

## Commission: Size Matters

### Chapter 1

You and Natasha have been going steady for a few years now, you've been living together for the last 18 months or so and in general your relationship has been doing well. You both just click and love spending time together. Deep down though you have always had something that you've hidden from her. Over the years it has started to eat away at you. You love large women, the bigger the better really. You have an active sex life with Natasha, but you've always wanted more, you want her to scratch that itch for you, but you've been scared to share... until now.

Natasha has always been a fit and athletic woman, since the day you met her, she loves to play sports on the weekend, pretty much anything that is going on down at the local field. In the cold months she will renew her gym membership and go multiple times a week. It isn't that you don't like her physically because you are attracted to her, but you want to see her have some fat on her body. You finished work early and raced home so that you could prepare a big meal for her. Tonight, was the night you were going to share with her your secret. You pop the pie into the oven and set the table. Just in the nick of time, you finish as she comes through the front door.

"Hey Jay, I'm home" she calls from the porch.

"I'm in the dining room babe"

She rounds the corner and is taken back by sight before her, the room only being lit by a few candles on the table. You look her over, her long black hair held up in a high bun as to not get in her way when she works, with one swift motion she releases her hair as it cascades down her shoulders. She is incredibly pretty; her slim face really shows off her features to significant effect. Her white blouse and black knee length skirt cover up most of her body, but you can see her toned arms sticking out of the short sleeve blouse and her biceps bulge slightly against her clothes. Her legs defined and lean are in tights, but you can still see the light muscles she has from all that running.

"Awh, babe... you shouldn't have." She comes over and gives you a hug, squeezing you tightly.

"I wanted to treat you to something nice." You lead her to her seat at the table and pull out

her chair.

“Why thank you.” She bows her head with a curtsy and sits her toned rear onto the seat.  
“What are we having?”

“A surprise for now, can I get you a drink? Some wine?”

“I’d love some.”

You head to the kitchen to return with a bottle of wine, you pour it out into the wine glass on the table.

“This is all so lovely Jay.” She says bringing the glass to her lips.

You take your seat opposite her and start to tremble with nerves.

“Everything ok?” Natasha asks.

“I want to talk to you about something, I just don’t know how to start.”

Her soft hands reach over the table and hold yours. “You can tell me anything honey.” She reassures you.

“Well... I wanted to share with you something... something personal,” you wait for her approving nod before you continue, “I have a little bit of a secret to share, I still don’t know how best to say it...” You see her give you a reassuring smile. “I guess I’ll just say it, I like big women...” you hang your head down. She doesn’t remove her hands from yours and after a few seconds she gives them a squeeze causing you to look up. She is staring at you, no hint of anger, shame, or anything negative. Just love.

“I’m listening” her soothing voice calms you.

“I love you and I always have; I find your athletic body sexy because it’s you, but I’ve always loved bigger women. Fat women.” You grimace as you say it.

“Well, that is interesting.” She muses. “How big?”

“Well, the bigger the better...” Your voice trails off.

“What a motto, you should put that on a bumper sticker.” She giggles, trying to defuse your nerves with humour.

“I can’t believe you are taking it so well; you’ve always been so... fit and healthy... I’m here saying that I like fat women.”

“It’s certainly odd to hear but it is interesting. Usually, you’d hear the inverse of this conversation when a woman gets fat in a relationship, I think it is quite funny how it’s the opposite for you.” She giggles. “I won’t lie though; I think it even sounds fun...”

Your eyes go wide, and you watch her face intently, searching for a hint of negativity.

“I can see from your reaction you are a bit sceptical, but I mean it. I would do that for you, I could put on some weight for you.” She lovingly squeezes your hand and smiles.

“You would do that for me?”

“Yes.”

A flood of joy and arousal flood into your system as you mind starts going into overdrive trying to understand what has just happened. The night has just begun and after years of secrecy, weeks of building up the courage and days of planning the night. In an instant it is now all over, and it even went the way you wanted. This is a dream come true.

“On one condition.”

You quickly refocus on her, coming out of your overactive brain. “Anything” you say promptly.

“I have something that I want to share with you too.”

Your ears perk up, you start to hear your heartbeat.

“I too love you very much and that should be evident by my willingness to change.” She stands up from the table and slowly walks over to your side. “I mean who would be willing to take this slim and toned body and get *fat*” She lifts her shirt to show off her firm abs. She lifts your hands to her body and starts to guide me around. “Feel how firm and toned I am now; this is the fittest I’m ever going to be.” She giggles. “This is all going to go away.”

You feel your cock become hard, you start to rub your hands around Natasha’s fit body, you linger on every word as she teases you.

“A big, *fat, gut*... could you imagine? Huge and soft, jiggling when I walk.”

*She is good at this...*

“My ass growing huge and doughy, my thighs wobbling with cellulite, my biceps turning into bingo wings.” She squats down and brings her face close to yours, her hot breath on your face only adds to your arousal. “My face plumping up, chubby cheeks and plump lips covered in sauce from all the food you’ll be feeding me.” She draws her lips closer; you part your lips and lean in for a kiss, but she pulls away. She takes a second to look down her nose at you, a big smirk spreading on her face.

“That can happen if you indulge in my wish.”

“Oooh... Anything...” You moan back.

“Good...” She leans in for an enthusiastic kiss. “So, do you want to know what you are agreeing too?”

You nod in a horny daze.

“Well,” her hand firmly grabs your hard cock, “This is too big, I like them small.”

*Did she say small?*

As if she read your mind she replies “Yes, I did say small, I prefer small dicks. I want you to make yourself smaller for me. That is something that turns me on very...” she moans, and you see her free hand start to rub her crotch. “... much.”

“Anything...” You groan.

“Just like that? You still want too?”

I nod, she immediately wraps her arms around me and starts to passionately make out with you, her hand starting to stroke your cock through your clothes.

“Oooh... I’m going to... get so big for you...” She says between inhales as she breaks the kiss.

After about a minute of passionate kissing and rubbing the alarm for your food goes off, it startles you both. Natasha rises to her feet, her breaths ragged. She looks down at you with a fire in her eyes.

“That is food... You didn’t tell me... How can I shrink?” You ask whilst trying to catch your breath.

“Well, I found a supply of pills online that will shrink you. I bought them in a lust filled evening once and I’ve never had a chance to use them. Until now” she says giddily. “So, you just take one for every 30lbs I gain, they say that it takes about an inch off with each pill.”

“Well, I’m just about eight inches, so you’d gain 240lbs for me?”

She lets out a huge moan and returns to your mouth in a fervour. A little shocked you start to enjoy yourself before she breaks off the kiss.

“Fff... fuck, you didn’t even question it, you assumed to shrink it down all the way...” She is once again touching herself in front of you. “I’ll gain as much as you want if you get that

small.”

“Deal.”

“Great, what’s for food?” She asks rubbing her tummy.

“I made a pie for us.”

“Correction, that pie is mine, I want to eat that whole fattening stodgy pie myself. This gut isn’t going to grow itself.”

“Tell you what babe, get me a pill and I’ll even give you the first one for free.”

For a moment she stands frozen, you worry that you’ve broken her but suddenly she is halfway up the stairs before you can blink. You decide to get the pie out and bring the big dish to the table. You can hear her rummaging around upstairs. You place the whole dish of the pie in the centre of the table and place a plate on her side. Natasha bounds down the stairs and stands in the doorway, a bottle of pills in her hand, she eyes the massive pie on the table.

“That is a lot of pie.”

“Well, I wanted to make sure that you were well fed.” You smirk, now moving over to her. You take the bottle of pills from her hand. She attention is focused entirely on the bottle of pills, her breathing starting to become heavier once more. You can almost feel the desire radiating from her.

“These are the pills then?”

She nods.

Without pause you pop the lid off and remove one and place it into her clammy hand.

“Seeing as I’m going to feed you, don’t you think it’s fair that you feed me first?”

Natasha softly moans and her powerful legs start to tremble. She brings the pill to your lips, and you stick out your tongue. She pushes the pill into your expectant mouth, and you give an overexaggerated swallow. She just stares at you, her breaths becoming louder.

“All gone.” You say, opening your mouth for her to inspect. She plants a big kiss on your lips whilst her hands explore your torso and slither down to your still hard cock. She traces her fingers down its length and breaks the kiss. She leans into your ear and whispers softly.

“I don’t think you made enough food.”

## **Chapter 2**

That night was wild, she stuffed herself silly for you. She forced down the entire pie which was meant for a family of six. Usually, food comas would drain the energy of someone but not Natasha. After she finished her last bite, she leaned her elbows on the table and looked into your eyes.

“I’m... so... *bloated*...” She punctuates this with a slap to her taut gut, from the sound you can hear that there is no room left. She rises to her feet and reveals her bloated belly. You can’t take your eyes off it, she bounces over to your side of the table, resting her distended gut on the table. Sensually she is rubbing its tight expanse. Her blouse is strained heavily by the burgeoning tum beneath. The strain causes little windows to form between the buttons letting you see her skin bulge between the gaps.

“If you think this is big, just you wait.” She takes a deep breath and pushes her stomach out, a button pops right in front of your face, it ricochets against the wall. You stare at the big gap in the blouse, captivated by the display.

“That was getting tight... Mmm...” Her hands grab at the opening in her blouse and with a swift pull she rips the rest of the shirt open, revealing her stuffed belly.

“Much better...” she takes your wrist in her hand. “I think I need a tummy rub...”

That night you both fucked like rowdy teens. You didn’t notice any immediate shrinkage of

your penis but the thought and talk alone was enough to drive Natasha wild.

The next few days were much the same, you'd make her a banquet and she would guzzle it all down. On the sixth night you finally noticed something.

"I think I am smaller." You say aloud to Natasha whilst she scoffs down the hearty feast before her. She freezes mid bite of an overloaded slice of pizza. Her eyes go wide, and you see her shudder. She locks eyes with you, and you see that look again. Desire. Quickly she swallows her mouthful and starts to make her way to your side of the table. She lowers herself to the floor and she slowly lumbers her bloated frame over to you on her hands and knees.

She arrives at your knees and her messy face looks up at you for a second before lowering to your crotch, rock hard from watching her feast.

"Here, feel." You reach for her hand and slowly trace it up your thigh to your hard member. As soon as she touches it, she drops any attempt of being restrained. Her greasy palms start to explore its entire length, gauging its change in size.

"Oh wow..." she moans.

You can't say for sure but feeling her hands on your cock you'd say that it has lost about an inch in length as she suggested the pills would. It feels strange as only now it seems that you can notice it. You notice her hand seems bigger when she is trying to grasp it, seemingly not as thick as it once was but only slightly.

"See, I told you."

She stands up and pulls her shirt over her head, the hem catches on her belly and bust causing them to each drop and jiggle before you. "Much better without clothes."

You stare at her body. Considering it has only been a few days you can start to see some changes. Her belly has been pretty much permanently stuffed and round. It certainly seems bigger than the first night, the dome is starting to support her bust when it is stuffed like this. She gives it a loving pat.



“You held up your end of the bargain, my turn.” She plops herself down opposite you once more and starts to eat with renewed vigour.

You watch as Natasha greedily shoves slice after slice of pizza into her ravenous maw. Moans escape between gasps of air.

“I’m going to get huge for you.”

After her meal she asks for seconds and even thirds.

“Don’t push yourself.” You timidly advise.

“I don’t care if I fucking burst, I am going to eat everything in this house for you. I am going to get so *fucking fat*.” She grabs her stuffed belly and jiggles it. “I need you to get me more food.” She moans as she rubs her stomach.

After her impressive display of gluttony, she needed help to get to bed.

The next two weeks fly by as she continues to stuff her face night after night.

“I’m going to get bigger for you Jay, I am going to need a new wardrobe soon. You on the other hand. I can’t wait until you take your next pill.” She said one night.

She seems hornier each day, seemingly anticipating your next pill. She spends a lot of time playing with your cock. She is even now starting to tease you more. Stretching her arms above her head which causes her shirt to rise and reveal an ever-increasing amount of belly. She will shoot you an innocent look as she readjusts her clothes. On this night you get home and as you get ready to start to prepare a big meal for your love you notice a lovely smell.

“Babe?” You call into the house.

“I’m in the kitchen, take a seat at the table, food is nearly ready.” She shouts from the kitchen.

You notice the table is set up much like you had set it up the first night, you take your place at the table. You aren't waiting long before you see her enter the room. Proudly she strides into the room, taken aback you gasp. Natasha is wearing a set of lingerie that she worn a few times over the years, for those special occasions. Red stockings held up by suspenders attached to her crimson bustier. This time however it fits a lot different.

She brings in two plates piled high with food, one filled with fried chicken and the other stacked high with waffles drizzled in gravy. She places both plates on her side of the table as she struts past you back into the kitchen giving you a sly smirk.

You watch her body closely and see how her thighs now bulge out of the gap between her stockings and panties. The tops of her bra cups are overflowing, clearly her gain isn't centred entirely in her stomach, what a gain that has been. Your eyes managed to get a quick glimpse of her bodice which is strained by the jiggling belly which has now replaced her toned abs. She passes you and you follow her with your eyes and watch how her gait has changed thanks to the added weight. Her thighs now rub and her wider hips sway side to side as her ass cheeks are much bigger and have a lot more motion due to her walk.

She returns with 2 more plates, one she places on her side of the table, big pile of bacon and sausages. She holds the second plate high so you can't see what is on it. She locks eyes with you.

"I hope you are hungry." She says softly as she places the plate in front of you. Looking down you see that your plate only has one thing on it. A pill. She giggles at your shocked reaction.

"Already..." You barely whisper out.

She giggles and places a hand on her generous hip whilst she gives a slap to her chubby belly. "I guess I've been eating more." She giggles once more.

"How long has it been?"

"16 Days, 16 days and I've gained 34lbs. Look at me, can you not see it?" She puffs her chest up and grabs the underside of her belly with both hands and jiggles it, the audibly straining. "This lingerie is so beautiful, but it wasn't going to last at this rate, I thought we could send it off with a bang... or a pop, rip and tear?" she says in a deep growl.

Staring at her in awe. *She really is getting into this...*

“One thing is first, eat up” she points to your plate.

Looking down you quickly grab the pill and swallow it without hesitation. You look back at her face as a big smile spreads across her lips. “Good boy, I think that deserves a reward.” She moves towards you, turning you so that she can stand between your spread legs. Her gentle hands reach around the back of your head and pull you forcibly into her chubby belly.

“Oh baby, this is only the beginning, I am going to get so much *fatter* for you.” She says above you.

Your hands reach around to her ass and squeeze her plump cheeks while you kiss her soft stomach. After a few minutes of worshipping her belly she takes a step backward, breaking your grasp on her.

“Now, I think it’s time to eat.” She proclaims as she plops down on her side of the table. Like a woman possessed, she starts to fill her greedy face. Halfway through the food before her she starts to let out some groans, *maybe she ate too quickly*. She beckons you to come over to her side. At once you jump to her side and she takes your hands sensually and leads them to her belly which is now stretching the fabric of her lingerie to the max.

“Please rub, I need to eat more but I’m so *full*. Can you feel? I need tummy rubs.” She pleads.

You get onto your knees and start to rub her belly, your eyes transfixed on it as it bulges against her buster. She continues to shovel more food into her gut. You don’t know how long you’ve been there rubbing her stuffed belly, but she is moaning more as you do so, her hands now join you rubbing her bloated orb.

“Finished...” She groans. “I feel like I am about to *pop*”

With that she takes a deep breath, and you can hear the fabric of the lingerie give way, rapidly ripping down its seam as her belly now bulges obscenely through the newly forming rip down the left side. Her belly surges forward once the fabric has given way.

“Uuupf...” Natasha lets out as her belly covers the tops of her thighs. She slaps the side of it and watches it shake, too full to jiggle, she turns to you. “I’ve never been this big, ever. Let’s

get bigger huh?" she pushes you backward onto the floor.

You lay on the floor and look up at your love as she stands tall above you. From this angle she has to peer over her gut to see you. She slowly lowers herself down onto your legs and slowly starts to stroke your hard cock through your clothes.

"Uuugh..." She shudders "I can't wait until its smaller..." she grinds her crotch against your thigh. She undoes your zip and releases your cock; it stands proudly from your crotch. She starts to jerk and stroke its length and slap it against her belly.

"It's much too big still, maybe I'll just have to gain more, how does that sound?" Natasha covers her hand over your cock as she holds it against her belly. Feeling your cock being pushed into her soft belly you start to thrust into her palm and belly.

"Someone is excited..." she moans. "You won't last much longer; I can feel it."

She was right, whether the events of the day or a side effect of the pill you quickly find yourself orgasming onto her belly. Natasha moans at your release and scoops up a handful of your cum and licks it off her hand greedily.

"Can't let anything go to waste, I've got growing to do..."

### **Chapter 3**

"Natasha..." you try to get her attention. A difficult thing as she shoves another taco into her mouth, focused solely on the plates before her. You clear your throat with a cough. "Babe?" she looks up at you. Her now pudgy face breaking out into a smile as she locks eyes with you.

"It's happened again."

Discarding the half-eaten taco, she thunders over to you, since the incident with the lingerie she now eats food in only her bra and panties. She says it helps her eat more but you suspect it is just a way to tease you further. She drops quickly to her knees to inspect *her* prize. Your cock is now around two inches shorter than it was, thinner too, it remains hard, but you can feel it is certainly not as impressive as it once was.

“Wow, it really is working...” She lets out a big moan as her hand slips towards her crotch before she starts to rub her clit through her panties. You release your cock from its confines, and she yelps as she sees it fully.

“Oh *fuck*, it *is* smaller...” Her pace increases and the rapid movement through her arm causes her to jiggle all over. Your dick pulses with lust, she continues to rub furiously and leans in to kiss your prick.

“Oooh...” You moan aloud.

“Close again? You aren’t lasting long lately...” she says teasingly. “I love that...”

*Huh?*

“I love how you can’t control yourself around me, how you can’t last for more than 60 seconds, I want you to cum from seeing your *big, fat* girlfriend jiggle into the room. Do it, cum for me.” She commands. She pops your cock into her mouth, she hungrily sucks.

Not that you had much of a choice, you erupt hot seed into her mouth which she hungrily swallows. Her body starts to shudder as she works her own orgasm out. With a pop she falls backwards off your cock and lands on her back, panting heavily.

For a few minutes you both take some time to catch your breaths.

“I’m not getting up. Please bring me food... I need to grow.”

A few days later Natasha comes home from work and calls out for you. “Jaaaay” her voice fills the house. You dash to the front door suddenly stopping in your tracks. Before you Natasha stands, her work blouse popped open, and her trousers split at their sides.

“I think I might need new clothes...” she says innocently.

You gawk at the flesh bulging out of her ripped clothes.

“That isn’t all... come here...” she lowers her voice to a whisper. You walk towards your now chubby girlfriend, and she presents to you, her hand.

“Look Jay, my jewellery...”

Her plump digits now bulge around her rings on each hand, her bracelet on her left arm is strained tightly from the accumulation of fat. Softly you rub hands as if to check they are real.

“I think my rings might be stuck.” She says, trying to remove the ring on her left hand. With great effort she doesn’t manage to cause it to budge at all.

“Oh, that’s not good. I can’t believe you have gained so much... it’s unreal...” you gasp.

“I know, I’m such a *fatty*.”

“I have an idea.” You dash to the kitchen, grabbing the butter and rushing back to Natasha.

You coat her sausage fingers in butter to help lube up the rings to get them to budge. You massage her hands, sensually. Feeling the now squishy accumulation of fat that wasn’t there before. Natasha moans from the massage.

“You are good at giving massages, maybe you can do my feet next.” She winks.

You give a slight tug to one of her rings, and it manages, barely, to slide off thanks to the lubrication of the butter. Once you have the first off you work the second one off her plump digit.

“There, your fingers are all safe.”

“Thank you, but my hands are all buttery...” She looks at you suggestively. “I think for saving my little sausages from being cut off, you deserve a reward...” Starting to suck the butter off her left hand. “Can’t have this go to waste.” Sensually she licks the butter off her hand, she

walks past you and draws her finger in the air to call you to follow her. Obediently you walk behind her, staring once again at the ripped clothing.

Suddenly she stops, turns around and pushes you towards the sofa. Landing on the soft cushions you see Natasha get onto her knees and fumble at your zip. Your cock was already hard from the hand massage.

“Always ready to go aren’t you.” Releasing your cock into the open she then takes her right hand, still covered in butter, and starts to stroke your dick. “Can’t let it go to waste...” she trails off, eyes now transfixed on your six-inch erection.

“Oh, I am getting close already...” You say a little shocked. *The pill’s side effect? Or am I just worked up?*

“Oh, baby you can’t seem to last... I like that... Makes me feel wanted, lusted for... Don’t worry, I won’t make you wait.” She lowers her head to your cock and slowly licks the length of your shaft. The sensation is intense, but she seems to be focusing licking the butter off rather than aiming to please you. “Can’t waste the calories...” She mumbles as she takes your girth into her hungry mouth, hungrily licking and sucking your cock.

You grunt and start to tap her on the shoulder, the pleasure is too much for you to speak. You erupt and fill her cheeks with your seed. She continues to suck and lick for a few seconds, ensuring to get the entirety of your load and likely the butter by this point.

“Hhhmmmm.... That was good...” She moans softly, licking her lips. Natasha stands up and surveys her body once more, poking the bulging skin through the rips. “Wow... I *am* fat now huh?” She looks down at you on the sofa, still panting from the incredible orgasm.

“This gut isn’t going to feed itself, let’s go eat.”

That night, after Natasha stuffed herself silly, you are both laying in bed on your phones, and she was ordering new uniform for work. Thankfully, it would arrive before her next shift. She turns the screen to you.

“What do you think?”

The clothes seemed the same as her normal work clothes, “They look fine, same as your normal stuff.”

“Not the style, the size.”

You look again, this time noticing the sizes. There are four pairs of uniform in a much larger size than she used to buy but one set is only a little bit bigger.

“What is up with that one?” You ask quizzically.

“I’m so glad you asked.” She takes your hand into her pudgy one and slowly guides your hand down her body, feeling the added plumpness, feeling the rolls starting to form, her big, bloated belly, taut with tonight’s banquet. “I thought I could burst out of them again... It was so hot today; I felt my clothes so tight on me this morning but by the time I had lunch I was struggling to contain myself. Any second I could just *burst* out and my colleagues would see, truly, what a *fat* girl I’ve become.” She is now kneading your hand into her soft sides.

Your erection returns, her talking about bursting out of her clothes at work really does speak to how much she is enjoying this. Natasha feels your hardon prod against her side.

“Again, so eager to go...” She leans in, her humid breath against your cheek. “Let me take care of that...”

The next day her clothes arrive, and the larger set is a bit baggy on her, she can’t help but tease you by saying “for now.” She quickly heads to the bedroom to change and when she comes down the stairs you see that she has put the tighter clothes on. Her fat is tightly packed in the blouse, the buttons already straining and that is before she has eaten any food. The waistband of her skirt cuts deeply into her stomach, causing her belly to bulge above and below, forming a division in her gut.

“You like?” She jiggles for emphasis.

“You... Look... Amazing...”

“I look fit to burst...” Natasha traces a finger over the swell of her tummy.



“I don’t think that will last the day...” your cock hardens at the prospect of her busting out of her clothes. Natasha notices.

“Thinking of me bursting out of this?” She giggles.

You nod.

“I’m starving, let’s have breakfast.” She heads into the kitchen and starts to point out food from the fridge that she wants. After a few minutes and a large order, you start to cook. Natasha usually gets breakfast in work, a perk of the job she always said. You don’t mind, you are glad to be with her and able to watch her eat.

“Food’s ready.” You call to Natasha as you start setting plates down on the table. Piles of bacon, pancakes, fried eggs, toast, sausages. *A good start to the day.*

Natasha plods into the room, her tight clothes allow you to see her bulk jiggle in detail. *Her co-workers are lucky to see her all day in this.*

“Oh Jay, I don’t think my clothes will last until I finish breakfast... You’ve made so much...”

You blush, subconsciously you did make a lot. “You don’t have to eat it.”

“Nonsense, I love a good challenge.” She starts eating.

You stare at her eating, like always, turned on immensely by her gluttony. Very quickly she demolishes most of the food. Towards the end she is groaning and leaning back in her chair, her hand rubbing her belly under the table.

“Are you ok babe?” You ask with concern.

She looks up and locks eyes with you, a large smile forming on her face. Without a word she stands up, rising quickly, her gut now above the table you stare at the wide gaps between her buttons. As soon as she finishes her ascent the blouse gives way. Buttons fire off her blouse, one bounces off the table and into your side. You are now staring at her taut belly in

the open.

“Oops...” She says with a fake innocent tone, her finger on her lip. “Guess I ate too much...” Her other finger prodding the tight bulge.

You break your stare and dash upstairs and return within what feels like seconds, panting from the sprint, incredibly hard and straining against your pyjama bottoms. Without any words you reveal the reason for your mad dash. The pill bottle. You remove the lid and pop two pills in your mouth quickly and swallow before Natasha can even react. You place the bottle on the table and look over to her. Her domineering smirk has now gone replaced by shock and arousal.

There is a small amount of food left, all semblance of manners gone, her pudgy hands grab at what is left of the greasy pile of food. Forcing the food into her mouth, groans escaping as she must be at capacity, still she continues. The food can't get in quick enough and smears over her face. She moans aloud stuffing more into her face, bloating her cheeks, she looks at you again and lets out a huge moan after staring at your crotch.

“*Fffuuccckk...*” She moans as she uses both hands to continue to clear the rest of the food.

During this ravenous stage she pops two more buttons. She is licking the plate clean, still groaning from how tightly packed her stomach is. Staring once more at your hard dick she starts to rub her belly.

“That was so fucking hot... You took two...” She trails off as a hand has reached around her gut and is starting to rub at her crotch. Joining in the lusty free for all you start stroking your painfully erect cock.

“That's it Jay, stroke for your huge girlfriend...” She shrieks as she already reaches orgasm. You are also extremely close; you slow down to make it last longer, but Natasha has other ideas.

“No, cum.” She barks as she resumes her feverish rubbing. “You can't last long, you can't resist, your shrinking dick can't resist all of this.” She gestures towards her body. “I'm going to get fatter, especially as you've just taken two pills... I wonder... how... *Small...* you will get...” Shrieking again as a second orgasm takes hold. This time you can't resist and explode over her, ropes of cum splattering her belly. The shock of the first one gets Natasha's attention, and she moans more as you continue to cum on her.

“I think I am going to call in sick today, stay home and continue to eat, maybe you should stay here too...”

#### **Chapter 4**

You and Natasha spend the whole day together, you rub her gaining body and she plays with your shrinking dick. She gets a call halfway through the day from her boss. She takes the call into the kitchen and returns with a frown.

“What’s wrong?” You ask.

“My boss was just checking if I was well enough to go out on the business trip...”

“What business trip?”

“Apparently Anderson has been fired, he was caught screwing his secretary... again... and that means I am now stepping into his role, it’s a very important trip and I am the only one who knows much about Andersons work so my boss has given me a promotion to go on this trip and extra pay for the duration.” She explains still frowning.

“That sounds great. Why are you sad?”

“Because the trip will last two weeks, we are going to France...”

“Two weeks? Oh... When are you going?”

“Tomorrow... That is why I’m sad... I won’t get to see what the two pills will do...” she trails off.

“Well, let’s make it more fun,” Her face perks up, “I’m sure France will have some delicious food there for you to try and the extra money could be used to help this along.” You say giving her gut a loving pat.

“That sounds fun... You’ll still take pills?” The sorrow in her voice replaced by excitement.

You place her hand on your crotch. "By the time you get back, it'll be smaller for you. I'll take more pills if you are a good gainer for me.

"I think we should have some fun before I start packing."

The rest of the afternoon Natasha spends packing, you hardly see her as she needs to get all her stuff sorted before her 10am flight. She has one last meal with you before she turns in early for the night. You join her. The next morning you say your goodbyes as she leaves.

You head to work and although the day doesn't drag you feel sad knowing that she won't be coming home tonight. You haven't heard from her all day; you send her a message to check she is ok but nothing. You go to bed early and hope you have a message in the morning.

You wake up and check your phone.

Natasha: Hey sweetie, the company really screwed us here, I am in the middle of nowhere. Apparently, the company wanted to save money and it was too expensive to stay in the city, so we are in the countryside. The signal here is atrocious, I'm not going to be able to send you photos or hardly speak to you at all, there isn't even Wi-Fi. If I'm lucky I can do what I've done now and connect to the free Wi-Fi when I am in town, but they charge by data usage so no pics I'm afraid. Sorry babe. This trip will be worse than I thought. I will keep gaining for you though, the food here is rich.

You: That really does stink... At least try to enjoy the food and the scenery. I wish I could be there with you. I'd help with the feeding.

*Man, two weeks without her...*

Two weeks passes and it really did drag. Today is the day, she returns. She was being dropped off by her boss. You took the day off work to be there when she returned. You did try messaging her during her trip, but she wasn't receiving anything. During the time she was away you took another pill after the effects of the double dose finished. You were excited, giddy even. You hear the door handle open. As soon as she touched down, she messaged you to say she had got off the plane safe and to wait for her in the bedroom.

"Babe?" Her sweet voice calls out. *God I've missed her voice.*

“Upstairs, just like you said.”

“Good. I’ll be up in a sec.”

You hear heavy footsteps come up the stairs. The vibrations and echoing of each stomp can be heard through the foundations. Your cock now starts to get hard, anticipation rushing through you as you wait behind the closed door of the bedroom. The handle slowly twists as you hear Natasha’s heavy breathing the other side of the door. Slowly the door creaks open, and I cannot believe what I am seeing.

“*Holy shit!*” I exclaim.

“I know...” She says, a wide grin appearing on her face.

“Your...”

“*Fucking huge...* I know.” She finishes your sentence in a sultry tone.

Before you stands Natasha, but not as you know her, she is much bigger than when she left, you can’t even begin to guess the weight she has gained in these last two weeks. She is wearing the baggy work outfit she ordered before leaving and now it looks tightly packed with fat. She is so much *more*. The outfit strains heavily from its desperate battle to keep her blubber concealed.

Natasha now has a double chin and her once lean face now is now chubby, she looks like a fat girl on her face alone. Looking over the rest of her body you see that her arms are now big and thick, the fat oozing from the short sleeves of her blouse. Her arms are capped off by her now fat hands, formerly soft and dainty these now meaty paws look pudgy and soft, her thick fingers barely look as though they can stay together because of the thickness. Her boobs bulge obscenely out of her bra, her fat tits have certainly grown, and this bra has not kept up with the expansion.

You lower your gaze to her middle, her belly dominates her frame, a huge protruding mass pushing out from her body, defying gravity almost. She has opted to tuck the skirt under the fold of her gut making her stomach appear bigger as it is not constricted as much. You can see it jiggle softly as she takes heavy breaths. Her hand softly traces circles on its upper

hemisphere.

You continue your inspection of her, and you see that her hips have now exploded outwards as they try to support her bulkier frame, the wide hips lead to her huge, thick thighs. The skirt being tested immensely by the width of her hips now rises to mid-way down her thighs. You can see a large portion of flesh on display, she has opted not to wear the tights, likely due to the constriction.

The rest of her legs are thick and bulging as you finally settle your gaze onto her feet. She has removed her shoes and socks, so you get to see that even these were not able to escape the expansion. Her feet, much like her hands, were once dainty but now look positively huge. Her toes look like thick cocktail sausages, she likely couldn't even fit into her shoes. The foot looks squashed, in part due to the weight that they are now carrying and in part because the fat on them is easily displaced.

"Although I love your eyes all over me, I think it might be my turn to see something..." She bites her lip.

You are so incredibly hard and close to cumming that you are almost scared to reveal yourself.

"The side effects are much worse... I am... so close already..." You say pathetically.

"Oooo... Show me... I *need* to see it..." Her hands start to caress her body, groping at her soft body.

Slowly you stand up, she stands frozen in the doorway, eyes locked on your crotch. Your hands head to the waistband of your jogging trousers. You slip your thumbs under the band and pause.

"I took some more pills."

You slowly start to lower the band down.

"I am so tiny... I hope you don't mind..."

You let go of the jogging bottoms after they pass your crotch, they fall quickly to the floor, pooling at your feet. Your boxers still covering your manhood, you glance at Natasha in the doorway. She is rubbing her body with more passion as she aggressively gropes her body.

“I am so hard... I bet you can't even see it through my boxers...”

She lets out a huge moan as she takes her first step towards you, the thundering of her heavy frame shakes the floor beneath you. Sensing the effect you are having on her, you continue, slowly lowering your boxers and revealing your dick in its entirety.

“*Fuck...*” She freezes during her second step. Staring with a burning in her eyes. She looks up to your face and lunges. She uses her weight advantage, on top of the layer of muscle she still has, to throw you to the bed. She rushes her face straight to your much smaller cock.

“It's so... *Small*” She leans in close.

The pills have done exactly what they said they would and more. They seem to have had a multiplicative effect from taking the two and now your once proud eight inches stands fully erect at a mere inch. The head of your cock taking up about 50% of that length. The sensitive nub jerks wildly on its own from the pleasure from Natasha's hot breath.

She takes her plump index finger and thumb and slowly uses them to wrap around the small head. Slowly she strokes, knowing you are so close already.

“Fuck, I can feel how close you are... It's so small... *fuck*” She moans.

She lowers her face close to inspect it. Her tongue parts her plump lips and she gives a small lick of your micro penis. The pleasure is immense, you shudder and grip the bed.

“That sensitive? We are going to have fun...”

She pushes her lips out and gives it a big kiss, your erection pushing against her soft lips. That is all it takes, you can't hold back any longer, you erupt a small torrent of cum onto her

unsuspecting face.

“Mmmm...” she moans excitedly.

You lay back, panting to catch your breath. Your orgasms seem to be stronger.

“I wonder what would happen if you took another pill? Tell you what, let’s make a deal, If I can burst out this blouse like my last one, will you take another?” She stands up and starts to rub her fat body for you, giving you a little show.

Natasha is loving her new body, the way she grabs and gropes at her rolls, squeezes at the bulges over her clothes, it’s hypnotic. She rips the buttons off her top and reveals her naked torso to you. Her belly is huge, no other word for it. It protrudes excessively from her body, its soft expanse shakes before you. She rubs its wide expanse, kneading and jiggling her massive gut for you. The jiggling spreads to her boobs which are threatening to pop out of her bra.

You watch intently as she continues the show, but she stops to ask you again.

“If I got bigger, would you take more? I want, no, *need* to get bigger. I *need* to see you shrink, it’s so hot.” Her fat digits head towards her crotch.

“I took two pills this morning...”