

Vivian tried her best to not be judgmental of her clients.

But knowing one of them had a pretty serious kink made that a little hard sometimes.

“Ok Clara, that's enough for today.”

Clara heaved herself up from her crunch position. She was in between her fattest and fittest, a shape Vivian was seeing for the second time.

“Whew, you're definitely keeping me on schedule.”

She turned away and rolled her eyes. Vivian knew Clara's “schedule” was just her regaining and losing a significant amount of weight because of some kink she had.

“Hey, some of my friends are meeting up for lunch, want to come with?”

She paused. “By friends do you mean...”

“People with similar interests? Yes. Some of them are even looking for trainers themselves.”

Now she really was conflicted.

She could use some more clients, as her usual pool was shriveling up. Plus the fact that they were guaranteed to be returning ones helped a lot too.

“Sure. Let me get changed first.”

What's the worst that could happen?

After getting changed, Vivian followed CLara to a restaurant not too far from the gym.

There, a trio of girls were already waiting. Vivian was quickly introduced to Maisie, Fran, and Denise.

“A pleasure to meet you all!”

They all were in the 200 ranges. Maise was filling out her chair, Fran had a lap filling stomach, and Denise practically had to rest her tits on the table.

“Clara told us so much about you!” Fran said.

“We heard about how you got her into shape last time.” Maisie added. Eyes drifting over to a steaming plate being brought to the table next to them.

“She was the fittest she’s ever been after you.” Denise said with a smile.

Vivian felt even more weird. Knowing how these women got their rocks off made sitting down with them an interesting prospect.

She managed some small talk, verbally tiptoeing around the elephant in the room, and noticed what “phase” the women were in when Maisie and Denise both ordered a calorie heavy dish while she, Clara, and Fran had ordered modest salads.

After they ate, Fran turned to Vivian.

“S, I was wondering if you had a spot available on your client list. It would really help me get to my goal even quicker.”

Vivian smiled. “Of course! I’ll give you my card and we can decide a schedule.

Maisie licked her fingers clean then added “Once it comes time to.. lessen myself, I also would like a new trainer.”

Dollar signs rolled through Vivians head.

*Money is money afterall. What's the worst that could happen?*

A year later, four very different women walked to the same table in the same restaurant.

Well, two walked and two waddled.

Clara and Fran were at new physical peaks for the both of them. They had both reached their goal weights, meaning that today was going to be the start of the journey towards their new goal weights on the other side of the spectrum.

Speaking of that other side, Maisi and Denise were the aforementioned waddlers. They wheezed and wobbled to their chairs, Maisie needing three to fit her extremely overfed bottom.

“Fuck.. it sucks that the diet starts tomorrow...” Denise said.

Clara placed her hand on hers. “Don’t worry. Eventually we’ll reach that age where our weight settles. For now, let’s enjoy a rare night where we can all eat our fill.”

Fran spoke next and said “Where’s Vivian? I thought she would be coming with you after your last session like she usually does?”

“Oh, she should be here soon. Her boss wanted to talk to her about something.

Sure enough, a few minutes later Vivian shuffled in.

Her and her new potbelly.

You see, surrounding yourself with people whose kink was actively undoing what your main profession provided was not the ideal way to keep a figure.

The dinner get-togethers led to afternoon meetups at home, or movie nights, or one particularly drunk new years party.

And Vivian was learning a bit too late how easy it was to miss how much you were eating when others around you were eating far, far more.

It wasn’t much, but the increased calories tipped the scale enough that she wasn’t burning most of them off.

The other women had noticed, but didn’t know how to broach a sensitive subject to their trainer and friend.

Still, seeing the bleary and red eyes, maybe they should’ve.

“I’ve been fired.” Vivian coraked out.

At once she was surrounded by hugs, some soft and some solid.

“They don’t deserve you.”

“It’s okay honey.”

“We’ll be here for you.”

“It’s going to be ok.”

Vivian heard the words but didn’t ascribe them to any of the women surrounding her. It felt nice to have friends like these.

When the crying stopped, they looked over the menu. A waiter came by to take their order, CLara and Fran ordering juicy burgers and Fran and Denise getting salads, to the waiter's

surprise.

But the biggest surprise came when Vivian opened her mouth to place her own order.

“I’ll have the double burger with extra fries, please.”

The girls all looked shocked at their friend, who only put on her potbelly because of stealing food from them.

When the waiter left Clara asked “Are you sure you're feeling alright, Vivian?”

She leaned back. “It’s funny. My whole life I've heard that being fat is miserable. Yet here you all are, willingly going back and forth.”

She placed her hand on her middle. “And I haven’t felt bad about having this. Maybe, it’s time to follow your ladies example.”

They clapped. It was so rare to add another feedee to this gaggle of gorgers, and Vivian might turn out to be one of the best of them.

A year ago, Vivian treated them with trepidation. Now, she was looking to them for guidance.

As the food was brought out, Vivian picked her burger and bit into it, a new life waiting for her on the other side.