



# Metabolism

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Fat.

Weight.

Adipose.

Whatever it was, it was something that Jenny struggled with. I met her in school when I was thirteen, she was always so small, she couldn't have weighed 80 lbs when I first met her, whilst everyone had been growing up as we went through secondary school, it was something that missed Jenny.

Standing at a mere 4'8 she was a small, petite, woman.





I think most of the issues with her height stemmed from her weight. Jenny had been suffering with Anorexia since she was 10, it was a devastating part of her life and she would miss school from time to time due to bouts of being in the hospital but she was always so positive about everything, it seemed hard to believe that she could be brought down by such a horrible thing.

We became good friends and quickly I found myself spending more and more time with her, it was during this time that she divulged this all to me.

Fast forward through school, awkward conversations and dances and finally I could look to my side on the bed and see my petite princess laying next to me. We had been together for 5 years and she was now 21, she was a year older than me actually.



Her weight was something she did struggle with still; I spent my free time cooking to try and make cuisines from around the world to entice her appetite to perk up. It had worked somewhat; she was no longer so thin that you could see her bones trying to poke through her skin. She was looking thin and slim but there was some muscle and some fat there now, I'd guess she would still measure underweight, but she looked worlds apart from where she was at 16. One thing that also changed was her height.

My theory about her weight impacting her height seemed true, she had gained some height since 15, plateauing at 5'1. I still called her my petite princess though, a term of endearment that she somewhat loathed. I gave her a kiss on the head and got up. It was the weekend and most of our morning had been lost to the night before, we had been out at a bar and I for one was a little worse for wear thanks to it this morning.

I walked out the bedroom, giving one last glance at Jenny, my eyes lingering for a few more seconds before nature called. Walking towards the bathroom, a letter hanging out of the apartment door caught my eye, I quickly went for a pee and returned to get it. It was addressed to Jenny, but it had the doctor's surgery logo on it. Hope everything is ok. I always worried when she got a letter from them, I always thought the worst, especially with her ongoing battle with her anorexia.





I returned to the bedroom and saw Jenny sitting up on the bed.

She looked so beautiful, her hair was still done from the night before, it held very well even though she had slept on it.

“Mornin” I said groggily.

“We shouldn’t drink ever again...” She grumbled.

“For you, I outstretched my hand with the letter pointed towards her.

Jenny looked at the limp paper in my hand and looked uncaringly at it.

“From the doctor?” She asked.

I nodded.

She grimaced and snatched the letter from me, tearing into it.

“Let’s get it over with then.” She muttered under her breath.



I turned to walk to the kitchen and put the kettle on.

“Tea?” I yelled.

She didn’t respond.  
Strange.

I peeked my head into the bedroom and saw her still sitting in the centre of the bed, but her demeanour had changed. She was wide eyed, and they were filling up. She was intently reading the letter.

“Babe? What’s wrong?”





She turned to me and burst into tears, I leapt onto the bed and wrapped her up in an embrace. I was starting to worry but there wasn't a sadness to her face, she looked overjoyed.

"I got on the trial..."

The trial. Something that she had been holding out hope for a long time. It was a new drug that was made to help people with their weight and hunger, the aim was to help with starvation in the world, however it had another application. People with Anorexia. It turned small portions of food into much more, it was like a food multiplier when it came to your metabolism. All sounds like magic to me but I knew how much it meant to Jenny.

"That's great babe!" I gripped her tighter.

She just wept in my arms.

It was as if the weight of the world was suddenly lifted off of her shoulders, she became a different person overnight, the one bad thing in her light was now suddenly dissolving and that boundless positivity was now so much stronger than before.



The contents of the letter asked her to come into the surgery on Monday at 11am. The weekend couldn't move fast enough for her, the remnants of her Friday night's activities were now a distant memory.

Monday morning came around and Jenny could hardly sleep the night before, we both took the day off work. The doctor's visit was quick, I could see Jenny practically buzzing with excitement. The doctor weighed her and noted her height





...and some other vitals along the way and gave her a bag of pills. There was enough there to last a month, she needed to take a pill every morning, the same time every day. Ironically the hardest part for Jenny as she wasn't really an early bird.



We got home and Jenny had another cry, she was so happy that this thing was finally hers and in her hands. She had read online about its potency in the early trials but now having it was something else.

“Tomorrow... Tomorrow everything changes...” She poked her trim stomach and hugged me again.

The next day, I had work but thankfully it was a later start so I could be there for Jenny to take her first pill.





We both expected an instantaneous result, but that was because we were both so hype.

The day in reality continued like normal. Jenny ate more than normal but she became frustrated when she felt sick by the time I got home because she had eaten too much.

She showed me what she ate, and it was still rather little. I placed my hand on her shoulder and comforted her.

“It’s only day one sweetie.”

“I know... But I feel like I am so close now... I just want it to... ya know... Pwoof” Jenny said, pushing her stomach out.



She looked hardly any different, but it was still noticeable. I rubbed her taut tummy and gave her a peck on the cheek.

“I know this is important to you but remember that it is a trial... just don’t get your hopes up if it doesn’t work out.”

She frowned and sucked back in. “This is it... I can feel it...”

The next day wasn’t it. Nor the next or the next. It felt like she wasn’t getting there with it, like it was somehow not working..

Part of the trial conditions was that she would measure her body every day, there were very few changes, but each one she did send me a message about. It was sweet seeing her so enamoured by this whole list of changes, however small it was.





Day six saw something new. Jenny didn't notice it, but I did. Jenny was now taller, it really snuck up on us. I just noticed it when I gave her a hug when I got home from work. I was a solid 5'6 and her head was now pressing into my chin, something that wasn't possible unless she was on her tiptoes.

"Hey... Babe... Are you taller?" I asked.

"I don't think so, but the pill is starting to work, I am up 10 lbs already."

She drew my attention away from the question and led me into the bathroom to show me her journal with weights and measurements.



She was indeed up 10 lbs, I wondered how much of that was due to her height but before I could question her verticality again, she lifted her shirt and showed me something I had never seen on my girlfriend.

A tummy.

It wasn't fat by any means, but there was some fat around her midsection that wasn't there before, ever. She proudly displayed her stomach to me.

"Look... I've gained an inch in five days... Can you believe it?"

An impressive feat to be sure but it was still a long way from really altering her figure. To Jenny though, it was a huge deal.





That night we had a takeaway, a rare treat for Jenny but she ordered a normal portion on her own, that was something new.

We waited for food and as the local places near us are one to do, they were running late.

“Oh... C'mon...” She groaned, clutching her stomach.

“What is it?” I asked, she was acting very out of character.

“I'm just so hungry, I can feel myself wasting away.” An ironic sentence coming from Jenny, but I held her hand and looked her in the eyes.

“It won't be long, I'm sure.” I comforted her.

My words offered very little reprieve for her gut, and she was pacing the kitchen until there was a knock on the door. If it had taken any longer, I think she would've had a snack, again something that Jenny wouldn't have done a few days prior. Jenny swung the door open and the youngster at the door apologised.

“I am so sorry, here, have this free complimentary dish.” He bowed his head and Jenny readily accepted the extra food.



“Thank you.” She practically barked at the lad before closing the door and rushing to serve up.

I had never seen her serve up so much food, she even added the free dish to a bowl and sat with it on her side of the table, I never did find out what it was.

I sat opposite my love and watched her devour and destroy the meal at a speed that I never would’ve imagined that Jenny could reach. She looked at my raised eyebrow.

“What?”

“Nothing...” I trailed off, a little frightened by the changes she was going through.

“If I am to get the most out of this pill, I need to eat right?”

I nodded, she wasn’t wrong, it was just such an alien concept.

Jenny wolfed the food down, scraping the plate with a spoon to get all of the sauce off, I thought she might’ve even tried to lick it. There was a noticeable change already in Jenny but what she did next shocked me.





The free meal was still piping hot in the bowl by the side of her dish, and she picked it up and started to slurp it into her bottomless maw.

About halfway through she started to moan and groan. Must be getting full...

I looked down at my meal, I had barely made a dent in it, during that time Jenny had practically finished two meals. One final gulp and she leaned back in her chair, kicking herself back from the table to let her bloated gut sit out.

“There...” She started before letting out a huge burp.

“Oops- Sorry, there we go...” Jenny finished and patted her stomach.

I watched as she lovingly caressed the taut orb now bulging from her torso.



She looks so stuffed... Almost pregnant... Only a few months but with how thin she is, it is even more drastic.

I finished my food and thankfully Jenny seemed sated by that point, we cuddled on the sofa and I noticed that her hand never left her stomach, even when we went to bed, she was the little spoon and she placed my hand on her gut as it glorped and gargled.