[Not the Consequences of my own Actions!]

Mackenzie wasn’t quite sure how long she had been wedged in that doorway.

It hadn’t been *too* terribly long. Her legs would have given out long before anything else horrible would have happened to her. The engorged waitress was simply too overfed to stand for that long. But for at least a solid twenty minutes, Mackenzie Fogle was freaking the fuck out.

At least, until she saw the door handle on the front door begin to jiggle.

The big blonde was blubbering fiercely by the time it finally opened—her big-bootied roommate entering the living room through the front door with a big brown paper bag nestled tight against her buddha belly. She nearly dropped the damn thing once she saw the kind of trouble that Mackenzie had gotten herself into while she was away—her jaw hitting the floor and her eyes wide as could be when she saw all of Mackenzie squished into that tiny doorframe.

“Taraaaaaaaa!!” Mackenzie whined just like her daughter did, “I… I *need* you!”

“Jesus fuckin’ Christ, Mack—” Tara instinctively launched into action, placing the brown paper bag on the couch as she rushed over to the rubbed-raw red of her roommate’s massive stomach, “I was gone for like *an hour*!”

“I was looking for my good shirt.” Mackenzie hyperventilated between each word dramatically, her big face blotchy with emotion as she bawled uncontrollably, “If you help me get out of here I swear I won’t bug you anymore, I’m so sorry Tara…”

“You’re not—christ you’re *in* here—you’re not bugging me, honey.” Tara put on her most sympathetic voice, “Let’s… jesus, let’s get you out of here, okay?”

“O—sniff—kay…”

Tara hadn’t seen her best friend this upset in quite a while—since after she and Ryan split up way back when, at least. And even then, she hadn’t been stuck in a doorway. Granted, she’d eaten enough to get herself wedged into one of the booths at the Fish Camp, but that was another story entirely. The living room threshold wasn’t nearly as removable as the table had been. And pulling her was only going to hurt her.

“Owowowowowwwwww!”

Like, a lot.

“I know Mack, but you gotta tough it out, okay?”

“okayyyyyyyy…” she blubbered, “It just really hurrrrrts!”

It was the little things like this that reminded Tara just how important she was to Mackenzie. God knows that her ex-husband would have never helped her out like this, and her parents weren’t too far off from getting caught in doorways themselves. She was getting to be so helpless as she got bigger and Tara…

Well, Tara was just glad that she was here now, when her friend needed her. This could have gotten a lot uglier if she hadn’t just been out at the grocery store.

“Okay, I’m gonna push okay?”

“—sniff—okay…”

Tara braced herself against the doorframe, ready to give Mackenzie one big heave-ho out of her predicament. Her friend was already so swollen and red that Tara wasn't sure if she'd be able to get her out without causing any extra damage. But there was no other way—Mackenzie wasn't budging on her own, and it would only get worse from here unless they managed to do something about it soon.

She pushed slowly at first, using as much strength as she could muster without hurting Mackenzie further. The skin around the doorway creaked and groaned in protest with every tiny movement, stretching ever-so-slightly until eventually Mackenzie shifted just enough for them both to let out a sigh of relief. There was still work left to do though—they had barely made a dent in getting Mackenzie free from the confines of the frame.

The rest came easier; Tara grabbed under Mackenzie's arms and tugged gently while pushing up with her feet against the doorframe itself, making small but steady progress until finally there was enough room for them both to squeeze through into safety beyond the threshold before collapsing onto the floor together in exhaustion.

Tara lay atop Mackenzie's chest like an exhausted child awaiting rescue once more; her blubbering now stopped by sheer force of will alone - or perhaps because tears wouldn't flow freely when your face is pressed deep into someone else's neck fat like hers currently was - either way it didn't matter anymore as both women were too tired (and relieved) for words anyway.

After what felt like an eternity they finally got themselves situated back into a seated position – chunky legs sprawled out, but both of them so vast that their bulges could overlap one another yet again – content simply being close after such a harrowing ordeal these past few minutes had been like…

"Thuh... thank you so much, Tare..." Mackenzie wheezed, "I... I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Yeah, I..." Tara gasped, "S... Same..."

The silence that lingered between them was not uncomfortable, but full of unspoken gratitude and appreciation. Mackenzie looked up into Tara's eyes with a sense of awe; she had always admired her friend from afar and now here they were, in each other’s arms after such an eventful day.

Before either could say anything else, Tara leaned forward and planted a big, passionate kiss on Mackenzie's lips. At first the blubbery blonde was taken aback by this sudden display of affection—she hadn't expected it at all—but soon enough she relaxed into the embrace as their two ample bodies fit together like two puzzle pieces.

Mackenzie felt tears pricking her eyes once more; not ones born out of fear or sadness but rather those brought on by warmth and love — it had been so long since anyone showed her any kind of genuine affection that didn't involve belittling remarks about her weight gain or teasing jokes about how large she'd gotten over the years; it almost felt too good to be true!

Eventually though even these moments must come to an end. With one last lingering kiss between them both Tara pulled away again, giggling softly as a faint blush painted itself across Mackenzie's round cheeks…

[Power Couple.]

“I fucking knew it.” Tara’s younger sister shrugged, settling into the loveseat that ran at a corner to the happy couple’s couch, “I’ve been saying this for *how* long now?”

“I told you that we shouldn’t have said anything.” Tara rolled her eyes, “Now she’s gonna be like this all night.”

“Oh come on, she’s just happy for us.”

What was most telling about their relationship upgrade was that very little of the way that Tara and Mackenzie carried themselves around one another had changed. Nestled closely onto the couch, with Tara happily leaning into Mackenzie’s bigness with one arm wrapped protectively around the big blonde’s fleshy shoulders—a palm placed comfortably along the outermost swell of Mackenzie’s spare tire. In the weeks since that fateful encounter, that miserable slog through the door, Mackenzie and Tara had become so much more comfortable around one another that they might as well have been in a relationship this whole time.

“So what were you doing fucking around with that Daisy chick?”

“I wasn’t—“ Tara scoffed at the insinuation, “—I wasn’t *fucking around* with Daisy, okay? We’re literally just friends.”

“Yeah, that was… kinda all me.” Mackenzie’s swaddling chins dimpled into apologetic jowls as she shrunk ever so slightly into the meatiness of her top half, “I mean, I thought that she was gonna steal my Tare Bear away from me, but—”

“Oh gross, don’t call me that in front of her.” Tara whined, “She’s gonna—”

“***HA!*** Tare Bear, Tare Bear~!!”

“—be all Haley about it.”

Despite the fact that Mackenzie found it almost as amusing as Haley had, Tara would hardly object to being Mackenzie Fogle’s Tare Bear. The two of them had spent hours, perhaps cumulative days ever since trying to make room for one another on the couch, in the bed that they now shared, or even just on the floor. Certainly in the hallway, which Mackenzie was seemingly only going to continue to outgrow. The more comfortable that the two of them became in their relationship, the more unabashed Tara had become about showing her family just how much she cared for the big blonde beluga that she had moved in with.

“So like… how long did you know?” Haley asked after things (finally) calmed down, “Y’know, like, were you just in denial the whole time? Because me and mom were pretty certain about this from the start.”

“That I liked Mackenzie?” Tara made a face, “I mean… I don’t really *know* honestly. But I think when she told Ryan that we were dating it made me… like… actually *consider* it? If that makes sense?”

“Ohhhh, but when *I* call you guys an old married couple—”

“Shut the fuck *up* Haley, gawd!”

Another tittering between the half-tonnage of chubby trio that had gathered in Tara and Mackenzie’s apartment. As adversarial as Tara could be about the whole thing, she really didn’t mind it when people pointed out how cutesy she and her roommate—well, *girlfriend* now—could get when they really fell into it. Even back before they had started dating, Tara figured, the signs had definitely already been there. There was no use trying to deny that she and Mackenzie were… well…

“Hey Tare, I’m starting to get hungry.” Mackenzie interjected, turning her fat little face towards her girlfriend, “You wanna grab us something to eat before we go get Tiffy?”

“You mean grab *you* something to eat, right?” Tara chuckled, “Because *I’m* still full from lunch.”

“That was like two hours ago!” Mackenzie whined, “Taraaaaa I don’t wanna be the only one eating!”

“I mean, you could always scoop me up something.” Haley shrugged, “I’m not supposed to be out with Courtney until later, so I’ve got time to kill.”

“And a couple new chins to put on, right?”

“Okay, fine, gawd, I won’t make fun of you and your girlfriend anymore Tara.” Haley stuck out her tongue, crossing her arms over her chest and harrumphing playfully, “Just get me a fucking cheeseburger, why don’t you?”

Tara responded with her tongue out in kind, to which Mackenzie lovingly shoved her with one arm. Hoisting her big butt off of the couch, Mack was free to spread like the pad of butter she was growing to resemble more and more by the day. Those extra inches provided by Tara’s bottomheavy physique removing themselves from Mackenzie’s side for the first time since she sat down just *looked* comfortable for the poor thing…

“Tara?” Mackenzie blinked, “You gonna order or what?”

“Right, uh…” Tara blinked back to reality, opening up the DoorDash app with some fluster to her voice, “Gimme a sec…”

Tara hadn’t lied when she said that she wasn’t quite sure when all of this *clicked* for her. Being attracted to Mackenzie wasn’t something that she ever would have realized without Daisy’s help—coming to terms with the fact that she was bisexual had been hard enough, but that she was a chubby chaser on top of that? It had been a lot to handle…

But even with Daisy helping her to find out just where she fell as far as preferences went, Tara was quickly learning that she didn’t exactly have an upward limit as far as size went. Mackenzie was getting bigger and bigger by the day, and that had undoubtedly been at least *part* of why Tara hadn’t been able to deny her feelings for her roommate any longer, but…

“Ooh do you think you could order some milkshakes too?” Mack licked her lips, caressing her bloated gut as it distended out far in front of her, “I’m *starving*, baby…”

How big was she gonna let Mack get before she put a stop to it?