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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuckage

Entry for SilverPathfinder's story contest.

Category: Cute and Wholesome

Prompt: Tiny Home

Tiny House

It was less than a month after Eve and Kara moved into their tiny house that Eve had her accident. The young couple planned and saved for almost two years to build their new home and set it up on an off grid plot of land. In the process of installing satellite internet gear on the roof – being the larger and more athletic of the two – Eve lost her footing on the ladder and fell the dozen or so feet to the sandy red ground.

Thanks to a processing loophole, both women's insurance covered Eve's accident, providing an unexpected financial windfall. Unfortunately, she'd shattered both legs in several places. After multiple reconstructive surgeries, Eve was ordered at least six months of mandatory bed rest.

They both worked from home, so Eve took a whole month off, and then returned to work. She still could not work full time though, because the pain meds made it hard for her to concentrate. The whole ordeal was acutely frustrating for the formerly active young woman.

Kara meanwhile, seemed inordinately pleased with the situation.

“Here you go sweetheart, I made some nice breakfast for you.”

The mousy little brunette carried a tray to the bed where her girlfriend sat propped on a pile of pillows. It was loaded down with a stack of waffles four high, a mound of scrambled eggs, various breakfast meats, and no fewer than six slices of toast.

“Babe, you really don’t have to do all this.” Eve protested.

“Stop it. I could have helped you with that satellite dish and I didn’t.”

“But I...”

“Hush. Just let me have this, alright? Let me *do* this.” Kara stood with her small hands on her narrow hips and waited expectantly.

Eve suppressed a sigh and lifted the fork and knife from the tray, cutting into a large bite of waffles.

The passage of time effects different people in different ways. For Kara, the days became a non stop parade of fulfillment as she pampered and coddled her partner through her recovery. For Eve, she gradually replaced the well-maintained routines of running, lifting weights, and strictly measured caloric intake by diving headlong into her job while her partner covered all the domestic chores. By the time the casts and pins came off of and out of Eve’s legs, the couple’s ‘new normal’ was firmly established.

“Hey baby... you ready for lunch?” Kara whispered as she peeked around the door to one of the few ‘rooms’ in their tiny house.

She saw that Eve wasn’t on a call, so she slid the faux barn door all the way open to roll in a wheeled cart covered in food. A literal pyramid of roast beef sandwiches rested on a platter next to a whole mixer bowl of pasta salad, along side a pitcher of sweet tea.

“You know *-nom-* you don’t have to keep doing all the chores. *-urp-* I *can* walk again now...” Eve’s tone carried just a hint of the answer she hoped Kara would give to this offer. She was not disappointed.

“That’s okay baby.” Kara kissed her girlfriend on one very chubby cheek. “You know I like doing things for you.”

Kara bent down behind her partner’s chair to rest her small head on Eve’s shoulder. Muscles once firm and toned were now plumped up and pillowy soft. She stretched her thin arms down the sides of her Eve’s body. Slowly she stroked the soft round breasts that splayed ever so slightly to either side of Eve’s chest. They’d grown so large that it would have taken both hands for the brunette to heft just one of those babies. Her small hands drifted past the slopes of Eve’s side-boob to reach her big soft gut. She massaged the uppermost roll of Eve’s stomach and could feel it growing firm as her girlfriend started on her second sandwich.

Kara felt the strands of Eve’s dark blonde hair tickle her ear — it was starting to grow out from its former pixie cut. She put her lips near her partner’s ear and whispered, “I do have one little bitty, teensy-tiny request...”

“*-Monch-* what’s that my love?”

“Would you mind if I...” Kara squeezed one of Eve’s enlarged breasts. “...moved back into the bedroom?”

Eve turned her head to press a kiss to Kara’s lips. Her chubby face mashed into Kara’s lean one, and the short brunette felt heat rising in her middle.

“I was starting to wonder if you were gonna sleep on that couch forever.” Eve said, taking another large bite from her sandwich.

While it certainly took some effort to adjust their ‘intimate time’ to Eve’s new size, both women found so many new things to enjoy that it was like their first few times all over again. The morning after Kara moved back into their bed, she made the best pancakes Eve ever tasted. Her girlfriend refilled her plate so

many times that the blonde was left quite literally pinned to the bed, rubbing the taut dome of her stomach and moaning in a mixture of pleasure and pain. She called in sick to work that day.

Weeks became months, and Kara continued to pamper her girlfriend, while Eve continued to expand. Now officially off bed rest, Eve would often wander through the main area of the tiny house, teasing her girlfriend while she was working or (more often) cooking.

Kara *felt* more than heard the subtle tremors in the floor of the small structure as Eve lumbered out of the bedroom and through the combination living room and kitchen. Even knowing what was coming the little brunette was surprised when she felt a large mass pressing into her back.

“Hey babe, whatcha making?”

Kara tilted her head back, letting it nestle between the blonde’s breasts. She could see her girlfriend’s curves in her periphery and idly wondered if Eve could wrap her whole head up with ‘the girls.’

“Mac and cheese.” She smirked.

“Mmm, my favorite...” Eve reached around the sloping dome of her massive belly to stroke her girlfriend’s ribs. The action pinned Kara up against the counter. The little brunette felt her face grow very warm as she drew in short, gasping breaths.

As quickly as it arrived the pressure was gone. Eve stepped back and waddled her way to the bathroom. Kara couldn’t help but notice the way her girlfriend had to turn sideways to squeeze through the smaller door. Eve’s belly and breasts scraped against one side of the frame while a set of ass cheeks even larger than her bosom squeezed past the other side.

Eve opened another box of pasta.

On the one year anniversary of Eve getting her casts off, Kara cooked a feast that would put a midwestern matriarch's thanksgiving to shame. Plate after bowl after plate made their way between the beluga blonde's lips, topped off by a cheesecake, two fruit pies, and a German chocolate cake.

Eve had grown so large that the only way the couple could share the bed was by cuddling. Neither woman had a problem with this, but Kara was starting to notice her own pert bottom hanging off the side more and more often. She pressed her tiny body against her girlfriend's enormous backside and wrapped her arms around Kara, stroking her stuffed belly as they drifted off to sleep.

"Kara!"

Kara's eyes shot open and she patted the large crater in the mattress where Eve should have been.

"Eve?"

"Baby I think I need some help..."

Eve's voice was coming from the other side of the tiny house, so Kara scrambled out of bed and crossed the living space. What she saw shocked her to her core. Eve was in the bathroom, trying without success to get back out again. She tried different angles but there was no option that didn't leave breasts, belly, hips or ass pressed so tightly against the small doorframe that the overfed woman could pass through.

"W-what's the matter babe?" Kara managed to stammer out.

"I... I'm stuck Kara."

Kara stepped up to the door and placed one tiny hand on Eve's gargantuan gut.

"How did you even get *in* there?"

Now Eve was blushing.

“I had to go real bad, so I kinda got a running start.”

Kara arched an eyebrow.

“Are you gonna help me or what??” Eve stomped one chubby bare foot, and Kara felt the whole tiny house shake. Dishes rattled in the nearby kitchen area, and a few photos almost fell off the wall.

“Okay okay, give me your hands.”

With the addition of Kara’s meagre weight — and some butter — the couple managed to get Eve out of the bathroom. She sat on the couch breathing hard, while Kara brought over a big plate of cookies.

“Kara, we need to talk.” Eve began slowly, eyeing the platter of cookies as her girlfriend perched it on the peak of her stomach.

Kara sat on the coffee table and put a hand on her girlfriend’s thigh— Eve’s knees were hidden from sight under her belly.

“Baby I... I think we need a bigger house.”

Kara’s eyes fell to the floor. She’d long suspected that Eve had been humoring her whole ‘off grid tiny house’ dream. Now she’d finally given her a good enough excuse to pack it in and go back to a normal, boring life.

“Either that...” Eve said slowly, lifting a cookie from the plate, “or I need to start dieting.”

Kara’s eyes went wide and a huge grin split her face.

“I’ll go call the realtor!”