Making art is one of the most difficult, but rewarding things that someone can do with their lives.

To create, build, and design were among the chief reasons that Leah had left the big city and come out to the country in the first place. Getting away from her abusive ex-boyfriend had been an added benefit, until he’d tracked her down and made a complete ass out of himself.

Fortunately for her, an unseen benefit to moving to Stardew Valley was getting to meet wonderful friends who weren’t afraid to throw a punch here and there when the other party deserved it—even if she didn’t normally *condone* that kind of behavior, it was still awfully flattering.

They had just been friends then, albeit very close ones, but now they were lovers. Wives together, working on a homestead and a farm, so deeply in love and flush with affection for one another…

Leah sighed longingly as she rolled out of their bed, one hand on her stomach as it bulged ever so slightly between her nimble artistic fingers

Being the wife of a farmer slash adventurer slash miner certainly had its perks. In marriage, she had been afforded everything that her heart could have ever desired! A studio to work in, a big house to decorate, plenty of home-grown organic foods, adorable animals to play with, and any time her beloved wife came home with something neat or interesting from the forest it was hers.

But unfortunately, it didn’t exactly lead itself to a very *active* lifestyle—with her wife doing literally everything on the farm (not that she didn’t water the crops now and then) Leah didn’t have much to do much other than whatever her heart desired!

Sometimes she’d go into Pelican Town, sometimes she’d go into the woods, other nights she’d go out to the bar with Elliot, but more often than not her life as a farmer’s wife consisted of being showered in affection and gifts. Leah had often wondered how she had been so blessed to find someone who knew each and every thing that she liked and loved, and how she received gifts almost every day from her beloved wife…

Of course, all those gifts were mostly edible. Even in abundance, things like stir fry and salads could still take their toll—not to mention the easy access to goat cheese, which she had half a mind to put in *everything*…

And since she didn’t exactly get a lot of exercise in her studio at the house or going into town here and there, it wasn’t exactly out of the realm of possibility that perhaps she had gotten a bit *plump*.

“Good morning, honey!”

Her wife almost never woke up earlier than she did, at least not in the beginning of their marriage. 6am sharp, every morning without fail, but Leah used to be able to get up even earlier than that to make her breakfast. As she’d gotten more and more used to sleeping in and spending all day on her sculptures, she had steadily started waking up around 8. Still plenty early for most people, but early enough for her workhorse of a wife to have harvested the crops, fed the animals, watered the cat and to have made her breakfast… somehow.

“I swear, you’re the hardest working woman in the Valley.”

Leah’s pale belly bounced with her little laugh, creeping out from underneath her too-tight flannel shirt and lapping over her jeans.

“I’ve gotta be to keep a beautiful girl like you in such luxury.”

Leah enjoyed a peck on the cheek before sitting down at the table. Her wife’s toned, muscular arms wrapping around her thickening waist. It wasn’t too long ago that she was similarly shaped—a passion for nature and foraging had lent her well to a thin physique—but the contrast between their figures seemed to be growing starker with every breakfast.

Although of course, if Leah went into the mines and off into dungeons and fought monsters and chopped down trees and foraged for wood, she’d probably be pert and tiny too! But all of that sounded so *hard* and…

Well, it would interfere with her art!

Besides, reaping the rewards of her wife’s hard work was a lot more fun than putting in any herself. Other than the work she’d done in her studio, of course! Yes, that was certainly coming along nicely…

“I really like the new piece.” Leah’s wife said as she sat down across from her, “The, uh… what were you calling it again?”

Leah dabbed at her mouth with a napkin, hiding a demure artist’s smile as her wife’s curiosity overwhelmed her own natural modesty. She wasn’t normally this talkative in the mornings!

“The Venus of the Valley—” Leah blushed, “—I was going for something a little more *Rubenesque* with this piece.”

The Venus of the Valley was a quick, rather sudden bout of inspiration that had come amidst Leah’s newfound woes about her weight. Formed with the red clay that she’d found near the riverbed (and of course, brought to her in abundance by her overly supportive wife) it had begun life as a sort of goal for her own body. Thin in the waist and defined in the stomach, the Venus of the Valley had been the only thing she’d created in at least a few months, and it had felt so uninspired…

Until she had finally started making piece with her own widening hips and softening tum.

 Adding more clay had been the answer all along. What had started life as a visualization of her lost physique had instead become something more, having blossomed into a celebration of natural beauty—a body with rolls, folds, and a little tummy hanging over the fig leaf.

“Well, I think it’s perfect.” Her wife smiled chipperly, “Just like the artist who made her.”

“No, it’s *far* from perfect…” Leah blushed, “But maybe, with just a little more mud added to the right areas…”

The farmer’s wife smiled, her appetite renewed as she took a big bite of breakfast.