

Changing Seasons

By Z.O.B. Industries

The weirdest thing about dating Claire O'Malley is how natural it feels. After all these years, after all our fights and silences... we just slip right back into it. And it's easy to forget how much has come before. How fragile our love was, when it all started.

And how strange it felt at the beginning... How unreal.

Effie Jervgris closed her diary and rolled over on the couch, staring out the window. The aggressive orange spray of a Sow's Bend autumn filled her field of vision, trees slowly giving up their leaves while their cousins in the hills—the pines—remained unchanged.

The slender, gangly Norwegian woman felt a pang of familiarity, looking at those trees. The deciduous trees—oaks, birch, cedar—were all changing, growing skeletal and strange. But the pines... the pines remained the same. Towering, fluffy, bristling testaments to a different path of evolution. They didn't need to shed anything, when the cold came. They just... persisted.

Her hand fell on the diary again. She wanted to keep writing, but there was just so much to tell. Her history with Claire was so long and complex, it would probably need a glossary and several indexes just to keep everything straight.

I can't believe it's already been three years...

Three years since they'd started dating again. Seven years since she fell out of contact with Claire, disappearing overnight with her abusive father and moving out of state. And four years since Claire—that enormous, powerful pillar of stability—had shown up to beat the shit out of Elias Jervgris. Rescued her from the dragon's lair.

Shame bit into her, and Effie clutched at her narrow chest, eyes distant

I could have saved myself... but I was too weak. Too soft-willed to stand up to him.

And... Some part of me felt I didn't deserve to be saved.

There was a soft knock on the door. The expansive two-story house Claire had inherited from her mother had a number of side rooms, and Effie was hiding in the “reading room,” a comfortable nook in the corner of the second floor. Shaking off her old regrets, Effie rose to open the door.

Standing there was Claire O'Malley, Effie's girlfriend and (hopefully, someday, maybe) possible future fiancé. She was a solidly built woman, but short, a mere five-foot-six compared to Effie's towering six-foot-two.

However, what Claire lacked in height, she made up for in attitude... and breadth. Nearly three

hundred pounds, Claire was a tank of a woman, with her shock of red hair and storm of freckles always making Effie's heart race a little. She was pale, though not as pale as Effie, and was clad in her usual torn jeans and stained tank-top. Claire's wardrobe would have been classified as a sort of “sloppy bear” style. Although lesbian culture didn't really have “bears” as such. *Sloppy butch, maybe? Something like that.*

“Hey, Giraffe. You done reading?”

Effie nodded.

“Then get out of those pajamas and into grown-up clothes. We're going shopping.”

Effie bit her lip. As always, her countless mental health issues were suddenly at odds with her desire to be around Claire all the time, everywhere, *always*. She was ravenously in love with her girlfriend, almost viciously so, with a hunger inside her for Claire's presence that never ceased.

But she was also severely agoraphobic, with a tendency to flinch at loud noises and experience ugly flashbacks from random triggers and scenarios in the outside world. She was messed up, in more ways than one, and it was... challenging for her to go out there. All those people out there, just *looking* at her? It was unsettling to even think about.

“I don't know...” She hugged herself.

Claire leaned on the doorframe, and to Effie's amusement and mild arousal, it creaked under her sizeable bulk. “Come on, now. You said yourself that you need to build up a tolerance. I'll always give you time if you need it... but you gotta challenge yourself. Push yourself a little. Right?”

Effie swallowed. “O-okay.” She tucked her diary under the couch cushions and began pulling off her pajama top. Beneath, she wore a modest A-cup bra and her ribs stood out under skin so white it was nearly translucent.

Claire watched her undress with the hunger of a large predator staking out a watering-hole. “You're beautiful, did you know that?”

“So you keep telling me.” A mild accent crept into Effie's voice, along with a touch of amusement. She'd never met anyone who came close to her own deranged level of libido, but Claire definitely came close. She'd lost count of the amount of times she'd been reminded of her 'beauty' on a daily basis... even though she didn't believe a word of it.

“I wouldn't say it if it weren't true.”

Effie rolled her eyes. It wasn't that she thought she was ugly, far from it. Her statuesque, if skeletal, frame was aesthetically pleasing. But her sunken eyes, long stringy pale-blonde hair and sharp cheekbones always made her seem a little alien... a little unnerving. Even to herself.

Claire chuckled as Effie tugged on a Muppets t-shirt and turned around, seeming satisfied. “Alright. That'll have to do. Come on, long-legs—I've got a big plan for today.”



Her “big plan” was a mystery to Effie, and remained as such for the whole car ride downtown. When they pulled up in front of the new chain supermarket, its cheery facade promising “healthy organic options,” Effie made a face.

“I don't have to go in, do I? All those people...”

“Yeah, I know. I know.” Claire squeezed her shoulder, green eyes flashing. “But I think I know how to distract you.”

“Yeah?”

Claire grinned. “Yeah. See, we're not just getting regular groceries today. We're getting some... *special* stuff. For you-know-what.”

Effie was immediately engaged. “You mean...”

“Yeah. Doctor Reubens gave me a clean bill of health, except for my knees. And I'm taking joint supplements, so those are doing okay. Which means...”

Effie's body raced with an electric thrill. “You can start gaining again?”

“Exactly.” Claire patted her expansive stomach, barely contained by its seatbelt and oversized denim jacket. The soft *paff, paff* of her palm slapping muffled flabby flesh made Effie shiver with delight. “See, I thought it would cheer you up.”

“Omigod. *Omigod.*” Effie was a creature of appetites, and some of the biggest appetites she had included her sexual fetishes. Sow's End was famous for its deviants and BDSM festivals, but Effie and Claire put every pervert in town to shame with their antics, behind closed doors.

Like several of their swinger friends in town, Effie and Claire were *obsessed* with fatness. The creation of it, the tending of it, the affectionate caressing and nibbling of it, the delicate game of overindulgence. It was a bond they'd shared literally since childhood, when strange “games” during sleepovers developed into something more... serious. More bizarre.

“Easy, easy.” Claire gently pried her away as Effie leaned in to grope the bigger woman's belly. “We're in public, honey. There are children present.” But she sounded amused... and a little excited. Claire enjoyed toying with Effie sexually, just as much as Effie enjoyed being toyed with. And there were few better places to do so than in a parking lot, where no one could see Effie's hand slip under the overstuffed waistband of Claire's too-tight pants, delving underneath the fraying fabric of her plus-sized panties and down into the soft cleft of her groin where even now, wetness was building between twin folds of flabby smoothness...

Wow. I should take my OWN advice, and calm down a little. Claire shivered as she once again guided Effie's long, slender fingers away from her own huge gut. "Is that enough to keep you busy and stop you thinking about... all of them?" She nodded at the passing shoppers, all oblivious to the game going on inside Claire's battered Hyundai. "If it helps, I can put you under for a while..." She patted her jacket pocket, where a small plum-bob on a string rested, ready for immediate deployment.

"I'll be fine." Hypnotism was their go-to solution for Effie's many "problems," but they both knew it wasn't a permanent fix. Placing the insecure Norwegian girl into a suggestible, pliant state helped with her anxiety... but it could also backfire, on occasion. Once, Claire had spent a whole afternoon trying to get Effie out of a trance once they'd hypnotized her into thinking she was five years old. It had been a very productive session, and they'd learned a lot about her traumas, but it had certainly been... time-consuming.

"Okay. If you're sure. But I have one condition, before I start gaining for you." Claire frowned. "Two, actually."

Effie was practically salivating. The idea of filling her girlfriend with fattening foods, stuffing her like a Christmas turkey, had completely enthralled her—just like it always did. "Anything. Anything you want."

"One, we're taking it slow this time—no more of that force-feeding stuff. It's bad for my guts. And two," she said, prodding Effie's collarbone, "I want you to gain *with* me."

Effie blinked. "Huh? But I'm not..."

"I know, I know, you're not a 'feedee' or whatever. But you *are* kind of emaciated. And I want you back up to a healthy weight." Mischief flashed in the fat woman's eyes. "Maybe a little *more* than healthy."

Effie sighed. She detested eating, and was as disinterested in food as Claire was obsessed with it. But... If it would make her lover happy, well...

"Fine. I'll gain a little. But I'll probably lose it right away—my family has a fast metabolism."

Claire snorted. "Funny, that's almost exactly what *I* said, about two hundred pounds ago."

They piled out of the car and began their foraging expedition. Claire, always in control, had arrived with several recipe lists. Food-prep ingredients for her work lunches, lunch and dinner for Effie, and a special secret dessert menu that she kept to herself. It was often hard for her to enjoy sugary treats in the slow and decadent way she preferred, when Effie was compelled to try and shove them down her throat as quickly as possible. She shopped slowly, waddling up and down the aisles, collecting items with a lazy patience.

Effie, on the other hand, was immediately full of manic energy. A short-sighted and impulsive person, she now had a goal in sight, and her fidgety nature was bent towards grabbing as many items as she could. When she met Claire at checkout with an armful of junk food, Claire gently had to ask her to put it back.

“I'm trying to gain *healthy* this time. Not like I did back when... when we were apart.” The soft scolding tone was a reminder of how much her health had suffered, back when Effie had disappeared, spirited away by her father.

It had been a difficult time for both of them. Without the love of her life around, Claire's weight had exploded, and she'd acquired a taste for hard liquor that had nearly put her in the hospital. She'd lived on dozens of microwaved pizzas a day, washing all the crap down with beer and vodka and cigarettes. She'd been a mess... and she refused to go back to that way of life.

“Sorry, sorry, I'm sorry.” Effie did her usual ritualistic apology-tirade, but obeyed, hustling back to the shelves and hunting for healthier options instead of the Cheez Whiz and cookies she'd first grabbed. Eventually, she settled on oatmeal cookies and fat-free whipped cream for a stuffing treat, as well as a bunch of frozen fruit for smoothies and a bunch of Stroopwaffels.

This time, Claire was satisfied with the spread. They lined up at the counter, Claire smiling and chatting with the other locals and Effie staying nervously silent. Eventually, once they were in the car, Claire sighed contentedly and plucked a Stroopwaffel from their many grocery bags.

“Thanks for chilling out on the junk. My body may want it... but I'm pretty sure it would take years off my life. Again.” She bit into the cookie, grunting softly as the gooey center of it mashed against the roof of her mouth. “Fuck, I love these things though. Mmm.”

“Have another,” said Effie instinctively, reaching for one. Claire laughed with a mouthful of cookies and swatted her hand away.

“I'm not even finished with my *first* one!”

“Yeah? You can fit more in those big fat cheeks. Come on...”

“Oh, yeah?” Effie's sudden assertiveness was surprising to Claire, but she took it for a good sign. Any level of consistency in her lover's flighty personality could be a sign of mental progress. “Alright. Let's see if I can fit two in... *Mff!*”

In seconds, the next cookie was out of its wrapper and Effie was pushing it between her lips. Claire's hand shot out and gripped the skinny girl's wrist.

“Hey, *hey*. Slower,” she growled, annoyed. Instead of withdrawing or over-apologizing, Effie obeyed, gently nudging the carb-laden treat into Claire's face bit by bit.

She took her time chewing and swallowing, relishing the look of possessed delight on Effie's face. “Mmmm. Fuck, that's good. God, I can't wait to start *really* eating again. I missed this...”

“Me too.” Effie watched with almost religious devotion as her paramour swallowed, burped softly, and started the car. “Can you... drive fast? I'm kind of making a mess on the seat over here.”

“Ew, gross! Heh...” But Claire was smugly pleased with Effie's reaction. *I've still got it, even after all these years...*

By the time they made it home, Effie had fed her nearly half their grocery supply.



“Ohhh *gawd*, I'm stuffed.” Crashing down on the couch after an enormous dinner—spaghetti and meatballs with mozzarella and garlic bread, all courtesy of Effie's skillful cooking—Claire belched loudly and slapped her stomach. “Get in here, Stretch. Dessert time!”

“Yes! Coming!” Emerging from the kitchen in nothing but an apron, Effie carried a small tray of chocolate fudge-cakes up to her beloved, setting them on the living room table. They were surrounded by Claire's décor of choice, abstract art, and the wild sprays of paint on the canvases around them seemed to reflect Effie's state of mind as her overly-excited brain jumped ahead.

We're going to make you so fucking fat, she thought, panting under her breath as she watched Claire's vast gut ooze out from under her tank-top. *Four hundred pounds, five hundred, six—God, yes, so fucking fat you can hardly walk—*

But when she reached for a fudge-cake, Claire stopped her. “Hold on. I want to try something.”

“What is it?” *Eat dammit, eat for me, eat-eat-eat—*

“You barely touched your dinner. I saw you.” Claire shot her girlfriend a knowing look. “You can't gain if you don't eat, babe.”

“It's fine, I'll just reheat it later, I promise. Now can you please just...”

“Hey.” As always, boundaries had to be drawn with Effie, controls placed on her wild passions. “Remember what I told you. I'm not gaining unless *you* gain too.”

Effie sighed. “I know, I know. It's just... Eating for me is so *boring*. It's not fun. When you eat in front of me, it's like...” She squirmed, gooseflesh standing out on her arms. “It's like watching someone create a beautiful painting, or write a symphony. It's *magic*.”

Claire shrugged. “If you say so. I think I know a way to make it fun for you, though.”

Effie waited, her quizzical face patient. And Claire didn't disappoint. Plucking the old plum-bob from her pocket, she dangled it in front of Effie, slowly swaying it back and forth.

“Listen to my voice...”

Effie giggled. “Come on, this is silly. You don't really have to... You don't...” But then her eyes glazed over and her mouth closed, her attention fixed on the tiny silver weight.

“*Listen* to me.” Claire's voice was a scratchy, husky affair normally, but now she dropped it down an octave, a talent she'd learned singing in punk bands as a teenager. “Listen closely. Watch the

swinging... see how it moves up, reaches its zenith, and comes down again... Let go of all your little concerns. Just... watch... and... listen..."

Effie nodded slowly, her mind settling into a familiar groove. She'd been hypnotized many times, and she was no stranger to the process. Still, it always felt uniquely pleasant to go under. Like slipping into a hot bath in the middle of a silent house. Like falling into a pile of warm pillows in the middle of the woods. It was surreal, strange... yet comforting.

As someone whose own mind constantly tormented her, surrendering free will was a welcome relief to Effie. And her complete, total trust in Claire's intentions allowed her to sink into that "head-space" with ease, descending down a slippery slope of comfortable stupidity into a place where she was happy... placid... and utterly dependant on Claire's honeyed words.

"Are you my little toy, yet?" Claire's breathy whisper made Effie shiver. Her eyes rolled back, and she blinked... and then she wasn't Effie anymore. She was just a husk, a shell, a place for words to enter. She was in thrall.

"Yes... Yes, I am..." Her own voice seemed to come from far away. "I'm your stupid little toy... Please play with me..." Her hand snuck under the apron. "I need... Touches, I n-need to be played with..."

"Ah-ah." Claire's simple refusal froze Effie's hand just as it was creeping over the fuzz of her pubic hair, fingers halted in the small forest of fluff there. "Not so fast. You're my good little girl, aren't you? My good, obedient little toy?"

"Yesss..." Effie's whole body was alive with a steady, pulsing tactile pleasure. It felt so *good* to be her owner's toy. It felt so *nice* and *pleasant* and *fun*. She was nothing but a tool to be used... Nothing but an empty shell to be puppeted around, for Claire's amusement. Although she knew it wasn't true (hypnotism subjects couldn't be induced to risk harm to themselves, after all) Effie she felt she would do anything for this woman. Jump through fire, fight a room full of ninjas. Anything at all.

"Good. Now... I want you to reach over there and grab one of those lava cakes." Claire watched as her 'toy' obeyed, holding the food item up like it was an alien artifact. "Now... bite into it. Slowly. Feel the hot fudge flow over your tongue, into the back of your throat. *Relish* it."

Helpless in her hypnotized fugue-state, Effie obeyed. Her long fingers were stained with fudge as she munched on the still-warm treat, chocolate smearing her lips and chin. Despite herself, Claire shivered to see Effie's slow, languid mode of consumption. The girl barely ever slowed down, barely ever even registered the pleasures of their decadent lifestyle together.

But when she did... Claire had to admit, Effie was *damn* good at it. She ate the fudge-cake like a stripper doing a slow tease, tongue plunging into the center of the morsel, digging out the last drops of sticky fudge. And as a finale, she crammed the whole thing into her mouth, chewing with a lazy grace and staring into the distance with seductive, half-lidded eyes.

Claire cleared her throat, composing herself. In a moment of weakness, she found herself fantasizing about turning the tables on Effie—making *her* into the fat one, in their relationship. Fattening her up until this tall, skinny Nordic beauty was nothing but a bloated, swollen, pale parody of herself. Just the idea made her breath catch in her throat.

But she reigned in her fantasies, and kept the plum-bob moving. As the closest thing to a “dom” in their relationship, she had a job to do.

“Good. Very well done. Now... I want you to go back with me, to when we were kids. Our first sleepover together.” She spoke slowly, never ceasing the endless back-and-forth swing of the plum bob. She'd learned timing as a marching-band conductor in high school, and her hypnotic tool had all the timing of a metronome. Back... and forth. Back... and forth. Perfect rhythm.

“Okay...” Effie blinked, her glazed expression adjusting into a gleeful, goofy child's grin. “I'm glad my dad let me come over... Your parents are nice. Do you wanna... I dunno, watch a movie?”

“Yes, yes I do.” And so, Claire guided her hypnotized girlfriend through all the beats of their first serious moments together. The movie... the popcorn, which now was replaced by the fudge-cakes, and edited as such in Claire's spun-out “scenario.” Their TV was off, but Effie watched the blank screen and giggled at all the “funny parts” of an imaginary *Nutty Professor* viewing, fidgeting a little when Eddie Murphy's body ballooned to comedic size.

Now, this is the tricky part...

Adjusting the “hypnotic scene” took slow and careful work, so as to not shock Effie out of her trance. What had *actually* happened back then was that Effie had suggested they play a “game.” And what a game it had been.

Claire had always been a fat kid—probably the fattest in her school. Back then, Sow's Bend had been a podunk nowhere in the middle of Oregon, instead of a trendy boom-town. The obesity crisis had certainly hit the town, but it was still building—most residents were fairly skinny back then, if not particularly healthy. As such, Claire had taken the lion's share of mockery from her fellow kids.

Except for Effie.

The awkward, too-tall Norwegian girl had befriended her by giving Claire her lunch. Her *entire* lunch—at the time, Effie had used her broken English to say that she wasn't hungry, but these days Claire knew better. Even at twelve, Effie Jervgris had been a hopeless pervert. She would doodle Rubenesque figures in her sketchbook, watch certain cartoons over and over, and collect *Cathy* comic-strips, always the ones where Cathy had some sort of weight-gain crisis once again. And Claire, while she hadn't quite experienced her own sexual awakening regarding fat and its erotic potential, had sensed something in Effie. That exotic, almost desperate hunger. That pure, unbridled *lust*.

And Claire capitalized on that lust immediately.

She had refused to eat any more of Effie's lunches, but still offered to eat anything Effie could find for her... so the girl found other ways to get calories into Claire. Brownies stolen from the school cafeteria, candy-bars shoplifted from the corner store. Claire knew it was wrong to take them, but... hell, she'd loved the attention. And she liked eating. And even then she'd had this feeling that Effie *needed* her to eat the stolen foodstuffs, experiencing some kind of weird spiritual fulfillment from it.

Since Effie's older sister was a psychotic delinquent, and her dad was an asshole who shunned the rest of the town like the plague, Claire had indulged Effie in this little ritual. Over and over.

She'd eaten... and eaten... and eaten. Day after day, gobbling down all the high-calorie gifts Effie brought her with obvious glee. Claire's concerned parents, who had always spoiled her, had hushed conversations on the phone with her pediatrician over their daughter's suddenly ballooning weight. Always a bit tubby, Claire was becoming a true butterball in Effie's hands.

And to her own surprise... she'd *liked* it.

Then had come the sleepover. The big night. The feast to end all feasts, stashed away until after the movie when Claire's parents went to bed.

The “game” Effie had suggested was simple: to see just how much food Claire could actually eat. The two of them had collected piles upon piles of snacks from different secret stashes around the house, soda and candy and sealed Tupperware containers of French fries and countless other absurd, childish things. A twelve-year-old idea of what ultimate gluttony might look like.

Man, thought Claire, looking down at her enormous body as she swung the plum-bob. *If only we'd known what was in store for us down the line...*

The feeding had been secretive, illicit, taboo and exciting. Claire had unbuttoned her pajama top bit-by-bit as the eating commenced, growing red-faced as she got fuller and fuller... refusing to stop. Refusing to turn down the delicious, electric attention from the girl who was rapidly becoming her favorite person in the world. Desperate to show Effie she really *could* hold it all, that she was a “true fatty.”

At this point they'd both been so hopped-up on hormones and excitement that they might have started fooling around right then and there... except suddenly, out of nowhere, Claire's body had decided it couldn't take anymore. And, so... *Barf*.

But now, as they got the chance to re-live their first true sexual experience together, Claire flipped the script. It wasn't Effie feeding Claire anymore, but the opposite. And to her great surprise, Effie seemed to truly enjoy it.

“I'm full... I can't have any more of these, they're too rich...” But she reached for another one as Claire prodded and pushed her, nudging her with quiet words and hypnotic suggestions. Soon the tray of fudge-cakes was empty and Effie lay reclined on the couch, her apron removed. She was sweaty, glassy-eyed and breathing heavily. For the first time, Claire saw what it was like when someone *else* was stuffed to their limits, rather than herself.

Mmm... Claire's right hand held the plum bob, but her other hand was fishing around the waistband of her sweatpants, struggling to touch herself under the dome of her massive belly. *I could get used to this.*

Effie glanced over at Claire, her normally flat stomach bulging as if she was pregnant in her first trimester. A small bump... but it was something. A start. “Did I...” She paused, eyes crossing, and then let out the most adorable and sensual little hiccup Claire had ever heard. “*HIC!* Did I... did I do good?”

“Yes. Of course, sweetie. Of course you did.” She leaned over and rubbed Effie's stomach for

her, helping to ease out the gas-bubbles and prevent indigestion. As she did, she began easing Effie out of the trance with the usual spiel: *you're rising, coming up, coming back to yourself. You remember you are twenty-six again. When I snap my fingers, you will leave the place you've been, and return to your own mind...*

Snap.

Effie's head jerked up, her eyes going wide. "Oh my GOD. Oh my god, my *stomach*."

Claire winced, putting away her hypnosis aid. "Ah, shit. Are you okay? Did we go too far?"

"No, no, I'm fine. It's just..." She blushed as a small fart escaped her, her delicate insides not accustomed to such a decadent bounty. *Pfwrrt*. "Scuze me. It's just, my stomach feels so *tight*. And heavy! Is this what it feels like for you? Every time?"

Claire nodded. "Yeah. You get used to it, though. Eventually the pressure becomes... kind of fun. And you get to sort of wallow in it—that feeling of having *too* much inside you. Loaded down with food, like a big balloon." She licked her lips. "Damn. I'm no good at this feeding thing—I just made *myself* hungry, feeding you."

Effie smirked. "I think we can find a solution for that." She made to get up, and then collapsed on the couch again. "**B'HURP**. Wow. Okay, I might need a minute." She bit her lip. "And a vibrator or something. I'm really tense... Wow."

"Told you you'd get used to it." Claire patted her girlfriend's belly, hauling herself up from the couch. "I'll get you some water. Hang on."

A few minutes of after-care later and they were cuddling naked on the couch, the TV on and streaming some gory horror-show Effie enjoyed. Claire stroked her girlfriend's hair and closed her eyes, feeling those long pale limbs twined around her own immense girth.

"Claire?"

"Yeah, babe?"

"I.. I really liked that. Let's do it again soon?"

Claire kissed her on the scalp, Effie's hair smelling of coconut oil and sweat. "Of course. But be careful..." She poked her girlfriend's chest, enjoying the modest jiggle of her bust as Effie shifted in place. "You might get fat."

Effie purred contentedly, snuggling closer. "Maybe. But never as fat as you."

Claire grunted. "Yeah, probably not. Especially because I intend to get *very* fat, this year."

"Yeah?"

"Yep. Definitely." And they remained like that until Effie fell asleep, her hot breath wafting over Claire's flabby bosom and stiffening her right nipple. Claire continued to stroke her hair even as she

slept, running her fingers through the shoulder-length, tawny strands.

It's not much, she thought, gazing down at her girlfriend's puffed-out stomach. But it's a start. And who knows? Maybe this will even be good for her. Maybe being more... solid, more there, might actually help with all her problems.

Outside, autumn leaves tumbled in shivering silence to the earth, heralding the onset of winter.

Maybe.

