

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.”