

Chapter 1

Kelly

I couldn't fall asleep, rolling in my bed, pondering. I was nervous. Tomorrow is my twenty-fifth birthday and in my family it was kind of a big deal. If you were a woman that is. Every female, as far as anyone could remember, seemed to blow up after reaching this age. It didn't matter how slim and skinny you were before, there seemed to be no escape from this fate.

I was determined to be the one to change it, to be the exception from the rule. I didn't spend hours upon hours in the gym just to let my toned athletic figure disappear. I worked too hard to get my rock hard abs and there was no way I would let it go in vain just because of some stupid family diagnosis. Mom called it a family curse, but surely there was nothing like that. The fact they all became lazy gluttons can hardly be considered a curse... I was sure that if I just maintained my current regime then nothing wrong could happen.

Reassured by my reasoning I drifted into sleep.

I woke up starving, hungrier than I ever was before. *Could there really be something real about it? No, that's silly. I'm sure it's just in my head.* I ate a banana as my breakfast and ignored the unsatisfied rumbles coming from my stomach. Weirdly enough, even the single piece of fruit made me look a bit bloated. "That's it, I'm going to the gym! That will show you!"

One intense workout and shower later, I was sitting in my car, ready for the long ride to my childhood home. Home... I haven't been at home since Christmas three months ago. With all that was going around at work it seemed like ages ago and I was quite excited to see the rest of my family, even though they could be a lot to handle sometimes, especially my sisters.

"Happy birthday, honey!" My mom greeted me with a big squishy hug as soon as I stepped out of my car. My mom was a short woman barely over five feet tall, but what she missed in height she made up for in width. Her large bosom rested on top of her well-fed middle, but her biggest asset must have been her huge bottom and her wide hips that couldn't be described as anything else than motherly. Despite being massively overweight, her weight must have been nearly 300 pounds, and having a big lifetime jubilee around the corner, my mom was still quite youthful and beautiful.

"Hey, mom."

"How was the travel?" My mom asked.

I let out a sigh. "Pretty exhausting actually."

"Did you have lunch?"

"No." I shook my head.

"Oh, you must be starving!" She said, her voice filled with concern. "Come on inside, your sisters are already here as well, but there still should be some food."

At the thought of food my annoying stomach let out a demanding growl.

Mom went into the kitchen, but I couldn't follow her, because of a wobbly figure that ran towards me.

"Hey Kelly! Happy birthday!" Two soft arms wrapped around my firm lean body.

"Hi Courtney." I planted a kiss on the shorter girl's forehead. Nineteen years old Courtney was the baby of the family and was the only sibling that still lived with our parents. When she released me from her tight embrace, I could take a better look at her. Courtney was as far as I can remember always chubby, being the only member of the family that didn't stay slender until reaching twenty five. Looking at her now I was amazed how much she managed to change in those few months I haven't seen her. The previously chubby teen was heading straight into the fat territory. Fortunately for her the biggest portion of the weight was located on her chest. Courtney's huge boobs were each bigger than her entire head and they completely overshadowed her pudgy tummy.

"Oh my god, look at you!" I exclaimed looking at her breasts. Courtney took it as an incentive to proudly stick out her chest, straining her button down blouse to its limit. The buttons creaked under the huge pressure from her jiggly mounds, but held. I've always been pretty proud of my looks, but comparing my meager B cups with the watermelons attached to my little sister's chest made me self-conscious.

"Where are Amber and Cheryl?" I asked Courtney in order to distract my mind from feelings of inadequacy, even though I already knew what the answer to my question would be.

"Oh, they're stuffing their faces in the living room. As always."

Mom emerged from the kitchen bearing a plate with two of her infamous hamburgers. Don't get me wrong, they were delicious, but they were so big and filled with so many calories, it would make your eyes pop out of your head. I've never been able to finish even one of those things.

"Here you go honey. I'm sorry I couldn't save more for you. Those two," she motioned her head towards the living room. "They're like acid! I even had to send your dad to get more food!"

"Thank you. It looks heavenly."

Courtney stared at my burgers with her mouth watering.

"Here." I offered. "Take one. There's no way I would eat both of them." Courtney didn't need any convincing and immediately grabbed one burger off of my plate and started to cram it

into her mouth as if she was afraid that someone would take it from her. Remembering our two older sisters were in the next room, it made some sense actually. I took a bite of my burger, already imagining how much time I will have to spend in the gym to make up for it.

“Oh look, it’s Twiggy.” Said Amber, my eldest sister, while she was pointing her fat arm in my direction.

“Hey Twiggy.” Cheryl mumbled with her mouth full and with burgers in each hand. She didn’t even bother turning her head to face me, too occupied with stuffing hamburgers into her greedy mouth.

It was quite a shocking display even though I was fully aware of what I’ll find. Amber and Cheryl were sitting on a three-seater couch that was crying for mercy, with their huge asses and thunder thighs pressing against each other. Just three months ago the 29 years old Amber was significantly larger than Cheryl, but now it seemed that the 27 years old glutton managed to close the gap between them. And by the look of how Cheryl was eating, it wouldn’t take long before she was the fattest in the family.

That was another thing about the crazy family gene or whatever it was. Once you reached a certain point you simply stopped gaining. Amber seemed to have reached this point already, while Cheryl was still piling pounds upon pounds like there was no tomorrow.

Amber and Cheryl seemed to be about the same size, there were big differences however between how their respective weights were distributed. While they both inherited mom’s large booty, the rest of Amber’s weight was quite evenly spread across her more than 500 pound body. Cheryl on the other hand carried most of her weight in her truly gargantuan gut.

“Can’t you move your fat ass a little?” Cheryl turned to Amber. “You’re taking too much space!”

“You’re taking just as much space as I do! It’s this stupid couch. It’s way too small!” Amber retorted.

“You guys realize that three people are supposed to fit on it comfortably, right?” I remarked, hiding my disgust.

“Shut up, Twiggy!” Amber and Cheryl shouted in unison.

The whole family sat around the table. Eight chairs for six people. Both Amber and Cheryl were using two chairs to contain their extensive posteriors. I sat between Amber and Mom.

The biggest part of the table was taken by a giant cake with twenty five candles on it.

“Come on, I want that cake. Just blow out those fucking candles already!” Cheryl shouted impatiently.

“Language!” Mom scolded her. “I won’t be tolerating such language underneath my roof! If I hear anything like that again, you won’t get cake at all!” She warned her sternly. Mom turned to me. “Make a wish, honey.” Her voice changed from harsh into soft and sweet in a fraction of a second.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. *No curse, please. I don't want to end up like them.* I blew out the candles.

I looked down at my half naked body and sighed. Only a month had passed since my birthday and I couldn't see my abs anymore. Instead, I had this soft paunch oozing over the waistband of my pants. Fifteen stupid pounds found its way on my once tiny body. The worst thing about it was that I didn't even change my diet or anything! Despite having hunger pangs all day long, I never gave in to my cravings, never succumbed to the temptation. Not even once. And what was my reward? Fifteen fucking pounds! "This fucking curse is ruining my life!" I shouted to the empty apartment. "Why me?!"

I knew I was going to regret it sooner or later, but I had enough of this. If I was going to be fat no matter what I'll do, I might as well enjoy the ride. I picked up my phone. "I'd like to place an order. One pepperoni, One quattro formaggi and one prosciutto. No, make it two of each actually. No, I'm not having a party! I'm getting fat!"

Slice by slice I made my way through the huge meal in front of me, eating with inhuman gusto. I couldn't believe how long I have denied myself from gorging like this. I was wondering if the years of watching my diet to remain skinny were really worth it.

I was bloated. My belly protruded in front of me as if I was pregnant, but I didn't care anymore. A satisfied gurgle sounded from my stomach. "You think you had enough, do you?" I talked to my swollen stomach. "No, no, honey. I'm only just beginning. You'll be begging me to stop before I'm done with you!" I picked up my phone again. "Yeah, it's me again. Yes, I am aware that I just ate six large pizzas. Yeah, I guess it's pretty unusual. Can I place the order now? Great. Ok, so I'll have the same order as last time, just add some bread sticks as well. A lot of them actually. Thanks."

I woke up the next day spilling out of my underwear. I ran my delicate fingers all over my body, noticing how much softer it was. How pleasant it felt to touch it. I kneaded the protruding belly with both of my hands. It felt so good! For years I worried about gaining weight, but now when I did I felt incredible. *Why was I so afraid of it?*

I put on stretchy clothes and headed out to get some breakfast. A month ago I was so determined to stay thin to fight the fate of my family, but now? Now I had a very different goal in my mind...

Today was my twenty sixth birthday and I've just arrived at my parent's house. I was... avoiding the rest of my family for the whole year. Sure, I stayed very much in contact with them, but I made sure not to meet with any of them in person. Today was the day to see them all again, the day they would see ME. I wanted to shock them and looking at myself, I was pretty sure I would. I was fat.

I struggled to get out of the car and there was no surprise in that, I was quite frankly too fat for it. Even with the seat moved as much back as it could go, my gut and boobs were still pressing against the steering wheel. I didn't know how much I weighed, but I knew that the car sighed in relief when I finally managed to get out of it.

I slowly walked towards the entrance to the house. All the muscles I acquired during my slim days found their use in getting my extreme weight into motion. Thanks to my previous disciplined lifestyle I was able to walk quite easily. The issues I had were caused more by my size rather than by my weight. Step by step I had to waddle to the door, because of my massive thighs rubbing against each other so much and my gut slapping against them didn't help either. I lifted my meaty arm, larger than most people's legs, and rang the bell. Couple of seconds later my mom opened the door. "Hey hon- Oh my!"

It took me a few moments to navigate my large body through the door frame, but I was getting quite experienced with this issue and so it didn't take me too long. "Mom, could I get something to eat? I'm kinda peckish." I said stroking my soft middle.

"Of course honey."

"Could you please bring it to the living room? Thanks."

This year I made sure to be the first "child" to arrive. After all, I had to make sure I'll have enough to eat. Recently my appetite went crazy... I haven't felt full in almost three months and I was going to try to change it today.

I sat down on the good old three-seater couch. It groaned and whined as my booty sank into its cushions. Quick look sideways revealed I filled almost two thirds of the couch. I smiled to myself. *I'm bigger than Amber and Cheryl were last year! Although I think I'm a bit more bottom than them...*

After a little while my mom appeared carrying a tray with a huge pile of her giant burgers on top of it. With my expert eye I estimated that a normal family could have lived off them for a number of weeks, maybe even months. Probably months. I definitely wasn't normal at this stage in my life. "Thanks for the appetizers, mom. Can't wait for the main course!"

As the day progressed, one by one my sisters started to arrive. Courtney was the first to turn up. Let's say she was quite taken aback when she realized who I was. "Oh my god! You're huge!" Courtney exclaimed.

"Thanks. You don't look so small yourself." It was true. Courtney's previously huge bosom seemed to have expanded even further, still overshadowing the rest of her body, even though she was sporting a pretty impressive gut herself. She must have been nearing the big 300 just like mom.

Amber was next to waddle in and it seemed like she wasn't too happy to find someone else in her spot.

"Oh my god, Cheryl. You fat bitch, there's not enough space next to your giant ass anymore!"

"I'm sorry Amber. I'm not Cheryl though..."

Amber's jaw dropped. "Twiggy?!"

I laughed. "I guess I'm not Twiggy anymore either."

"How the fuck did this happen?!" Amber exhaled in disbelief.

"Language!" Mom shouted from the kitchen.

Last to arrive was Cheryl and we heard her before we saw her. She was panting heavily, her legs barely able to carry her extraordinary weight. To make things worse, her giant middle fell all the way down to her knees.

"Amber, if you'll even think about sitting on the couch then I'll kick your ass!" Cheryl shouted while she was struggling to make her way into the living room.

"I don't think I'll be your problem today." Amber laughed from her spot on two chairs put together. "Kelly on the other hand..."

Cheryl waddled into the living room and rested her gut upon a table with a sigh of relief. The table groaned underneath the immense weight.

"Get out Twiggy. I'm the fattest, I sit on the couch." Cheryl announced, still failing to look my way.

"Yeah, I wouldn't be so sure about that either. You look about the same size." Amber remarked pointing at me.

Cheryl finally looked at my expanded form. "How the hell did you get so fat?!" I just shrugged.

"Alright there's only one way to solve this. Courtney, bring the scale!" Cheryl commanded.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? This scale only goes up to six hundred." Courtney said worryingly.

"Do you have a better idea?" Courtney shook her head making her impressive chest wobble. Cheryl took a deep breath and carefully stepped on the scale. "What does it say?"

"598" Amber announced. "Your turn Kelly."

Hours and hours spent eating took its toll on me and I struggled to lift my fat bottom off the couch. "Just give me a sec." I tried to stand up, but failed. "Can you give me a hand?"

I tried to look down at the scale, but I couldn't see anything but my soft body. "So? What does it say?"

"Error." Cheryl exhaled in defeat.

The whole family sat around the table. Nine chairs for six people. I couldn't help but smile, seeing that not even two chairs managed to contain my growing posterior. Only Amber sat next to me this year.

The biggest part of the table was taken by a giant cake with twenty six candles on it.

Looking around the table there was no denying that the family curse was running strong. In fact it seemed that it was getting stronger. I watched Courtney digging into her second slice of cake. She was only 20 and she was attacking 300 pounds already.

"Can you imagine," I said to the silence disturbed only by munching, "how big will Courtney get when the curse hits her?"

Three pairs of strong arms helped me out of the truck as I was too big to get out on my own. "Thanks guys." I breathed heavily from exertion. "See ya tomorrow."

I slowly waddled towards the entrance to my parent's house. With every step my whole body quivered. I was absolutely massive. My huge gut hung just inches above the ground. It was a wonder that I still remained moveable. Although it did look like my mobility would be a thing of a past pretty soon. In the last year I haven't missed a single family celebration at my parent's house, because I knew that every single one could have been the last. The thought of missing a single chance I have left to spend time with my mother's cooking simply wasn't acceptable. As sad as it made me, in my heart I knew this was my last visit. In the last twelve months I managed to double in weight and I still wasn't showing any signs of stopping my gain.

My parent's during the year renovated the house, enlarging the size of every door. It made me feel kind of bad that despite their effort I still struggled to get through them...

Just like last year I tried to be the first to turn up, but this year Courtney beat me to it. When I arrived Courtney was already stuffing her face on the couch, but as soon as she heard my thunderous steps, she moved her 400 pound top-heavy figure out of the way.

Happily I let my body fall onto the couch. Loud CRACK sounded through the room and the piece of furniture squealed in agony. My heart stopped and I was worried that it would fall apart underneath me. Fortunately nothing happened. I breathed out a huge sigh of relief. I was probably lucky that I wasn't putting my whole weight onto the poor sofa with my gut resting on the floor. I remembered the couch as a place of comfort, but I couldn't quite enjoy sitting on it as much as I did in the past. Three months ago at Christmas I filled its entire seat, but now... "I can't believe how small this couch is getting." I complained, my squishy body spilling over the armrests.

"I don't think the size of the couch is the problem here." Courtney muttered under her breath.

"Would you please bring me some food Courtney?" Loud rumble sounded throughout the entire house. "I'm starving."

I wasn't really bothered by how fat I had become, the opposite was true actually, but there still was one thing I minded very much. I couldn't even remember the last time when I wasn't hungry. Despite spending almost every waking moment eating, I simply couldn't eat enough to properly fill my stomach. The more I ate, the fatter I grew. The fatter I grew, the more food I needed to consume. It was an endless circle.

The whole family sat around the table. Eleven chairs for six people. Four chairs struggled to contain my fat bottom, creaking underneath my weight. This year I sat alone, no one else would fit on my side of the table.

The biggest part of the table was taken by a giant cake with twenty seven candles on it.

Looking around the table I couldn't help but smile. Everyone looked so small compared to me! Just two short years ago Amber and Cheryl seemed huge, but now? Now I was bigger than the two of them combined. And I loved it.

Chapter 2

Courtney

Four months later...

I woke up in the middle of the night, starving. My stomach was rumbling loudly, complaining about its emptiness. I use the term emptiness loosely though. Only a few hours have passed since I had dinner that consisted of enough food to feed your regular family and then some. My family was hardly a regular one though and I was no exception. The bed underneath me creaked as I shifted my soft body in an attempt to get up. It was becoming more and more challenging lately, but that was no surprise considering the fact that the big five hundred seemed to get closer with every passing day. With another year of university behind me, I was back at home, spending the summer with my parents. And, quite importantly, back to my mother's cooking. While I missed mom's cooking dearly it certainly doesn't mean that I didn't use my unlimited meal plan in uni's cafeteria to the fullest.

Lately I've been waking up starving almost every night, no matter how much I ate during the day. Luckily for me there was a pizza delivery close by that worked nonstop. I reached for my phone that was lying on a nightstand, my arm pushing against the soft flesh of my breast. It was getting more and more difficult to function without my boobs getting in the way, but that was hardly a surprise due to their extraordinary size. I mean how many women can say that they are larger around their chest than they are tall? Despite all the struggle and back pain they were causing me, I wouldn't trade them for anything in the world. It wasn't difficult to feel overlooked as the youngest in a family and so I was glad I had something that made me stand out.

Thinking about my boobs I noticed I was spilling heavily over the cups of my custom tailored bra. *Oh great... That's my largest one!* I thought bitterly. It was always sad to see a piece of garment getting closer to the end of its usefulness. It was even sadder when the aforementioned garment lasted only for two weeks.

I yawned before dialing the pizza place. I had it on a speed dial, so I guess it would be fair to admit, I was a frequent customer.

"Hello, I'd like to... Oh, hey Travis. Another night shift, huh? Yeah, I'll have the usual." My stomach emitted a loud growl. "Uhm, you know what? Make it the usual plus one extra-large pepperoni. Thanks. See you in a bit. Text me when you get here."

I got up from my bed. The rude piece of furniture let out a sigh of relief when I placed my weight onto my feet. "Oh, shut up! I'm not that heavy."

I put on my night robe that fit me maybe a year ago. Now I was only just able to fasten it beneath my massive tits. This however meant it was never going to cover my chest and it left a deep canyon of cleavage out in the open for everyone to see. *Travis is surely going to enjoy this. He always stares at my tits so intensely that his eyes seem like they're about to fall out... I can't really blame him for that though.*

Not even five minutes passed since I made the call and my stomach felt like it was trying to digest itself, complaining with loud groans. *This waiting is going to kill me!* "Maybe there's something in the fridge..." I thought out loud. "It's worth checking anyway."

I wobbled my way into the kitchen as fast as my corpulent body allowed me. I quickly opened the fridge and started to go through its content. To get a proper look I had to lean forward, which meant that my breasts were pressed against the cold shelf inside. Shivers ran down my spine and I felt my nipples stiffen. I ignored the discomfort and focused on the search for food. Unfortunately I ended up disappointed. I mean, I knew it was mostly my fault there weren't any leftovers from previous days, but I still expected to find at least something worth it. A pack of cold sausages, even if it was a large pack, followed by a chunk of ham were hardly enough to appease my angry stomach. *The pizza better should be here soon...* Just when I thought of it, my phone lit up with a new text message. Like a rampant animal I hurried to the door, leaving a mess in the kitchen behind me.

The pizza delivery guy, Travis, stared at me with his widened eyes. He was stumbling upon his words, when he was handing me four pizza boxes in one hand while he awkwardly tried to hide his erection with the other. But I was only barely able to comprehend what was happening, all I could think was food.

I was quivering with anticipation, swiftly making my way into the living room. I parked my sizeable derrière onto the new four seater sofa, taking more than a quarter of its space. My posterior may not have been my biggest asset, but I still inherited my mother's genes. Thinking about it, I surpassed her in this respect already as well.

The old couch that used to be here didn't survive Kelly's twenty-seventh birthday, because it collapsed almost immediately after she got up from it.

I let out a loud burp and sighed with satisfaction, before patting my swollen middle. For me it was a way more difficult task than it may have seemed. My bosom made sure of that. When seated down, my breasts rested in my lap, reaching almost all the way to my knees.

I looked at the empty boxes scattered around me and sighed. *I'm getting out of control...* I was turning 22 in three weeks, but I was already so fat. *If I keep this up, I'll soon be fatter than Amber. And it's still years before the curse is actually supposed to hit!* Unlike my sisters, I was always an irredeemable glutton and so I never really worried too much about

the curse that ran in our family. I liked being fat. It just felt... right. Though I had to admit, seeing just how much the curse affected Kelly... Even I was beginning to worry.

I stepped on a scale. "Five hundred point four pounds." The robotic voice announced blankly. The day of my twenty-second birthday was officially the day when I surpassed the five hundred mark. It also meant that I weighed more than both of my parents combined, but I chose not to think about that too much.

My bust, constricted in a too small bra, entered the living room, followed by the rest of me moments later. I let my heavy body fall upon the couch. It whimpered at the impact. The noise alerted my ever so caring mother of my arrival and she walked out of the kitchen with a bright smile on her face.

"Good morning, honey. Happy birthday!" She rushed to me excitedly and planted a kiss on my forehead, leaning against my boobs in the process.

"Good morning." My stomach decided to join the conversation as it let out a thunderous growl.

"Oh my poor dear! You must be starving! What can I get you? Would you like some waffles or pancakes or an omelet? I could fry some bacon for you or maybe some sausages? There should also be a couple of croissants."

"Uhm... is all of the above an option?" I said with an innocent smile spreading across my face.

My breakfast lasted for hours and by the time it was finally finished, it was time for lunch. The day continued like this, the breaks from eating were rare, short and far between. I was enjoying my calm, lazy day filled with loads and loads of food. Then everything changed when the Fire Nation attacked... Uhm... I mean when my sisters arrived. By that time I was getting pretty... contented. Surprisingly I didn't feel full. I wasn't hungry either, just satisfied. Not that it would slow down the pace in which I was polishing mom's lovely burgers. I loved eating too much for that to happen any time soon.

Amber and Cheryl arrived at the same time, both heading straight into the living room.

"Oh look, it's Boobzilla!" said Amber, the slimmer of the two sisters, pointing her meaty arm in my direction.

"Hey Boobzilla." Cheryl mumbled with her mouth already occupied by munching a burger. Her gargantuan gut was trembling with every step she made, as she hurried to take her place on the couch.

"My god, Courtney!" Amber exclaimed. "What are they feeding you? You look huge!" She walked to me and sunk her hands into the soft mountains that were attached to my chest.

"Hey, stop it! I'm trying to eat here!" I complained loudly with my mouth full.

"Sis, honey, you're hardly wasting away." Amber said mockingly. "Seriously, you're almost as big as I am, although you're clearly carrying the pounds a bit more... upfront." Amber tried to emphasize her point by sliding her hand underneath my right boob in an attempt to lift it. My breast wobbled a bit, but that was the only result of her effort. "Oh my god! How can you even move around with those things?! How much do they weigh?"

I threw the remnant of a burger into my mouth and shrugged. Amber grinned before running off. Well, if you can call her slightly faster waddle running, that is.

Amber returned a few moments later with the scale from my room under her arm. "Drop your shirt!" She shouted enthusiastically. "It's time for a weight-in!"

"Are you crazy?! I'm not stripping down here!"

"Oh, come on! Don't be shy!" Amber teased me. "It's only us girls here. We all have seen tits before."

"Not this big though." Cheryl said joining in the conversation for the first time.

"Tits are still tits, size doesn't matter." Amber stated resolutely. "Oh, look how she blushes! Isn't she precious?" She giggled.

I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks. I wasn't exactly sure how the events of the day led here and I wasn't comfortable with where it was heading.

"Come on, aren't you at least a bit curious?" Amber whispered into my ear like a little devil on my shoulder. I, of course, was immensely curious, wondering why it never occurred to me to try to weigh them myself. However I wasn't so big on doing it here, in front of my sisters.

"It's two on one here. And we know you're ticklish! Don't make it hard on yourself, little sister." Cheryl said while she was pulling the hem of my t-shirt upwards.

"Alright, alright! Geez!" I let out a frustrated sigh. "You guys are such bullies sometimes..."

Amber giggled. "Yes, we are. Now off with the shirt!"

I dropped the t-shirt on the couch revealing the inadequate brassier digging deeply into the smooth flesh of my bosom that was spilling out of the too small cups in every direction.

"Ooh, that looks painful." Amber said and before unclasping my bra with her surprisingly thin and nimble fingers.

I sighed in relief. Even without the bra, my breasts remained unbelievably full and round, drooping only slightly, achieving the shape of overfull tears. Freed from their prison they jiggled like jelly with my every breath. "You have no idea how long it takes me to fit into that blasted thing."

"Fit" isn't exactly the word I would use..." Amber said with her eyes fixed to my chest.

Amber placed the scale on a coffee table. I looked down on my jugs, each wider than the scale in front of me. Sometimes it surprised even me just how huge my boobs actually were. I carefully lowered my right boob on the small target. "Eighty-nine point seven pounds." The robotic voice announced. And then... There was silence.

What?! Did I hear right? Can it really be so?

My train of thoughts was interrupted by Cheryl's scream. "**Holy fuck!**"

My left boob was even heavier at 'Ninety point five pounds' as announced by the scale. "Could they really weigh 180 pounds?" I asked dumbly and Amber burst into laughter. "What's so funny?"

"I just realized... Your tits are heavier than my boyfriend!"

Cheryl giggled as well. "Speaking of... How is Andrew anyway? You never take him anywhere."

"It's the same old story. He's either working or bitching about his job. What about you? Still haven't found the right victim?"

Cheryl sighed "You know how men are these days. They can't handle a proper woman." She said, patting her massive middle that was overflowing her lap.

The family sat around the table. Seven chairs for four people. I sat on two chairs. I would probably still be able to more or less fit on a single chair, but I was worried it wouldn't handle my weight.

The biggest part of the table was taken by a giant cake with twenty-two candles on it.

With my dad on a business trip and with Kelly too big to travel, it did feel like something was missing. At least, I thought, there was more food for the greedy little me.

The stream of food seemed endless and as the night progressed, my belly swelled larger and larger, pushing my breasts upwards, slowly obscuring my view more and more. I didn't know how much food I managed to cram into my gut, only that even Cheryl gaped at me in awe.

The street was covered under a thick layer of snow, the weather was freezing, with the temperature dropping below zero. I shivered with the cold, sending my entire mass into an uncontrollable quiver. Breathing heavily from exertion, I slowly made my way to my dad's car. Both my parents were waiting for me, because I couldn't keep up pace with them. I was

too fat for that now. My breasts were getting in my way, flapping against my thighs and my back hurt because of their immense weight.

I was glad to be home for my winter break from the terror of my university. The constant stress eating was taking its toll on my body, meaning that in the five months that have passed since my twenty-second birthday I managed to reach yet another milestone... I broke my first scale a few weeks ago. I didn't know how much I weighed, but I knew I was heavier even than Cheryl. I wasn't too bothered about my weight though. My size however was another matter entirely. The dorm room I was staying in was small for normally sized people. Me? I could barely turn around in it. It only made me want to spend time elsewhere... And so I did. I was pretty much living in the cafeteria.

The whole campus seemed rather small to be honest, but then again I was the only one there having troubles squeezing through doors, so it might have been my fault. Even the double doors seemed narrower than they used to.

I finally managed to waddle to the car. It looked a lot smaller than I remembered. Dad opened the door for me, so I could get inside. It was easier said than done. The car shifted under my weight when I put my pudgy leg inside, the car's floor on my side nearly touching the ground beneath. It was clear that I was larger than the space I had to squeeze through. Fortunately my breasts were squishy enough for me to be able to force my way through without much delay.

I plopped my large behind down into the middle of the wide backseat, leaving little space on either side of my backside. The free space was however quickly occupied by my boobs spilling from my lap and onto the seat.

I struggled to unzip my winter coat that felt too tight a month ago, the fabric groaning because of the pressure from inside. *How did I even manage to zip it up?* Unzipping a coat wasn't as easy thing as it sounded when the zipper was more than two feet ahead of you. Especially if you had to reach around tits as big as mine were, to even get to the slider. Finally with one strong tug I moved the slider a couple inches and my jugs took care of the rest. As a great fleshy tidal wave they surged forward forcing the slider all the way down in less than a second, revealing a low cut top and a massive cleavage. This however caused that my bosom was now pressing awkwardly against the seats in front of me, causing me major discomfort.

"Mom, could you move the seat forward a bit?"

"I'm sorry Courtney, but it doesn't go any further."

This will be one hell of a ride...

I tried to fasten my seatbelt but even with a belt extender attached there was no chance I could buckle it. Dad started the engine and we headed off to spend Christmas with the rest of the family.

Not even five minutes into our journey and I was already suffering from terrible hunger pangs.

“Uhm, do you think we could stop for something to eat?” I inquired.

“But honey, we just had lunch.” My mom said. “Besides, we're running late already.”

It was the truth, of course. In fact, I haven't stopped eating ever since I woke up today. The problem was that I was getting pretty bottomless lately, stopping only when sleeping. “I know... But I'm really hungry! It wouldn't take more than five minutes!” I can't see why it's such a problem for you.” I complained loudly.

“No, you just ate three entire trails of lasagna. We're not stopping!” Mom said, annoyance clearly present in her voice.

“But I'm hungry!” I yelled. “Can you understand me?! I'm so **fucking** hungry!”

“Young lady!” My mom hissed angrily. “Do I have to remind you we already have a two hour delay, because **you** ate all of the Christmas sweets I baked for tonight? The sweets I specifically told you to leave alone! And you didn't even tell me so I had to make more at the very last moment!”

“Well, I guess you should have made some more for me!” I argued.

“I made you twelve kilos!” mom shouted. “You ate it as well, remember?!”

“I was hungry! I'm not going to apologize for eating when I'm hungry!” My stomach growled loudly as if to emphasize my words. There was a short silence that ended with yet another thunderous growl.

Mom sighed. “Take us to that KFC.” She told my dad. “I'm not going to listen to that for the next three hours.” As angry as she was with me and my attitude, she just couldn't let her little baby go hungry. “What do you want?” She asked harshly.

“It depends on how much you're willing to spend... I'm absolutely famished.”

My mom rolled her eyes.

Every free space within my reach was covered in buckets filled with enough chicken to feed a small army. Most of the buckets were safely tucked between my boobs. In little over a minute I devoured the content of one bucket intended as a full meal for two people. “Mom, I'm sorry, I was rude.” I said while licking the grease of my fingers. “It just gets into my head! I simply can't control myself.” I apologized, feeling sincerely embarrassed by acting like a spoiled brat.

“Don't worry about it honey.” Mom said almost too sweetly, making a huge contrast with her previous harshness.

This was only the first out of our five pit stops however. By the time we reached our last fast food stop on the way, my mom was edging towards her breaking point.

We finally arrived at our destination, but there I faced another issue. Getting out of the car turned out to be a much bigger problem than getting in was. I was wedged between the seats so tightly I couldn't move. “I-I think I'm stuck.” I announced sheepishly. I leaned forward with all my might, squishing my boobs against the front seats painfully, but I still

couldn't detach my sizable hindquarters from the seat. The only thing it managed to do was make my boobs jiggle. *Oh my god, how am I going to get out of here?! Stupid, giant tits!* I cursed myself for not wearing a bra. As restrictive and uncomfortable as bras were, it made my boobs so much easier to manipulate with. "Mom, are you **really** 100 percent sure the seats can't be pushed forward any further?!" I yelled in despair, flapping my chubby arms around frantically, sending empty wrappers into the air.

"Calm down, honey." Mom sighed tiredly. "We're gonna get you out... somehow."

"Somehow? Geez! Thanks mom, very reassuring." I retorted sarcastically. "That's definitely going to calm me down!"

"Oh, you'll have to excuse me, but I've never had to pull my daughter from a fucking car!"

I stared at my mom dumbfounded. Never in my entire life have I heard her cuss.

"Courtney, would you mind if I...?" My dad asked nervously, motioning to my boob, clearly uncomfortable with the idea. "Ehm, you know, grabbed..."

"For god's sake just do it!" My mom shouted behind him.

"It's alright, dad." I assured him, red in face with embarrassment.

He carefully placed his hands upon my right breast, his fingers sinking into the cushiony mass. He grabbed firmly and pulled with everything he had, turning red with effort... achieving very little. My boob simply wobbled from side to side, but that was it. He tried again, but even with my mother's help, the result wasn't different. My tit was simply too heavy and too big for them to manipulate through the small opening.

"What's going on here?" I recognized Cheryl's voice coming from somewhere out of my sight.

"Your sister, uhm, she has a bit of a situation here."

Cheryl walked to the car. "Holy tits, Courtney," Cheryl exclaimed. "Are you actually stuck in there?!" She started to giggle and pulled a phone from her pocket and took a couple of pictures. "This is solid gold!"

"I'm sorry, but I really don't see the humor in this." I was on the verge of panic.

"Chill, I've been in a similar situation." She waved her hand before patting her giant belly. "I never got stuck in a car though. Damn girl, how did you get so huge?!"

I bit my lower lip. Cheryl grabbed my boob with a lot less concern for my comfort, leaving red marks on my smooth skin. She started to pull using her impressive weight rather than her muscles. It hurt like hell, but it seemed like it was working. Slowly, so very slowly was my tit through the door frame. The pain was getting unbearable and I cried out and at the very same time Cheryl lost her grip, falling backwards on her plump bottom. My giant tit quivered in place, moved barely by an inch.

"You're a toughie." Cheryl said, our parents helping her to get back on her feet. "I have an idea, but I have to get something from my car. I'll be right back. Stay here!" She laughed at her own joke before waddling away.

My parents watched me with concern, not knowing what to do. It was surreal. It was like the fairy tale about the giant turnip, except in this case I was the turnip! I didn't like it very much.

Cheryl returned with a bottle of olive oil and started to pour it all over my boob without hesitation. She grabbed me like before and pulled. With an audibly 'plop' my oiled up teat slipped through the doorframe and out of the car... and out of my top as well, but it didn't matter too much. I was free!

At long last we were standing in front of the door leading into Kelly's new larger house. We rang the bell and waited. I haven't seen Kelly since her birthday nine months ago and so I wasn't really sure what to expect. I was genuinely curious how much bigger she got. *How much bigger can a person get anyway?*

Tall, muscular and quite handsome man opened the door, it was one of Kelly's hired helping hands. As she was losing her mobility, Kelly needed to be taken care of more and more often. *I'm heading there.* I realized grimly, remembering the scene that happened mere minutes prior.

We were led into a large room with numerous long tables, overflowing with food. The Christmas tree stood in the corner without any attention. Amber was at one of the tables with her boyfriend, Andrew. They were clearly enjoying each other's company, their eyes sparkling with affection. Andrew was feeding her with one hand while he caressed her belly, which was slightly rounder than I remembered, with the other. It was big news when Amber told us she was pregnant a few months ago and even from a distance I could tell she was glowing.

However it was my other sister who was in the center of attention. Kelly waved at us too occupied with chewing to do anything else. She was, to say it plainly, huge, sitting in the middle of the room on something that looked very much like the new couch in our parent's house, with two men around her taking care of her every whim. She was overflowing the sofa in every possible direction. She must have weighed about as much as I, Amber and Cheryl put together. Maybe more. We all looked like dwarves next to her.

The time has come for the family to gather around the main dining table. 'Kelly's guys' with their combined strengths managed to pull their employer up on her feet. Even standing, Kelly's giant midsection still lay on the floor several feet in front of her.

The whole family sat around the table. Fifteen chairs for seven people. The biggest part of the table was covered by empty plates. Two overwhelmed chairs I was sitting on creaked

under my weight. Looking around the table I saw that only two people were still eating. The rest was rubbing their swollen overfilled stomachs. I wasn't slowing down yet, and neither was Kelly. For some reason I wanted to compete with her, mirroring her moves, bite for bite. Our eyes met, Kelly's lips curling into a smile. She knew what was going on.

Cheryl stared at me in silence, impressed. Even she stopped filling her large middle, too full to move.

Hours have passed. It was way past midnight and everybody else went to sleep. Everyone except me and Kelly I couldn't see anything but my boobs anymore. My gut was so swollen it actually reached even further than my behemoth bosom, pushing it higher than my head was. I was finally reaching my limits. It was actually quite reassuring that I still had some. Loud 'crack' filled the air and the world turned into a blur. Both chairs gave up on me at the same time sending me unceremoniously on the ground.

"Are you alright?" Kelly asked between munches.

"Yeah..." I tried to move, but my body was too weak and too heavy.

"You know what?" Kelly said. "I can't even remember the last time I was this close to being full. You really can eat!"

Too stuffed to do anything I could only moan in response.

There I was lying on the ground. Still only twenty-two with over two and half years to go before the curse would kick in and I was already eating more than Amber and Cheryl combined. *Maybe the curse came sooner in my case.* I thought, knowing very well that it wasn't much more than wishful thinking, but there was nothing wrong with having hope.

Chapter 3

I slowly opened my eyes, waking up to the sound of my growling belly as well as the blasting alarm. I flapped my hand, shutting one off the sources of the nerve wrecking sounds and groaned in discomfort. Even with my back pressed tightly against the wall, my boobs spilled from the narrow bed and fell onto the floor, spreading all the way to the opposite wall and squishing against it. The bed was so small that even my round belly was starting to droop over the edge a little. Or maybe it was that I was so large. Looking at my body it probably was the latter, after all I couldn't even reach the front of my boobs anymore.

As the time progressed I was only getting bigger and bigger, gaining weight faster than ever before. Most of the newly found weight settled on my already humongous chest, shifting the ratio between my boobs and the rest of me into a tie. It certainly didn't mean that I wasn't getting bigger all over, mostly evident on my hips that got wider than regular doors were. It was hardly a noticeable change in my life however, given how much trouble I had with a different part of my body.

Every day I struggled to rise to my feet. There just wasn't enough space. My dorm room was so small that my tits had to be pressed against at least one of the walls at every moment I was inside. In my great endeavor to get up my boob bumped into a tower made of thoroughly emptied flattened pizza boxes sending it to the ground, enhancing the mess in the room further. Discarded food containers covered every inch of the room that wasn't already filled by my sizable body.

The weight of my bosom didn't really affect me when standing up, because they rested on the ground. Walking was a whole different story though. The fleshy orbs were so big now that I had to fully straighten my back in order to even slightly lift them from the floor. My back hurt as all hell and my knees were trembling, hassling with the massive weight forced upon them. I knew it wouldn't take long before mobility was a thing of a past for me, but for now I was still fighting.

Looking down on my chest covered in food stains I knew I had to take a shower before heading down to a cafeteria. I reached for my large towel and put it in my cleavage, making it look tiny in the process.

Two tiny steps were all I needed to get my wobbly half naked form to the door out of my room... Well, two significant parts of it anyway. There were a couple of problems however. Even though my boobs were pressed against the door and the wall next to it, I was still too far to reach the door handle. I leaned forward, squishing my giant left mound against the poor tiny door, fumbling for the handle with my hand. I got my fingertips on it but I just couldn't turn it yet. *Maybe if I leaned just a bit more...* I thought before putting more weight against the problematic exit. A 'crack' so loud it must have been heard all across the

campus, informed me about my mistake. The hinges holding the door broke and the obstacle on the way out collapsed into the hallway.

“Oh, shit!” I cursed. “Shit, shit, shit!” I was already in trouble, because of breaking half a dozen chairs in classes during the semester. I let out a frustrated sigh. “Well, there’s nothing I can do about it now. Now for the other problem...” The other problem was that even one of my breasts was wider than the doorframe...

After a lot of effort I managed to squeeze my way through the door going one boob at a time, after a lot of practice I was getting pretty good at it, and started waddling down the narrow hallway to the bathroom, shared with the rest of the floor. I was almost as wide as the hall itself with only a couple of inches on either side. Once again, after reaching the doorway to the bathroom, I had to force myself through a small opening, entering the surprisingly spacious compartment. In the tiled bathroom there were six showers divided by walls. Or at least that’s how it was when I started studying here at the university. Now there was one less wall, merging the two most left cubicles into one large. It still was a rather tight fit though, with my tits touching the sides. Strong stream of warm water started pouring from both shower heads, massaging the smooth skin of my bosom, quivering its mass ever so slightly.

Monstrous rumble resonated through the bathroom, my stomach growling like a wounded animal, cutting my time in the shower short. I slipped my relatively slim hand underneath my right breast and rubbed my plump belly. “Oh, I’m so hungry I could eat a horse!” *That’s actually not as much of an exaggeration as it used to be...*

Naked as the day I was born I jiggled back to my tiny room. I had to carefully search with my foot where the collapsed door was, because no matter how I tried, there was nothing I could do to see them. Not with my jugs in the way. And I really didn’t want to trip on them. I didn’t care too much about having no doors to my room. After all, I spend most of the time in the cafeteria anyway. Besides I had one last exam in two days and then it was “Goodbye school, hello food”. As much as I was eating these days, it still felt as if I was holding back...

You wouldn’t believe how difficult even simple tasks like putting on clothes can be. *I could really use a hand with this.* I thought, struggling for at least fifteen minutes before I managed to squeeze into the stretchy tube top. I remembered how easily I could slip into it when I first got it. Though it might have been a dress back then... Thinking about it, it did seem like it was quite some time ago.

The poor top was stretched to its limit, barely covering my nipples, with soft flesh oozing from both sides, showing a massive cleavage and more underboob than anyone else could dream of.

I was in a hurry. The cafeteria was getting open in ten minutes. The thought of wasting even a single precious minute I could spend eating was sickening. I probably should have told someone about my door situation, but for me the food had a clear priority.

I, for obvious reasons, couldn't quite move as quickly as I once could, but I dug deep and reached a tempo nearing an average walking pace! My boobs were bouncing like crazy, bumping into the walls on either side and obscuring my view in the process.

Large droplets of sweat were streaming down my chubby cheeks, red from exertion. I couldn't catch my breath, even though I "ran" for less than a minute. But at least I reached the end of the hall, I reached the elevator. I tilted forward just a little, resting my tits on the ground and used the remaining energy to press the button. My knees buckled and I plopped face first into my own cleavage. As impractical as my boobs were, they were a fantastic pillow.

The bell rang, announcing the arrival of the elevator and I rose to my feet. Inside the elevator there was a slender, yet muscular, at least a foot taller than me and rather good looking guy staring into his phone, raising his head only when I succeeded in pushing my breasts in through the narrow door, forcing my way inside. His eyes widened in shock and he dropped his phone. He quickly bent over in order to pick it up, his head bumping straight into my boob. He apologized, red in face and shifting nervously he tried to become the wall.

"Uhm, would you mind if I moved a bit closer to you?" I asked, still standing in the entrance.

"But... You're like an inch from bumping into me!"

"Yeah, but my ass is still outside. Guess I'll have to press against you a bit..." I gave him an awkward smile, still self-conscious about my size.

"Ah, uh. I-I see. Uh. Alright? I guess?" He was redder than a tomato, sweating.

I angled my hips slightly in order to fit my butt through the door and crammed the rest of my body inside the small elevator. *I can't believe six people are supposed to fit inside here.* My boobs were tightly pressed against the poor skinny boy as well as against the side walls.

"Oh," I gave him my best smile, "I'm Courtney by the way."

"Boob- Brian! I mean Brian!" I didn't think it was possible for him to get any redder than he was already, but somehow he managed it.

"Nice to meet you, Brian."

"I've seen you around before."

"I'm getting kinda hard to miss lately."

"I've never... I never knew how pretty you are up close."

Now it was my turn to blush. At my size I didn't get as many compliments as I would like to. What I usually got was verbal abuse.

Brian shifted, trying to hide the effect of being enveloped by my bosom had on his body, but confined in such a small space he couldn't succeed.

The elevator began to move downwards very slowly, shaking slightly. Brian's eyes glided across my body. "I-I don't mean to be rude, but... H-how much do you weigh?" I raised my eyebrow. "I-I-I'm only asking because the elevator – it has a thousand pound weight limit."

"I am not a thousand pounds!" I gasped appalled, staring daggers at him.

"I-I'm not saying you are! But I'm like two hundred and... you do take up a lot of space..."

"Oh, right... I haven't weighed in a while." I admitted. *I can't be over 800 pounds, can I?*

The elevator wobbled and the color vanished from Brian's face. "How much were you when you last weighed?"

"I don't know. I-uh I broke the scale."

The elevator was starting to shake more and more, sending waves through my soft bosom. Brian swallowed heavily. "We're going to die!" He yelped only half-jokingly.

"Relax. I've been using this thing every single day." I tried to sound unconcerned even though I hardly felt that way. "Although it's true that this is the first time I'm not alone..." For some reason he didn't look any calmer.

There was a loud sound and the elevator started picking up speed, going faster than it should. "If we survive this, will you go out with me?!" Brian yelled with his eyes widened in panic and blood rushing into his cheeks again.

With a loud ding the doors opened, ending the bumpy nerve wrecking ride. I hurried wanting to be out of the confined space, forgetting about the size of my bottom. "Well, this is awkward..." I said, trying to wiggle my ass out of the narrow door. I could neither move back nor forward.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm stuck. Do you think you could give me a push?"

Brian leaned against my squishy breasts, using everything he had, but there was only so much he could do. Even one of my tits might have weighed more than he did.

I let out a frustrated sigh. "Why do things like this keep happening to me?" My stomach let out a thunderous roar. "Gosh, I'm hungry!"

My posterior fortunately wasn't quite as large as my mammaries were and so it took only a few minutes before I successfully wriggled my way out.

"So... Where would you like to take me?" I asked once I manipulated the rest of my body from the little space.

"We could watch some movie." I frowned. Not the answer I wanted to hear. "Or maybe, uhm, lunch?"

My full lips curled into a smile. "Lunch sounds nice."

Brian looked at his watch. "Shit, I'm gonna be late for my exam! Where will I find you?" He shouted running away.

"I'll be in the cafeteria." I sighed, doubting he would actually come. "Stuffing my face like always." I said quietly to myself.

The uni's cafeteria was huge. It was probably the only place on the whole campus, where I didn't feel constricted by walls.

I think it's fair to say I wasn't very popular among other students, due to my size it seemed like I was always getting in the way, but at least a few people appreciated me. Spending as much time as I could there, I became quite close with the cafeteria staff. They even brought me food whenever I finished my plate! They were so nice. I plopped down on my usual place and pulled out a tablet from my cleavage. As ravenous as I was, I still had to study for my exam. The three chairs I was sitting on were creaking under my weight.

Hours upon hours have passed and I was eating the whole time. I didn't know what I was eating, didn't feel the taste, shoveling the food inside of me like some kind of machine. I didn't have any pleasure from eating, I ate out of sheer necessity. I missed the joy it used to give me. My middle was swelling with the insane amounts of sustenance, pressing more and more against my squishy bosom.

My tablet slipped from my greasy fingers, falling to the ground. "Fuck!" Picking up small items from the floor was slowly heading from 'extremely challenging' into the realms of 'impossible'. Luckily for me somebody else picked the tablet up and handed it back to me. It was Brian.

It was a weird day. I was leaving the campus's dining area before it was closing and it wasn't because I had a class. I was heading on a date. Going on dates was very rare for me and it usually didn't end so well. My problem was that guys always expected... I don't really know what they expected. That I'll be holding back with my eating for their sake? They just couldn't understand I wasn't eating out of greed or gluttony or anything like that. It may have been the truth in the past, but now I just had to! I had to fill my body as much as I could, even though it didn't give me the pleasure it once did. Fortunately Brian understood. Or at least he didn't complain.

The date went rather well. Unlike some of his predecessors, Brian was smart enough to take me to an all you can eat buffet. I doubt the owners were as happy about it as I was though. By the time we were leaving, with a lifetime ban might I add, there wasn't enough food in the whole building left to even fill another plate. Brian didn't contribute too much to it though.

I was woken up by sunlight after a lengthy uninterrupted sleep. I wasn't used to waking up with the sun already high up in the sky. My constant hunger made sure of that. *I'm not even hungry! That's weird.* I thought to myself. To be perfectly honest I was hungry, it just wasn't

that uncontrollable need to eat I was used to. The day of my twenty-third birthday was certainly off to a strange start.

I used the weight of my bust to roll out of the bed and got up onto my feet. Walking to my closet I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror. I never spent too much time in front of a mirror and lately there wasn't much more to see in it other than my majestic bosom. It always shocked me just how large I actually looked. My boobs were already so big that when I walked they sometimes bumped into the ground. The way they were growing it wouldn't take long before I would have to drag them along the floor in order to move. *I should get some sort of wheelbarrow or something...* I reckoned shaking my head in disbelief, before moving towards the wardrobe.

It was weird to actually have time to choose what I was going to wear. Usually I simply put on the first piece of clothing I could find and fit into, wasting no time I could spend filling my gut. Scattering through the contents of the closet I was throwing over my shoulder clothes that were too small for me, creating a tall pile from it. The only thing that fit me well was a simple white t-shirt. It was so big it could probably serve as a tent for a family. Not mine family though...

I threw the clothes I intended to wear on my bed and started wobbly walking back to it. Once again something caught my eye. This time it was a new scale, one that I've never used before. Feeling only slight discomfort from my slowly waking stomach I was in no rush to go get my breakfast. "I might as well weigh myself..."

"You weigh eight hundred and sixty-five pounds." The scale announced in a clear female voice. "It is an ideal weight for a person..." The scale calculated for a few seconds. "Thirteen feet and ten inches tall."

"Oh, shut up you judgmental bitch!" I yelled at the scale, kicking it lightly. I let out a sigh. "I miss my old scale..." I didn't mind being fat, even though it was becoming more and more of a hassle as the time progressed, but sometimes... it just didn't feel so well to be reminded just how fat I was. My boobs were clearly the most obvious part, but the rest of me was getting huge as well. Let's say I didn't prefer sitting on three chairs just to spread my weight. I'm not even going to talk about my thighs, rubbing together so much that it was always just a matter of time before my pants had holes in them. Even my belly was protruding much more than it used to, trying to spill over the waistband of my pants more often than not. Although it wasn't too apparent, since it was hidden by my tits most of the time.

I didn't carry much of the weight on my face though. Sure, I had chubby cheeks and a definite case of double chin, but in comparison with my body it seemed like nothing.

Fully clothed I slowly made my way to the kitchen, where my mom was already making lunch. "Happy birthday, honey!" Mom exclaimed when she saw me. She tried to give me a hug but... hugs didn't really work with my physique.

Mom pushed a large tray to me, a tray overflowing with pancakes. "I made you these a while ago, I didn't expect you to stay in bed for so long."

My mouth watered and I couldn't wait to dig in. "I'll take care of them."

I planted my large buttocks on the couch in the living room and began eating without hesitation. A myriad of flavors overcame my taste buds, sending me to heaven. I moaned in pleasure. Food simply didn't taste this good in months, no matter what I ate. The huge pile of pancakes was quickly diminishing and only a few minutes later they were all gone, safely packed inside my slightly distended belly. I leaned back and let out a satisfied sigh. I felt great and for once, I had no need for eating more. Sitting there taking up half of the couch I found thoughts drifting, floating away from me. I thought of Brian even though I barely knew him.

The day was weird. It was my birthday, but it was only me and my mom and it was to stay that way. Amber was with her newborn daughter and Cheryl was stuck at work. Hopefully not literally stuck... From what I've heard, Kelly finally stopped gaining once she reached a full metric ton, forced to rely on other people more than ever. Dad was abroad for business matters and so it left me, mom, me and a huge amount of food. Did I say me twice? It doesn't really matter. There were enough of me to count for two anyway...

I was absolutely stuffed. With no one else to partake in the feasting I had to take care of more food than I usually did. I was back to greed and gluttony, probably eating more than I ever did before. I simply had to compensate for the missing members of my family, don't you think? Besides, everything tasted so good again! My overfed gut extended further than my boobs, as a testament to just how much food I gobbled down.

I sat at a table alone, forced to stay there overnight by my own overindulgence. Unable to deny myself of the pleasures of filling my gut, I was immobilized by its size.

The biggest part of the table was taken by my massive bosom. The table groaned under the weight, but it managed to withstand it. Too full to move, barely able to even breathe, my mind was hazy and clouded. The only constantly returning thought was Brian. I sighed and thought to myself. *I have a problem...*

Chapter 4

I woke up the following morning, leaning back and lifting my head from the soft pillow that was my bosom. My massive breasts in their unbelievably full form, towered above my head, still spread across the wooden table that was groaning underneath their significant weight. I poked them gently and watched as they wobbled inside the tent-like t-shirt. *I swear they look even bigger than they did yesterday... How much could they weigh these days anyway?* Thinking about it, I wasn't even that fat. I mean obviously I was fat as hell, but if I didn't count my boobs? I would be what? 400? 450 pounds? Far from skinny, sure, but...

My stomach growled, breaking my train of thoughts. While I certainly was hungry it still wasn't the relentless need that prevented me from anything but eating. I hoped it would stay that way. Don't get me wrong, I didn't intend to change my eating habits, I just much preferred to eat out of my own greed and gluttony than out of sheer necessity. My stomach growled again. I was hungrier than yesterday though.

"Good morning, honey!" my mom said, pushing a huge serving cart filled with piles upon piles of various breakfast dishes.

"You're the best, mom!" I exclaimed, immediately reaching for the closest plate that carried a towering stack of pancakes drenched in syrup.

"This should sate you until lunch." Mom said with a grin. "Just shout if you need anything else."

With my mouth already full I looked over the feast that would have surely been enough for Cheryl for an entire day. Cheryl these days didn't eat quite as much as she did when the curse was fully upon her, but it still was enough to feed a few families. I still doubted it would last until lunch...

"Mom, I... I don't think it will be enough. I'm sorry, but could you please make some more?" My mom stopped in her tracks and looked at me with a raised eyebrow. "Last night... I think you accidentally made enough food as if dad, Cheryl and Amber were all to come and not just for me. And I ate it all! I don't remember when the last time I actually felt full was before

yesterday and I had to eat everything just to feel that way. And if there was more food I'd eat it as well! I'm sorry, I know I'm causing you nothing but trouble, but I just want to feel that way again!"

"You went hungry every day?! For the whole month you were here? Courtney, why didn't you say something?! My poor girl!"

"Ever since Christmas at Kelly's place, I... I don't know. I just see you always work so hard to satisfy all our appetites that it didn't feel right to point out I hadn't enough... I didn't want to be a burden, besides there are a lot of choices for take outs close by, so I didn't go *that* hungry."

"Courtney! You silly girl, you could never be a burden for me. I'm sorry I never realized you're a special case. After all, you were always the hungriest of all my little girls. I promise I'll do better from now on!"

I reached for another plate only to find out there was no more food. *Oh... Did I really eat it all so quickly?* I rose to my feet with surprising ease, because the entire weight of my bosom was still placed upon the table. My back was hurting just from the thought of carrying all that weight on my own. Then an idea hit me. It took all of my upper body strength just to lift one of my breasts just an inch off of the desk of table. Red in face and sweating profoundly I dropped it on the thoroughly emptied cart. I had to dig deep to reunite my other boob with its twin sister, but I managed to do it, even though it left me tired and breathless. *Sometimes they don't even feel like a part of me...* The cart grunted under their weight, but it held. As big as the service cart was, it was still overflowed by my tits that were spilling from the top of it in every direction. The bigger issue though was that because of the fullness of my tits, I couldn't really see that well, they were quite literally blocking my view at everything in front of me. It still worked well in helping me to move around, but in the future I would need something set lower. "Mom, I'm gonna take a shower." I shouted, hoping there would be more food when I came back.

All cleaned up and with the dirty, food stained clothes tossed aside I've been battling to get into a clean top. The stretchy pink top however wasn't as spacious as the t-shirt I wore previously. My tits were spilling out of the low cut neck, showing a good three feet of cleavage. *Guess it'll have to do... Now where was I? Ah! The usual. Eating...*

Getting back to the table I found it filled with take outs from every thinkable fast food chain, Chinese restaurant or pizza place there were in town. After rearranging two chairs, I lowered my sizeable, yet often overshadowed, posterior onto them, sitting sideways in order to be

able to reach the table without my chest in the way. I took a pizza box from a tower made of nine more of her sisters, digging in without further ado.

“And there’s the other half of your order.” I stopped with a slice of pizza halfway to my mouth, hearing a familiar male voice. The speaker himself was hidden behind a tall stack of pizza boxes. I thought I was hard to miss, but it was obvious he didn’t notice me with the boxes in front of his face. He placed them on the last bit of a space there was on the table. “I got to say, this looks like it’s going to be one hell of a party!” he said, still oblivious to my person.

“Travis!” I exclaimed when I finally realized who the person was. Only now he turned to see me. The poor guy looked like he was going to pass out, staring at me with his mouth and eyes wide open. “It’s gonna be a one girl party, I’m afraid.” I said giggling, but the sorry lad didn’t seem to be able to drag his gaze from my tits. It was quite optimistic on my part to expect he would be able to comprehend what I was saying to him with all his blood rushing to his nether regions. “Guess I’ve grown a bit in the past year, huh?”

Due to my unique anatomy I wasn’t able to see the effects of my constant eating, but I certainly felt my midsection expand from the seemingly never ending stream of sustenance. All I could say was that my swollen gut was definitely reaching past my knees, steadily growing larger and larger, filling with mind boggling amounts of food. When even the last bits of my take out snack disappeared inside my stomach, I could honestly say I wasn’t hungry anymore. Still, it was barely noon and I was looking forward to what my mom had in store for lunch.

“Come on, push!”

“I. Am. Pushing!” My mother breathed out, grinding her teeth in effort, trying to move my quite exquisite bosom from the service cart onto the emptied table. Mom needed the cart to be able to bring me more food, but found it... occupied. With my dad still gone and me stuck beneath my own engorged belly, it was a difficult task. I had a feeling it probably didn’t help that she was outweighed by my tits... It was rather funny though, considering my mom definitely fitted into the category of morbid obesity. Slowly, but surely the huge mass was slipping on the thankfully greasy surface. Only once in my life have I seen my mom lose her temper and I was afraid I was on the verge of a second moment like that. Red in face and breathing heavily my mom succeeded.

“I’m sorry.” I apologized sheepishly. I was pretty sure mom was starting to look forward to the start of my hopefully last year at uni.

I didn't know what was compelling me to keep eating. Somewhere between the dessert break and the second take out snack tastes lost their appeal, blending together. I guess I really wanted to experience the bliss of being overstuffed to the point of not being able to swallow another crumb and maybe even to feel the fear of bursting apart from overindulgence. My quite clearly exhausted mother kept bringing more and more food to me, only to find it disappearing in the embodiment of black hole. I wasn't sure what was driving her either. Maybe she felt bad, that I wasn't eating to my heart's content throughout most of the summer. Or perhaps she just wanted to prove that she could make more food than I would be able to consume. Either way she seemed determined to fulfill every desire of my greedy, bottomless stomach. She tried... and she failed.

It was close to midnight and my mom looked like she was about to faint from exhaustion. Haggard with dark bags under her eyes seemed to age a decade in a single day. "That's... that's all we have. I'm sorry, honey. I... I'll have to hire help. I failed you."

Painfully full, but almost heartbroken from being denied the pleasure of reaching the blissful state I was longing for, I still managed to smile at my mother. "Stop it, mom! You never failed me! Thank you for everything you went through for me. Today and every other day of my life. Seriously, you're the best mom in the world! I love you." This seemed to lift her spirit a bit. "I'd love to hug you but... I can't move." I said giggling.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" She asked quietly.

"Go get some rest, I'll be fine."

Once my mom left, I grabbed my phone, dialing my favorite pizza place one last time tonight. It seemed to me that for the last couple of years I rarely did anything but eat and that I couldn't increase the calorie intake anymore. Boy was I wrong! I ate at the very least twice as much as I did on my best days at uni! I wondered how much weight a person can gain in a single month. *How much weight can I gain when I lose any sort of restriction? I'm not going to fit inside my dorm room, am I?*

The sound of creaking wheels accompanied me wherever I went. My bosom spread in front of me on top of a wheeled platform that allowed me to move around. Without it I would be helpless, immobilized by the sheer size of my breasts. Last month at my parents was quite possibly the best month of my life. It took a heavy toll on my body however. Standing still, my boobs not only reached all the way to the ground, but they were rising up too, currently reaching the height of my chin. Obviously they were too heavy for me to lift on my own, even a single one of them that is. Going through normal doors was finally a thing of a past for me. The platform that allowed me to move around had one problem though... it was only 5 feet wide and my tits, uhm, kinda exceeded that width. As a result they were squished together, rising even higher than they would normally, blocking most of my view.

Red with anger, I was stomping down the hallway towards the dean's office, nine hundred and eighty-seven pounds of quivering flesh. I walked at a very impressive pace for someone my size and everybody scattered at the sight of me, mostly because there wasn't enough space between me and the walls to avoid a collision and let's face it, most people didn't want to be flattened by someone five times their size.

Standing sideways next to the dean's office, I pounded on the door all the while I dug through my extensive cleavage, searching for the source of my outrage. My hand emerged victorious with the piece of paper, just as the door opened, revealing a tall and slender, yet surprisingly busty figure of the secretary of Dean Roberts. Miss Miller was a thing of stunning beauty, with her straight blonde hair falling past her shoulders, protruding chest and toned stomach, both of which she apparently liked to show off in a less than professional looking attire. "Hello, how can I help you?" she said, her full lips opening in a wide smile, revealing her perfect, white teeth.

"I need to speak with Dean Roberts." I growled at the poor, innocent assistant.

"I see." she said smiling, oblivious to my rudeness. "I'll ask if he can attend to you." Miss Miller scuttled out of my sight.

"Come on in, the dean will see you now." she said when she returned.

I stared at her in disbelief. "Yeah, like that's going to happen."

"What? I thought you wanted to see the dean." The blonde bimbo said utterly confused.

I rolled my eyes. "Guess you weren't hired for your brilliant intellect..." I said bitterly pointing at my body and the narrow door frame. I wasn't a rude person usually, but I was irritated, hungry and late. I haven't eaten anything since breakfast and I should have met with Brian for a lunch date half an hour ago! As if that wasn't enough my left boob itched just outside my reach and it was driving me crazy.

I swear she stared at me for the whole 5 seconds before her face glowed up in delight. "Thank you!"

I let out a frustrated sigh. "Just bring the dean here, can you? Tell him that Courtney Sullivan is waiting at the door. Please."

"Miss Sullivan, lovely to see you again." Dean Roberts said, not bothering to look away from my bosom. The dean was a balding man in his fifties, about a head shorter than his gorgeous but dumb assistant. "What seems to be the problem? I hope you don't have any issues due to your... condition. After all, we did more than we had to, to enable you to stay here." I couldn't argue with him on that. The reconstruction at the campus during the summer ensured that every place was accessible even for someone my size.

"Dean Roberts, hello. It is actually." I said flapping with my arm holding the letter. "I got this letter saying that-"

"Saying that every student needs to earn a credit in physical education during the study at our university in order to successfully complete it, yes, I'm aware."

"I don't mean to be disrespectful, sir, but..."

"...you can hardly expect me to do a cartwheel or something." I said before taking a big bite out of my third huge 20-pound burger. Brian certainly had great taste when it came to a restaurant choice. "You know what he told me?" I asked him with my mouth full. "He told me that 'obesity is not a disability' and that I 'should have rethought my life choices back when I still could fit through doors.' Can you believe it?! What an asshole!"

"Yeah..." Brian muttered absent-mindedly, awed, watching me make way through my oversized meal.

"You know, it's quite flattering to see you gaping at me with your jaw nearly hitting the table, but I'd really appreciate it if you were actually listening to me."

"Yeah..." He mumbled again before shaking his head. "I... What?!"

"Oh, nothing..." I lifted my mostly eaten burger. "Could you bring me another one of these?"

"So what are you going to do?" Brian asked, able to perceive reality once more.

"Desserts... How many cakes do you think they have?" I wasn't hungry and I didn't even feel like eating more than I already did, but I just needed something else to occupy my mind.

"I mean..."

"I know what you meant. I just..." I sighed. "I honestly have no idea. This just fucks up everything!"

"Maybe you could take swimming." Brian offered.

"I thought about it. After all, I did float without even trying to, last time I was in a pool, but when I looked at it, they require some crazy fast times. And can you imagine me getting out of the pool? No thanks."

"Ok, no swimming." Brian was scratching his head, thinking. "There must be something you could take!" I just shrugged.

We talked and ate... and ate and ate. We - meaning mostly me when it came to eating. I won't deny I was delighted when Brian asked me out. Whole summer I worried he would change his mind and that he wouldn't want to socialize with me anymore. That he would be embarrassed to be seen with me in public.

Generally speaking I had a great time with him and it seemed he was enjoying the date as well. To be honest I didn't even notice when lunch became dinner. Not until my midsection

started to push into my breasts so much, that I was afraid to eat more, in order to be still able to leave on my own.

The door of the elevator opened revealing slightly out of breath Brian, who ran up the stairs. For some reason he refused to share the elevator with me, despite it being fully renovated. He walked me to my reworked dorm room. During the summer they tore down the wall splitting my room and the one next to it, significantly enlarging my living space. It still felt pretty crowded even with just the two of us in it. I hooked my boobs to an elaborate series of pulleys that allowed me to manipulate them without too much effort, setting them down from the platform and pushing it aside, so I could get into my studded bed. The frame of the bed cried out when I sat down on it.

“Can I bring you something? Help you with anything?” Brian asked me.

“Uhm... do you think you could help me take off my shirt?”

“What?!” Blood was rushing to his cheeks. “I- Are you sure?”

“Yeah... You’d be surprised how much trouble it gives me at my size...”

Brian was pulling at the fabric of my top, nervously maneuvering afraid to touch me as if I was a delicate flower that could shatter underneath his touch. He stepped with one foot on my vacated platform to pull the top over my head, but just as he pulled it off, the platform slipped under him sending him plummeting face first onto my now bared bosom. I cried out in surprise and then moaned in pleasure and relief when squirming Brian accidentally massaged my itchy flesh that was bothering me the whole day. “Well someone’s taking it quickly.” I chuckled. “Bold move, mister!”

“Sorry, sorry, sorry!” He cried out still face down, his voice muffled by my tits. It was quite funny watching him trying to get up without using his hands, afraid to touch my exposed skin.

“Brian, you’re basically motorboating me, I think there’ll be no harm if you move to second base...”

At last he rose back to his feet, his face redder than tomato and trying unsuccessfully to hide his erection. "I'm so sorry!" He apologized again, but I wasn't mad at him in the least.

"Come here, silly." I said, patting the little space on my bed that wasn't occupied by my body. Reluctantly he did as I said. Reluctantly, because he still felt embarrassed to touch me and there was no way to sit so close next to me without touching my breasts. "I think we skipped one base." I said grinning, pulling his face to mine, kissing his lips. A kiss he gladly returned.

Chapter 5

Believe it or not I didn't gain any weight in my final year at the university... OK, that was a lie, but nevertheless I didn't gain **that** much weight. After all, what's a meager gain of 50 pounds on a stature like mine? It did put me over the mark of a thousand pounds though... I didn't really feel any heavier than I was before, but my tit platform did notice the difference though. Yep, you've guessed it, most of the weight went straight to my chest again. The platform still managed to serve its purpose, but overflowed by my flesh and squealing underneath its weight it wasn't going to last for long.

Brian and I were officially an item and I think it was fair to say we were both madly in love. Right now we were looking for a place where we could live together, a place that would suit the requirements of my extraordinary size. It wasn't as easy a task as you might imagine...

"How are you doing back there, love?" Brian asked with his hands firmly clasped around the steering wheel. Not that I was able to see him.

"Ever tried to put on clothes you wore when you were twelve? Yeah? Well, now imagine that sensation but with solid walls instead!" I snapped back grumpily.

"I'm sorry, this was the biggest car I could get."

I let out a sigh. "I know, it's hardly your fault that I'm too big for a van..." That was not an overstatement. In the van made for seven people, my body easily occupied the space for five... and it wasn't a good fit either. I sat in the middle of the far back seat, with a bit of an unoccupied space on both sides next to my bottom. The seats in the middle had to be taken out and my boobs spread forward pressing against the two seats in the front. From wall to wall, from ceiling to the floor, every square inch was filled with my squishy bosom. "I still feel a bit under the weather. Sorry if I'm taking it out on you..." I mumbled into the fleshy wall that blocked my view completely.

"It's alright, babe. It sucks that you don't feel well on your birthday. I really thought you'd feel better by now." Brian said.

"Yeah, me too. I do feel a bit better than I did, so I hope it won't take long now."

Throughout the last week or so I was feeling nauseous, the mere thought of food made me retch, and so I wasn't eating much... for my standards anyway. I even lost a couple of pounds!

It was my twenty-fourth birthday and we were heading to my parents' house to celebrate, as was the family tradition. It was also the first time Brian would meet with the rest of my family, even Kelly was supposed to be there, and despite my sickness I was really excited about that. You see, I never told him much about my "little" family and I was looking forward to seeing the look on his face. I was a bit worried too though. I don't think I ever told him about the curse that ran in our family and I wondered how he would react when he would find out that the very much immobile Kelly was merely 130 pounds before she turned 25...

Throughout the ride my nausea was slowly but surely fading away. I was even beginning to feel quite hungry by the time Brian asked: "Is this the place? Are we there?"

"Can't see anything past my boobs, I'm afraid... You'll have to describe the house for me."

"Oh, right... sorry."

As it turned out, we were at the right place. It took a better part of an hour however to get me out of the inadequate vehicle. My nausea was just an unpleasant memory when we arrived

at the front door and I couldn't wait to fill my empty stomach. *Guess I'm gonna enjoy my birthday after all!* I glanced at Brian and saw he was getting more nervous with every passing moment. Suddenly feeling very sorry for the guy, I decided to give him a bit of a heads up. "Just so you know, uhm..." I started unsure of how to put it, "my family, well, we tend to be on the bigger side. Though I'm pretty unique when it comes to my, ehm, endowments." I said motioning to my breasts.

"I'll keep that in mind." He said before taking in a big breath and ringing the bell.

The front door slowly opened, revealing the plump figure of my mother. I learned to perceive my mother as the slim one in our family and so it came as a bit of a surprise how big she seemed to be, standing next to my actually slim boyfriend.

"Courtney!" She exclaimed. "Happy birthday!" She opened her arms and took a step forward as if in an attempt to hug me before she stopped herself, realizing it wouldn't work. Instead she turned to Brian. "And you must be Brian! Courtney told me so much about you."

"S-she did?" He asked timidly.

"Of course she did." My mom said with a big smile on her face. "Now come here." She said before pulling Brian in a squishy embrace.

"Mooom!" A loud shout came from inside the house. My mom let go of Brian and headed inside. "Come on inside you two." She told us before shouting in response. "I'm coming!"

Alone again Brian turned to me. "I see what you meant about your family."

I chuckled. *You **really** don't.*

"Daddy!" I rushed to my father, temporarily forgetting about my size. I was so glad to see him. He was so often missing from our family gatherings that it felt like I haven't seen him in ages. Before I realized what I was doing I managed to knock out the breath of him, pinning him to the wall with my boobs. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" I yelped, carefully backing away.

"It's alright." he managed to mumble gasping for air, slowly sliding down to the floor and out of my view. "It's good to see you, Court. Happy birthday." His voice came from somewhere behind the wall of my tits. Brian, always the caring one, rushed to him, disappearing as well.

"I'm so sor-" My apology was interrupted by my stomach, emitting sounds resembling a thunder rather than your regular growl.

"Go on, honey. I'm sure I'll be fine with this young gentleman." I didn't need to be told twice.

I left the now chattering men and hurried to the living room. It was by far the biggest room in the house, yet it still felt crowded. And there were only four of us... Amber and Cheryl were sitting on the couch, leaving only a little unoccupied space on the four seated furniture. Amber never did shed the pregnancy weight and now she was at least as big as Cheryl was. And then there was Kelly...

At my size it didn't happen very often that I was feeling small, however Kelly definitely achieved that. Maybe she wasn't gaining anymore, but she still belonged to a category of her own. Amber, Cheryl and I were all too big to fall into the category of morbid obesity, yet Kelly still outweighed the three of us put together. Kelly was so damn big, she looked a bit like she was melting and it was getting quite difficult to tell where one body part ended and where the other started. There was nothing on Kelly's body you could call small, but there was a part of her that still stood out. Her ass was huge! In fact, she was so big she would probably need a whole couch for each of her butt cheeks. Today she had to settle for the floor though, but looking at the way she polished food, she didn't seem like she was bothered by it. I heard Brian gasp behind me.

"That is what I meant."

It's been days since I enjoyed a proper meal and I was starving. My sisters might have had a head start, but I was devouring food with such ferocity that I was quickly closing the gap.

"You know, I wonder," Cheryl started, always the provocateur, "which one of you can actually eat more."

“That’s easy. It’s Kelly.” Amber said. “Just look at their size difference! Don’t get me wrong, Boobzilla here is getting ridiculously huge but... come on! Let’s be real.”

“Oh, I’m not so sure about that. I haven’t seen Kelly gobbling down food with such a passion as our ‘little’ sister does in years.” Cheryl said. “If only there was a way to find out for sure...”

Kelly and I were eyeing each other in silent challenge when my mom entered pushing a huge cart filled with food. She had a serious expression on her face and I thought it meant an end to Cheryl’s shenanigans. I was going to be surprised though. “My money,” she said, “is on Courtney.”

And so we started. Our competition went on for the rest of the day and deep into the night. You might be asking which one of us emerged victorious in the end, but I guess you might have come to the right conclusion on your own. After all, mothers always know best. The truth to be told, when Kelly finally conceded, I wasn’t even feeling that full and I could go on for a couple of hours... and so I did.

“Congratulations,” the doctor said, “you’re pregnant!”

“What?! But... I... What?!” I was unable to convey a coherent thought. “Oh crap!” I looked at my already giant boobs in horror, imagining them growing, producing milk. *Shitshitshit! I’m gonna outgrow our house!*

My pregnancy was... rough. I remembered the days, back at the uni, where I was plagued by uncontrollable hunger. I looked back at those days wishing they would come back. Next to how ravenous I was now, it seemed as if I was just a little bit peckish back then. Now I was literally insatiable. Most days I ended up crying in desperation. I did nothing but eat, eat and eat, yet it was never enough. Brian was my rock in those days. Since I was unable to do pretty much anything on my own I had to rely on him heavily. He worked hard to take care of

my every whim, somehow even ensuring I would always have food to eat. Spending every waking second stuffing my face obviously didn't come without consequences. Oh man, how did I grow!

My hips and posterior flared out, now easily filling a three seater couch, my belly pressed forward into my bosom filled with more than just food these days and my boobs... They ballooned. I could even see them growing! It didn't take long before I was imprisoned inside our house. Even if I wasn't immobilized by their massive weight, they would have to tear down a wall just to get me out... And that's exactly what happened when the time of delivery was closing in.

To be honest, I've never been a big fan of doctors. The 'you need to lose weight' gets old pretty quickly and I've been listening to that at every appointment since my early teens. So the thorough physical examination I had to go through wasn't a pleasant experience for me. The fact that the only place with a large enough medical facility for me was at the ZOO didn't help the matter in the slightest. My attending doctor was a kind looking man with graying hair, who spoke with a calm and gentle voice. He did a great job acting as if he had to deal with patients of my size every day. I still felt the need to apologize for causing inconveniences.

"Nurse, let's fill in the patient's basic information. Shall we? Alright then. Name?"

"Courtney Sullivan."

"Weight?"

The nurse looked closely at the numbers on the massive scale. "One thousand four hundred and twenty-seven pounds."

"Height?" The doctor asked, but received no answer. "What's the patient's height?" He repeated.

"Uhm, this might sound like a silly question, but..." the nurse asked anxiously, "from head to toe or from the floor to the top of her breasts?"

The day little Allison was born was the happiest day of my life. Never before I truly understood what unconditional love really meant. That's why the following months were so frustrating for me. I was too big. I couldn't even take care of myself, relying on Brian's help with pretty much everything, so how could I take care of the helpless little baby? I couldn't even feed her by myself, my nipples got out of my reach a long time ago... Often I worried I would become just the 'big milk thing' for her, instead of being her mother. It came as a big relief for me when we realized that Allison was happy only when she was confided to the safety of my warm and soft cleavage rather than to her cradle.

Allison was one hungry baby, after all she was her mother's daughter, spending a lot of time in Brian's arms latched to my nipple. Fortunately my breasts weren't all fat, producing more than enough milk for dozens of hungry babies. She was growing so fast, only four months old and she was already over 25 pounds of love. It was lovely to see her sleeping contently between my breasts with a smile spread across her chubby cheeks. It couldn't diminish the growing nervousness I felt. Tomorrow was my big day. The day of my 25th birthday and I was terrified. Already immobilized by my size I couldn't imagine how much bigger I could possibly get. Kelly weighed a little over a ton and I right now was more than ten times the size she was when the curse hit her. Even more frightening for me was the thought about how hungry I could get. I recalled just how hungry I was during my pregnancy and... I rather pushed the thought out of my mind again. *There's no way I could get **that** hungry again!* I thought, calming myself a little. If only I knew how wrong I was...

I... cannot find the words to describe what I was feeling when I woke up the next morning. The 'I was more hungry than ever before' while certainly true just doesn't do it justice. There was... a void inside my stomach. Absolute emptiness. It felt like space between stars. Heck, it felt as if I could swallow the Moon and still feel just as empty. I trembled uncontrollably, causing my breasts to wobble like the waves in the ocean. And I started crying. It wasn't a proud moment of my life, a grownup woman crying like a baby for someone to feed her. It turned out that Brian was better prepared than I ever could be. That amazing man spent the last year, since he found out about my condition, preparing for this moment. He knew it would be impossible for me to eat as fast as my body would require and so he made sure I didn't have to. He gently attached a tube to my mouth. At first I felt awkward, like I was a livestock meant for fattening. Those feelings subsided once the food started coming in at such a pace I could barely gulp it down. This was how I spent most of my days, the constant stream of food only rarely stopping. Even so I hardly ever felt satisfied...

A whole year had passed and for me it certainly was a big year that brought a lot of changes. It kinda tends to happen when you gain weight the way I did.

"What does the scale say? How much did I gain?" I asked Brian, who was... somewhere in the same room, hidden from my sight by my own body.

"You've gained... 258 pounds."

Well, you might think it isn't that bad to gain 258 pounds considering my already respectable weight and you would be right. Then again there is the slight problem that this number wasn't as much my gain in a year as it was my gain in the last month. And since it was pretty much an average month in my year... Well, I'm sure you can do the math yourself.

"How do you feel now that you're officially over two tons, Court?"

"Heavy... and also quite a bit hungry too." *Great... I haven't eaten for 12 minutes and I'm already starving!*

I remember how big I thought Kelly was... now she could probably fit inside one of my boobs. Since I still had a couple of years of growing ahead of me, I could only wonder how big I would end up. *Two tons... That is surreal!* Obviously I knew for a long time that this milestone was coming, but it still was a lot to get my head around. It made sense though... Lately I was really starting to get too big for our house. As always, most of the weight found its way to my boobs. I don't know why I kept gaining there and I stopped trying to figure that out a long time ago. My theory was that god is just a pervert. (Since I'm technically the god of her universe, she's 100 % spot on)

The sheer size of my breasts was becoming a real issue. They were only like a half an inch from touching the ceiling and there wasn't much space keeping them from the walls either. We had to move, there was no question in my mind about it. I had no idea, however, how to do it given my size...

Epilogue

The family gathered to celebrate my birthday. I certainly wasn't your average sixteen year old, but that was only to be expected given how the rest of my family looked like.

Most people would say I'm fat, the doctor said I was morbidly obese when I was half my current weight, but I never really saw myself as fat. Sure, I have a belly that rests on my thighs when I sit down, but it is hardly my most eye-catching feature. In fact you can't even see it when you look at me. My bosom makes sure of that. What can I say? I am my

mother's daughter after all. I like to think of myself as being curvy. I already mentioned my bosom and size wise my posterior isn't far behind. So you could say it reaches quite far behind me. There is a reason why I prefer to sit on two chairs these days... Some might say that I am too curvy, but personally I don't think there can be too much of a good thing. I mean, just look at my mom! So what if she is larger than the house she grew up in? Each of her breasts weighs over four tons and she looks absolutely stunning! I hope that I'll be as big as she is one day. Bigger! There, I've said it! I love to eat. Even more than eating, I love the effect it has on my body. To be honest I can't wait for the family curse to hit me! It must feel so incredible to grow larger and larger! But I'm getting off topic.

From the outside my parents' house seems to be huge, but since a good half of it is taken up by my mother, it really isn't as big as it looks. Now when the rest of the family has arrived there isn't much space left for anything else. The little room that is left is filled with what seems to be an insane amount of food, but I'm quite certain it won't be enough.

I am the youngest of the family, but I certainly am not the smallest. That title belongs to Alice, daughter of my aunt Amber. At about 200 pounds she isn't really skinny, but she does appear that way next to my aunts and mother. Or next to me for that matter. Despite being the younger one I outweigh her easily by more than three hundred pounds. These days I am closing the gap between me and my aunts quite rapidly. Well, two of them anyway. I am still no match for aunt Kelly.

I was eating with gusto, taking bites from burgers in each of my hands, eating my way to a food coma, to that blissful state where nothing in the world mattered. I wasn't a big eater. After all, it only took me like four hours of constant eating to feel absolutely stuffed. I patted my bloated belly hidden underneath my boobs and let out a satisfied sigh.

"Can you imagine," aunt Kelly said between munches, "how big will Allison get when the curse hits her?"