

It started out simply.

“Imogen? Would you let me know how this tastes?”

Laudna looked at her friend expectantly.

“Sure thing Laudna.”

The purple haired sorceress walked over and tasted the soup Laudna had been making.

“Oh my, it’s wonderful!”

Imogen took the ladle and began slurping up more soup.

Laudna smiled. Imogen was one of the few people in Exandria who didn’t recoil in fear at the sight of her undead form. She always felt so indebted to her, and maybe something else...

Laudna shook the thought from her head. She was a dead girl, and she just had to support Imogen through whatever challenges laid ahead.

Laudna still had some soup, as even though she couldn’t taste it she still got hungry.

Imogen kept having more and more though, long after she was full.

“My oh my I could eat till I pop.”

Imogen saying that also elicited a certain feeling in Laudna.

Laudna would have to investigate further.

Time passed, and the adventures of the Bell’s hells had come and gone.

Imogen and Laudna expressed their feelings for one another some time ago, and had settled down in a small house in Jrusar.

But Laudna had not told Imogen everything.

“Laudna, am I putting on weight?”

Laudna had kept overfeeding her partner once they had retired from adventuring. And the effects were pretty worthwhile.

Imogen was a belly heavy gainer. Her other features had softened and expanded, but her potbelly drew all the attention.

Currently, she was trying to button up her little vest, but the plentiful flesh kept getting in the way.

“No, you still look wonderful dear.”

“Laudna, I look like a pig that ate the market.”

If Laudna had blood, she would blush.

“I said what I said.”

Imogen narrowed her eyes behind her round glasses.

“Laudna do you like me looking like this?”

Laudna’s voice was caught in her throat, so she just nodded.

“Would you like to see me bigger?”

Once more all she could do was nod.

“I suspected as much.” Imogen kissed the tip of Laudna’s nose.

“Well get busy cooking, cause i’m getting hungry.”

With the last secret now open between them, Imogen ate, and ate, and ate.

The money from adventuring would last them multiple lifetimes, so Imogen had nothing to do but gorge herself silly with every passing day.

“Sometimes it feels like I’m just your trophy wife.” She said to her pale lover, as Laudna rested on top of her ever growing belly.

“And that’s all I ever want to be.”

Laudna’s enthusiasm for seeing the scale creep higher, her buttons popping, and the labored breaths she had to make now just waddling across the room was very infectious.

What started as a way to please her lover became a source of arousal for Imogen as well.

“Oh, that hit the spot,” Imogen said a few days after hitting the big 500 that had been an unspoken goal for the feedist couple.

Imogen had both her hands rubbing the taught surface of a frankly unimaginably huge gut.

Imogen lifted the gut onto the table, grunting as she did.

That little movement might have been a mistake, for shortly after the beleaguered chair she was sitting on gave way with a loud crash.

In seconds Laudna was making sure her obese lover was alright.

"I'm fine, I'm fine, just one of the consequences of me being a cow." Imogen said with a small laugh.

Then she got quiet and rubbed her gut some more.

"I think we do need to talk about this."

Laudna knew this day was coming. As fun as this was, it couldn't go on forever. Laudna would do whatever it took to make sure Imogen was happy.

Imogen was a free spirit, there was no way she would want to-

"We need to reinforce this place, and make it easier for me once I can no longer move."

Laudna was stunned by those words.

"You want to do that?"

Imogen bit her lip and raised her stomach, letting it drop with a satisfying wump sound.

"Something about being this big, it just excites me. I know you love the way I am, and I love you more than anything. So why not go the whole way? This world took so much from us, why not take some of it back?"

Laudna threw herself at Imogen, burying her in a flurry of kisses.

"All I want is to make you happy Imogen. Fat or thin, clear skies or gray."

Imogen pulled her deep into her body.

"I can think of a few ways I can be made happier right this moment."

Laudna kept cooking, and Imogen kept eating.

Some days the duo would get visits from their old friends, who were a little surprised but still supportive of the drastic changes Imogen was subjecting herself to.

Fearne was maybe even getting in on it too, if the little belly she was growing was any indication.

But Laudna's focus was solely on the big beautiful blob that was Imogen.

The day Imogen could no longer get up unaided was a call for celebration, and Imogen ate an impressive amount of food that night, even for her.

"Imogen, you have made me the happiest woman on Exandra." Launda said one day, nestled in the bosom and laying on the belly of her lover."

"Well that can't be, because I'm the happiest." Imogen replied, taking a brief break from chugging her gaining concoction.

They had moved out of their home in Jrusar to a larger mansion in the Heartmoor, somewhere where Imogen could truly grow to her potential.

Moving her there had been a logistical nightmare of pulleys, pushes, and teleportation, but definitely worth it.

"It is a shame I can't really gain weight. I'd love to join you." Laudna said with a sigh.

Imogen smirked.

Their anniversary was coming up, and she had a surprise, thanks to some messages sent between her and Pike Trickfoot in Tal'Dorei.

Soon, Imogen would be alive again, and they could truly live out the taste of the world, together.