V

Sometimes, it is the changes that we seek out rather than the ones that we endure that gain the ire of those who would otherwise be watching out for us. Sometimes it is for the best, other times it is out of a fear of change. But regardless, it is up to us to decide how we react to such intrusion in our day-to-day lives.

Raye and Sophia moving in together was met with some raised eyebrows both from those privy few who had some idea of what was going on behind closed doors, and those that were blissfully unaware of the sorts of debauchery that the two of them were getting into now that they were together.

“You replace that nice cute boy with a girl—you’re not one of those lesbians, are you?”

“No mama, I’m not—”

“It’s okay if you are, I’ll just have to rely on your brother to give me children and he’ll be the favorite child.”

“He’s already the favorite child!”

“I will make it more blatant, then.”

If Raye’s mother had any misgivings about her weight, she hadn’t said anything to her daughter’s face. Yet. The fact that she was still a full hundred pounds lighter than she had been at her heaviest was enough to squish any thoughts of criticism. Losing a hundred pounds might not have been as impressive as losing a hundred and fifty pounds, but there was always going to be some amount of yo-yoing when it came to the sorts of diets that people like Raushan went on.

Given her height, she was still quite big though. Squat and round, with a belly that sagged over and into her lap and fleshy appendages that squished with her minor movements. Every word that she spoke to her poor, beleaguered mother made her insular roll of double chin wobble and crease slightly in ways that it hadn’t in months—Raye was gaining the weight back very quickly with Sophia’s help, but so far everyone had been more or less supportive of her.

Except for one woman, of course. But Riley will become more important later.

Her friends, what few relationships that had survived into her early thirties, were naturally concerned about her. But given that they new bits and pieces of what was going on behind closed doors at Raye’s apartment, it was easy for them to write off the extra fifty pounds or so as comfort weight. Most of them had shipped her and Fayzan pretty hard, so it was easy for them to say that as long as Raye was happy they’d overlook her sliding back into some lazy habits. As long as their friend wasn’t depressed and they didn’t have to extend much more than warm feelings towards her, they were plenty happy to let her blow up a little if it meant that she had found the same sort of stability that they all had.

But Monique, being the only one who knew almost everything and one of the few who had actually met Sophia, had gleaned a much better insight as to just why Raye was backsliding so quickly. The time that they spent together, as two of the last remaining single friends in their friend group, meant that she had far more time on her hands than the other women that they tended to hang out with. More time to meddle, more time to meet, and more time to form her own opinions about what exactly was going on between these two women.

Maybe, in another life, if Monique had had more going on, she would have been able to ignore what was going on with her good friend Raye and her mysterious not girlfriend Sophia. But with things as they are now, she was just the right amount of bored to want to dive in deeper.

And that proved to be life-changing in ways that she never could have expected.

“Sophia’s like, one of those chubby chasers, isn’t she?”

“Why would that matter? We’re not dating.”

“You guys fuck sometimes though, right?”

“…I mean, yeah.”

“So that doesn’t *preclude* her from being a chubby chaser, does it?”

“D-Do you even know what preclude means?!”

“I know what chubby chaser means.”

These little lunches with Raye were getting to be more and more common as Monique became more invested in the mystery surrounding her friend’s not-girlfriend. And the fact that it was, historically, a bad time of year to begin dating new people—even before she hit thirty. But that’s beside the point. Monique had always been interested in drama and, for the first time since their college days, Raye was the one with the juiciest drama abound…

Well, Raye was the one with the juiciest *everything* these days. But with her in the mix, it wasn’t much of a competition.

When she and Sophia had first started fooling around and Raye was still convinced that she wanted to curb her appetite, that these little excursions with her not-girlfriend were bursts of indulgence meant to keep her from going off the deep end and were to be rationed out, she was shy about overeating in front of the notoriously judgmental and nosey Monique. But as she had become more and more accustomed to getting what she wanted with Sophia around, more and more reacquainted with the idea of pigging out in front of her friends, those days were over.

Gone were the black coffees, replaced with thick, creamy Frappuccino’s and Pink Drinks. The tiny meals of Panera were doubled and at least once had been tripled in the name of making sure that Raye walked away from the table feeling satisfied. Even when they went out for things like sushi or noodles in whatever passed for trendy in their Podunk town, Raye was ordering to excess—to the point that her part of the bill alone was frequently more than fifty dollars.

It was one thing back when Raye was just the fat friend of their social circle—her boyfriend had been fat, so she got fat. Monique had seen it happen all the time. But now that she was seeing this Sophia woman (in whatever weird way that they were actually seeing one another) Monique was beginning to think that Raye was the driving cause between her and whats-his-name’s weight gain, not the other way around.

“Well, even if she was, it wouldn’t be any of your business.” Raye said in the most unconvincing tone possible as she slurped down some potstickers, “So just drop it, okay? It’s starting to get weird.”

“Starting to get weird?” Monique’s jaw actually dropped, “Raye, you’re blowing up like a balloon—you’ve put on like, fifty pounds since you’ve started seeing her! And you don’t care?”

Oh she cared.

“Of course I don’t—because it doesn’t matter, because we’re not dating, and because we’re not… UGH!”

Raye popped the last potsticker into her mouth, pushed away from the table, beginning the arduous process of bringing her self to a standing position on a full stomach. With a loud *huock* and pressing against the table’s surface, the round brown woman came to a stand and sloshed her way to facing Monique indignantly for the briefest of moments.

“I don’t need your judgement, okay?” she poked a pudgy pointer her friends’ way, “Stop being such a nosy fucking bitch.”

And on a moment that Raye certainly thought was more powerful than it really was, she exited their local Red Bowl with her head held high and certain other feelings bubbling deep inside of her…

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“Oh fuck I’m getting so fat.”

“Yeah? Tell me about it.”

“Monique… she… thinks you’re… fattening me up…”

“Mmm… shows what she knows…”

Raye had lumbered home, plopped down on the couch, and unbuttoned her shorts before she had even said hello to her live-in feeder. Stuffed full of food already, she’d been consumed with the idea that Monique had started to notice the changes in her. Being told that she was turning into a fat, greedy pig thanks to her evil, chubby-chasing roommate was funny for its irony, but such a prompt in and of itself. Raye couldn’t get it out of her head the entire drive home.

“Are you implying that I’m *not* fattening you up, Raushan?”

“Mmm… oh noooo, the evil Chubby Chaser is turning me into such a greedy piglet!”

“It’s not entirely inaccurate, is it?”

“It’s not—you’re making me so huge…”

Raye had become quite accustomed to simply lying there and letting Sophia work her magic. Rubbing, groping, squeezing with one hand while the other fed her various easy fixes from the pantry. Letting Sophia’s long ivory fingers run across the honey-colored expanse of her enormousness in slow appreciative slides and motions. Letting her mouth hang open luxuriously as her dutiful feeder hand-fed her whatever her heart desired at the moment.

“Let’s get these shorts off so you can show me how huge you’re getting.”

“Mrmm… okay, but you’re doing the hard work.”

Sophia hooked her fingers between the bulging brown flesh of her special project and the white denim material of her shorts, wriggling them down, down from over her chunky thighs. Raye was mostly contented to lay there, only arching her back when it was absolutely necessary as she chewed her way through the ordeal. When the bottoms were off, Raye’s big brown belly was left in its doubly-tiered glory—and Sophia could see that she had gone commando to her midday lunch with Monique.

“It’s so hard to find panties that can fit me these days, Sophia.” Raye said in a put-on porn star voice, “My roommate is just making me *soooo* fat.”

“You’re such a tease, Raushan.” Sophia kissed the summit of her chubby cheek, “How would you like it if I teased you for once?”

“You would neverrrrr~”

Their lips locked in a passionate move, Raye’s tongue working its way in and out of Sophia’s mouth as she grabbed handfuls of her live-in lover. The two of them became hot and heavy almost any time that Raye’s weight was brought up by an outside party, but the fact that Monique had gone so far as to insinuate that poor Raye was being taken advantage of had added new fuel to their fire. A new thing to roleplay. A new way to tease one another.

Another piece of kindling onto the larger pile of their bonfire of debauchery.

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Now that the stage was set and Raye and Sophia were well and fully aware of the fact that there was simply no turning back, things began to escalate rather quickly—and in ways that neither of them had particularly expected.

Raye was soon forced to reconsider her employment options and abilities when faced with the growing reality of the fact that she was on the fast track to regaining all of her weight. And while Sophia wasn’t unqualified in the work that she did, it simply wasn’t enough to put the two of them up in the way that they would have been most happy.

Things needed to change if they wanted to be able to keep this lifestyle of feeding, fucking, and forever fondling Raye’s fat.

Which, naturally, brought them to the next logical conclusion—two young-ish, attractive women in their thirties with a fetish for watching women gain; there was an audience in that. One that they could cultivate from the comfort of their own apartment. And one that Raye was absolutely not above exploiting if it meant that she could continue her growth unabated.

Working from home was one avenue, naturally. But that didn’t mean that while they were stuck at home, they couldn’t… *supplement* their income. Surely Sophia wasn’t the only one that would take interest in what they were doing—as Sophia’s internet search history could attest, there was a wide market for folks who happened to like watching cute gals get chunky…

And what was Raye if not exactly that?

VI

The reason that Raye had started losing weight in the first place was because things in her day-to-day life were becoming harder. As she got bigger, fatter, and less able to do simple tasks for herself, throwing up her hands and losing weight had seemed like the best idea at the time. And with the help and support of her friends and family, she had sort of fooled herself into thinking that she could have been happy at where she’d been at her smallest, post-obesity weight.

But as she had slid down the slippery slope that was having a dedicated feeder, someone who was just as invested in tracking and charting her climb back up into morbid obesity, Raye had come to the realization that there was very little that could have been done to assuage the feelings of wanting deep inside of her.

In a perfect world, it might have been a big strapping man.

But the fact that it a cute little ginger girl about her age wasn’t exactly the worst thing that could have happened.

As long as Raye had someone to help her out around the apartment and to help keep her on track, there was hardly anything on this Earth that would have made her happier.

And the bigger she got, the happier she became.

In fact, it wasn’t a stretch to say that Raye was happier now that she had given up her office job and had devoted herself almost full-time to becoming the biggest, fattest woman that she knew that she could be. With Sophia’s help in setting up shoots and sets, not to mention her help in editing, there had been a surprising amount of money in going from White Collar to Kinkster.

It had certainly helped that she had gotten such a high head start against the usual girls that got into this ring.

“Four hundred and fifteen pounds.”

“Wow…”

“Is that a record?”

“If it’s not… we’re close…”

“Yeah?”

Sophia reached around from behind Raye’s insulated back, snaking her arms around and in-between her pet project’s belly folds to give it a good squeeze. No easy feat, given her height advantage, but not something that she couldn’t manage and still be sensual.

“How close are you?”

“Pretty… hfff… pretty close…”

Raye was still adamant about the fact that she wasn’t attracted, outright at least, to Sophia. If anything, Raye was coming to terms with a sort of autophilia that had been closely linked to her weight. But the way that Sophia grabbed her, squeezed her, caressed her blubbery brown rolls like they were the most precious thing in the world, it did something for her—that much was obvious by her low sensual moaning as her roommate tickled her ear with hot, shallow breaths.

Raye reached back with a pillowy, squishy arm and grabbed at Sophia’s long ginger beer locks, pulling her close from behind into a clumsy, passionate kiss.

What they were was still up for some level of debate, surely. But there was no denying that Sophia made Raye feel like the most beautiful ball of blubber in the world. And she wouldn’t have had it any other way.

“You want to burn some calories, Raushan?”

“Nuh… not really…” Raye puffed out weakly, “Can’t we… can’t I just lay there and let you fuck me?”

“I certainly think that can be arranged.”

Weighing more than four hundred pounds and just a few scant inches over five feet, there wasn’t exactly a lot that Raye was going to be able to do anyway. She got out of breath wriggling and writhing on top of the comforter—let alone doing any of the actual legwork in and of as far as their lovemaking went.

But Sophia wasn’t ever one to complain about a lack of involvement.

Raye’s throaty moans and girlish squealing were always good enough for her.

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“hahhhhh… *hahhhghhh…”*

Raye laid with her shoulders against the headboard, propped up by a mountain of pillows. Keeping her at this angle gave her an excellent view of her stomach as it domed out and spread wide in front of her, even if it had become so large that it completely blocked her view of anything other than Sophia’s feet as she finagled around underneath the large singular apron of belly roll. Gripping the sheets with her chunky fingers, Raye was perfectly contented to just lay there and get eaten out, her brown eyes crossing in pleasure as Sophia suckled on her snatch while groping her sensitive underbelly. There were few and far between better positions for a woman of her size to endure and still get the most pleasure out of it—letting Sophia do all of the work came naturally to Raye, almost two hundred pounds of enabling later.

“I’m gonna get *sooo* fucking fat for you…” Raye slurred, almost drunk on Sophia’s expert touch, “You don’t…. haaahhh… you don’t even know…”

Sophia couldn’t respond, given that her mouth was full. But Raye wasn’t really talking so that Sophia would answer her. Most of this was performative—it helped her cum. Talking about how fat she was going to get put her in the mood.

It had really been all that she’d ever wanted since this kink had been awakened inside of her.

In a token offer of assistance, Raye tried to hold up her stomach as much as she could. Anything to take a little labor off of Sophia, right? Considering how hard she was working down there. But the truth of the matter was that Raye was so squishy and weak that there was hardly any hope of her holding up that big boulder belly of hers—Sophia was still doing a lion’s share of the work, despite Raye’s half-hearted attempts.

“You… ha…. You good… down there?”

An arm snaked out from underneath the all-encompassing blob that was Raye’s stomach, with a little thumbs up attached to it. Sophia’s way of making sure that her lover knew she wasn’t coming up any time soon.

Raye happily rolled her head back, content in knowing that Sophia was still having fun.

*She* was having fun.

This was exactly the sort of life that she had been craving ever since she had first begun losing weight. Honestly, ever since she had first broke up with Fayzan. The two of them had gotten into some real fattening rhythms and while his dick might not have been long enough to reach past his own gut, Raye had really gotten used to laying back and getting eaten out just for the hell of it.

No, not just for the hell of it.

Because she was fucking hot.

Because she was the biggest, most beautiful pile of woman this side of the state line.

Sophia had made her feel like she was the prettiest hog in show, and there was hardly a thing that anyone could have said to make her feel otherwise. Especially as her not girlfriend’s tongue gently sloped in and out from underneath her lower lips, nose pressing along her Spot while clumsy hands spread her thighs apart. Raye hadn’t been as happy as she had been with Sophia in a long time—or at the very least, she hadn’t had such a symbiotic love making rhythm.

The little red light on the camcorder, positioned so as to encompass the best angle to show Raye’s favorite angles (mostly belly shots) flickered just slightly out of sync with Raye’s grinding motions against Sophia’s face—shoving her fuzzy brown crotch into the smaller woman’s face every few seconds so as to keep up with the time. And the sensation. And the *fun.*

“mm… you like that, Soph?”

Muffled sounds of approval flooded out from underneath the fat woman’s fupa were as close to a consensus as Raye was going to get. That and the continued teasing of her sensitive parts. Sophia would have told her if she wasn’t having fun. And getting crushed by the weight of Raye’s continually fattening physique was pretty much always fun for her. She was a real trooper like that.

“Of course you do.”

Raye leaned back and nestled against the pillows and the headboard, getting her box munched by the woman she lived with. This was far and wide the best way that she could have pictured spending a Saturday evening…

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The issue with hitting old highs is that they don’t quite hit the same way.

Once upon a time, Raye was a high-strung skinny gal. And blowing up to four hundred pounds over the course of her relationship with her boyfriend had been the highest that she had ever been. It was something that she had reminisced on and remembered viscerally, and something that set a new standard for indulgence in her life.

Hitting that height again hadn’t felt the same—especially considering that her partner this time around required substantially less goading to get her there.

The longer that Raye sort of hovered around four hundred pounds, the more that she knew this feeling was unsustainable. IT had taken her so long to get there the first time, and ballooning back up to her old heights had been fun for a while, but she needed *more*.

More food, more fat, more flesh, more jiggling, more *heft…* Raye needed more weight.

And that was the driving force that lingered in the back of her mind at almost every waking moment not long after achieving the four hundred- and twenty-five-pound mark, putting her at what was undeniably her all-time high. The fact that she had hit her mark and that she didn’t show any signs of slowing down—that was something that she could look forward to.

That was something she could enjoy.

And so she did her best to increase her calorie intake wherever she could. Damn the consequences. Fuck the staring. She was into it—all of it. She wanted everyone to know that, if they had thought Raye was fat before, there was plenty more where that came from.

“Raye, I don’t know if—”

“Darling, don’t you think that—”

“I’m just worried—”

Raye heard it all, and she didn’t care. This was what she wanted. And it was going to be harder and harder the bigger that she got, but she knew that it would be worth it.

The heavier she felt, the more excited she became. Day in and day out, she was stuffing herself to extremes just to chase the high of an expanding waistline. IT was all that she could to do contain herself most of the time. But with Sophia by her side, there were very few things that she couldn’t manage.

Even if she got “reality show” fat.

Even if she got too fat to leave her bedroom.

Too fat to leave her bed…

“You’re frisky tonight.” Sophia panted out inbetween breaths as she sucked face with the hungry brown butterball, “What’s got you so worked up?”

“Nothing, just… thinking about things.”

“What kind of things?”

“Really *fattening* things.”

“Ooh. Share?”

“You’ll find out soon enough, Soph.”

Sophia curled an eyebrow upwards as Raye leaned back—shorthand for “tummy rubs, now”. The redhead worshipped her caramel-colored goddess in the best way that she knew how with long and sensual stripes up and down the swell of her stomach. The distance between their faces seemed to grow more noticeable by the day as Raye continued to expand at a substantial pace.

In her more imaginative moments, Sophia liked to think that one day Raye would get so big that she could lay on top of her not-girlfriend like a makeshift bed. But that was just nonsense. Just speculative imagination, fueled by DeviantArt illustrations and unrealistic expectations…

However, with the rate that she was growing, there was hardly any sense in denying that Raye was going to get very, very big before all things were said and done.

Sophia was just happy to be along for the ride.