VII

Post-dinner sex was something that Fayzan and Raye had both grown accustomed to.

With how often they ate out, it wasn’t exactly surprising. With the amount of nights that they spent together, the amount of nights that they ordered in for big meals, and the amount of nights that they had sex after they hung out with one another overlapping alone meant that they had little other option but to get accustomed to such a phenomenon.

But coming home after having *not* had sex after such a long time, on top of having gorged themselves on appetizers and entrees, had been the epitome of what most would consider “post-dinner” sex.

The two of them had collided with a wet slap that had sounded as soon as their bellies had collided, thick and full with the night’s indulgence. Fat against fat, smooshing and spreading against one another as they kissed passionately. Fayzan held Raye against his fleshy form with the strength of ten men as he indulged her need for thick, hearty kisses. His hands traveled down, along the circumference of her stomach in a surprising amount of awareness for her fat-based needs as he moaned softly with her every parting peck.

Conversation had been scarce between the two of them ever since she had placed his hand along his chunky thigh in the car on the ride home, silently signaling just what she had in mind for the after-dinner entertainment—his chubby member twitched in anticipation before hardening into absolute arousal as they neared the streetlights of his apartment.

As soon as they had passed the threshold that led to her apartment, they had been practically on top of one another. Raye pressed herself strongly against Fayzan’s fat belly, rubbing her hands along his plumpened backside as she copped an intimate feel anywhere that she could reach. With her boyfriend craning his neck, she could kiss him warmly with all of the passion that had been backed up for the past few weeks while his hands traveled up and down the plush expanse offered by her indulgence in the past few weeks.

Kicking the apartment door shut with one leg, Raye unbuttoned her boyfriend’s shirt from the top down without parting from his puckered lips. Wriggling and jiggling his way out, Fayzan pulled at the tight hem of Raye’s sweater as he tried to undress her in a similarly sensual manner—the poor overworked garb coming off easily after having spent the night being stretched out by it’s owner’s round brown belly pressing hard against the torso and hem.

They were fiddling with buttons next as they made their way towards Raye’s bedroom. Stumbling backwards as she steered her boyfriend by the libido, she navigated the slightly messy hallway with some struggle—not only was she ill-adjusted to walking backwards and juggling a makeout session with her boyfriend, but her added weight hadn’t quite been accounted for. Her wide hips were bumping into this and that before she finally managed to make it to the threshold of the bedroom door.

Luckily for the both of them, they knew what to do from there.

Throwing the smaller woman down on the bed, making both her and the frame squeak in delight, Fayzan descended upon his girlfriend like she were a dish at dinner. He darted straight for her neck, kissing up and down the bronze skin as his erect member brushed warmly against her thigh.

She gasped and moaned softly, her hands exploring the softness that was his back. Fayzan’s weight pressing against her own plush body was slowly coaxing the air out of her.

Rolling him onto his back, Raye’s belly squished and rolled thickly over the tight waistband of her high-waisted jeans. Finally managing to get them unbuttoned after an unfortunate part from her boyfriend’s lips, she freed the roly-poly thing and let it flop down lazily over her sex. The jeans were cast aside onto the floor, having well-earned a rest after the hectic night of binging that had ensued beforehand.

Grunting and sort of half-waddling on the bed, steering with her belly and her outstretched arms, Raye returned to Fayzan. He had positioned himself at the head of the bed, ready to resume their passionate (but hopefully brief) foreplay.

Wrapping herself around him, Raye slowly worked herself into position, fondling his package with one hand while the other rubbed his hairy, heaving stomach…

“You sure you wanna?” she asked in a teasing, lustful tone, “I’m not *too fat* for you to get all hot and bothered over?”

“No no, I… I want to.”

“Good.” Raye purred greedily, “Because I think I’ve got *just* enough room for you to fill up.”

Her hands took a more direct approach along the shaft of his cock, steering its warmth towards her thigh in instruction. Stroking its length with her two forefingers and thumb, she smiled wickedly at the barely-disguised glee that Fayzan was exuding from behind the slope of his stomach.

“And maybe, if you’re good… I’ll let you have a little *treat* when we’re finished…”

Wriggling and jiggling her way on top of his cock, Raye worked herself into position as she inserted her boyfriend’s sex inside of herself. Sliding it in after weeks of celibacy had proven to be just a little difficult, despite the familiarity that she’d had with the equipment, but she soon fell into old hat as the feeling of flab on flab egged her on to do what felt natural…

“Mmhmm…” she growled, laying her hands palms down over the surface of her stomach, “Maybe one for me too…”

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Sweaty and exhausted didn’t begin to describe the way that Fayzan had felt after such a long, *thorough* lovemaking session with his girlfriend. After so many weeks without satisfaction of the itch that had cropped up in the absence of their sex life, he had found himself just a bit underequipped to the task of satisfying her sexual appetite. He hadn’t been able to last nearly as long as she would have liked, but he had been able to eat her out for the majority of the standard session—literally two hours of makeup sex had been one of the best things in his life that he’d never known that he’d needed.

“You’ve been… practicing…?”

Raye had gasped out the question with a dumbstruck smile on her face, unable to hide her joy with the progress that Fayzan had made when it came to his newfound skill at cunnilingus.

“Just… motivated tonight, I guess.” He smiled warmly at his girlfriend as she lay beached on the bedsheets, “I’m glad that we’re not fighting anymore.”

“Me too.” She purred sultrily, “But if it meant getting more of *that*, I might have to start calling you out on more of your shit.”

Raye twirled a provocative finger along the hairy brown surface of Fayzan’s stomach as she looked up at the taller man. Even lying a reasonable distance apart, their bellies squished together. She was getting so big… they both were, now. It was hard to deny that as much attraction Raye felt for her own growing physique, it at least had a little in part to do with the fact that Fayzan had chubbed up with her. The feeling of their flabby bodies rubbing up against one another had been such a thrill for her as they’d explored this relationship, and seeing him now in a post-coital huff was enough to get her motor running.

She had known him to be sensitive about his weight and, despite her forthcomings about her own size, she had debated ever since her little “revelation” about coming forward with what she felt to be the truth—that Fayzan looked good with the “cuddle fluff” that he’d picked up since they’d started dating.

Though Raye had never dated anyone particularly chubby before her current beau (even before the weight gain, Fayzan had been the largest man she’d ever been with) she had grown to rather like the extra heft on him. Not to the point of *obsession* per se, but despite Raye’s grievances with her own size, she had caught herself marveling quite often at how handsome she thought her boyfriend looked in this outfit or that. How squishy and huggable he was had been another matter entirely…

Would it have been too weird for her to say something like that just as soon as they’d gotten over the hill of her own weight gain? Surely, after the strife that they’d just been through over the past couple of weeks, she would have been wise to keep it to herself. Their first *real* fight had just been over and done with, and she didn’t exactly need to feel like she was pushing him right back out the window with bringing something like that up.

Though, placing an appreciative hand on his stomach didn’t seem to be pushing too many boundaries. Her fingers laying flat across the swell of his stomach as she snuggled up next to him felt nice, rising and falling with his haggard breath as he quickly fell into a post-coital sleep…

Maybe, if they just *didn’t talk* about their weights (up or down) she could at least make it so that he didn’t feel weird about his size. Maybe, if she was a little more forward with her desires, it might… help? Just a little? Telling him how handsome she thought he was and making him feel comfortable might be a sure-fire way to help coax him along…

Planting an appreciative peck on his cheek, Raye nestled deep into the crevice of his fleshy upper arm and saggy moob and drifted off not that much long after. Cuddling close to her big boyfriend, they were both surprised to find her nestled around his stomach by the time that they woke up…

VII

In addition to the affection that she felt for her own fuller figure, Raye’s attraction to her boyfriend’s similarly ballooning body was becoming something that she couldn’t deny. In the weeks and months that had passed since their conversation over dinner about weight and doing what made her happy, Raye couldn’t help but find herself befuddled by the amount of heft that hung around her boyfriend’s waistline.

It wasn’t enough that he was handsome and rather heavy-set, but the fact that he had *gained* so much weight was something that had become inexplicably attractive to her as she set herself on a similar journey of outward expansion.

The idea that he had put on more than fifty pounds since they had started dating was enough to send shivers up Raye’s spine every time she thought about it. Watching him squeeze into button-ups and sweaters, his round belly pressing hard against the hem in his on-the-job attire was so cute. Watching him dress down in roomy t-shirts and oversized hoodies when they went out on dates together was *so cute*!

She would have never asked him to join her in her newfound fascination with weight gain. She had known that he was seriously sensitive about his body image, and to do so would have run the risk of making him feel uncomfortable with her or, worse yet, himself. To do something like that so soon after they’d patched the pothole in their relationship was tantamount to asking for another few weeks of sexless, joyless comfort eating.

But at the same time… *encouraging* him to relax and enjoy himself, hoping that it would lead to further weight gain, it didn’t make her a bad girlfriend, right?

“I gotta tell you, Raye—”

Fayzan smacked his lips hungrily as salsa dribbled down his budding bushy beard, catching in the frizzled hairs that he’d grown to hide his rounder face. The sour cream landed on the swell of his left breast, running ever so slightly down before landing in the crevice caused by the steep incline of his stomach.

“—you make a *mean* plate of nachos.”

They almost always came back to her apartment when it came down to what to do after their frequent dinner dates. It was something a tradition this late in, and an understandable one. *Most* of the time, after they came back from dinner, they had sex. It was understandable (and in fact, *desirable*) to not want to hear Brennan in the next room being… well, being Brennan.

This, however, had the compound effect of providing a judgement-free zone for extra snacks, meals and portions after their ambitiously large dinners. It was an easy place to avoid people like their more appearance-concerned roommates that might have talked them otherwise into avoiding things like a plate of nachos after an especially heavy pasta dinner.

As sensitive as Fayzan was about his weight, he held no reservations about his appetite. Having grown accustomed to the large amounts of food that he would need to eat back when he was an athlete, it was almost too easy to get him to take off of this plate and that. Raye wasn’t exactly *enabling* his appetite, so much as she was *taking advantage* of what was already given to her. After all, would it be the worst thing in the world to make sure that her boyfriend got a couple of extra snacks to eat?

With the positive reinforcement provided to him by his girlfriend, and their killer sex life, Fayzan slowly eased into a comfortable routine of going to work, going out to eat, coming back to Raye’s apartment, and having nice comfortable nights in front of the TV. Nothing had to change for him to get comfortable, right? They had both put on a lot of weight just by being nerdy together, and there was nothing wrong with making sure that her boyfriend went to bed fully-fed…

And as long as she could keep his baser needs stimulated, Fayzan was happy to ignore his growing waistline.

The two of them ate.

And ate.

And ate.

Eventually, months later, this came to a head. One ignored epiphany concerning his weight followed another, piling up around him until the truth was no longer deniable—Fayzan’s weight was getting more and more out of control with (seemingly) every passing day. And the longer that he tried to ignore it, the more dire that the consequences were going to become.

As of the day that he hit three hundred and seven pounds, literally nothing in his closet fit him; he had been forced to resort to drastic measures.

“Hey Brennan?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you remember that stupid-big t-shirt those girls threw at you at the hockey game like… three years ago?”

Brennan furrowed his pretty blonde brow and put down his Nintendo Switch.

“Yeah?”

There was a small but poignant silence on the other end of the doorway as Fayzan seemed to work up the nerve to finish the next part of his question. Shifting his weight on the other side of the door, the floor boards audibly creaking ever so softly beneath him, Fayzan paused as he struggled to even find the proper way to posit his embarrassing query.

“Do we still have it?”

And, knowing the reason *why* his roommate needed it, Brennan could only sigh dejectedly. He had been hoping so hard that Fayzan would be able to pull out of this, and he had been remarkably supportive for someone who was so dense about just about every other aspect of modern life.

“Come on dude, you don’t need the shirt.”

“I need the shirt.”

“Fayzan, buddy, you don’t need—”

“I need the shirt, Brennan.” a more audible touch of anger to his voice now, “Unless you think I should go shopping for new clothes without one.”

And what more was a guy to do when his friend said that he needed the biggest shirt that they had in the apartment? Brennan sighed again and thudded off into his bedroom, spent about five minutes digging in the messy chest of drawers that held all of his like fifteen outfits, and walked back towards Fayzan’s bedroom.

He knocked on the door, a brown sausage arm popped out, grabbed the shirt, and retreated back into the room just as quickly as it had appeared from.

“I’m not gonna say anything—”

“So *don’t* say anything.”

“I’m not gonna!”

On the other side of the door, Fayzan was having a more severe version of the talk that he gave himself every morning getting dressed for work. He had known that his weight was…

Ugh, what nicer was there to put it? He knew that he was getting fatter every day.

And consciously, he knew that he had to do something about it. The needle on the scale had crested over three hundred pounds last week—his “come to Jesus” weight, as Brennan had put it—and he hadn’t been able to do much about it. Sure he’d signed up for the gym, but had he actually *gone*? Sure he’d said that he needed to cut back on all of the dinners that he had with Raye, but had he actually *done it*?

Fayzan was blowing up into a big-bellied blimp, spreading out from the middle. His gut hung over his crotch now, the lowest parts having to be pulled over and buttoned over by his pants. His boy breasts now folded and rested onto the top of his stomach, soft to the touch and able to be grabbed by the handful. His arms were weak and fleshy, and his legs—once powerful and athletic—had now fully melted into mud-brown pillars of jell-o.

Pulling the great circus tent that had been the Swamp Rabbits t-shirt tucked away as a gag (unfortunately one that became a rainy day) over his chest and down towards his belly, Fayzan was relieved to find that some things were *still* too big. This thing had been massive when they’d gotten it, and it had literally taken the two of them to fill it out to its maximum capacity.

Now, it only took Big Fat Fayzan to fill it to the point where it only looked baggy on him.

How long ago had they gotten this—five years?

In five years had he really gotten so humongous that he was big enough to fill this thing out *moderately* well?

“This is a wakeup call.”

He said it sadly to himself as he placed both hands along the curvature of his stomach. Even his fingers were thick and fat.

“I’ve got to start *actually* trying to lose weight, or I’m gonna wind up on one of those TV shows.”

He briefly pictured himself several hundreds of pounds heavier on an intro to *My 600lb Life* explaining how he got this way.

*I just kept eating and eating, and now I’m on some fucking television show where people try to get help and lose weight*.

A sad, dissatisfied noise was his only further commentary as he waddled over to the bed to retrieve the *other* biggest thing in the house that he could wear; a pair of vastly oversized basketball shorts that hung down to his knees even now.

He looked *enormous*. He looked *ridiculous*.

“You’re buying new clothes, this isn’t gonna be a permanent thing.”

He said to himself as he took a deep breath, steeling his ego to rush through the apartment, wobble down the stairs, and pile into his car so that he could speed to the nearest Big & Tall shop. There was no way that he was going to be up for any extended interactions with Brennan trying to pep-talk him. He couldn’t take it—as supportive as his buddy Brennan was, even he for sure had his limits.

He’d want to talk about it, refer him to that trainer chick that he kept talking about, and Fayzan just wasn’t ready to *do* that yet.

He had a date tonight with Raye, and he wanted to look good. To feel good about the way that he looked. He needed to get to the store, pick out a few serviceable outfits, and then get back here to wash up and make sure that he didn’t look like a total bum.

But as stupid as it may have sounded… what he was really, *really* looking forward to even after all of this hell that he’d put himself through, was trying out the new Wings place that he and Raye had been talking about for the past few weeks.

He was so excited, but so stressed, and so upset with himself… he *needed* some comfort food.

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Despite any of his misgivings toward his weight, Raye was always there to ensure him that he would never be so big that she wouldn’t find him attractive.

He considered it ironic, really, that she had basically been giving him the same talk that had come after their first real fight. The one where he told her that she should do what made her happy, and that he’d stay with her even if it meant that she’d be gaining weight? Except she was at least *comfortable* with her body and the changes that she had been going through—Fayzan had no such comfort with the idea of his growing waistline or out-of-control appetite.

Of course, she had a more *physical* way of reassuring Fayzan that she was still attracted to him.

Their growing girths had become an obstacle in their sex life for some time now, requiring more and more inventive positions for intercourse to truly take place. But with their new sizes came a lack of stamina, which meant that more often than not, Raye and Fayzan were simply orally pleasuring one another.

Fayzan’s gut was too round and his dick too short, not to mention Raye’s bottom too pronounced for them to get away with the reverse cowgirl. Missionary was out of the question. Bending over the bed was a reliable stance, but after a while it just got to be so… *tiring*…

But as Raye sucked on her boyfriend’s buried pecker, holding up his brown belly with both hands as she slurped sensually along the shaft of his penis, Fayzan didn’t care too terribly much about his weight. At this moment, he didn’t have a care in the world.