When you’re in a relationship, it’s important to try and make sure that your partner is satisfied on as many levels as you feel comfortable with.

It’s part of caring for the other person—don’t go outside of your comfort zone too terribly much, but the biggest parts of being two adults in a mature, long-term relationship are communication and compromise.

However, when you’re in a relationship with someone like Jean Vandergriff, sometimes things can get a little muddy.

As an extreme masochist with some *questionable* turn-ons, there had been more than a few things that Jean wanted done to her that her girlfriend Mandy *wasn’t* willing to do. And that was okay… and probably better off for everybody involved. However, Jean was a woman of many means and could be surprisingly coercive when she needed to be.

It had taken time, money, and plenty of time on her knees, but Jean had finally worn Mandy down into agreeing to *one* of her sexual fantasies.

One.

One time. Just once, and that would be the end of it. As sadistic as Mandy could be day-to-day, she had never done anything like this before.

But for someone like Jean, one time was all that she really needed.

The initial conversation had taken place several weeks ago. Jean didn’t want to know *when* it was going to happen, just that it was going to. After setting up a few boundaries, agreeing to Jean’s request, and promising that, yes, it was *really really for real* gonna happen, Jean and Mandy agreed to stop talking about it entirely to help facilitate as much of the fantasy as was humanly possible.

And tonight, Jean Vandergriff would get to live out one of her wildest fantasies.

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Of the many homes that Jean Vandergriff owned, the most cavernous among them were the most difficult to break into. Combined with her own prolific physical abilities, Jean had never had to worry herself with the thought that someone would have been stupid enough to actually *break in* to a Vandergriff-owned property.

Which was why she had no reason to suspect the group of people lying in wait for her.

She had known them all personally, at one point or another. In retrospect, how they had all been gathered under the same roof was somewhat surprising—but then, it wouldn’t have been the first question that could have been answered by “money”.

There was Mandy, of course. She and Jean lived together, so she had probably let the rest of them in. Wendy wasn’t far behind, and emerged similarly (though given her more extreme proportions, not without some difficulty) as Mandy turned corner. On the other side of the vast entryway to the estate, Grace Sawyer stomped out of Jean’s yearbook and back onto the tile at a floorbending size, and Faye Harrington wasn’t far behind.

It wasn’t like the lot of them were exactly busy in their day-to-day lives of idle indulgence. Surely they could have been brought together for a chance to wail on Jean Vandergriff.

In the center though, there was a large woman that Jean *didn’t* recognize. Someone very large—noticeably so even among the other fat women in her life—and someone who looked just as familiar as she did not…

“Holy shit, is that Hannah Ha—”

Jean’s question was met with a fat fist to the face, thrown with the considerable weight and force of a woman more than four times her size. Despite being in far better shape than the offending party, Jean was a slight woman. She was sent down to the hardwood floor just as quickly as she had come down the hallway.

“Alright, grab her by the feet.”

Jean had longed to hear those words (or something to the resemblance of those words) for *most* of her life. Being greeted with a punch in the face would have been terrifying and degrading to anyone else, but to Jean, it had the start of everything that she’d ever wanted. With the knowledge that, yes, this was *finally* happening after *months* of waiting, Jean knew that she could just lay back and accept it.

These five fatties were going to beat the ever-loving shit out of her, and she was going to like it.

The blow had knocked Jean out of it for a moment, but not so far out that she couldn’t hear the sounds of one of her assailants huffing as she bent over to. Jean felt chubby fingers wrap around her slender ankles as the signature sound of fat women struggling to bend over slowly lulled her back into full consciousness.

“Fuck.” A voice (Grace’s—Jean was sure of it) cursed breathlessly, “Faye honey grab the other foot.”

Jean went limp and allowed herself to be dragged across the floor—a big smile on her face.

Thankfully there wasn’t too terribly long of a hallway between the entrance of the estate and the nearest couch. Jean was pulled up from the floor and propped up in the center of the couch with an already aching headache. The overwhelming excitement growing within her was enough to at least dampen the pain.

“Oh gross, she’s actually enjoying this.” Faye curled her nose in disgust, “You weren’t kidding when you said that she’—”

“Don’t ruin the moment, Faye.” Mandy hissed as she waddled toward the couch, “We all remember the safety word, right?”

“I don’t—” Jean’s expression told them everything that they needed to know.

“Shut up.” Grace slapped her *hard,* “You do so remember it.”

“That all you got?”

“Ugh, learn to throw a punch, princess.” Mandy rolled her eyes, toddled forward, and shooed the smaller woman out of the way, “*This* is what Jean likes.”

*WHAM.*

One of the things that Jean liked *most* about Mandy is that she had fists like frozen turkeys. For such a spoiled princess, she had never been shy about threatening force to get what she wanted. And Jean had always wished that she had used it more often. A woman of her sheer size could really do some damage when she put her mind to it, and Jean was feeling that application right about now.

“Oh boy~”

Jean had the wind knocked out of her as she failed at keeping up her end of the realism bargain yet again.

“I’m gonna grab her hands; Wendy did you remember the—"

On cue, Wendy Steinway whipped out a small series of sturdy looking belts from… God knows where, come to think of it. But she did it with such a smile on her face that she seemed to be the only one outside of Jean really enjoying this sort of thing.

Whether it was misplaced anger or the fact that Jean had probably deserved this for years, nobody was quiet sure.

“Belts… right.” Mandy side-eyed, “Mental note to not look at Wendy’s search history.”

Jean bit her bottom lip and wriggled excitedly in place as she watched the thick leather straps go down, down over her wrists and fasten tightly through the ornate spaces on the arms of her couch. She ground against the seat, a sort of manic look in her eye that (in a not agreed-upon scenario) might have been all the more disturbing.

Mandy took the charge, parting the four women and emerging as the brains behind this operation. With that same look of haughtiness and arrogance that she had been looking at Jean with since they were in high school together, she sauntered over with her hands on either side of her stomach and peered down to the petite redhead that was now strapped to the couch.

“You’re sure that you want this?” she asked in a low voice, “Because these gals seem like they’ve got a *lot* of weight to throw around, and you haven’t exactly—”

“*I want it.*” Jean was basically vibrating with excitement as the blood dribbled down from her nose.

Mandy kept waiting for a followup statement, but it didn’t look like one was going to come.

“Alright.” She shrugged her meaty shoulders, cutely and dramatically, as she began the three-step process for turning her massive self around, “Don’t say that I didn’t warn you, String Jean…”

Jean couldn’t help but feel—for the briefest of moments—that she might have made a mistake once she saw the large brunette begin to stir in place for the first time since they’d all waddled over and strapped her to the couch. Ostensibly, she had been Hannah Hammond. The same rich girl (of the many) that Jean had experienced the rare Hate at First Sight with. Somewhere, buried beneath all of the sweet, sumptuous fat was the mean girl that had made Jean’s life a living hell just because she was richer than her *and* knew what she was up to, fattening up her roommates for all of those years…

“You remember me, Jeannie?”

“Oh fuck don’t call me that, it kills the mood.” Jean moaned, “…But *Christ* do I remember you…”

Hannah looked, for the briefest of moments, satisfied with that answer. Something that Jean shared with her.

“You got *fat.*”

And then the moment was gone.

“You’re about to see *how fat I got*.” Hannah placed her soft palm down against the massive boulder of bare ass that swelled out behind her, “Real up close and personal…”

Watching Hannah shimmy and shift as she turned around and backed that ass up was a work of art. Jean had never seen anything like it—at least, not in person. Mandy was big. Most of the people that Jean surrounded herself with in her day to day life were *big*. But Hannah had gotten *huge.* She had to have weighed six hundred pounds. Lowballing it. And while most of it seemed to have settled in her lower body, she was overall just a *blob*. The kind of blob that people get to be when they get really, *really* big. She was so fat that she was having trouble looking over her own shoulder, though she still somehow managed to look down on Jean from the awkward angle as she lowered her massive, pillowy ass down, down…

Jean was overcome with joy the minute that she felt Hannah’s dimpled cellulite brush against her own slender legs. She brought her knees back and forth so that she could feel them brush against the hanging fat rolls that dangled off of Hannah’s enormous ass, batting them back and forth as they lowered onto her lap…

“HFF!!”

Jean felt the *immense* pressure of Hannah’s weight on top of her own as she lowered her full weight slowly, agonizingly, on top of the smaller woman. It just kept coming. Hannah hadn’t even fully sat down before she felt like her knees were going to buckle against the couch frame, and the longer that the half-second it took for this whale to take a load off and kick her feet up went on, the more that Jean realized that she was *heavy.*

“Dish gunn be fu—”

As Jean’s mouth was smothered with Hannah’s ample amounts of back fat, the words faded quickly. She squirmed beneath the massive woman as best she could, but Jean was absolutely *buried* by the humongousness that was Hannah Hammond’s ass alone. None of the other four women could so much as hear her muffled (if, yes, reactionary and probably performative) cries of pain.

“Is she… gonna be okay underneath all of that?” Faye asked in a brief moment aside, “That looks… painful.”

“She’ll be fiiiiine.” Mandy rolled her eyes, “You don’t know her like I do.”

“How much longer should we give her?”

“Just long enough for her to *almost* pass out.” Mandy shrugged, “Hannah, think you can sit on her for a little while longer?”

“Ohhh, I think that I can torture Jeannie for a little while longer without any problems.” The enormous heiress said with a wicked grin, “Besides—this *is* kind of hot…”