nice guy and the two quickly decided to get coffee after the party.

After seven months of dating she had learned one of his strangest quirks, he was obsessed with the number seven; nearly compulsiveness of it. Either he did things in 7s or he did them at 7. He was an artist and was working on a piece that had to do with the number seven. Tonight, he said he would be finishing his masterpiece, and then he could focus everything on his one true love, which Greta assumed meant her.

They had been out to eat on many dates. Each time he bought her more than she thought she could possibly eat, but he seemed so sure that she could do it, plus she liked the challenge of trying to finish it. Not that the food hadn't taken its toll. Her soft curves became softer and her number of pant sizes got higher, but even as her waistline grew, Greta's need for Trent did as well. Now tonight had arrived and hopefully she would be allowed to spend the night with her love.

The door opened quietly; without the rusty squeak of most horror film doors, Trent was standing there in a light button-down shirt and a pair of tastefully faded jeans. "Greta" he said hugging her and kissing her on the cheek. She giggled, she loved when he did that. "Come in I just opened some wine for us". He led her down a long hallway to a surprisingly modern living room. Greta winced as she sat down on the couch feeling her butt spread out under her, toward the edges of the cushion. Since she passed a size 18 she had started to feel more self-conscious about her body, though she was glad that most of the weight was going to her ass and breast, rather than her belly.

Trent handed her a glass of bubbly liquid, probably Champaign "A toast to my masterpiece" he exclaimed, flourishing his hands theatrically, "and" he added looking Greta in the eyes "to us, may we each fulfill our wildest dreams". They both drained their glasses. As she set her glass down Greta felt a light pressure in her stomach, "Probably from the CO2 in the Champaign" she thought. She pressed her hands to her stomach to try and relieve some of the pressure. It did little good other than remind her how soft her body had become over these last few months.

"So my dear, would you like to see my work so far? Then you can watch me finally finish it." Trent asked getting up. It was clear he was waiting for something. Since his toast he had been fiddling with something in his pocket. He stood up and offered her his hand. Pulling her to his chest and then leading her down the hall.

As they walked Greta could feel her butt wiggle a bit behind her, followed by a slight rumble in her stomach. Greta looked up at Trent "After you finish could we go get something to eat I'm kinda hungry"

"Don't worry dearest after I finish you will have everything you desire and more"

Soon they got to the end of the hall and Trent opened the door, leading Greta down a long flight of stairs with a slight pinch to the ass. Greta blushed and as they walked Trent narrated with an air that he had given this speech many times before. "Everyone talks about how America is the land of the free, it's true, we are free to choose our own paths but, we are not free from the consequences of our actions. Everything has a price and we all must pay it, sinners must be punished. And that is what caused me to create this bit of living art."

They came to a dark round room with seven doors, on each door a single word was painted in black dripping paint: Pride, Envy, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth and Gluttony. Greta grabbed Trent and pulled him close. Suddenly afraid of what he might have done behind these doors. She then pulled him tighter. Suddenly afraid of him, yet at the same time needing him to anchor her.

Two of the doors bothered her more than anything else, Lust, and Gluttony, the latter especially given her new plumper physic. "Don't worry my dear," Trent cooed "There is no one in my hell that doesn't belong here." Greta was able to get one last look at the doors before her world turned black

Wrath

Greta opened her eyes slowly to find Trent standing over her "Are you alright? You fainted. I know it's a lot to take in, but you haven't even opened a door yet". He helped her to her feet, she didn't remember it being this hard to get standing or her middle being quite as soft as it was now, but she shrugged it off due to her fainting. "So my dear which sin do you want to start with?"

Greta looked at the doors. "Wrath". She had known a lot of angry people in her life and was wondering what punishment for a person who held all that anger inside them. She and Trent walked to the middle right door, and Trent turned the knob, almost immediately there were howls of anger, like a caged animal trying to get free, Trent strode in unafraid, pulling the suddenly timid Greta in with him.

Inside the room seemed huge, it had a high ceiling its walls seemed like an airplane hanger. the light in the room was tinged red like a dark room making the screams more intense and if it was possible angrier. As Greta's eyes adjusted she saw there was two women surrounded by five giant orbs. the two women tried to stand up and rush at them, but for some reason they were not able to accomplish it; though they fought with furious motion. As Trent pulled her closer to these mad women Greta could see why. Both of the women's bottoms were swollen to inhuman proportions, with wide flaring hips and giant butts. The weight continued around the women to their fronts, exposing their navels from the shirts they were wearing. both sported impressive busts that many a stripper would give their lives for. Trent narrated the scene for her, "Wrath is the most violent of the sins, it consumes a person completely leaving nothing but animal instincts behind or better yet the instincts of an attack dog" One of the women sat up and glared at Trent "When I get out of this you are so dead, you deranged fuck you can't keep us all like this forever!" she yelled.

Trent looked at her and smiled, "Don't worry I won't keep you like this forever. Just until I have no need for you, but you really shouldn't hold onto all that anger. If you do you could end up like this". he patted one of the giant orbs next to them, it made a swishing sound as it rocked back and forth. This action crystallized for Greta exactly what those orbs were, they were other victims. And these two in front of her were on their way to become exactly like them. It was as if their anger had become a physical entity and was weighing them down from achieving any goal. It was strange, it seemed the more the one girl struggled to attack Trent the bigger she became. Making it that much harder for her to get up, which in turn made her more angry. it was clear to Greta just how these girls anger had trapped them in this situation. The other girl spoke now "we will get out of here you'll see and when we do, just you wait" Trent studied the girl "My, my you seem to have a lot of rage pent up in there. Maybe this will help you let off some steam, he pressed a button on the remote in his pocket and suddenly the girl's growth sped up rapidly, her ass and thighs melding together in an awkward pear shape, that quickly spread out to a round ball.

As the anger inside her bubbled up, Greta grasped her own belly tightly. She watched the girl's stomach slowly envelope her figure until that's all she was. The entire time however the girl took no notice, rather she kept up spewing profanities first at Trent then Greta and then both of them, soon however her flow of cursing was cut off by her cheeks plumping up so big her lips were trapped.

"Well that's quite enough time dwelling on Wrath isn't it? It's quite a boring sin really. Why don't we move on to something more familiar to everyone? How bout, say Greed?"

Greed

Trent opened a door at the back of the room; the one remaining woman tried to follow them but was still trapped by her weight. As she passed through the door on Trent's left side Greta felt her hip rub on wall of door frame. Thinking of the woman she just watch swell up she blushed in fear, that could be what she could look like soon, wide flaring hips and a giant round ass big enough to put books on.

Trent's narration interrupted her train of thought abruptly. "Greed, doesn't take much introduction does it? After all this is America". He opened the door and the dark light became gold, Greta could hear the sound of falling coins like an old fashioned slot machine, as they walked down a short hallway the sound got louder "Greed could be called a gateway sin, everyone has felt it and it usually leads to others. The desire for more is hardwired into human nature". They came into the main room, there sat seven females all monstrously fat, they were surrounded by gold coins which were falling from a hole in the ceiling. As the gold hit the floor the woman would all grab for it, as they pulled it close to their bodies the coins vanished and the cycle began again. As Greta watched she noticed that every time the coins the women caught vanished their bodies rippled a bit, she soon realized that they were getting bigger! The coins were making them fatter!

Trent walked over to a lever on the wall "Let's have some fun with these greedy fatties shall we?" He pulled the lever and the whole in the ceiling closed up, the women snatched up the last of the coins and then started to look around for more, slowly they heaved themselves to their feet and started scoring the ground for more gold waddling slowly, due to their immense

size as they looked around one on the girls finally took notice of her figure or lack of one. She screamed.

"What happened to me? How did I get so fat!" she pressed her hands into her fat and rubbed it, it jiggled and shook like jell-o or cream, her eyes fell on Trent, "you, how could you do this to me? I thought what we had was special", she tried to run towards him but all she was able to manage was a slow ambling shuffle like the other six who were also starting to take notice of their enlarged figures. Trent looked at the girl with loving eyes that made Greta more than a little envious.

Trent looked at her coldly "Avaritia, what we had was special, but your greed is just too much for my tastes you gold-digging whore" Then suddenly there was a large creaking sound and seven doors opened to a large room full of gold and glittering coins like the ones that had been falling through the ceiling moments ago. All seven of the women including Avaritia turned toward the golden light and started their slow shuffling waddle towards it.

Trent pulled Greta down a side hallway "Come on this is a short cut, I'm sure you don't want to miss what happens next to these fatties" he lead her into the treasure room that she had seen open and then back to the other side of the door she had seen open, what she saw made her gasp, all seven of the women had fallen for the same trap, they were too big to fit through the doors to reach all the treasure, they pushed and wiggled but all it served to do was wedge their asses in more tightly to their cages. Greta saw Avaritia on the end struggling to get her newly enlarged ass through the door to no avail.

"Greed is an all consuming sin that controls every impulse the body has and can even override rational thought" As Trent narrated Greta looked down at the piles around her she picked up one of the coins and held it close to her breast, as she felt the cold metal on her warm bosom she soon felt it travel inside her and gave a slight gasp as her breast jumped up one cup size tightening her bra which had been getting uncomfortable the entire night. Trent looked at her "maybe we've been dwelling on greed too long it's a very easy sin to catch and a difficult one to give up, shall we be pressed on? A slower sin perhaps, How about Sloth?" Greta's stomach gave a rumble that she was starting to get really hungry now.

They left the golden room struggling fatties and turned down a hallway, Greta was dazed by the amount of space that Trent had used for this, "project" of his. at the same time it appalled her. she had just seen 14 women imprisoned by their own bodies, a fate that could be hers very soon. these thoughts scared her, yet at the same time she could see the brilliance of it. All those that she had seen so far were trapped to be sure, but not with chains or rope or locks, but by themselves. They built the cages they were trapped in; the wrathful girls had proven that much. The other girls, Avaritia especially, had walked right into their own demise. She was intrigued with a morbid curiosity of how the other rooms looked. Her stomach gurgled again and she rubbed it a bit to keep it quiet. As she rubbed something that seemed odd about it, it seemed softer than before, almost or bigger, her ass too felt more cushiony, then it had when she left the house. Before she could pursue this thread of thought they arrived at their destination; Sloth.

Trent opened the door to a room filled with blueish light. A room full of exercise equipment. Off to one side there were a group of treadmills; seven to be exact, on each tread

mill was a plump girl. Nowhere near the size of the greedy ones, these could all still run, at a fairly quick pace too, the odd thing was they were all blue.

"Sloth is a sin of inaction rather than action. When presented with a cross road the slothful go neither right or left, so their punishment is one of action rather than inaction" as Trent talked, one of the girls slowed down to a stop. Almost immediately her body began to pulsate and grow. her hips widening quickly, flaring out till they started to look like the Wrath girls. The blue girl quickly hopped back on the treadmill and started to run at a breakneck pace. Her wide ass and hips swaying back and forth. As she ran Greta noticed that her body was getting tighter and smaller, until she was back to the size of the other girls maybe a hair bigger. They stood and watched for a bit. As long as the girls ran they stayed the same size, however if they stopped even for a second, the girls began to swell; rapidly. Trent walked up to the girl closest to the wall "Enjoying yourself Tristitia?"

The girl glared at Trent "I've been running on this treadmill-wheeze- for seven months without stopping-wheeze- h-how do you thing I feel?"

Trent gave Tristitia a sharp slap on the ass "considerate compensation for being so lazy the rest of your life." Tristitia was about to respond when there was a muffled thud next to them. One of the other girls had tripped and fallen on her treadmill. By the time she had righted herself, she had begun swelling. Her hips and ass flaring out, giving her a sizeable ghetto booty. Then her tummy starting to expand, popping out from under a sweat stained shirt. She started to waddle her way back to her treadmill to deflate, but her hips had gotten to wide to fit between the safety rails. " Oh no, oh no," the girl whimpered, placing her hands to her breast as they started to expand. they tightened her shirt and exposed more of her blue tummy. She squeezed her breast as they grew and gave a soft moan "Girls you have to try this, it feels so good. We don't have to run anymore we can just stop and relax". she said sleepily, The girl's body looked like she had swallowed a yoga ball and it was slowly being pumped up inside her. the girl squeezed her breast again "It feels so nice, just to stop and relax for a bit...". With every squeeze the girls panic and terror melted away, along with any traces of her womanly figure. With every squeeze her eyes grew heavy and she spoke as one who is falling asleep. it was as if her breast were calling the sandman to her over tired body. With a light twang her hands dropped her breast and her arms became turgid at her sides.

"Acedia, come one you must get back on your mill". Tristitia warned.

"I'm too tired..., I just want to rest..." Acedia yawned, her transmutation was nearly complete, a perfect orb with giant breasts. A stretched out shirt and panties remained on the ball and soon that became the only markers of the ball ever being human, those and the light breathing of someone sleeping.

"Well that was interesting" Trent said. breaking the spell of Acedia transformation shall we press on, four more sins to go then I believe you wanted something to eat?" Greta looked at Acedia sleeping form, she looked like a perfect ripe blueberry, Greta loved blueberries; they were one of her favorite foods. Though at the moment she felt so hungry everything was her favorite food. She fought hard against the urge to run over to Acedia and start to lick her giant breast in hopes of blueberry juice running out of it, like that porno that one of her ex's had shown her. She nearly did it, if not for Trent taking her by the arm and dragging her away. "Next" he said "is the sin of heroes, Pride".

As they walked down the hall way that connected the torture rooms, Greta pondered why she had reacted so violently to seen a woman turn into what looked like a giant piece of fruit. What had happened to Acedia was disturbing, yet at the same time seemed wonderful, much better to the situation she was in. Trent was clearly a far more deranged individual then he had ever let on She rubbed her aching belly to soothe it. The dome felt so soft and squishy, cool against the warm flesh of her hands. She was starting to enjoy the weight she had put on, and was considering, though she would never admit to herself the truth, keeping the weight on. If she survived this encounter with her soon to be Ex-boyfriend, she resolved she would find a man that enjoyed her weight as much as she did. "Why am I doing this?" she wondered, "I'm content to just be lead around as if I'm on a museum tour or something, who knows what will he'll do to me when this gets wherever it's going". Her stomach gave another rumble as she rubbed it; it felt so empty. she knew it was going to be "all you can eat" tonight. Soon they came to a door up ahead of them.

Trent opened the door slowly, and a sound drifted out, odd for a dungeon such as this, it was laughter, but it sounded odd to Greta. It wasn't like a bunch of people, rather it was the canned laughter that was used for crappy sitcoms. "Pride is described as a feeling of superiority towards others, such as beauty or success in literature the Greek heroes Achilles and Odysseus were famous for succumbing to it". They entered a room full of chairs, like a mini home theater. Along the wall were seven glass cases, inside each of them was a woman, all of these women were fat. bigger than the sloth girls on their mills but smaller than the girls fat with gold. "this room was made to deflate the giant ego's of pride, you see the thought of being ridiculed is one of the worst fears of the prideful".

A small arm descended from the ceiling of one of the cages, a Hershey bar in its fingers from a speaker, a woman's voice "Want a treat fatty?" another arm appeared and jiggled the girls fat as if to emphases the girls weight. the first arm shoved the bar towards the girls face. she simply opened her mouth and ate it. Tears running down her chubby face, the hand playing with her fat dropped away, but her body kept jiggling as her body started to expand slightly growing larger and softer for a few moments., As she grew, the hands returned and started to play with her fat, jiggling it and rubbing her fattiest areas. The voice continued to berate the girl.

"Tastes good piggy?"

"Don't you like being this way?"

"You know you want to get an even bigger tubby".

Greta watched the display in front of her. Holding her enlarged tummy as if to protect it from the attacks of the hands. Through the whole thing the girl made no sound other than the occasional whimper. Trent studied her for a moment. "You know I think it's time these girls start earning their keep; they're going to put on a show for us!" He steered Greta over to the seating area as all the windows turned opaque. Music started and a cat walk extended from the center of the room. Then one by one each girl was brought out all wearing the latest designer fashion, all of which were four sizes too small for any of the girls. The first girl appeared in what used to be a simple black cocktail dress. On her expanded form it had a rip going right along the stomach, making it an awkward tank top that covered next to nothing. The top half of the girls breasts and a skirt thigh high skirt that hugged her curves so tightly that it might have been painted on. This display was difficult to watch, but the next girl was worse. She was dressed as

if going out to a party; a pink mini skirt and tight black t-shirt, at least that's what Greta thought it was; 100 pounds ago. Now the shirt had a rip going straight up the middle from bottom to collar due to the impressive size of her tits that seemed to take up her entire chest. Her bottoms fared little better, the once mini skirt now covered nothing looking like a decorative frill that covered her waist and the very top of her butt leaving her "hello kitty" panties on display for all to see. The girls half walked and half dragged around the stage all except one. the last girl in a simple yet effective t-shirt and jeans strutted on the stage as if she had been doing it her entire life, she was a tall-ish five eight with a belly that was mostly uncovered by her shirt, a DD set of tits that were proudly displayed by the low cut of her top, plus her large womanly hips and ass that were stuffed into her jeans so that the seam was nearly popping of, in short it seem to Greta; she made fat look sexy.

For the first time that night, Trent seemed agitated. Greta could see why. he did all this to teach a lesson and yet this woman refused to bend to his will. her posed and her form radiated pride, superiority, and drive not to be beat. He lunged out of his seat towards the end of the catwalk. the derangement that had been just under the surface of his cool was evident now. "Don't you get it?" he snarled at the girl. "That attitude of your is exactly what got you into this mess"

If looks could kill then Trent would have burned where he stood. "My attitude is not what put me here it was my poor choice in lovers. You did this to me and all the other sad fucks you have trapped in your delusions, you sick fu-" the girl was cut off as a large piece of chocolate was shoved into her mouth. she chewed it quickly and swallowed, probably a reflex by now Greta mused. The chocolate went to work very quickly, the woman had barely swallowed it when the sound of popping seams could be heard, pulling her already strained top further toward its doom. The hands forced another bit of candy into her mouth and her body expanded further. The woman tried to fight but her chains extended out pulling her limbs back into an X formation, allowing the hands quick access to her mouth. "and you!" she yelled at Greta thought a mouthful of chocolate "do you ac-sh-usually think he care-sh- about you? Mmph you're no different from the rest of us, Mmph how do you think he got us all down here. Mmph from the look of you, I'd Mmph say Gluttony."

As the hands stuffed her Trent appeared behind her smacking her on her ass "hey!" she spat through a mouth full of chocolate.

"what?" he mused "I thought you wanted to be touched that's why you were showing yourself off isn't it?" he walked around her and squeezed her tits hard, she moaned and screamed, melted chocolate frothing a bit on her lips at the same time making a motion to smack him before her chains pulled her back, this flurry of motion was accompanied by a loud rip as the women's jeans ripped along her ass crack "you feel that?" Trent taunted That's Pride fucking with you, you have to fight through that" the girl hung limply, the futility and hopelessness of her situation setting in. "Greta," Trent purred "come up here" Greta got up from her chair with a little difficulty, the arms of the chair seemed to have shrunk a bit holding on to her fleshy hips a bit but after so wiggling she was free, she walked up to the stage feeling the flesh of her thighs rubbing together a bit Trent held out a chocolate bar to her " I do believe that Vana here as offended you it you be rude of me to not to allow you to have a chance at vengeance"

Greta took the bar and looked at Vana, the girl looked at her with pleading eyes silently begging Greta not to. But Vana's words had cut deep so before she knew it Greta found herself breaking off a bite size bit of bar and shoving it into Vana's mouth. "Eat this bitch" Greta thought.

One piece soon leads to another bigger piece, and soon Greta found herself shoving whole bars into Vana's mouth "Gluttony am I? we'll see who's fat when I'm done with her" after Greta's first bit of chocolate Vana's body had merely wiggled now it was growing with full force, her boobs started to show themselves from under her top first shyly peeking out but soon coming out in all their glory, adding more pressure to the button on the girls jeans which looked ready to pop.

Meanwhile Vana's butt was expanding the rip in her pants showing off more of her black panties that were slowly being swallowed by her butt cheeks. A ripping sound was heard as the girl's cleavage broke through her top leaving most of her upper half bare; boobs dangling down like pendulums and gut swallowing the rest of any figure she once had. While her bottom was struggling to break out of her jeans. Trent tapped Greta on the shoulder holding up a mask with a tube attached to it, he fitted it onto her fat face as she struggled and squirmed the appearance of the mask scaring her. Trent pressed a button and a dark brown liquid started flowing from the ceiling into Vana's mouth. As Vana drank the room was filled with a chorus of sounds, rips and pings with the occasional moan from Vana. Her button popped and the weight of her belly forced the zipper down as her thighs ripped free of their denim prison. Then Trent surprised Greta he came rushing up to her and took her in his arms, kissing her with more passion than she had ever felt from him. His hands started to rub her well padded ass squeezing and kneading the soft supple flesh, she wanted to make love to him right then with Vana's watching to prove just how much Trent loved her. Then Trent broke the kiss, "I was thinking of lust next but now I'm thinking envy is far more suitable." With that he left Vana to her expanding fate and lead Greta from the room

As they walked down the hallway Greta stared at Trent. All the love that had dwindled over the course of the night came back to her with a vengeance. He felt like a drug to her, that kiss had sealed her fate. They came to the next door. Trent held it open for her. Knowing that she was safe from any of the traps, she strolled in fearlessly wincing only slightly as she felt her hips scrap the sides of the door. Hunger was gnawing at her stomach again with a vengeance. This room was decked out in green. As the green-eyed monster that envy was known to be. "Envy is similar to Greed in many ways" Trent explained as he had with the other sins "its a sin of want; however in this case the want is that of someone else." As Greta entered the room the first thing she saw were asses; giant fluffy asses. A second later those asses grew tiny torsos and then giant breasts topped with tiny heads, the most pronounced hourglass figures that Greta had ever seen. One of the girls came bounding up to Trent her over-inflated assets bouncing wildly. "Trent, Trent you have to help me, I want him, I need him so bad!" she said nearly in tears. She held her hands to her tits squeezing them as she spoke.

Another girl came over to them "No I want him! I saw him first!" She shoved the first girl causing both their tits and asses to start bouncing and jiggling at such a flurry of motion. Trent looked at them both with a gaze of amusement "Girls you both know what you have to do if you want him".

The two girls looked at their wildly inflated tits and asses "But we are so big as it is. We barely get through the door to be with him now! And Levy is too big to get near enough for him to see her"

"Well, I suppose that is a risk you will have to take if you want him. I told you he's in charge. If you please him he will let you out. Think of it this way, if Levy is too big to show him then he only has six girls to pick from. So your chances get that much better with every person who can't fit" Both girls thought this over, then went waddling off to one corner of the room together. Trent lead Greta over to the window that four of the other girls were pressed up against. Like the first two, they all sported exaggerated hourglass figures.

Greta looked at the window and saw the back of a man's body, he was tall and well built with a tight black t-shirt that showed off all of his muscle, she couldn't see his face because he was facing the opposite wall watching a black and white movie, in the movie which the more Greta watched looked suspiciously like a porno all the girls in it had very big tits and asses. As she stared at the back of the man's head her mind started to fill in the blanks, what his face looked like, what he liked to do..., she turned to the girl next to her "Who is that?" She asked

The girl looked at her and grinned "That? That is the Master, he is the one who owns all of this." She gestured around the room "Trent is his manservant that tends to all his needs. He told us that if we get big enough for him then the Master will take us to his mansion to be his queen. Between you and me I wish I had Levy's body. She is so big she can't fit through the door" the girl indicated to a girl sitting on a cot in the corner, the girl was so massive that the cot was sagging nearly to the floor. Levy sported a pair of M-MM cups, a small tummy given her size and a pair of full womanly hips ending in a large wiggling ass. "it's so easy " the girl continued "There are seven hoses attached to the wall over there just put one in your mouth and suck out this liquid and then you can feel a weight in your tits and ass and wham, you are growing!" Greta turned back to the window and looked at the man again. Then the tubes on the wall she wanted that man, she wanted that man more than anything, and above all she wanted that man to want her. Greta caught her mind's train of thought, she was falling for this guy at first sight.

Over by the tubes of fluid, a commotion had broken out. The two girls that had approached Trent earlier were struggling with each other, each of them holding one of those tubes down the other's throat

"I'm gonna make you so big, you won't be able to walk" one was saying. As Greta watched she could see both girls' bodies start to blow up like balloons. Their waists which had previously had been untouched by whatever they were ingesting started to balloon out gradually over-taking their busts as the largest part of their bodies. The girls had to keep spreading their legs further apart because of their growing thighs. Seams rapidly popped with each passing second, shredding the sweatpants the girls had been wearing as the tops that had once held back massive breasts also started to rip.

Greta watched as their struggle slowed down due mostly to the tensing and firming of their arms made it harder to hold the tubes to the other's mouth. Then one of the girls attempted to take a step back from the other, without realizing just how big she had gotten. The girl tripped and landed on her back, the tube flying out of her mouth struggling frantically to get up "Master!" she cried toward the window "Master! Help me! Please I wish to serve you always" The other girl wasn't so lucky. Her tube was still stuck in her mouth but her arms were too turgid to reach

it. She was starting to look like a perfect sphere, her breast and ass merged with her stomach. Her body was starting to make strained creaking noises. Trent grabbed Greta's arm and heaved her to her feet "Come on you may not want to witness this"

He led her out of the room quickly. As they walked they passed a window, through it Greta could see the room all the girls had been staring at the Master, to her surprise the master had no face! It was just a manikin posed in expensive clothes. Trent dragged her down the hallway to the next door, the one reading Lust.

Trent opened the door and held it for Greta, "What a gentleman" she thought, She walked passed him with a wait-till-later look on her face. She winced as her jeans snagged on the door frame nearly wedging her into it "If these door frames get any smaller I'm gonna get stuck". She freed herself then turned to look at Trent, giving her ass a sexy shake and smack. All the fears she had about him had vanished. She understood him now, better than even before he had shown her that everything he had done made sense. It made her love him more. After he finished his work of art they would get something to eat to soothe Greta's painfully empty tummy, then he would be all hers to do as she wished. Maybe she would let Trent feed her tonight just to entice him more.

The first thing that hit her about this room was the smell, strong and pungent like a brothel or orgy; the smell of sex. Greta looked around the room, it was again lit with red light but whereas the room upstairs used them to heighten danger and rage, these gave the room a seedy look like the Moulin Rouge or the red light district. The room had a low ceiling with seven beds set up in a semi-circle. On each of the beds was a woman wearing nothing but panties that seemed to cause them a great deal of discomfort because they were rubbing their hips on the bed. Gyrating either their ass or pussy as deep into the mattress as they could.

"Lust is the easiest sin to fall into and the hardest to break given that it truly is a sin of pleasure" One of the girls in the far bed started to moan out loudly in what sounded like the most intense orgasm ever, drawing Greta toward her. The girl's hands were roaming everywhere on her body cupping her ass and rubbing her crotch, never reaching under her panties. The girl's hands then started to work their way up rubbing all the flesh on the girl till they reached her breast which Greta now saw were huge about the size of cantaloupes. As the girl rubbed her nipple and breast her state of ecstasy rose even higher "hmmm. Yes" she moaned "that feels so goooooooooood" the girl's left hand continued its rubbing as the other started to travel skyward. Grabbing hold of a phallic shaped tube and pulling it into her mouth slurping on it greedily, taking care to lick it as if it were a real penis. As she drank her other hand started to grab and pull more violently as the girl cooed through the tube oblivious to the fact that her breasts were growing even larger now roughly the size of watermelons. As the girl's breast grew her coos were drawn into moans she looked up and noticed Greta staring at her. For the first time the girl turned onto her side. One hand still stroking her nipple the other beaconing Greta to her. Greta was hypnotized by the girl's look of lust and slowly walked over to her, nearly wanting to swish her hips as she had for Trent earlier. She knew that the girl couldn't hurt her Trent would never allow that, but what else the girl wanted scared her a tad bit. Once she was in arm's length the girl dropped her nipple and grabbed the back of Greta's head pulling her into a full tongued kiss. When the girl released Greta's lips she pulled her close and whispered huskily into her ear "Come join me, you know that you want to, you want a rack to

match that ass of yours ". She spanked Greta's ass making it jiggle and shake, while making Greta a little wet as well. "Here, take a sip, and join me, I guarantee you'll loooooooo....." the girl fell back into her bed and started to rub her ass into her mattress with a renewed vigor. Deep in the throes of a vast orgasm. Greta looked up the girl's hypnotic hold on her broken she turned and saw Trent fiddling with a remote "See what I mean you were fully prepared to cheat on me with that little sex demon

"What did you do to her?"

"Nothing she didn't love". Under Greta's stare he relented "in those panties there are two powerful vibrators one in the butt and the other in the vag. the juice that she was guzzling makes the body more sensitive at the price of increasing the size of the bust. I merely turned up the power on her a bit, this room is complete and I didn't want you trapped in it."

Trent lead Greta out of the room and down the hall. As they walked Greta saw a bunch of photos with numbers on them. They all seemed to be of the same woman since they were all wearing a pair of tight black jeans and a causal looking blue blouse. Greta couldn't tell who it was since the woman's head was chopped off in the picture. The first was a slightly husky woman like a person who had recently stopped a life of exercise to let herself relax a bit. The picture was captioned: Wrath, 180lbs, Hunger 20%.

The next portrait seemed to be the same woman, at least she had on the same outfit. Greta cringed a bit at the similarities to hers. However this girl was much larger than her. This girl's belly had started to untuck her shirt and strain her pants. Again Greta felt a little nagging voice in the back of her head telling her something was wrong. The caption read: Greed, weight 210. hunger 26%. At the word 'hunger' Greta's tummy grumbled loudly. She reached down to rub the exposed dome of flesh to soothe it. She had wished that she had worn bigger clothing to keep herself fully covered.

The third picture was: Sloth. Weight 240. Hunger 38%. It again showed a woman in black pants and a blouse, this one had full womanly hips with the gaps between her thighs vanishing between them. Her belly peeked out more as well.

Pride had hunger 50%, and 300 lb. The woman looked if her shirt was more of an accessory at this point it failed to cover any of her fleshy belly. And her pants looked as if the button had popped off letting her waistline expand to further flesh heights. Greta hoped that she would be able to sit down soon. She was getting tired of standing and her legs were starting to feel like jelly.

Envy and Lusts portraits were labeled with 75% percent hunger and 350lbs for Envy. 95% and 395 for Lust. the woman in these pictures clothing was a bad joke, unable to contain any of the soft flesh and highlighting all of the cellulite on her pale flesh.

Then they finally reached the doors, double doors "thank god" thought Greta. If they hadn't been. Greta wasn't sure if she would have fit, she was having a bit of trouble with regular sized doors recently. She hoped there would be a place to sit down; her legs were killing her.

Before he opened the door Trent turned and faced her, taking on the showmanship that she now loved but wished that he would skip when she was hungry.

"Ladies and gentlemen we have now arrived at the final stop on our tour the sin of gluttony, a sin of excess of eating, this sin is the easiest to spot as it is usually accompanied by copious amounts of fat. That is not to say that all fat people are gluttons but rather that most gluttons are fat which is a vastly different thing." Trent pinched and jiggled Greta's belly to emphasize this

point. She blushed because she didn't like him drawing attention to her size, even though no one was around. "Without further ado" he opened the doors "Gluttony"

As he spoke Greta thought she heard an edge in his voice, like someone eager for the climax of a prank. That set her a bit on edge, but it was quickly melted away by the smell of food that was drifting out of the room. Greta walked inside the room. Inside was a huge banquet table heaping with the most delicious food that Greta had ever seen. Six huge women sat around it. All of them covered in rolls and folds. Greta noticed that none of them were on chairs but were able to reach the table just by their girth alone. A thought that scared her passed through her head. If Trent kept feeding her and her appetite kept growing she would end up as big as these women.

Greta looked at all the food and her stomach ached for it. At the end of the table was a large chair Greta slowly walked over to it not seeing that her walk was more like a fast waddle. She sat down in the chair feeling the instant relief on her legs as she felt her butt spread out under her she was shocked at how close her hips came to the arms of the chair. She looked at all the food on the table and her eyes fell on a plate of cupcakes, her mouth watered and reached for one then looking up at the others at the table she changed course and grabbed an apple from a bowl near her chair one bite couldn't hurt, and it might help sooth her grumbling tummy. She put it to her lips.

"Don't!" one of the girls cried "Help us please, mmh can't; mmh stop."

Greta looked closer at the girls around her. She saw pained expressions on their faces. As if they were all trying to resist the food and failing. She put the apple down on the plate in front of her.

Trent walked over to her holding a chocolate cupcake with a candle in it. "I thought that now would be a good time to wish you a happy seven-month anniversary. I figured that if you want something to eat then I can finish my masterpiece." Greta smelled the cake and her empty belly yearned for it. She tried to rub her tummy a bit to soothe it but she knew that the only thing that would settle it was sitting right in front of her. With one last grumble her will broke. She picked up the cupcake and took a bite. It was the best thing she had ever tasted. That bite broke the dam on her hunger. The apple on the plate was gone in seconds and soon she was eating as fast as her tablemates despite being a quarter of their size. Trent stood behind her whispering in her ear "Feels good doesn't it? To just let go and allow your secret sin to run free?"

Greta looked up at him "mhm?" she said through a mouth full of food.

"When I met you I knew you were the piece that was missing. The jewel to complete the masterpiece, a secret glutton who allowed herself to be led astray by the devil." Greta put her hand to her stomach at what Trent was saying and found that she couldn't reach the tip of it. A closer inspection showed her body was much higher from the table and her hips were much to Greta's shock and discomfort much closer to the sides of the chair. All of this scared her but what made it worse was the fact that as one hand poked and prodded her new body her other hand was still shoving food in her mouth at a breakneck pace! Even worse is that she still wanted more! That endless hunger that had been growing all night just kept growing and was never satisfied. She felt her jeans start to cut into her flesh, her belt whining loudly, still gorging.

She looked at Trent "Can you please at least get this belt off of me?"

"Sorry love, but you're so big now the only way that thing is coming off is for it to pop". Trent said clearly enjoying her pain and struggle. The creaking got louder as Greta's shirt tightened into a bra holding up her massive tits that had busted her bra long ago. As she ate she felt something happening in her head as if a switch had been turned on and realized it as filling her mind. The way the doors had been getting tighter, the growing hunger, the pictures in the hall, they were all her, she had been getting bigger from the start! As the realization struck her she started to reach out to grab Trent had wring his smug neck but her hand was intercepted by a large bit of cake that was soon on its way to her mouth. She tried again but again all she got was a large bit of cake shoved roughly into her maw. She tried to control her arms but they had become part of the eating machine of her body. The belt cinching her waist was groaning louder and was extremely painful. A diamond shaped hole had opened in her top and was now spreading towards her collar and the bottom of her shirt. After she finished with another bit of cake she moved her hand to her chin and found that it had doubled. Her other hand tried to reach the tip of her belly to try and rub it but found that it was blocked by the table. Bang! Her belts finally blew off allowing her belly to spill down to her pants and pop the button and zipper of her pants. Trent looked around happily "Now the fun really begins".

Greta's mind cringed as her body shook with the force of her belt exploding and her body expanding. Now that the tightness of her belt was gone it was quickly replaced with the tightness of the waistband of her pants as the button tried to hold together despite the added strain. More food entered her stomach, her shirt had now turned into an abysmal bra becoming near to breaking itself, and yet she was still hungry.

"Powerful isn't it?" Trent taunted whispering in Greta's ear "the sting of never really being full?" He grabbed a roll of flesh and jiggled it, making Greta's entire body shake more fluidly than she cared to admit to herself. She hated what happened to her, finding it easier to turn off her mind and eat rather than fight a losing battle against her own body. Besides, at least the food was good.

With a ping she felt more relief as the button on her pants broke now held up by her hips alone Trent saw the waistband of her underwear sticking out from the top of her pants, the full panties had now been swallowed into a tight thong, and he snapped it and laughed. "A black thong? Oh you were hoping for something more than just food tonight, well sorry Fatty but you're not my type." He slapped her fleshy side to accent the insult. Greta adjusted herself in her seat as her mountain of flesh quivered, Trent's words stung as she felt her ass, round and full, start to wedge itself into the chair where it would stay till the chair broke, like the others she would be trapped here.

Another éclair entered her mouth, it tasted so good, she could feel her resistance crumbling with every bite, her body quivered first from the movement of eating than from the fat adding onto her body.

"You have to fight it," pleaded the girl on her right, "you're the only one who still can," she stared at the other girls who stared at her with helpless eyes as they ate at the same breakneck pace she was. Greta looked at the plate in front of her coated with crumbs that missed her mouth along with an apple she concentrated on, willing her body to obey her. She could feel the cold chill of her flesh as it expanded. She willed her arms to stop stuffing her and pressed down on the arms of the chair, her tired legs whining at all the new weight placed on them, then with a plop the chair fell away and she felt her ass expand out into its full glory. She looked at herself, her belly was a massive apron of rolls, breasts were the size of volleyballs, she forced her hands down to her ass and was shocked to find that she couldn't touch the end of it. She willed her arm to grab the apple on the table, the girls looked up; amazed Trent, livid. As her mind relaxed from the strain of moving she saw the apple fast approaching her fat face, but again she willed herself to not eat it, but only take one bite, then she took a few plodding waddles away from the table till again she found the apple coming toward her mouth this time she allowed herself one bite before again starting to move away from the table as she waddled she felt her body get heavier with each bite she allowed herself to take. Even the fruit here was uber-fattening. She kept up this pattern of steps and bites even though each step covered only millimeters at a time when her apple was nearly half gone she felt a sharp smack on her ass that sent it into a quivering dance she looked back and saw Trent standing behind her;

"Where you going fat ass, I know your not full yet" he spanked her again, as she opened her mouth to speak she heard a crunch and found that in Trent's brief distraction she had consumed the entirety of her apple core and all, she felt her belly ripple as another role appeared and her breast inflated another cup size. Without the promise of more food Greta had trouble focusing her mind to will herself forward again the need to eat was increasingly clouding her thoughts, momentarily she found herself turning around to go back to the table for more food. "See my piggy you're too fatty to want to leave, come back and eat your fill" Greta took another step toward the table then steeled her nerves turned back around and walked slowly out of the room.

As she moved down the hallway she felt something strange, she was still getting bigger her breast and ass had now at least doubled in size her belly nearly tripled every where on her was soft and cushy she could feel her belly tapping her crotch thru what was left of her underwear, she couldn't even see all of herself she was so large she had to get out of this crazy house. She entered the lust room to try and slow her growth. As she did the smell of sex again filled her nostrils, she was surprised to see the girl that she met earlier standing in the center of the room, her giant breasts swaying despite their tightness. The girl walked over to Greta, and put her arm around Greta's fleshy body, daggering her fingers to Greta's fleshy ass, pinching all her rippled and dimpled flesh. This made Greta moan despite her panic, the girl's hands felt so good on her swelling body, and somehow she felt safe in the girl's arms. The girl leaned in and kissed Greta on the lips her hand reaching down to Greta's fattened sex and rubbed lightly, Greta nearly collapse from the surge of pleasure, the girl began to drag Greta across the room to the bed she was occupying earlier, the girls kissed and touched Greta again then reached up and grabbed the tube she had been sucking earlier, she placed the tube in her mouth, then took Greta's hand and placed it on her tit squeezing it into her flesh as she drank from the tube.

Greta could feel the cocktail entering the girl's breast as she massaged it, swelling the tit larger still.

The girl then held out the tube to Greta. "Here, take a sip, try it, join me, give in to your pleasure, your lust." Greta was mystified by the girl's voice, she looked at the tube "come one," cooed the girl "we can give you a great rack to match that ass of yours" the girl spanked Greta's butt making it jiggle "guys will line up just for a peak at you" Greta kissed the girl again and looked at her. "I'm sorry" she whispered before taking the tube and shoving it into the girl's mouth, and leaving the room.

Greta exited the lust room and continued down the hall back to the house, as she continued to grow; she could feel the flesh pouring out of her like sweat, even when she paused for a breath she found that her body never actually stopped moving. She found it harder and harder to keep moving, her butt alone was now several feet wide and her body was just a mountain of quaking blubber that her weakling muscles were struggling to move. As she passed the sloth room she noticed that two more orbs had joined Acedia on the floor. She plodded forward still. Her legs straining every step of the way, her belly down way past her knees and her thighs nearly making her do splits. Soon she reached the door that she and Trent had first entered from.

It felt like years. She walked toward the door, when her eye spotted a large chocolate cake sitting on the ground. Before she knew what she was doing she had plopped herself down and eaten the cake. It felt so good going into her belly, which felt like she hadn't eaten in years. As she feasted she could see her body swelling larger, her breast slowly pushing into her face. She also felt her ass rise and accumulate padding. After finishing the cake she struggled to her feet with difficulty her muscles refused to hold her weight and her flab made any sort of bending difficult.

By the time she was standing again, she was panting and sweating. She guessed that she had to be at least five feet wide at the hips. She took a step toward the door and started to walk through feeling a large amount of pressure increasing on her soft thighs and hips as the pressure mounted she tried to press on but found that she could go no further she was stuck in the door frame! Worse she found that the cake had not yet finished with her, she felt herself expanding quicker, her thighs pressing into each other below the knees now and her belly obscuring the last vestiges of her toes, she heard the sound of creaking wood as she grew, she was out-growing the door frame, even now she had to be 7ft wide! Her body was gaining fat faster than ever and the rate was only increasing, the only thing she had to mark her growth now was the ever-increasing cracking of the door frame that trapped her, then with a snap the frame shattered Greta closed her eyes as it broke and the taste of apple pie filled her mouth. Greta opened her eyes and looked around; she was no longer trapped in a doorway but back in the gluttony room sitting at the head of the table again,

"Well, the little piggy has broken her chair, she now is a true fat girl, and servant of gluttony" Trent teased Greta blinked confused, hadn't she escaped? Trapped in a doorway, or was that just the creation of a food binge dream? She looked at her body, she was huge bigger than any of the girls in the room, her clothing reduced to the tatters of a grease and food stained

shirt and a popped pair of panties that were now giving her a massive wedgie from the inside of her butt crack, her hands constantly shoving food into her mouth, the dull pain of hunger still eating at her. "Beware those sins my dear" Trent taunted leaving the room and the girls to their fate "Remember there are always consequences".