



Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: Weight Gain, Hypnosis

---

## What We Both Want

Meadow laid back in a Queen-size bed, the silk robe in dark pink that was draped over her shoulders doing nothing at all to conceal the brand-new lacy black bra that was already a little tight, or the matching silk stockings and garter belt set that made a ring of flesh pooch out around them deliciously.

The lingerie set served mostly to emphasize her rounded belly as it bulged upward, a pale white dome that paid tribute to a very recent, very healthy meal, and many more just like it.

A dark-haired woman of an age with Meadow entered the bedroom wearing a maid's uniform which was most certainly bought at an adult store. Or possibly online from Japan. Her name was Macy, she had black hair fixed in a loose ponytail, and was carrying a platter of macarons.

As Macy gazed smokily at her partner through wire-rimmed glasses, her somewhat distant expression went unnoticed by her overfed wife.

"I've brought more treats for you, Mistress."

Meadow squirmed with pleasure, loose blonde curls slipping over her shoulders as her partner's performance caused a slight warmth to build beneath the triangle of her black lace panties.

Macy stepped closer, climbing onto the bed to straddle Meadow's hips, still balancing the tray in one hand as she leaned forward, pressing her tight abs into the blonde's bloated belly.

"Do you want more to eat, Mistress?"

Meadow opened her mouth, pink tongue lolling greedily, as her lover plucked one brightly-colored French cookie from the mounded plate.

---

### **One Year Earlier**

A somewhat thinner – though no one would actually call her *thin* – Meadow was reclining on the same bed. A nearly identical Macy was crawling awkwardly onto the bed; wearing not an elaborate maid costume, but a standard nightgown, a set of cat ears atop her tightly-bunned black hair. The glasses were missing; Macy never wore glasses in bed unless she was reading.

“Hello kitty, what a good kitty you are...”

Meadow patted Macy’s head and tried to scratch behind her partner’s ear, making Macy stiffen. The dark haired girl responded with the world’s least convincing

“Meow.”

Meadow sighed but kept going.

“Are you hungry, kitty?”

Meadow spread her legs.

“Does my good little kitty want to taste her mistress’s chubby kitty?”

Macy stopped and stood back up.

“I can’t do this, Med.”

Meadow brought her knees together and sat up on the bed.

“What?”

“I can’t play this game, it’s humiliating.”

“Like you just said, it’s a *game* Macy, it’s supposed to be **fun!**”

“Well it’s not fun for me to pretend to be your **pet**, okay?”

“I mean, we can try it the other way around if you want...”

“I don’t want **you** to be **my** pet either! We’re human beings for chrissake, can’t we just have normal sex as equals?”

“For fuck’s sake Macy, I just want to change it up a little! We’ve been having the same ‘normal sex’ for the past five years. Why is it so difficult for you to try something new once in a while?”

The back and forth continued for a good half hour, dredging up every past transgression and misstep, accusations painted with the brush of sweeping generalization. Ultimately, in a supremely defeated voice, Macy grabbed the pillow from her side of the bed and announced,

“I’m sleeping in the guest room.”

As the door closed behind her wife, Meadow pulled a pillow off the bed and screamed into it, hot salty tears leaving dark spots on the satin pillowcase. She was angry, she was sad, and worst of all she was still fucking horny. Why was it so hard to get Macy to change? Just a little bit?

\*\*\*

Read more by joining my [Patreon](#) or buy it on [Gumroad](#)!