



Shape or **SIZE**

BY TooBigisTooSmall



CHAPTER 1

I love my wife, any shape or size.

We first met when I got roped in last minute by my best friend Sam to drive one of his two rented vans on his Hood to Coast relay team. His previous driver flaked the night before the event, and Sam, being the only one on his team of nine that could drive stick, ended up at my door, begging for my help, as I was the only other person he knew who could also drive stick. I really didn't want to go, as that kind of social gathering wasn't my scene, but eventually relented, heavily emphasizing that he "Owed me one, big."

The morning of the event was an initial blur of introductions and me not remembering names, except for one: Holly. She was really fit back then. A runner's bod with a little extra muscle. She was dressed to win. Tight running shorts. Doubled up sports bra restricting D-cups down to C-cups to prevent excessive bouncing. (My eyes gave an occasional investigative glance, trying to figure out if they were "all her" or not, but I eventually gave up, not wanting to come off like a perv.) Her brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, so it wouldn't interfere with the unflattering heavy-duty sweatband around her head. I didn't say anything to her, as I was too intimidated and afraid she would get mad if I knocked her out of her "in the zone" headspace.

Once we got on the road, I kept to myself, while everyone else chatted in the back; no one wanted to ride up with me, which I didn't mind, as it meant I wasn't forced to think of small talk. The morning was uneventful, until the 2nd leg of the relay; Holly's first portion of the race. We had been waiting for her at the exchange point for 20 minutes and were starting to get worried, when we spotted her limping towards us in the distance. It turned out she had to jump out of the way of the reckless jerk driving of one of the other team vans, and came down wrong in a ditch, spraining her right knee in the process. Her race was basically over before it had begun.

Or the rest of the trip, Holly rode shotgun up with me. I don't think it was more comfortable for her leg, but she didn't want to be in the back sulking while everyone else was living it up. Halfway into the 4th leg I finally broke the silence, telling her a story of how, the one

time I ever ran track, I biffed it hard when I hadn't notice my untied shoelace had got tangled in the starting blocks, and inadvertently tried to take them with me at the jump, swinging them around to my front and immediately tripping over them and face planting. Holly laughed hard enough that she forgot about her knee for a second, until she winced again from the pain. I took my eyes off the road for a moment to look over at her, and she was looking back at me. She knew what I was trying to do for her and appreciated it.

After that, time flew. For the rest of the relay, we talked about anything and everything. How she was a fit freak since high school playing sports, to lacrosse in college, to a brief stint in bodybuilding, competing twice, (when I did casually find out she had 600 CC implants). We truly hit it off, and by the time the relay was over a few days later, we were practically talking moving in together. When dropping me off at home, Sam thanked me again and tried to apologize for the last-minute favor, but I just said "Forget about it" and smiled as I got out of the car.

Three months later, Holly and I were living together, and it was amazing. We really clicked. I'd leave for work, while she stayed at home (she worked from home), and after the work day was over, I'd come home and we'd fuck all night. It wasn't like me, but she brought it out of me. Her knee still hurt, and was less active as a result. In the three months, she had put on a few pounds. Not a lot, but enough to notice when you are exploring each other's bodies on a nightly basis. I didn't mind, but I think she did. On occasion she would casually toss off saying it was "the worst shape she had ever been in." Being no spring chicken myself, I did my best to assure her she looked great.

Eventually I nagged her to see a doctor about the knee. A few scans later, and we had our answer: a torn ACL. "Aren't those supposed to be really painful?" I asked. "I have a high pain tolerance," she said, and I immediately thought about what it must have been like for her with all those nights of sex. Surgery was needed, and less than a week off the operating table, more bad news came: her company was downsizing and she was getting laid off. Her severance was good enough that her insurance would be extended out long enough to cover her follow up appointments and medical bills, but it was still a blow to Holly. She was laid up, and in no shape to go job hunting. She was inactive before, but now she was forced to sit around all day with nothing to do but feel sorry for herself. I tried to cheer her up, but it was just too much for her.

Three months later, her knee had technically healed, but waiting so long to do anything about it, the damage had been done. Her knee wasn't going to be as strong as it once was, to the point it would give out from time to time. It also didn't help that all of her muscle had atrophied from the lack of activity, and she had put on an additional 80 pounds. I tried to make her feel better, but depression has taken hold. We would occasionally try to make love, but she just felt disgusted with parts of her jiggle around that hadn't once before. That's when I stopped and laid it all out for her: I loved her, all of her. I loved how round her face had become, the way it had accentuated her smile. I loved needing both hands to wrap around one of her calves. How much her butt stuck out. How her belly looked like a tight, overinflated balloon, (and that it touched on one of my fetishes). I told her that I loved her, and that I would marry her right now if I could. She looked at me with pregnant pause, and then said, "Okay."

"Okay, what?" I said.

"I'll marry you," she said.

And like that, we were engaged. It was exhilarating and thrilling. We fucked like it was our first night living together. Her on top, riding me hard. She was in control, as I was pinned down by her like never before. Holding onto her juicy hips for dear life.

After we were through, we laid in bed, basking in our ecstasy, when Holly broke the silence with a proposition. She didn't want a wedding. Before I could reply, she cut me off, insisting she still wanted to get married, just not a big wedding. A marriage at the courthouse would be fine. When I asked her why, she said she had an idea that would be a better use of money than a wedding: she wanted to get bigger breast implants. She missed the ratio of the size of her breasts to the rest of her body, and she missed how firm they felt. My first instinct was to say "pinch me", but instead I asked, "Are you sure?" And she replied coyly, "What's the matter? I thought you said you liked seeing me inflated?" I was immediately hard again.

4 months later we were standing in front of a judge to be married, with Sam as our witness and my best man. Even though we didn't shell out for a big wedding, I still rented a tux, and Holly bought a wedding dress; a dress she barely fit into. She bought it before her surgery, so we had to guess how the bust would fit on her ahead of time. The associates at the store

were nice, but they did double take as they saw us stuff rice filled pantyhose in the bust of the dress, as Holly wore it, to approximate the additional 400 CCs that would be added to each breast. The day of the surgery, Holly changed her mind from overfilling to 1000 CCs to insisting on 1400 CCs. The doctor didn't bat an eye and obliged, and now she stood before me with 2800 CCs of saline cleavage erupting out the top of a dress that was designed for nearly a third less. In addition, the inactivity from the surgery led to more weight gain, making her belly bigger and rounder. Whenever we were in public, there would be at least one person who would ask when the baby was due, we would just laugh it off, and go find a bathroom stall to fuck in. We said our "I dos" and kissed, and then left for our honeymoon night, but not before Sam put his hand on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, "I'll call you tomorrow about the wedding gift I got you," and gave me a knowing wink.

When we got home, I was rock hard. We had made a pact of no funny business with the new girls until after the wedding. I was in bed ready to go, when I saw Holly's silhouette appear in the doorway, her arms raised, hands holding the doorframe. I could see the sides of her boobs curve out and back in and rest on her big round belly, which led to her wide hips. I followed down her thighs to her wonderfully round calves. Before I could say anything, she pounced on the bed, mounting me, and looked me sternly in the eyes and said, "Give me EVERYTHING." And I did. My thrusts paired with hers. She leaned back and moaned, exposing her giant belly to me. I caressed it from the sides, guiding my hands up to her brand-new tits, cupping them both. Grabbing hold, the implants felt firm underneath the layer of boob, that was now thicker thanks to the extra weight she had put on. A selfish thought crept into my head, that the doctor could have easily fit more in, but then another thought crossed my mind that I wouldn't have even been able to reach them before the surgery, and that put me over the top, as I screamed in release.

Holly looked at me, "You better not be done already."

"Only round one, my love," I said.

I finally rolled out of bed the next afternoon, and walked to the kitchen to make breakfast. On the counter was my phone showing a missed call. I had forgot Sam was going to call me, so I picked up the phone and called him back. Sam said he had a wedding present for us. Actually, it was an "opportunity" as he put it. Sam worked in pharmaceuticals, and they were starting

trials on a new weight loss drug for women, and wanted to know if Holly (and myself) would be interested. Initial results were promising, as subjects showed a great deal of weight loss in such a short time. I told him I'd have to talk to Holly about it. He said he'd need an answer by the end of the day to get Holly on the list for the next trial that started in a week. No pressure. When Holly came out for breakfast, I did my best to ease into the conversation. I reiterated everything I had said before about her body, and before she started thinking I was asking for an annulment, I told her what Sam told me. That the deadline was today. That the choice was hers, and that I would support her whatever it was. Before I could finish taking a sip of my orange juice, she said, "Let's do it." "Really?" I said, coughing on my OJ. She said she is happy, but that she does miss being agile; light on her feet. That the weight she had gained wasn't helping her knee at all. That it could give her a second chance at all of that.

I picked up the phone and called Sam.