Julie and Madison were friends with benefits—a byproduct of being frequent collaborators on these projects and having become infinitely comfortable with one another’s sexual presence over the course of their many photoshoots.

Selling pictures and videos of their sexual excursions while also being quite friendly with one another even when the cameras were turned off. Putting an exact label on what they were was something of a challenge, in that they were far more attached and downright possessive of one another than more friends with benefits attached tended to be. Mostly, this sort of interaction was stemmed in Julie’s naturally jealous personality. But there were other elements to it to…

*Look at the size of these things*.

The cups of the brassiere in Madison’s lingerie were far bigger than the matching set that Julie had been given for this photoshoot. As she had gotten older and her metabolism had slowed, Maddie’s tits were starting to get bigger; something that she definitely enjoyed, even if it meant that there was a little extra padding everywhere else.

As Julie ran her long, slender fingers up and down the gentle mounds that rose and fell with Maddie’s sensual breathing, she kissed the exposed ivory flesh between them. Working her way down, down to the softening flesh of the rest of her body. The sound of the camera clicking occasionally broke the somewhat awkward silence that their love making facilitated.

As selfish as it sounded, these photoshoots were an excellent way to sort of “claim” Madison for herself. Despite the fact that their relationship *was* explicitly open and without much commitment, Julie would have loved to keep her exclusively. Maybe not as a girlfriend or a wife, but definitely as her only lover. Whether or not Maddie felt the same, Julie wasn’t sure.

But how often did the flower want to be plucked from the garden to be kept in a vase?

“Ooh… not so rough, Jules.”

“I thought you liked it rough?”

“They’re sensitive.”

Julie was willing to bet that they were. So big and round, with dark areola and stiff nipples that perked up noticeably underneath the padding. She’d always been sort of jealous—as the sort of “flat Asian woman used for contrast” in these sorts of things, she’d always been given plenty of reason to be, even before Maddie started to put on weight.

Maybe, if Maddie packing on the pounds, Julie really *could* keep her all to herself.

After all, who would want to sleep with some porky former cam girl?

Oh, that would have been nice wouldn’t it? The contrast between a busty blonde and her less-endowed Asian partner was *totally* different than the contrast between a skinny gal and a big, fat one. Julie wouldn’t have been the “flat” one, she would have been the “skinny” one—very much a step up, at least in her opinion.

There was something oddly attractive about the idea of Madison becoming plump and undesirable. While she’d certainly be less *conventionally* attractive, there was definitely an allure there that Julie could understand. Keeping her wanting, waiting for only her. Laying in bed or sitting on the couch, comfy and domesticated…

But surely, that would just serve to make her fatter, wouldn’t it?

“You ready for me to do you?”

“No—I *like* being on top.”

“I’ll bet you do.”

This thought had been returning to the forefront of Julie’s mind more frequently as Madison’s weight became more apparent. The crew talked about it now and again, mentioning that it was beginning to affect their viewership. While this should have been worrying (and in a way, it sort of was) Julie found the notion of Madison becoming less attractive to other people alluring. As if, devoid of other options, there’d be no choice but for Maddie to turn to her and her alone.

Julie, occasionally, delved into these fantasies in a more meaningful way. With connotations that she didn’t care much to explore in the moment, but tickled at the back of her mind during long sleepless nights.

The idea of actively fattening Madison up held some appeal, much for the same reasons as she’d mentioned above. But she really wanted her to do it herself—for her to get greedy and slow and soft. For her to have one too many helpings one too many times, nudging her over the line from “thick” to “fat”. *That* was what really got her motor running. *That* was what she wanted to see.

“Ow! Watch those nails, baby.”

“Mmm… can we take the lingerie off yet?”

“I don’t see why not. Just leave the skirt on, okay?”

“Deal.”

Running with this train of thought, Julie tried to picture the same photoshoot if Madison were twenty pounds heavier. Fifty pounds. Did this lingerie company make clothes for “plus-sized” models? Could these teeny-weeny little black cups hold all the tit that Madison would surely grow if she just let herself go a little? The see-through sequin top hanging loosely over her squishy tummy like a veil? The thickness of her thighs brushing against each other over the thin strips of fabric covering her from sex to the small of her back.

Julie relished the unobstructed access to Madison’s nipples. Wrapping her lips around the ducts, she licked and flicked gently while her free hand traced up and down Madison’s subtly softer body; occasionally she pressed down gently with her teeth.

Did they make them for women a hundred pounds heavier? Would Madison have even stood a chance at more than two hundred and fifty pounds of woman? Surely not—but it would have been such a sight to see her in such a sorry state.

“Teeth, teeth, teeth.”

“Sorry.”

“No you’re not.”

“I’m really not.”

Madison would lay in Julie’s bed, eat Julie’s food, sit on Julie’s couch, and do nothing but wait for her to come home for a good fucking. She’d be like a pet. Less a girlfriend or a lover, and more an expensive piece of furniture. Like a lamp that Julie could feed. Three hundred pounds? Was that a reasonable goal for Julie to aspire towards for her “friend”?

Madison certainly had the appetite to get that big, if her visits to the crafts service table were any indication. Her cute little habit of stress-eating whenever she was upset—something that was hardly a figment of Julie’s imagination, just as she was sure those extra pounds and inches felt right in her hands. Without the pressures of modeling, in Julie’s little narrative, surely she would have gotten that big. In another life, she was a fat, dumpy housewife or something. Not the slender, almost-thirty model with big tits crammed into lingerie so tight that her boobs were spilling out.

“Wow, you’re really on today.”

“It’s the lingerie.”

“Uh-huh, sure it is.”

“Plus I like your tits.”

“I would hope so—they look great in this, don’t they?”

“They look better out of it.”

They’d look better sloping down over either side of a fat belly. Getting pinched underneath fleshy, untoned biceps. Sitting pretty underneath a swaddling double chin, with little crumbs sprinkled about as evidence of a self-control gone to pots. Heavy and swollen, requiring both hands to lift after a long day of doing nothing but splaying out lazily whichever way they fell.

Julie was never as aroused as she was in the moments when she felt more beautiful than Madison. And the idea of helping to turn her into a bloated parody of the busty blonde bombshell that she had spent so long getting to know just coaxed her on further. Her synapses sizzled as images of her partner at increasingly incredulous sizes danced along her frontal cortex.

Madison would be only hers. No one else would want to touch her.

*Now who’s being greedy?*

“Okay, okay, okay…”

“You there already?”

“Yeah—you’re *k*-kinda hurting me now.”

“Oh no, I’m sorry.”

“No you’re not.”

Watching Madison buck and twitch as sticky cum dribbled down Julie’s fingers just added fuel to the fire. That soft, subtle jiggle that wasn’t there some months prior. The little double chin that folded underneath her softened jawline as she sat up slightly. It all just helped Julie to picture her ideal version of Madison—one that would be *happy* to let her rub her raw, after a long day of getting to indulge herself.

“Phew… hahhh… oh… wow… I don’t think I’ve come like that in a while.”

“Mhmmm?”

“What… phew… what do you say we take a little break?”

“I don’t mind if the crew doesn’t mind.”

“Good. I’m gonna clean up a little. Maybe get a snack. Do you want anything?”

“No, no. I’ll be okay.”

“Suit yourself.”

Sure, it wasn’t likely that they made this lingerie in the sorts of size that Julie was picturing for her busty blonde bunny. But where was the harm in letting her imagination run wild?

After all, part of the appeal of these sorts of projects were the *illusion* and *pageantry* that porn offered.

Whose to say that the models couldn’t have fantasies of their own?