

Big Mama's was an establishment to be reckoned with.

The dive bar of dive bars, it wore its cliched appearance on its sleeve, with billiards soaked with booze and an old jukebox that hasn't been updated in decades.

Behind the chipped and peeling wood of the Bar, illuminated by the harsh bulb was Big Mama herself.

Cressidia Free didn't always warrant the nickname "Big Mama."

Those who could remember far back enough in their substance-addled brains might recall a bony woman with mocha skin and a shock of white hair who inherited the bar from the previous "Big Mama."

Said memories would also reveal that over time, that bony woman became less and less bony over time.

Today, two punks came down into Big Mama's, and sought to do what all punks are ought to do: cause trouble.

"Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Maddie cheered her friend Ollie on as she chugged from a massive mug of beer.

The pair of punks, Ollie with buzzed hair and the other with messy coal black hair.

Eventually, Big Mama had to come over and intervene.

"Alright, I'm cutting y'all off."

Maddie rolled her eyes.

"Beat it, Lardass, we're just having some fun here."

The bar went silent.

Ollie finished drinking and wondered why the only sound was the crackling speakers of the fading jukebox.

The answer was no one ever brought up Cressidia's weight. Ever.

The 481 pound woman was a force to be reckoned with, and she owned every pound.

Her flab pushed against her ripped denim jackets, little bubbles of flesh poking out of the tank

top she had underneath.

Ratty jeans that were bought ripped and then developed more struggled to contain the mighty ass she wielded.

Maddie and Ollie looked around, and felt the vibes sour.

“Alright, y’all are gonna have to leave. Now.”

The power exuded from Big Mama was intense enough that both punks were immediately on the backfoot.

Maddie looked like she was going to say something, but Ollie put a hand on her shoulder, telling her with a look to let it go.

The two punks walked out of the bar, and Maddie took one last look and tried to do her best evil eye, but was met with an even more intense eye.

Once the dissidents were excised, Cressidia waddled her way back behind the bar, and the other patrons resumed what they were doing.

Cressidia poured herself a stout draft, and downed it.

She hated having to be the authority figure here, but ironically the punk bar needed some structure to survive.

The rest of the night was uneventful, and finally Cressidia locked up and went to her home above the bar.

Instantly she was met with a heavenly scent.

“Oh you’re home! That’s wonderful, I have some treats for you!”

Helen was waiting for her in the kitchen, wearing an apron.

And only an apron.

Cressidia deposited her bulk on the couch of the living room while Helen brought out several platters of pancakes.

Helen was a 5’2 mousy brunette, but with killer curves that only Cressidia got to see.

Helen straddled one of her girlfriends thighs and brought a forkful of pancakes to her mouth.

“How was work, sugarplum?”

“Work. had two new girls who were getting rowdy so i had to kick them out.”

She took a bite of pancake and her mouth was flooded with the taste of butter and almonds.

“One of them called me Lardass.”

Helen laughed at that.

“Oh but if I call you lardass are you going to throw me out?”

Cressidia chuckled.

“You have certain privileges... plus you're the reason I'm a lardass.”

Helen placed both her hands on either side of Cressidia.

“More like I'm the reason you're not just skin and bone.”

“That is true. I was skinny back then.”

“And I saw the fat girl waiting to be let out.”

The two of them kissed, hungrily.

When they broke apart, Helen asked “are you getting to be too big to run the bar? I don't want my kink to interfere with your work, Big Mama.”

Cressidia placed two hands on either side of her tremendous gut.

“Babe, I feel like I can get a lot bigger than this. And at this point, I think it's safe to assume it's our kink now.”

Both of them laughed, and set about making Big Mama even bigger.