

This is a series about bellies(huge ones), weight gain, and romance. If you don't like any of those things, this story is probably not for you.

Myre placed the box of Cozca's paperwork in the passenger seat and buckled it in. She pranced around the front of her beat up sedan in her cyan dress and heels. A moment later she was speeding down the road towards home.

Plans changed. Instead, she met Evan at a restaurant for an early dinner. She got out of her car eager to show off her new curves to her boyfriend. With both of their busy schedules, finding a moment where they could both get together was rare. It had been around two weeks. Almost 10 pounds. She had a lot of new belly to introduce.

Evan's eyes darted right to her midsection. He froze in shock.

Myre took a quick look around the parking then hurried over to him. She grabbed the fabric on her love handles and pulled the fabric back tight around her belly. It was unnecessary. The fabric was already stretched by her curves. With a shy smirk she turned to the side to show off.

Evan just stammered and ran both his hands back through his hair.

"Go on, say something," Myre pried, turning on her toes 180 degrees to show off more.

Evan coughed and shook his head. "You're so much bigger!"

"Mhmm," Myre nodded. She put her hands under her belly and hefted it a little. "With just a little bit of work, it's been growing nice and plump."

Evan shook out of his shock and took a step closer. With a firm hand, he grasped Myre's underbelly and pulled her closer with it.

Myre gasped, then swooned into his arms. "Oh gosh," She said, unwilling to resist his advances.

They locked lips for a few moments. Then Myre pulled away. "I missed you! But I was hoping to get into the restaurant. I want you to feed me." She said, pulling away and looking down at her stomach.

Evan placed a large bite of apple pie into Myre's mouth.

Myre chewed quickly and swallowed. She sighed, enjoying the sweetness and cinnamon. “But yeah the meeting went really well. It should bring it a lot of money I hope. They borrow the recipes I gave them and they pay me a *huge* royalty for it.”

“And that doesn’t strike you as suspicious?” Evan said, cutting another bite off the pie for his growing girlfriend.

“No. Well, yes I guess. I mean I own a business and I’d never offer such a good deal. But if they’re not looking to make money... I need to make money to keep living. If cozca is as big as I’ve heard, then maybe they can just throw money around to make things happen.”

“As long as you’ve thought this through. I don’t want you to get left high and dry.” Evan said.

“I didn’t give them any fancy flavors. If they run off with them... Well it’s not going to lose me any business. To be honest.” Myre leaned forward in anticipation of another bite of desert. With hands on her belly she opened wide and groaned at the size of the piece of pie passing her lips. She chuckled with her mouth full.

“You mentioned the logo too. What are you going to do for that?”

She swallowed hard and suppressed a burp behind her hand. “That pinup you’ve seen already. I’m going to color it. Then I’ll hand it over to their marketing team.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Evan asked.

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Now it’s not that you’re not absolutely gorgeous. You look amazing. But it will bring a lot of attention to you, won’t it? You should consider what could happen because of that.”

Myre blushed and smiled. “Evan honey, people are already going to see how nice and plump I’m getting.”

Evan looked over his shoulder to see if anyone was listening. “I know. But I don’t want assholes coming in ruining your fun. Our fun. I don’t want them getting to you is what I mean.”

Myre rubbed the top of her foot against Evan’s leg under the table. “I don’t mind people seeing me. The real me. The *big* me. Whatever mean things some people say won’t make it not worth it.”

“What I’m worried about is people seeing you as just that ‘fat chick on the ice cream’ and not the sweet and wonderful person that you are. Because I think it’s a package. One I’m so lucky to get to spend time with.”

“Aww Evan...” Myre squinted and grinned. “I love you. I’ll be fine, I promise. To be honest, what some meanie in the grocery store aisle thinks won’t ever reach me. Only their cash will. Heh.”

“I know I’m busy, but you know that if anything bad ever happens I’ll drop my work and rush to help. If you’re having a bad day because of some dumb social media bullshit. You let me know.”

“If I need consoling, I’ll definitely let you know...” Myre smiled then opened her mouth for more pie.

The last bite of pie disappeared into her mouth. As she swallowed she looked at Evan expectantly.

“Do you have room for more?”

“Maaaybe. Evan I will eat anything you put in front of me. Hold something up, and if I have room, I will eat it.”

“So you want some more?”

“Do you want me to eat some more?” She gave Evan puppy dog eyes. “Do you think my belly needs more calories?”

Evan looked down at his empty plate and blushed. “What is your belly craving?”

“Whatever makes you feel like you’re fattening me the most...” Myre said then let out an aroused half sigh half chuckle.

“How about... They’ve got a cheesecake menu. How about a couple slices of deep fried cheesecake?”

“If you think that’s wise.” Myre laughed.

“Jerk.” Evan laughed back.
