

It was Lucy who suggested it.

The two of them had gone on a whirlwind tour after the Arasaka heist, going to Hong Kong, New York City, and at last, the Moon.

The Eddie's from the heist had been invested in various legal and less than legal enterprises, with enough encryption that no one would be able to trace it back to them, ensuring that they would be able to live free and wealthy for the rest of their lives.

They bought a house far from Night City, and began settling in.

One night, after a marathon session of sex, Lucy laid against David's warm body, curled up and content.

Mostly.

"Hey, David, there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

David looked down at his beautiful and petite girlfriend.

"Anything."

Lucy's cheeks burned crimson, and she looked away.

"Actually, it might be better if I just show you."

A few minutes later they were laying next to each other, ready to enter a braindance together.

"Just... promise you won't think differently of me after you see this."

David gripped her hand tight.

"Nothing will change this, nothing."

Lucy began the braindance. It was actually two of them, spliced together.

The first memory was of a nude woman, she reclined on her bed, looking up at the mirror she had on her ceiling, showing she seemed extremely fit with various tattoos covering her body.

Aquamarine hair splayed around her head, and she winked at her own reflection.

Just then the door opened and a tall toned man came in holding a box from Buck-a-Slice.

The man proceeded to hand feed the woman greasy slice after greasy slice, all while she moaned in delight.

Then the scene changed.

The woman's cheeks now partially obscured her vision, and looking up at the mirror saw how much she had changed.

She was incredibly obese. Fat coated each and every one of her features, from her three tiered belly to her stretch mark filled legs.

David wouldn't have guessed it was the same person if not for the hair color and tattoos matching what he had seen previously.

The same man walked in, just as toned, carrying several boxes of pizza now.

Just as before, he fed slice after slice to the behemoth beauty, who was clearly enjoying all of the food and attention given to her.

The braintance ended, and Lucy dared not say a word.

"So, I take it you want to be like that woman?" David asked, hand still in hers.

Her voice caught in her throat, so she just nodded. She couldn't even look at him.

He placed his finger under her chin and turned her face towards him.

"Let me help you, then."

He kissed her and she began to cry tears of happiness.

She climbed on top of him.

"I never shared that with... anyone. I came across those two BD's while i was netrunning, and something about it... spoke to me."

She brought his hands to her perky tits, and imagined what those hands would feel like when her tits were larger than her head.

"Growing up, I had less than nothing. I wasn't even sure my name was my own. So the idea that someday, I might be able to let myself go and get... and get..."

David kissed her flat and toned stomach.

“I understand. And I want to give you the life you always dreamed of, whatever that may be.”

Lucy rested her forehead on David's.

“You won't mind me getting... Bigger?”

“My favorite Lucy is a happy Lucy.”

And so the two of them embarked on a journey to round out Lucy's figure. She still technically went with David for his morning run, except now she did it over phone call.

Various food delivery services became well acquainted with their apartment, bringing constant deliveries to their door.

The first time Lucy noticed she had actually put on some weight was when she got out of bed one morning.

Her pajamas were always loose fitting, and they still mostly were, but she observed the smallest bit of pudge had accumulated on her middle.

She smiled and kneaded the bit of flab lovingly, smiling and closing her eyes.

As this went on, Lucy found herself getting bigger and bigger and happier and happier.

David had enough chrome in him to lift her easily, but sometimes he liked to play along and act like she was way heavier than she really was, which always amused her to no end.

“What's the scale say?” Lucy asked David one morning.

She had an arsenal of cyberware that could have told her in seconds, but she liked the anticipation and teasing aspect of it.

“302” he said, smiling at his plus sized partner.

Happy tears flooded her eyes again. She brought him in for a hug, her plush flesh pushing against his hard muscles.

“David... for people like us... to be able to grow old... and get fat...”

He silenced her with a kiss.

He placed a hand on her belly, which had started to split itself into two distinct rolls.

He cupped her chubby cheeks, second chin firmly established.

He felt melon sized breasts press against him.

Lucy was a fat girl through and through.

“We earned our happiness, Lucy. Let’s make the most of it.”

Her gain accelerated from there on out.

Every waking moment she was cramming calories into her, willing herself to grow even larger.

It did not take long for them to realize they needed to make some adjustments to their home for the long term.

A cargo elevator was installed, which had “almost enough room for her,” as Lucy teased David about.

Handrails were installed on every wall, which came in very handy as Lucy’s mobility worsened.

And most importantly, an industrial feeder was installed in their bedroom, where Lucy could gorge without having to lift a finger.

The day Lucy discovered she could no longer get off the bed was celebrated with a mindblowing feast, with more food than Lucy would have eaten her entire life pre-feedee devoured by the netrunner in a single night.

When Lucy found that she could no longer even lift her arms they celebrated with an even bigger feast.

Nowadays, Lucy is hooked up to the feeder almost 24/7. Sometimes David will surprise her with a feast of “normal” food, but the pace at which she needs to eat means that is usually reserved for special occasions.

Her belly descended from her in a series of tiered rolls that covered her legs.

Her arms hung useless by her side, so large she couldn’t even lift a finger.

Her breasts were the size of trucks, splayed out to either side of her.

Her face was just another roll of fat, with hairs and a feeding hose sticking into it.

David climbed mount Lucy, resting in her folds.

“How are we feeling today?” he asked his now Wife, as they had signed the marriage document

last week.

“Happy, very happy. And Hungry.” Lucy replied through her implant that allowed her and David to communicate without words, perfect for a 1,727 pound woman who needed to use her mouth for more important things than talking.

David smiled and felt Lucy envelope him.

They had done it, and now life was theirs to enjoy.

He wouldn't change a single thing.