

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Bethany - Date Night

You were on a date with your girlfriend of almost two years when she dropped a bomb on you. It was during the same date in which you asked her to move in with you. Bethany was gorgeous, a curvy English Rose who almost matched your six feet of height. She was stirring her brownie sundae more than eating it. You'd both had a few glasses of wine and you figured she was feeling as comfortably loose as you were.

Meeting your eyes through her blonde bangs, Beth finally spoke.

“So, now that we're getting kind of serious...”

You nodded.

“I need to tell you about my family secret.”

“O... kay...”

Expecting to hear she had an uncle in prison or something, you waited. Beth took a bite of her desert, contemplating the cream and chocolate, swallowing it down before she continued.

“I know I'm the tallest girl you've dated, and it's no secret you prefer short girls...”

You open your mouth to protest, but she holds up a finger to forestall you.

“Don't bother denying it. I've seen the 'secret' folders on your computer, remember? Emilia Clarke, Sara Underwood, Jenna Coleman... None of them is a bit above five-three.”

“But—“

“Don't interrupt.” Her stern tone made your jaw click shut. All your life you'd always believed you wanted a partner to shelter and protect, to carry over the threshold like some goddamn movie cliché. But whenever Bethany snapped in her posh English accent that got thicker when she drank, and her eyes glinted at you like cold blue steel, something stirred deep within your core.

“I know all about your preferences. And I also suspect you compromised on that particular preference, for the sake of certain... other, preferences.”

Bethany leaned closer to her desert dish, scooping up another spoonful of brownie and resting both elbows on the table. The act framed her generous bosom between her forearms and put subtle pressure on their sides, making her cleavage swell and bulge in a way that made her implication perfectly clear.

Taking a nervous gulp, you wondered where she was going with this, but decided it was wisest to remain silent for now. Your girlfriend had moved glacially slow regarding physical intimacy, and if this talk was building toward finally going all the way, you weren't going to risk it by put your foot in your mouth.

“Well? Am I right?”

“Um...”

Beth chuckled softly, sending ripples down her F-cup breasts as they bulged in her blue cocktail dress.

“It isn't a trick question, darling. I'm not going to be angry with you if you confirm something for me that I already know. When you first asked me out you overlooked my height for the sake of my womanly curves, didn't you?”

You nod.

“That's a good boy. See? I'm not mad.” She smiles, and takes another bite.

“I do, however, have to warn you about something.”

You wait.

“This is going to sound very silly, so please let me explain it all before you interrupt.”

The thrill you felt earlier starts to turn into mild panic.

“My family are descended from Norse Giants.”

She waits for you to interrupt, but you say nothing, not yet willing to jeopardize whatever might be happening here.

“I mean, maybe that's not that surprising, considering my size, but it's really true.”

She pauses.

“Now, I know you know that I'm usually pretty strict about what I eat.”

She gave a thoughtful look to the desert in front of her. It suddenly occurred to you that she'd never ordered desert before. The wine must have been stronger than you'd thought.

“Well, aside from special occasions, anyway.”

She took another bite meaningfully.

“You probably think that's the normal girly tendency to watch our figures, but in my case it's a true concern in more than the typical sense.”

Your mind starts to swirl as you consider what *that* could possibly mean.

“You see, for people in my family, we can keep from inheriting too many Giant characteristics by controlling our diets. I know, this sounds ridiculous.”

You shake your head and feign a look of complete sympathy and understanding, and she smiles sweetly.

“You're very sweet, but I know how it sounds. I'm telling you now because I know how much you love to cook. Hell, this is the first time we've gone out on a date instead of staying in at yours or mine in almost six months.”

Your dismay must show on your face, because she immediately backpedals.

“Not that I mind at all. Your cooking is excellent and has only gotten better since we've been together. But I need you to understand that if I turn down something you make, or decline an extra portion, it's nothing to do with you or your food. It's only that if I eat too much, I could grow bigger.”

A fuse popped in your brain, and a world of implications raced through your mind's eye. You must have sat staring into the middle distance for some time, because eventually Beth started waving a hand in your face.

“Hello... still with me?”

“Yeah, sorry.” You shook yourself.

Bethany took another bite of brownie.

“So...?”

Your caution of mere moments earlier seemed a distant memory.

“So when you say 'bigger,' what do you mean, exactly?”

“Oh, right down to brass tacks? Cheeky thing... Well, I'll gain weight like any normal girl, though probably mostly in my bust and a little in my bottom.”

“Okay...”

“Right. But I won't really get fat. You see, before I gain enough to get plump, I'd get taller instead. I guess that's the part I'm most worried about, and I suspect you are as well.”

Watching your tall, blonde, busty girlfriend take another bite of her desert took on a whole new implication for you. The stirring you felt before had returned, and brought with it a different kind of stirring. It gave you confidence.

“Oh, and why would that be?” You asked, feigning nonchalance.

Bethany rolled her eyes.

“I just mentioned, didn't I, how you prefer shorter girls? Would you really be alright with my being as tall as you are?”

“When you wear heels you're that tall now.”

“Alright then, what if I grow even taller than you?”

“How much taller?”

“I don't know, it depends on how much I overeat... maybe a head taller... maybe more?”

“And you'd be as... curvy, as you are now, proportionally speaking?”

“Tch, of course that's where your mind would go. Yes, I just got done saying I'd get curvier even before I got taller.”

Your mind raced yet again, and you decided it was time to be bold, to 'shoot your shot' as it were. While she was right that you'd preferred short girls up to this point, you'd really been more interested in the short stacks. And besides, none of your previous relationships had lasted nearly this long. The reality was that your desire to lead in a relationship was an ideal that didn't match your capability, or even preference, when it came right down to it.

“Bethany, I love you.”

Your blonde goddess of a girlfriend blushed and said, “I love you too. What are you—
“

“I love you. While it's true what you said about my preferences in general, and you're definitely not wrong about why I asked you out two years ago. I love you because you're you. You're not an accessory or trophy to me, you're the woman I love. I'd love you if you were five-three, and I'd love you if you were six-six. I'd love you if you were thin as a rail, and I'd love you if got fat like my aunt Ruth.”

“Thank you... that doesn't really—“

You realized you were starting to cause a scene, so you leaned in over the table to continue in a loud whisper.

“But you're none of those things. You're a tall, gorgeous, sexy woman with the most amazing body I've ever seen.”

She was blushing furiously now.

“Come on now—“

“You're beautiful. You're perfect. And if your 'warning' to me is that if I feed you too much you'll get even taller, even curvier, even more beautiful? Well then I'm in if you are.”

Bethany's eyes went wide as her embarrassment turned to shock.

“Wh-what?”

“I won't push you, the most important thing to me is that you're happy and comfortable with yourself. But if you don't mind getting bigger, I'll make you as much food as you want.”

Something changed in your girlfriend's expression, and you saw what you hoped was a spark kindling deep in her pale blue eyes. She straightened her back and looked down at you.

“What if I get so tall I have to bend over so we can kiss?”

“I’ll buy some step stools.”

She leaned in close, breasts resting on the table, and whispered.

“And if I have to get bras custom-made?”

“I’ll get a second job to pay for them, and love the breasts they hold, and the woman who is wearing them.”

The whispering was making both your breaths come fast and shallow. You could feel your body getting warm, and Bethany's cheeks were positively rosy.

She slid her chair in a little, and leaned back so you could barely hear her whisper.

“And what if,” you felt a soft foot touch your knee, and start sliding along your inner thigh. “What if I get too big to fit in your flat?”

Her foot made contact with your member and gauged your physical answer to that hypothetical before you gave your verbal answer.

“Then I’ll find us a bigger apartment.”

“Let's go home.”

“Check please!”