I

Sexuality is an extensively complicated, personal issue to which there is no one “right” answer to.

Some people spend their whole lives without figuring out what they’re really, honestly “into”. Be that sexual preference, specific kinks, or any other various and sundry matters that constitutes what two adults do behind closed doors.

And unfortunately, sometimes we find out *exactly* what we’re into—it just isn’t feasible to achieve or maintain.

“Wow, you’ve lost a *lot* of weight, Raye!”

“You *have* to tell me your diet and exercise regimen.”

“You’re looking *incredible* these days—what’s your secret?”

“You’re like a completely different person!”

These comments hadn’t been meant to be as depressing as Raye had wound up taking them. After gaining more than three hundred pounds before she hit thirty, everyone would agree that managing to lose more than a hundred and fifty of them was no small feat. Some people tried for *years* to shed extra pounds and inches to no avail, and here Raye had managed to go back from almost triple her size at twenty five to cutting it back down to a mere double.

Two hundred and forty seven pounds wasn’t a number that *most* people would have been happy with when they looked down at the scale, and Raye was no exception.

“Oh… yeah, I guess I have.”

“I’ll hook you up with my personal trainer—here’s her card.”

“No secret, just giving up literally everything I like to eat.”

“I honestly *feel* like a different person…”

The simple truth of the matter was that Raye just wasn’t happy with her body. She hadn’t been in a good, long while. She was short, had extra skin and stretch marks from being so big, she felt like her nose was ugly, and just any number of things that had cropped up right around the time that she had faced the music and realized that she needed to lose some weight.

A *lot* of weight.

“You know, Fayzan asked about you again.”

“He wanted to know how you were doing.”

“He seemed kind of worried about you.”

“Is there something that you’re not telling me?”

The number of things that she *didn’t* tell her personal trainer was so high that there was no sense counting it. Her relationship with Riley, with Planet Fitness, with this whole scene—literally everything outside of her workplace and her apartment—may as well have been on autopilot.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Yes, really really fine. Not fake fine.”

“Tell him I said hi next time you run into him.”

“I miss him.”

It would have been much more accurate for Raye to say that she missed the person that she was when she was with her ex. The things that they got to do together, and the way that the two of them lived.

What Raye really missed was the two of them getting fat together.

It had been such an *experience*, you know? The sort of thing that nobody in their right minds could have ever thought that they would have enjoyed, but one that was so immensely gratifying—*satisfying—*in so many ways that she could have never predicted. Even if Fayzan hadn’t felt the same way, Raye hadn’t…

She honestly *couldn’t* leave the idea behind. And not for a lack of trying.

When she had started getting really big and living on her own again, Raye had quickly started to lose weight. The lack of Fayzan’s income and the fact that she was doing things around the house helped to facilitate her weight loss in small steps. She was eating less and moving more. But at the behest of her mother and as a favor to Monique, who had broken her mean girl façade and shared some honest fears about where her weight was going to lead her, Raye had signed up for a physical trainer.

Equal parts to help her to slim down, and to help put the thought of remaining at over four hundred pounds out of mind.

It just hadn’t been feasible. It wasn’t something that she could do while she lived by herself. And losing weight and everyone’s pride in her for doing so had helped her to convince herself that being so fat and lazy and greedy… it was just some juvenile fantasy. Some odd power trip that she had forced onto her boyfriend when he clearly wasn’t into it.

In a lot of ways, Raye was just losing weight so that she could try to put the whole thing behind her. But no matter how much weight she lost and no matter how much she wanted to forget it… she couldn’t.

It was like *Flowers for Algernon*—Raye’s experience had forever changed her in a way that left going back to the person that she used to be a depressing, shallow experience that left her fantasizing constantly about what had come before. The sort of things that she used to be…

…and still could maybe be again?

“Maybe one day.”

“You know, when I get married to a millionaire.”

“Pop out a couple of kids to make mom happy.”

“And then just get *fat*.”

“Really, *really* fat.”

Saying it out loud sent those familiar chills up and down her spine. Her hand instinctively began to drift towards her fuzzy sex, only curtailed by a conscious effort on Raye’s part. In that moment, the heft of her gut as it splayed on the couch had never felt so big. Images that tickled her frontal lobe were taunted and tantalized her with her heart’s desire.

To regain the weight.

To surpass her old size.

To be that big, fat pig that used to—

“Alright, that’s enough of that.” Raye wriggled her way up from her reclined position, pulling her tank top back down over her fleshy brown belly, “Nothing doing to worry about the past.”

It was yet another conscious effort at keeping herself under control. Something that, the longer her attempts at losing weight went on, became more difficult. She had known from experience that, had she allowed her hand to linger, her thoughts to drift back to that time, she would have soon turned to the fridge. She would have binged. She would have taken off her clothes. The whole night would have been spent…

“Okay, okay, okay.”

Raye took a moment to compose herself. To put her hands on her hips and breathe in, breathe out. The last thing that she needed right now was to…

Was to…

“Fuck… I need to get out of this apartment for the night.”

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Sophia hadn’t been on a date since she and Fayzan had agreed to be “just friends”.

Which was, of course, relationship code for “we’ll agree to be nice to each other, but we’re actually pretty far from being platonic and amicable acquaintances.”

Ever since his last big push to start losing weight, Sophia was open and upfront that she liked his body as it was. Perhaps the mistake had been admitting that she would be less attracted to him if he managed to slim down too much. While honesty was something that everyone should aspire towards where applicable, it was undoubtedly the reason why he was off doing… whatever, and she was sitting at home on a Friday night idling through Facebook.

And yeah, it wasn’t exactly *sad* to be dateless at thirty. She’d had a few long-term relationships with other guys that just hadn’t worked out. But at the same time, she couldn’t help but feel like she had failed somewhere down the line. Like in a perfect world, even if he *had* lost some weight, she and Fayzan really could have been something special.

Or her and Mike.

Or her and Chris.

Christ, it was lonely in this horrible little apartment that she couldn’t afford.

It felt like everybody was doing something. Old friends from high school, old college roommates, former coworkers—why did it feel like she was the only one still stuck in a dead-end job? The only one who hadn’t managed to somehow occupy herself every Friday Night in-between breakups?

“Date night with this man.”

“This fucking queen tho…”

“have you ever seen anyone cuter?”

“My two princes and I are out with daddy!”

It was sickening. And saddening. And just another reminder that maybe Sophia really *was* this weird girl that nobody really liked. Not just because she liked fat dudes, and not just because she wasn’t married by the time she turned thirty, but because there was something actually wrong with her?

She had been literally seconds away from opening up Messenger and hitting up Fayzan. Just a hi, how’s it going. Nothing weird, nothing creepy, but definitely weird, and maybe a little sad. Seeing his round brown face in her feed—a snarky comment about something or other, one of the references that he made that she never quite caught—was enough to make her reconsider everything.

Until she saw it.

*Friday night with nothing to do… who wants to buy your girl some Korean BBQ?*

Sophia immediately recognized the person who posted it as Fayzan’s ex-girlfriend—the one that he had dated immediately before her. The one that they had run into a couple of times when they were still together. She had friended Raye because Fayzan was friends with Raye, and because…

Well, because of reasons that she didn’t feel very comfortable with.

Sophia didn’t consider herself a lesbian. She’d never dated another woman, and she other than acknowledging when other women were pretty or if they were attractive, she had never really put much thought into it.

But back when she was a lot heavier, Raye had made Sophia feel certain ways that no other woman had ever made her feel before.

…was that weird?

It felt weird to acknowledge.

But once she and Fayzan had stopped dating, Raye only ever really crossed Sophia’s mind in moments like this—when she was idling through her social media feed to stave off boredom, and Raye’s name happened to pop up.

*Got a place in mind? I’m free all night!*

That was weird.

It felt weird.

She and Raye hadn’t shared more than ten words with one another in the whole time that they had known each other. And outside of the occasional obligatory reactions from each other’s posts, that was pretty much the extent of it. She and Raye were essentially just two people who happened to have dated to same guy—end of story.

There was no way that she would have said yes, right? This was just one of those things that people posted that nobody ever had any intention of following up on, ri—

*Wanna try the place on Third that just opened up? I’ve been dying to go*

Sophia was flabbergasted. Dumbstruck by the response. But at the same time… what else was she doing tonight? What important matters was she attending to that couldn’t have been done any other night of the week? The paint on the wall wasn’t going to get any dryer, and the apartment was just going to collect more and more dust.

Why *shouldn’t* she have gone out with someone?

She was always telling herself that she needed more friends.

*Message me and we’ll work it out.*

No sooner had she posted her response did the telltale ting of Facebook Messenger pierce the silence of Sophia’s empty apartment. She hadn’t even thought about what she was going to throw on, or how she was going to do her hair. She had not emotionally prepared for *that quick* of a response.

*Here’s the address. What time were you thinking?*

*Damn lol you must be hungry that was quick*

*So hungry. You have no idea.*

And that… definitely wasn’t the response that she had expected to get. But Sophia was hardly in any position to say no, now that she had offered to spend the night out with her ex’s ex.

*Cool beans, see you at seven?*

II

The question of sexuality is one with many answers that can be found at varying levels of introspection; all of which can come under reevaluation after a single instance of irregular activity.

It should have just been a simple meetup between not-quite-friends. One that served their mutual needs, of course, but that much just the same. Sophia wanted to get out of the house and to take her mind off her status as something of a loser, and Raye was looking for a cheat day.

Again, it should have been simple.

But the creaking of the bedframe and the squeak of the mattress springs ringing in their ears served as a reminder to both that there was nothing about this that would have been easy to explain.

“haaaaa…”

“can you… c’nyoutake… the strap on off?”

“Wh… yuh… yeah…”

Raye took a moment to process the request, wobbling on her knees as she tried to walk herself out of Sophia’s tight pussy. The long blue stiffy slowly slipped out, slick and shiny as it wagged with the sloshing motions of Raye’s plush physique.

“You… you don’t like it?”

“Nuh… no it’s fine, it’s just… hfff… it’s not doing it for me…”

Raye furrowed her thick black brow as she struggled with the fastener. It went around the back, and she wasn’t exactly thinking straight enough to undo it without some difficulty. Her chubby little arms and the extra skin got in the way, leaving her huffing and fumbling as her fingers tried to undo the belt. Certainly a task that would have been much easier to pull off on an emptier stomach.

But then, if she hadn’t stuffed herself like that, the two of them might not have been here in the first place.

Plopping back down on the bed, sore from thrusting and just a touch sweaty, Raye sort of rubbed Sophia’s birdy white back as she tried to keep the momentum going. She had never done this before—not with another woman. Their bodies were so *different*.

Sophia, a pale lanky redhead with a birdy chest and small breasts, and *her*, a lightly browned marshmallow with a fat tummy and wide hips.

Not only was Sophia not being her type an understatement, if Raye *had* ever pictured herself with a woman, it hadn’t been with someone like Sophia at all.

“Are you… are you done?” the skinny redhead mewled, “I…”

“I can keep going.”

“Are you sure.”

“Oof… yeah… lemme…”

Raye slipped her index and middle finger into the emptied area where the dildo had been, using her thumb to simulate the vibrating mechanic on her toy. Sophia’s mouth opened in a gasp before slowly winding back down into a smile—a happy purr escaping the skinny redhead as Raye went back to working on her neglected sex.

*Uurp*

“Oh God… ‘scuse me…”

“S’fine…”

“S’…s’kinda hot…”

Raye couldn’t help but agree—albeit for her own reasons. The strain on her stomach was so much more pronounced now that it was laying against the bed. The pressure of the flat surface pressing into her doming gut, full of Korean barbecue and sides made her so wet that she could hardly think about anything else. Her fingering was slow and awkward and clumsy because of the sort of fog that her stuffed stomach left her moving in, and that had been why they’d gotten the strap on in the first place.

Sophia’s legs twitched as a small, but deserved orgasm leaked out between her legs. Warm, sticky cum filled Raye’s palm as she continued to wriggle her fingers to finish off her surprise bedmate of the evening. Taking one hand from gripping the bedsheets, Sophia slowly pulled Raye’s hand from inside of her, putting an end to the session.

“Wow.” Sophia managed as a capstone statement, “That was… *mmm*…”

Sophia snuggled up to the cinnamon brown butterball currently splayed out in her bed, Raye having rolled over to her back, with one hand resting on her protruding stomach and the other tucked uselessly underneath Sophia’s head and neck.

“You… you want me to do you a little?”

“Oof… no, I’m…”

Raye pressed down on her stomach—still hard and taut from the night’s indulgence. Her belly was warm to the touch, gurgling in anticipation and execution of digesting such an enormous meal.

“I’m too full.”

The two continued to nestle, a sort of silence filling the air between the haggard breathing. Sophia, watching the chubby brown dome of Raye’s round belly go up and down as she settled down, was overcome by a desire to lay her hand on top of it.

“Mmmm…”

“That feel nice?”

“So nice.”

“Good.”

Taking this as a sign to continue, Sophia began to rub slow, sensual stripes down the chubby apron of tum; lulling Raye into reclining slightly into the pillows and closing her eyes. A low hum of approval sounded as she sighed contentedly, allowing Sophia to continue to stroke her fatted front.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

“Did we grab the box?”

“Yeah—I think it’s still on the counter though.”

“Would you hate me if I took that?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Good… it’ll still be good tomorrow, and I really don’t want to pay for lunch.”

It’d make a good half of lunch, Raye was sure of that. Maybe she could have that and a sandwich from home or something? Maybe a donut—she could really use something sweet right about now…

*No. No no no. Today’s the cheat day, tomorrow’s another Day One. You can’t just*—

“But it won’t be *as* good tomorrow.” Sophia suggested in a low, sultry voice, “Do you want to… maybe…?”

Raye leaned over, seeing that Sophia was now looking at her in a way that she couldn’t *quite* place, but one that she certainly understood. She didn’t really expect her to…

Well…

She *was* right. The barbecue would have gotten gross and gooey by the time she had it tomorrow. And even if it kept alright, it wouldn’t have tasted the same in the microwave after getting that cold. Maybe she could…

“…I think I could make some room.”

“That’s what I like to hear.”

Sophia squeezed Raye’s brown belly blubber.

“I’ll be right back.”

She hadn’t been sure *why* she said it. She knew that she shouldn’t have. But in all honesty, if she was going to have a cheat day, shouldn’t she have had one that allowed her to *enjoy* herself? After all, it was the food that had gotten her so in the mood. And Sophia had been giving her bedroom eyes for as long as she had been stuffing herself across the booth.

One more midnight meal wouldn’t have killed her, would it? Surely it wouldn’t undo any more progress than stuffing herself at dinner had.

And on the other, more selfish hand, she *did* really want to eat some more of that barbecue… even if it hurt.

“Do you want me to microwave it—it’s kinda cold?”

“What? Yeah, just a little bit.”

After another thirty seconds or so, the soft beeping of the microwave from the other room and the gentle padding of Sophia’s footsteps made Raye lick her lips with anticipation. When Sophia returned with the little black Styrofoam clamshell that contained whatever hadn’t been eaten between the two of them just a few hours before, Raye couldn’t help but stare.

At the food.

At her.

At the glimpses of herself that she caught in the full-length mirror on the back of the door.

It was clear as day that this was something that was going to continue. They weren’t *done* by any stretch of the word. Raye was hungry, and she was *horny* and Sophia was the key to satisfying both of those carnal pleasures. The short, heavy woman looked up at her partner with big doe eyes as she drank in the sight of what awaited her.

“You look hungry.”

“I… I am…”

“You want some of this?”

“Mmm… please…”

As she wriggled on the bed, Raye’s blubbery body squished and folded in various ways. Trying to get comfortable, making some attempt at positioning herself so that she could sit up slightly, and all while never taking her eyes off of the last little bit of barbecue that was there to tantalize her.

Sophia stood in the doorway for a moment, overcome by the sight that waited for her in her bed. In *her* bed. A woman that she barely knew, but one that she was hooking up with after a night of watching her stuff herself.

They’d barely talked—Raye had been open and adamant about using this as an excuse to have a cheat day, and Sophia hadn’t minded. It honestly hadn’t even registered that the two of them had dated the same guy until well into the dinner—but by then, Sophia was too far into dinner to really care.

And now, they were back at her apartment. This plumpy pear had just fingered her until she came and was waiting in bed for a midnight snack.

“You, uh… you look good.”

“I don’t mind my view either.”

In a rare moment of confidence, Sophia mustered up a saunter as she returned to her bedside. Her eyelids lowered in a come-hither stare as she found herself entranced by the fat woman waiting for her on top of the comforter.

“Is it cool if I eat here? I can put my clothes back on if—”

“Of course it is!”

“A-Are you sure? We’ve already made a mess out of your comforter.”

“I’m going to wash it anyway. Feel free.”

Raye didn’t need much more encouragement than that. The four hundred pound heifer clamoring at the cage inside of her had been railing against the diet all night, and having someone tell her to just go ahead was more than enough of what she needed to hear. Raye popped the top off of that little clamshell, delicately plucked a piece of barbecue with the tips of her pointer finger and thumb, and lowered it decadently into her mouth.

“*Mmmmm…”*

It was the sweetest Korean Barbecue that she’d ever eaten.

“I thought you’d like it.”

Sophia resumed rubbing slow, sensual circles into her lover’s squishy stomach, laying down beside her and nestling up to her chest.

“I have liked… a *lot* of things about tonight.”

“Same though.”

As a pregnant pause hung between the two women, with Raye chewing lavishly as Sophia gazed at her, entranced by the process. With every bite, the slightest jiggle would course through her double chin as her cheeks bulged. Sophia had felt in that moment much like she had when she was sitting across from Raye in the Korean restaurant.

She could have watched this go on all night, and not had any complaints.

“So… do you want to stay the night?”

“I’d… better not.”

“Why not?”

“I’ve—*mm*—got work tomorrow.”

“Fair point.”

Another pause, this time more awkward than unsure. The fat woman chewed more nervously as Sophia broke away for a bit, as if falling out from under the spell that the night had placed them both under.

“But, uh… I-I’d really like to do this again.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, it… n-not like the whole *thing* but you know, just…”

“We can figure out all of this later, if you want…”

Sophia smiled softly.

“But I’d really like to see you again… if that’s okay.”

And there was a long moment wherein Raye thoroughly chewed and swallowed her latest mouthful—dragging it out as if to make sure that she was really sure about what she was going to say to the waiting redhead beside her.

“I’d… I’d like that too.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“We don’t… *have* to do this whole thing again if you don’t want to, you know.”

“I know, but… we’ll see where it goes, okay?”

That was something that Raye and Sophia could both agree to. For now.

Little did they know that this one night would have repercussions that would change the trajectory of their lives for long, long afterwards.