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“I’ll bet that I could lift you one-handed.”

It was sort of fitting that when Megan and Jenny met they were on opposite sides of the guest list.

The tall, fit, and sculpted Megan had been invited by their hostess to attend as a guest. With her long blonde hair, naturally good looks, and (perhaps most importantly) social standing thanks to a healthy financial status, Megan had been a shoo-in to wind up on the guest list. She was just as much decoration as the balloon arch or the expensive centerpieces on every other table—a welcome addition to be sure, but someone who had been thought to contribute aesthetically, in a way that might entertain or impress the more “important” guests that were in attendance that night.

Meanwhile the short, chubby Jenny was working with a local catering company between commissions and her inclusion was done as a favor by their mutual friend. She didn’t really *want* to be there, but she knew that helping her boss score such a high-profile event would be good in the long run, even if it meant squeezing herself into that stupid outfit that she had met Megan in. A white, button-up blouse, an ascot, and a burgundy vest were *not* the clothes that she imagined meeting her future girlfriend in.

But the two of them hit it off, nonetheless.

Even a full two years prior to Megan’s big announcement, they were *still* quite the odd couple.

Loud and bombastic Megan hit it off *surprisingly* well with the shy but quick-witted Jenny, who kept her good and sloshed as their mutual friend threw one of the most obnoxious parties that either of them had ever been to.

And things had never been the same since.

Meeting up as friends had lead into casual dates, which then became decidedly *less* casual dates as Megan and Jenny quickly fell into one another’s laps. Going from the awkward, unaffiliated lesbians in their respective friend circles to the lavishly supportive and aloud couple that would stop singing praises of their partner to the high heavens. Even during the moments when things were rough between them, nobody ever doubted that they were anything but endgame as far as the other one was concerned.

But everyone was a little shocked at how well Jenny took Megan’s announcement;

“I want to start working out.” She said casually over eggs one morning, literally before she had finished her first cup of coffee while Jenny got ready for work, “I want to get like… super buff.”

There was a period of awkward silence between the two of them that couldn’t have lasted more than five seconds, but it prompted Megan to tack on a cute, almost unsure little “…are you okay with that?”

To which Jenny responded basically with, “yaaaaas muscle mommy” before realizing that her girlfriend was being serious, and she came back with something a little more genuine.

“You should look the way that you want to look.” Jenny said to her after much backpedaling for her muscle mommy gaffe, “And personally, I think that’d be… y’know… it’d be kinda hot to have a super tight, super toned… y’know…”

And the pinkness of Jenny’s face as she trailed off, getting lost in her imagination, was all the confirmation that Megan needed to know that her girlfriend was being genuine.

“I-I-I, uh… I can help you meal prep!” she finally stammered out, embarrassed by her fumbling and trying to make her support seem more genuine, “And we can go out on walks and I can go to the gym with you, and—”

Jenny’s rattling off volunteer work was soon silenced by Megan’s lips against hers in a quick, but warm, Shut Up Kiss.

“Sounds *great*.” She said in her low, lilting voice, “Can’t wait.”

And that was how it started—all of *this*. The changes that they’ve gone through really did boil down to a single moment, a simple conversation over eggs and coffee. Which might sound unbelievable, but maybe by the end of our story you’ll sort of see how we got there.

Yes it *started* as something simple, but admittedly, it quickly evolved into being anything but…

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Jenny had always been an earlier riser than her live-in girlfriend. As much as she would have liked to sleep off shots or stay up late watching movies with Megan’s rich friends with no day jobs, she had to get up early four days out of the week to get ready to cater. With how late the parties that they tended to went on, doing things in the morning and into the afternoon was the only way that she’d have time to get anything done art-wise—she felt like she was constantly behind as it was, she couldn’t bring herself to imagine the sort of guilt that might have come with sleeping in past 8 in the morning.

That being said, getting dressed was almost always the last thing that Jenny would do before walking out the door in the morning.

So her plump, round ass was still hanging out of a pair of shorts that had fit much better when the two of them had started dating when compared to how they fit in the moment. Even her t-shirt, which had been roomy and oversized when she had gotten it, was now small enough on her that it verged on being a dumpy out-and-about shirt rather than just being something cozy enough to sleep in. With her long red hair done in a sloppy top knot, Jenny’s tummy pressed against the countertop as she readied Megan’s usual breakfast.

Five eggs, no seasoning, with grits no flavor. Bacon would come afterwards, plus some of that good turkey that she and Megan found at Ld;l. It seemed like a lot, even after months of making it, but Jenny would admit to it being far more doable than she had initially thought.

She’d even done it herself, once or twice.

Not that she liked to think about that in relation to the tightness of her pajamas.

The sound of her girlfriend’s footsteps coming from down the hall was what really woke Jenny up that morning, since Megan sleeping in until literally called for breakfast had been the status quo since before they had even moved in together. Megan had grown up privileged and worked late to begin with, so even with the introduction of her fitness regimen she was still a bit of a late riser. Never later than nine thirty, since that’s the last possible minute that Jenny could be out the door, but almost certainly later if it didn’t come down to her girlfriend waking her up.

But boy did they know how to wake each other up.

Megan always had a sort of *way* about her, even in the mornings. Naturally good-looking with a penchant for getting fawned over, the well-to-do blonde that Jenny had fallen in love with over the course of their two years together had slowly been added to since she’d begun lifting—in the form of nice, firm arms and tight, toned legs to go with a washboard stomach. It made her modeling career that much more notable, since women with the sort of definition that she sought out were not always welcome; but Megan’s muscles had not detracted from the femininity that had gone a long way in defining her as a flitting, ditzy party girl.

If anything, Jenny was *more* attracted to her now that she was starting to look like something carved out of stone rather than just someone who came off the runway.

“Good morning, sleepyhead.”

Jenny drank in the sight of her girlfriend’s muscles, displayed headlong in Megan’s sleeveless top. Sure, there was a certain bulkiness to Megan’s figure that wasn’t there before, but the powerful muscles that she was beginning to build had really started to come in, and in ways that Jenny couldn’t deny her attraction to. As evidenced by her big, stupid grin as she watched her girlfriend drag herself down the hallway.

“Good morning yourself.” Megan said in her low, city girl accent as she tied up her hair behind her, “You almost done?”

“With the eggs? Yes.” Jenny leaned over the kitchen island and gave her girlfriend a peck on the cheek, “With that commission? No. That’s what I’m gonna try and hammer home today.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Megan purred as she snaked her way around the island to steal a peek at what was cooking, “Does that mean you’re gonna be around for a little bit today?”

“Yeah, but I’ll be working.”

“You sure about that?”

With a firm, but playful, open hand Megan gave her girlfriend’s big ass a swat across the left cheek. Jenny yelped and clenched instinctively, but not without temptation. Being a model, Megan had always had an air of confidence around her. But ever since she started building a better body, Jenny would admit to being turned on by this new breed of confidence that she exuded—she’d never *actually* bitten her lip before, but little smacks like that were enough to really get her going in ways that made it *very* hard to turn down Megan’s propositions.

“I caaaaaaan’t…” Jenny whined, hip-checking her girlfriend into the island, “I gotta *draw stuuuuuuuuuuuff.*”

“What kind of stuff ya drawin’?” Megan asked, wrapping herself around the shorter, rounder brunette as she continued to tend to the eggs, “That *dirty* stuff?”

“It’s *commission* work, honey.”

“That’s basically code for yes.”

Another playful swat, this time from Jenny as Megan retreated to the other side of the island and plopped down on top of one of the barstools.

It was difficult for her to put her finger on, but Megan would admit to being more attracted to Jenny the longer that this little thing of theirs went on. She had never really been into the “domestic” types, and Jenny was in no danger of becoming a boring old housewife any time soon, but something about the way that her girlfriend carried herself went hand in hand with the way that she had thickened up over the years that could still really get Megan’s gears grinding. Her finally getting to abandon some of that girliness that she’d felt held hostage by since she was a teenager had meant going to the gym and getting regular exercise, sure. But that didn’t mean that she couldn’t appreciate what long nights looking at her desk were doing for Jenny, either.

Especially if it meant that they were eating more or less the same things nowadays.

It looked good on her, Megan thought. The extra heft suited her.

“You mind frying up a little extra bacon this morning, love?” Megan asked as she picked up her phone, “I’ve got kind of a hankering.”

“Sure, I was just about to start working on that anyway.” Jenny retrieved the pan handle-first from their hotplate, “Protein, scrambled, no cheese no pepper.”

“Just the way I like it.” Megan purred, “Keep it comin’.”

“Up early and starving.” Jenny chuckled to herself as she hip-checked the fridge door shut, “Where’s the little rich girl that I met at Izzy’s party that didn’t roll out of bed until noon and wouldn’t eat anything until dinnertime?”

“She’s bulking.” Megan stuck out her tongue, “I’m trying some new chest and arm exercises to help add some weight and I need the energy.”

“Well bacon is definitely one way to add some weight. I’d know.” Jenny jiggled her bicep in good sport, “See that? Gains.”

“Hot.” Megan said cheekily, “*that’s hot*.”

“Shut *up*.” The smaller, rounder brunette rolled her eyes, “And don’t shovel down your breakfast like that; you’re gonna choke.”

Such is the scene of the two of them around the beginning of this whole arrangement. Before everything started getting too unbelievable. A quiet, immodest look at two women in their twenties who were beginning their journeys on either end of the spectrum.

Who could have imagined just how *big* both of them would get by the time all of this had blown over?