III

In life, it is tempting to put certain labels on things. Not out of misunderstanding or out of a need to generalize, but because of a need to identify oneself as *something.* In times of internal conflict, when things seem at their most unsure, it can be comforting to know just where you stand on certain matters. If X, then Y. If not Y, then Z. It’s a simple fallacy that is often not done out of maliciousness, but to understand the changes around them.

“I had no idea that you were… you know…”

“That I was what?”

“You know…”

“…a lesbian.”

Monique lowered her voice as if she were saying a dirty word. Her Christian School upbringing showing up just as readily here as it did whenever she engaged Raye in conversation relating to her religion or practices. As if Raye was the first woman to have ever had sex with another woman in their social circle—or ever.

“I’m not a lesbian, Monique.”

“You *slept* with another *woman* Raye!”

“That doesn’t mean I’m a lesbian.”

“It doesn’t make you *not* a lesbian.”

“…I honestly can’t believe that I talk to you sometimes.”

It had been three days since Raye and Sophia had met up with one another at the Korean Barbecue restaurant—long enough that they had both been left alone with their thoughts on the matter, but not so long that it was strange that they hadn’t spoken since. This was a pretty big adjustment for both of them to make. Realizing that they weren’t nearly as straight as either of them thought that they were…

Telling Monique about it had been the only available option. She couldn’t tell her mom—not with all the “traditional values” that she whined about. Raye already caught flak for not giving her grandkids and not being married by thirty, the last thing that she needed was for her to start worrying about Raye being a potential lesbian.

Which… she wasn’t.

“You have sex with another woman, you’re a lesbian. How can you not be a lesbian?”

“Because *Sophia* doesn’t turn me on, Mo.”

“What does that even mean? Are you like bi?”

“I… maybe? I don’t know.”

“You don’t *know?*”

“Look, *Sophia* doesn’t turn me on. The… things that we *do* did.”

That sounded so strange to say out loud. Especially considering that it was a direct admission that Raye was more turned on by the food and getting to stuff herself than she was by the woman that she had shared a bed with. Even if *Monique* didn’t have context for what exactly in this transaction was so appealing to her, it was still wild that this was even a factor.

“What… what things did you guys do?”

In that moment, the whole night seemed to flash before Raye’s eyes. And it wasn’t the sex that was so good. It wasn’t getting fingered by Sophia or watching her squirm as the fake black cock stretched her out from the inside. It was the *food.* It was getting to stuff herself until she could hardly breathe, and then having to waddle back to Sophia’s car. It was the bedroom eyes that she caught after she’d laid her hands on her stomach as it sat turgid in her lap. It was the sensation of her stomach tightening around the mound of food that she’d stuffed herself with.

“That’s… that’s not…”

“Okay you’re right, don’t tell me.”

Monique was being pretty judgmental for someone who endured a reputation like the one she had earned over the course of their college years. Cheating on every boyfriend she’d ever had was one thing, but apparently, she drew the line at the thought of sleeping with another woman. Even for someone like Raye, who wasn’t entirely sure *what* she was as far as labels went, that seemed like an odd hill to die on.

“So… are you going to see her again?”

“Who, Sophia?”

“Oh my gawd is that her *name*?”

Monique quickly whipped out her phone and started typing in Facebook’s search bar, priming herself to find Raye’s profile. Before she could select Raye’s chubby cheeked face from the list, the woman herself forced her hands down.

“Yes, okay? That’s her name. And I don’t *know* if I’m going to see her again.”

“Is this why you and that Fayzan guy broke up?”

“What? No!”

“You’re both mutuals, I can see right here—”

Raye grumbled as she loosened her grip around Monique’s hand, sinking back into the booth at Starbucks with a huff. She leaned forward and grabbed her Caramel Frappuccino with a tight frown. She couldn’t even enjoy *this* with all of the stress that Monique was putting her under…

“You must really be stressed about this.”

“Gee, thanks. It wasn’t obvious?”

“Yeah, I haven’t seen you order a Venti anything since after you and your boyfriend broke up.”

“Yeah, well… I’m going through some stuff.”

Raye furrowed her brow as she slurped on the bright green straw. Sickly sweet Frappuccino flavoring filling her mouth and dancing on the top of her tongue. It was the one good thing to come out of this impromptu meeting with her supposed friend—the one person who she felt like she could turn to, and all Monique cared about was the tea.

It almost made it impossible for her to focus on just how rich and fattening these drinks were…

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It was another three days before Raye and Sophia saw one another again; putting them at just under one week since Raye had spent the night over at her apartment.

And here they were, six days after they’d cum all over her bedsheets, having the most awkward dinner in the world.

“So.” Raye started

“Soooo…” Sophia languished

When Sophia had gotten the message that Raye wanted to meet up with her work, she wasn’t quite sure exactly what she had been expecting. But it certainly hadn’t been this. Just *staring* at one another for a solid five minutes while they tried not to mention the elephant in the room. Sophia was just as unenthusiastic as Raye’s pitiful excuse for a dinner was—a Caesar salad with light dressing and no crutons. Certainly not the sort of thing that a girl like Raye *enjoyed* eating, Sophia thought.

“I kind of wanted to talk about—”

“I’ve been *dying* to talk about it.”

“You know, the rule is three days, and I just wanted to play it safe.”

Sophia stammered slightly, steepling her fingers as she composed herself. From their limited interactions before their fated meetup, Sophia had pegged Raye as very… collected. Not at all like the wide woman that she had first seen while she was dating Fayzan. Now *that* Raye definitely wouldn’t have waited this long before hitting her up again…

“I… I just kind of wanted to check in and ask you… how you felt, I guess.”

“How I feel?”

“Like… how you feel about all of what happened. Where we go from here, I guess.”

“Do you want to go further from here?”

“I… kind of?”

“Kind of.”

“I don’t really know what else to say. I’m not gay. I don’t like other women. N-No offense, of course.”

“I mean, same.”

“But that night we spent together… I haven’t felt like that in a really, really long time.”

“…same.”

The two of them sat at the table, Raye looking clumsily down at her salad and picking at it with her fork. Sophia sipped at her cup of water, feeling just as awkward. The little hints of a smile dotted at the corners of Raye’s mouth, something that Sophia noticed. As the butterflies began to flutter in her stomach, Sophia found the courage to ask the question she’d been dying to ask since she’d gotten the text message in the first place.

“So… is this… a date?”

“If you want it to be.”

“That’s not a very straightforward answer.”

“I’m not a very straightforward kind of girl.”

Sophia piqued a ginger beer eyebrow as the fat girl on the other side of the booth looked up with her own look of intrigue. They excitedly fiddled with the sets in front of them, silverware and cups and servings on plates, as the sensation of being caught in unfamiliar territory with chemistry sparking between them carried them through the rest of the meal.

Sophia hadn’t felt this way in a long time. But then she also hadn’t been on a *date* in a long time. And whether it was because it was the atmosphere between them was sizzling with anticipation or because of the novelty of being in uncharted territory, there was no denying that flirting with Raye was far, far more exciting than she would have thought it’d be…

But not nearly as exciting as what was to come after.

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Collapsing into a sweaty brown pile for the second time this week, Raye was left breathless after so much activity. So much exercise. So much *stimulation*.

Even after having spent months building up her wind at the gym, with Riley coaxing her and coaching her towards being a healthier her, she hadn’t lasted as long as she might have expected. Raye might have been far less fat than she was when she first started going to the gym, but she was still pretty big.

It was easier this time—she wasn’t working on a full stomach, after all. She wasn’t hauling around that bloated, stuffed stomach. Her belly wasn’t nearly as round and turgid and unyielding. But at the same time… that had made it noticeably less fulfilling for her.

“Did you?”

“Yeah. A little one.”

“Just a little one?”

“Yeah. Did you?”

“We’re not talking about *me*, Raushan…”

Sophia slinked a little white hand up the supple slope of Raye’s tubby brown tummy. Pressing down gently so as to have her hand drag slightly across the surface. Throughout the entire session, Raye’s stomach had been a focal point of Sophia’s attraction. Gripping and squeezing, jiggling it and caressing it. It turned Raye on to have it touched and adored, and clearly Sophia was having quite the time touching and adoring it.

Which was why this lack of fulfillment *this time* was so confusing. Because it wasn’t *that different* from what they had done together last time.

“Is… something wrong, Raye?”

“No, I…”

Deep down, Raye knew what was missing. When she pictured that night, it wasn’t the techniques that Sophia used that got her going. It was the tummy touching and the feeling of hands all over her beautiful, fat body—but not entirely.

What was missing was that sense of letting go. The *release.* Like a dam that was bursting after years of buildup behind it.

It was the food. It was the pressure on her stomach. It was the flavors that danced along her tongue. It was having been stuffed like a tick. It was getting to relive a little bit of her life back when she was the most satisfied—back when she was at her heaviest.

What Raye missed… was a license to indulge herself.

“I think I’ve got a little more in me though.” She concluded her half-thought with a sultry smile, “Do you think you could go another round?”

“Yeah, sure—if you’re not done, I mean.”

“I’m not.” Raye placed her hand on top of her Sophia’s helping guide it in slow sensual circles across her body, “But, uh… I have kind of a weird request.”

“Yeah?” Sophia wriggled closer excitedly, “What is it?”

“Do you have any, like… cookies, or donuts, or… you know, anything sweet?” There was a certain… *glimmer* in her eye that was hard to define, but one through which her true intentions shone.

And despite the ambiguity, Sophia couldn’t help but feel like she knew exactly where this was going.

“I think I have *exactly* what you’re looking for…”

IV

Sometimes in life, it’s just as important to take chances on something that you might not be interested in if it means getting what you want. This doesn’t always have to relate to relationships, but in Raye and Sophia’s case, it very much did.

Neither of them had been exactly lucky when it came to the romance department. Their collective six decades between them had been spent going from one relationship to another, with only life lessons and learning experiences to show for it.

Add into the mix an odd fetish here or there, and it was a little more understandable why they had taken to this arrangement so well.

Neither of them considered themselves to be lesbians. But it was clear as day that Sophia was attracted to Raye’s body, and Raye was all too happy to have someone in her life that was that open about her attraction to her. Especially if it meant that there were certain other benefits involved…

Yes, consciously Raye knew that she should still be trying to lose weight. She’d lost over one hundred and fifty pounds, and slipping back into her old habits of mixing eating with sexual pleasure was the first way to backslide on all of her progress.

But she didn’t really *want* to lose weight.

She *wanted* to eat like a pig.

She *wanted* to have someone slap her ass and tell her what a good hog she was.

She *wanted* to lower herself into a sheet cake face first and only come up for air.

And more importantly, she didn’t want to feel *bad* for doing it! It was natural to have urges, right? And bottling them up couldn’t have been healthy… At least, it certainly wasn’t any less healthy than diving face-first into cake.

“You’ve put on a couple of pounds, Raye.”

Standing in her workout clothes in the women’s changing room of Planet Fitness with Riley was never something that she had particularly liked doing for a variety of reasons—but just like all of the other times that Raye had “slipped” in her diet, the main reason was having to explain *why* she had slipped.

*Oh yeah, I get really horny when I stuff my face, and I kinda did that a lot.*

*There’s a girl named Sophia who feeds me cupcakes while she gives me the old in-and-out with a big blue dildo.*

*I have this arrangement with another woman because I so desperately want to be fat again that I entered a literal relationship because she feeds me and appreciates me for my size.*

“Raye?” Riley furrowed her eyebrows in concern, “Everything okay in there?”

“Wuzzat?”

“You’ve put on like, fifteen pounds since our last weigh-in and you’ve been cancelling sessions left and right.” Riley put her hands on her hips, shifting her weight on one hip, “What’s going on with you? Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I…”

Raye gulped. Fuck. She hadn’t thought about what she would tell anyone about why she was backsliding. She hadn’t thought that far ahead—sure pigging out with Sophia was going to come back and bite her in the ass, but had she really put on a whole fifteen pounds since they’d started hooking up?

“I started… seeing someone. Kind of.”

“Really? That’s great!”

“Yeah! They’re uh… they’re pretty great.”

“I totally get it.”

“You do?”

“Of course—comfort weight is a real thing, and wanting to make time for romance is something that I promise we’ve all done.”

Riley placed a hand on Raye’s back helpfully, in an almost sagely way.

“But you’ve got to keep up with your exercises, okay? You’ve done a great job of losing the weight, and I want to keep you on the right track.”

Raye looked up and smiled awkwardly at her physical therapist—the person that she was essentially paying to get lied to.

“The last thing that you and this new person in your life need is you putting the weight back on, right?”

“Y-Yeah…” Raye gulped again as she felt a familiar exhibitionist tingle course from the tips of her toes up through the top of her head, “R-Right…”

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This wasn’t supposed to be something that they did together all the time.

Raye and Sophia were basically just going to be friends with benefits. Getting close, getting to know one another, and then enjoying the occasional sexual release that came with allowing Raye a venue to stuff herself to her heart’s desire in an entirely guilt-free venue.

A once a week thing, tops.

But the more that Raye got to indulge herself, the more that she wanted to go out with Sophia. Not always with the intention of having sex afterwards, but it almost always seemed to end that way.

“Pass the soy sauce?”

“Sure—”

“Ohhh yeah… that’s the good… stuff…”

“You… you’re making *soup* Raye.”

“Dumplings are the best when they’re *drowned* in this shit, Sophia…”

That little glimmer in Raye’s eyes that came up every time she had a chance to indulge herself wasn’t something that was going to go away any time soon. Obviously. With the maniacal little look on her round face as she drenched her appetizers in salty brown sauce, her stomach already full of cheap Chinese takeout, you would have thought that she was doing something far more illicit than just indulging her favorite condiment.

But Sophia wasn’t about to tell Raye no. She always put on quite the show.

And when she really got going, Raye had a tendency to get more than a little excited.

“So… how’d the gym go? I know you were kind of freaking out about it.”

“Alright.” Raye burped, “I told her that I’d started a new relationship and she said she totally understood.”

“That’s good! I know that you and Riley—”

“Ooh, where’s the shrimp fried rice?”

“Over here, lemme get it for you…”

Even outside of their sexual roles, Raye and Sophia’s relationship outside of the bedroom was very much like the one behind closed doors. Sophia was bound and determined to ensure that Raye was as satisfied as possible, and Raye was happy to be as indulgent as possible. It was a very subdued Dom/Sub relationship. In the absence of whips, ropes, and chains, Sophia was simply as happy as could be to take direction from her partner—gleaning whole novels of information from her little grunts and half-sentences and ensuring that Raye got exactly what she wanted.

And for someone like Raye, who only began her exercise and weight loss regimen as a practical approach to her day-to-day life, this was a development that proved difficult to turn away.

“Mm… Sophia?”

“Yes, Raushan?”

“Do you have any like… Oreos or… you know, something sweet?”

“Of *course* I do~!”

“Could you be a doll and get them for me?”

“Of *course*—you want something to drink too?”

“Oooh, yeah…”

It took very little prodding for Raye to slip back into old, destructive habits. The sense of guilt that she had developed to keep herself in line was no match to what had become an inborn sense of gluttony. A need to feed herself full and fat, and to reap the rewards of such gluttony.

“Wow. Those are… really tight.”

“Yeah…”

“Do you have any more that you could wear? Those things are about to blow.”

“Mm… maybe…”

“Do you want some help out of them?”

“You just helped me put them back *on*.”

“Yeah, but watching you wobble around my bedroom is pretty hot…”

While it was ultimately Raye’s hedonism that started to undermine the progress that she had made initially, Sophia hadn’t even tried at holding her not-girlfriend back. Certainly she had offered a modicum of restraint in the beginning, back when the boundaries were still fuzzy, but after only a few weeks of “nudging” Sophia understood their relationship pretty clearly.

Raye was there to stuff her face, Sophia was there to help, and both could reap the rewards.

“Oof… haaa… mmm…”

“Having some trouble?”

“Mmm… belly… rub…?”

“I would *love* to.”

Like a little plover cleaning the teeth of a hippopotamus as it feasted in the lake, Sophia was happy to ruin her lover’s sense of self-reliance bit by bit. Easing her out of the habits that she had learned after breaking up with her long-time boyfriend and back into the ones that had propelled her into enormousness. And the more time that they spent together, the more rewards that there were to reap on either end.

“I’m… I’m so… I’m so fucking fat.”

“You’re so fucking fat, baby.”

“Keep… keep going… tell me… tell me how fucking fat I am.”

“You’re *so* huge—I’m gonna *make* you huge.”

The sight of the slender redhead bouncing up and down on top of the round brown ball of Raye, grinding passionately into her sex with the strap-on was reflected with increasing frequency in Sophia’s apartment. Both as Raye resumed a steady expansion outward, and as they became more accustomed to the new routines that their relationship brought.

By the time that these rituals and habits had been established, Raye had already regained fifty pounds and was spending more time than ever at Sophia’s apartment. To the point where they were seriously floating the idea that they should move in together.

“But we’re not… like we’re not dating.”

“Do we have to be dating to be roommates?”

“Fayzan and I didn’t move in together until we’d been dating like a year.”

“But we’re not dating—you just need a roommate. Someone to help you out around the apartment…”

Sitting on the couch, stretching out the biggest t-shirt that she had in her wardrobe, braless and naked from the waist down, it was hard to argue that Raye was doing a stellar job of doing things for herself. With Sophia around almost constantly, not just fostering but downright enabling Raye to become lazy and dependent on her, there was little reason for her to keep up the charade.

Her eyes had been opened and she’d been reminded over the course of the past couple of months just how much she *enjoyed* getting fat. And now that she had someone around to help her get back to her old heights, there wasn’t much of a reason for her to try and keep her desires at bay anymore…

Placing her hands on either side of her stomach as it flattened out under its own weight, a raspy rumble escaping from deep within her thickening form, Raye contemplated the realities of allowing Sophia to live with her in her bigger apartment. She knew that this was something of a precipice for her. That she could still correct her course. She knew that, if Sophia was around her all the time, there would be no turning back from all of this. She would just blow back up into…

Into…

“Mmmm…”

“Raye?” Sophia snapped her fingers in front of Raye’s nose, “You still in there?”

“Y… yeah.”

At some point, her hands had slowly begun to rub and knead along the squishy caramel surface of her stomach. Her chubby fingers gripping at the layers of lard that seemed to hang lower and lower with every passing day. A familiar and welcome warmth had spread between her thighs, radiating from her crotch out as her thoughts grew heavy and hazy.

She *wanted* to get fat again. She wanted to live her life in the way that—if not *meant* to—she had learned to love.

“Sooo… what do you say?”

“I say… when can you move in?” Raye took a heavy breath, reclining ever so slightly into the comfy nook of throw pill and the back of the well-worn couch, “Roomie.”

“You mean it?”

“I mean, I’m really doing you a *favor*. Your apartment is *way* too small to hold…”

She hefted up two handfuls of her stomach, exposing a fuzzy black v, before letting it flop back down again with a tempting smile on her face.

“All of this.”