IX

Sometimes, the frustration that comes with getting what we want can lead us to make decisions that we would otherwise not have made. Conversations that would have otherwise gone avoided. And conflict that could have remained unkindled.

The scooter might have been a humiliating compromise, but it was one that actually did go a long way towards making Raye’s day to day life much easier. Given her proportions and downright circular physique, it was far easier for her to putter alongside her feeder whenever they went out together than it was for her to toddle along, burning precious calories.

If she hadn’t been so headstrong about it, so stuck in her ways, she might have adopted this thing a lot earlier in her weight gain. It was the easiest way to get around without burning calories. It didn’t stop her from breaking out in a sweat, but it was certainly far less exhausting than trying to toddle after Sophia despite weighing twice as much as her.

“Just making sure you have a nice biiiiig booty to follow, Raushan.”

“You’re just getting fat.”

“Are you implying that you *don’t* like to stare at my butt?”

“Only if you’ll admit that none of that is on purpose.”

“Why don’t you give it a squeeze and tell me if you can feel one way or the other?”

The two of them were like this going absolutely anywhere. Openly flirtatious commentary over almost everything. Sophia found it so hot to see someone like Raye, who was like TLC channel big, out and about with people who were just normally sized. Watching her struggle to do everyday things… it resonated with her. The fact that she had become so dependent on her was something that Sophia took no small amount of enjoyment in. Their whole dynamic had come to revolve around Raye being too fat to do much of anything by herself and while that might have been stressful and taxing sometimes, getting to live out that fantasy was just so, so worth it.

Most of the time.

“God can you not turn everything into some sex joke? We’re just fucking buying groceries.”

“Uh, yeah. Groceries that are gonna go in that tank belly of yours. What’s the issue?”

“I don’t have an issue.”

“You *clearly* have an issue.”

But with the frustration that had stemmed from Raye’s size on either end of this transaction had blossomed into more frequent fights, jabs, and bars at either of their expense. Raye was constantly frustrated by the fact that she could hardly move under her own power any more, despite how much she had looked forward to such a thing back when she had weighed in at a “meager” three hundred pounds or so, and Sophia was beginning to feel the wear and tear that came with doing literally everything for her partner. It certainly helped that Raye had grown to be incredibly spoiled and expectant after years of being waited on hand and foot.

Getting her up in the morning, helping her to the bathroom, bathing her—it was all very erotic in the beginning, but doing it every day had sort of begun to erode away at the “specialness” of it all.

“Raye, what is your problem today?”

“I don’t *have* a problem, Sophia—I’m just fucking stressed!”

“Stressed from *what*? I do all the work around the apartment!”

Raye might have been living her biggest, fattest, most fabulous life, but the realities of living at her weight and height were becoming impossible to ignore. And the bigger that she got, the more difficult life became not just for her, but also for her partner. The partner for whom she relied on almost everything these days. The partner that had been a big part of making this dream come true for her.

And the partner to whom she was still referring to as her “not girlfriend” after three years of living together.

The issue of stagnancy in her life had compounded with the frustration that she was already feeling—and it was coming out in ways that weren’t exactly helpful to their already very lopsided give/take relationship. The more that Raye lashed out, the more frustrated Sophia got, and the more frustrated Sophia got, the less effort she was putting into making sure that Raye was taken care of, which in turn just made Sophia more frustrated.

It was a vicious cycle that, finally, one day, culminated in a very embarrassing fight right there in the supermarket.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“It means that you just boss me around all the time while doing absolutely nothing, and then lord the fact that I’m attracted to you over me like I’m a fucking concubine.”

“Hey, I bring money into the apartment too, okay?”

For the first time in what felt like her whole life, people were staring at Raye for the wrong reasons. Rather than gawking and staring at her for being such an enormous blob, they were judging her. Taking in the sight of this giant, fat piece of shit on her scooter while her roommate yelled at her for being lazy and eating all of the food. It was overwhelming, and it just sort of exacerbated the issues that she was already feeling.

And it sort of put some pressure on the problems that were already building up in the first place.

“If you have such a fucking problem with me, then get out of *my* apartment!”

“If I didn’t *live* in your apartment, then you wouldn’t be able to get *out* of *your* apartment!”

“You’re half the reason I’m this big, Sophia!”

“But I’m not *any* reason why you’re such a bitch!”

As the conversation grew more heated, people began to pretend like they didn’t see what was happening. This was clearly a personal matter between two women. But Raye could still feel the stares. She could still feel them judging her. She could still feel the pressure to sort of make a stand and “prove” that she was right.

That she was still in control of the situation, their relationship, and herself.

“Well, it’s *my* apartment, and if you don’t like it, then you can just leave.”

“You think I won’t? Are you seriously challenging me on this right now?”

“You can go back to that little shithole apartment any time you want!”

And at the end of the day, at the end of the fight and the long car ride home, Raye would immensely regret giving Sophia this option.

Because she had taken it—they left the store, hauled Raye back into the van, and they screamed at each other while Sophia packed an overnight bag.

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Raye’s apartment, even before Sophia had moved in, had always been a lot bigger than she really needed it to be. But after her roommate of three years had moved out, it had never felt emptier.

Moving around the night before without Sophia’s help had been just awful.

There was hardly any food left because they had gotten into their big fight before they’d actually bought any.

And even if there *was* food, that meant Raye would have had to be able to stand and waddle around her apartment, and have been able to squeeze between the counters.

It hadn’t really dawned on her the implications of Sophia leaving her like this. That she was, once again, all on her own and in an even worse position than she had been when her boyfriend had left her. Now she was too fat to go to the gym. She was too fat to *get up* without exhausting herself. Raye was officially at the behest of her own appetite and the little world that she had made for herself.

So it seemed only natural that she turn to a friend for comfort.

“Trouble in paradise, huh?”

“Yeah… I think Sophia’s moving out…”

The hugeness that was Raye would have dwarfed anyone sitting across from her. Despite Monique’s recent struggles with her weight, there was no way that her hefty hooters or thick tummy held a candle to the slabs of jiggly brown fat that made up Raye’s circular physique. Even just laying out on the couch, she took up a surprisingly large majority of it. There was still plenty of room for Monique to sit and offer her condolences, though…

But Raye had been keeping her busy enough while she was there.

“Are you… gonna be okay, Raye?” Monique asked with genuine concern in her voice as she tidied up the remains of what looked to be just the beginning of an impressive DoorDash dietary demolition, “I mean, with how big you are…”

Raye let out a low, slow puff of air. Clearly weighing in on the realities that she was being forced to deal with now that she was on her own.

“I’m not sure, Mo.” She frowned, “It’s… gonna be kind of hard…”

There was an awkward, heavy pause between the two women as the words sort of lingered above them. Raye knew what she was putting out, and she was just sort of waiting for Monique to put two and two together.

“I could… really use a hand around here.”

“Obviously—Sophia’s been gone like a day and this place is a wreck…”

“I, um… I know that this might seem kind of weird, but… I kind of don’t want to be alone right now.”

“Of course, honey.” Monique leaned over to pet Raye’s enormous fleshy shoulder, “I tell you what—we can pop on a bad movie, maybe have a few drinks, and talk about it okay? Breakups are never easy.”

“We weren’t really ever dating…”

“See, you keep saying that, but this is not how people who were never really dating handle the other moving out.”

“Okay, sure. Pass me the Chinese food?”

“Absolutely—you just sit down and we can have a good old-fashioned girls’ night.”

“You’re the *best*, Mo.”

Surprising nobody, Raye spent most of the day pigging out. With Monique happy to support one of her only close friends, Raye was more than happy to let her recent troubles overtake any sense of shame in having her friend basically wait on her hand and foot. In the name of friendship and trying to help out a devastated Raye, it was the least that she could do—especially after all the dinners that she’d paid for over the years…

And when the sun crossed over the horizon and the new day begun, Raye was all too happy to convince Monique to stay over again. She needed help, after all. And while the day before had been fun, there was still a lot that needed doing around the apartment.

And Monique, with nowhere else to really *need* to be for the weekend, couldn’t think of any good reasons to not stick around and help out.

The days turned into weeks, and the weeks edged into just a little over a month. The number of nights that Monique wasn’t at least coming over to help Raye do things throughout the day began to outweigh the nights where she went out or stayed in at her apartment. It wasn’t that far of a stretch to say that Monique had begun spending more time with Raye in the past few months than she had in their entire friendship—and that’s counting after they both hit their thirties and started to fill out.

Raye had been enjoying the company. She had been enjoying the help. But she knew that her life as-is wasn’t maintainable without a roommate. Sure Monique was coming over and helping out now, but it wouldn’t take long for her to find something else to steal her away. And with no one to do things for her, that meant that Raye would eventually have to make some tough decisions.

“You know, Mo… I could really use someone to help out with the rent?”

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It would be some time before Raye and Sophia would meet up with one another again.

Not quite as long as it was before Raye’s last post-breakup encounter with her significant other, but still a considerable amount of time. After the two of them had just stopped talking to each other for an extended period of time, completely dropping out of the other’s life, Raye and Sophia did their best to sort of pretend like nothing ever happened. Like the past few years of their lives were just a non-issue.

Of course, there were varying degrees of success to this. But at the end of the day, neither of them were particularly good about letting old habits lie.

“Ugh, it’s always dinner with you.”

“What, you don’t like dinner?”

“Of course I do, but whenever I suggest that we go out for a walk or something after you’re always too tired or whatever.”

“We go out really late, Riley, I have to go to work the next morning.”

“That has literally never stopped you from inviting me back to your apartment to Netflix & Chill.”

“Look, I’m sorry, can we please just not let it spoil our lunch date?”

Sophia and Riley had been seeing one another for just a few weeks—both of them were open about being “on the rebound” as it were. Sophia had gotten off easy with a simple “it’s complicated” whenever her relationship with her old roommate had come up, but she had carefully gone out of her way to refrain from mentioning that she’d been involved with one of Riley’s former clients who had fallen off the wagon.

All while trying to nudge the gym bunny into indulging her way into a couple of comfort pounds.

It hadn’t been successful, of course. Riley’s whole work was fitness and exercise—two things that a thickset redhead like Sophia was ill-equipped to understand. But still, she had found herself aroused at just how much food Riley could put away, and her leggings were looking tighter after a few weeks of dinner every other night or so.

“It’s just… can we do something *different* for once? All of these dinners are adding up, you know?”

“I-I don’t care what you *look like* Riley! I’m attracted to *you* and—”

“I meant on my *wallet* you bitch.”

“O…Oh…”

“You think I’m fat?”

“No, I just thou—”

“You just called me fucking fat!”

“Riley, I didn’t mean—”

But it was, unfortunately, too late. The gym bunny had hopped out from behind the booth, grabbed her purse, and stormed out of the sushi restaurant. Her nice pert buns had been the only thing that Sophia had really found herself staring at. The thought of losing another romantic prospect was much less devastating than knowing that fattening her up was out of the question.

“It’s whatever.” She sighed aloud and to herself, head in her hands as she tried and failed to play it cool, “I don’t even like girls, remember?”

Ugh. Life after Raye had been so complicated. Living for fattening someone up for three whole years had really screwed with her ability to connect with people in a way that didn’t leave her trying to force-feed them between conversations. She hadn’t even really wanted to start dating, but Riley had mentioned cheat days when they ran into one another at the Starbucks line, and it made Sophia all hot and bothered thinking about what she might have looked like after a few too many of those high-calorie Frappuccinos and…

Sophia sighed again, leaning back into the booth as the waiter handed her a pretty sizeable bill. For all of her talk about putting on weight and being self-conscious when she thought Sophia had called her fat, Riley had sure racked up a hefty half before she had dined and dashed…

“I should call Raye.” Sophia finally said, “Just to clear the air. Then maybe I’ll get some closure at least…”

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It was another week before Sophia returned to what had been her and Raye’s apartment for just over three years.

Clearly, Raye had been able to make her camgirl career work for her. Being so large because of her weight and size had certainly helped put her in a market of her own. Either that or she had started to go back to work, but Sophia somehow doubted that. Not nearly enough time had passed for her to lose enough weight to get some of the mobility that she’d lost back.

After her little knock on the door and the sound of the handle jiggling, Raye’s roommate and a familiar face greeted her—explaining a little bit more than it probably would have to anyone else.

“Hey, it’s Sophia!” Monique’s chubby brown face creased into a polite double chin as the door swung wide open, “You’re early!”

“Yeah, well…” Sophia literally had to force herself not to look down at the changes that had occurred since the last time she had seen Monique face to face, “J-Just uh… got my errands done early, you know!”

Monique had been steadily thickening since her social circle began to shrink and her dating prospects began to dry up. With Raye as her most frequent friend, enabling her bad habits (much like she’d done with Sophia) it was no surprise that she’d begun getting seriously chunky. But the woman answering the door had to be more than two hundred and fifty pounds of cocoa-brown blubber!

“Is, uh… is Raye—”

“Yeah, she’s in her room.” Monique took a big girl step backwards so as to allow the equally plump redhead enough room to squeeze by, “I was just about to order lunch. Are you gonna stick around?”

“I guess that depends on how it goes with Raye…”

“I mean, fair.” Monique raised her eyebrows, “Just between you and me, I don’t think you’ll have to try to hard at getting back together.”

“We were never, uh—”

“I know, I know, what*ever*.” Monique threw her hands up, “Just go talk to her already. I’ve gotta know how much to order.”

Sophia didn’t think that it was particularly surprising that Raye had convinced Monique to move in with her. She was always good at getting what she wanted—it wasn’t that far off from how she’d convinced her to move in with her either…

Judging by how supportive Monique seemed to be over Sophia coming back and making nice with Raye, they probably hadn’t had the *exact* same relationship as the two of *them* had enjoyed, but it was clear that Raye was leaving her mark on Monique in other ways. Ways that both of them could appreciate…

Raye’s bedroom used to be the one that they shared together—her studio had no doubt been transformed back into a bedroom for Monique to sleep in. Not much had changed visibly from the outside, but on the inside…

Well, the changes that Raye had undergone were far more drastic, and enjoyable, than the ones that had occurred in Monique.

“Hi.”

“…hi.”

Raye had put on even more weight—toppling six hundred pounds, easily. Just eyeballing her, Sophia could tell that she was still functionally immobile. She had probably put on twenty pounds in the scant few months that it had been since they’d spoken to one another; with all of it thickening her figure to further the image that she had been cultivating for a while now.

Raye was absolutely, inch for inch, one of the fattest women that Sophia had ever seen.

“You’ve been taking the breakup well.” Sophia put a hand on her wide hip, “You, uh… you look…”

“Fat. I know…” Raye puffed out, hands on her exposed boulder of a stomach, “Monique’s been, like… really receptive to the whole ‘my roommate is a colossal fatass’ thing.”

“I can tell—she’s making you good and chunky.”

Without thinking about it, Sophia instinctively reached over to slosh Raye’s stomach from side to side as it spread out over the comforter. It wobbled and yielded to her touch, pouring viscously on top of the blanket and helping to pin her down. Raye let out a soft noise somewhere between amusement and annoyance at the intrusion of her personal space—it had clearly been some time since anyone had touched her like that.

Flirtatiously, and not repulsed by her size.

“Yeah, well, I give as good as I get.” Raye bit her bottom lip excitedly, “She’s gettin’ pretty big these days.”

“Are you two, uh…” Sophia cleared her throat, “You know…?”

“Gawd no.” Raye chuckled, her insular apron of double chin creasing quickly with her little derisive laugh, “She’s just my roommate. And maybe my special project. But not, like… she’s not like… whatever *we*—”

“I think I get what you’re saying.”

“Good, because I don’t want you to think that—”

“No, I… I understand.”

“So… have you—”

“No, of course not.” Sophia wisely decided to leave out the part about trying to fatten up Raye’s former personal trainer, in hopes of not spoiling the mood, “I just, uh… you know, there’s not a lot of people out there… like us.”

“There’s really not…”

There was a long pause between the two women as they shifted awkwardly in their respective positions. Sophia, heavy-hipped in the doorway, Raye pinned by all six hundred pounds of her on the bed. They avoided eye contact after a prolonged period of nothing *but* eye contact, sweat forming on their respective brows before finally blurting out a simultaneous;

“I’m sorry—"

“I really shouldn’t have freaked out the way I did and—”

“No you worked so hard when you lived here and I didn’t appreciate—”

The two of them just sort of babbled at one another, firing out their respective apologies as fast and as clearly as they could. After finishing at some semblance of the same time, Raye and Sophia paused one final time—a smile forming on Raye’s lips while Sophia’s freckled cheeks began to redden in embarrassment and mixed feelings.

“I really, really miss you Soph.” Raye said in a quiet voice, “I’d really like it if… you know… we could still be…”

“Don’t say still be friends.” Sophia chuckled as she lowered her thunder buns onto the bed, “I… kinda don’t want to just be friends.”

Leaning in, Sophia planted a big kiss on Raye’s lips, caressing her stomach like old times with one free hand as the other reached behind her feedee and supported their weight. Raye closed her eyes and held Sophia close, snaking a thigh-thick arm behind her and pulling her into her belly.

And that was that—the saga of Raye and Sophia had concluded just as strangely as it had begun. New arrangements were made, boundaries were set, and Raye agreed to trying to take on some of those lighter exercises that Riley had suggested for realistic reasons. Nothing was ever going to make her truly mobile, not if she wanted to stay at her high weight, but Sophia would be there for her every step of the way to try and keep them both happy with the arrangement.

By the end of the month, Sophia had moved back in with Raye and their relationship picked back up without skipping a beat—they were better than ever, now that responsibilities could be divided between an extra set of hands.

They had even gained a new “special project” out of the ordeal—something that they could share.

A mutual appreciation of what it might look like if they continued to fatten up Monique.