

Things had been going so well between the two of them until this point.

It was so hard for her to meet anybody who really understood her. Not everybody really *got* the whole “body positivity” movement like Piper had, and Summer had been really happy to know that there was at least *someone* like her in this stupid, small-minded town. Someone else who realized that “Fat” didn’t have to be a bad word.

Of course, Piper had been her best friend in grade school. If Summer hadn’t moved away, they probably would have been best friends for all of the years in-between. It was only natural that they grew up to be so similar, right?

Since they’d both been fat kids then, it wasn’t surprising that they were both big, beautiful women now^h. As far as they were concerned, they were some of the biggest and more beautiful women around. Piper in particular seemed proud of the fact that she managed to crest “the big five double donut” just before moving to Chesterfield, and carried all of her hundreds of extra pounds with an inspiring amount of pride. She was a sloshing, lumbering dollop of olive-colored fat rolls so heavy and so wide that they couldn’t walk next to each other, but you never would have known it with the way that she presented herself as this ultra-sexy, completely irresistible bombshell.ⁱ

With her acres of jiggling titflesh and a soft, speedbag stomach that swung down over her knees, Piper Black was every inch the big fat dynamo that she believed herself to be. And now that they had reunited, she was helping Summer get there too.

In fact, that had been what they were doing before Piper convinced her to walk down into that alley. Hitting up guys (and gals—Piper was particularly adamant about helping Summer feel more comfortable with that side of herself) at the buffet between trips to the self-service station had left them both stuffed beyond all measure. If Summer hadn’t had an SUV with a seat that went far enough back to leave her belly enough room to breathe, they might have had to hail an Uber.

And things might have gone differently.

Summer had been groaning, both hands on her stomach as the two of them lumbered down the sidewalk. The redheaded heifer toddled along in the grass so that Piper’s bigness could have reign of the pavement, and in return she placed the palm of her chunky hand on top of the swell of Summer’s swollen gut for a light massage.

“You did great in there today, Summy.” Piper coaxed as she rubbed slow lazy circles on the surface of the pale freckled shelf, “All eyes on us tonight.”

“Because we’re both... HIC... total fatties.”

Summer was punch-drunk on portions of epic proportions, already struggling with the extra fifty pounds that had cropped up since Piper had come to town to say nothing of the *dozens* of courses that she and Piper had devoured that night. At her own stubborn insistence to show a little skin no matter how many

^h A Black, Piper that matches facial recognition and lived in Daven’s Port is currently employed by Yeng Industries, a subject with its own series of investigations and files. B-351’s mimicry should not be cross-referenced with these investigations, as Keegan, Summer had no way of knowing this information.

ⁱ Said Piper’s childhood weight problem has been corrected, though she reportedly still struggles with relapse despite the Yeng corporation’s support. It is likely that this previously existing dynamic influenced B-351 to assume her role while Summer hosted it. Further research must be conducted in order to test this hypothesis.

stretchmarks, she'd refused to buy anything bigger despite the fact that she desperately needed it. Her Hillary Heart shirt wasn't going to hold up any easier at 398 than it had at 352. Even with her gut untucked from her leggings, she felt like she was being squeezed tight by the unforgiving fabric.

"Damn right we are."

Piper crinkled her nose as they high-fived limply before giving an affectionate little squeeze to the top of Summer's tummy. It had become a sort of special thing that the two of them did together. After all, what was copping a feel between two old friends?

Plus, it... felt kind of nice.

"You're getting to be a real porker, Summer." Piper said with a proud pat of her porky protégé's prodigious paunch, "I must be rubbing off on you."

"Must be..." she puffed through a smile, "You always... were a... bad influence..."

Summer was breathless and exhausted. Lugging around almost four hundred pounds of fat-bottomed bigness, and on a full stomach to boot, could do that to a girl. But Piper didn't seem bothered at all, despite outweighing her doughy double by more than a hundred pounds. If anything, she was more energetic than she'd been when they waddled inside.

"You think so?"

Piper's voice lowered to a husky purr, a pique of her thick black eyebrow as she somehow managed to toddle ahead with a coy smile on her face. Despite the fact that Summer's car was within sight now, parked next to a downtown street lamp, Piper made a sudden and sharp veer to the right into a dark alley.

"Let's test that theory!"

For a woman of her size, she could really move when she wanted to. Watching all that blubber fly was oddly mesmerizing.

"Piper stooooop!" Summer whined as she struggled to pick up her pace, "I'm running on a full tank here..."

Summer's supple, bottom-heavy shape stood alone in the downtown alleyway, casting a big and tall shadow that cast itself into the darkness that lie in wait for her there where Piper ought to have been.

"Come on, I wanna go home..." Summer continued to moan, "I'm so full, P..."

Stepping into the shadows of the alley, Summer sloshed from side-to-side and butt to gut first. She hadn't gotten three steps into the shadow before she had to stop and catch her breath.

"Oh... come on... Piper..." Summer said to the familiar shape waiting for her further in, "It's... it's late and... and I..."

Piper's heavy footfalls scraped against the dirty ground, rumbling just underneath Summer's wheezing. By the time that she felt the push of Piper's stupendously heavy gut, she had gotten back to a semblance of her normal breathing. Only for Piper to push her against the wall.

"P-Piper—"

Their guts and chests smushed together in a thick, squishy impact. They were both too round to hug one another, but Piper had enough heft on Summer's size to press herself against the smaller woman and lock her into a wet-lipped, steamy kiss. Though she had certainly been handsy before, this was something that Summer never would have thought to expect.

"P-Piper!"

It had all happened so fast that Summer couldn't process it. Piper's lips on hers, her hand running up and down her fleshy folds on one side while the other fingered her fat rolls on the other. The pressure on Summer's stomach was incredible—but she was more afraid of throwing up on Piper than she was worried about the fact that her childhood best friend had just made a move on her.

"O-Oh Piper, I..."

Summer melted into Piper's lips, surrendering herself to the gentle touch of her palms and the softness of her skin. As wet pink tongue began to snake in and out of her mouth, Summer felt her disappointment at going home alone tonight melt away.

"L-Let's... let's go back to my place..." Summer found herself saying, "W-We can... can..."

"No Summer. Right here." Piper's voice darkened into a husky drawl, "I want you now."

"Hnn... o-okay..."

Summer had been so enthralled with this development that she had hardly noticed the central fold that separated Piper's spare tire and larger body of stomach splitting apart¹. As teeth bared in the space between, Summer could only remark on a slight pinch against her already oversensitive stomach.

And as a long, serpentine tongue began to trace up and down Summer's fat, freckled physique, she could have just sworn that it was Piper's hand.

¹ Due to the nature of those found belonging to the *Extra Mores* genus, shapeshifting to this degree is to be expected. In this instance, B-351 created a simulated mouth with simulated digestive organs, meant specifically for facilitating a meal. Though *peregrinus cum multis* has proven to be entirely emovorous, a diversion in diet could account for the predatory instincts found in *amicis multis facies* and the chance for consumption of its host.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



Dr. Simmons, we would thank you to exercise more restraint in both your correspondences and of the subject B-351.

Due to a pitiful show of control over the subject on behalf of your department, we will be forced to remove Chesterfield from White Zone Σ for the foreseeable future, lest the local inhabitants grow suspicious of the mysterious disappearance of one Summer Keegan and become aware of any other activity that may be sanctioned there. Please relocate the creature to a suitably safe distance within six (6) hours, or the implants will detonate.

Please consult your direct supervisor immediately for a suitable habitat to relocate the *Extra Mores*, and cc me with the results of said conversation.

CONFIDENTIAL


Z [REDACTED] Morris,
Acting Director [REDACTED]



He wishes that the two of them could spend more time together.

After spending so much of their adult lives apart, he is afraid of drifting away again. He doesn't want to repeat the same mistakes as last time.

But there are no classes anymore. There are no nagging parents to get in the way. No other women to tempt him, and no dorm rooms for to sneak off with them to. He is finally without distraction in his life, gifted with that peculiar sort of focus that can only come with age.

Though while he has finally entered a place in his life where he wants more than the physical obligations of companionship, he is willing to settle for carnal expressions of their love for one another. And he craves them only from her.

She has changed over the years. Her trim waist fattened and her perfect figure gone to seed, she is still able to dance in his kitchen like she is as light as a feather. Though her stomach is round and her hips wide, she is the most graceful woman he has ever known. And while her breasts may have begun to slope in their swollen state, their milk has never tasted sweeter.

After long and difficult days, he comes home to occasionally eventful nights. The night is their time.

He fritters through the evenings, waits up through dusk, and occasionally he will hear the special chime that he assigned to her. His phone, an increasingly narrow window to the world outside of his window, will hum and his heart will dance.^k

Sometimes she will come over.

His friends, what few there are outside of work, are concerned for him. Since he began to speak of her again, since his second chance, he does not look himself. They believe that he is not well.

They are right.

His face is scruffy, and his skin is paling. Though he has not been an athlete since is college days, his figure is beginning to mature prematurely into softness. Where once he could meet records—though never break, or set his own—his respectable physique has softened considerably. Gone are the tight, form-fitting button-ups and stylish khakis. His hair has grown not to the point of unstylishness, but definitely a length that proves often difficult to manage.

How could he find the time to exercise? To get a haircut? She only came at night. And even then, only some.

^k Studies are unsure as to the extent of the ability for B-351 to influence behaviors that are not already present within the host's psychology. What is experienced here is likely an exaggeration of a tendency of self-isolation that is already within the host's personality. The working theory is that, however powerful the persuasive abilities of this creature are, they are not able to make anyone act too far out of their normal routines. At least, not all at once.

If he wasn't home, she wouldn't come. And if she doesn't come, he is never sure when or if he will ever see her again.

On nights when she doesn't come, he feels too crestfallen to tend to these baser trappings of vanity.

Occasionally, she will give him some warning of when he can expect her. Mostly on the nights before. She will ask if tomorrow works for him, and he will respond. He will try not to sound too eager, but she always knows how much he looks forward to her visits. To their time together. This gives him a chance to clean, to groom, and to get excited for the night to come.

Last night was one of those nights.

He suckles on her teat, warm mother's milk flowing into his mouth.¹

Their bodies press together. His hand palming her stomach, sinking into the pale apron of tum. She wraps her arm around him, pulling him close and nestling into her side. He wishes that she would never leave, and tries to ignore the shadow of her impending departure looming overhead.

She is soft. She is plush. She is pillowy and warm and inviting.

Soon, she jokes, so too will he be.^m

While he suckles, he tickles her sex. Slipping in and out in a practiced and ever-improving motion. Her soft moans fuel him. Though she so very seldom fills his palm with them warmth of her cum, she assures him that he does a wonderful job.

Eventually, the foreplay is done. He climbs atop her, the softness of their bellies touching, and he pumps her full of his manhood.

He descends, they cuddle, and occasionally they sleep.

But.

Tonight.

It is the first amount of discomfort that he has caused her since they have become acquainted once again. While they nestle lovingly against one another, and as he drifts off to sleep, she twitches. She is anxious. Unsure.

Unhappy.

For ten minutes, he attempts to tell himself that it is nothing. Minor discomfort that will pass in the night. That tomorrow morning, if he is lucky, she will still be there when he wakes up.

¹ Simulacrum is one thing, but to produce successfully lactating secondary sexual characteristics is another entirely. More studies will have to be done on this subject.

^m We are still unsure as to why the creature prefers to fatten the victim up physically. It would make much more sense for them to cause emotional trauma and feast on those feelings. Perhaps B-351 has a preference? We are still unsure if it is able to taste anything.

But unfortunately, it isn't passing.

She throws the comforter off of herself and wriggles out from underneath his arm. She throws one leg out, presses a dainty foot to the ground, and then the other follows suit.

She is leaving.

He does not want her to go.

Not so soon.

He asks what's bothering her. He wants to know so that he can fix it. So that their time together can continue. So that she doesn't have to go just yet. To prove that he's better than he used to be, before.

She isn't listening to him. She's getting dressed. Her thick legs make the floor squeak as the pads of her feet drag against the hardwood. She is in a hurry, and no longer graceful.

He wants to know what he did. He wants to know if she is angry with him.

She says that he doesn't understand.

She says that she likes him. That she wants him.

That it's been fun.

But that she has to leave.

Her language is clear. He understands her intention—how could he not? She wants to leave and intends to never come back. His mind is racing and his heart feels as if it isn't beating. Like it's been taken by the woman hurriedly putting on her clothes. Removing the only evidence of her ever having been there.

He is unable to hold back tears.

He follows her out of the bedroom, pleading with her. Beyond reason. Beyond focusing on anything but the wide woman making her way towards the small corridor that led out towards the door to the main hallway of his apartment complex.

He is sobbing now, uncontrollably. It is only now that he realizes how much he has given up for her. How all of what he has abdicated will become meaningless once she leaves him again. He begs, and he pleads, and he cries, but to no avail.

She says that it has to be this way—that there is no other option. That she has to leave.

That she wants him, but she has to leave.

She grabs the door handle, twists the knob, and walks through the threshold.

And in that moment, the only sounds being his broken sobbing and the increasingly faint footsteps that follow her down the hall, he feels truly broken.

There is a moment of clarity where, for the first time, he takes stock of the changes that her influence has left him with. His disheveled appearance and thirty extra pounds all at once seem so inconsequential yet so large and unmistakable that he wondered how he could have ever gone without seeing what she was doing to him.

What he had done to himself.

Huddled on the ground in front of the door, knees and elbows red against the hardwood, he feels a strange sort of break in himself. He is unable to move on, and yet, knows that he must.

In the hours that pass from that moment, he feels nothing. The sobs that filled his apartment no longer echo in his chest, and his eyes have mostly dried. His face is still an unsightly red and his facial muscles still sore from crying.

There is a nothingness there that remains.

Until tomorrow.

When he will run into her again, vastly changed from how she was just yesterday.ⁿ

She will be slender, very much as slender as she was when they were younger. Virtually unchanged, except for shorter hair. She will claim to have just gotten back to town. And that she is looking to make amends with him. And she will be confused by his many claims as to the contrary.

ⁿ Results are inconclusive as to the nature of B-351's ability to track the presence of the mundane, though this boasts impressive capabilities. Working hypothesis from Doctors T [REDACTED] and B [REDACTED] suggest that this is directly linked to a predatory and territorial instinct.