IX

To contrast her boyfriend’s issues with his rising weight, Raye had never felt more satisfied with every turned head, dropped jaw, or even the occasional gagging expression.

As her weight continued to rise, becoming more and more rotund with every added pound, Raye had found herself settled nicely into the niche of the “Fat Girl” among her friends. Though she had never exactly fit in with them beforehand, now she stuck out like a sore thumb and she absolutely loved it.

“God, I wish that I wasn’t afraid to eat anything.” Monique was aghast at the sheer *amount* that her friend could put away, “Scratch that, I wish that I wasn’t afraid to eat *everything*.”

In another time of her life, Raye would have most assuredly have taken that as a dig at her size, even regarding that it was just how Monique was in most social situations. And while she was almost absolutely positive that it *was* a shallow knock on her supreme girth, Raye couldn’t bring herself to feel anything other than a strange lip-biting bliss when faced with opposing viewpoints on her stupendous weight gain.

Standing shorter than pretty much all of her friends, colleagues, and relatives meant that Raye was even more roly-poly than someone at her weight would be at a taller height. She was slowly becoming this little brown snowball of stomach-heavy chub, with wide hips and a heavy ass to weigh her down. Her fat little face swaddled by shoulder and neck meat, her double chins had slowly crept over her neck like kudzu until she had a singular roll of face fat.

“Well, I was thinking about getting up for another plate, if you wanted to join me?”

Raye had asked her question with a curious little pique of her prominent black eyebrows, feeling more than a little pride in her newfound ability to make her proud and secure friend squirm in her seat. She had known that Monique would never have gone for it (for plenty of reasons—the foremost of which was the preservation of her perfect physique) but getting her back after so many years of Monique getting under her skin was simply too much fun to pass up.

“I think I’m good, Raye.” Monique smiled awkwardly as she sipped on her coffee, “Watching you in action is enough to make me feel like I’m getting *my* money’s worth too.”

“Suit yourself.” Raye smiled greedily at the make-your-own breakfast bar, “I’m gonna head back in—you mind watching my purse?”

“…*how* do you still have room in there?” Monique laughed brusquely, “I mean, I *get* body positivity or whatever, but—”

“Watch my purse, Mo.”

Pushing off from the surface of the table with her pathetic little arms was getting harder and harder; seemingly with every passing meal. As she grew heavier and more dominated by her appetites, it had seemed so much easier to just ensure that everything was placed within her wingspan. But out and about with Monique (and other friends—including Fayzan) meant that sacrifices had to be made in the name of keeping up her girlish figure…

Pulling the inches of shirt back down over her saggy brown stomach as she wiggle-waddled towards the service line, it was all that Raye could do but to keep herself from drooling…

\*\*\*

Any and all relationships, when they lasted after a certain period of time, experienced a sort of distancing period emotionally. No matter how much two people might (or rather, might *have*) cared for one another, this is an unfortunate part of any relationship. The desire for independence after so long as a singular unit composed of two people.

And unfortunately, all too often this trial can become a breaking point. A test as to whether or not two people want to remain together.

And, perhaps more physically than metaphorically, Fayzan could barely keep himself *inside* of Raye.

The combined space that their bellies required meant that they were both just too fucking fat for the two of them to continue sexual intercourse in the way that they had become accustomed—even for short bursts of activity.

Regardless of whether or not either of them had the *stamina* for such a thing, Fayzan was just as big in the belly as his father had been—Raye had to hoist his stomach up with both hands while he laid down so as to be able to wrap her lips around his buried pecker. Spreading his thighs apart was an almost impossible task as they grew increasingly round and unwieldy—chafed and sometimes raw in the places where they overlapped and rubbed against one another—had become almost impossible as well.

But as Fayzan’s self-esteem continued to find new lows to sink to in regards to his weight, there wasn’t much that Raye could offer him anyway. It took serious stimulation for his member to twitch long enough to grow erect by this point.

He was happy to pleasure his girlfriend, though. Going down on her had become more and more difficult as his wind depleted and his confidence lacking, but in the face of traditional intercourse it had become a welcome tradition to add to the end of their indulgent dates.

Although, Raye’s pussy was in quite the similar predicament.

As she had grown fatter and fatter, her stomach and fupa had only continued to grow more cumbersome. He had often had to hold up her lower roll with one hand and push in with the other so that he didn’t smother himself nose-first on the bristly sex of his overindulgent girlfriend as she squealed and cried out in ecstasy.

“Oh God, I’m too fat… too fat for you to eat me out…”

Raye squished her thighs together tight with Fayzan’s head between them, feeling the pressure of his facial features as they were forced into her tender areas. Panting and squealing and rolling around like a pig in slop, Raye’s overstimulated appetites often made her passionate when it came to love making and stuffing herself with whatever she could get her hands on.

But unfortunately, it had become all too clear to everyone else that Fayzan was the one having second thoughts.

“You… you fucking eat me… Big Boy.” She panted, sweaty and slick, “Fuck me *up*.”

He had hated that name—Big Boy.

It had somehow capitalized on everything that he didn’t like about himself. She had known that he was sensitive about his weight, but every time they got together, all she did was encourage him to eat. Tell him that he looked fine while she passed him the queso. Encourage him to eat more, or make sure that he got to eat all of his favorite snacks while they laid around and got fatter. Both of them. And what had he gotten from all of this?

“Don’t… don’t slow down…” Raye whined, “I’m… almost…”

Fayzan weighed more than four hundred pounds now. Raye couldn’t have been far behind. He felt like crap about himself, and about his body—and aside from good food and more than a few orgasms, all he had to show for it was the fact that he was outgrowing *furniture* now as well as clothes.

“B-Baby… keep going…”

The floorboards creaked beneath him everywhere he went. He had to turn sideways to enter some of the more narrow doorways in his life. His parents were worried about him. His coworkers made jokes about him behind his back. He knew that he had to put a stop to all of this, but…

“Fayzan?”

Pushing against Raye’s heavy thighs, palming handfuls of chunky brown flesh as he struggled to remove himself from out from underneath his girlfriend’s gut, Fayzan wiped his mouth off and started the uncomfortable process of removing himself from the bed. Their combined heft made the frame bow in the middle, making a semi-insurmountable incline that often provided reason enough for the two of them to stay in bed. Today, however, was different.

“I-I can’t do this.” Fayzan sighed as he threw his pudgy pillars of leg over the sides of the bed, “This is… it’s just too much, okay?”

“Baby—”

Raye rocked back and forth, trying to roll her rotund shape towards her boyfriend with as little trouble as possible. She was far too fat to do it easily—let alone without tiring herself out. Her entire body was an ocean of jiggly honey-colored hugeness as it wobbled and swayed with her increasingly drastic rocking motions. Fayzan had had the advantage by starting on his elbows and (generally) being stronger than her. With Raye being so helpless and huge… it really helped paint all of this in a different light.

“What’s… what’s going on?”

“I can’t do it, okay?” Fayzan struggled to push himself to a standing position, having to rock backwards on his bolder-sized ass cheeks, “It’s all gone on way too far, Raye.”

“What… what are you talking about?”

“All of this—*look* at us!”

Gesturing vaguely around him was enough to prove his point. Raye’s apartment was full of debris caused by living at such an incredibly high weight. Wrappers, crumbs, and dishes piled high were enough for Raye to understand just what exactly her boyfriend was talking about. The uglier side of being such a high weight for sure, but things that she was willing to live with in the name of exploring her fetish for getting fatter.

Things that Fayzan, apparently, was not able to deal with for a moment longer.

“I know that we’re both fat, but we don’t have to be *enormous,* Raye!” Fayzan’s stomach brushed against the wall as he turned on his heels to face his girlfriend, “For God’s sake, I weigh over four hundred pounds!”

“And I think you’re *beautiful,* baby—if this is about your body issues again—”

“My body issues.” He rolled his eyes, “Who *wouldn’t* have body issues weighing as much as two grown fucking people put together?”

Waddling towards the pile (rather, given their general size the puddle) of his clothes that he had left on the chest of drawers near the bed, Fayzan struggled to so much as dress himself nowadays. Everything being elastic was a non-issue—*he had gotten so fat that he could barely bend over and pick up his shorts from the ground once he worked his fat legs into the hole.*

This had been building for so long; no matter how happy he thought that he was with Raye, it was becoming more and more clear that the two of them were just going to get fatter and fatter. Continuing this vicious cycle until one or both of them got so big that they could barely move…

And he had finally decided that he didn’t want to be a part of that.

The fight was *ugly*. Raye’s headstrong personality clashing against Fayzan’s sheer emotional eruption meant that the neighbors could hear the fat couple arguing from all the way down the hall. There was stomping of feet, shaking the whole apartment, there was yelling, there was even a dish thrown.

But by the end of it all, Raye & Fayzan decided that this wasn’t sustainable.

That no matter how much they enjoyed being around one another, this kind of thing just wasn’t going to work if they had conflicting ideas about weight and body image.

It wasn’t the most *fun* realization, but it was the mature one. And it was high time that the two of them started realizing that they were bad for one another. At the very least, that Raye was bad for Fayzan—her being there helped to enable him into his worst, laziest, and most food-obsessed tendencies in an eerily similar manner that his presence enabled Raye to become so id-driven and greedy.

At the end of the fight, some hours into the early morning, Fayzan collected his things and waddled sideways out through the door to his ex-girlfriend’s apartment.

He managed to avoid the deep-rooted need for comfort food on the drive home, and collapsed onto the bed—where he remained for several many days as he recovered from such an emotional affair…

X

Fayzan had never been particularly good at going to the gym.

Even back when he was an athlete in high school, he had relied much more on natural athleticism and the harshness of his coach than he had on any inherent desire to remain physically fit. People would scream at him, and he would do it—come to think of it, that was sort of how things worked now that he had started exercising again.

“Come on Fayzan, you can do it!”

Thirty pounds down in four months wasn’t a lot. But, as his trainer Riley had told him more than a few times, he wasn’t just trimming fat. He was building back some of the muscle that he had lost when he went really sedentary. And he had realized that as he’d walked around on his own two feet—moving at *just under* four hundred pounds was a lot easier than it had been at *over* four hundred pounds; and it was primarily because of the exercises that he had been putting in at the gym.

He hadn’t been able to manage much—mostly just running on the treadmill and using the elliptical. But Riley and his good buddy Brennan were there to help him through every step of the way. And that was really what mattered.

“Just a couple more seconds buddy, come on!”

The treadmill creaked and groaned beneath his weight as he struggled to keep putting one foot in front of the other. His high weight and low stamina meant that every step after about ten minutes in was absolute hell, and keeping himself motivated had been one of the most difficult things that he could have dealt with in his life. The chafing thighs, the getting dressed in the locker room with the other men, the fact that people couldn’t help but stop and stare at the audience of one to two people that gathered every time he so much as got on the stair master…

It was embarrassing, but he was happy to have made progress… whatever small amount that might have been.

As the timer beeped proudly, sounding off that he had completed his minimum amount of cardio exercise for the day, Fayzan almost collapsed onto the ground beneath him, having to step carefully off of the still-moving paddles while navigating his numb and unwieldy legs.

“You did it, I’m so proud of you!”

Ever the affectionate man, Brennan wrapped his arms around Fayzan’s shoulders and held himself close in a tight bro-hug. He’d been there for him through every step of the way, trying to get him back on track to a (moderately) healthy lifestyle. And while it may not have been the least embarrassing thing, having his blonde, fit, Adonis-like buddy there to back him up on rough days had been the thing that had kept him coming back.

“We’re *both* proud of you.”

Riley put her hands on her hips and smiled, placing a firm hand on Fayzan’s shoulder as he struggled to catch his breath.

His trainer had been one of the most understanding people in the world, as far as Fayzan was concerned. Motivating him to keep going at every missed step and heavy breath hadn’t been the easiest job in the world, but he had been happy that he had finally taken up Brennan on his offer to “share” his physical trainer.

“Thanks guys…” he gasped and wheezed his way feebly through them, “I need to wipe… wipe down my machine…”

“No sweat, I’ve got it for you bro.”

Brennan rushed into action and saved his buddy the small amount of extra exertion that he knew would weigh heavily on his joints. Meanwhile Fayzan and Riley stood behind while her collosal client struggled to catch his breath after so many minutes of continued exercise and exertion.

“So, it’s your cheat day.” She said with a warily raised eyebrow, “What are you gonna go do to celebrate three months of healthy livin’?”

And she had for sure expected the usual answers that he’d usually give her at the end of the month. A big meal at this restaurant or a trip through that drive-thru. But honestly, she had never expected the words “Actually, I have a date” to come out of his mouth.

“Look at you!”

She slapped his arm again, making him rub it with a mix of bashfulness and pain.

“Got yourself a new girlfriend, huh?” she clicked her tongue, “Way to go Fayzan—it takes some of my clients *months* to get that level of confidence.”

“I mean…”

He blushed profusely, raising a hand to rub the back of his head, until he realized that it had forced the hem of his tank top to ride up. Pulling it down, he continued to sway and gesticulate bashfully as he explained what was going on with him and this new girl, Sophia—Riley was all ears and all about it, happily indulging his humblebragging after so many weeks of hearing him talk down about himself.

“Well, I’m proud of you buddy.”

“Me too!” Brennan clapped his hand into a forced bro-hug, “Just wait, bro, you’re gonna start seeing your life turn around any minute now—going to the gym, got a new girl… everything’s coming up Fayzan, and it’s all thanks to your good buddy Brennan!”

There was an awkward pause between the three of them.

“Um, it’s *mostly* Fayzan doing all the hard work here, bud.” Riley cocked an eyebrow at her long-term client, “I don’t think that it’s really fair to—”

“Just…” Fayzan chuckled, “Just let him have this one.”

“*OH YEAAAHHHH!!”*

\*\*\*

He hadn’t known Sophia long, but he had known her long enough to know that she was something of a chubby chaser.

After all, how could she *not* have been, sitting across from a man who weighed three hundred and eighty pounds?

She was a small, mousy girl who started working with him last year, when he was still dating Raye. A little on the thin side, she had proven herself to be just as shy and awkward has he had when she’d finally asked him out on a date. Watching him pile back an appetizer plate all to himself had been proof enough that she was enamored with his powerful size, and as much as he would have preferred to have it otherwise, there was nothing saying that he couldn’t date women who didn’t appreciate him for what was already there, and not what he was trying to chisel out of the flab.

“Wow.” She said in her small, meek voice, “You really like pot stickers.”

Fayzan couldn’t help but laugh. Sure, he had broken all kinds of rules when it came to his food journal, but he’d been having a good time. Riley had been pretty insistent on him enjoying himself from time to time so that he didn’t feel like his personal fitness was a slog to get through—and watching the starry-eyed expression on meek little Sophia’s face had been all the more worth it.

“I mean, you’re not wrong.”

The two of them laughed awkwardly. That first date laugh that anyone who might have been listening would have been able to hone in on. The long pause afterwards had been a big hint that she hadn’t been nearly as confident as Fayzan had been in accepting this date—perhaps it was something with being seen with a guy that weighed literally three times more than her?

Either way, Fayzan was just taking it slow—a date was a date, whether it wound up as just a little fling or if it lasted as long as it had with—

“*Fayzan*?”

Raye’s voice seemed to pierce him in that moment, sending a chill up his spine as he recognized the familiar intonation of the large woman waddling over from the front counter.

In a herculean display of strength, the enormous woman who had called out to him started to waddle his way, ignoring the sever who was already tending to her own date in showing a large handsome man to their booth. Raye had grown even more rotund in the weeks and months that had passed since their breakup, to the point of literally straining an outfit that Fayzan had never seen once in the years that they had been dating.

Her humongous stomach hung low over her crotch as she struggled to waddle from one end of the restaurant to the next, having recognized her ex-boyfriend from the entire distance away and made a bee-line towards him once she realized just whom was sitting at that booth.

“Heyyyyy Rayeeee…”

He hadn’t been able to hide his disappointment well. Seeing her was still conflicting and, dare he admit it, painful. The two of them had dated for so long that the emotional knee-jerk reaction to seeing her in a restaurant completely unprovoked had been to duck under the table and hide.

Unfortunately, Fayzan was far too fat to pull off such a feat, and she had already been coming his way.

“It’s so good to see you!”

She had sounded like they hadn’t broken up at all, give or take an octave. Her belly pressed hard against the table, eliciting a confused stare from Sophia as the two of them made small talk. She was here on a date, a fellow doctor from work, and was just as surprised as he was to find her here.

The small talk had been outrageously unbearable—even if it had only lasted a few minutes, it may as well have been a few hours. Watching her caress and fondle her stomach while she batted her eyelashes at Fayzan… it had all been so unbearable awkward, especially for Sophia he was sure.

What a way to start off a first date—a surprise entrance from the ex, stage right.

“You used to date her?”

Sophia had asked after Raye was out of ear shot, having crammed herself into the booth clear across the other side of the restaurant. She had pretty much watched her waddle every step of the way, though Fayzan was just as guilty of doing that.

“Yeah, we… dated for a while, actually.” He said it with a hint of sadness, “But, um… you know, things happen. People change.”

Sophia whipped herself back around as soon as the waitress had announced her presence. A strange, hungry look in her big blue eyes as she ripped herself away from staring at the enormous woman ordering half of the menu from some other poor restaurant worker.

“Can I get an order of potstickers too?” she asked, much to Fayzan’s confusion

Before the waitress had receded back into the kitchen, Sophia’s expression had melted into one of deep desire and lust. Unable to take her eyes off of Fayzan’s stomach as it rolled up onto the edge of the table, he suddenly felt all too familiar with Sophia sitting across from him.

“I don’t know if you know this, but a lot of guys think its weird when a girl eats too much on the first date…”

She bared most of her teeth in a soft, but poignant smile.

“Do you think it’s weird?”

“I mean… no?”

Fayzan gulped, suddenly overcome with a sense of déjà vu as he watched his date reel back towards his super-sized ex-girlfriend.

“Good.” She laughed in a relieved sort of way, “Because… you know, I really like you. And I’d hate for you to think that I was some kind of piggy…”

When the potstickers came out, Sophia had devoured them with a gusto that Fayzan hadn’t expected. Seeing the skinny little thing pound back so much food in one sitting—the sushi rolls, the appetizers, and even the dessert—had been… a little disarming.

“After all, you should feel *comfortable* eating around the person you’re dating…”