

Under Her Influence

An Erotic Novella by Near N. Far

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Chapter 1: Decisions

“I have to warn you Miss...” Dr. Grof pauses to glance at the files scattered across his immense wooden desk. His weathered hands helplessly shuffle papers around as his sunken eyes search for the name that has evidently slipped his mind.

“Stillwater,” Addie offers. She sounds nervous. I’m sure I look it.

“Yes, sorry,” the doctor apologizes. “I do have to warn you that this treatment is *highly* experimental. Your insurance will almost certainly not cover it. I’ve yet to encounter a policy that would.”

“We’re... we’re not worried about the cost,” Addie answers for both of us. I turn to look at her. Her hazel eyes are hidden from me by the long waves of her brunette hair. Even without seeing them, I know that they show desperation. We’re absolutely worried about cost. We’re both worried sick about *all* of this, but it’s worth it for a chance at her dream. At our dream.

“Very well,” the middle aged doctor continues in his low, rumbling voice, pausing to scratch his short gray beard. “But there is also the matter of side effects, of which there are numerous possibilities, ranging from generalized weight gain to mood shifts to enlarged breasts and plenty of other things. It’s all laid out in here.”

He pushes a thick packet of stapled papers across the desk toward us. The edges are lightly crumpled and a few faint stains dot the front page, coffee, from the look of it. Addie reaches out and takes the stack in her hands, but she doesn’t bother glancing at it.

“I’m willing to do the treatment. I *want* to do the treatment,” Addie states, her voice rolling from shaky to adamant from one sentence to the next. I’ve never heard her be so decisive about anything else in the time I’ve known her. I love my fiancée more than anything in the world, but if she’s anything, it’s uncertain. Indecisive. The woman sitting next to me now in these rigid wooden armchairs is anything but uncertain, even if she’s only now discovering that.

“In that case,” Dr. Grof says, “you’ll just need to fill out some paperwork and sign a few documents, and we’ll have you set up for your first treatment. We can likely work you in today, if you’re available.”

As he fishes another bundle of lightly abused papers from a drawer to his left, Addie turns to me, a look of pleading in her eyes.

“Go for it,” I mouth silently. She smiles and blinks away happy tears. It’s the most hope I’ve seen on her face in weeks.

The next half hour is spent with the doctor going over the forms with us and Addie signing her name dozens of times. He drones on about hormones and injections and aerosolized particulates and plenty more that I can’t even begin to follow. Still, the papers are each signed, and he’s on to the next page.

We’re really going through with this. *She’s* really going through with this.

(Y)

Eleven months before sitting in Dr. Grof’s office, I return to our tiny house at the edge of downtown. Addie is already back from her day at the office, doom scrolling in her recliner as a cooking show plays on TV.

“Hey, Princess! How was your day?” I say to her, chipperly. Her only response is to turn her eyes up at me in total disdain.

“What’d I do?” I ask, knowing the answer.

“You know I don’t like it when you say that.”

“Say what? ‘How was your day?’”

She huffs faintly from her nostrils and returns to her phone. Unfortunately for her, she’s adorable when she’s annoyed with me. I decide to push it.

“It was ‘Hey,’ wasn’t it? Makes you feel like a horse?”

No response.

“Come on, Princess, tell me what I said!” I place my bag down and touch my palms together in a sign of mock begging.

“Clay! Stop it!” she finally cries out, dropping her phone on the arm of the chair and looking up at me. Her expression is one of exasperation. It’s cute. She’s cute in general, but

this expression of hers is too much. The upturned eyebrows. The glistening, wide eyes. The pouty lips. She melts my heart, and I immediately feel bad for teasing her.

“Sorry, Addie. I won’t do it again.” I say earnestly, stepping over and kissing her on top of her head. Unable to leave it alone, though, I add, “Even if it’s your *proper* title, per the rules...”

“Give it a rest, Clay,” she says, giggling and smacking me in the side painlessly, but hard enough to get the point across. “It was one stupid drinking game four years ago! You know I hate being called ‘Princess’.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Truce?”

“Truce.”

“Got it. Just so I’m clear, are there any other nicknames you would prefer I not use anymore? Is Apple Bottom Addie off limits, too?”

Saying that immediately fills me with regret. I’ve pushed it too far. The flash of irritation on her face tells me as much.

(Y)

Addie and I met during our college years. Before we bumped into one another at a random party just off campus, I had only known her by her reputation as “Apple Bottom Addie.” Unsurprisingly, the name was coined by assorted frat guys based on her figure and spread quickly. At the time, she had a modest bust and waist but a massive rear and hips wide enough she tended to walk sideways through doorways and crowds. She still does.

I didn’t chase her because of her shape, though. Were it not for that random party, we almost certainly would never have met. The short version of the story is we were both there, and she got roped into a drinking game by a few of her friends. She was so shy and reluctant to join in that they had to physically pick her up and carry her across the room. Her screams of protest brought the atmosphere to a brief halt. I think it was that fact—that all eyes at the party were suddenly on her—that persuaded her to stop fighting. It meant less attention on her to just give in.

During that drinking game, several people got saddled with nicknames against their will, courtesy of a rule laid out in the very first round of play. She was one of the lucky ones, and I was the person who had to choose it. I didn't know her at all, save for the suggestive nickname already floating around. Picking that one seemed like a mean spirited choice, considering I had no way of knowing how she felt about being objectified like that. Later, I would learn that she wasn't a fan, but not because she felt objectified. She just didn't want people focusing on her, no matter the circumstances.

I went with "Princess." It was unassuming. Innocent. Safe.

It wasn't until we started dating almost a year later that I found out that she loathed that nickname. Her friends made sure it stuck well after the game ended, purely because she hated it. On our third date, she confided in me that she held a grudge against me for months because of that.

"I hate being the center of attention," she explained to me in my apartment, "and when you opened that can of worms, my friends and even randos from the party kept calling me 'Princess Stillwater' or 'Your Highness' or 'Lady Adora.' It was like constantly being honored or put on a pedestal. So awkward... I just wanted to curl up in a ball and disappear every time it happened."

After she opened up about all of that, I avoided the nickname for years. Eventually, a friend of hers brought up the drinking game again when she was over for our housewarming party. The nickname got trotted out, and I did my best to defend her and move the conversation away from it. Being at least a tiny bit of an asshole deep down, however, I have occasionally brought it back up. I never dwell on it too long, making sure to read her level of discomfort to the best of my ability. She's just so damn cute when she wants to murder me.

"Apple Bottom Addie," though, I never use. I know she never liked it or the attention her big, wide lower half brings her. It's verboten.

And I just said it to her. I brace for an explosion. Anger. Sadness. Shock. Instead, I get moderate irritation.

"That one's off limits, too."

Astounded at my good fortune, I take the win and drop it on the spot.

“Got it. Sorry.”

“Mmhmm,” she utters, going back to her phone.

“You had dinner, yet?” I ask her, moving past my transgression.

“Nope.”

“Want to cook or go get something?”

She looks up at me and appears completely unbothered by my use of the forbidden nicknames. It’s strange.

“You pick,” she says to me with a mischievous grin.

That’s why she’s letting the names go. She’s throwing my own irritant back at me. The one thing I can’t stand is always picking what we do for dinner. I’ve done it every time, with the exception of, at most, ten times since we bought our house and moved in together. Getting the woman to settle on something is like trying to make a cat pick out an outfit to wear. She fights it every step of the way, tooth and claw. She knows I can’t stand it, and she’s happily putting me through it again as her little form of revenge.

And I couldn’t love her any more than I already do.

That doesn’t mean I don’t like to push her just a little bit from time to time, though.

“I’m good with anything. What do you want?”

It’s my typical response to her non-answers when I want to gently nudge her to stand up for what she wants. She wouldn’t admit it, but I think her reticence to be in the spotlight extends even to the simple act of relaying her wants. She’s a follower, through and through. It’s not a matter of lacking preferences, she’s just so reluctant to make them known. It’s like being in charge of anything, even a simple decision about dinner, is too much spotlight for her to handle.

“Whatever,” she dodges again.

“Well, I picked last time,” I remind her. “And the time before that. And the time before that. And the time—”

“Hey, I was the one who decided we should make pizza from scratch,” she says.

“Addie, that was last year.”

“Which was only four months ago!”

“So, then I’ve been picking for four months straight. It’s your turn.”

“Well, given your usage of the ‘nicknames that shall not be repeated,’ I think you owe me one more decision.”

“Like I wouldn’t have been the one making the decision anyway...” I laugh at her. It’s futile, I know, but I want so badly for her to fight past this hurdle of hers. “Just tell me what you want.”

“Ugh,” she grumbles and sinks further into her recliner. She grabs the throw blanket in her lap and pulls it up to her chin, her standard “I don’t want to be here” move.

Realizing that we’re not getting anywhere, I cave.

“How about I order takeout from Imperial Dragon?”

She looks up at me from behind her blanket shield and smiles wide. I knew her favorite Chinese place would be a winner. She’d never pick it, though, and it’s a little maddening.

“Mmmm.”

“But!” I say sternly. She locks eyes with me at my change in tone. “*You* have to make the call on the next big decision. Deal?”

“Deal,” she agrees flatly, rolling her eyes.

I smile, content that I’ve at least gotten a half-hearted commitment from her.

The afternoon and evening pass by in the usual way. I go pick up the Chinese food. We chat and laugh and watch sitcom reruns on streaming. As I’m finishing with gathering and disposing of the containers generated from dinner, I decide it’s time to cash in on the deal we made.

“You know how you said you would make the next big decision?” I ask from the kitchen.

“Ugh... yeah...” she groans from the living room, adding a frustrated, “Already?”

I emerge from around the counter and sit on the storage ottoman near her chair, looking at her. She’s stunningly beautiful, and despite her flaws, she’s my girlfriend. We have a wonderful house together. We’ve talked about having a big family, how it’s the one thing in life she’s been certain that she wants for years. How I’ve wanted the same thing.

“Well,” I say, producing a tiny box from my pocket. “I’ve been carrying this around for months, looking for the perfect opportunity, but tonight, I realized that the perfect opportunity is just whenever the two of us are together. We’re homebodies who just like

hanging out. And I think it's time for you to decide whether you would like to hang out forever. Will you marry me, Addie?"

She stares at the box as I open it to reveal the diamond engagement ring I bought in secret. It's a small stone with an understated band of white gold. It's not flashy. It's just what I think she would want.

Addie looks from the ring to me and blinks. Then she blinks again as her mouth opens, but no words come out.

I raise my eyebrows and hold the ring closer, gently coaxing an answer out of her.

"I... uh..." she tries, but fails to speak.

"It's up to you," I say, knowing fully that we've intended to get married. This isn't coming out of the blue, and she's been open about her interest, even if she wouldn't admit to "wanting" it. That would be too assertive for her. Still, pulling the trigger is where she struggles. "I know you're on the spot right now, and you don't like that. And I'm sorry to put it on you. But this is the *one* thing that I can't decide for you."

Addie curls her lips inward around her teeth and pulls the throw up to her nose. She would look terrified if I didn't know her so well. She's mustering up her nerve. I know she can get there.

Finally, she silently nods her head. At first, it's a simple, measured up and down motion, but it quickly morphs into a violent shaking. She springs from the chair and tackles me off the ottoman. We land hard on the floor, but I shove any pain out of mind. Her lips are on mine, and we kiss deeply. It's as passionate as some of our earliest makeout sessions, and I'm taken back to those first dates. We've come a long way in the few years since.

After a long couple of seconds, she pulls away. We work to pull ourselves up out of the floor. She brings her hands up to cover her mouth, muffling her words as she frantically apologizes for knocking me to the floor.

"I'm so sorry, Clay! Are you okay?!"

"I'm fine, Addie. You didn't hurt me. Maybe a bruise or two. I'll be fine. I'm just happy you said 'yes.'"

"What? OhmygodIsaidyes!" she says with such force that her words run together.

“You did. I assume you meant it?”

“I... I did. I’m so sorry I have such trouble deciding what I want. Really,” she looks at me solemnly and takes my hands in hers. “You’re sure you want to be with me? I’m kind of a disaster of a person...”

“Pffft,” I dismiss her absurd question out of hand. “Of course I want to be with you. It’s why I asked you. You’re a little bit of a mess sometimes, but it’s just part of what makes you who you are. Besides, I managed to get you to decide what you wanted tonight. I’m sure I can make it happen again. Maybe in another month or two?”

She laughs and kisses me again. I retrieve the ring box from the floor and take out the glittering piece of jewelry, slipping it on her finger.

“Well,” I say to her, lowering my voice a touch, “since we’ve got the house and we’re officially engaged, I guess the next step is to start working on that big family you’ve always wanted.”

“Right now?” she clarifies, her eyes sparkling with realization.

“Unless you’re particularly attached to the show,” I gesture at the TV.

“Not exceptionally...”

She giggles and turns her gaze from mine.

“Then get a move on, *fiancée*,” I say, swatting her plush behind with a clearly audible *smack* and ushering her toward the hall that leads to our bedroom.

“You got it, *fiancé*!” she laughs, hopping away, her sizeable hips and behind swaying tantalizingly with every step.

Once there, we both disrobe until I’m fully nude and she’s in her bra and panties. As always, it’s a mismatched pair chosen for comfort over allure. Still, she looks incredibly sexy. Her bare hips and thighs are smooth and enticing in the low evening light. In her usual move, however, she gives me little time to admire her body, diving under the covers before shimmying out of her underwear. I join her, lifting the sheets enough to catch a good long look at her incredible nakedness. Her belly is flat, but soft. Her breasts are perky little mounds, adorned with a pair of puffy inverted nipples of such a light pink hue that they’re

virtually invisible. Her bush is natural and dark, shaved only around the edges where it meets those colossal thighs.

“Put the covers down,” she ushers playfully, waving me into bed.

Eager to obey and encourage a rare direct command from her, I lay next to her under the sheets, resting one hand on her right breast. I casually trail my index fingertip around her areola. She breathes quietly, punctuated by soft moans at the teasing. After a few laps around her nipple, I begin to feel the bud emerge from its sunken hiding place, poking out against my finger. Her nipples are just as shy as she is, and it’s another of the thousands of things I love about her.

“How should we go about celebrating our engagement?” I ask, expecting the usual response. “Me on top? Cowgirl? Doggie? That sideways position you like so much?”

Addie, true to form, replies, “Any of those sound good. You choose.”

I smile, my answer ready to go.

“In that case, I think I’ll choose the same thing I did earlier.”

“Earlier?” she asks.

I’m already adjusting my position and disappearing beneath the covers. I throw them off my head just long enough to clarify, “I think I’ll eat out again.”

I pull the covers back over myself and reposition so that my face is in her muff, her soft hair pressing against my nose. Her scent is strong and pleasing and the enclosed environment beneath the sheets holds it around me. I snake my tongue in between her folds and taste her tangy bitterness. It’s wonderful, sweet and the tiniest bit acidic. There are few things in bed that I enjoy more than going down on Addie. She always squeals with delight as I caress her clit and lips with my tongue, tracing pattern after pattern around her nooks. This time is no exception.

Minutes of licking and flicking go by as her thighs writhe and squeeze on either side of my head and she clutches at my dirty blonde mess of hair. When she begins to rock her hips in pleasure, I take a deep breath and bury my face in her pussy. Her wetness makes it easy to motorboat her labia and tongue her clit furiously. Her soft bush rubs against the bridge of my nose as I oscillate left and right with furious speed.

Somewhere above me, she lets out a scream of ecstasy. Her thighs clench me tight and she begins to push my head away. That's my signal that she's finally endured as much orgasm as she can handle.

I come up for air and sit back on my knees. I hook my arms beneath her knees and lift them so that her thighs are parallel to my own. Thrusting my hips forward, my cock slides into her. The warmth of her pillowy thighs presses against my own as I enter her as deeply as I can from this angle.

I'll readily admit to being below average in length or girth. It's one of the reasons I enjoy giving oral as much as I do. I'm not a bad lay, but I play to my strengths where possible. Years of experimentation have shown that this position lets me go as deep as I'll ever manage with the equipment I've got.

"Ready to start trying for that family?" I ask her as I begin to slide my dick back out and then in again, slowly upping my pace.

"I think so," she says, smiling up at me from the mattress, clutching the sheets across her chest and belly.

(Y)

Just under a year after the night of our engagement, we sit here in Dr. Grof's office. He's the only fertility specialist who would agree to see us, given our young age and the fact that we've been trying to conceive for less than a year. His treatments are unusual, as best as I can tell from everything he tells us, but he was willing to at least test us.

My count and motility are fine, something I've spent many nights worrying about lately. The issue, it turns out, lies in Addie's ovaries and fallopian tubes. Things aren't happening the way they should.

Since she hit adulthood, loads of people in her life have looked at her wide hips and ample butt and said she was "born to be a mother," that she has great "birthing hips." She took it to heart and realized that she wanted just that. To have a big family. It's like she assumed that as her true destiny in life.

The difficulty getting pregnant, therefore, has wrecked her emotionally. She's been so desperate, first, to find a reason, and now to find a solution. It's taken up a lot of our time, and it's the reason we've pushed our wedding date out another year. The wedding is just a piece of paper and a party. *This* is our future we're trying to sort out.

"Just to be clear," the doctor says as she prepares to sign the last of his documents, "there are no guarantees with this treatment, and, again, the side effects—"

"Bigger boobs, weight gain, mood swings, altered appetite, increased libido, etcetera, etcetera," Addie cuts him off. She really is a whole new person in this pursuit. I'm happy to see her going so hard after something she wants. It's a good look on her. Bigger boobs would be, too, I think to myself. Fingers crossed on that particular side effect.

"Yes," the doctor says, holding up a hand to reassert himself. "And just to remind you, you will need to refrain from sexual intercourse until either your tests indicate the necessary results or you decide to stop treatment."

"Understood," she says, nodding.

"Wait, when did we discuss this?" I ask. I zoned out during the paperwork process, and it seems I missed some critical information.

"He said it a few minutes ago," Addie says. "Are you still okay with all of this?"

No sex for weeks. Maybe months. Maybe longer. It's a tall order and a major change from the constant sex of the last year as we attempted to get pregnant.

I nod silently. I'm not thrilled, but I'm not going to derail Addie's shot at this.

"Just to clarify, that means penis-in-vagina sexual intercourse," Dr. Grof says far too nonchalant for the words he's saying. "Oral and manual stimulation are still fine, if you engage in such things. No penetration, though, while treatment is happening."

"Alright then," I say, unsure what else I *could* say to that.

Addie puts pen to paper for the final time. With her last signature in place, she pushes the papers back across the doctor's desk. He picks them up and sets them aside in a roughly stacked pile on top of dozens of others.

"Well, then," he says, standing from his seat as we do the same, "let's see if we can't make this happen for you two."

Chapter 2: Struggles

The door to the master bathroom creaks on its hinges. The scent of humidity and lavender conditioner reach my nose. My eyes blink open. I smack my lips and feel the sliminess of drool pooled beneath my cheek. Before me, the shapely figure of my fiancée prances from the shower to the dresser in the dim light of the floor lamp in the corner. Addie's hair is tied up in the wrap of towel that every woman somehow knows how to do. The second white fluffy towel she clutches around her torso doesn't quite reach itself where it wraps around her hips and butt. I eye the creamy flesh of her thigh through the gap. The arc of her impressive buttocks juggle with her movements, only just peeking beneath the lower edge of the towel. If Addie notices my leering, she gives no indication.

At my crotch, my cock pulses as my body forces my blood southward. This is nearly the closest thing to action I've gotten in the week since Dr. Grof's office.

I groan as I push myself up in the bed to face another day with the worst blue balls of my life. Going from sex multiple times a day, every day, for eleven months straight, then cutting off cold turkey does awful things to your body and mind...

(Y)

Dr. Grof is able to work Addie in just an hour after the initial paperwork is signed. She goes back for the first round of treatments, and I wait alone in the waiting room. A TV plays a soap opera so quietly that the scrolling subtitles are necessary to understand what's said. I drum my fingers on the wooden arm of the chair. It's the same ornate make as those in the doctor's office. The entire establishment gives an air of "gentleman's lodge smoking lounge." It's impressive in a very outdated sort of way. Given that the doctor only has about two decades on us, age-wise, it feels odd.

When Addie emerges from the door to the patient area, her face is downcast. She looks like she's just run a mile without sweating.

"You survived!" I joke. The smile she produces is half-hearted at best.

“Everything okay?” I ask, concerned that something has gone wrong.

“Yeah...”

Her tone gives away her misgivings. I wrap an arm around her shoulder and walk her out to the car. The streaming mix of 2000s top hits plays to a solemn crowd as we head home.

“I can tell something’s bugging you,” I eventually say. The silence is getting to me. “You don’t have to tell me, but I’m here if you want to get it off your chest.”

After a moment, I hear her speak as I focus on driving.

“It’s just a lot of pressure.”

Her voice trembles, but she pushes through.

“I’ve been trying to get pregnant for eleven months now. We know I’m the problem. When I went back, he had a nurse draw blood for testing and then gave me a ton of pills to swallow and two injections and had me strip down for some kind of radiation therapy and...”

She draws rapid breaths as her speech speeds up. She’s starting to spiral.

“What if it doesn’t work?”

I don’t know how to respond to her question. It’s been on my mind, as well. This is a long shot. Of course, we can always seek out a more traditional fertility treatment if this one fails, but our savings is already facing depletion. We don’t make the most money in the world. The fact that we have limited tries at this isn’t lost on either of us.

“There’s still adoption, if all else fails,” I say to her.

We’ve talked about it before. It was one of the first conversations we had when it became clear that things weren’t happening as easily as we hoped. We both have our misgivings.

When I suggest it. She nods the same noncommittal nod she does when she’s only interested in moving past a topic. It’s another decision, after all. A big one. And it would mean officially admitting defeat in her pursuit of achieving a pregnancy, which I think is what hurts her the most at this stage.

“It was just *a lot* to go through,” Addie says, adding nothing to my previous comment. It’s about what I expect. “And I’ve got to go back in a week for the first follow-up, and they’ll do more blood tests and stuff to see if I’m responding.”

“And you’re going to spend this entire week panicking and overthinking every little aspect of this all until you find out whether it’s working or not,” I finish her thought. If she wasn’t going to say it in those exact terms, it’s at least what I know she wants to say.

“Pretty much,” she admits.

“Hey, if I can go however long with just oral and handjobs, you can survive a week of uncertainty.”

She doesn’t even chuckle.

“That was a joke,” I defend.

“I get that it’s a joke, but this is bigger than us not fucking for a few weeks.”

“It is. I was seriously just trying to lighten the mood.”

We spend the rest of the ride stewing as the music plays. I wasn’t trying to make light of her anxiety. Worse, I think she’s bitter over some perceived resentment I’m not actually holding. I know this is a big deal. And it’s not like we can’t do *anything*. We’ll still have our fun. Just no actual sex.

Dinner is eaten. TV is watched. The whole time, we don’t talk about it. We barely talk about anything. She answers whatever I say to her with short replies only. When I tell her I’m going to bed, her eyes are glued to her phone. She just gives a half nod to indicate she’s heard me. When I lean in for our customary good night kiss, she allows a quick peck and pulls away.

“I love you,” I say to her.

She sighs and mutters it back. It hurts.

I lie in bed for an hour, unable to sleep. It really was a joke. I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings. I tell myself this over and over as I struggle to calm my mind. It’s the truth. If I think it enough, maybe I’ll believe it.

Eventually, I drift off to a lackluster sleep.

The morning after our pseudo-fight, I wake up late and find Addie already getting ready to leave for work. When I enter the living room, she looks up. Her eyes soften and she speaks calmly.

“I’m really sorry I stonewalled you yesterday.”

“I know. I’m sorry I wasn’t taking things as seriously as I should’ve been.”

She acknowledges my own apology and continues.

“The thing that hurt was that you wasted no time bringing up the lack of sex. It’s not ideal, I admit, but it’s the last thing on my mind right now. It’s hard to get in the mood when I’m this worried about everything else.”

Her eyes are filled with an obvious crushing anxiety.

“I know there’s a lot on your shoulders with this whole thing, Addie. Just remember that I love you no matter what. And we’ll get through this.”

This time, she’s the one to lean in for a quick peck.

“I love you, too, Clay.”

Then she’s off to work, and I’m left eating breakfast before I also leave.

I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings.

(Y)

I do everything in my power to make good on my mantra as the week progresses. I don’t pressure her for sex. Instead, I patiently wait for her to feel up to it. My deepest fear, though, is that she won’t. At least, she won’t *decide* she up for it of her own accord.

Regardless, things between us continue to smooth over as the days tick by. We go about our typical day-to-day, minus the copious love making that has permeated our schedule for the last year.

We go to work, and I spend most of my shift daydreaming about my pelvis slamming into the underside of her big, soft thighs. We cook dinner in the evening, and I resist the urge to smack her amazing ass just to feel it wobble under the impact. We go to a plant nursery, and she bends over to agonize over a few different flower arrangements, giving me a direct view down her top at her cleavage and breasts, cradled tight in her bra. We go to buy groceries, and while I squat down to retrieve a can of soup from the bottom shelf, she takes an unknowing step backward so that her ass is inches from my face. Seeing her hemispherical cheeks shift under the thin fabric of her skirt tests my resolve like nothing in my life ever has.

When Sunday rolls around, we go out for drinks with our couple friends, Brittney and Sean. We talk about all the usual stuff and dodge questions about our ever-shifting wedding date. I make sure to limit myself to just two beers. Keeping my libido in check is proving difficult enough sober. Loss of inhibition is the last thing I need right now.

I consider turning to self-satisfaction a few times throughout the week. I've never much been one for giving myself a hand, so it's an unappealing alternative. I did it some way back before I started dating, but since then, I've always just preferred sex. Further complicating things, I feel super awkward even considering it while Addie's around, and our work schedules mean we're pretty much always together.

On day five since the first appointment, I'm up late bingeing a show on streaming and trying to cool myself down. It's working more or less until a shampoo commercial hits. All it shows is a woman's head, shoulders, arms, and upper chest. It's hardly scandalous, but she's all sudsed up from the shampoo, eyes closed, head back. Her wet skin glistens in the water. At most, she's on screen for two seconds, but my little man is at full attention. I'm cursing myself now for cheaping out instead of springing for the ad-free subscription.

Finally fed up enough with this situation, I quietly dig up some hand lotion and lock myself in the half bath down the hall from the master where Addie is—I hope—sound asleep. I search for a good video on my phone, settling on a nice one of a busty blonde getting railed hard from behind as her tits bounce. It's hot, but it only takes a few strokes before I start to feel embarrassment and disappointment. It's not what I need. I need to feel Addie's smooth thighs. I need to feel her soft breasts. I need to feel her slippery clit beneath my tongue. I need to feel her hands or lips on my cock.

The phrase “pent up” gets thrown around by guys all the time. I think now is the first time I've really appreciated its full meaning. It's the morning after my failed attempt to relieve some of the backup behind the dam of abstinence, and I feel no better. I'm honestly hurting.

When I go to bed on day six—the night before her follow-up—we have our usual good night kiss. I can't stop myself. I lean into it, pressing my lips against hers. They're soft and warm, and I want so badly to just slide my tongue between them.

Addie pulls back and giggles a little. She's an image of beauty, sitting in her puffy recliner in sweatpants and a faded tee.

"Sorry," I say. "I just really wanted to *kiss* kiss you."

"I really appreciate how well you've taken this whole thing," she says, giving me far more credit than I deserve. "I know the lack of intimacy has sucked. I'm just... still really in my head about it all."

Standing back up after the kiss, I comfort her.

"It's okay. You take the time you need." As a joke, I add, "Feeling fertile yet?"

"Who knows?" She says through a sigh, throwing her arms up. "What does it feel like to be 'more fertile'?"

I shrug. It's a damn good question.

The words "Maybe you'll find out tomorrow," nearly leave my mouth, but thankfully I stop them. There's no need to add uncertainty and pressure. She'll find out what she finds out.

I go to bed and wish she was beside me with her hands or lips around my cock. At the very least, I would love to feel her clit beneath my tongue. I shut my eyes and will tomorrow to go well. My half-erect dick throbs inside my boxers as I recall the feeling of our brief kiss. This *really* needs to go well...

(Y)

The morning of Addie's follow-up arrives, and I'm lusting after her curvaceous backside from the bed as she jaunts around, getting dressed after her morning shower. She took the day off work, but the short notice wasn't enough for me to get it off. She'll be doing it on her own this time. The fact that it's still a half hour before her typical time to get up is a testament to just how anxious she is.

"Oh, come on!"

Across the room, stifles a frustrated shout as she does an awkward hop with her jeans pulled up around her thighs. The waistband extends upward in points where she grips it. She tugs hard, filling the legs of the garment to their absolute maximum. The towel she wore

around her hangs around her neck, barely covering her breasts. Enough skin shows around the terrycloth that I can see them jump and bounce with every pull on her pants. Another tug gets the jeans up to the middle of her ass. It also clearly pulls her panties up so that they give her a wedgie.

“God, why don’t these fit?!”

She looks up from the one-on-one combat with her pants and startles as she sees me sitting up.

“Crap, did I wake you up?” she asks.

“Yeah, but it’s okay. I’m enjoying the show.”

“Not funny. I’m really struggling here.”

She’s not the only one. The bounce of her huge cheeks as she fights to get them squeezed into her “for curvy girls” jeans has me sporting a full erection beneath the covers.

“How long has it been since you wore those?” I ask her.

“It’s the pair I wore to the last appointment. I wanted to wear them because they’re pretty easy to slip on and off. Compared to my others, anyway. It seemed like a good idea, in case they have me strip down again...”

She lets her words hang in the air as she returns to the tugging. I swallow hard and watch intently. It’s obvious that the pants no longer fit. With Addie’s pear-shaped figure, it’s rare that she finds jeans that aren’t at least tight on her thighs or loose at the waist. I know she owns a few pair that are better than the rest, but even those look like they’re painted on her under the best circumstances. If this is one of those, and they’re not fitting, there’s only one explanation in my mind.

“Do you think it’s the side effects?” I suggest. I make damn certain that I do not utter the words “weight,” “gain,” “fat,” or anything remotely synonymous. Addie’s got a fat ass and hips in the absolute best possible sense, and I’ve told her as much before. But after the intense week she’s had, I’m not about to compound her desperation with a suggestion that she’s put on weight.

And ruin the possibility of resuming sexy times after this appointment, I think.

Still, it's unmistakable from my vantage. I probably wouldn't notice in a vacuum, but seeing her fight those pants, it's obvious her ass and thighs are obviously bigger.

"Weight gain was one of the possible side effects," she says.

Before the full length mirror next to the door, she turns around, examining her figure from every angle as it overflows the confines of her "easy to get on and off" jeans. I take the opportunity to drink in as much of the view as I can. In my mind, she's on her hands and knees, ass propped up before me as it explodes out of those too-tight pants.

"I guess I'll just go with a skirt," Addie finally huffs in defeat, now fighting to extract her figure from the pants she just wedged herself into. So much wobbling is going on before my eyes. I can't handle this. I feel like my tongue is going to roll out of my mouth.

I push myself out of bed and make a half-hearted attempt to get dressed. The whole time, I'm taking every opportunity to sneak peeks at her body as she changes. She's so fucking gorgeous. I'm so fucking horny.

"Or would a dress be better?" she asks me, pulling my brain back to reality.

"You should go with whichever you prefer," I unhelpfully answer. It's another chance to encourage her to make decisions. Eleven months since the night of our engagement, it's still a daily struggle for her, unless the decision is whether or not to seek fertility treatments.

"Ugh, Clay!" she groans. She flops her arms to her sides in exasperation. The towel hanging over her shoulders shifts and the pink areola of her right breast is visible. My eyes can't look anywhere else. I realize she's still talking and do my best to refocus.

"...can't handle anymore stress today! Just tell me what I should wear!"

Maybe today isn't the day to push her on decision making. After a brief thought, I suggest an outfit. It's a casual green dress that she usually wears when we decide to go out on the town. The fit is loose enough that it should fix her butt problem, and taking it off is easy enough, as I've proven many times this past year.

She considers it for a half second before she's running to the closet and retrieving the dress. Digging through her dresser drawer, she pulls out a nicer bra than her usual choices, likely because the thinner straps and lower neckline of the dress mean she's going to be a little more "visible."

Seconds later, it's a repeat of the jeans fiasco. Addie stands back in front of the mirror, frowning at her reflection. The cups of the bra each run over with a bulge of boob. There's enough crammed in the thing that the tops of her breasts actually slosh a bit as she adjusts her posture.

"This is on the last set of hooks," she grumbles.

"Wasn't that one always a little tight?" I suggest.

"Yeah, but not like this!"

She holds her hands out to draw attention to the shifting spillage of her breasts. Tugging the bra away from her body, she shoves a hand down inside to readjust herself. No matter how much she "fixes" her boobs, the bra is clearly a tight fit. Too tight for a doctor's visit.

Addie's typical attire is largely loose t-shirts and sweatpants. Her mismatched cotton bras and panties are hardly bought for their perfect fit. With no strict dress code at her data entry job, she's been wearing mostly that all week. Now that it's time to fit herself into something a little nicer and more form fitting, it's clear that she's gained weight both up and downstairs. Not that I have a single problem with that—aside from the fact that I really want to grab a handful of her ass or tits and give a squeeze.

But I don't, because I'm being a good, supportive fiancé. My brain and penis silently scream in unison.

At long last, I convince Addie to switch to a long skirt with an elastic waist and a t-shirt over a comfy, less constricting bra. It's not the classiest of looks, but it's good enough for a doctor's office. Plus, her options are a little limited.

I kiss her good luck as I leave for work, forcing myself to pull my lips back from hers after the tiniest moment of contact. She smiles at me, but the worry on her mind is evident. I hope this goes well, for so many, many reasons...

(Y)

"It's good news!" Addie squeals at me as I walk in the door. I drop my bag against the wall just as she springs from her chair and barrels toward me, beaming.

Work was hell. I checked my phone every few minutes, hoping to hear something. She let me know when the appointment was over and cryptically said she would explain when I got home. The fact that it wasn't a negative text was enough to discern that it wasn't bad news. Still, I'm not prepared to see her running at me full speed before I'm much inside the house.

She hits me and throws her arms around my chest. Her modestly enlarged chest squishes between us as she pulls me in for a tight hug. It's so nice to see her happy and not consumed by her worry for the first time in a week.

I have so much I want to say to her, so many questions I want to ask. I don't.

Instead, I push her away from me and pull her back in to kiss her lips deeply. She accepts my kiss and returns it. The pleasure center of my brain sets itself ablaze. I can feel my erection swell instantly and press into her thigh. Seven days of minimal contact has me strung out and desperate to lap up every ounce of love she's willing to share. I melt into her embrace. Tears begin to well in my eyes.

After a very long kiss, I finally break away long enough to speak.

"What'd the doctor say?"

She beams with excitement.

"The tests show that I'm reacting slowly but positively to the treatment! It looks like this will work!"

"That's amazing!"

She flinches at my shout, so I lower my voice a little. My happiness is making it difficult, though. I'm on the verge of exploding.

"Sorry for yelling," I apologize.

"Don't be. I'm so happy. And relieved. And thankful for everything you've done for me this week. I know I've been a wreck and not there for you and you've been struggling with the lack of sex."

The word "sex" is punctuated by the feel of her hand on my crotch. Her gentle touch, even through my work khakis, is enough to make me throb.

"Are you sure?" I ask. If my cock had the ability, it would murder me where I stand.

"If you are," she defers.

“I am!” I say.

I reach around behind her and grab two handfuls of her glorious cheeks through her skirt. She responds by wrapping her arms around me and laying her head against my upper chest. She coos softly at my fondling. Down below, my dick yearns for her fingers again.

Grabbing inch after inch of the light fabric of her skirt, I draw it up until I can slip my hands beneath. My fingertips slide under the edges of her panties’ leg holes so that I can feel her impressive rear fully, skin against skin. The edges of her underwear are noticeably more snug than usual, thanks to the treatment’s side effects. I dig my fingers in, and it’s nearly orgasmic. Still, as nice as it is to really touch her again, what I want is for her to touch me.

“Come on!” I say, breaking my hold and grabbing her by the wrist.

She giggles as our footsteps thunder down the hall together. In the bedroom, clothes fly as I undress her and begin to strip. The mattress shakes as I fling myself onto it, cock at attention like a flagpole. I’m so rigid, I feel like I might burst. Every few seconds, the head jerks violently toward my torso. I’m not the biggest guy out there, but all four inches of me is rock hard and eager for Addie to touch me.

“Have at it!” I say to Addie who chuckles quietly at my eager energy.

“What do you want me to do?”

She yanks the covers from beneath me and climbs under them. Steadily, she crawls forward over my legs. The covers shield most of her from view as always, but I catch a glimpse of her naked breasts swaying beneath her. It’s a brief glimpse, but they do look a little larger or maybe fuller, if there’s a real difference between the two.

“I assume ‘vaginal intercourse’ is still off limits?” I clarify, mocking Dr. Grof’s clinical terminology.

“It is.”

She looks apologetic. It’s fine, though. We’ve got other options.

“I want to feel your lips on my dick.”

“You got it,” she says happily.

She gathers her hair behind her head, pulls it to one side, and lowers her face toward me. As her lips open wide, my head disappears into her yawning mouth. The moist heat of her

breath alone is nearly enough to do the job. When she closes that mouth and the flat of her tongue slides up along the underside of my shaft, it's the greatest thing I could possibly imagine. Inside my loins, the buildup of seven days of cold turkey cries out for release.

With an instinctual buck of my thighs, I drive myself into the farthest reaches of her mouth. Her lips contact my pelvis, and she sputters, pulling herself back up a little. Up and down, she slides along my modest length. Each time she pulls back, the flare of my cockhead brushes against the hot softness of her inner upper lip. At the same time, her tongue flicks at the underside of the head, right below my urethra.

"Fuck!" I yell. Every nerve in my lower half wants to just let go and blast my week's worth of saved load all over her tonsils. My fingers clutch at the bed sheets, and my jaw tightens.

I'm not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings.

My mantra from the day of the first appointment pops into my head with no warning. I realize that I've just been ordering her around for my personal pleasure. This is about both of us.

"D-do..." I stumble over my words as she hoovers up my cock, "do you w-want... to try s-sixty n-nine?"

With a wet *pop*, she releases me from her sucking.

"I don't know," she wavers.

We've tried it before. She's interested in me going down. She's fine with going down. Something about the combined position sticks in her brain. We've tried it before with her on top, and she wasn't a fan. I think it's somehow a shyness thing. On the flip side, me on top was too awkward of an angle for us. It was a nonstarter.

"You sure?" I push her. "I feel like a jerk for being the only one getting off."

She pauses to think for a while. My throbbing rod twitches below her chin as she does.

"Can we do it under the covers?" she offers in compromise.

"It might get pretty warm, but we can try," I concede. At this point, I'm eager to just be back inside her mouth.

She grins and begins to turn around, pulling the covers with her. It's been a few years since I last saw her gorgeous ass and pussy lowering down over my face as she straddles me. The

sight is still awe inspiring, even in the darkness beneath the comforter. That incredible scent of her womanhood hits my nose, and it's even more powerful and alluring than the last time I was down here. It threatens to overwhelm me in a powerful way. Then her mouth envelopes me somewhere in the depths of the textile cavern we find ourselves in. Her tongue touches me, now on the upper side of my cock.

I adjust my arms to reach up and grab hold of her ass again as I bury my face in her lips. My tongue winds forward and her taste is everything to me in this moment. Several seconds go by, and she begins to moan loudly with her mouth full of me. It's enough to send me over the edge. In her mouth, I erupt. Muscles clench as glob after glob of semen fires into her throat. All the while, I force my tongue to fight through the storm of nerve signals and lap and lick and circle. A sudden increase of suction on my cock tells me that she's gulping down my seed. Still, more issues forth.

Around my head, her thighs close in and quake. The masses of ass in my gripping fingers jiggle furiously. Her muffled moans turn to muffled shrieks as she reaches her own orgasm. A moment later, she's rolling off of me in a decidedly ungraceful display, but I doubt she cares. I certainly don't. It's taken a full week to get here, but we lie in bed under the stifling covers, blissfully at peace after a much needed round of sex. As I recover, a melancholy settles in my mind. It takes some introspection to realize I miss her scent and taste already. I make a note to seek it out again soon, but another thought occurs to me.

"So did the doctor say how long it'll be before we can resume 'vaginal intercourse'?" I ask. I can't stop myself from using the ridiculous phrase.

Addie is silent. She might be asleep after our romp.

"Hey, Addie?" I whisper to check.

After a long pause, she answers.

"He said I'm reacting normally so far, but it's definitely on the slower side of things."

She told me as much already. It worries me that she's beating around the bush so much with her answer.

"Which means?" I press.

"We have to hold off on actual sex at least until the next appointment."

“When is that?”

Another bout of silence. Finally, she answers.

“Two months.”

I feel like a gunshot has struck me in the chest. There’s no way I’m going to last two months if things go the way this past week has.

Likely sensing my concern, Addie is quick to add, “But now that I know it’s going pretty well, I’m a lot less anxious about everything. I appreciate the space for the past week, but I think we should make sure we don’t go that long again.”

I breathe an audible sigh. Addie giggles.

“Well that’s a relief,” I say.

“Oh!” she adds. “I need to go shopping for some new clothes this weekend.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. Dr. Grof said the amount of weight I’ve gained so far means I’ll likely keep gaining quite a bit. Apparently I’m ‘in the 99% percentile,’ whatever that means...”

A vision of Addie’s enormous butt blowing out the seams of her jeans as her overstuffed bra snaps dances around my head. My erection begins to return.