

The door to the estate was opened by the butler, after which, without saying a word, he escorted Kirill to the chambers of the mistress of the mansion.

Having knocked on the door and named the guest, the butler received permission to let the visitor inside the chambers.

Having entered inside, Kirill found himself in an extremely spacious room, where he saw an incredible size canopy bed on which the hostess was sitting.

She was dressed in a nightgown and a light robe. Ideally, the nightgown, which diverged under the chest into two overlapping floors, should have hung freely to the floor, covering the legs, but its length barely reached the knees. The reason for this was greatly enlarged breasts, diverging sides, a fattened butt and an incredibly enlarged belly, protruding through a cut hanging below the perineum, like a drum, covered with stretch marks, which was incredibly enlarged from excessive gluttony. From which a hungry roar came booming.

Katya hasn't eaten anything on purpose since yesterday morning. For such an insatiable glutton like her, this was a real test, but the anticipation of how she would amaze Kirill with her strength, combined with her own indomitable will, which allowed her to become such an immense glutton, kept her from breaking down and eating something earlier time.

The servants served the first light breakfast. And they left the mistress's room. Katya took off her robe and hung it on a hook.

She started with an omelette and seventeen German sausages.

German sausages were slightly larger than usual, fifteen centimeters in length and two in diameter. But the omelette was impressive in size. It was made from fifteen eggs, five packages of bacon and half a wheel of cheese.

Katya didn't even chew the sausages, but simply pushed them down her throat, and then pushed them down with a piece of omelette, which, in turn, was pushed by the next sausage. And so on in a circle.

The spectacle with which Katya greedily and gracefully stuffed an omelette with sausages into herself evoked slight horror mixed with excitement in Kirill.

Finally, when the last piece of the omelette was visible between her lips, Katya closed them and, taking a strong sip, playfully stuck out the tip of her tongue.

- Well, is it impressive? "She asked in a voice full of arrogance.

- Not the word how. "The only thing Kirill could squeeze out was his voice, hoarse with excitement.

He had already seen how Katya stuffed dozens of bowls of rice into herself or how she ate herself half to death in restaurants. But the sight of how she dealt with an omelette weighing almost four kilograms without chewing was truly mesmerizing. Although the exact emotions of what he saw were difficult for him to describe. It was an explosive mixture of surprise, admiration, excitement, including sexual and fear.

Animal, primal fear of a predator. But it was he who increased the release of adrenaline and other hormones, increasing excitement.

Grinning with pleasure from the effect produced, Katya heartily patted herself on the belly, with such force that her palm was completely immersed in a layer of fat. After which, she belched satiatedly and began devouring sandwiches with cutlets, cheese, eggs and mayonnaise.

Each sandwich consisted of two square pieces of black bread, each one and a half fingers thick, between which lay a cutlet three fingers thick and half the size of a piece of bread. On top of it lay a mini fried egg of three eggs and

the whole thing was filled with mayonnaise to such an extent that the sandwiches looked more like a cream cake with mayonnaise instead of cream.

Like omelettes, Katya devoured sandwiches almost without chewing. Each sandwich required four bites. From the beginning, the glutton forcefully pushed it into her mouth as far as there was room, after which she closed her jaws, made several chews and swallowed.

Despite the frantic pace of breakfast, Katya maintained manners and decency as much as possible under such circumstances. Therefore, the girl was wearing a beautifully decorated apron, covering her chest and the very top of her stomach, and her hands were dressed in elegant disposable gloves.

Having belched satisfyingly after the last ninth sandwich, Katya carefully took off her gloves and defiantly patted herself on her fat belly in the stomach area. Due to the amount of fat he had acquired from daily overeating, it was difficult to tell how much his stomach was bloated. Although the nightgown began to leave less and less room for imagination.

In response to the pats, low, muffled gurgling sounds were heard from the depths of this greasy mountain, indicating that the process of digesting this mountain of food was already underway.

Patting herself again, Katya got out of bed, arched back, demonstrating her heavier and enlarged belly.

- Well, how? – Katya asked, shaking her ball of flesh a little to the right and left. From which came the sounds of gurgling and splashing.

-Impressive. – Kirill said.

Katya smiled. And she flopped back onto the edge of the bed. She gently stroked her belly and said:

- Kirill, bring that cart over to me.

Kirill obediently complied with the request. The cart had three tiers, on each tier there was a bowl thirty-five centimeters in diameter with a small spout on one edge. All of them were filled almost to the brim with bran. And next to them stood a liter crystal jug of milk, a bowl with half a kilogram of condensed

milk, and two two hundred gram chocolate bars. A silver table spoon lay on a napkin nearby.

Having meticulously examined the contents of the cart, Katya, with quick, practiced movements, broke both chocolate bars into a bowl, stirred with a spoon, poured out all the condensed milk, and poured milk on top of the resulting mixture.

Having mixed it all and waited a little, Katya took the bowl in her hands, raised her nose to her lips and began pouring it into herself and swallowing it with the greed of a person dying of thirst. She scraped off the rest with a tablespoon.

From that moment on, Kirill could clearly see how Katya's stomach was swelling from food. With every sip, my stomach pushed the hem of my nightgown apart.

Belching slightly, Katya tried to move forward to take the bowl from the middle tier, but realized that her fairly full stomach was preventing her. Usually she ate only one such bowl and therefore was not aware of this small trap.

Pretending that everything was in order and she was simply stretching, since her pride did not allow her to admit even such weakness in the presence of Kirill. Then she leaned back, leaning on her hands, demonstrating the achievements of her inhuman gluttony and willpower, and said in a slightly arrogant voice:

- Kirill, could you change the bowls?

Oh, it's only halfway through breakfast, and she can't even bend over anymore. What have you brought yourself to? What will happen for dinner? Thought Kirill.

Without saying anything, with the gentlest smile he could muster, he did as she asked.

The second bowl went just as briskly as the first. Only the sounds of gurgling from the womb increased.

By this point, the shirt hung helplessly along the sides, barely covering even a quarter of the belly, swollen from eating.

In the middle of the thirds some difficulties arose. They were tied with a strong ribbon that ran somewhere under the chest. The ribbon began to cut into the growing belly, causing discomfort.

Without thinking twice, Katya pulled off her nightgown.

A sight appeared before Kirill, not as impressive as the stomach, but to some extent much more intimate. The spectacle of large, size six female breasts spilling out of an almost torn bra. The bra was too small, as they had not yet had time to make a new one to order, due to constantly changing measurements. But Katya's pride did not allow her to order for growth.

Having enjoyed Kirill's reaction, Katya said in a dissatisfied voice:

- How long are you going to stand like a statue and drool like a dog on a bitch, or will you help?

- A? Yes now.

Kirill went up to Katya and helped her take off her shirt, which was stuck in the chest area.

Katya leaned back slightly, sticking out her belly forward. After this, it became clearly visible how the stomach, swollen from swallowed food, appeared as a lump in the upper abdomen, lifting the lower fat layers with it.

By this point, my stomach had already begun to ache and give signals that the space in it would soon run out. The pain was not severe and barely noticeable.

After sitting like this for a couple of minutes, Katya rubbed the top and continued pouring the contents of the third bowl into herself. Which made Katya's stomach swell more and more.

Having finished with her and having burped satisfyingly, she without a break began to destroy the cookies, which Kirill had already placed on a tray next to her.

The cookies were served in neatly opened packages, with two glasses of cream next to each.

There were no problems. Katya still swallowed without chewing. With cookies it was much easier, one cookie in your mouth, a sip of cream, repeat until you run out.

Having finished the cookies, Katya burped satisfyingly. Enjoying the process, she lazily rubbed the top point of her stomach.

She was full by the second or third sandwich, and the rest of the meal was pure gluttony.

Katya promised to demonstrate everything she was capable of, and she was not going to give up because of some kind of satiety. So much had already been eaten during this “light” breakfast; she usually ate it all day. Of course, in preparation for this day, she greatly increased her portions, but even so, it was already a third of the maximum amount she ate per day.

After sitting for a minute, Katya held out her hand for a chocolate-nut roll and a pot of tea.

Overall he weighed about four kilograms. But the glutton’s main problem was not the weight of the treat, but the fact that it was impossible to stuff it whole into his mouth. Therefore, Katya was forced to eat it with a spoon, albeit a large one; she felt all four kilograms of roll and a liter of tea.

Having finished the roll and sighing heavily, Katya leaned back, belching loudly in victory. She cast a strengthening spell on herself. These were combat spells designed to strengthen muscles in close combat, ease pain, speed up wound healing and digestion. But the glutton used them primarily to strengthen her abdominal muscles.

Katya felt bad, she was already a little nauseous, her stomach was noticeably painful. Every breath began to give off intense pain. And despite all this, not a single muscle on her face trembled in pain.

The spells finally worked and the pain went away, and in its place came a feeling of emptiness in the stomach and a slight hunger.

Kirill looked fascinated at the ball of flesh rising and falling with every breath, resting on his knees, containing a little more than thirty kilograms of

food, and this was just the first light breakfast, a warm-up. And ahead, Katya had seven more meals ahead.

Half an hour later the second breakfast was served.

By this point, the slight hunger turned into real hunger of a person who had not eaten for a couple of days.

Katya's second breakfast began with a bowl, the same size as for bran, but this time with a heap filled with amazingly delicious-smelling oatmeal porridge with cream and nuts, the smell of which even made Kirill drool.

The flow of saliva from Katya's mouth was simply indecent. Her eyes burned with a hungry, insatiable fire, and her stomach growled like a hungry beast.

The first bowl of porridge was literally gobbled up in a matter of minutes. The second one met the same fate. Before the third, Katya made a short pause to burp loudly and satisfyingly. And then, imposingly lounging on the bed and rubbing his somewhat diminished belly, watch as Kirill carries out a change of dishes. Exchanges two empty bowls for two full ones.

It would seem impossible that a person's stomach, after two bowls of porridge of almost ten kilograms each, would decrease, but in Katya's case, the explanation was simple.

She used magic to incredibly strengthen the muscles of her stomach, and now it was squeezing its contents more and more tightly. It was complex magic, with a delayed effect and gradual intensification. Katya also used the magic of increasing the elasticity of tissues, for the moment when the compression force was not enough and accelerated digestion. Although the latter hardly helped, since she was unable to cope with the monstrous sweat of food that the girl stuffed into herself.

Finally the bowls were put down, and Katya began cleaning again. Halfway through the third, She took it with one hand, brought it to her lips and began to spoon its contents into her mouth. The process went even faster than

with the first one. The last one was drunk in this way right away. Holding the bowl with such ease was again helped by the magic of enhancement.

Kirill did not see Katya's face, since it was hidden from him by the bowl. But he could see her throat working like a pump and her stomach, now swelling, then shrinking again and twitching in time with the gulps. Resting on his knees and sagging between his legs was a skin of lard on the outside with a bottomless barrel inside.

With a loud slurp, interrupted by a loud, long burp, Katya finished her fourth bowl of porridge and forcefully lowered it onto the cart.

- It was delicious. So, give me those pancakes now.

Kirill obeyed the order as if spellbound. Despite, or perhaps because of, her current appearance, Katya exuded a special aura. An aura of unquestioning dominance and submission. An aura of unwavering leadership.

Kirill placed in front of Katya a tray with a plate on which stood four stacks of ten fluffy, ruddy pancakes the thickness of a finger and the diameter of a small saucer. On top they were generously poured with a kilogram of honey and another one and a half whipped cream.

Katya, after briefly looking at all this wealth, thinking how it would be better and more convenient for her to eat it, took up the knife and, after thinking a little more, put them aside.

- Kirill, I will need your help. Even you can cope with such a task. Move this cart with pancakes, put a chair on it. You will sit on it and hold the tray not far from my mouth. "Katya said this in an orderly, tough voice that did not admit disobedience.

- I will eat pancakes with my hands, and I don't want to get dirty like a pig. Did you understand your task? Or too weak to hold the measly tray?

- I'm not as stupid and weak as you think.

- I'm glad. Let's get started.



After some short preparations, Katya started making pancakes. She grabbed a stack of four pieces, scooped up a thick amount of cream and, opening her rock as wide as possible, began to stuff the entire stack.

The pancakes resisted, they did not fit well across the width, they tried to break and did not want to fit into Katya's mouth. But after a short struggle, they gave up and began their journey into Katya's overflowing, insatiable womb.

Realizing that this method of eating was too slow, Katya decided to stuff the pancakes one at a time. The process went quickly, like on an assembly line. To further speed up the process, the glutton began to use both hands. While one pancake was being swallowed almost without chewing, the second was already being brought to the lips, the third was generously scooping up honey and cream. And so on in a circle. Until all the pancakes are gone.

The sight from Kirill's perspective was fascinating and frightening at the same time. On the one hand, it was simply the process of eating, and on the other... On the other hand, it was an act of almost animal rage, an act in which primal instincts were given free rein. Watching a high-born noblewoman descend to an animal state, stuffing an immense amount of food into herself with inhuman greed, obeying some hidden desires and instincts, was magnificent.

Katya carefully scraped off the remaining cream and honey with a spoon, and then went through it with her hands. She licked her fingers thoroughly. And then she washed them and her smeared face with a damp towel.

She let out a victorious belch mixed with a groan, leaned back and began lovingly stroking her belly.

At this point, the size of my belly stopped changing and almost froze at one size. The compression from the amplification has reached its limit. Further, the capacity of Katya's belly depended on the magic of stretching and willpower. How much pain can she endure? True, in extreme cases, Katya had pain-relieving magic and powerful healing magic. And a couple more trump cards that she didn't want to use yet.

The next item on the menu was large, three kilograms each, steaks with half a kilo of mayonnaise and a dozen eggs on each. Katya didn't even try to stuff them whole into her mouth, limiting herself to large pieces that she could,

following the established tradition of the evening, simply swallow without chewing. The steaks were moving hard, you could see how each piece of them was winning a place in the stomach. Katya's belly swelled with literally every bite.

It was a slight stretch, literally one millimeter, per piece. But when there are a lot of these pieces, and they come in a continuous stream, this becomes noticeable. Katya literally pumped herself full of meat, eggs and mayonnaise.

If you listen, you could hear groans and creaks through the boredom of the knife, the slurping and swallowing and gurgling. As was understandable, Katya's stomach creaked and groaned.

He creaked and groaned, trying to fit in all these tens of kilograms of poorly chewed food. He groaned and seethed, trying to digest the insane flow of fatty and heavy foods entering him in incredible volumes. He no longer even tried to convey to his mistress that he was full, he had enough, since he had long ago realized that asking her about it was useless. The only thing he did was pray to the stomach gods to stop this endless flow of food. But the gods were either deaf to his pleas, or they had other plans for that day. Therefore, the flow of food did not stop.

Having caught her breath, after the fifth steak and spreading her legs wider, Katya started coffee and cherry pies for dessert. Each pie weighed about a kilogram and was conveniently cut into pieces. The process of eating them was simple, a whole piece in the mouth, a large sip of coffee, the next piece. Repeat until victory.

What sounds easy in words has some difficulties in practice. In this case, the difficulty was the extent to which Katya's belly was full. This monument of greed, or rather the center of this monument - the stomach, had already protruded through the layers of fat to the middle of the thighs, the upper edge was beginning to look for a place among the breasts, and on the sides it was striving for the state of a sphere. Katya herself was already moaning in pain with every sip and breath.

But her willpower and perseverance did not allow her to give up. With incredible persistence, moaning and burping, Katya stuffed herself piece by piece. Piece by piece.

Kirill saw with his own eyes how a caravan of pieces flowed through Katya's throat and found their refuge in her overcrowded stomach, bursting at the seams.

Finally, the last piece of cherry pie finished its journey. Katya burped triumphantly and joyfully and poured the remains of the second half-liter cup of coffee into herself, causing her stomach to let out a not so victorious gurgle.

Without pausing, Katya began to eat the sour cream cake that Kirill had brought with him.

Having decided to somewhat neglect manners for the sake of convenience, Katya began to stuff the cake into herself simply with her hands. The process went surprisingly quickly, but it was still difficult. Having pushed the last piece down her throat, Katya burped loudly, wiped her hands and face with a wet towel, and then leaned back, breathing heavily.

The sight of Katya sitting in this position was impressive. A huge boulder of gurgling white and red flesh towered above the table. It now contained more than a hundred kilograms of various food.

A low, seething-gurgling sound was heard from the depths of her stomach and the top of this monument, right before our eyes, began to descend, and the layer of fatty deposits on Katya's body grew.

First of all, in the abdominal area. Therefore, the initially diminished belly began to grow again, or rather acquire a new layer of fat, hiding the monstrous stomach. A little fat went to the third chin, fat ass and chest.

The panties, if they were there, tore on their own and did not cause any discomfort. But the bra turned out to be surprisingly durable and strong, it was not going to tear itself and caused the owner great discomfort.

Having looked at the result, Katya, without thinking twice, took off her bra and sighed with noticeable relief. Under the force of gravity, the breasts hung along the edges of the abdomen, emphasizing its incredible dimensions.

Now, the glutton's stomach contained a measly ninety kilograms of food.

Half an hour later the first lunch began to be served. Serving took another fifteen minutes. During all this time, Katya managed to get pretty hungry. And her stomach was already making a hungry rumbling sound.

As soon as the servants left the bedroom, Katya attacked the food. The beginning of lunch was reminiscent of refueling a car, with the difference that instead of gasoline there was soup, and instead of a gas tank, Katya's stomach.

Katya simply poured six liter bowls of cheese soup into herself overflowing. Plate after plate, like a pump. The throat rhythmically pushed the contents of the plates into the overflowing tank. Sip after sip, sip after sip.

With every sip, my stomach expanded more and more. The speed at which it grew was reminiscent of pumping up a balloon. Big hot air balloon. He groaned, he creaked and continued to swell.

The first three plates were empty in about thirty seconds each. After the fourth plate, Katya, having satisfied her acute hunger, belched satiatedly and forcefully patted her belly on the side.

Next came seventeen home-style cutlets. Each of them was the size of two fists of a large, adult man.

But the glutton's trained throat passed the cutlet test with honor. Two bites. For each cutlet, Katya only needed two bites. She forcefully pushed the cutlet as deep into her mouth as possible, after which she took a bite and, having chewed several times, swallowed the contents and poured soup on top as a lubricant.

Kirill looked fascinated at how the poorly chewed half of the cutlet passed through the girl's throat. I admired how, wheezing and moaning, Katya non-stop, like an automatic machine, stuffed cutlet after cutlet into herself. As with each new piece swallowed, the glutton's stomach pushes away layers of fat and breaks towards the surface of the skin.

At some point, he caught himself thinking that he incredibly wanted to touch this creaking, gurgling cauldron of flesh. The desire was so

strong that Kirill almost voiced it out loud. But he stopped in time and pulled himself together.

“There’s no time for that now, control yourself Kirill Yeletsky. This is the culmination of your revenge. This is not the time and place to give vent to your feelings.” Kirill mentally scolded himself. Hoping that he would have enough willpower, at least until the end of the second dinner.

After the cutlets with soup, Katya burped satisfyingly several times, and for a minute stroked the top of her almost spherical belly, stealing glances at Kirill, catching his admiring glance.

Having finished with the massage, Katya got out of bed and stretched, demonstrating all the beauty and power of her belly. And there was something to demonstrate there. A huge ball of flesh extended forward from the body more than half a meter, parallel to the floor. From its top, like an iceberg, rose a mound of a stomach filled beyond all measure, containing more than a hundred kilograms of various food.

Despite the strengthening spells, it was incredibly difficult and painful for Katya to stand like that.

It was difficult because, despite her own weight, which had long since exceeded the second quintal. Katya's center of mass was now in her stomach, which protruded far beyond the central axis, which, with all its hundred kilograms of content, pulled Katya forward.

The slightest movement and even just standing caused pain from the stretching skin on the abdomen. A separate bouquet of pain came from the overfilled and distended stomach, which courageously held everything in itself, with the exception of the already boiled food that the hostess had swallowed, and despite its condition, was not going to part with its contents through the route of its arrival.

Katya hid her pain behind a smile of arrogant superiority frozen on her face. All she allowed herself was small, slightly sexual moans.

After standing like that for about thirty seconds, Katya climbed onto the bed with her feet and crawled along it a little, choosing the softest place, throwing several pillows there for height, and placed her belly on this improvised pedestal. Katya was on her knees, with her legs slightly spread apart, and her stomach rested gurgling on a pedestal of pillows.

-So, Kirill, if you want to see my power in all its glory, then you will serve me plates. Objections?

-No. And your power is impressive.

- Glad to hear it. Then let's get started.

The next dish I had was creamy mashed potatoes. It was presented in the form of neat rounded hills, with slopes decorated with greenery. Each portion weighed one kilogram. And at first it took no more than a minute and a half to destroy it.

With one hand, Katya held the plate near her mouth, and with the help of a large spoon clutched in her other hand, she scooped the contents into her wide-open mouth.

Katya's belly swelled and took over the expanses of pillows beneath it.

The first five plates went by quickly. Halfway through the sixth, Katya began to slow down. By the ninth plate, the pace had completely dropped, and after each swallowed spoon, Katya needed time to catch her breath.

Having stuffed it, and with incredible difficulty swallowing the last spoon of the eleventh plate, Katya burped loudly and let out a long moan full of pain and pleasure.

It was not a groan of orgasm, it was a groan from the pain of an incredibly distended stomach, whose strength was coming to an end, mixed with pleasure, from the understanding of how much she had already devoured and a share of despair, how much still had to be gobbled up.

By this moment, the belly expanded even more in breadth and began to move downward. The stomach, majestically and slowly, like an icebreaker in

the ice of the Arctic, pushed apart the layers of fat around itself, protruding more and more forward, up and to the sides.

As soberly as possible in such circumstances, Katya assessed the situation. In a good way, she needed to stop, but she wanted to show Kirill everything that she was capable of and she was not going to give up.

After thinking a little and taking a breath, Katya decided to use strong painkillers and healing spells. It was possible to use acceleration of digestion and digestion, but from them she gained weight too quickly and not that she was worried about it, but some part of her pride told her that this was an undignified change in front of the man she liked.

The mashed potatoes that were supposed to be eaten with the cutlets were followed by bowls of fluffy white rice, topped with a raw egg and thickly doused with mayonnaise. For every one and a half kilograms of rice in the bowl there were two hundred and fifty grams of mayonnaise and one and a half dozen choice eggs.

Katya did not stand on ceremony with bowls of rice. Just like with purees, I held the bowl in my left hand and dumped the contents into my mouth with a spoon clamped in my right.

Thanks to the spells, Katya stopped feeling any discomfort and could fully concentrate on gluttony, without being distracted by such minor factors as pain, nausea or the plea of her stomach that it was at its limit or even narrower.

Thirteen bowls, almost forty kilograms of rice with mayonnaise and an egg moved at lightning speed into the now seemingly bottomless belly of the glutton.

The stomach bulged, like a whale emerging from the depths of the ocean, stretching the skin like water flowing down its skin, where its streams were replaced by freshly formed red stretch marks. The belly, hanging down to the middle of the thigh, protruded sixty centimeters forward and fifteen centimeters on each side.

Katya felt contentedly with her hands the result of her gluttony.

But the highlight of the lunch show was five large thin-crust pizzas, each half a meter long.

First, Katya placed the box with the first pizza on her belly, after which she rolled the pizza into a tight tube and brought it to her lips. Grinning slightly, Katya opened her mouth and, in front of the amazed Kirill's eyes, completely, without chewing, shoved it inside her throat.

From the outside she looked like a sword swallower, but with a pizza instead of a sword.

The spectacle was mesmerizing, Kirill seemed to see in slow motion how Katya's throat was working, pushing the pizza inside over her overfilled belly. Following the first, four more were sent in the same way.

The skin on the abdomen became thin, or rather the mound of the stomach on top, came so close to the skin that at some point, Kirill thought he saw the outline of a pizza roll emerging through the thin skin.

Having belched contentedly, Katya, in a state of slight euphoria from the fact that she had eaten more than forty-five kilograms without the slightest hint of discomfort, began to devour three large, five kilograms each, chocolate cakes with sour cream and curd cream, washing them down with a liter of tea. The principle of eating them was already well known. A whole piece in your mouth, a sip of tea, the next one.

Katya ate cakes with incredible speed and greed; it seemed that the more she ate, the hungrier she became. With each new piece she wanted more, more and more. By the middle of the second cake, Katya threw away her manners and placed the cake on top of her belly, greedily pushing it into her mouth with both hands. Having finished the third, she drank the rest of the tea in one gulp and began to eat the cake presented by Kirill.

It was a four-kilogram cake, "The Milk Girl," and Katya washed it down with a liter of cream.

By this point, Katya's stomach was even more bloated. Now he protruded sixty-five in front and eighteen on the sides, he should have sagged by two-thirds of his hips, but the pillows prevented him from falling below the middle.



A loud belch rang through the room, signaling that Katya had finished her first lunch.

Now, Katya's belly contained one hundred and seventy-three kilograms of food.

Katya's vision and consciousness became a little clouded, this was a side effect of the pain-relieving magic. Another side effect was increased appetite as a result of disruption of the transmission of signals to the brain about satiety. In Katya's case, it was an insatiable hunger.

Katya wanted to eat and eat and eat and eat again. Eat everything you can. Therefore, before serving the second lunch, since it was planned later, Katya had an unplanned snack from what, as they say, was left in the refrigerator.

And what was left in it was quite enough to keep Katya busy while dinner was being prepared.

The remains were several dozen hastily boiled eggs, seven bars of chocolate, two one and a half kilogram bags of bran, three liters of cream and a dozen baguettes.

Katya swallowed the eggs whole without chewing, one after another, like seeds with one hand and crumbling the chocolate into bran with the other. Without ceasing to swallow the eggs, she poured a liter of cream over the bran. She devoured the baguettes in two or three bites, washing them down with plenty of cream.

The stomach became more and more distended and by the end of the snack, its edges were hanging beyond the pillows that supported it.

While Katya was busy with an unscheduled snack, the servants served the second lunch.

By the time it began, Katya's belly contained more than one hundred and eighty-three kilograms and was making extremely alarming rumbling and gurgling sounds, mixed with the skip.

The second lunch began with huge, seven hundred gram burgers.

They were so high that Katya, no matter how much she wanted, could not open her mouth wide enough to bite off the whole burger in one go. But that didn't stop her.

Taking the first burger in her hands, Katya critically examined it from all sides and, holding it between her palms, squeezed it forcefully; the skewer sticking out in the middle and preventing the burger from falling apart worked as a guide. The sauce and cheese poured onto the glutton's belly and chest, but she, completely oblivious to this, calmly brought the flattened burger to her mouth, again using the skewer as a guide, and stuffed the entire burger into her mouth. She chewed it a little and swallowed it.

- It was delicious. – Katya said in the voice of a person who is somewhere not here. - Next!

Kirill served Katya the next burger. The process went too quickly, even too quickly, Kirill barely had time to serve the glutton more and more burgers.

The first three were warm-up exercises, during which Katya practiced her “technique,” and already on the fifth she achieved a certain perfection. She got used to squeezing the burger so that almost no sauce leaked out of it, and the time required for pushing was reduced. By the tenth burger, Katya had gotten used to stuffing them whole into her mouth.

Having belched satisfyingly after the fifteenth, although unpleasant wet notes had already begun to appear in the burp, Katya began to eat the graying dishes. Idaho Potatoes with Cheese and Chicken Nuggets.

It was incredibly easy to eat them; Katya simply stuffed them into her mouth with both hands, with incredible bestial greed. The greed of someone dying of hunger. She pushed, choked, coughed, but did not slow down and continued to eat. In just fifteen minutes, a hundred chicken nuggets and five two-kilogram dishes of Idaho cheese potatoes found their rest in a bottomless tank.

Looking at Katya's belly while she was eating, it evoked a strong association with a balloon being inflated.

With every new sip, with every new bite, the belly grew. Not very noticeable, at some moments more, at others less, but confidently and non-stop. Each new bite made him creak, he was already so swollen from food that it seemed that through the skin one could discern the outlines of the dishes Katya had swallowed whole.

Next came Five four kilogram "three chocolate" cakes and two liters of tea. Three and a half kilograms of "Count Ruins" from Kirill and one and a half liters of cream.

The sight of Katya devouring cakes was almost incredible. With a large spoon, like a ladle, the glutton bit into the cake and put it in her mouth. Piece by piece. Spoon by spoon. From the outside it was a spectacle that did not go beyond the way some gluttons eat at home while they are not seen. But in this case there was one detail that changed a lot.

A detail on the sides of which hung two beautiful breasts of the sixth or already seventh size. A detail that extended forward a good sixty-three centimeters. A part that stuck out eighteen centimeters from each side.

Monumental, pale white with pink spots, cut by a network of red and white stretch marks, a ball of resting flesh, on pillows just above knee level.

Katya's belly could hold more than two hundred and thirty-two kilograms of food and drinks.

The only thing Katya wanted was to eat more and more. Eat until you burst, eat until the all-consuming feeling of hunger disappears.

Taking into account the experience of lunch, as soon as Katya finished her meal, the servants began to serve a new meal. First afternoon tea. And so that Mrs. Katerina would not suffer from hunger pangs, she was given two boxes of forty-eight chocolate bars each. And judging by the appearance, they were bought at a nearby store.

The bars went quickly and easily. Katya put the box on the dome of her stomach and quickly began to tear them off and push them down her throat. Already by tradition, without chewing.

Apparently the servants did not fully appreciate their mistress's increased appetite. And the starving Katya, who by that moment had already eaten only two hundred and thirty-seven kilograms, waited for five whole minutes until her afternoon snack was ready.

Katya's afternoon snack began with ten double hot dogs, with Bavarian sausages, four hundred grams each. Having carefully examined Katya, she did not stand on ceremony and forcefully pushed the hot dog into her throat, in which it almost got stuck, without losing composure, and without thinking twice, Katya forcefully pushed it inside with the next hot dog.

It was extremely difficult to swallow two hot dogs at the same time; they did not want to push down, getting stuck somewhere inside the esophagus, at the entrance to the stomach. The reason was simple: Katya's stomach had reached its limit and could no longer stuff something so large into itself. And most importantly, the pain-relieving magic stopped blocking all the pain coming from her overfilled stomach and stretched skin on her belly. And it was a terrible pain, piercing with every breath. The pain feels like Katya is being torn into thin strips.

Along with the pain, Katya's ability to think soberly returned. And with it came an understanding of the situation she found herself in. Under the influence of magic, she was able to cram much, much more into herself than ever before, and this demonstration of pure power pleased her. But at the same time, she ate so much that without the support of spells she could simply die. More precisely, it will burst like a balloon.

Katya was faced with a choice: either she uses the rapid digestion technique, which is generally safe, but embarrassing, or take the risk of using even more powerful magic of enhancement, healing and pain relief.

There was a third option, which Katya did not consider even on pain of death. Put two fingers in your mouth. This was the simplest and most effective solution to her problem. The only thing that would have suffered under him was Katya's pride.

Gritting her teeth from irritation, slight embarrassment, and incredible pain, Katya made a decision.

The decision was not easy for her, but pride in her strength, her magic, outweighed all possible risks. Katya, losing consciousness from pain, used strong pain-relieving magic. Consciousness became clouded, anxiety and pain were replaced by serenity, peace and incredible hunger. Next, Katya used strong long-lasting healing magic. And finally, another strengthening spell. Almost a berserker spell.

Katya's eyes flashed with the fire of a hungry madman, the muscles throughout her body tensed and became covered with veins. The hungry gaze darted from side to side, unable to decide where best to start.

Before she had time to decide for herself, Kirill handed her a tray of hot dogs. Katya grabbed them with both hands and almost simultaneously stuck them both into her mouth, and not just stuck them, but pushed them down her very throat. Having barely swallowed, she grabbed two more and sent them after the previous ones, and then repeated two more times. After which, she abruptly stood up on the bed to her full height, and like a warrior standing on a mountain of corpses of his enemies, uttering a victorious cry, she uttered a loud, deafening belch in which unpleasant wet notes were heard more and more clearly.

The sight of naked Katya standing on the bed at full height was amazing. It combined some kind of primitive fear of a predator, with the repulsive sight of a figure almost comical from gluttony and the bewitching sexuality of the female body, the ideality of whose proportions reverberates at the level of the subconscious and instincts.

Having made a few more smaller burps, Katya returned to her original position, lovingly stroking her incredibly swollen belly with her hands. Which produced more and more alarming creaks and seething.

Having finished with a dozen double hot dogs, Katya began to eat burgers. There were only five of them, but each of them carried as many as four cutlets three fingers thick and a lot of cheese and mayonnaise, four eggs and weighed one kilogram and four hundred grams.

Katya didn't think long about how best to eat. She simply grabbed the first burger with both hands and began to devour it furiously. Tearing into pieces with your teeth like a wild animal.

While Katya was busy with the first burger, Kirill placed the second one on the glutton's stomach. And at the same time I carefully examined it up close. The belly had a lot of drips from different sauces. The sides were covered with a large network of stretch marks, some of which had already changed from red to white under the influence of magic. The stomach itself throbbed, rumbled, gurgled, creaked, and shuddered and fell in time with the hostess's breathing. With each new sip it became bigger and bigger.

In the center, starting from the solar plexus, it began to rise and diverge to the sides, pushing aside a huge fatty mound - Katya's stomach. The skin on it had a reddish tint and seemed so incredibly thin that it seemed that its contents could be seen through it.

The glutton's belly already contained almost two hundred and fifty kilograms of food and was more than a meter in diameter in the middle, and its lower edge already reached the knees.

In addition to barbaric belching, Katya celebrated her victory over burgers with two liters of homemade lemonade and two boxes of twelve donuts each, which Kirill brought.

Katya's belly contained more than two and a half centners of food.

Katya had barely finished the donuts when the efficient servants had already served the lady her second afternoon snack. Three Fresier cakes worth five kilograms each, ten boxes of donuts and two liter pots of tea.

A complement to the light afternoon tea was a modest gift from Kirill in the form of a two and a half kilogram "Honey cake".

Nothing particularly outstanding or unusual happened during the afternoon tea. Katya was simply stuffing herself with tens of kilograms of sweets and liters of tea at a crazy pace.

By the end of the afternoon snack, two hundred and seventy-eight kilograms of food had found their eternal rest in Katerina's stomach, one hundred and thirty centimeters in diameter. Katya could no longer move from her place.

In order to brighten up the wait for dinner, Katya was presented with a hundred boiled peeled eggs and another package of forty-eight chocolate bars. The eggs were served in a large vase, which was placed on a special table, which was placed on the bed in front of Katya.

When asked when to serve dinner, Katya thought a little and decided that in an hour and a half it would be just right.

- I thought you would start dinner as quickly as possible.

- Eggs and chocolate, I can slowly finish it in about thirty minutes. And it takes another hour for my appetite to work up. No matter how, dinner is the culmination of the whole day, and I want to be at the peak of my form. And show everything that she is capable of. And even more.

Kirill did not answer anything, only smiled charmingly.

The next half hour passed quietly. Katya methodically alternated eggs and bars. Two eggs, one candy bar. She swallowed them without chewing like a vacuum cleaner.

Another half hour passed quietly. Katya massaged her immense belly with both hands, which already contained almost two hundred and ninety kilograms of various food. At some point, she allowed Kirill to join the massage.

Kirill very carefully touched the surface of his stomach. It was incredibly tight in some places, and rock hard in others. At some point, it seemed that the entire supply of Katya's belly fat went back into her stomach, it was so hard. But on others, one could feel how one's fingers were buried in the deposits of a glutton and how, in the depths, underneath one could feel the rocky solid of a stomach already bursting at the seams from gluttony.

The last half an hour passed under the increasing hungry roar of the insatiable womb of a maddened glutton. With every minute, the roar became stronger, and Katerina's eyes became crazier.

These were the consequences of the spells, or rather their accumulating side effects. Kirill did not notice, but for now he was enjoying the massage of the monument to insane human greed. Katya cast several more spells on herself. And now she was increasingly overcome by hunger madness.

Finally the first dinner was served. It started with carbonara pasta. Ten plates of a kilo of pasta, half a kilo of fatty bacon and two hundred and fifty grams of creamy sauce with mushrooms each.

The first five plates were literally sucked down in one breath. The girl didn't even notice how she swallowed almost nine kilograms. Having burped deliciously and made a short pause to gently stroke her belly, she continued the crazy feast.

But these ten kilograms were very clearly noticed by the glutton's stomach, which had swollen to one and a half meters in diameter and now sagged somewhere below the knees.

The next five plates were gone just as quickly as the first. Next, two hundred grams of fried sausages went to attack the belly, bursting from incredible pressure, but still intact.

There were twenty-five of them. After a few minutes, none of them remained. All of them are ingloriously swallowed whole one after another by a completely crazed glutton.

Katya's mind went blank, she barely understood what she was doing. All she needed was that she was hungry and needed more food. Food is the only thing that matters now. You need to eat more and faster. Faster and more. And so on until the hunger disappears. And no matter how much she ate, her hunger did not disappear. This means she needs to eat more. Even more. And even more.

Next came the dumplings. These were big homemade dumplings. There were fifteen plates, forty pieces each. Their shape made them almost as easy to



swallow as soup. Which Katya took advantage of, simply pouring them over the edge into her mouth.

Twenty-four kilograms of dumplings moved with incredible ease into what is commonly called the stomach. From such an onslaught, my stomach swelled incredibly. The skin on my stomach turned red and began to become covered with more and more stretch marks. At some point, Kirill was seriously afraid that even Katya's stomach would not withstand this onslaught and would burst. And that was why he saw his belly swell with every empty plate, with every new sip, like a balloon being pumped up with water. But the most frightening thing was the sound with which it happened. The sound of skin creaking from tension.

The stomach withstood the test of dumplings and only became stronger due to the effect of healing-enhancing magic.

Following the dumplings, pies flew into the mouth of Katya's stomach. They were of two types with fish and meat, each weighing one hundred and twenty grams. There were eight trays of pies, twelve pieces each.

Eleven and a half kilograms of pies filled the food melting pot. Now the glutton's belly protruded forward almost a meter and weighed more than three hundred and forty kilograms, because of which it pressed the bed so hard that Katya was forced to literally lie on her stomach almost parallel to the surface of the bed. The legs were half-bent along the abdomen and rested on the bed. Katya's face was slightly higher than the level of the table in front of her.

The last item on the menu for the first dinner was a four-kilogram "Napoleon" cake, which Kirill brought.

Katya marked the end of dinner with a series of barbaric, loud belches with a strongly pronounced wet component.

By the end of dinner, Katya was holding back three hundred and forty-five kilograms of food.

During the break between dinner, the lady was given two trays of pies, half a dozen fried sausages and half a dozen eggs.

Also, considering that the already agreed second dinner would not be enough for her and it would not be able to fully show all her power, Katya asked the servants to prepare an additional one. Kirill did not hear what kind of additive it was.

By the beginning of the second dinner, three hundred and fifty kilograms were already stored in this belly, bursting with exorbitant gluttony, bursting at the seams. The table was already at shoulder level.

Having barely waited for the second dinner to be served, Katya, distraught with gluttony, began to eat.

The big pizzas went first. There were fifteen of them, Katya twisted each of them into a tube and pushed the whole thing into the depths of her throat.

Katya did this with such speed that Kirill wasn't even sure whether the pizza had time to get into the stomach before the next one overtook it. What he was sure of was that one way or another they would get into him. With each pizza she swallowed, her belly became larger, gradually lifting Katya. If you look at it from the side, it looked like a car being jacked up; an additional similarity was given by the pizza sticking out of the mouth like a lever.

By the fifteenth pizza, the table reached the middle of the chest. The belly was red from tension, and poured with streams of sweat. It groaned and creaked from overexertion, trying to reach the mind of its distraught owner.

But Katya was deaf to the pleas, and her poor full stomach and with a new hungry fury began to eat stacks of pancakes with whipped cream and honey.

Four dozen pancakes were stuffed one by one into the tunnel leading into the seething brew of the stomach.

Without pausing, Katya started dessert. By this point, the table was two fingers above nipple level.

For dessert there were seven six-kilogram Big Birthday Cake and fifteen one-liter milkshakes.

The sight of Katya stuffing all this incredible amount of food into herself was incredibly exciting and at the same time frightening.

With each sip, the belly swelled more and more and more. With every sip. Katya stood more and more upright. Finally, when the last drop of the milkshake was licked and the last piece of cake was swallowed, the table was at navel level, Katya was already standing upright.

The belly, two meters in girth, containing a colossal four hundred and twenty-eight kilograms of food like a dead weight, pressed the girl to the bed, not allowing her to move even a millimeter.

Katya was so full that she could hardly breathe. All she could do was take short, small breaths. The face began to acquire a barely noticeable greenish tint. Rational thinking had still not returned to her. She still wanted to eat something.

The bed began to boil under Katya's weight.

Looking at this, Kirill began to doubt whether he should offer the last gift in the form of a pancake cake worth four kilograms, modest by local standards, or not. His thoughts were interrupted by the servants who came to pick up the empty dishes and bring the addition to the dinner that the mistress had previously ordered.

As a refill, a hundred plates of dumplings were served, a hundred plates of pasta carbonara with twice the portions. They were complemented by two hundred fried sausages, twenty dozen boiled eggs, twelve jugs of homemade lemonade, and sixteen boxes of chocolate bars.

Looking at all this avalanche of food, Kirill doubted whether even Katya would be able to eat so much in her current state.

- Get over here! You will feed me! – Katya commanded in an authoritative voice.

- Are you sure? – Kirill's Voice contained doubts and even notes of sincere concern about Katya's condition.

- Are you a weakling who can't even feed a girl? – There was undisguised superiority and contempt in the voice.

- No, I'm not as weak as you think.

- Then, prove it with action.

- And I will prove it.

At this moment, all sympathy for Katya completely disappeared from Kirill. And its place was taken by irritation and a burning desire to complete his revenge.

At first, Kirill simply served food to Katya, and then she pushed it into herself. She shoved and shoved with such frenzy and fury, as if her life depended on it. The reason was simple, Katya overestimated her strength, greed and pride took over and now she was disentangling, or rather stuffing, these consequences into herself.

She alternated between eggs, dumplings, pasta, bars and sausages. When she began to feel that the food she had swallowed was stuck in the mountain, she would help herself with lemonade or push it with sausages. From such pressure, my stomach grew by leaps and bounds. With each new portion, Katya saw with horror and trepidation how the edge of her stomach became further and further from her. But her pride did not allow her to stop.

When Katya had already mastered a hundred sausages, and was breaking through the forty-sixth plate of dumplings, and the thirty-sixth plate of pasta, the servants brought in a fifty-kilogram cake. It was intended for tomorrow, with its help Katya wanted to celebrate her today's victory, greed and self-confidence took over. And the cake was served as an accompaniment to dinner.

The cake was placed on a special table near Katya, so that she could easily reach it. After which, with a calm look, they left the room.

Katya looked at the cake with pain and hatred in her eyes. She had nowhere to go.

She stuffed the cake into herself as furiously as she stuffed everything else. Piece by piece. Almost out of desperation, she shoved everything into herself mixed together. I scooped sausages into the cake or rolled the paste onto

chocolate bars. She didn't care anymore, she just wanted to devour everything. From such an onslaught, the belly began to grow even faster.

Having reached the eighteenth dozen sausages, the fifteenth dozen eggs and the eighty-fifth plate of dumplings, Katya declared that she was tired of eating herself and now let Kirill feed her.

By this moment, Katya's belly rested like an unbearable block in front of her. It was already so large that the fat glutton herself looked like a slender violin against its background.

Katya's face acquired a distinct greenish tint, clearly hinting at a possible ending. But both Kirill and Katya completely ignored any signals. They were overcome by excitement, a desire to find out how much more they could fit in.

In fact, the side effect of the painkilling spells had already passed, and the only thing, besides excitement, that made Katya continue to eat was her pride.

Kirill began to "refuel" Katya. All he had to do was pour food from the plate into Katya's mouth when she opened it. She did all the rest of the work herself.

The pace was lower than when Katya did everything on her own, but she no longer had the strength for this. All of them were spent on digesting and containing what had already been swallowed, as well as ignoring nausea and attacks of pain.

By the last plate of dumplings, Katya even began to chew sometimes. And having reached the very last one, she chewed each of the eighty dumplings for a long time and carefully, after which she swallowed it with incredible difficulty.

Finally, all the extras for dinner migrated to Katya's stomach, which lay in front of her like an incredible boulder four meters in diameter and holding a whopping nine hundred and a bit kilograms of food.

Katya was so plump that she was afraid to simply move and make an unsuccessful movement that might cause her to vomit. Yes, Katya felt nauseous. And these were not just slight urges. It was almost a trumpet sound. The sound of hundreds of kilograms of food storming the entrance to the stomach.

Her face was salad green, her cheeks were puffy with red spots, and her stomach seemed alive. On the stretched skin, bumps appeared and fell here and there.

A painful roar could be heard from the stomach. It was followed by a series of painful, loud burps, and silence. Katya, with her head thrown back, looked somewhere at the ceiling with a detached gaze. A thin stream of saliva flowed from his mouth.

And then there was a heartbreaking crack and creak.

Katya's face was distorted by a grimace of horror and pain.

A second and Katya fell through, rushed down and the sound of a deafening blow was heard.

Katya and Kirill awaited the continuation with horror. But everything became quiet. Only his churning stomach broke the silence. The legs of the bed could not bear Katya's weight and broke.

At this moment, the servants entered the room, concerned about the noise they heard:

- Madam, are you all right? What's happened? Did we hear a noise? “Ha, ha, ha...” Katya squeezed out nervously. And then there was a juicy, booming belch that lasted more than a minute.

- Now in full. It's just that this miserable bed couldn't stand my greatness.

- Madam, do you need to bring anything?

- Perhaps this achievement should be celebrated. There was just room left in me. – Having said this, Katya patted herself on the stomach and let out another, not so impressively loud, but still equally long burp.

- Madam, what would you like to serve?

Katya looked at Kirill. Who at that moment still could not come to his senses from what he had seen, staring at Katya's belly with almost sheep's eyes.

Dim from gluttony and euphoria from thoughts about the amount of food she had devoured, she interpreted this look as admiration of her loved one for

her power. At that moment, the EGO that had gone crazy took complete control over Katya.

- Bring the entire festive table here tomorrow. Twice! No, three times! No, Four Times! And a snack. I don't want to suffer from hunger while they carry him! Alive! – Katya ordered incredibly imperiously. True, the only thing she was suffering from at that moment was nausea, which she ignored.

The snack was served about thirty minutes later. These were five dozen eggs, one and a half dozen boxes of cookies, three hundred grams each, and another two dozen small ones, only half a kilo each, rolls with poppy seeds. In addition to them there were two liter teapots of tea.

It took Katya an hour to finish her snack, during which she stuffed food into herself relatively slowly and methodically. Grunting and belching, changing the color of his face like a chameleon, from light green to deathly pale with redness. Not sparing her belly, she continued to stuff herself.

After another half an hour, during which all Katya did was rub her belly, fight nausea and periodically burp, the festive dinner was served. By the time it began, Katya was already carrying an incredible one thousand two hundred and sixty-six kilograms of food in her womb.

By this moment, Katya was torn not only from gluttony, but also from pain. The pain was intense. As an additional painkiller, the glutton demanded that she bring her wine. Without thinking twice, she gulped down ten liters of fortified homemade wine. Strong alcohol would have been better, but Katya didn't like the taste of it at all.

From drinking and gobbling, the belly slowly and confidently grew, not only in breadth, but also downward, striving to reach the floor, as the most reliable support available. How successful the belly was in achieving this goal was not clear. At least Katya, from the beginning of the snack, stood at the same level and position, resting her knees on the bed.

Cold appetizers were served first. Katya did not bother herself with unnecessary troubles and simply poured snacks from the trays into her gaping mouth. She did this with such speed that from the outside it seemed as if the snacks were pouring directly into the esophagus, and her mouth was needed only as a replacement for the funnel. In this simple way, Katya finished off fifty kilograms of cold snacks.

The pace at which Katya pushed food into herself was incredible.

In just two hours, Katya stuffed into herself seventeen liter plates of borscht with sour cream and ten one and a half liter bowls of cabbage soup, thirty plates, sixty dumplings with bear meat on each. Eighty lazy cabbage rolls.

Twenty servings of pike perch in Polish, each weighing four and a half kilograms. Each fish came with a kilogram of buckwheat porridge as a side dish.

Every sip was accompanied by a groan, and every plate by a barbaric belch. It was clear how with incredible difficulty Katya was given each new sip. You could hear how, with each swallowed piece, the skin on the belly creaked and stretched, how it became covered with more and more red stretch marks. You can hear your stomach howling, filled beyond any possible measure, trying to hold and digest everything that Katya has devoured today.

The accompaniment of the sounds produced by Katya was crying, dying under the weight of the glutton of the bed.

But she didn't stop and continued to gag and swallow and gag again. She was in incredible pain, she felt like with every sip her stomach muscles and skin were literally torn and immediately healed under the influence of healing magic. All this pain was ignored by Katya's willpower, which was as incredible as her stomach capacity.

The remnants of reason screamed that they should stop, but pride, fueled by an incredibly inflated ego, whose size grew exponentially with the swallowed piece, did not allow this to be done. Thus ended the second and began the third hour of festive gluttony.



Due to her monstrous, continuous gluttony, Katya filled her immense belly to such an extent that she could not turn even a millimeter, which greatly interfered with getting food. And at some point, Katya's belly swelled to the sides to such an extent that the glutton could no longer even reach the trays standing on the side.

Katya looked with a pain-filled look at the top of her belly, red from tension, and then with greed at the food standing next to her. After thinking a little, she said:

- Kirill, you will put dishes on my stomach. Just be careful. And then, I will let you massage my beauty.

Kirill said nothing and just smiled. Behind this smile was the curiosity, lust and slight sense of power over the stupid glutton that overwhelmed him.

First, he laid a tablecloth on his stomach, and then very carefully placed on it a dish with a seven-kilogram steak with ten kilograms of fried potatoes with cheese as a side dish. From the weight of the steak that lay on her stomach, Katya first groaned strangledly, and then belched loudly and protractedly. Kirill handed over a fork and knife. Without thinking twice, Katya started eating steak and potatoes. She quickly cut the meat into pieces, put the knife and fork aside and began to furiously stuff the food into her mouth with both hands. She swallowed the meat and potatoes almost without chewing.

While the glutton was busy loading food into the tank, Kirill began massaging his stomach. Kirill, gently touching it with your fingertips, feel the warm, hard and at the same time slightly elastic surface. Emboldened, Kirill touched the skin with his entire palm, first with one, then with two. Beneath them, he felt how something was seething in the very depths of this monument, felt how it grew with every piece not only swallowed, but also digested.

The accelerated digestion was still working. By processing tons of food swallowed by Katya and distributing thousands and thousands of calories in the form of fat throughout the body. The pace at which this happened could not be compared with the speed with which Katya unloaded more and more kilograms into herself. But nevertheless, both processes went on without stopping, and the consequences of both were clearly visible.

Since the beginning of the evening, Katya's breasts have already gained more than two sizes, and her ass has grown fat by as much as four. The sides, not wanting to be left behind, added a few centimeters on each side. The neck has acquired another chin. It was not clear how much my stomach took. New layers of fat on it were distributed over the entire surface in a too thin layer, which was simply invisible to the background, swelling from the continuous flow of belly products.

Kirill, almost in a trance, began to massage his unreal-sized belly. Carefully, step by step, moving towards its center, where the navel, already turned inside out, showed off. Having reached him, Kirill began to struggle with a strange desire to kiss him. Press your lips, lick it, find out its taste. Katya's shout broke him out of his trance:

- More!

With a slight shudder, Kirill shook off his obsession and, as if nothing had happened, continued to carry out his duties. He removed the empty dish and put the next one in its place. Exactly the same.

After five steaks, a crash was heard, and Katya, still on her knees, leaned down and forward a little. This unbearable belly of hers finally fulfilled its purpose and reached the floor. From this the conclusion suggested itself that the glutton's belly went almost a meter down.

Belching loudly and protractedly, Katya began to destroy five stuffed holiday turkeys, each weighing eleven kilograms. They were accompanied by twenty kilograms of boiled corn and thirty kilograms of potato salad.

Katya simply shoved the salad and corn into her mouth with both hands, alternately scooping it from one plate or another. Katya didn't want to waste time separating the meat from the bones, so she first tore the turkey into pieces and then began pushing them, along with the bones, down her throat.

Three hundred and fifty chicken drumsticks in batter with forty kilograms of green peas. Katya ate the drumsticks without chewing, and even increased the pace, to such an extent that the entire esophagus, from the throat to the entrance to the stomach, was continuously clogged with swallowed chicken.

In pursuit of them, two hundred and seventy stuffed bell peppers were sent, with help in the form of four hundred and forty eggplant rolls and eight hundred and seventy stuffed champignon caps.

As Katya filled her womb with more and more new dishes, the Belly lifted its distraught mistress higher and higher. And now, her legs were already half straightened.

The pain began to break through the spells and liquid "painkillers". As last time, wine was served. Another ten liters of liquid migrated into the already full belly.

Next came lasagna and salads.

Ten kilograms of lasagna were served directly in a baking tray, on either side of it, on an improvised table, there were four bowls of five kilos of salad each.

Katya shoveled lasagna into her mouth with a spatula, alternating and mixing it with crab, fish, cheese and potato salads.

As a result, Katya finished five trays of lasagna and twenty bowls of salad.

As a break there were thirty-five large quadruple burgers. They were accompanied by twenty large thin crust pizzas and one hundred and fifty double hot dogs.

From being devoured, the belly moved in a continuous march towards the edges of the bed and at some point, it was already hanging over him and was not going to stop. Matching the belly, its owner was not going to stop either.

Each new sip was given to Katya with incredible difficulty. But no matter how difficult or bad it was for her, she moved towards her goal. The goal is to gobble up everything she can.

Asian cuisine Katya, the beginning of a variety of sushi and rolls. It was so easy and convenient to swallow them that the insatiable glutton didn't even notice how he swallowed forty-three sets of one and a half kilos each. Next, she poured into herself ten bowls of tom yam soup with rice, bun tom, pho bo, pho ga and pho tom.

With each new piece swallowed, not only the belly grew, but also the ego. There were so many hormones of happiness and pleasure from receiving it that they allowed Katya to ignore the pain and the remnants of common sense and continue to choke on food.

Having finished the rolls, without even pausing to rest, forty bowls of rice with various additives, mixed with forty bowls of noodles, were used to assault the stomach.

The highlight of the evening was an installation called “barnyard” and included a seventy-kilogram whole baked seven-month-old piglet, fattened to the point of clinical obesity, excluding bones, surrounded by five baked, stuffed fatty geese, twelve kilograms each, with ten kilograms of vegetables for decorations and thirty kilograms of selected potatoes for garnish.

Having meticulously examined the food with a drunken eye, Katya thought it was too dry and lean. To fix this, ten kilograms of mayonnaise was poured onto the dish.

The process of destroying this “yard” took Katya more than an hour, during which she swallowed whole potatoes and vegetables. I gnawed the pork bones almost to a mirror shine. And she didn’t leave a single piece of the geese.

After such violence, the stomach tried to rebel, but was hastily suppressed by another ten liters of wine.

As a break before dessert, Katya, unconscious of wine and greed, stuffed one hundred and fifty-seven hundred gram shawarma into herself, entirely, without chewing.

From the outside, the process looked incredibly easy and relaxed. Katya first, as gracefully as she could, took the shawarma with both hands, brought it to her lips and with incredible grace placed it in her mouth, and then pushed it down her trained throat.

In fact, for the glutton herself, each was difficult. If there were no problems with swallowing it whole, then there were difficulties with sending it into the stomach.

Each shawarma shoved into the throat considered it its duty, stopping at the entrance to the stomach, which was overfilled beyond all common sense and measure, and absolutely not wanting to lick it into it, but after a short struggle, surrender under the pressure of the muscles of the esophagus and its fellows pressing from above.

At some point, overestimating her strength from greed, Katya almost suffocated, too quickly stuffing eight shawarma down her throat in a row. They stood tightly, creating a plug stretching from the entrance to the stomach and all the way to the throat, so that the tip of the last shawarma was barely visible from Katya's esophagus. In order not to suffocate, the glutton, who was beginning to turn blue, poured tea into herself and forcefully pushed the resulting mixture with another shawarma. After which she slowed down a little.

With each swallowed shawarma, there was a disgusting creak from the skin stretching on the belly, the creaking of the bed, the gurgling of food and the groans of the stomach. With each portion shoved into Katya's filled to capacity bowels, one could see how the belly slightly lifted its mistress, maddened by gluttony.

By the time the last shawarma found a home in her belly, it had swollen to such a size that Katya was already standing on barely bent legs, trying to massage the aching from incredible pressure inside her belly.

A couple of minutes later, sweets were served. It was served right at the top of the dome of Katya's belly, so that the lady did not have to spend too much effort in order to get to it.

To begin with, these were five hundred and forty cheesecakes filled with strawberry jam. Katya threw away her manners completely, without leaving even a hint of them, and rushed to eat the food with the greed of a hungry beast.

Stuffing her mouth with both hands until not a single piece could fit into it, and the contents began to fall out, Katya did not stop, but, swallowing convulsively, continued to shove new and new portions into it, which pushed the slightly chewed contents further into the esophagus, in the direction of the filled beyond all measure, a seemingly bottomless stomach.

The process of stuffing the glutton with food was so fast that, as with shawarma, the first cheesecakes did not have time to get into the stomach before

the next ones were catching up with them. Very quickly, the cheesecakes managed to fill the entire esophagus, but this did not stop or even slow down the glutton. She had already gotten used to breathing with her esophagus and mouth completely clogged.

Katya felt how the mixture of cheesecakes and jam was moving down her esophagus, with what difficulty it was penetrating into the overcrowded stomach, winning a place for itself, stretching its walls and causing pain. All this began to excite Katya. The feeling of an endless flow of food, bowing before its power, was stronger than any drug for Katya, more exciting than any aphrodisiac.

And with every new piece shoved in, every second of feeling this endless flow, Katya wanted more and more. So much that even she couldn't handle it. So much that, having reached the limit, it collapses like a supernova and then everyone will be amazed at its incredible power.

As soon as the last cheesecake was stuffed into my mouth, in the face of a glutton who had lost all contact with reality, the first of seventy-four kilogram stacks of pancakes with honey, sour cream and chocolate-nut butter was already waiting in the wings.

The piles were placed on top of the belly, which was so hard that it did not flex even a millimeter under the weight of the plates. There were five stacks at a time under the nose of the crazy glutton. With each pile placed on her belly, Katya made a barbaric belch mixed with a painful groan.

The first pancakes were barbarically stuffed into the gaping maw, where they crowded out the cheesecakes. Here Katya allowed herself to take a short break and enjoy the feeling of the emptying of the esophagus, after which she began to roll the pancakes into a tube of several pieces and push them down her throat without chewing, enjoying a new feeling of flow, different from the previous one.

For dessert there were five vases filled with five kilograms of delicious chocolates each, as well as a scattering of all kinds of cakes, in such quantity and abundance that Kirill had never seen even in pastry shops. They were complemented by milkshakes.

Katya swallowed the cakes, almost without chewing, washing them down with plenty of cocktails and not paying attention to what she was eating. Sweets poured directly from the vase into the mouth in between cocktails and cakes.

These were “Milk Slice”, eclairs, potatoes, profiteroles with various fillings, “Thirsty Nun”, all kinds of “baskets”, “muffins”, “brownies” and “thermos”.

The cakes and cocktails were destroyed at such a speed that Kirill barely had time to put new ones on top of Katya’s belly to replace the ones he had gobbled up.

Like a vacuum cleaner, Katya sucked into herself everything that was within the radius of her access. She ate, ate and ate again, took a short pause to burp loudly and continue eating again. But no matter how much sweet she destroyed, it seemed endless.

Tired of simply choking on cakes and sweets, Katya began mixing them with milkshakes and pouring the resulting mixture into herself. The absorption process went somewhat faster, but it was slowed down by the time it took to prepare the gluttonous mixture.

Realizing that Katya didn’t mind consuming it this way, Kirill began making the mixture, and the process went really quickly.

As a result, she sent twenty-five kilograms of chocolates, sixty-five kilograms of cakes and forty large milkshakes into her womb.

When the second dessert was served, Katya whispered something to the servants. What exactly did Kirill not hear?

Ten liters of tea were served with thirty-two kilograms of ice cream with syrup of all possible varieties and forty kilograms of cookies with thirty kilograms of condensed milk. They were complemented by three five-kilogram vases of exquisite chocolates and ten liters of cream.

At first, wielding the cookies like a shovel, Katya greedily devoured the ice cream. When she got tired of it, she poured the candies into the cream and began to drink the resulting mixture. Having finished with it, she began to deal with the condensed milk using cookies. Finally, all that was left was the melted

ice cream and tea, which Katya drank with ease, as easily as her incredibly bloated and full belly allowed. Or rather, she poured it somewhere inside herself in the direction of her stomach.

The end of the feast was marked by a victory lap of the main dishes served during the holiday, with portions quadrupled. Instead of “barnyard”, ten kilograms of chicken drumsticks, forty kilograms of various sticks of hard smoked sausage and twenty-five liver rolls of two kilograms each were served.

The victory lap was entirely Katya's idea. Dictated by the desire to let go of all possible brakes from gluttony and pleasure of the brain, to get even more pleasure from the feeling of “flow” and superiority.

Therefore, the speed with which Katya stuffed the dishes was even greater than before, and all in order to maintain the feeling of complete overflow for as long as possible, and to courageously overcome it. Katya was able to fully feel it by filling herself with liver roll and pushing shanks, which, like a hydraulic press, were pushing the sausages with the help of sticks.

Being in incredible ecstasy from the process and eager to try something else, Katya demanded that she be given several bundles of different sausages and sausages, and bacon.

Like a real fakir and a fearless sword swallower, throwing her head back and opening her mouth wider, Katya lowered all kinds of sausages, bacon and sausages into her throat in a continuous garland of meat. They weren't even boiled anymore, they were just rinsed so that the lady wouldn't get a stomach infection.

Having finished another hundredweight of meat products in such a simple but extremely effective way, Katya was in complete ecstasy. Her stomach was in even greater ecstasy, trying to contain everything she had swallowed and completely not understanding how it had not yet burst.

And the cherry and final chord on this holiday of stomach rape was a hundred-kilogram barrel of jam and a hundred-kilogram box of cookies.



To say that it was difficult for Katya would be an understatement. It was simply outright torture, where both the victim and the inquisitor were one person. Where one received pleasure in direct proportion to the pain and discomfort caused. The whole process of eating cookies with jam was accompanied by groans of pain and pleasure. The louder the moans of pain, the louder the moans of pleasure. Katya came several times during the process. It was difficult to understand why.

Finally the cookies ran out and only a quarter of a barrel of jam remained. Breathing heavily, Katya pointed at the barrel to Kirill. He understood what needed to be done without words. He brought the barrel to Katya's mouth and began to carefully pour the contents into it. Katya swallowed without stopping. At this time, consciousness had simply disconnected from what was happening and was somewhere in the astral plane.

Finally, Kirill removed the empty barrel from Katya's lips, and she took the most difficult sip of the entire evening. Last sip. At least that's what she thought.

The belly extended in front of the glutton more than three meters forward and one and a half meters on each side. It was hard like granite. And with the last of her strength she held back more than four thousand one hundred and seven kilograms. The owner of this miracle herself could no longer reach the bed with her feet and was hanging helplessly along her own belly.

The stomach was stretched to its absolute limit. He was unable to stretch even another millimeter, and if he tried to do this, the only thing that would come of it was an explosion. Katya would have been torn apart like a steam boiler, from the monstrous pressure brewing in the depths of her overcrowded womb.

Katya's smeared face was becoming more and more unhealthy with every minute. But due to poor lighting, Kirill could not see it.

And still wanting to satisfy his revenge he said:

"I am truly impressed by your strength." Eat so much at once. This is truly impressive. And you know, I brought you this modest cake for tea for dinner. Of forty pancakes with butter cream and condensed milk.

“I’m so full that one more bite and my stomach will see the River Styx.”  
– Katya croaked in a strangled voice. - Too much...

- Are you really so weak that you can’t handle some weak cake?

- Tell jokes? So that some pathetic cake could be stronger than me?! Not in real life! Ha ha! – Drunk Katya barked with heat in her voice.

Then she burped loudly and very wetly.

- Hurt. Crap. In short, just push it into me no matter what! Or are you too weak for this?

- As you say.

“I feel so bad...” Katya moaned as she swallowed another bite.

- Continue... - Heavy belching. This was followed by a pause in which Katya tried to catch her breath, while at the same time massaging her girthless belly, which was already more than five meters in diameter and held four tons of food with the last of her strength.

- Another piece... - Katya croaked.

The piece barely got into my throat.

- More...

- Shove... - Katya whispered with tears in her eyes, opening her mouth as wide as possible.

- Shove it in! Or weak?

- Push harder, weakling...

- There's only one last piece left. – Kirill said with a slight mockery in his voice.

- For... Too much... - Katya whispered.

And it was absolutely true. If the previous pieces of cake fit into Katya thanks to the seal, now even this loophole has come to its limit. My stomach was unable to squeeze another piece. It was complete in every sense.

- Katya, are you really weaker than this piece? – Kirill asked with the same mockery in his voice.

- Yes, so that I... Shove it! – Katina said in a loud voice filled with incredible power.

Pride once again got the better of Katya.

The last slice of cake slowly migrated into the stomach. For Katya it seemed like an eternity. Stretched out in space. She chewed each piece she took incredibly slowly and thoroughly, to the point that it almost dissolved in her mouth. After which she swallowed it with incredible difficulty. And so fifteen minutes passed.

Choking, wheezing and wheezing, Katya swallowed the last remaining piece.

-Well, I saw my Strength! – Katya shouted. And as soon as she said this, she forcefully covered her mouth with her hands.

At that moment, Kirill, instantly realizing where everything was going, jumped out of bed.

“Something makes me a little sick...” Katya moaned through her closed fingers.

There was a lull.

Katya carefully removed her fingers from her mouth. Overjoyed, I eat that everything is over.

- Ha! V.. – Katya barely had time to start another victorious tirade.

How the storm hit.

The stomach finally prevailed. He was able to overcome the incredible willpower of his mistress. He was jubilant. He celebrated this victory. Celebrated in the only way he knew how.

Getting rid of your contents.

A colossal four thousand one hundred and nine kilograms of poorly chewed, half-digested food simultaneously rushed to storm the esophagus.

Katya's face turned red, her cheeks puffed out. The teeth clenched with such force that it seemed that just a little more and they would be heard crunching. The lips compressed into a narrow gap as thick as a hair. Loud seething sounds like a storm were heard from the belly.

The pressure inside began to grow rapidly.

Katya had a few seconds to make a decision. Either she's going to vomit or she's going to burst. This was the glutton's choice, and not one of them suited her. She simply could not pour out the contents of herself and lose her pride in her strength and power. It was everything to her. And in general, she was inclined towards this option, but there was another small factor that prevented her from doing this. She liked Kirill and was ready to die rather than show him her weakness.

But her death in this form, in this state, and most importantly in front of Kirill's eyes, was simply unacceptable for her.

The brain, feverishly going through options for solving this dilemma, found a solution. Yes, the decision is rude and not elegant, but she will keep everything to herself and will remain alive.

Spell for accelerated digestion. It has consequences, and they will be severe.

The stomach made gurgling sounds and rumbling even louder than before. The pressure in the abdomen increased to a critical level.

There's no time left.

She made her decision.

Accelerated digestion.

Katya cast a spell on herself. The pressure in my abdomen subsided slightly. But this was clearly not enough. And the effect of other strengthening and healing spells cast earlier is not endless. And Katya did not know what

would happen to her when their action ended and was not going to find out. Therefore, she began to impose digestion acceleration one after another.

The pressure inside the stomach began to drop little by little.

Katya opened her mouth and took a deep breath as far as she could.

“I think you’ve had enough of demonstrating my strength for today.” – Katya said in an arrogant tone, breaking through the fatigue in her voice. – Leave me alone for now, I need to sleep and digest the events of today. The servants will see you off.

Kirill was escorted to the exit.

Katya, under the continuous sounds of animal rumbling and seething, was preparing to go to the bathroom combined with a toilet. The servants had long ago understood where this was going, and had prepared in advance for all possible outcomes of today’s feast, so they had no problems transporting the mistress’s body.

Now Kaya has not yet decided what to do with all the contents of her stomach. On the one hand, she was not going to digest so much, since the consequences of this would be very sad. On the other hand, the thought that she was able to not only eat, swallow, stuff an immense amount of food into herself, but also digest it all was even a little exciting. Not in a sexual way, but in terms of Katya’s inflated Ego. It forced the body to produce under its influence an incredible amount of hormones of joy and pleasure.

With such thoughts and condition, Katya was dragged to the bathroom, where the lady was placed in a pool-like bathtub filled with hot water. Katya burst out with pleasure. She felt good, and under the influence of warm water, fatigue, and alcohol, her consciousness sank into oblivion. Without making a decision on her own, Katya fell asleep unnoticed.

A few days later, Kirill was invited to the estate to visit Katya. Kirill, like last time, was silently escorted to the bedroom. They asked permission to enter and, having received consent, allowed the guest inside. At first glance, it was as if nothing had happened, the bed stood in its place, but above it, among the

pillows, rose a strange-looking, barely trembling mountain, covered with a blanket. Heading towards her, Kirill had a crazy guess, and coming closer it was confirmed.

Katya was a mountain. Or rather, her belly, which took the brunt of the blow. The semi-shapeless pile of fat began to sway and Katya's muffled voice was heard from somewhere in the distance:

- Oh, it's Kirill! You came. Ha, look at me and admire my power and the power of my stomach! You see, I mastered your pathetic cake! I mastered everything! And the very next day I was able to finish three breakfasts, four afternoon teas, three lunches and two festive dinners to celebrate my victory. Of course, they were more modest than that feast, but that was also okay.

Here Katya didn't lie much. She really was able to handle everything. Yes, it was an impressive three hundred kilograms. But the consequences of magic were obvious. Or rather, the whole body. Now Katya supported herself with the help of healing and enhancing magic. It was the only thing that kept her alive. After Kirill left, she was going to use magic to reduce her weight so she could walk on her own.

Kirill stood completely silent and just looked at the helpless, power-hungry Katya. He even felt a little sorry for her, yet he developed some sympathy for her and a bit of admiration for her tenacity and iron willpower. A fool with a sharp mind and the highest magical potential. An idiot who was ruined by her own arrogance, self-confidence and greed.

Katya invited Kirill to demonstrate all her power. As she considered it, she was at the peak of her form, in all its glory. She wanted to see the admiration and awe in Kirill's eyes before her strength. She longed to see how he would bow before her inhuman strength.

Instead, all she saw was sympathy and pity.

Kirill's revenge was completed.