

Commission: Size Matters

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...”