

## Curvy

### Chapter 1

“Where is she?” I whisper out loud to myself.

I am currently sitting in a local restaurant waiting for my girlfriend, Tanya. She has been quite strange the last 72 hours or so, her messages appeared cold and detached. She was out of town for a work conference and asked us to go on a date when she got back, saying she had something she wanted to tell me. Of course, I said yes, but that was before the radio-silence. We’ve been together for about two years now and I thought everything was fine but I still can’t shake that gnawing feeling festering at the bottom of my gut.

Finally, she enters the restaurant. When we met, Tanya was quite slender but she has always had some curves to her frame. As she walks towards the table I hear the click clack of her red heels, my gaze travels down her body and I admire the way her stunning red dress clings tightly to her. Her dress is low cut and reveals her bulging bosoms to any onlooker but I know this display is all for me. The contrast of her slim waist really accentuates her hips which flare out from her side completing the hourglass shape. Even after this time, I get excited thinking of them as I know the curves are attached to her beautiful thick thighs and her bubble butt. Her boobs jiggle and bounce in her tight dress as she heads over to me with a perfect smile on her face. She doesn’t even notice the gaze of a man at another table that follows her as she makes her way through the restaurant, I know well the sight that he is admiring, almost wishing I could trade seats to watch that ass of hers jiggling and swaying from her exaggerated gait. I raise my eye line to her beautiful face, she is a brunette and always wears her hair up in a high ponytail. There is a big smile on her face, how I’ve missed those plump lips to kiss. She has chubby cheeks which add to the cuteness of her 5’4 frame. Her button nose sat between her big blue eyes which are staring directly at me.

“Hey honey, I’ve missed you so much!”

I immediately stand up and greet her with a big hug, “I’ve missed you too,” and plant a big kiss on her lips as my hands feel down her side to her curvy hips.

“Feisty tonight?” she grins. “Maybe if it’s a good date you can take me home” she giggles.

“You mean our home?”

“You know what I mean” she sticks her tongue out.

I pull out her chair and let her take a seat, taking time to notice that peachy butt before she plants herself on it. I take my seat and immediately ask what has been on my mind.

“So, is everything okay? What did you want to talk about?”

“Eager aren’t you?” she lays her arm on the table outstretching to reach for mine. I place my hand in hers. “I know what you’re like, I won’t make you suffer anymore.” She clears her throat.

“Everything is fine. I’m sorry for being a bit odd recently... I don’t really know how to talk about this, I have been thinking more and more over the past few months.... I have been practicing telling you for a while...” She looks nervous, I give her hand a squeeze of reassurance, she gives a smile.

“You know how when we got together, I was a little bit... slimmer.”

I nod in response.

“Thanks!” she giggles, trying to use humour to diffuse her nervousness. “Well, I’ve filled up over the past few years and I think you’ve noticed.”

“How could I not, you look amazing with the added curves.”

“Well, I like that I am now curvier, and I am glad you like it too. I love how the weight has settled on my chest; I mean I’ve gone up nearly three cup sizes” she jiggles her boobs for emphasis which grabs my attention. This is all true, her bust *has* filled out from about a B cup to barely contained in a D cup, something I have definitely noticed but dared not bring to her attention to in case she was worried about it.

“Perv” she jokes and gives me a sly grin. “I am also very proud of my other newly found *ass-ets*” she laughs as her free hand slaps her hip, the smack comes out loud. Very loud but she doesn’t flinch. “I’ve added seven inches to my hips since we got together, remember how formless I was... Now I’m thick and I love the way it feels.” The more she confesses the more animated her gestures become, grabbing at her own hips and waist, curving her back as if she can hardly contain herself. All the while I can feel myself growing hard under the table.

I’ve always loved thicker women, especially women who have big asses and hips, the shape, the form it’s an instant turn on for me. Seeing her grow over the last few months, struggling to fit in her clothes, every time she would mention it, I would need to take a moment to calm down or just jump her right then and there. It’s also true that I pay a lot of attention to her lower portion when we are in the bedroom. I know she knows this as she has bought plenty of lingerie to show off her behind and has teased me with it. Tanya takes a moment to take a sharp inhale, her face looking a bit flustered.

“Where was I? Got distracted for a second there.” She bites her lower lip. “Now, I appreciate you have been very loving in the past with regards to my weight-gain, but I want more.”

I wasn’t expecting that. My cock snakes its way down my thigh.

“No... I need more.”

I definitely wasn’t expecting that. Now standing at full mast.

“I arranged this date night because I wanted to tell you that and something else.”

“I’m on the edge of my seat honey, tell me.”

Her free hand rummages through her handbag and pulls out a vial with an oddly coloured liquid in it. The vial looks like one of those ones out of a medieval movie with a cork in the top. I raise an eyebrow.

“Do you want me to get curvier... Bigger?” she asks directly, a small amount of fear in her eyes but also lust.

“I’d love you at any size honey” I reel off the safe answer. She sharply squeezes my hand.

“No, I want the real answer, would you like it if my ass got fucking huge.” Her deadly serious glare is almost frightening.

“I mean, I do apprec-”

“Don’t beat around the bush Joe. Give it to me straight. Do you want my hips to be as wide as door frames, do you want my ass to stick out behind me so much that I could use it as a shelf. Its sheer size and weight could pin you to the bed as it smothers you. Tell me Joe, tell me do you want me to have a huge ass.”

Her aggression catches me off guard, flustered and now indescribably horny, I look into her eyes and barely let out “Yes...”

“Are you sure? I know I want this, but I need your open, honest opinion. Please Joe, if this is not something you desire, you need to tell me. There will be no going back.”

“Tanya, I meant it when I say I would love you at any size. However, watching you grow over the last few months has made me want you even more than I thought was possible. Even now, you talking like this has... Riled something in me. I want to take you, right now.”

“Good boy, right answer.” With no hesitation she pops the cork and downs the liquid before I can even process what I have just confessed.

“What was that?” I ask.

“You’ll see... Now it’s time to order food.” She replies nonchalantly.

“But?”

“I heard you, trust me. Don’t ask questions, you’ll enjoy things more if you do.” She winks.

Still horny as hell, I agree and pick up my menu and pretend to look it over. I had time to select my order earlier whilst waiting for her, instead I just use this as a chance to collect

myself. We talk about work and the past few days whilst she has been out of town. It is almost as if the first conversation didn't happen.

"So yeah, the trip back was fine, traffic was good but there was this guy who cut me-" A deep rumbling emits from her side of the table, interrupting her. I stare wide eyed, she lowers her hand to her tum and rubs it.

"Guess I'm just hungry," she smiles.

Right on que the waiter appears and takes our order. I order the steak, you just can't beat a good medium-rare with port and stilton sauce. The waiter turns to Tanya.

"I'll have the 20oz steak, half a rack of ribs, a side of onion rings, the mixed grill and an extra side of chips."

Huh?

"Oh and can the chips loaded, cheese and bacon please... I think that's everything" she flashes an innocent smile to the waiter who is also shocked at the order. She then turns to me and gives me a grin. "What, I said I was hungry" she winks.

The waiter reads back the order and takes it to the kitchen to start preparing the feast.

"Are you ok?" I ask sheepishly.

"Yeah, just feeling extra hungry today. Ravenous almost." She pats her tum in anticipation for food.

"It's not like you" I quiz her.

Suddenly I feel something on my leg, causing me to jump a little. She has taken off her heels and her bare foot starts to caress my thigh. "How am I going to get bigger if I don't eat, silly?" she says with an innocent tone.

My erection which had subsided over time is now forming once more. Tanya's foot starts to massage it softly under the table.

"Hmmm" she moans. "You like that idea?" she teasingly grins.

I nod slowly.

"Good" she removes her foot from my crotch and continues to talk about work.

We spend about 20 minutes chatting before the onslaught of food is brought to our table. Tanya eyes it up and before starting says "do you think it'll be enough?" as she places a finger on her lower lip.

Like a woman possessed she starts the feast. Gluttonous, ravenous and without restraint she shovels mouthful after mouthful of food into her hungry maw. As the meal progresses she seemingly is coming up against some resistance from her body, seemingly needing to force each gulp down with considerable effort. She lets out moans as she continues to devour the meal. There is no talking during dinner, just the animalistic noises of her scoffing down bite after bite. I finish my food and just watch her consume all that is in front of her. She notices my gaze and pauses for a moment.

“I’m going to get so big, you have no idea” and with that she continues the meal, not even waiting for a reply from me. Not that I was able to say much anyway.

Somehow, the food is gone. All of it. I look at the plates to confirm and then over to Tanya to see her leaning her head back over the chair, a hand rubbing the belly below the table.

“Wow...” I say softly.

“I know... I was so hungry...I think I’m done now though” she says without lifting her head.

“How...?”

“I told you not to ask questions.”

“Right... But like... Wow...”

“Wow indeed. Why don’t you pay the bill, I’ll go freshen up in the toilet and meet you in the car?”

“Sure...” still dazed by what has just happened.

With considerable effort she manages to get to her feet. Her dress looks much tighter than before, her belly is bulging out from her frame massively, she looks as though she is in the second trimester. One hand cradles her food baby from the bottom, as if lifting it for support, and the other rubs its tight circumference.

“Wow... I did eat a lot, huh?” she winks.

I stare at her, slack jawed.

“The bill, remember?”

I nod.

“Meet you in the car” she adds.

I nod again.

I watch her turn around and I’d like to think I could pick Tanya’s ass out of a line up but something seems different... Was it bigger? Wider perhaps?

“Would you like the bill sir?” the waiter breaks my train of thought.

“Oh yes, sure.”

“She must’ve been hungry” he makes small talk.

“Yeah, no kidding.”