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1,220 words.

<The Gift>

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### Chapter Three - Lauren

“What are we doing today, Oscar?”

My watch lit up, “Today how about we skip breakfast, fast until 1600 and we run around the block to get us started.”

“Sounds like a plan, the same plan as yesterday, but a plan nonetheless.”

“Repetition and consistency are how you get into good shape, there are numerous studies that agree. However, I have noted your feedback and hope that your feedback helps mould my AI into a better experience for all users.”

Ignoring the comment I walked over to my wardrobe and looked at my fit body in the mirror.

I was a towering woman. Most men found that to be a turn off.

*“Too intimidating.”*

Lifting my arm, I flexed my bicep and stared at the gains I had gone under the past few months, in part thanks to Oscar. Fitness was something that was now dear to me so when The Oscar watch hit the market, I wasted no time and bought one. It had helped me get into a better routine, the AI was very fluid and although the first few months, it was a bit... lacking. Over time, as more users bought one, it gained more knowledge.

*The wonders of AI.*

I was unrecognisable compared to my formative years. I used to be fat. I had chub all around my body, a pot belly that was regularly filled with fast food and I even jiggled when I walked.

Now.

I was closer to a Greek statue than lard ass. I was defined, I was proud of my work. I grabbed some shorts and put on a crop top. One sad thing from my shredding was that my boobs had shrunk considerably. That was the only thing I missed.

I was barely covered up and I made for the door when my watch pinged.

“Lauren, I must advise you, the temperature outside is around 5°C, you might want to cover up.”

“The cold helps me run harder; I get too warm otherwise.” I told my watch as I left the house and broke out into a steady jog.

I was in the zone, running with my running playlist on. I was fairly spaced out when I felt someone crash into my chest. Thankfully I reacted quickly, otherwise I would’ve run through...

“Sam?” I said to the woman I had just knocked onto her ass.

Sam was in my friendship group in school, but I hadn’t seen her in years. I had her on social media and saw a post here or there from her, but I hadn’t posted in quite some time to that account.

“Lauren?”

She didn’t recognise me; it was hard to blame her. I had lost so much weight and transformed so much since I last saw her. Sam herself looked a bit different too. Maybe a bit chubbier than I remember but she was running.

*Must be getting on that new year’s resolution early.*

Her eyes were glued to my physique. Again, this was hard to blame her for either.

*If she eye fucks me any longer, I might need to do something about it.*

“Everything Ok?” I asked her, trying to get the looming impure thoughts out of my head.

“Sorry... Just didn’t expect to bump into anyone, let alone someone I know. You run too?”

She replied.

Although I intimidated most men, I realised that a lot of women did enjoy my height, a good thing I was bisexual. I had been with a few women over the years, but nothing ever seemed to stick. Even after I lost weight and became fit, I just found it attracted the wrong type of woman.

I stared at the pudge that Sam had bulging over her waistband for a second.

*That.*

I had known for a long time that I liked my women with a bit of meat on the bones, there was something about it. Maybe a lingering feeling from my own plus size body or something more. I never found someone who was into me though and had the pudge for long. They usually would join me on the gym sessions and within a few months I found any sort of chub that they had would quickly burn away, much to my dismay.

“Yeah, I’ve been a gym rat for a long time now...” I lowered my head, not wanting to give away my gaze at her stomach. “You look good too.”

*She really did... I just wanted more.*

“Not like you.” Sam said, eyeing my abs.

I felt proud, her eyes were all over my body, staring at my abs and muscles. It turned me on, to see her staring like this.

*I need to control myself.*

I felt my face turn red. “Well... This is what five years of the gym looks like I guess... So... How are you and Jay?”

My attempt at changing the subject worked but not quite how I wanted, her face dropped, and she took her eyes off me for the first time.

“I’m so sorry... I didn’t know...” I said with sincerity.

“It’s Ok. That is the reason I am running at the moment actually...” She replied, a hint of hope in her voice.

“Sam. You never need to lose weight for some stupid boy.” I instantly replied, I didn’t even think about it, it just came out.

I meant the words, every single one, but I didn't want to freak her out. I just can't help myself, again maybe because I know exactly how that feels, to be told to lose weight by a boy or even myself.

*Ahah!*

"You should just be yourself." I proudly followed up my already questionable outburst.

"I know... But I was getting a bit big..." Her voice sounded concerned.

*Fuck...*

"How big?" I answered a bit too quickly.

*My defences are gone now.*

"180"

*Fuck. What is she now, 160? 170? I was never good with weight. If she thinks 180 is big... She has no idea.*

I had found myself over the years, in the loneliest of times looking online for enjoyment, it was a regular thing actually. I would fall into various rabbit holes depending on the day of the week, the biggest of those holes.

Weight gain fetish.

Anything, videos, roleplay, stories, pictures, anything.

I would see a before and after on my social media of someone losing weight and I would imagine the opposite and find myself on some forum reading how someone's girlfriend went from a size 8 to 18 in two years and I would be in the throes of passion within minutes. My eyes stared at Sam's body, noting the small amount of fat she had localised to some areas of her body, especially her tummy.

"Well, I am sure you wore it well"

*What the fuck am I doing?*

"I best get a move on; my watch will shout at me soon." I lifted my wrist up to show my watch.

“I’ve got one of those! I got it yesterday.” She said excitedly.

“They’re amazing.”

*She has one. Very interesting.*

“You want to meet for coffee soon? You’ve still got my number right?”

*Hopefully not too forward.*

“That sounds great.” Her smile beamed at me.

*Yes!*

“Right, talk later sweetie.” I said before quickly darting off.

*I can’t wait...*

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