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What We Both Want: More

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.

It took less than ten minutes of Maid Macy's strong palms and firm fingers kneading and caressing the engorged orb of her stomach for Meadow's pajama pants to get damp.

"Muh... Macy..."

"Yes, Mistress?"

Meadow had to focus to keep her 'Mistress' character.

"Lower, please."

Macy's hands moved from Meadow's bloated stomach to her softer underbelly.

"Lo -*ahh*- lower..."

Macy's hands were still frustrating inches from Meadow's waistband.

"Lower!"

"Mistress... are you sure you want me... to..."

"For fuck's sake Macy, get in there and finish me off!"

Macy's pupils dilated – unnoticed by her wife – and she slid a hand into Meadow's panties.

Both women were late starting work.

While Meadow worked, Macy periodically brought her coffee and snacks. She wore her normal 'work clothes,' which consisted of a professional looking blouse, and sometimes blazer. Macy had to do a lot of video calls so her work

clothes had gotten more fancy, but she almost always wore leggings or something comfy on the bottom since that part was never on camera.

“More coffee dear?”

Meadow hardly noticed the lack of subservient tone when Macy brought her coffee or snacks in her work clothes. Obviously her wife wasn't doing her maid act when she wasn't wearing the costume, that would have been kind of silly.

“Thanks, babe.”

Over time Meadow's coffee had become less and less coffee and more and more milk, sugar, and eventually cream both heavy and whipped. She also carried a tray of quiet snacks Meadow could munch on while she worked. Yesterday had been cheese cubes, today it was mini-cupcakes. It didn't matter that Meadow had eaten more than enough breakfast to last until lunchtime, her wife was relentless in pampering and serving her, even in her work clothes.

At noon Macy returned, she hadn't changed – it took every spare minute of her own lunch break preparing and cleaning up from Meadow's lunch – but had put on the cat ear headband again.

“Lunch is ready Master! I didn't hunt it myself but I did prepare it for you!”

Some might have found Macy's cat act annoying, but to Meadow it was just endearing. She loved how eager her cat wife was to please her. Today her service came in the form of a whole-ass lasagna.

“This is a lot of food Mace.”

“I'm sorry, did I make too much for you!?”

“I didn't say that. You're a good kitty...”

Macy leaned into Meadow's chubby torso, wordlessly requesting head pats, which Meadow offered, while cutting into a bite of lasagna with her fork, right out of the pan. Her catgirl act was oddly needy, but Macy's cooking was getting better all the time.

The elastic waistband on Meadow's 'sleep' pants was digging into her soft belly by the time she went back to answering calls after lunch.

It had been over two hours since lunch, and Meadow was feeling a little peckish. Which is to say she wasn't feeling full anymore. She waited almost five full minutes for her wife to appear with her afternoon snack before sending her a message.

A few moments later Macy dashed into the room, apparently in some kind of big damn hurry. She dropped a brand new bag of chips on Meadow's desk, patted her fleshy shoulder, and darted out again.

Meadow huffed; her wife hadn't even opened the bag...

A little after five Macy returned again, still in work clothes, and handed Meadow an opened jar of chocolate pretzels.

"Sorry about earlier Hon, I got a surprise call from my boss. She was pretty peeved that I had to leave in the middle of our call."

Meadow chomped on her late-afternoon snack wordlessly.

"Anyway I got passed up for promotion again. I think if this happens too many more times they might let me go..."

Macy saw Meadow's bored expression and made her tone light.

“Sorry Baby, I don’t mean to put all this on you. I’m gonna go get dinner started. Do you want to pick a movie or show to watch? Do you want me to help you up?”

Meadow once again accepted her wife’s help standing, and both women were a little surprised when the wheeled office chair followed the blonde upward briefly before dropping to the floor.

“I’ll take the arms off of that chair for you sweetie, and order a new one..”

Macy had the cat ears on again when she brought dinner in, and had added a fuzzy tail attached to her pants. She was wearing a black tank top and black sweatpants to complete the ‘black cat’ ensemble.

Dinner was an entire family sized bag of boneless wings accompanied by a pan of crinkle fries. Meadow suspected there were second pans of both already going in the oven.

Macy set both mounded plates on the TV tray in front of her wife, with a whole bowl of ranch dressing and spicy mayo to dip them in. Then she climbed up on the couch and curled up against her wife, who was now nearly double her size.

“I’m sorry I was late with your snack earlier Master.”

“It’s fine.”

“Are you sure? I was a naughty kitty...”

“You can make it up to me later, let’s just watch the movie.”

Macy rested her head on Meadow’s soft upper arm until the oven timer beeped again.

By the time Macy brought the third plate of wings and fries out to the living room, Meadow's overgrown breasts were being pressed up toward her chin by her swelling gut. The elastic waistband of her pants was all out of give, and her shirt was starting to ride up.

Macy grabbed the offending elastic and slid it down so her wife's pudgy paunch could swell freely, then climbed up on the couch again and nuzzled her way under Meadow's left arm. Meadow tried to stroke her wife's head and eat at the same time, but the position was awkward.

"Mace, I can't..."

"Here Master, let me help you."

One by one Macy dipped the wings in the ranch, alternating with the fries and the mayo, and fed them to her 'exhausted' wife as she massaged her drum-tight stomach with her free hand. This left Meadow free to tickle her batgirl behind the ears and stroke her hair. Macy faintly purred and pressed her head and face into Meadow's pudgy side and plump left breast.

"That's a good Master, you just relax and let your Kitty take good care of you..."

Meadow was stuffed to the gills when Macy left her beached on the couch to slip into the bedroom. She had started to nod off when Macy touched her arm and brought her back to consciousness.

"Hey Babe, ready to head for bed?"

Macy had a robe on for some reason. Meadow was pretty sure her wife wasn't naked under that thing, and if she had been more lucid she might have wondered what Macy was up to.

"Ugh, so tired. Can't we just fool around here?"

“I mean we can...” Macy said hesitantly, “but I won’t be able to move you after we’re done... you don’t want to sleep on the couch do you?”

Meadow closed her eyes slowly and then opened them again.

“No, fine...”

She reached out two plump arms for help up. It took all of Macy’s weight pulling on her wife’s arms to lever the more-than-chubby blonde to a seated position, and then slowly to her feet. Macy slipped under Meadow’s arm again and it was all she could do to prop up her engorged wife as they staggered to the bedroom.

Maneuvering carefully to the bed, Macy sat Meadow down on the end then stepped back, catching her wife by the wrist as she started to slump backward.

“Wait don’t lay down yet!”

“W-why!?” Meadow whined.

“Just wait a minute, please...”

“Hurry up then.” Meadow huffed.

Macy undid the tie on her robe and slipped the terry cloth garment off her shoulders to fall to the floor. She was wearing a pleated plaid skirt and button up blouse with a striped tie.

This was *definitely* new.

Meadow had been afraid to even suggest the schoolgirl fantasy, considering Macy was a little older than her and more suited to the teacher side of it anyway. For the first time she noticed that Macy had done her black hair into pigtails.

“I’m here for my punishment, Headmistress.”

“Wha –*urp*– what?”

Macy picked up a leather riding crop from the dresser and handed it to her spoiled, bloated wife, and all of Meadow's frustration from earlier was forgotten.

Macy put both hands on the dresser and flipped up her skirt to present Meadow with her pert, pink-pantied ass.

"I've been a bad girl, and I need to be punished."

The barest twist of Meadow's wrist sent a sharp *-crack-* into the air, and Macy let out a cry that was equal parts pleasure and pain.

Meadow hadn't expected to enjoy this part quite so much...

Barely 5 minutes later, Meadow was getting tired. This was fun, but it wasn't getting her there. It was just too much work to stay sitting up on the bed *and* swing the whip.

"Macy... *-huff-*"

"Yes, headmistress?"

"I'm too tired for this..."

Macy's crestfallen look went unnoticed by her increasingly lazy wife.

"If it will help offset my demerits Headmistress..."

"*-huff, huff-* Yes?"

"I brought a gift for you..."

Macy opened the top drawer of the nearby dresser and pulled out an enormous multilayer box of chocolates.

“Will these help improve my grades?”

Meadow had never heard such a demure, coquettish voice come out of her wife’s mouth. She was already salivating.

“It’s a good start...”

Meadow opened her mouth, as her wife climbed onto the bed, leaning her narrow frame over the slope of her belly to pop a chocolate into her mouth, just as several of Macy’s fingers slipped into her wet and waiting pussy.

“I’m so glad you like them Headmistress...”

Macy lay draped across her overweight wife, ever-present earbuds in as she slept. Meadow put one in her own ear out of curiosity.

“You love your wife and want to serve her in all things.”

“You want nothing more than to make your wife happy.”

“Whatever role she needs you to play you will play to the best of your ability.”

“What Meadow wants is what you want.”

Meadow put her wife’s ear bud back in, and remembered the look of pure gratitude and joy on Macy’s face as she played the school girl feeding her headmistress.

In the darkness of their bedroom, Meadow shared her own smile at the memory. It made her happy to know that she was making Macy happy too.