

The slamming of your front door almost threatens to shake the foundations of your house.

"She's home..." You calmly say to your friends on voice chat.

Your girlfriend.

"Do you have to-"

The headset is already off, and the computer is powering down, the game a distant memory in your head as you walk out from your "man cave".

Even from the landing you can hear her puffing and panting as she struggles with her trainers.

"Fu..." She grunts. "Fucking things!"

Clearly struggling to get the shoes off in a timely manner, she flings them off the end of her toes and nearly shatters the windowpane in the door.

Calmly you still descend the stairs, making very little noise, probably too little for her to hear over her wheezing. Quickly, she walks into the kitchen and starts drinking from the tap.

From behind you were able to tell that she was clearly very sweaty, her arms were slick and so were her back rolls. You walked through the air she had occupied, and you could smell her.

It didn't stop your slow movements towards the kitchen.

Finally standing in the doorway you take her whole-body in.

Your wife was fat, In her words, grotesquely obese, unlovable, disgusting.

Her words hurt you, for in your words she would be anything but. To you she was beautiful, pretty, sweet, cute, adorable, sexy.

Sure bigger, but when did big mean bad?

In her artic camo-esque stretchy gym wear she lifts herself up from the sink, her wide body almost covering the distance between the kitchen counters.

Her huge, beautiful ass, the perfect start to seeing her, each cheek could crush your skull, it almost has a few times.

A few weeks back she had decided that she had enough of gaining weight, it was seemingly from nowhere, you hadn't exactly been subtle about your enjoyment of her growing figure, but you had never come out and said it to her face.

She must've known, right?

Whatever the reason was, you decided to support her, even after trying to talk her out of it. It was no use, she had made her mind up, your girlfriend was stubborn, if nothing else.

The trips to the gym started the next day, after she ordered next day delivery for some gym clothes.

It was tough, you thought she was doing well but it was clear that she hated it. Being the good boyfriend, you cheered her on, betraying your true lust.

Every day she would come back from the gym, frustrated, upset and despite your best efforts you couldn't console her enough.

Today was different.

She turned around and you saw how her belly was on show in this outfit, a new one, she had to get it because she had sized up since starting the gym. The work there was making her want to eat more and therefore her body weight was still increasing, she assured me that was normal.

Staring her down now, her wide and fat frame looking back at me, you had to fight to get my gaze to meet her eyes.

When you did, you could see the upset in her eyes.

"I... I can't do it..." She barely whimpered.

"Why are you doing it to yourself?" You challenged her, for the first time since she had gone on this failed health kick.

"I... Weighed myself and I was 301 lbs..." She was holding back tears. "I know you said you don't mind, and I didn't need to lose weight but..." She grabbed her fat and shook it. "How can you date a whale like me?"

You walked over to her slowly and pressed your hand against her stomach and kissed her deeply.

"Because I find this sexy..." The truth was laid bare into the open, your palm gliding across her slick upper roll of her double gut.

"Y...Y-you do?" She asked, confused.

You had taken a gamble, you didn't tell her in any smooth and sensitive way, you ripped the plaster off wanting to get it done as quickly as possible.

But that wasn't all.

You knew something else.

Her confusion wasn't **just** confusion, there was something more to her voice, to her eyes.

"Are you serious..." Her breath was hot and heavy.

With a firm slap, you jiggled her stomach and pecked her cheek, before whispering.

"Yes."

The confidence came from something you had discovered, by complete accident, you opened her laptop and found that she had left her browser open. A particular site that seemed to have threads upon threads of large men and women and the glorification of weight gain. You didn't need to spend much time looking because you knew of this site, it was one that you had frequented over the years.

She was the same as you.

You knew it then and looking in her eyes you knew it now.

"301... I think we can go higher..." The words ooze off your tongue.

"Yeah..." She pants.

"I think 325 is a good starting goal... See if you're really into this..." You watch her face turn into pure shock before she lunges at you and starts kissing you.

The passion that was about to crash over the both of you and your relationship was halted by an odd feeling within her. She breaks off the kiss and stumbles backwards. Her arms holding herself up.

You watch as she looks to be in some sort of pain.

"Is everything alright?" You ask, concerned.

"I... Feel something..." She stands straight, the pain making her jolt upright.

Her arms behind her back, acting as a counterbalance for her stomach, to you it seems unnecessary but then you see why.

You watch as slowly you see a shifting of her skin. Your eyes are glued to the hem of her gym clothes, and you can see them move, distort and fail to hold back what is her growing body.

In real time, before your very eyes you can see her torso get bigger.

Her gut swells forward, stretching her material and pulling her belly lower, filling out what little give the stretchy leggings have left. The roll on her side grows too, snaking down the side of her torso, her upper belly sitting proudly on the massively swollen lower belly.

Her profile has changed so drastically in the last few seconds that you can barely believe what your eyes are seeing. Her stomach is less chunky and more rotund, it is as if she hit that goal you set in seconds.

Before you let your raging arousal take over you quickly grab the scales that were in the bathroom, your girlfriend too stunned to have even noticed you ever leave. Like a flash you place the scales before her, looking up at the looming belly that is driving you wild, it eclipses her face from this angle.

She takes one big step and looks at you expectantly. "I can't see over... This..." Her words are filled with fulfilled desires.

"325... On the dot..."

You stand up and look at her confused but so turned on.

"What do you say we aim for 350?" She says in a playful manner.

I nod and before I stop my head from bobbing I see her eyes roll into the back of her head as her stomach starts to swell again.