VII

With Sophia’s change in profession came a newfound sense of free time that she hadn’t been able to enjoy for quite some time.

With Raye’s change in occupation came a sense of free time that she hadn’t been able to enjoy since her early years of college. Rather than hurrying around the lab, dealing with coworkers, and stressing about her responsibilities to the team, Raye was now free to live her life on a day-to-day basis the likes of which most employed folks could only dream of.

Of course, Sophia still had a regular job. The extra funding was necessary when it came to their mutual goal as it were—but where Raye could put in a few hours a week and make a respectable amount of money, Sophia still had to put in her time.

And that left Raye both bored and with an ample amount of free time on her hands.

So despite the fact that Raye was, on paper at least, the most “boring” of their friend group, she and Monique had been meeting up quite frequently. Both as a way to get herself out of the house, sneak in a few nice meals, and socialize for a bit, but also so that Monique could continue to pick and pull at the scab that was Raye’s relationship and the mystery of her incredible expansion.

And it was incredible.

It felt like Raye had only weighed two hundred and fifty pounds for a brief moment. Compared to the slow upward crawl that she’d experienced for years before and the marathon-run that she did to get back to old heights (and exceed them!) Monique could hardly picture what her friend had looked like when she had begun her illicit affair with Sophia.

Instead, the mental image of the hill of belly, ass, and thighs crammed in the booth across from her was almost all that she could picture. It had been so long since Raye had been thin that those moments may as well have been washed away from her memory. Raye had been a heavyweight for so long now that Monique could hardly think about what she looked like without a double-chin—let alone that huge, sagging gut that squished into the side of the table.

“Oh like you’re one to talk.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Like you’re still skinny.”

“I’m skinny! Skinnier than you!”

“Is that really such a milestone, Mo?”

The truth of the matter was that spending all of this time with Raye, the only one of Monique’s many friends who weren’t too busy with their own relationships or lives, was beginning to rub off on her in ways that were probably more predictable than Monique probably would have liked to admit. Of course, spending at two nights out a week with a four-hundred-plus pound woman with no clear intention of curbing her weight gain was going to mess up what constituted a “normal” portion size to her. If Monique had been perhaps less invested in the juicy bits of Raye’s life, she might have avoided the chunky thighs and dump truck ass that she’d been lugging around over the course of a forty pound weight gain.

But then, Raye might not have been having nearly as much fun with such a development.

“It’s your fault.”

“How is it my fault?”

“You’re a bad example.”

“Monique you’re like thirty-four—why are you still looking for examples?”

“Sh-Shut up, okay?”

But Raye had been conscious and aware of what a bad example she’d turned out to be over the course of her race to ascend beyond her highest weight. Watching Monique slowly get more and more accustomed to reaching for extra helpings had given her a small sense of satisfaction that wasn’t quite on par with enjoying them herself, but definitely outranked the small disappointment that came with not having them. Watching her friend showcase new outfits here and there while tactfully avoiding the fact that the reason she needed a new wardrobe was because she was putting on weight was something that Raye really, really enjoyed.

Which was something that Raye hadn’t really begun to unpack—but not unprecedented, given how much she enjoyed it while she and Fayzan were dating.

Food for thought, certainly, but not anything that she was really ready with to deal with on any meaningful level at this point in their relationship.

But the teasing was nice—little jolts of electricity at being called a “bad influence” were enough to get her a little hot under the table while she gorged herself on Korean Barbecue.

And maybe while she got to watch Monique enjoy her own dishes a little too much.

“What did you expect, hanging out with a big fat blimp like me?” Raye’s double chin creased into a greedy little smile as she teased her friend from behind the table, “It’s not my fault that some of my *bad habits* are starting to rub off on you.”

“Ugh, can we… you know… *not* turn this into like a kinky role play thing? I know that you get off on this.”

“I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Yeah, I’m sure you don’t.” Monique rolled her eyes as she picked at what remained on her plate, “At least I’m not the only one suffering because you’re a black hole for calories. Sophia’s getting pretty thick these days, isn’t she?”

Raye squished her tree trunk thighs together and tried not to make any noises that were *too* sensual at the casual mention of her not girlfriend’s weight gain. Nobody ever really seemed to notice it with *her* standing in the way, soaking up all of the attention with her much more obvious gain. But there was no denying the fact that Sophia had gone from a redheaded little twig to someone with a little something extra to grab onto…

“Yeah she is.”

“Okay, see, you said that in a way that makes me think you’re enjoying this a little too much.”

“Whaaaat? No, of course not…”

Raye grunted as she bent over her left boob, struggling to reach a little bit of barbecue that lay in wait on Monique’s plate—lowering it decadently into her mouth with her chopsticks as she pat the side of her flabby flank with her free hand.

“I’m the only one who really enjoys getting bigger around here, you know that…”

Her denial aside, it was clear to anyone who had been paying attention that Raye got *something* out of watching other people around her fatten up. She had far too much fun giving Sophia a hard time for “letting herself go” for it to have been otherwise.

And she had been having far too much fun trying to get Monique to slip more and more—inviting her out to go eat more often and occasionally getting her to come back to their apartment so that Sophia could pull some of the legwork too.

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“You know, if I were a less secure kind of not girlfriend, I might get a little jealous.”

“I can’t *help it* Soph—she’s getting so chunky!”

“You would know chunky.”

“It’s kind of hot. Don’t you think that it’s hot?”

“I think *your* chunkiness is hot.”

A wry little curl of her ginger beer eyebrow as she pulled up the edge of her too-small t-shirt, exposing the lily white curve of her fat freckled front. A little hand ran down to stroke it inticingly.

“Do you think *I’m* all hot, thick and chunky?”

“Like a good salsa.” Raye sputtered out stupidly, “Careful waving that thing around or it’s gonna get grabbed.”

“Go on then—grab me.”

If Raye could have, she would have. But being pinned down by her stomach was something that she and Sophia had gotten used to. Sophia instinctively put herself within reach of her big beached girlfriend so that she could leaned forward enough to grab her, but it was still something that she was quickly becoming incapable of doing herself.

As Raye’s weight climbed higher and higher into the four hundreds—having just surpassed four hundred and fifty pounds at some point the week before, life was getting harder than ever for her. Without Sophia around, she would have had to take those same measures to start slimming back down and gaining some level of control over her life.

“Ooh hold on—let’s see if we can get the strap-on around you…”

“Sophia… that thing… it won’t—”

“Just do this for me, Raye.”

But working from home in her studio, most of the time from her bed or her couch, plus the very deliberate calorie increase meant that she was putting on weight faster than ever. Raye was getting fatter, faster than she had ever thought possible. And while she was incensed by her continuing lack of mobility to keep going, it was the little things like not being able to snake her arms around her lover and pull her close that bothered her sometimes.

The fact that she had grown so accustomed to doing virtually nothing for herself or around the house had only compounded matters. Sophia had helped her take the idle fantasy of surpassing her heaviest size and made it an honest-to-God reality.

And even during those moments where Raye was struggling to do even the most basic tasks for herself, she was still unbelievably aroused by the fact that this was happening.

“Oh… oh fuck… there’s… there’s no way…”

“I can’t even see the fucking strap under your gut, you hog.”

“I warned you—”

“Arch your back, chunky.”

“I *am* arching… huff… puff…”

As Sophia pressed her lips against Raye’s her pink tongue slipping in and out of Raye’s lips, the familiar sensation of hands traipsing across her bloated body sent shivers up and down her spine. Goosebumps emerged on her fatted flesh, her little hairs standing up on end as the weight of her lover pressing on top of a full stomach teased her into a more visceral sense of bliss. Holding the smaller woman close and forcing her onto her stomach, Raye let out a sensual moan at the sensation of the heavier weight of her not girlfriend.

“Oh God it’s tight…”

“Everything’s tight when it’s supposed to be going around you~”

“Says the Hot Thick and Chunky salsa.”

“You like it—don’t lie to me.”

In that instance, her mind was flooded with images of what this might have been like if Sophia had been bigger. Heavier. Fatter. More like her. The same sorts of feelings that had cropped up when she was dating Fayzan, and the same train of thought that had led her to actively sabotaging his efforts at weight loss for a while.

Sure it was morally reprehensible—but there was no harm in enjoying what Sophia was doing to *herself* just by proxy of being around her, was there?

Raye certainly didn’t think so. In fact, there were plenty of benefits to enjoy all that much more…

“Ooh!” Sophia giggled as Raye’s hand squeezed hard against her cheek, “That was my butt, Raushan.”

“Your big, fat butt.” Raye smirked, biting her bottom lip, “You’ve been… mmm… you’ve been sneaking portions.”

If Sophia was bothered by mentions of her weight gain, she hadn’t let it show. After all, whatever poundage that she had put on had only gone on to make their sex life together that much more amazing. And Raye was clearly supportive of it, as far as she knew—what reason did she have to worry about a couple of pounds?

The occasional commenter on Raye’s videos mentioning it now and again wasn’t exactly a turnoff either. The added weight seemed to go over well during the instances when she decided to join Raye in whatever she might have been doing for that particular shoot…

All in all, the situation might have been weird to anyone from the outside looking in, but Raye and Sophia couldn’t have been happier if they tried. Raye was on the fast-track to five hundred pounds, Sophia got to indulge in her feeder fantasies and had someone to come home to every night.

Aside from the physical struggles of helping four hundred and fifty pounds of Raye do things day in and day out, there really wasn’t much to complain about.

The two of them, for a time, were very happy.

VIII

It is often when we achieve what we have wanted most that we are tested. Those moments wherein we have achieved that which we have set out to, and when we are given that which we have coveted. Though some may labor and never see the results of their hard work, other tasks were undoubtedly easier to succeed in than others. Raye’s was one that took a dedicated amount of hard work and shunting off of consequences—both of which became increasingly difficult as her limits became more and more defined by her weight, size, and need for a daily caloric intake.

And given that Raye had been driven by an almost single-minded desire to grow past her old size, hitting five hundred pounds should have been satisfying.

And it was, in a way. There was no denying that she was aroused by her body when she looked in the mirror. Or just whenever she grabbed a handful of herself, as she often did idly throughout the day. Just existing, feeling her weight as it pinned her down to various fixtures around the apartment, was enough at times to make her wish that she hadn’t become too fat to masturbate unaided.

But in the time that she was without Sophia to help her around the apartment, it was becoming increasingly impossible for her to do much of anything by herself. At her height and weight, the five hundred pounds and climbing that had served as a much-anticipated goal in her life were becoming more and more unmanageable. At this point and at this size, there wasn’t much more that she could do *other* than lay around and continue gaining weight.

Which, yes, was arousing. But in a lot of ways, it was worrying.

She was right back at that precipice that she’d been before she had decided to lose weight, and had gone over it by almost a hundred pounds. Toddling around at her size was becoming impossible without help—let alone actually driving herself anywhere.

Sophia couldn’t feasibly take care of her all the time, and they didn’t make *so* much money that they could afford to have like a live-in attendant take care of her when Sophia wasn’t there to do it herself. Even just getting out of bed in the morning was something that needed an extra set of hands these days. And on the days when Monique couldn’t come over to their apartment or Sophia had to stay late at her job, it really hit her just how lonely it could be, sitting around the apartment at her size.

Which was sort of why she was here.

“Jesus Christ, Raye.”

Raye had waddled through the doors of Planet Fitness as a total anomaly. Her fat brown stomach sagging low over her thighs and knees as she huffed and puffed her way to the help desk. Riley had been there, thankfully, and somehow had recognized her underneath the extra two hundred pounds of bulk. Raye’s wide, awkward gait as she wobbled from one leg to the next made the trek one of dedication and will—but Sophia having parked outside in the van made it so that even if she failed in escorting her hugeness under her own power, there was still a backup plan. One that she might have needed in just a few more pounds.

For someone who—by definition of her job title—wasn’t supposed to be judgmental, Riley couldn’t have sounded any less like she was shocked and appalled at the sight of one of her former clients and what she had done to herself. The last time that Riley had seen Raye, sure, she had been out of shape. But this was something else entirely. For someone of her height, Raye was incredibly obese. Like a round little ball, almost big enough to just roll her way through. Was she actually bigger around than she was tall? Riley would have believed it…

Coming back to the gym at her size was far more exhilarating than Raye thought that it would have been. The thought that all eyes were on the waddling pile of brown blubber that had come through the double doors was something that got her inexplicably aroused in a way that she honestly hadn’t intended. But the wide eyes and dropped jaws, even from Riley herself, had been enough to make Raye bite the inside of her bottom lip as she lugged one meaty stub of leg over the other, hauling herself across the gym floor.

She was literally the fattest woman in the building. Probably in any of the adjacent buildings. It wouldn’t have been a stretch to say that she was definitely one of the fattest women in the county—and she was getting treated like it.

Even in this conversation about realistic fitness goals for someone of her size and weight, Riley couldn’t help but feel the need to cushion the blow, so to speak…

“I’m just… huff… looking to get some… mobility back…”

“Raye, I don’t… I honestly don’t think that we have treadmills that can support your weight, hun.”

“You… you’re serious…?”

“I’m… I’m dead serious, Raye.”

The look of sadness and regret in Riley’s eyes were countered by the look of sheer disbelief and explicable arousal that Raye felt in hearing those words. That she was too fat for the equipment that she used to run on.

“Bu… But…”

“If you want to lose weight or exercise, you’re going to have to do it somewhere with some higher capacity equipment.” Riley said in a low voice, hoping not to embarrass her former client, “I-I’m sorry, sweetie…”

And in that moment, the whole gym seemed to go quiet. Everything, including Riley’s face as it contorted in genuine grief for one of her former clients, sort of faded away as the realization hit her that she was too big, too heavy, too *fat* to use the equipment at her gym rang from the back of her head out into her ears. The realization sunk lower, from her throat, down to the pit of her stomach…

Lower and lower…

“R-Raye?” Riley blinked, “Are you… are you gonna be okay?”

“I’mm…”

Here Raye made a noise that was very difficult to describe. A little conflicted grumble, halfway between a moan and a sigh as the reality washed over her. She was getting turned on by this. She was aroused by being so physically large that she couldn’t work out.

She was literally too fat to go to the gym.

“I’m okay, I think.”

“Th-there are exercises that we could do that don’t involve the equipment.” Riley quickly corrected herself, rightfully concerned that she had somehow upset Raye, “We can help you drop some of this weight and get you light enough to get back onto the machines—it’ll take some time and some doing, but—”

“N-No thank you.” Raye blurted out, uncomfortably aroused by the fact that there was literally no turning back from this point, “I think I’ll be going now.”

And Riley was genuinely upset by this. She didn’t mean to be so brash or so forthcoming with the reality that Raye’s low center of gravity and high weight would have likely broken most of their machinery, but it was the only option. Hearing the little warble in her voice, Riley was convinced that she had chased away yet another client who had fallen off of the fitness bandwagon.

“Really, Raye, it’s doable and I’d be willing to work with you on the pricing; don’t—”

“Look, I-I really have to go. Are you going to help me up or am I going to have to call in my roommate to come do it?”

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Getting back into the apartment was just as much of a hassle as it was getting her out of it—probably even moreso, given that they were working against Raye’s short stature and low center of gravity.

She was getting so immense that it was almost impossible for anyone other than just Sophia to ride alongside her in the elevator. Sure, they might have been able to fit someone else that was nice and skinny in the corner of the wall and her right ass-cheek, but Raye was getting to be so big that it was just impossible for her to *do* things these days.

And she wasn’t the only one who was enjoying this development—as Raye descended deeper and deeper into gluttony and excess, Sophia too found herself enraptured by the idea that Raye was officially too fat to do much of anything without her. It was like a fantasy come to life; her own big fat feedee, slowly becoming completely dependent on her.

It was something that should have been worrying to both parties—but something that just wound up making the whole situation seem hotter to the both of them, in their own respective ways.

“That’s what she actually told you?”

“In… in not as many words…”

“You mean she didn’t just say “Raye, honey, you’re too much of a fucking fat pig to get on our exercise equipment?”

“Haaaaahh… no… not like that…”

“Then tell me—how did she break the news to you that you’re a big, fat, fucking oinker Raushan?”

“Haaahh… oooh…”

“Yeah, you like that?”

Raye was far and beyond doing much in the bedroom anymore. She had never been particularly active, but given her short stature and round physique, Sophia was mostly left to her own devices when it came to pleasuring her special project. With her small pot-belly rubbing against the greater girth of Raye’s overbearing rotundity, the chunky redhead was happy to ride this “too fat to go to the gym” train for as long as Raye would let her. Which, despite the inner turmoil that came with being beyond the “no turning back” point, was surprisingly longer than she would have thought she would have been okay with.

At the end of the day, this had been what she wanted, hadn’t it? To become bigger than ever, fatter than ever, to get so huge that she could barely waddle around? To be so big and fat that people did double-takes any time that she entered a room?

That had been exactly what she had got from this interaction with Riley today, but somehow it felt… tainted somehow. The realities of her size were crashing down around her fast, and they were hitting all of the old marks that had scared her straight back when she had originally begun losing weight. Clocking in at five hundred pounds before forty was an incredible feat for sure, but it wasn’t something that didn’t come with drawbacks.

And no matter how good it felt to have Sophia worshipping her for her size or hand-feeding her things from their constantly restocked pantry, even knowing that the camera was rolling and her fans were getting a hell of a show, Raye couldn’t help but feel like she had sort of backed herself into a corner. A corner that she wouldn’t easily be able to get out of—whether that be because of her size, an increasing dependence on Sophia, or even just an unwillingness to change.

Raye *liked* being fat. But was it something that she could realistically maintain? Was this something that she could do for the rest of her life?

If she ever broke things off with Sophia like what had happened with Fayzan, then she would have been screwed. She’d have to lose the weight all over again. There was no way that she could take care of herself—she didn’t *want* to take care of herself, all alone like that! Raye needed someone to fawn over her. To dote over her. To enable her and feed her. Someone to tell her what a good fatty she was…

She’d thrown her whole lot into this thing—and she’d be damned if she was going to be *forced* to give it up…