

APHRODITE

by Supercake Studio (<https://www.patreon.com/supercakestudio>)

DAY 0 – 10:00 PM

“It just looks like...chocolate,” I said, looking down at the pair of cubes on the silver wrapper.

“It probably *is* chocolate,” Corrie said. “The delivery medium, anyway. The active ingredient will be mixed inside.” She tossed her slacks over the chair and scooped a pair of comfy gray sweatpants from her suitcase.

“It's just not how I thought I'd be taking experimental medication,” I explained. “I figured we'd be getting, I don't know, glowing pink pills or something.”

Corrie shrugged and hopped onto the bed with me, making the mattress bounce. She's a head shorter than I am, but she's rounder and heavier. I snatched the flying cubes out of the air before we could lose them on the floor of the hotel room, brought one to my nose, and sniffed.

Yep. Chocolate.

Corrie scooted up next to me and smiled. Aside from the old sweatpants, she was wearing a black T-shirt from some band we'd gone to see together back in the day, cozy and threadbare and just a little too tight on her now. She'd filled out some, but other than that she could have been the same girl I'd met way back in undergrad.

“Remember when you asked me out?” I said. “We were at that thing—”

“And I saw you across the room,” Corrie agreed, “and right away, I said, hey! *She* looks like a dyke.”

I punched her in the shoulder.

“Excuse me, your line is, 'She looks like *Audrey Hepburn!*'”

“That's when I'm telling the story to other people, dear,” Corrie said in her Professor Correct voice. “And technically, both are accurate.”

I *do* look a little like Hepburn, if she was a shade tanner and had a much bigger nose. Corrie doesn't look like any Hollywood celebrity I can think of, because Hollywood is full of idiots who couldn't tell gorgeous if they were staring right into its perfect amber eyes. She's short and dark, with a round face and beautiful, bushy, natural hair. Her name is Corona, and she deserves it.

My name's Elaine. It's kind of pretty, but kind of ordinary. So I guess I have the name I deserve too.

“You know, Ains,” Corrie said—'Ains' was her solution when I told her I hated 'Ellie' and 'Lainey'—“we don't have to take these if you're not comfortable with it.”

“No, I want to,” I said. “Anyway, we signed all that stuff. And they're paying for the whole trip!”

“You're always allowed to change your mind about participating, though, at any time. Even if they've paid you. That's basic experimental ethics.”

“No, I know.”

“Well, I'm just saying. It's possible these could make us really sick. We don't get a lot of time away together as it is. If you'd rather, we could always just cuddle and cue up *Hercules Vs. The Moon Men.*”

I shook my head. Sure, that sounded great. I loved just being wrapped around Corrie, feeling her warm softness, hearing her throaty laugh in my ear. But it had been so long since we really made love. I wanted to be *passionate* for her. And this Aphrodite stuff was supposed to send our physical appetites off the charts—or at least that's what the people who were paying us to test it said. I figured it was mostly exaggeration, but if it could just grease my libido a *little* bit, that would be enough.

“This *is* what I want,” I said. I picked up one of the cubes. “To new adventures!”

“Well then—to new adventures!” Corrie agreed, picking up the other cube and tapping it against mine. “*And* to my wife, and to the five wonderful years we've already had together.”

“And to *my* wife, and to five more!” I paused. “Uh, and then more after that. A bunch more sets of five. Like, at least, uh—”

“Ains.”

“—like maybe fourteen sets of five? I know statistically that's unlikely but neither of us are smokers anymore—”

“Ains, honey, eat your sex chocolate.”

I popped it into my mouth. Corrie did the same. It just tasted like ordinary chocolate.

“So how long does this stuff take to kick—”

It kicked in.

DAY 1 - 7:45 AM

It's hard to describe what it was like being on Aphrodite. “High” or “stoned” come close, but they make it sound like we were just sitting around giggling in a haze. We knew where we were and what we were doing, and our actions were under our control, they just—weren't the actions we might otherwise have taken.

To start off with, if the question we were testing was 'does Aphrodite make you want to have sex', then we might as well have stopped after the first dose, because holy shit, did it ever. We did it in the bed, in the bath, even on the balcony a couple of times. We didn't need any toys or accessories or anything. We were like magnets, like binary suns crashing into each other, mashed together by titanic gravitational forces. Every little brush of her hand against my skin made me feel like a sponge saturated with pleasure and love.

We were still holding each other in the morning when we started coming down. And 'coming down' is probably the wrong word. We didn't feel sick or depressed or hungover or anything. We weren't even tired, despite having been awake all night. It was like we were waking up from a lovely dream, but a dream we could remember.

We just lay there, holding hands and drinking in every bit of each other we could.

“I love you,” Corrie whispered.

“I know,” I said. “You told me about a million times last night.”

“Yes, but that was Freaky Love Goddess Corrie. I just want you to know that regular Corrie agrees with her.”

“Regular Elaine and Freaky Love Goddess Elaine love both Corries, too.”

Corrie grinned. “Nice to have that cleared up.”

We lay another moment in silence. Then Corrie rolled over onto her back.

“So, funny question,” she said. “Is it me, or did we get a lot of room service last night?”

“I...think we did.”

“Like. A *lot*.”

“I'm pretty sure you're right. The last cart is still here.”

“Yes.” Corrie kicked it. “And that's. You know. The *last* cart.”

“Uh-huh.”

“As in we ordered more than one entire cart full of food. And ate it. All of it.”

“I remember that happening.”

“I remember it too. I just thought maybe I imagined that particular part.”

“I don't think we imagined it.”

“Neither do I.”

“Because I feel very, very full.”

“So do I.” Corrie belched. “Except here's the thing. I look at the number of empty plates piled on that cart, and I don't think we should feel very, very full. I think we should feel very, very exploded. And that's. You know. *One* cart.”

"I guess Aphrodite makes you crazy hungry?" I suggested.

"I don't think it does," Corrie said. "I don't remember being *hungry* at all. I don't remember being horny, either. Like, it wasn't a lack or a need I was filling with you. It was a positive thing. Sex just felt so wonderful, who wouldn't want to have it constantly? And it was the same with the food. It was just all so amazingly, mind-blowing good, and I kept finding room, so I kept going."

I nodded. That was pretty much how I remembered it. It was like one of those dreams where you're in a bank that's also your house, and an old girlfriend is there, but she has a duck body. Afterwards, you can't explain why it made sense to you, but in the dream, it did. I'd just made the decision, perfectly logical and rational at the time, to get one of everything from room service and try them all.

"Well, I can corroborate your experience," I said. "Do you feel okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Do you want to go for a walk or something? We've got a couple hours until we're supposed to talk the next pill."

"Sure."

We went down to the hotel lobby and watched fish swimming around in the ornamental pond, then strolled around the neighborhood. It was a warm, sunny day, and the area was very pedestrian-friendly. We browsed some of the boutiques along the street. I picked up a really nice set of candles. There was an adorable Japanese crepe shop, but we were both stuffed to the gills, so maybe another day, we decided. This way and that, we killed time until it was ten A.M. and time for our second dose of Aphrodite.

We lay down in bed next to each other. I held my cube up, turning it. It still just looked like ordinary chocolate—but now I knew what it could do. My heart sped up. I turned to Corrie, and found her looking back at me. She smiled eagerly.

"Try not to get *too* distracted by the food this time," I said. "I might get jealous."

"You ate just as much as me, dear," she reminded me. "And I don't think you have to worry. I've only got enough room for one last bite."

She tipped the Aphrodite into her mouth and sank her teeth into it.

DAY 1 - 8:02 PM

Corrie stared at the room service cart, her brow furrowed. "I can't believe we did it again."

"We're pigs," I agreed. "Sexy, sexy pigs."

"I don't even want to think about how many calories I just ate in the space of twenty-four hours," Corrie said. She stood up, stretched, and slumped, sticking out her stomach and frowning. "I wonder if there's a scale in the bathroom."

I wrapped my arms around her from behind and rested my chin on the top of her head. "Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't worry about your weight. And *don't* weigh yourself!" I ran a hand over her belly. I could feel how full it was through the terrycloth bathrobe. "You're bloated right now, so you'll measure heavy and get bummed out."

"I want to take another look at all that paperwork they had us sign," Corrie said, ducking away from me and digging through her duffel for the folder the medical company gave us. "I don't remember 'eating ourselves stupid' being mentioned as a potential side effect."

"That's what they have trials for, right? So they can find this stuff?"

"They're supposed to find it in rats or guinea pigs or something before it gets to us," she complained, pulling out a sheaf of papers. "Nobody cares if a *rat* gets fat. Here, check this over."

"Maybe we won't get fat," I said. "Maybe the extra food just...I don't know, doesn't count or something."

"Oh, it counts. I can feel it. Sensitivity weight fluctuations is a survival instinct for women with my short, curvy phenotype. In the wild, it helped us gather stretch pants before the coming of winter."

She took a closer look at the page she was holding. "Hello, what's this?"

She read for a minute. "Okay, this is, uh. Hmm."

"What's it say?"

"Under 'side effects' it says Aphrodite tends to relax tissue all over the body, which, among other things, can 'prevent stretch marks from rapid weight gain'. Which...kind of sounds like someone in the previous testing groups had rapid weight gain, don't you think? Even if they don't admit that in so many words."

"Huh. So...if we keep on using this stuff..."

"Yeah."

"I really don't want to stop," I said. "I mean, I want to finish the trial, anyway. A few pounds isn't such a big deal." I smiled at her. "And you *know* I kind of like it when you're a little chubby."

"I know, but—" She bit her lip. "Do the math here, Ains. A few pounds isn't a big deal. A few pounds a *day* is going to add up quick."

"We can always lose it afterward"

She laughed. "Yeah, that's easy for you and your naturally skinny Audrey-ass to say. *I'm* going to end up lugging around a spare tire like a monster truck while *you* do a couple of sit-ups and go right back to normal. I swear, if I get fat from this and you don't, I'm putting you on a cheesecake diet and keeping you there. See how *you* like it."

"So...that sounds like we're still on?" I asked hopefully.

She frowned. "Ains, I just don't know."

"The sex has been amazing," I pointed out.

"No kidding," she admitted.

"So..."

She looked torn.

I raised one hand and closed my eyes. "I solemnly swear I'll eat every bite of cheesecake you put in front of me."

She sighed. "I'm going to be *huge*, aren't I?"

"Maybe we could write notes to our Aphrodite-selves telling them not to eat so much. They're reasonable women."

"They're a couple of sex-crazed love weasels infected with food-lust," Corrie pointed out. "But actually, I have an idea about that."

"What's that?"

"We'll beat them to the punch," she said. "Order something disgustingly huge from room service and eat the whole thing. Maybe if we're *already* stuffed, we won't want more later."

"We *are* already stuffed," I pointed out.

"Yeah, but—" Corrie put both hands on her gut. "Somehow, I don't feel it the same way, you know? You know how when *I* pack a suitcase, it's all neat and I can fit a ton of stuff inside, and then when *you* pack you can fit maybe half as much because it's all jammed in and you don't have a system?"

"I have a system!"

"Yes, and your system is a bad system, dear. And that's my point. It's like Aphrodite makes us really efficient packers. But if *you* pack the suitcases first, there's only so much more someone else can fit in them, no matter how efficient they are."

I couldn't argue with that. I called room service.

"Hi, this is room—" I started.

"Yes, it's you guys again!" the girl on the other end chirped.

"Huh?"

"Oh, uh, sorry. We kind of had a little bet running about whether you'll call back again. Some of the guys here thought you were done after that last cart, but I knew you wouldn't let me down. Is it

really just the two of you eating all that?"

"Um, we're—really hungry," I said. I could feel my ears pinking. Of course room service would be aware of how much food they were sending up. I could only imagine what they must think of us.

"No problem. What can I get for you?"

"Wait, before I order. When you delivered...did we seem okay to you?"

"Sure," the girl said.

"We didn't do anything weird?"

"Uh, you're on your honeymoon, right? So no. I think it's sweet."

"Honeymoon?"

"Well, the way you were all over each other like that..."

"Uh-huh. I didn't...we didn't...I hope we didn't do anything inappropriate in front of you, or to you, or anything that would make you uncomfortable. Did we?"

"No way! It's nothing I haven't seen before."

"Okay, good." I didn't *think* I remembered doing anything with the room service girl, but I had to be sure the medicine wasn't turning me into some kind of Ms. Hyde. "Ready for that order?"

"Go ahead."

"Give me a double bacon cheeseburger, and lots of fries." I rested the phone on my shoulder.

"Corrie, what do you want?"

"A second cheeseburger for you," she said.

"On a full stomach? Honey. I don't even really want the *first* one."

"This is only going to work if we absolutely eat ourselves sick," Corrie said.

"Fine, fine. Make that *two* bacon cheeseburgers." I shot Corrie a wicked grin. "And a *triple* helping of whatever you've got in the way of seafood pasta." That was Corrie's favorite. And, hey, she *said* she wanted to eat herself sick...

Corrie nodded. "Sounds good."

Sounds *good*? How much room did she think she *had*, anyway? Impulsively, I added "and a cheesecake for dessert!"

"Slice of cheesecake?"

"A *whole* cheesecake. And make it *big*."

"You got it!"

I put down the receiver. "That enough food for you?"

"I'll manage. I just wonder how *you're* going to manage half of a cheesecake."

Oh, yeah. Shit.

DAY 1 – 9:41 PM

Corrie speared the last bite of ravioli and peered at it thoughtfully. A single droplet of sauce fell, splattering into the smears and whorls on her plate.

"Go on," I urged. "You're almost there."

"I know," she said.

"Well, then?"

"Christ, I'm so *full*."

"This was your plan, remember?"

"I remember. Finish your fries, Ains."

They lay on my plate, mocking me. Kind of like the two hamburgers, which rested in my stomach like a pair of bowling balls. I scooped up a handful, stuffed them into my mouth, chewed a couple of times, and swallowed.

Ugh. Bad idea. So bad. My stomach was *not* happy.

Corrie closed her eyes and let the fork fall against her lips. Slowly, slowly it tilted over her teeth

and the ravioli slid into her mouth. She closed her mouth. She pulled out the empty fork.

“Now swallow.”

“I know, don't rush me!” she snapped. She swallowed. “Oh, god. Oh, fuck.”

She slumped backwards into her chair, her bathrobe falling open. Underneath, she was wearing a black undershirt and a pair of purple spandex boyshorts. I love those shorts on her. I think they're cute. But today they were overshadowed, literally, by her stomach, which was distended to the point where her bellybutton was starting to stretch out of shape. I'd never seen her so big in my life.

I looked down. She wasn't the only one who was having a *huge* day, either.

I crammed down the rest of the fries and swallowed, painfully. I was done.

“You done?” she whispered.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Let's crack open that cheesecake.”

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. The *fucking* cheesecake. Why did I order that thing?

Corrie sliced it into eight pieces and set it down between us. For a few minutes, we just looked at it.

“Okay, we have to eat,” Corrie says. “Otherwise this is just wasting time.”

Four pieces each. If I stuff them all into my mouth whole, that's just four bites, right? Jesus, but I felt ready to explode, and from the looks of it, Corrie was in the same situation. How were we going to get through this?

“You know what's funny?” Corrie said, regarding her piece of cheesecake.

“What?”

“This is supposed to help us *not* gain as much weight.”

I laughed. “God, yes. Well, here's to that.”

We tapped our slices of cheesecake together and bit into them simultaneously. Corrie took neat little mechanical bites, taking it in methodically, a sliver at a time. I just shoved mine in my mouth. Fattening goop oozed out from between my lips and plopped onto my undershirt.

“Okay, just...just three more,” Corrie said when they were gone. “Each.”

“Corrie?”

“Yeah?”

“It...if the idea is to be completely stuffed, like...up to the neck, can't-move stuffed...” I gulped. “I think I'm there.”

“Oh, *no*,” Corrie grunted. “I'm not eating this whole thing myself.”

“I don't think you should,” I told her. “Corrie...stop. You're going to hurt yourself.”

She looked down at the cheesecake.

“You know what, Ains?” she said. “Maybe you're right. No way are the Aphrodite-versions-of-us eating more after this.”

“So we're done.”

“We're done.” She put her hands on her belly. “Ains?”

“Yeah?”

“Can you move?”

“...No.”

“Me neither.” She fumbled in the pocket of her robe. “Got your dose?”

“Yeah, but I don't think I can swallow.”

“Just put it on your tongue,” she said, unwrapping her cube of Aphrodite. I did the same. We rested the cubes on our tongues and waited until they dissolved and the familiar tingy warmth began to spread through us.

I opened my eyes a crack and looked at Corrie. She looked like a beached whale, but *god*, something about that beached whale was looking sexier and sexier by the second. She looked back at me. She grinned.

We were in each other's arms, our hands all over each other. I loved Corrie. I loved every square inch of her glorious bigness. I wanted her to be bigger so there could be more square inches to explore. I wanted to be bigger, so her soft hands could touch me in more places, run over more flesh.

We were still stuffed absolutely to bursting, of course, but the Aphrodite made that kind of pleasant, too. Even kind of arousing.

“God, you're huge,” I said.

“You too,” Corrie said. “Isn't it amazing?”

“I kind of love it.”

“I kind of love you.”

“I kind of love you more.”

“You know what I love almost as much as you?” Corrie murmured as she kissed my neck.

“What?”

“Cheesecake.”

“Me too.”

“I kind of want to eat the rest of that cheesecake.”

“Me too.”

“And I think I'm going to want more than one.”

“Me too.”

“I am going to call room service,” Corrie mumbled, stuffing a slice into her mouth, spraying me with loose crumbs, “and I am going to have them send up a whole cart of cheesecake.”

“Get a cart for me, too.”

DAY 2 – 7:29 AM

So, obviously Corrie's brilliant stuff-ourselves-stupid plan didn't work. I woke up from a light doze and the lingering effects of Aphrodite to find her lying on the bed, struggling with the zipper of her jeans. Maybe I'm not always as sensitive as I'd like to be, but even I realized that this was absolutely the wrong time for an I-told-you-so.

Luckily for us and our stomachs, today was going to be Aphrodite-free. We were scheduled to take a train down the coast to the next luxury hotel on our itinerary. I think moving hotels was mostly just an excuse—they wanted to keep us off the stuff for a day to make sure we weren't showing any signs of physical or psychological addiction. I couldn't have been happier about it. Aphrodite was delightful, but I desperately needed a day to just relax and digest my obscene binge. I felt like a refrigerator that had been crammed with so much food the door wouldn't close.

With a groan, Corrie finally managed to pull the zipper all the way up. She flopped backwards, breathing hard. “God *damn*.”

The waistband was cinched so tight the button strained, and a roll of blubber squeezed out of the top of the jeans. It looked painful. I didn't see how she'd even be able to sit up.

“Honey,” I said. “You know you can wear your 'fat' jeans if you want.”

She shot me a dirty look.

“I mean, not saying you're fat! Just that your extra-big pants might be more comfortable right now.”

The look wasn't getting any cleaner.

“*What?*” I asked.

“These *are* my fat jeans,” she growled.

“Ohhh,” I said. “Uh. They look great. I couldn't even tell.”

“Why don't *you* put on your pants and see how easy it is?” she said, wriggling into a camisole top with wide horizontal stripes in white and navy blue.

I did, and it wasn't.

“Um. Where does the waistband go?” I asked. “I’ve got this, um. *Curve* here now.”

“Yes, I see it, dear. In technical terms, we call that a pot belly.”

“So do I close the waistband straight across, or...”

“Give it a try.”

I struggled to button my slacks, but it wasn't happening. I was just too big around the middle.

“I can't,” I said, blushing.

“Okay, so your two choices are over the gut or under the gut. Pick one and pull like your life depends on it.”

“Um, sure. I guess I'll go...under,” I decided. “I mean, I don't know if I'd say I have a 'gut', though. I'm just really full. You're really full! We're both just...full.”

“It's a *gut*, Ains,” Corrie said, propping herself up on her elbows. “You've got a gut. Last night you hand-fed me enough cheesecake to kill an elephant and called me...what was it again? *'My cute little bouncing butterball.'* You don't *get* to be self-conscious.”

My ears turned red. “I'm sorry, Corrie,” I said. “This stuff makes me say the weirdest things. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.”

She sighed. “No, *I'm* sorry. That wasn't cool, especially after *I* called *you* a 'spicy-pussied burger slut.’”

“Wait, when did you say that?”

“Uh, never mind. Look, I'm just cranky right now. It's these damn pants! I think they're cutting me in two. First thing today, before we get on the train, I am getting myself some stretchy pants. I don't care if I look like the sloppiest housewife in Yogatown.”

I pulled my black turtleneck over my head and snaked my arms into the sleeves before giving myself a once-over in the mirror. My hands went to the sides of my stomach. Jesus, I *did* have a gut. It was just a little mound where everything had been flat before, but it was there.

Corrie's arms wrapped around me from behind. I felt her comforting softness pressed against my back, the tickle of her fluffy hair against the back of my neck. Her hands covered mine and she squeezed.

“You know something, Ains?” she whispered. “I never had a chance to realize it before, but I think I like *you* a little chubby, too.”

DAY 2 - 6:13 PM

It was a wonderful day. We walked in the sunshine. We rode the train down the coast, watching the ocean roll past. We checked into our new hotel and then went out and spent the afternoon at an art museum, then strolling through downtown. And—thank every goddess and/or god there is or was or ever will be—we didn't eat a single fucking bite. By the time we headed back to the room we were practically able to walk without waddling. It was delightful.

We decided to hit the hotel pool and lowered ourselves gratefully into the hot tub. The soak felt wonderful on our tired legs. Corrie leaned back and sighed, sinking a few inches deeper.

“Wow,” I said.

“Wow?”

“In an emergency, you could use those things as flotation devices.”

She laughed. “I *am* kind of busting out of this suit, huh?”

“They're *huge*.” Her stomach was breaching the surface of the water, too, but I didn't mention that.

“You just better tell me if one of them pops out. Feels like they could go at any time.”

“Oh, I promise I'll tell you,” I said. “Eventually.”

She looked at me. A slow smile tugged at the sides of her full lips. Then she lunged.

“Stop!” I said, giggling as she grabbed me.

“No way,” she said, wrestling me onto her lap. “I have to check my little 'Audrey' out.” Her hands

moved down to my waist. “My, my, my, Audrey. You've been hitting the breakfast at Tiffany's pretty hard lately, haven't you?”

“Stah-ha-hop!” I wheezed. “Let me go! Your boobs are out. YOUR BOOBS ARE OUT!”

“Excuse me, ladies?”

The lifeguard was standing over us. I winced. Corrie took her hands off my stomach roll and covered her chest. We slunk back to the roof, trying not to look at anyone else in the pool.

“Oh my god,” I said, tossing my bikini top into the sink. “I don't think I've ever been so emba—” Corrie tackled me, and the two of us tumbled onto the bed.

DAY 2: 11:41 PM

Moonlight fell across my face, and I woke to find myself in bed, alone. I'd fallen asleep in Corrie's arms, absolutely exhausted. Not from lack of sleep—Aphrodite seemed to eliminate the need for sleep altogether. If it didn't make you so hot to trot, they could have sold it as a study aid.

No, I was exhausted because Corrie wore me out. Usually she doesn't even like making love when she feels heavy. But today...whew! I'd conked out right afterwards.

I was actually getting a little hungry by now. I must have finally digested the gross mountain of food I'd gorged myself on the day before. That meant—

I cupped the little pot at my waist. Yup. Couldn't blame it on a food baby any more. This little pudge-pillow was all me.

I got up to look for the meal bars in my luggage and noticed the silhouette through the gauzy drapes. I pushed them aside.

Corrie sat at the table on the balcony, wrapped in the terrycloth hotel bathrobe. She took a long pull from her cigarette and exhaled. Smoke hung about her life a wreath as she stared out at the moonlight-speckled sea. She didn't notice me.

“Corrie?” I said, as softly as I could.

She jumped in her chair, immediately spat the cigarette out and flicked it over the edge. “Shit!” she said. “I didn't mean to—that better not start a fire.”

“I think it's just concrete down there,” I said. “What I'm wondering about is why you were smoking when you told *me* you had your last cigarette five months ago.”

“That was an emergency pack,” she said. She made a face. “It was stale.”

“Good.”

“And I swear it's the first one I've touched since then. I'm not starting up again. I just—really needed to think.”

I put a hand on her shoulder. “Need some help?”

“Nah, it's okay,” she said. “Go back to bed.”

“Corrie, something's bothering you.”

“Yeah,” she sighed. “It is.”

“Aphrodite?”

“It's just...” She rubbed her forehead. “This would be so much easier if we'd had withdrawal symptoms. I almost hoped we would have them today, because then we'd know, hey, we need to quit using this stuff. Easy decision. Instead...we made love. As ourselves. And it was *crazy good!*”

“It *was* really good,” I agreed.

“If Aphrodite did *that*—and I'm not convinced for sure, but it's the most obvious variable—if it did that, it's affected our relationship in a real and very positive way. It's good. We should keep taking it. But...”

“The side effects,” I finished.

“Yeah,” she admitted, putting a hand on her stomach. “The side effects. I don't know what to do here. I want to keep exploring this, but..I'm worried.”

I stood there, my hand buried in terrycloth, feeling the heat radiating from the warm shoulder beneath, completely unsure what to say. I could never trust myself in these situations. I loved the hell out of Aphrodite; loved being on it, and loved what it seemed to be doing for us even when we weren't. And I loved what it was beginning to do to Corrie's body, too.

But *she* didn't.

It's the same battle I went through when she was quitting smoking. I encouraged her to quit. I even nagged her, kind of. It was *justified*, I told myself. I was helping her to be a healthier person! And I was her wife—and I had to live in the house too, after all, and I deserved a house that didn't stink. And those were all real, true reasons.

But I knew that she might gain some weight, and deep down, I was salivating over the possibility. I *wanted* it to happen to her. When it did, when she settled into a new plateau ten pounds higher than her old one, I was gleeful about it. I knew she was self-conscious about it, but I couldn't help feeling what I felt.

"I...you know I have...a preference," I said. "But if you're not comfortable, if this is making you feel even a little bad, then I think we need to stop."

"But *you* don't want to, do you?" she pressed. "I want your honest answer. You want to use Aphrodite through the whole two-week testing period."

"Yes," I admitted. "But that doesn't matter if—"

"And you've considered the consequences? *Really* considered them?"

"Corrie," I said putting my arms around her. "Of course."

"I don't think you have," she said. "I think you've thought about what Aphrodite will do to *me*, and you know you like it, but you haven't thought about what it's going to do to *you*. And it *is* going to do a number. You're not immune, you know. I just have a head start."

"I know, I'm know, I'm fat now too," I said. "It's...different...but—"

"Oh, honey," she laughed. "Oh, my sweet summer child. That's the Freshman Fifteen. That's the first week of January. You're not fat. But you are *getting* fat, and I don't know if you're going to like it when you're there. The world is a cruel place, and fat isn't just a costume you can take off when you're done playing."

"You said you *liked* me chubby," I said.

"I love you no matter what," she said. "But yes, it's cute. I'm more worried about—well—about you liking yourself, when everyone, *everything* around you is screaming that you're ugly."

"*You* won't be, and that's all that's important. Who cares what you look like on the outside?"

"That's very easy to say when you're conventionally attractive."

"Corrie, *you're* attractive. You're so attractive it's not even funny—"

"I said *conventionally*, and don't just blithely say that doesn't matter when you've never experienced life without it. Ains. Get dressed and look in the mirror. Really look. If you can tell me you're comfortable with what you see, we'll keep going."

I grabbed my slacks and turtleneck from where I'd tossed them over the chair and pulled them on. I glanced in the mirror.

"Looks fine to me," I said, turning back to her.

"No, I said *really* look. Don't think about me or my feelings." She crossed her arms. "And *don't* think how you want my ass to get bigger, either, okay? I want you to really consider how you feel about *yourself*. If I think you're not taking this seriously, I'll call the experiment off."

Okay. If it makes her happy, it won't hurt anything to give myself a once-over.

I looked—fine, like I said. I mean, fine for someone who just crawled out of bed and into yesterday's clothes. My hair's sticking out every which way, but she's not asking about that. She's asking about my body, and my body looks—

It's fine.

I mean, I can tell I've gained weight, and not just in my stomach. Not a ton, thought. It's mostly

only noticeable because my clothes are a little on the tight side, now. They cling more than they used to, hugging every curve. Still sexy, though—that is, sexy in a way even the unenlightened philistines who'd say Corrie was “too fat” would appreciate. *Sexier*; if anything. Well, okay, except for the muffin top. I'm going to have to get bigger pants.

Actually, I'm going to have to get bigger everything. That's new. It's not like I've never gained weight before, but usually it comes right off again—just a standard fluctuation, retaining water, whatever. If I keep taking Aphrodite, that won't be the case. How much weight am I going to gain in two weeks? Thirty pounds? More than that. Fifty? Shit, a hundred? What would that even be like? How long would it take to lose afterwards?

I felt—scared. Like I was on the brink of giving up my life.

No, this isn't right, I thought. This is binary thinking—either I stop now, or I'm committing to two week's worth of extra weight. But those aren't my only two choices, are they? Maybe I use Aphrodite for one more day and decide, nope, getting too big. We can stop then. We don't have to make the decision now. I'm not committing to a hundred pounds. I'm only committing to, maybe, ten.

“I'd like to continue the study,” I said. “With the caveat that if either of us feels uncomfortable, or wants to stop, we will. No questions asked.”

Corrie nodded. “Okay. Agreed. Oh, wait, um. Can I—”

“Yes?”

“Can I, uh, request one other condition?”

“Sure.”

She looked down at the floor, then forced herself to look up into my eyes.

“I want us to stop immediately if you—if you ever—”

“Corrie?”

Her eyes dropped again. “If you ever start feeling less attracted to me.”

“Jesus, Corrie!” I said. “You *know* that's not going to happen, come on. You're gorgeous.”

“But if I start putting on a lot of—”

“Not. Gonna. Happen,” I said. “You could gain two hundred pounds and you'd still be hot as hell.”

“Oh, god,” she said, shuddering. “Don't even joke about that.”

“I didn't mean you were *going* to.”

“I better not,” she said, elbowing me. “No matter how much I'm sure you'd like it. We can't let this get out of hand. The last thing we need to is go back home after this so fat we can't fit through the front door. God, the looks I'm going to get already...”

“The looks you're getting right now,” I said, giving her figure the once-over. She grinned and rolled her eyes at me.

We sat on the balcony, looking down at the lights, until I fell asleep with my head on her shoulder. She must have led me to bed after that, or carried me. I guess my extra pounds weren't too much for my wife's mighty muscles—not yet, anyway.

DAY 3 - 9:37 AM

The mall near our hotel opened at nine, and we were supposed to take our next dose of Aphrodite as close to ten as possible. That didn't give us much breathing room for an extremely vital errand—shopping. There was really no putting it off. Our clothes weren't giving us much breathing room either. We were about one day of gluttony away from having to go out wrapped in the shower curtain.

You probably don't have a great idea of what our personal styles are like, since for most of this account we've been lying around in underwear and bathrobes, so let me give you a quick overview. Corrie dresses pretty casually, considering she's a professor. She's usually in jeans, though she likes skirts, too—long if she's going to class, short if she's not. She likes those T-shirts you can get off the internet, the ones where they mash a couple of popular things together so you've got, hey, what if Rick

and Morty met Doctor Who or the kids from *Stranger Things* were the *Peanuts* characters? Half the time you can barely tell what the picture is because her chest distorts it so much, not that *that's* something I particularly mind.

I have more of a mid-20th-century beatnik sophisticate kind of style. I guess part of this is just leaning into the Hepburn thing era-wise, but also I just really love the fashions. Lots of turtlenecks and really nice sweaters. Sometimes I'll go all-in and do the skirt-nylons-heels thing (low ones, though; you don't have to torture your legs to wear cute shoes.) I look pretty academic, even though aside from helping Corrie edit her manuscripts my only job is part time at the candle store. There have been times when I've been by her office and somebody came in and assumed *I* was the professor and she was one of my students, which gets a little awkward, especially the time when we were making out.

So that's our usual style, but of course, today we had some additional factors to consider. Namely, buying clothes in our size at this point would be a waste of money, because anything that fit us today, we'd be bursting out of by tomorrow. With that in mind, I picked up a couple of big, bulky cable-knit sweaters that I looked like I was drowning in and some packs of one-size-fits-all leggings. I figured, one-size-fits-all is a pretty gutsy claim in a country full of litigation and giant asses, so these really ought to last.

Corrie picked up a long, lightweight hippie skirt with an elastic waistband, which she hiked up to right under her boobs, and a stretchy camisole top, along with a few absolutely gigantic t-shirts, "just in case." The skirt flowed gently down and around her gut, concealing the shape but not the fact that it was there. I thought it made her look kind of pregnant, but I kept my mouth shut.

My stomach gurgled. We'd both woken up absolutely starving, since we'd barely eaten anything all of yesterday, but it seemed stupid to eat when we were going to take Aphrodite in a few hours and stuff our face on anything we could get our hands on.

"I can't wait to get back to the room and snort a rail of sex drugs," I said.

"Kind of wish you wouldn't put it like that," Corrie said. "Anyway, we're not *snorting* it."

I shrugged. "Maybe if we were, we wouldn't be buying new clothes right now."

When we got back to the room, we put the clothes aside, changed into T-shirts and panties, held hands, and fed each other our cubes of Aphrodite. It melted away in our mouths, and we melted into each other.

DAY 5 - 10:12 AM

I don't have much to report for the next two Aphrodite-filled days that wouldn't just be repetitive. It's not like you can't figure out what we did: we made love, we ate, we snuggled, we ate, we ravished each other, we ate, we banged our brains out, we ate, we kissed, we ate, we ate, we ate, we surfaced long enough to survey the damage, and then we gobbled our little magic chocolates and screwed and snuggled and ate some more.

"We gotta stop this," Corrie groaned as we lay on the bed in the light of late morning, tired and sweaty and full.

"I know," I said.

"I mean, it's amazing, but we *have* to stop," she continued. "Look at me. I've never been this fat in my life." She grasped the thick roll of her gut, lifting it with both hands.

"Look at *us*," I corrected, grabbing my own stomach and giving it a vigorous shake.

Corrie swung her thick legs off the side of the bed and grunted as she stood up. She stretched, cracking her back and pushing out her stomach. It was...eye-popping.

"Christ, I'm fucking huge," she moaned, looking down. "I can't even see my feet."

"When could you *ever* see your feet?"

"But *now* I can't see them because of my stomach, which is now bigger than my breasts, which I can tell because *there it is*, just sticking way out there!" She started pacing. "I can't believe I let this go

on for so long. I won't even make a dent in this by fall. I'll go back to school and every single person I meet will be thinking about how fat I am. They won't say it, but I'll know it. Every single person, I'll meet then and they'll stop for a moment and I'll see *Jesus, just look at her, what the hell did she do to herself* flickering through their heads.”

She stopped, breathing heavily.

“And I'm getting fucking *winded* just from walking and talking at the same time!”

I stood up and hugged her from behind, putting my hands on her waist and resting my cheek against her temple. We fit together differently now—another thing to get used to.

“I said we'd stop if you wanted,” I sighed, “and I guess you want to. So let's stop.”

“I kind of do,” she said. “You really okay with that?”

I kissed the side of her head, just under the line of her beautiful curls. “It's your call to make, Corrie. That's our agreement, remember? I'm just gonna get rid of *these*.”

She turned around just in time to see me snatch up the box of Aphrodite from the table and march into the bathroom, shutting the door behind me.

“Wait!” she said, pounding on the door. “Ains, wait!”

“Can't hear you!” I said. “Dropping some fudge in the toilet! Literally.”

“*Ains!*”

I flushed, watching the little cubes swirl away, off to make some lucky fish fat and sexy. Then I opened the door again.

“Done,” I said, holding up the empty box.

“Oh,” she said.

“I thought you'd be happy.”

“No, I am, it's just...” She sighed. She plopped back down on the bed. At her size, she could really plop.

I sat down next to her. “Did I screw up?”

“No!” she said. “I'm sorry. I know my emotions are all over the place here. You respected my boundaries, and that's great.”

“But?”

“But...I kind of did want to stop and I kind of didn't, you know? As long as we were still doing the trial, it was all kind of unreal. Now suddenly we're done.” She looked down at her chest, her belly, her thighs. “I was a love goddess, and now...now I'm just a fat chick.”

“You'll always be my love goddess,” I said, and I planted a kiss on one plump cheek.

She put an arm around me and rested her head on my shoulder. “And you'll always be mine.”

“Forever.”

“Forever.”

“Through thick and...” I paused. “Well, just thick, I guess.”

She punched me in the arm. “Ow!” I said. Maybe she didn't mean to smack me that hard—there was a lot more weight behind that punch than she was used to—but I decided not to bring it up.

“Well, now what do we do today?” Corrie asked. “Since you flushed our plans down the toilet and all.”

“If I could undo that,” I asked, “if I could un-flush them, would you want me to?”

She laughed. “Oh, *God*, no! I'm big enough. If I had them back, I'd just keep making excuses, and a week from now, I'd be in the same boat, except they'd probably have to knock down a wall to get me out of here. You did the right thing.”

“Yeah, about that...” I said.

I opened my hand to reveal the two final cubes of Aphrodite.

“You *didn't* flush them?” she squawked, pulling away.

“Oh, I did flush most of them,” I assured her. “All but these. I thought we could take one last ride, you know? But if you don't want to, you don't want to.”

“Ains, I...”

She reached out her hand. She put her other hand aside her side, feeling the thick, soft roll of flesh, and pulled back again.

“It's okay, Corrie. You know what? I finally figured out a way we can have fun with Aphrodite without you gaining an ounce.”

“Hm?” She looked at me, puzzled.

I opened my mouth and tipped both cubes in.

“AINS!” she yelled, her eyes opening wide.

“Wha'?” I said, holding the cubes on my tongue.

“Those are *experimental drugs!*” she cried. “You don't fuck around with the dosage!”

“sokay.”

“It's not okay!” She lunged for me. “You spit that stuff out right now!”

I slipped out of her grasp and darted around the bed. She tried to tackle me, but she was so slow and ungainly, now, that she didn't even come close, not even with my own extra weight slowing me down.

She flopped over the bed and made a grab for me on the other side, but I wriggled away. I'd already swallowed the chocolate at this point, so it wasn't like she could have stopped this, but she didn't know that.

Okay, so I admit it, she was right. I was being an idiot. I was just really curious what a double dose would be like...and whether a person on Aphrodite would be compatible with someone who wasn't.

My knees buckled as a wave of arousal washed over me, and Corrie succeeded in tackling me. She was yelling something. I didn't care. Her fingers on the flesh of my midsection were red-hot droplets of pure passion sliding down the windowpane of my skin. Is that a stupid metaphor? Probably. I was too turned on for metaphors. I was too turned on for *anything*.

And then it all went black.

DAY 10 – 7:01 PM

I heard her voice first.

“Is that you, Elaine? As in, *normal* Elaine? You back with me?”

I groaned. “Corrie? Where am I?” My mouth felt like I'd eaten a sofa. So did my stomach, actually.

“You don't remember?”

“Nooooo,” I moaned. It was all just a blank. Must have been the effects of a double dose.

I opened one eye a crack. I was lying flat in bed on my stomach, my head pressed into the pillow, orange sunlight stabbing in through the blinds. Corrie was sitting in the armchair, her arms crossed. She raised an eyebrow at me.

“...Oh god. What did I do?”

She smirked. “Well, me, for starters.”

“Ooh.”

“A *lot*.”

“Christ, Corrie, I wasn't...I didn't...I wasn't *gross* about it, was I?”

“Gross?” Her smile widened. “Ains. You were...unbelievable.”

“I was?”

“I think being with someone who's on Aphrodite when you're not is...actually maybe better than being on it yourself, in some ways. You were just so crazy passionate and attentive. You really can't remember anything?”

“No... Corrie, are you mad at me?”

“Well, to be honest, a part of me would very much like to slap your face off for that stunt. I mean,

for fuck's sake, you could have killed yourself.”

“Sorry.”

“But if you're asking if you're in the doghouse with me—no,” she said. “For a couple of reasons. One, it's really hard to stay mad as someone who's done to you the sorts of things you've been doing to me. I should be sore head to toe after that workout, but I'm just...perfectly...”

She ran her hands over the flesh of her thighs. “Mmmmm. Perfectly mmmmm. That's the best way I can describe it.”

“You do look...worked out,” I said. “Did you actually *lose* weight?”

“A little bit, yes. You really put me through my paces, dear. Are *you* sore?”

I tried to move. *Ouch*. “Yes.”

“And that's the other reason you're not in trouble, Ains, because I think you've punished yourself plenty.”

“God, yes. I don't think I can move. I think I need...liniment, or something. Shit, is that a real thing? I always thought it was just for old people and horses, but I think I could use some right...”

I moved my arm, painfully, and moved it down my flank.

“...around...here?”

I felt around my waistline, or where it should have been.

“Corrie...”

“And this is where you realize when I said you've punished yourself, I didn't just mean tired muscles.”

“Corrie...is this...me?” I shot up—*ouch*, again, but at the moment I barely cared—and looked down at myself.

“Corrie! What the *fuck* happened?!”

“I know this is a shock,” she said. “Just calm down. Breathe. I'm here for you—”

“Fuck! I'm huge!” I gasped. “I'm a *whale*! I'm fatter than you!”

“—even when you don't make sympathy easy,” she finished dryly.

“How the *fuck* did I get this fat in one day?”

“It was more like five days, actually. Five days of inhaling room service like popcorn gets you...” She gestured at my bulging stomach and tree-trunk thighs. “Well, that.”

“And you didn't *stop* me?” I shrieked.

She frowned. “Honey, I had to sleep sometime. And don't put this on me. That's not fair.”

“You're right,” I said. “You're right. Sorry. It's just...a little bit of a shock. How much weight have I gained, anyway?”

“Over the last five days, I'd say maybe...fifty pounds? You packed on a good fifty in the run-up, too, so let's make it a nice round hundred.”

“*Round* is right,” I said. “Well, fuck.”

“I hopped on the scale myself this morning,” she said. “I'm up seventy.”

“On *you* it looks good,” I said. I'd managed to haul myself out of bed, aching muscles an all, to survey the damage. Jesus. I had a double chin and a gut like a trucker. “I, on the other hand, am a disaster area.”

“Ains, you look fine,” she said. “*Fat*, but fine. I mean, you do look like a tornado came through, but that's because you've been passed out for twelve hours. Your pillow is more drool than pillow.”

“I'm a blimp. I didn't think I would get *this* fat!”

“Ains, no matter what size you are—” she began, and stopped. “You know what? I just realized something.”

“That you're married to a swimming pool full of pudding?”

“No, I realized...you know, every time you said you thought I was sexy even though I was fat, a little part of me deep down always told me you were lying. And now...”

She put her arms around me.

“And now I know that little part of me is full of shit, because I'm looking at you now, my gorgeous wife, and you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.”

She kissed me, deeply, our soft, cushiony bodies pressed together as we embraced.

“Now let's see if we can't squeeze you into some stretch pants,” she murmured. “I think the both of us could stand to spend some time outside and get our steps in, hmm?”

TWO YEARS LATER

“This is Sheila from AsclepiaPharm—”

“No, thanks,” I said, my thumb hovering over the 'hang up' button.

“Wait!” she said. “You participated in a study for us a couple of years ago?”

“Oh,” I said. “That.”

“Yes, well, we thought we'd let you know that Aphrodite finally made it through testing and FDA clearance and is about to be released nationwide, so—”

“*What?*” I yelled.

“Who is it?” Corrie said from the treadmill, pulling out one of her earbuds.

“Nobody, just—someone,” I said. I muttered into the phone. “What do you mean, *released nationwide?* You can't sell that stuff! It makes you gain weight like crazy! You'll get *sued!*”

“That is listed in the side effects,” she said. “And that reaction occurs in less than one-tenth of one-percent of people.”

“It happened to *both* of us!”

“Well, congratulations, then, that's literally one-in-a-million odds. Anyway, as thanks for your participation in the development of this exciting new drug, we'd like to offer your household a complimentary case of Aphrodite—”

“No!” I said quickly. Holy shit, a *case?* We'd be visible from fucking orbit.

“Er, well, how about just a box?”

“No!”

“Oh,” she said. I don't think she'd gotten many people turning her down, I guess because everyone else had a grand old time *without* blowing up like a balloon. But Corrie and I—

Well, let me tell you a little about what's going on with us. Our relationship is doing great. Maybe some of that's lingering effects of the Aphrodite. But some of it's just that we went to see a marriage counselor. I didn't want to go, because, you know, it's not like we were *fighting*. It's not like we were about to get a divorce. Things were just getting a little...blah, and now they're less blah, and I think the counseling helped a lot with that.

Corrie really hated being so heavy and out of breath. She got on an exercise kick, and never really got off it—she jogs every day now and plays tennis three times a week. It was a complete lifestyle change. She's in amazing shape. She jokes that her key to losing weight was getting really fat.

I always said I'd love her, fat or thin, and I do. I love my svelte, muscular, athletic wife. (Full disclosure: it definitely doesn't hurt that she still has an *amazing* butt.)

As for me, weight had never really stuck to me, but even so, even when I started eating sensibly, it took time to lose a hundred pounds. I'd taken off seventy by the end of the first year, and figured I was almost there, and then—I stopped.

The last thirty pounds stuck like glue.

Corrie doesn't mind. She says she thinks I'm sexy like this. And I know she means it, but I can *also* tell she's enjoying having her little revenge for all the times I patted her butt or squeezed her rolls. She certainly squeezes *mine* enough.

“Well, I'm sorry for bothering you, I guess,” the woman on the other end of the phone, said. “We do appreciate your role in the testing. I'll let you—”

“Wait!” I said.

I looked at Corrie, at the way the muscles moved under her lean back, her sculpted legs pounding on the treadmill. She *loved* exercise. If she did happen to gain some weight, she'd work it off again in no time at all. Even if she chunked up so much she was spilling out of that spandex.

And I still had that coupon she made me for Valentine's day, the one I'd been saving for a special occasion.

For one week, I'll do anything you want.

A whole week of Corrie as my playful, sexy kitten. It would be amazing. And I'd keep her stuffed so full that by the end of the week, *I'd* be the thin one again—for a little while, at least.

“You know what? I changed my mind. I'll take a box.”

THE END