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Contains: Weight Gain, Hypnosis

What We Both Want

Meadow woke to the scents of frying grease and maple syrup.

This was new.

She opened her eyes to see her wife wearing the maid costume and carrying a tray with legs. Macy set the tray on the dresser and approached the bed.

“Would you like my assistance sitting up, Mistress?”

Meadow had gotten used to Macy helping her up out of bed. Not that she *needed* help. She certainly hadn't gained *that* much weight. But she liked the feel of her wife's thin firm body against her soft, pampered one, so she lifted her arms for help.

Macy's lithe hands and strong fingers reached under Meadow's plush arms and soft shoulders to pull her wife to an upright position, then rearranged the pillows behind her back so that Meadow could sit up in bed. Macy then fetched the tray and set it over Meadow's rapidly diminishing lap.

“Please let me know if I can serve you in any way, Mistress.”

Macy actually bowed to her wife slightly before returning to the kitchen.

Was that new? Meadow wasn't sure, but Macy had once again made waffles exactly the way Meadow liked them. And the instant the perfectly crisp waffle, extra butter, and real maple syrup hit Meadow's tongue, she was too lost in her world of culinary bliss to care.

She'd seen the pleasure in Macy's eyes when she served her breakfast, and knowing that this was just as enjoyable for her, made Meadow happy.

All too soon breakfast was over, but before Meadow had swirled up the last syrup she could attach to her final bite, Macy had returned to take the tray and dishes away. Setting the tray on the dresser, she faced her wife again.

“You have almost twenty minutes before work starts, Mistress. Would you like a massage or more coffee, or would you like help getting settled at your desk?”

Meadow contemplated her choices. Macy's massages were getting really good, especially when her belly felt snug and tight like it did now. Unfortunately, Macy's massages were so good that she'd probably end up getting worked up, and then she'd definitely be late clocking in.

That said, Macy was working so hard at this roleplaying thing, Meadow figured the least she could do was keep up her side of it.

"A massage please, Macy."

"Right away Mistress."

The sheer joy in Macy's face made Meadow's morning. It was so satisfying being in such a happy relationship.

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