

UNDER HER INFLUENCE

An Erotic Novella by Near N. Far

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Chapter 3: Misgivings

In retrospect, it was naïve of me to think we would go back to daily sex after the successful follow-up with the doctor. Addie never said we would. She never said anything that should've been interpreted as such. My brain, however, took "let's not go that long again" to mean "let's get busy all the time again." I attribute it to lasting effects from my sudden forced cleanse last week. Something inside me took my fiancée's words to mean that she was as eager to get back to constant love making as I've been.

It turns out what she meant was—as strange as this is—what she said. She doesn't want us to go another full week with no sex. Every evening after the day of that second appointment, I do my best to drop clear hints in the hope that we can have some fun. I tell her she looks sexy. I give her big ass a nice, firm smack when I walk up behind her. I ask if she wants to "lay down" in the bedroom for a while. Every time, my effort is met with a dismissive smile or a laugh. Occasionally I get a "maybe later." No fire, though.

With my subtle approaches failing to elicit results, I resort to more direct methods. Friday night, it's been nearly forty-eight hours without sex again, and I'm starting to feel like a junkie needing a fix. As we sit in a local seafood restaurant, munching on shrimp and chatting about our day, I check that there's no one in earshot and lower my voice.

"I want us to fuck when we get home," I say to her, pumping my eyebrows to inject as much playfulness as I can into the statement. "Like, really *really* want to fuck."

"Clay!" Addie laughs. Her face turns red as she frantically scans the dining room around us for other people. The nearest occupied table is a good thirty feet away, and it's a couple in their seventies, at least. There's no chance they heard me.

"You're gonna get us in trouble," she chides quietly, turning back to face me, smiling wide.

"Just wanted to let you know where I'm at. Do what you want with that information," I say nonchalantly. Inside, my libido screams at me for not being pushier about this.

"It's good to know," she says. "Maybe we can think of a way to use that... information... to our advantage."

I'm careful not to press too hard after my forward comments at dinner, for fear of being a real dick, but I end up overcorrecting. We leave the restaurant, return home, and Addie doesn't mention sex again all night. I bite my tongue and tell myself that I can't force this. Even over the past year, when we've been trying for a pregnancy, I've been the one to initiate most times. She's been up for the frequency, since we were working toward pregnancy. That detail notwithstanding, my sex drive is decidedly stronger than hers.

I always have to take the lead. I know it's what has to happen now, but I'm all in my head about my sexual needs versus her emotional needs with all the pressure of the treatments and infertility. In the end, I come closest to broaching the topic when I retire to bed that night.

"I'm off to get some sleep," I say to her as she scrolls away on her phone. "Unless you had something else you wanted to do first..."

She casually answers, "Night. Love you."

She turns her head up for our customary peck on the lips, and a part of me dies. I'm torn between the knowledge that I should be open with her about what I want like a grown-ass adult and the need to prove to both her and myself that I don't need constant sexual contact to be content. I go to bed fantasizing about her shapelier behind and breasts and wishing I could be spanking her or grabbing her while she puts her own hands on me.

Saturday is a very similar story.

Three days isn't a full week, but it feels like I've left the oasis and stumbled right back into the fucking desert. Sunday morning, I take off the gloves and put one of her favorite moves to work.

When I wake up, Addie still snoozes away next to me. I roll over to look at her. The features of her face are so soft as she slumbers. Her long hair lies around and partially across her face in a tangle.

Slowly, beneath the sheets, I inch my hand over until I feel the worn, baggy shirt she sleeps in. I press in and feel her breast beneath the fabric. There's more for my fingers to grasp as I give a squeeze. She really has gained some noteworthy size in the past week or so. Dr. Grof's treatment regimen may be unproven, but I can't say I hate the side effects.

I move my hand from her tender breast to her side. I follow the gentle curve of her body until I reach the striking outward flare of her wide hips. My hand scuttles along on its fingers like a crab exploring a rolling dune on the beach. When it reaches her butt just below the bottom of her shirt, I place my palm flat against the nearest cheek and give another squeeze.

Like her breast, her ass really has put on some mass, but it's not nearly as remarkable given how much she was working with already.

A hint of a smile dances on her lips as I feel around. She's told me before how much she enjoys waking up to me feeling her up. I don't do it often, but whenever I do, it generally leads to a fun romp to start the day. A pang of guilt flashes in my mind. I know Addie enjoys this, but I'm only resorting to it in hopes of taking care of my own needs. Am I really that selfish?

"Hey," she says. Her eyes remain closed, and she lets out a gentle sigh of contentment.

"Hey yourself," I say, trying to get myself out of my own head.

"You still like my butt even though it's getting bigger?" she asks chipperly.

I continue to feel and massage her cheek. My fingertips edge up under her panties. It's a little trickier than other times I've done it. They're conspicuously tight with all the added volume filling them out.

"I'd still love your butt if it tripled in size."

I leave off the detail that I'd love it *even more* if it did so.

"That's good to know. The doctor *did* say I should expect to keep gaining weight as the treatment goes."

"Noted," I say smoothly, like I haven't been thinking about her tits and ass blowing up at least three times daily since the follow-up. What can I say? I like bold curves.

Addie rolls over a quarter turn and brings her own hand out toward me. She fumbles around the mattress until she finds a fold in my boxers.

"There's the good stuff," she giggles. Her fingers paw at my underwear until they find the opening at the front and invite themselves inside. The instant she makes contact with my semi-erect member, my blood rushes to it.

"Mmmm, yeah..." she says as she gently runs her fingers along my hardening shaft before grabbing me tightly. It's exactly what I wanted out of this wake up call.

But somehow, it's not as satisfying as I expect. It's not that it isn't pleasurable. Her touch is exquisite, and the promise of sexual intimacy after three days of dropping hints is more so. Even so, as her fingers brush and fondle my bits, my attention is on the soft buttock gripped in my palm. I'm astonished to find that all I want in my moment of triumph is to indulge in her body more than my own gratification.

"What's wrong?" she asks. Her hand remains at my dick, but she pauses her work.

"Hm?"

"You seem distracted. Is something bothering you?"

Damn. I finally manage to get what I want, and it's not what I want. And I'm so wrapped up in the strangeness of the mental whiplash that I'm at risk of blowing it.

"Just enjoying your body," I cover. I adjust the positioning of my hand so that I can encompass as much of her enormous buttock as possible and grab hold. My fingers sink in, and I give the mass of tissue a decisive jiggle. The feel of that motion in my hand sends a pulse into my cock. I feel myself twitch.

"Mmm. I'll say. Your enjoyment is pretty evident," Addie coos as she grips me tightly once more. It's not right, though.

It takes a substantial force of will to pry my hand away from her ass, but I tell myself that there's another prize to be had. My digits cooperate at that reassurance and release their hold. In a fluid motion, I pull out from under her panties and slide beneath her tee. Across the satin soft flesh of her lovely belly, I pass like the shadow of a bird soaring overhead. When nearly the full length of my arm is beneath her top, I alight on the enlarged mound of her right breast. Her shy nipple makes it almost impossible to sense against my palm, but I gingerly drag my fingers around the gentle curves, barely making contact. Millimeters at a time, I tighten the radius of the path I trace. Eventually I feel the little divot and press my index finger in, working it counterclockwise until that little bud emerges.

"There we are," I whisper.

Addie continues her own stroking and lets out a soft whimper of arousal. The sound of her delicate moan is too much. I can't hold out. Feeling her bigger body isn't enough. Isn't what I crave.

“I want to see your body. All of it,” I say breathlessly, removing my hand from her breast.

“What?”

She withdraws her hand and props herself up in bed enough to look directly at me. She simply stares.

“I’d... like to see your body.”

“You can touch it all you want,” she suggests.

“I know I can touch it. I’ve been enjoying touching it for the past few minutes.”

“I noticed,” she giggles nervously.

“I know you’re shy about... showing off,” I begin in an attempt to calm her nerves. Sex is always under covers and always at my urging. She enjoys the act, but she refuses to own it. To own her sexuality. Her mind-blowing body. “But you really do have a figure that could *kill* under the right circumstances.”

“If I sat on your face, maybe.”

Her expression is a miasma of apprehension and worry and amusement. She’s second guessing every word out of my mouth and hers.

“I’d be willing to go out that way, honest,” I attempt to ease the tensions arising between us. She giggles again, so it seems to work.

“Well, I’d be crushed if you died from me sitting on you.”

“I think *I’d* be the one getting crushed in that scenario.”

We lie there looking at each other for a long moment. I don’t care that she’s ceased touching me or that I’ve ceased touching her. Right now, to gaze upon her glory is all my heart desires. I don’t know why, but it is. It defies explanation.

“You’re serious?” she pries, finally.

“I am. Please?”

I give her exaggerated puppy dog eyes and quiver my lip.

“More than you want a hand job?”

I nod.

“What about a blowjob? Sixty-nine?”

“More than either.”

“Any other position you could want?”

“I want the whole show.”

It’s true. For three days, I’ve longed to join her in bed again, but now that she’s offering up a blank check, this is all I hope for.

“Fine,” she says, setting her features in a look of defiant acquiescence, “but just a quick look.”

“I’ll take it.”

“One minute.”

She vanishes beneath the covers and the lump of her form erupts into a thrashing ball of unseen limbs.

“You okay under there, Addie?”

“I’m good!” her muffled voice calls from beneath. She sounds out of breath.

Out of curiosity and some concern, I lift the edge of the covers. Before I can see anything, she grabs the edge and slams it down tight. I don’t think I could pry it back open if I tried.

After a minute, Addie resurfaces. Her long hair is a frizzy mess, and she clutches the covers against her chest. Suddenly, she lifts the covers up, and I’m treated to her fully nude form, stretched out in bed under the tent of sheeting. Her wide hips create an appealing field of shallow hills. A small, maintained forest of hair fills the pubic delta at the head of the valley between her thighs. Further north, her bigger-than-normal breasts lay relaxed. Gravity urges them subtly toward either side of her torso, so that her puffy pink nipples face away from one another. The one I managed to coax out of hiding has vanished again.

Then, two seconds later, she slams the covers back down.

“There, you got your look,” she says, clearly knowing she’s reneged on the spirit of our agreement. She gives a grin that tells me to be happy with what I got.

I’m not.

“I think we both know that’s not what I meant.”

“You said you would take a quick look. You got a quick look.”

“I was hoping I could have a quick look that would include seeing ‘all of it’ like I said.”

“You saw all of it. Let’s get back to the good stuff.”

She reaches out for my cock, but I stick to my guns. My standing philosophy has always been to encourage Addie any time she gives an indication of a preferred decision. She makes so few that I want nothing more than to encourage the ones she does. This is different, though. I decide to just be honest about my motives and hope it works.

“When I started feeling you up this morning, it was because I wanted to get busy with you.”

“Then get busy!”

She reaches for my stick again, but I gently intercept her hand, taking it between mine.

“That’s what I *thought* I wanted, but I was wrong.”

“Now you’re really making me nervous.”

“I know, Addie. I’m sorry. I don’t want to make you nervous. What I want is to help you see how perfect you are.”

“I’ve gained ten pounds in a week,” she scoffs.

“And you look all the better for it.”

“Sure.”

“You do! Really. I would love nothing more than to just see you stand up and twirl around so I can fully admire every square inch of your flawless curves. Your killer ass. Your beautiful tits. Your sexy tummy. Your insane thighs.”

“Stop!”

She flushes and pulls the covers’ edge up past the end of her nose. Her eyes clench shut as she shakes her head back and forth.

I quietly reach over, take the covers, and slowly pull them down. She doesn’t fight it.

Her nose emerges from behind the shroud. Then her narrow lips. Then her delicate chin. Then her neck and shoulders. Then her collarbone and tops of her breasts.

I halt before revealing her nipples for all the me to see.

“What’s so scary about showing off what you’ve got? Wanting to keep it a secret for the wedding night? I think we’ve already burned that bridge.”

She inhales a shallow breath through her nose.

“I just feel silly.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I just do. It feels weird to be like ‘Ooh, look at how hot I am. Worship my sexy body.’”

“I don’t think it’s silly. I really do want to look at how hot you are. More than I’ve ever wanted anything. Obviously, I won’t make you if you really don’t want to. I just don’t want you to worry about looking silly or think I’ll make fun of you or anything. You’re my everything.”

Her eyes glisten to the point that I worry she’s about to start crying. Instead, she blinks away the mistiness and sets her lips. Her hands grab mine and she covers them. In one swift motion, she throws them off herself and bolts upright from the bed.

“Well?”

She stands a few feet away, arms thrown wide like a gameshow presenter. Her hips sway left and right slightly as she adjusts her posture to favor one foot then the other. Her face shows a nominal smile, but her misgivings are clearly visible in her eyes.

“Wow...”

I can think of nothing else to say to her. My eyes drink in every inch from the top of her brunette head down to her little toes. In between, they trace the elegant flow of her silhouette, like a fine vase. Every little curve is exactly where it should be as her body tapers down, explodes outward at her hips, then cinches back in as her legs reach their conclusions.

“Is this what you wanted?”

“It... it really is...”

“Should I...?”

She slowly turns with trepidation. Her eyes look to mine for a sign of approval. I nod eagerly, and her shoulders visibly relax. She turns away leisurely. As she reaches the quarter turn mark, I’m struck by how far her breasts and ass visibly extend from her. The former, admittedly, is significantly less pronounced than the latter, but still impressive.

The way her rump flexes and bobs with her tiny steps... the way her breasts quake the tiniest amount... it’s hypnotic. Ten pounds seems like a lot of weight, and yet, in a vacuum, it feels like such an insignificant gain. Seeing it all distributed expertly to those two already phenomenal regions of her body, though, I think ten pounds is a divine measurement.

Addie finishes her turn and stands facing away from me. Her immense buttocks create a pair of crescents along the lower reaches where they overhang her generously proportioned thighs. The most diminutive little dot of light shines through between them, just below the lips of her pussy.

After a few moments, my fiancée spins back around. While her face carries less worry now, no one would mistake her for confident.

“Happy now?” she asks bluntly.

“Addie, I can’t tell you how happy it makes me to bask in the perfection of your body.”

“Well, I’m flattered, even if you’re way wrong.”

“About what?”

“My body being perfect.”

“It is perfect as far as I’m concerned.”

“You’re just saying it because you have to.”

“I’m really not.”

“The extra weight doesn’t bother you?”

She cups her breasts and rocks her fingers so that the flesh she holds sways tantalizingly. Even seeing her explore her changed body like this is driving me wild. How can she not see how amazing this all is?

“If anything, you look even better for it.”

She smiles.

“You done gawking at me? Shall we resume?”

I don’t want to stop admiring her body, but I can tell she’s ready to return to the relative security of the covers.

“One more second,” I urge, taking in every last detail of her body that I can while I’ve got the opportunity. Finally, I release her from my gaze. “You’re good.”

She dives back onto the bed, but she doesn’t immediately reach for the covers as I expect. She lounges atop them, instead.

“Your turn,” she says, giving a little “go on” flick of her fingers.

I’m caught off guard. This is different.

“Hm?”

“I said, ‘It’s your turn.’ Go on and give me my show, now.”

This possibility never occurred to me. It’s more forward of a move than I would expect from Addie, for one. I suppose she could be looking to tease me a little for making her stand on display. Or maybe there’s no ulterior motive at play. Maybe Addie wants to check out my body the same way I checked hers out. Either way, I’m quick to obey. Need to encourage that decisiveness, after all.

“Yes, ma’am!”

I fling the covers off myself and stand next to the bed.

“Forgetting something?”

She waggles a finger at my boxers where I’ve pitched quite the tent after her alluring exhibition.

“Sorry,” I apologize as I strip away the thin fabric and show off what I’ve got.

Addie fixates on my jutting member. Her gaze wanders up and down a bit, but she keeps coming back to the cock. She makes a show of licking her lips. It’s a sexy tease on her part, I’ll concede, but I take the moment to steal another few looks at her as she lays on her side. Any opportunity to admire those growing curves of her impeccable physique is one I will accept happily.

“Ahem.”

She motions for me to turn around. I’m loathe to give up more time to admire her, but fair is fair, after all. I comply with her instruction, and my erection throbs as it sinks in that she just gave me another bit of direct instruction. As excited as I am when she sticks up for her own wants, I’ve never exactly gotten off on it. This is new.

When I finally turn back, I’m greeted by her still lying out in the open in broad daylight. I’m not upset to have another good look.

“Now that all the ogling is done, you feel up to that sixty-nine I mentioned earlier?”

“Perhaps,” I attempt to play it cool.

Another round of sixty-nine is enticing. As strong as this urge is to fixate on her form for as long as possible, I'd be insane to turn down a second offer like this in a row. Still, one downside springs to mind.

"It got awfully hot under the covers, last time."

"Then I guess we better stay on top of them," she breathes, patting the mattress beside her.

I hop to and lay out on the bed. She clambers atop me, and I feel the familiar moist heat of her breath as she takes me into her mouth. Ahead of me, clear as day, her enlarged ass lowers down at my face. I tremble in awe at the combined sensory overload of feeling her suck me off as her ass eclipses everything else in the world from my view.

I raise my head and place my lips to her pussy. After seeing her heavenly body, it's time to offer up as much pleasure as I can in return.