

Filling Out

Heather has fallen head over heels for Tom, one night he helps her fill out and takes care of her?

Be sure to check the Tags and I hope you enjoy the story!

“Heather! Over here!” Heather heard Sarah call out, turning around and quickly spotting her at the little café in the airport. Heather made her way over to the table and sat down, eager to see her friend for the first time in years.

“Sorry for dragging you all the way out to the airport!” Sarah apologized yet again. This meet up could only happen because she happened to have a layover where Heather lived, but it was better than nothing.

“Oh it's no problem, it's just great to see you again!” Heather replied happily. They'd grown up practically fused at the hip, but as they graduated high school and left for college their paths diverged. Of course they still kept in touch, social media and the like made that easy, but it was never quite as good as actually getting to see each other.

They caught each other up on all the sorts of things that might not have come up over social media or passing calls and messaging. As the departure time for Sarah's flight neared she leaned in close, talking in a quieter tone than normal for the usually boisterous Sarah.

“So, how's Tom working out?” Sarah asked rather directly. Heather hadn't really mentioned him yet, she only recently started seeing him and she liked to keep things on the down low for a bit. No point explaining a new suitor fifty times only for them to not work out though she still had checked in with her friends for their first couple outings just in case.

“He's doing great, very kind and sweet, incredible cook...” Heather started listing off Tom's qualities but Sarah cut her off.

“No no, how's he working out *in bed!*” Sarah clarified. Heather blushed at her directness.

“W-well...he works out so we've tried some...ah...*adventurous* positions to ah...great success...” Heather explained quietly, having a hard time looking Sarah in the eye.

“Uh huh...and how's his...equipment?” Sarah leaned in even closer to Heather with her follow up question.

“Ah he's...more than adequate I guess...” Heather muttered. Leaning her head forward out of embarrassment.

“Huh, if you think he's *more than adequate* he must really be packing!” Sarah barked out a bit louder than Heather would have liked.

“Not so loud!” Heather hissed as Sarah laughed it off.

“Relax!” Sarah insisted, though she did lower her voice a bit, “I didn't mean to tease ya, I know you like to play these things close to your chest. I just wanted to make sure you were happy, and by how red your cheeks are I'm sure you and Tom will be fine!” Sarah beamed, knowing full well she'd done her part watching out for her oldest friend.

“Yeah yeah...” Heather grumbled, “Don't you have a flight to catch or something?” Heather teased, prompting Sarah to look at her phone and sigh.

“Sadly yes, you'll have to let me know next time to make it out to my neck of the woods, you can even bring Tom!” Sarah teased before she downed the last bit of her drink and gathered her things. The pair of them got up and embraced each other tightly.

“Take care of yourself, and make sure Tom takes care of you!” Sarah directed Heather before working her way back to the security check.

Heather waved her off before making her own way out of the Airport and back to her car. Sarah couldn't begin to guess how amazing Tom had been at “taking care” of her. Her hand subconsciously hovered over her stomach for a moment.

She had always worked to keep her weight under control, mostly successfully but Tom was really putting that to the test. Every meal he made for her was heavenly and she always went back for seconds and got sent home with a doggie bag. She had grown a bit concerned as she started to gain weight, worried Tom might take issue. In the end, he'd grown even more amorous, his strong hands always eager to massage and squeeze every part of her. She was taking steps to keep her weight from ballooning out of control, replacing her entire wardrobe wouldn't be cheap but some extra padding wasn't hurting anyone.

Heather's stomach grumbled as if on cue. Instead of heading home she was heading to Tom's for the night. So she'd skipped breakfast and lunch to save room for what was sure to be yet another amazing home cooked meal. At least having the drink with Sarah had helped a bit to sate her hunger but a drink was far from a proper meal. Luckily Tom didn't live far so it didn't take long to arrive.

Tom had told her to plan for an early dinner and to bring something “loose and comfy” but wouldn't elaborate on why. Heather decided to have a bit of fun at Tom's expense with her selection. He was probably expecting like, sweatpants and a hoody or something but instead Heather had dug out an old cow print onesie she had, it was far from flattering but she bought it because it was exceptionally soft and comfy, the perfect thing to wear when you planned to just sit at home all day binging on ice cream and calling it a ‘self care’ day.

She did bring a more conventional set of comfy clothes just in case but she didn't expect Tom to take issue with the joke, he'd proven to have a good sense of humor so far. Heather pulled into Tom's driveway. Grabbing her things from the back seat of her car she walked up to the front door. She was slightly anxious with Tom's odd request kind of coming out of left field but she'd been blindsided by far stranger things from prior boyfriends.

"Hey babe!" Heather called out as she let herself in as her nostrils were assaulted with the tantalizing scents of a very full meal. Heather inhaled deeply as she took her shoes off, her stomach grumbling again knowing food was so close.

"In the kitchen!" Tom yelled back needlessly. Leaving her stuff by the door she made her way to the kitchen, greeted by the familiar sight of Tom gracefully moving about the kitchen as he prepped dinner, taking a quick moment to lean in for a quick kiss as she arrived. His movements were surprisingly graceful for such a large man, although he was only 5'9", making him barely taller than her own 5'7", he had a strong build, wide shoulders and toned arms made him feel big but not too imposing.

"So what's for dinner?" Heather asked, already taking a seat at one of the stools for the island and watching Tom cook. In addition to the skill he displayed when cooking, he was just a treat to look at as well, though the apron covered his front, watching his arms and back flex and move was tantalizing in its own way too.

"I've prepared some fettuccine alfredo with chicken for our main dish, with some..." Tom paused as he popped open the oven, "...garlic bread and salad on the side." The smell of the garlic bread hit like a truck in all the best ways.

"Oh god that smells amazing..." Heather sighed as Tom closed the oven back up and turned his attention back to the cooking.

"It should be ready in about fifteen minutes!" Tom cheerfully said. They made some small talk while he cooked, Heather got up and started setting the table once Tom started pulling things out of pots and pans and made them ready for serving. As she was finishing up with that Tom spoke up again.

"Everything's just about ready, did you want to change into your comfy clothes while I get everything plated?" Tom asked.

"Oh sure, table's all set anyways, be right back!" Heather cheerily answered as she went to grab her bag from the front door and make her way to a bathroom to change.

As she undressed she couldn't help but look at herself in the mirror. Her short brown hair fell just past her shoulders as she pulled off her shirt. Undoing her bra released her B-cups and her pants fell away to reveal hips with just enough curve to them to be noticeable.

Or at least that's what she was used to seeing. Since she started seeing Tom she had packed on a few pounds, her chest had remained mostly the same, though Heather had noticed some

of her bras were fitting a little tight lately. Instead most of the extra weight seemed to settle lower, filling out her hips and ass while also giving her stomach a slight curve. It wasn't a *bad* look, 'thick thighs save lives' and all that. Tom never openly acknowledged her weight gain, but his hands have been gravitating towards her ass and hips and Heather had to admit, it felt really good.

Her clothes put away, she pulled out the onesie, easily slipping into it as the soft fleece fabric brushed against her skin. Going naked under it was certainly a choice, but Heather already knew how she wanted this night to end, no point adding more barriers! Plus it wasn't like her chest was big enough for anyone to tell she wasn't wearing a bra in something loose like this!

After finishing with the buttons on the front she pulled the hood over her head, completing the look of a cozy cow. Making her way back to the kitchen before her nerves got the best of her she jumped out of the hallway.

"Ta-da! What do you think?" Heather asked, holding her arms up to show off the onesie. Heather couldn't help feeling a little anxious as Tom looked up, not that she hadn't been fun and silly with him at times but this was going a bit further than she had with him yet. Luckily Tom flashed an honest smile before chuckling.

"Babe that's perfect! Looks super cozy!" Tom said as he finished serving pasta into their bowls. Very, *large* servings of course.

"Thanks! I was worried it might be a bit too silly..." Heather admitted as she sat down and started loading up a side dish with garlic bread and salad.

"Of course not! The important thing is that you're comfortable...and hungry!" Tom joked as he finally sat down himself.

"I uh, might have skipped breakfast and lunch..." Heather admitted, "and good thing I did, this all looks amazing!" she commented before trying a big bite, humming appreciatively after she swallowed.

"Oh my gawd! I don't know how you manage to make every meal taste better than the last!" Heather exclaimed before she continued eating.

"I keep telling you, fast food isn't a good comparison to a genuine home cooked meal!" Tom teased before starting to eat himself. Once Heather got over the initial joy of eating Tom's delicious meal they settled into more small talk while they ate. They both ended up refilling their plates, though Heather started to lose steam as she got closer to finishing her own second serving.

"Take as long as you need, I'll start doing some more cleanup." Tom assured her as he got up, having easily finished his second plate. Heather sighed, at least with the onesie she didn't have to worry about loosening a belt or anything as she pushed herself to finish off the last few bites.

“All finished, anything I can do to help?” Heather asked as she brought her plate over to the sink.

Nope I'm all good, You can head upstairs and relax a bit, I just want to get these rinsed off and all join you.” Tom informed her as he worked through some of the dishes and bowls. Heather, feeling pretty stuffed, opted to take him up on the offer.

“Alright, just don't take too long, after a great meal like this I might just pass out if you don't join me soon enough.” Heather mockingly threatened as she made her way up to the bedroom. The stairs felt like a bit more of a challenge thanks to the large meal but Heather conquered them nonetheless.

As she sat on the bed she had to admit, as much as she was joking before, a nap after a meal like that was appealing. Tom's bed was big and soft to boot, but as eager as she was to sleep in it she didn't want to sleep until she was good and worn out! Crawling over towards his nightstand she pulled open the drawer and pulled out a handful of condoms, dropping them on the top of the night stand to indicate her plans for the evening. She had no idea how well Tom's cock would handle multiple orgasms, but she was eager to find out!

Crawling back to the center of the bed she laid back and waiting, hoping she wasn't being too forward. Tom had never had any problems with her ah...”requests” before but those were small things, changing position, and such. What she wanted now was a bit of a larger commitment and also, entirely on Tom to deliver with not much needed from her side of things. She figured he'd have the physical endurance to fuck all night if he wanted, just depending on his cock being up to the task.

Usually, having sex marked the end of the evening, maybe a bit of cuddling but always with the knowledge that one of them had to head out shortly after. Now thought, they not only had all night after an early dinner, but also overnight and a good chunk of the morning all to themselves. Heather could already feel herself growing moist in anticipation. She hoped Tom wouldn't be much longer, she didn't want to start without him.

Luckily, Tom didn't make her wait much longer. She heard him before she saw him, he didn't needlessly stomp around or anything but his stairs creaked a bit under his weight as he strode up the stairs. Heather leaned up as Tom's wide shoulders filled the doorway. Heather licked her lips, he'd left his shirt and pants downstairs, leaving him just in his briefs, tightly hugging his package. It seems she wasn't the only one who was eager.

“Still awake I take it?” Tom asked playfully as he walked around to the side of the bed, a small shot glass filled with a white liquid in his hand.

“So far, I decided it was too early to sleep.” Heather quipped back.

“Is that...milk?” Heather asked, her confusion apparent in her voice.

“Not quite, something much sweeter. It wouldn’t be a great desert otherwise!” Tom explained as he offered it to her. Not wanting to spill it on the bed she accepted it gently and brought it to her nose for a quick sniff. It smelled strongly of chocolate as it flowed thickly within the small glass, like a shot of bailey’s or something. Not seeing the harm she threw it back, letting it run over her tongue before swallowing it. Not like this was going to be enough to get her drunk or anything. The white chocolate taste was strong but there was something else, something oddly *warm* about it but it still tasted great.

“Ah that was great! Shame you didn't bring more of it, but I guess you brought something else creamy for me...” Heather hummed as she crawled towards Tom, her hands gripping the waist band of his briefs tightly as she looked up for approval.

“Who am I to say no to such a thirsty woman...” Tom teased before Heather pulled down his briefs, leaning back as Tom stepped out of them before running his fingers through her hair and sending a shiver down her spine.

With that Heather moved in on his cock. He wasn't fully hard yet but a few quick kisses and some long licks along his length was all it took for him to reach a full hard on. Tom inhaled sharply as she worked. I didn't take long until Heather moved to stage two and started to push his glans into her mouth, her tongue going to town licking it before she pressed onward, shoving inch after inch of hard cock into her mouth. Tom's length quickly pressed down into her throat as well.

“A-all the way?...” Tom gasped as he kept running his fingers through her hair even as his fingers clenched and tensed up from her throat pressing down on his cock. Heather moaned happily as his cock throbbed against her throat before she started to Bob her head back and forth, sliding his length in and out of her throat.

“H-Heather...not so fast...” Tom moaned above her but she gave him no reprieve. It was a straightforward scheme, the faster he came, the faster he'd be ready to go again. She felt his hips start to shake, he was close. She barely managed a handful more thrusts with her head when suddenly Tom held her head against his crotch, his cock rapidly bucking in her throat.

“Here's...your...drink!” Tom grunted through gritted teeth as he came, he was more than deep enough that she couldn't taste it but she felt his urethra swell against her tongue as his cock rhythmically pumped his load into her.

As his orgasm ended his fingers relaxed and she gently pulled herself off his already softening cock, a string of saliva connecting them for a moment as she gasped and breathed deeply. Leaning forward she nuzzled against his cock, rubbing it up against his crotch.

“Mmmmm that hit the spot, and such quick service too...” Heather quipped, she wanted to keep the pressure on, get Tom hard again as soon as possible.

“With a throat like yours, you probably always get guys blasting down your throat in record time...” Tom playful pointed out as he returned to stroking her hair.

“Mhmmm...really helps when the guy can reach so far down my throat too...” pointed out. “Now, how long until we need to grab one of those condoms do you think?” Heather followed up, her tone a mix of demanding and eager as she leaned back and looked up at Tom.

“Well, probably not as long as you think, but your drink is about to take effect...” Tom announced casually as Heather looked up at him, Her drink? The little shot he gave her?

“...take effect...?” Heather dubiously repeated, unsure what Tom was getting at but nonetheless taking his hand as he reached out, he’d been amazing so far so she’d hear him out at least. Tom effortlessly pulled her up from the bed and brought her over to the full length mirror.

“Yes, any moment now your body will begin to grow and swell, filling out your onesie until it’s fit to burst.” Tom began to explain as his hands kneaded her shoulders. Heather was definitely surprised, she’d done a bit of roleplay with guys in the past but she’d never heard of anything like this before. But...what was the harm, it was *just* roleplay...

“I uh...I guess it’s a good thing I picked the onesie then...” Heather stammered slightly, still not quite sure exactly where Tom was taking this roleplay, she kind of wished he’d given her the heads up beforehand.

“Like I told you, it’s perfect, there’s going to be so much of you...” Tom’s voice practically purred, he was eager and excited and as strange as it was, Heather didn’t want to disappoint him either. But just as she was opening her mouth to speak her stomach grumbled loudly, her hand covering her mouth as she softly burped.

“See, it’s already starting...” Tom’s voice quavered with excitement as he slid his hands from her shoulders, down her sides and around to her stomach. Heather could only breathe as she felt a warmth growing in her stomach.

“It starts slowly, a pound here, a pound there, but the bigger you get, the faster you’ll grow...” Tom explained passionately, his hands massaging her stomach. Heather looks down, trying to see if what he was saying was actually true, but between Tom’s hands and the looseness of her onesie she couldn’t tell. A part of her was beginning to panic. The bigger, hornier part of her wanted to see where this went. As the heat in her stomach grew more intense her pussy started to sympathetically clench in desire, jealous of her stomach getting all of Tom’s attention so far.

“Ahhhh...ooohhh” Heather moaned, leaning back into Tom as his fingers sank deeper and deeper into her stomach, his passion and intensity growing by the second. Heather’s hands joined Tom’s on her stomach, forcing her to come to terms with the fact that it *wasn’t* just roleplay. Her stomach was growing, swelling. His touch was electrifying, whether it was a side effect of the drink or Tom own’s own skill Heather couldn’t begin to guess as her arousal was stoked even hotter.

Heather moaned gutturally as the heat inside her peaked as what used to be a slight softness to her stomach became a small mound. She’d probably already get mistaken for being pregnant if

she were to be seen like this. As if reading her mind Tom spoke up.

“Now it’s really starting to show, and the best is yet to come...” Tom teased. Heather didn’t even get the chance to ask what he meant as the heat that had grown in her stomach seemed to shift or diffuse. It grew no less intense but she felt it spread across her body.

“Muh-more?” Heather gasped as the spreading heat seemed to focus in a few new areas, her chest, ass and hips. She squirmed as the warmth pulsed through her body, her breaths coming quick and faster. As she brought her hands up to her chest, cupping her breasts she knew Tom had been right about it happening faster and faster, her breasts already felt heavier than she was used to, already a C-cup maybe? Not only that, but she felt her ass squishing against Tom as she leaned into him for support.

“Mmmhmmm...so, so much more with something as ‘cozy’ as this.” Tom informed her as he finally pulled his hands away from her swelling belly, pinching at the sides of the onesie and pulling the soft fabric to either side until it was taut, showcasing the growth of her belly and chest...and how much more space there was to fill. Heather thought back to what Tom had said earlier and now saw just how “perfect” her onesie was for this, she was going to get so much bigger. Almost troublingly, she found herself...looking forward to it...

As he released the onesie it fell slack, the soft fabric brushing against her swollen assets, sending a chill going down her spine. Her breath hitched in her throat as Tom grabbed her arms, lifting them up and away from her swelling body.

With the onesie not draping down on its own Heather could already see how much she'd grown, the fabric bulging around her chest, falling down until it was pushed outward by her belly before her widening hips pushed it to the sides. Nothing was feeling tight yet but even just the rising and falling of her chest as she breathed caused it to rub against her sensitive skin.

“You’re doing so well, I feel your ass swelling against my crotch...” Tom breathed, still holding her arms firmly and forcing Heather to watch herself blow up. Her arousal burned as hot as an inferno as every source of pleasure fed into it. The way the fleece rubbed against her plump nipples. The way Tom’s strong hands held onto her arms. The way her ass squished against Tom’s crotch. It was all so intense...

Her brain surrounded by a haze of pleasure and arousal she could only moan and groan as she kept swelling. Her belly had grown big enough to almost pass for a woman in her third trimester but it didn’t have the same shape anymore. Her waist widened as the curve between her chest and her hips grew shallower. Her chest had grown past a DD-cup but were gradually losing their shape and starting to sag even as they continued to press outward. Her nipples, once small nubs, had grown into bloated teats. Her swelling hips had spread to her whole thigh. She was growing so fast now, the soft fabric of her onesie being pulled and dragged across her flesh like she’d never felt before as she squirmed.

Even as Heather’s growth accelerated, there was one constant, the passion burning brightly in Tom’s eyes. No matter how much she grew his gaze danced across her entire body as she

quickly grew into the onesie which was finally being drawn taut in some places, curving almost gracefully from her chest, to her belly before finally reaching her ass and hips. Her increasingly heavy breathing sent her new curves swaying as her heartrate kept going up with arousal and excitement.

Finally, the onesie ran out of room, Heather could see it pulled tight across all her curves. She groaned as her growth continued, her skin pressing out against the fabric, the buttons along the front slowly being pried apart the gaps showing her skin starting to bulge outwards. Heather groaned as the onesie approached total failure. Just then, the intense heat faded and with it, so did her growth. Wheezing slightly as she recovered from the intense growth, she couldn't help but notice that there was something hard poking into her ass cheeks, she didn't bring it up yet she but she was glad for yet more proof of Tom's passion in spite of her growth.

"All done I take it?" Tom asked, clearly eager but not wanting to rush Heather either.

"Y-yeah...I think so..." Heather breathed as she worked on catching her breath.

"Can you stand your own?" Tom asked. Heather paused for a moment more, not quite sure what to expect but she didn't want to lean on Tom forever either.

"Yeah I think so, let me just...grrrr" Heather grunted as she shifted her weight, in addition to just being heavier her new center of gravity and had thrown her sense of balance off entirely, luckily Tom still had her by the arms and helped steady her as she supported herself.

"Oh wow...this is...a lot..." Heather commented, still somewhat mesmerized by her new body, despite just watching herself grow into it.

"You did wonderfully, now let's get you out of that before it rips." Tom offered as he released her arms. Heather let her arms down finally, they came to rest against her body at an angle she wasn't used to but was glad to have them down finally. Tom reached around and started undoing the buttons. He took his time with them, his fingers gently undoing each one. Each button also revealed more and more of Heather's skin, at first a deep line of cleavage that steadily gave way to soft belly. Once they were all undone he slid the onesie off her shoulders and helped it down, easing it past her ass and hips until it finally dropped to the floor, fully revealing Heather's naked, swollen form.

"Oh wow...I'm..." Heather started but stopped. She was a lot of things but right now there was really only one opinion that mattered.

"You're beautiful." Tom finished for her, coming around in front of her finally and pulling her into a kiss. Heather felt amazing as her body squished against Tom's firm body. Everything felt raw and new to her, it was...exciting. Tom pulled back, breaking the kiss and leaving Heather wanting more. Although her growth had been incredibly stimulating, she still hadn't cum yet, and was looking forward to it greatly.

"Let's get you onto the bed, then I can finally have my dessert..." Tom directed, helping Heather

as she took several short, unsteady steps, her body having far more inertia than she was used to. Once she was sitting on the edge Tom guided her first to lay on her side and roll over onto her back, clearly this wasn't his first rodeo.

Heather wheezed as her body settled into the bed, the mattress is fairly firm but she still felt herself sink into it way more now.

"So, what now?" Heather asked, honestly she was feeling pretty worn out even though she'd basically just stood there while she grew. She kinda hoped Tom would take the lead for a bit, and it looked like he wasn't going to disappoint as he crawled onto the bed.

"Like I said, it's time for *my* dessert!" Tom said with an air of mischief in his voice, Heather was about to speak up when the realization dawned on her as Tom eased her knees up and spread her legs, exposing her pussy.

"Looks like you enjoyed yourself at least." Tom teased as he slid a finger into her pussy, her lips puffy and soaked from the intensity of the growth. Heather moaned softly as Tom worked to loosen her up. He teased her like that for a little bit longer before pulling his finger back and diving in face first.

Heather moaned loudly as his tongue made contact, exploring the exterior of her puffy pussy for a bit before diving deeper. She gripped the sheets tightly with hands as Tom easily reignited all of her arousal, even with the break he had moaning like a cat in heat as he worked. His arms reached around her thighs and hands grabbing fistfuls of flesh as he worked on her most intimate place.

This wasn't his first time eating her out but it was by far the best. Whether it was because of Tom's passion, her growth or some mix of the two, Heather couldn't think clearly enough to even guess. Instead she just laid back and enjoyed herself. Even wrapping her massive thighs around his head did nothing to deter him.

Unfortunately for Heather, she wasn't going to last long, the growth had brought her so close already and the break hadn't been long enough for her to truly settle down before Tom ate her out.

"Ah Tom...!m...gonna cum!" Heather wheezed out between breaths. Tom continued eating her out with all his passion, she didn't realize her thighs were acting like massive ear muffs for Tom. Her hips started to buck involuntarily, sending her soft flesh wobbling and jiggling as he pushed her closer and closer to the edge. It was only a matter of time before...

"*C-Cumming!*" Heather shouted as her orgasm crashed through her. Her legs clamped even tighter around Tom's head as her whole body rocked on the bed. Her entire body shook in the throes of orgasm, her new soft body jiggled in a surprisingly pleasant way. Her pussy convulsed in time with her orgasm as Tom continued his ministrations throughout, in spite of the juices no doubt pouring out of her.

Sadly all great things must end. Already worn out from the growth, this incredible orgasm sapped the rest of her strength, her body seemingly sagging even deeper into the bed as all tension left her body. As her legs fell to the side she released Tom's head from her fleshy prison. His head slowly appeared over the swell of the stomach, most of his face slick with her juices.

"Mmm...delicious..." Tom giggled. Heather rolled her eyes at him, not even able to muster up the strength for a proper comeback. Tom patted her thigh before heading to the bathroom to wash off. Heather was left to catch her breath. No longer held back or in the throes of pleasure Heather started to explore her swollen body. Starting at her belly she groaned softly as her hands sunk into her belly. She'd felt a few pregnant women's bellies before but hers felt different. There was no underlying firmness, just a soft mass of flesh, easily squished and kneaded.

Moving higher her hands cupped her breasts. Or at least they tried to. The soft bags just smushed around her hands. A far cry from her perky little B-Cups, these monsters were even softer than her belly and far more sensitive. Suppressing a moan as she tried to contain them in her hands for a bit longer before giving up. But it wasn't just her breasts that had grown. Her nipples were also massive, from firm little points to massive teats over an inch long and thicker than her thumb! Heather hissed sharply as she brazenly pinched them, not ready for how tender and sensitive they were.

"Enjoying yourself?" Tom's voice cut through her self discovery, she jolted in surprise, too absorbed to realize he had returned, his face now dry.

"Maybe if I had a pair of big, *strong* hands to help me out..." Heather teased, her intent clear as day. Tom smirked as he approached the bed. He reached out and helped her sit up, moaning lightly as she felt her body shift. Her belly pressed down on her thighs and her breasts fell forward and to the side.

"It's a lot to get used to all at once, but that also makes you so much more aware of it, right?" Tom explained as he joined her on the bed, sitting down behind her, both to support her, but also to give his hands as much access to her body as possible.

"Yeeeeesssss....." Heather groaned as Tom slipped his arms under hers and his hands started to knead her belly. His large hands gripped and squeezed far more of her belly than her own hands ever could. Heather moaned, encouraging Tom to get even more intense. Dropping a hand down he started to work on one of thighs, the location proving to be much more sensual as his hand easily pressed between her thigh and belly, getting tantalizingly close to her pussy but never quite going far enough.

"Oh my, there's just so much of you to love..." Tom whispered into her ear between her moans.

"Especially up here now..." Tom continued as his hands cupped her breasts. They still overflowed even his hands but his touch sent bolts of pleasure straight to her brain, her own touch felt like nothing in comparison.

“F-fuck! Your hands...so good!” Heather babbled out as Tom worked, his hands eagerly working as much of her breasts as they could. Well, almost all of it. He had left her nipples untouched so far.

“I’m glad you enjoy it, I’m really enjoying it too, you’re so soft and...*malleable*...” Tom breathed, his breath hot on her neck making her shudder as the arousal burned brighter with his every touch and squeeze.

“Muh...*more!*” Heather pleaded, everywhere Tom touched sparked bolts of pleasure and arousal and Heather couldn’t get enough of it.

“More? More what?” Tom asked, clearly playing up his ignorance just to watch Heather squirm. Heather whined briefly before pleading further.

“Touch me more! Harder, and all over!” Heather gasped out, her desire slowly turning to desperation.

“Well...if you insist.” Tom relented, immediately grabbing her puffy nipples and giving them a good squeeze. Heather cried out in a mix of pleasure and pain, the intensity of it enough to get her to cum right then and there. But even as her orgasm coursed through her he didn’t stop playing with her nipples. Not the same hard pinches but he tugged and rolled them between his fingers, not giving her any time to recover as she gasped and moaned.

“*Ah...ah...ahh!*” Heather moaned, her whole body shaking from the combined intensity of Tom’s hands and her own orgasm. Thankfully, Tom’s touch continued to grow softer and gentler as her orgasm coursed through her. As her pleasure finally started to wane, she leaned back into Tom for support, almost melting against his toned body.

“Mmmmm...you’re so good with these...” Heather complimented quietly in the afterglow as she brought her hands up to lay across Tom’s. A quiet and tender moment.

“Maybe you’re just too easy to please?” Tom teased as he continued to gently caress Heather’s new curves. Exploring more than just her sensitive erogenous zones. Heather was experiencing a glorious afterglow, but her arousal was not so easily stated. She could feel Tom’s erection grinding in her lower back, her soft flesh pinning it between them.

“Maybe not, there’s still something else I need you to use on me...” Heather breathed, wiggling her hips for emphasis, rubbing his dick in between them.

“Oh? Are you sure? You had such a big orgasm just now...” Tom mockingly mused, looking off to the side as if deep in thought.

“Oh I sure did, but I want more...” Heather groaned. She squirmed in Tom’s strong arms, grunting as she was held fast by Tom and her own, unfamiliar body.

“You *want* more? Doesn’t sound all that convincing.” Tom pointed out, his arms shifting from just

holding her to teasing, a hand moving up to her tit, the other rubbing her thigh, prompting small moans to slip from Heather's lips.

"T-Tom...please..." Heather begged, her struggling no match for his muscles. Her efforts in vain she paused, trying to catch her breath even as Tom's hands grew more and more brazen.

"Please what? You really must speak up dear..." Tom explained as his fingers started to tease her nipple and clit, leaving Heather to gasp and moan as she was played with. She struggled to maintain her composure through the pleasure before it became too much.

"Please just *fuck me!*" Heather managed to cry out. Tom's hands stopped immediately, making their way up to her shoulders as she gasped for breath. Tom leaned in close to her ear.

"Now see, that wasn't so hard..." Tom said, a hint of amusement as he gently pushed her shoulders forward. Heather groaned as she felt her whole body shift forward, her swollen breasts and belly practically pulling her down all on their own. As she caught herself Tom got up from the bed and grabbed one of the many condoms Heather had pulled out earlier. Looking down at her he smiled as he ripped open the packaging.

"You look so sexy on your hands and knees like that..." Tom praised Heather, she could feel her pussy clenching at the thought even as her arms strained to hold herself up, her belly and breasts gently swaying below her as she breathed. She waited eagerly as Tom put on the condom and crawled back onto the bed.

"So eager yet so quiet..." Tom teased, Heather yelped as Tom slapped her ass and grabbed a handful of her asscheek as he kneeled behind her.

"That's more like it." Tom purred before doing the same to her other asscheek. The pain faded and was replaced with pleasure as his hands kneaded her bloated ass. Spreading her asscheeks apart she felt a draft blow across her asshole and down to her soaked pussy. Heather groaned into the sheets as Tom rubbed his wrapped gains against her lower lips.

"Even your pussy filled out..." Tom commented as he teased her further. Slowly easing his dick forward, gingerly spreading her swollen pussy until just his glans nestled inside her, forcing a gasp from Heather as she was finally penetrated. Tom didn't stop either, slowly feeding inch after inch of his dick until his crotch pressed in against her own.

"F...finally..." Heather moaned with Tom's dick finally nestled into her inner folds. She could feel it gently throbbing as Tom soaked for a moment as he released her asscheeks and let them settle.

"I can feel you clenching, you really needed this huh..." Tom teased, slowly rocking back and forth, only an inch or two, but it was enough to get Heather to moan loudly. The way her ass squished against Tom's crotch was almost more erotic than his dick brushing against her inner folds.

"You've been...stringing me along...endlessly teasing me..." Heather panted, struggling to not interrupt herself with more moans.

"Mhmm...you're not wrong, I guess it's time for your reward." informed her just before he pulled back, almost pulling his dick free of her pussy, before ramming it back in. Heather's gasp at his withdrawal quickly twisted into a groan as Tom drove his dick deep into her, the wet slap of his crotch slapping her ass filled the room. He didn't settle for one thrust either, again and again he thrust, quickly finding a tempo he was satisfied with. His own grunts adding to the various moans, groans and slaps filling the room.

Tom's dick was impressive no doubt, but the aspect of Tom's performance in the bedroom that Heather loved the most was his endurance. Sure his dick couldn't last as long as the rest of him, but she'd often wondered how well he'd do with a strap on. Unfortunately Heather couldn't spare much brain power for those thoughts as she quickly found another orgasm approaching.

"F-fuck...You gonna make...me cum again!" Heather managed to pant out as she endured Tom's assault on her ass. The way her whole body shook and jiggled with every thrust was driving her wild.

"That *is* the plan...let me push you over the edge..." Tom remarked, leaving Heather confused for a second as Tom released her hip with one hand, only to realise what was coming a split second before his hand arced down, slapping her fat, swollen ass right in the center. Heather yelled loudly, the pain was as sharp as the sound her ass made, but the pain was quickly overwhelmed by pleasure as her whole body heaved in response even as a tingling sensation was left behind, a red welt no doubt already making itself visible in the shape of Tom's hand.

"Nnngh!" Heather groaned through gritted teeth, it wasn't enough, but before she could say any more Tom's hand struck her ass again, even harder this time. The pain spiked even higher with her abused cheek being struck again, but the pleasure soared even over that. And it was enough.

"*C-cumming*..." Heather gasped as her pussy convulsed in orgasm, clamping down as much as it could on Tom's dick while her whole body shook and jiggled. But what Tom did next surprised her, he pulled out. Heather was in no shape to ask why as she rode out a powerful orgasm.

"Easy now, I got you..." Tom reassured her as he helped her roll onto her side and snuck in close to spoon her from behind, his free hand gently caressing her new curves as her orgasm faded into a beautiful afterglow.

"Wow..." Heather breathed as she found comfort in Tom's embrace, his touch easily putting her at ease. "That was so...so..." Heather trailed off, at a loss for words to describe everything that had happened tonight.

"...Intense?" Tom offered from behind her.

"Mmm...yeah...intense..." Heather whispered as she relaxed. Or at least, that's what she

wanted, but her heart wouldn't quite slow down, her pussy still clenching softly on occasion. Somehow, as intense as everything had been, her body clearly wanted more. And given she could still feel Tom's erection poking into her lower back...

"Can you go again? I don't think I'm ready to call it quits quite yet..." Heather asks, hoping Tom's erection meant he still wanted more too.

"Not again, I pulled out before your pussy pushed me over the edge..." Tom informed her, shifting his hips a bit to grind his dick against her for emphasis.

"How do you want it this time?" Tom asked, Heather would have swooned were she not already being cuddled by the man. This was the sort of thing she went crazy for, too many of her exes just did or demanded whatever they wanted and she just had to hope she would cum before they did.

"Can we do missionary? I want to see your face this time..." Heather asked, just a bit hesitant. As much as she liked to be involved, she was also worried that her rather plain preferences might not be all that exciting for her partner. Of course Tom didn't seem to see things that way.

"Sounds lovely." Tom answered, holding her tightly for a moment before releasing her and getting up, letting Heather roll onto her back, her whole body swaying as it came to rest. Spreading her legs she looked up at Tom, passion practically glowing in his eyes as he gave his dick a few pumps while kneeling down between her legs. His free hand started playing with her pussy, his fingers tracing her lips before slipping between them, only to slide up and press against her clit. Heather moaned appreciatively.

"I'm not gonna last long in your perfect pussy, so let's get you going a bit before the main event..." Tom teased as Heather bit her lip, another moan reverberating in her mouth as he played with her expertly. His touch sparking her arousal to roar into an all encompassing flame once again as her eagerness to feel his dick spreading her pussy grew more and more.

"Hurry and...p-put it in..." Heather begged, her breathing rough and ragged already, he his shuddering, the rest of her body jiggling madly as Tom's fingers danced in and around her pussy.

"Mmmm...not yet dear..." Tom taunted, thrusting three fingers in and out of her pussy effortlessly, her copious fluids making them glide effortlessly even as her pussy tried to clamp down on them to extract even more pleasure. Heather hissed as she rolled her head back, she wanted his dick so badly! To feel it pushing deep into her, rubbing against all her sensitive spots!

"P...*Please!* it has to be your dick!" Heather moaned. As much as she appreciated his efforts all she wanted was to feel his dick spreading her wide. Her eyes pleaded with Tom's as they stared at each other. Thankfully it seems Tom had his fill of teasing finally as his body language softened.

"I supposed you've earned another round..." Tom finally relented. Her breathing hitched in her

throat as Tom pulled his fingers from her pussy before moving in closer. Finally she felt his dick rub against her slick lips briefly before he pushed it inside.

“*YEEEESSSS!*” Heather cried out as he thrust deep into her, a shockwave traveled through her soft body as his hips slammed into her own. And Tom kept going, settling into a firm but slow rhythm that sent her whole body jiggling with every thrust.

“...*fuck*... Heather gasped as she lay there, her bulk kept her from doing much of anything but nevertheless Tom's gaze was warm and appreciative, his eyes roaming over her entire body but always returning to her face before long. It was sending her arousal into overdrive.

“H-harder!” Heather gasped out, eager for another mind-blowing climax that only Tom could deliver for her. Tom smirked and gave her exactly what she was asking for. Reaching down Tom's strong hands gripped the flesh at her thighs as he started fucking her for real. Tom grunted with each of his thrusts, now rocking her whole body back and forth as the bed creaked in protest.

“Yes... Yes... *YES!!!*” Heather's voice grew louder with each thrust but all this new movement brought about a new problem as her breasts flopped around with the extra movement, threatening to smother herself. Reaching up she grabbed as much of her tits as she could and tried to keep them from flying around, eventually also using her elbows to squeeze and contain them above her chest. Unsurprisingly this drew Tom's gaze, and Heather couldn't deny it, her own view now dominated by a deep line of cleavage, still shuddering and wobbling as Tom fucked her hard.

Above her Tom shifted position, planted his hands beside her head he leaned down, bringing his face close to her trapped tits. At first Heather was a bit disappointed, without the leverage of her thighs his thrusting wasn't as strong and more erratic. All was forgiven when Tom opened his mouth and managed to latch up to one of her puffy nipples and started to suck on it.

Heather hissed through gritted teeth as the pleasure practically forced her to roller her head back. Her pussy spasmed hard, gripping down on Tom's dick even as he kept thrusting. It was just too much.

“Ahh...gonna...cum...again...” Heather managed to gasp out between Tom's thrusts. He had pushed her right to the edge, normally she'd be locking her legs around Tom's waist at this point but her whole body felt so massive the best she could manage in the heat of the moment was to just roll with Tom's movements.

“I...I'm ready for it!” Tom grunted as his lips released her nipple. His voice slightly strained as he continued holding himself back and gasping slightly for breath before leaning back down and latching onto her other nipple.

“Yes...*YES... YES!!!*” Heather screamed as Tom's thrusting and sucking pushed her over the edge. Her whole body shook as it was rocked by her orgasm, her pussy pulsing madly around Tom's dick as he gave one, two, three final thrusts as he slammed in as deep as he could

before grunting as his own orgasm coursed through his dick, his cum blasting into the condom as Heather's own orgasm peaked.

They both breathed heavily as their orgasms waned, their gazes locked onto each other's eyes. Tom's dick quickly softened and slid out of Heather's pussy, a soft gasp slipping past her lips as it did.

"W-wow...that was...incredible!" Heather commented, still catching her breath as Tom smiled.

"All thanks to you." Tom offered before getting up and dealing with the condom. Heather's body meanwhile continued to sink into Tom's bed, being wiped out from multiple orgasms and newly found bulk making it difficult to move in any meaningful way. She was effectively trapped here, at Tom's mercy. The thought threatened to rekindle her arousal but Heather tucked it away before it could spark anything.

"It's temporary, by the way." Tom derailed her train of thought as he returned to the bedroom, pulling up his underwear before crawling back onto the bed. Heather blinked, she'd been so caught up in the moment she'd never even stopped to think of any consequences.

"O-oh?" Was all Heather could stammer out in the moment, still too worn out to do much more than follow Tom with her head as he joined her on the bed.

"Yeah, it takes about twenty-four hours to completely wear off, but you'll be mostly back to normal by morning I figure." Tom continued explaining, gently brushing his arm along her belly. Her belly still swayed and shifted even with his soft touch. Not quite enough to grow her arousal again but it was still a pleasant sensation.

"That's...good..." Heather breathed, still a bit drained from everything.

"You...you hated it, didn't you..." Tom said quietly. Heather paused, Tom's tone was one she'd heard a lot in her own voice in the past. It was a sad tone.

"No, this is...a lot...but I wasn't lying when I said it was incredible." Heather said as she reached up and interwoven her fingers with Tom's holding his hand on top of her belly.

"But what really made it incredible was *you*." Heather pointed out., squeezing his hand for emphasis. A moment passed in silence before Tom spoke.

"Thank you..." he said quietly as he snuggled in even closer and embraced her as well as he could. Heather didn't say anything to ruin the moment. Before long, the allure of sleep began to tug at the corners of her eyes, between the big meal, the growing and incredible sex it seems Heather's body was at its limit.

"After everything you've done for and *to* me I think I need a nap." Heather apologized as her mind grew weary. Tom chuckled a bit.

“Honestly, my body is feeling the same.” Tom admitted. It wasn't long until sleep took them both.

Thanks for reading everyone! This one feels a bit rough at the edges but it was fun to “stretch my legs” a bit as it were and dabble in stuff adjacent to my usual fare. It's possible we might see these two again but I wouldn't expect too much, especially in the short term. I had a bunch of ideas for stuff while writing this so I want to get cracking on those!
