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## **What We Both Want**

Meadow laid back in a Queen-size bed, the silk robe in dark pink that was draped over her shoulders doing nothing at all to conceal the brand-new lacy black bra that was already a little tight, or the matching silk stockings and garter belt set that made a ring of flesh pooch out around them deliciously.

The lingerie set served mostly to emphasize her rounded belly as it bulged upward, a pale white dome that paid tribute to a very recent, very healthy meal, and many more just like it.

A dark-haired woman of an age with Meadow entered the bedroom wearing a maid's uniform which was most certainly bought at an adult store. Or possibly online from Japan. Her name was Macy, she had black hair fixed in a loose ponytail, and was carrying a platter of macarons.

As Macy gazed smokily at her partner through wire-rimmed glasses, her somewhat distant expression went unnoticed by her overfed wife.

"I've brought more treats for you, Mistress."

Meadow squirmed with pleasure, loose blonde curls slipping over her shoulders as her partner's performance caused a slight warmth to build beneath the triangle of her black lace panties.

Macy stepped closer, climbing onto the bed to straddle Meadow's hips, still balancing the tray in one hand as she leaned forward, pressing her tight abs into the blonde's bloated belly.

"Do you want more to eat, Mistress?"

Meadow opened her mouth, pink tongue lolling greedily, as her lover plucked one brightly-colored French cookie from the mounded plate.

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### **One Year Earlier**

A somewhat thinner – though no one would actually call her *thin* – Meadow was reclining on the same bed. A nearly identical Macy was crawling awkwardly onto the bed; wearing not an elaborate maid costume, but a standard nightgown, a set of cat ears atop her tightly-bunned black hair. The glasses were missing; Macy never wore glasses in bed unless she was reading.

"Hello kitty, what a good kitty you are..."

Meadow patted Macy's head and tried to scratch behind her partner's ear, making Macy stiffen. The dark haired girl responded with the world's least convincing

"Meow."

Meadow sighed but kept going.

"Are you hungry, kitty?"

Meadow spread her legs.

"Does my good little kitty want to taste her mistress's chubby kitty?"

Macy stopped and stood back up.

“I can’t do this, Med.”

Meadow brought her knees together and sat up on the bed.

“What?”

“I can’t play this game, it’s humiliating.”

“Like you just said, it’s a *game* Macy, it’s supposed to be **fun!**”

“Well it’s not fun for me to pretend to be your **pet**, okay?”

“I mean, we can try it the other way around if you want...”

“I don’t want **you** to be **my** pet either! We’re human beings for chrissake, can’t we just have normal sex as equals?”

“For fuck’s sake Macy, I just want to change it up a little! We’ve been having the same ‘normal sex’ for the past five years. Why is it so difficult for you to try something new once in a while?”

The back and forth continued for a good half hour, dredging up every past transgression and misstep, accusations painted with the brush of sweeping generalization. Ultimately, in a supremely defeated voice, Macy grabbed the pillow from her side of the bed and announced,

“I’m sleeping in the guest room.”

As the door closed behind her wife, Meadow pulled a pillow off the bed and screamed into it, hot salty tears leaving dark spots on the satin pillowcase. She was angry, she was sad, and worst of all she was still fucking horny. Why was it so hard to get Macy to change? Just a little bit?

When they’d started dating, all Macy’s little quirks and idiosyncrasies were endearing to a young Meadow. Macy would fix her collar, slide her glass back from the edge of the table, and lick her thumb before wiping a bit of sauce off

her girlfriend's lips. It was all flirty and amazing, and once they'd moved in together it had been sort of convenient. Macy cared so much more about keeping a clean house, that she just took care of it.

About six months in she'd started pestering Meadow for her help. Invariably the laid-back blonde with her effortless shoulder-length curls would do such a bad job of loading the dishwasher or scrubbing the shower, that the uptight Macy would push her glasses back up onto her nose and do the task herself. That was fine with Meadow, and it was fine with Macy. Win-win.

But she was *so* fussy, and *so* rigid, that their lives had become boring. The same jobs, the same dozen or so healthy meals, the same crime dramas in the evening, and the same boring-ass sex night after night. Well, every other night really. Okay they were still keeping it to at least once a week, but the rate was slowly dropping.

Meadow wasn't as free-spirited as her wannabe hippy parents, with their homespun fabrics and all-natural soaps, but she craved adventure. Even just the small, tiny adventures of a little snack splurge here and there, a scary movie, maybe try a new restaurant.

But Macy liked things neat and clean, neat and clean and predictable. Safe. Boring. As Meadow lay on her back, staring at the ceiling, hips undulating slightly as one of her vibrators did its best to substitute the woman she loved, Meadow imagined a different life.

Not drastically different, she would never be unfaithful. She just... just... just wished she could get the woman to lighten up a little. Just a little. Meadow closed her eyes and imagined again the way she'd hoped the night's activities would go. A version of her wife as a precocious kitten, working between her labia with her normally sharp tongue, nurturing instead of critical, and the vision got Meadow over the finish line.

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Maid Macy pressed the last of the macarons between her mistress's lips, setting the platter on the bed. She leaned in a little harder, pressing the fingers of one thin hand into the flesh of Meadow's belly, feeling the firm ball of food under the layer of fat. With her free hand she reached down between her legs and traced Meadow's sex through her thin panties.

"You're feeling very full Mistress. Can I do anything else for you?"

Meadow tried to spread her legs, a difficult task with her partner straddling them.

"Is it time for *my* snack now Mistress?"

Meadow nodded wordlessly. The combination of her wife's fingertips and her eager-to-please attitude had her halfway there already.

Macy slid down along her pudgy and overfed wife's body, fingers pressing into the stuffed dome hard enough to send shuddering tingles up Meadow's torso. Gripping her wife's love handles firmly for support, Macy crawled down to the floor and into position.

Strands of Macy's hair fell loose from her slipping ponytail, tickling the skin of Meadow's inner thighs, and the pampered blonde was coming before her partner's tongue touched her lips.

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### **Eleven Months Ago**

Meadow stood in the shower, the handheld sprayer pressed between her legs. Macy had come back to their bed after three nights in the guest room, but they had gone back to their boring vanilla once-a-week sex. Really more like every six days. And on the other five, when her wife never took her glasses off, reading her books on modern political theory until she was tired enough to sleep, Meadow would retreat to their bathroom to "take a shower," giving herself the gratification she wasn't getting in her marriage.

Crawling back into bed next to her wife, Meadow retrieved her phone and commenced doom-scrolling. The dark-haired Macy had her hair in a sensible nighttime braid and wore plaid pajamas that covered her whole frame. Meadow still thought her hipster-thin partner was sexy as hell, but the frustration she felt at Macy's stubbornness made it difficult.

Scrolling through instagram photos of old friends and older family, Meadow's eyes paused on an ad.

***Hypnosis: It Works!***

*Take back the life you deserve with this one weird trick! Wisdom passed down through the centuries can be yours!*

Meadow was sure it was a scam, but the first chapter was free, so she clicked through to the site, hoping for a few minute's entertainment, if nothing else.

Meadow was still reading when Macy turned off her bedside light, removing her glasses and popping her earbuds in to queue up the latest ASMR stories she'd been using to fall asleep for the past couple years. She laid down on her side, facing away from her partner.

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As Macy continued giving her pussy a delicious tongue bath, Meadow rubbed her stuffed belly and thought back on the evening...

"More wine Mistress?"

Her beloved stood beside the wide padded dining chair Meadow had recently gotten her to buy, holding a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc, perfectly chilled and wrapped in a towel. Her eyes had a faraway look behind her glasses, but Meadow didn't notice.

"Yes please."

Macy bent at the waist, the fluffy white bodice covering her modest breasts was framed by black ruffled straps that rode over her narrow shoulders. Meadow could see the faint musculature of her maid's arms as she extended the bottle and the liquid rose in her glass, not a drop spilled.

"And shall I top off your plate as well?"

Meadow had eaten enough spaghetti to feed an Italian farm hand twice, but she nodded her ascent. As Macy turned to fetch the tongs, the towel slipped from her arm to fall to the floor.

"Oops, forgive me, Mistress."

Macy turned and bent to retrieve the pure white square of linen, presenting Meadow with a brief flash of her pert ass, black skirt made voluminous by layers of petticoats reaching barely halfway down her thighs. White ruffle garters laced with black ribbon clipped to a set of black stockings that ran almost the full length of her long, tan, toned legs.

Meadow had always loved Macy's legs.

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### Ten Months Ago

Meadow basked in the afterglow of another night of lovemaking with her partner. Macy had passed out moments after they finished, collapsing to her side and popping in an earbud more out of habit than of necessity.

Meadow spooned her deliciously fit wife, luxuriating in the firmness of her abs. When she felt Macy's chest rise and fall slowly as she dropped into deep sleep, Meadow carefully plucked the earbud out and pressed it to her own ear.

*"The great queen-consort Cleopatra was renowned for her beauty, and her unparalleled skills of seduction. **You love Meadow, and want nothing more than to make her happy.** Marc Antony began spending more and more time in*

*Egypt as their relationship deepened. **Meadow loves you, and knows you'll be happier if you let her lead.** Cleopatra was now..”*

Meadow gently pressed the earbud back into Macy's ear, caressing her wife gently as she too drifted off to sleep.

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Meadow looked down between the valley of her luscious, luxurious breasts, over the mound of her pampered and sumptuous belly, and watched Macy's ponytail fall out, long black tresses becoming a tangled mess between the blonde's legs.

Earlier, after dinner...

Meadow moaned softly in her chair as Macy massaged her stomach.

“I think I overdid it Macy.”

“That's alright Mistress, let me make you feel better.”

Her maid's fingers probed and her palms pressed, the mass of carbs and alcohol shifting and offering some relief to the feast of excess filling the blonde's belly. After some time, and a few small burps, the dark-haired maid looked up from her squatted position, firm massaging gradually becoming light caresses on Meadow's love handles and hips.

Her bespectacled green eyes met Meadow's blue ones.

“Is it bedtime, Mistress?”

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**Six Months Ago**



Meadow stood in the bathroom door watching her wife change for bed. Macy had kicked her shoes into a corner beside the dresser and was tossing her sweater over a nearby chair. Meadow bit her lower lip as she watched her fussy, uptight partner treat her clothes with such carelessness.

When Macy pulled her hair into a sloppy ponytail instead of a sensible braid, and placed a familiar cat ear headband over her head, Meadow felt her panties grow damp.

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Macy came up for air, and slowly stood. Meadow watched as her wife rose into view, one shoulder bare as the strap of her maid costume had slid off, her hair a big tangled mess around her heart-shaped face and delicate neck. She'd been wearing her glasses when she started, but they were gone now.

Meadow had lost track of how many orgasms she'd had, but the glorious sight almost gave her another one.

"Shall I fetch-"

"Yes!"

Macy stood and crossed the room, bending over again to give Meadow a full show this time of her apple bottom in a white g-string. When she stood she was holding a big pink strap-on.

On her way back across the room, Macy plucked a bag of dark chocolate nibs from the dresser.

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### **Two Months Ago**

"Mace, I'm so full."

“Of course you are Med, you had a good healthy meal.”

Macy was rubbing her wife’s stomach as it pressed out into her jeans.

“Let me help you...”

The dark haired woman squeezed her fingers into the waistband of her wife’s pants and twisted the button free. The pale dome swelled outward, pushing the zipper down and causing Meadow to let out a long sigh of relief.

“Did that free up some room, do you want another brownie? Or maybe... me?”

“What *-haa-* what about the dishes?”

“I’ll do them in the morning.”

Meadow picked Macy, but only after one last brownie. Okay, two last brownies.

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Meadow was lost in a haze of ecstasy, unable to speak.

Not that she could have said much through a mouthful of chocolate.

Macy was stuffing her lover from both ends as her strong runners hips and toned abs pressed the big pink dildo inside her, all the way up to the hilt, then popping a chocolate into Meadow’s mouth as she slid back – but not all the way – out.

Meadow let out a continuous string of partial words and mouth sounds.

“Oh *-mmpf-* yes *-urp-* oh yes *-mmm-* sho good!”

Every so often Macy would lean forward, pressing her exposed barely-a-handful breasts into Meadow’s head-sized ones. She lavished her lover with sloppy kisses, heedless of the chocolate staining her own lips.

Meadow came even harder, if that were possible.

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### **Last Week**

“Mace, babe, it came!”

“Hmm?”

“The outfit came, you want to try it on?”

“I don’t know, Med...”

Meadow spoke in a deeper voice, one neither woman had heard before.

“You want to try it on.”

Macy’s pupils dilated and her face relaxed.

“I want to try it on.”

Meadow handed her partner a white box with a label that read

*Maid Uniform Costume: Adult Size S*

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Macy slid the dildo out of Meadow’s pussy completely. As she did, the blonde bucked her hips in an attempt to maintain the contact, but had difficulty enough with that maneuver when she was sober and well-rested. With a belly that had been stuffed pretty much continuously since her pre-dinner snack, her efforts amounted to little more than a little flexing and grunting.

Meadow knew her evening's fun was at an end. They had already gone three times longer than their sessions had lasted just a few weeks ago, and she was grateful.

Instead of climbing into the bed next to her, however, Macy asked,

"Is there anything more you would like Mistress?"

Meadow was panting with exhaustion and an overload of endorphins, but she managed to squeak out,

"M-more?"

"Very good, Mistress, I'll be right back."

Her maid was up and at the door before Meadow knew what was happening.

"W-wait that's not—"

But Macy was already halfway to the kitchen.

Meadow felt a glimmer of doubt cross her mind. Was this right? Was it okay for her to brainwash her partner into serving her like this? I mean, Macy wasn't *really* her maid, they were just playing a game, right? And she could tell her partner was so much happier now; freed from all her obsessive neuroses. When her wife got back, Meadow told herself, she would give Macy a round of pleasure. Love was a two-way street after all.

The disheveled maid returned with a tray of brownies. Meadow was salivating already; Macy's baking had gotten *so* much better in the past six months.

As Macy climbed up and straddled Meadow's broadening hips again, placing a hand on her Meadow's taunt tum, the pampered blonde's promise of moments ago was forgotten. She decided she had room for a little more after all. So long as her laid-back lover was happy to serve her.

If she was happy, Meadow was happy. Win-win.

