

“Freedom Fries 2: Back In Action”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Male weight gain, mild drug use, teasing, fat insults, lockdown weight gain, threesomes, polyamorous relationships, messy eating, burps

The Fourth of July fair on the edge of Sow’s Bend was a raucous affair, filled with the smells of fried dough, grilled hot dogs and fairground cotton-candy. On the edge of the fairground a number of families had camped out in the public park, celebrating American freedom in the traditional fashion: with gluttony.

I usually hated big holidays, even more so now that I had put on some weight and hadn’t seen most of my family in a few years. Between work and the pandemic, it had just fallen by the wayside. But now the social debt had caught up to me, and I was grilling a non-stop assembly line of hot dogs, burgers and other treats for my sister’s kids and the extended clan.

It was a tough gig—I would have been happier at home, going over my latest court case and planning a civil suit for one of my needier clients. But duty calls, and Wes Crowley must answer. Even though my sister had made *several* comments about my weight and how I’d looked better with a beard and so on and so forth... duty still called. I’d committed to this holiday operation, and we were going to get through it one way or another. With a beer in my hand and the occasional pilfered hotdog, I would soldier through.

What I didn’t expect, while caught in the doldrums of family responsibility, was to see an old flame approaching me from across the park.

I recognized Effie even across the sea of faces camped out in the area. I got that familiar pang of guilt, the one that told me I’d been out of touch with someone for a while, and it was about to make things *real* awkward. Lately, my court cases had kind of taken over my life, demanding so much of my time that even staying in touch with friends had grown difficult. And Effie was a... special case.

"Hey, how's it going? Good to see you!"

But Effie didn't seem awkward at all. She gave me a big cheery wave and made a beeline for me across the sea of tail-gaters. I noticed she looked different than I remembered--the Effie that I'd hung out with back in the day had been a gangly, skinny woman with a shock of blonde hair and pale, almost Scandinavian skin.

The Effie now approaching me across the grass was very different. She'd filled out, muscle and padding giving her a much sturdier frame. And there was a glow to her face that hadn't been there before--she was no longer slouching or flinching away from nearby people, or lingering on the edge of the crowd. She seemed confident, at ease. "Just vibing," as the kids might say.

Clearly she'd made some strides in dealing with her social anxiety--when I'd met her, her anxiety had been a constant presence in the room around her, a fog of awkwardness that wouldn't disperse. Now she walked right up to me and pulled me into a hug, her powerful arms squeezing my shoulders.

"Wes, how are you? It's been ages!"

"It really has. I'm sorry I haven't kept in touch, I've just been so busy..."

"Hey, it's cool. You haven't missed anything--just me and Claire, doing our thing. How about you, what have you been up to? Get into any trouble lately?"

I saw a mischievous glint her eye at the word "trouble," and a warm blush colored my cheeks as I remembered the sort of "trouble" we used to get up to. Full disclosure--Effie, her girlfriend Claire and I, we'd been a bit more than "friends." In fact, for a brief period, we'd been something of a *menage-a-trois* together. The waifish blonde, the husky redhead and the feeder lawyer... What a picture we'd made, together.

After our first meeting, during which I'd accidentally discovered Claire shared my kinks--quite a thing to learn in a thirty-minute conversation with someone!--the pair had started reaching out to me. Asking to hang out. It didn't take a genius to deduce several things in short succession.

One, they were poly. That became abundantly clear when we all attended a Rocky Horror showing together and Claire spent most of the showing making out with another woman, much to Effie's delight. And two: The pair were bisexual, and into me. Very, *very* into me. While Effie saw me mostly as a friend, her wife was very forward about her interest in me. She'd found a feeder boy-toy who just happened to be single, and she was not about to let such a prize pass without taking a grab. Frankly, the attention had been flattering--but also a little disorienting.

Once I started picking up on her signals, it wasn't long before the three of us were making regular visits to the buffet, and Claire was showing off for both of us, with Effie and I encouraging her and teasing her. Effie and I became a regular dynamic duo in feeding our mutual crush.

Under our eager pampering, Claire started to put on weight, and fast. She'd always been big--she'd thrown shot-put, back in college--but with two feeders on her case, she rapidly went from

chunky to huge. Devouring everything we put in front of her, she'd become an eating machine, her body softening and widening as she enjoyed our mutual attentions. We had so much fun together, and spent so many nights tangled in each other's arms, that I had almost allowed myself to believe...

You know. The fantasy, the ultimate dream. That these people might be *the* people, *my* people. The people I wanted to start something serious with. Something long-term.

But then my first court case had come along. And then I'd had to deal with my mom going off her meds. And slowly, Claire and Effie and I... well, we just fell out of touch. It was amicable--they understood I was an adult with my own life, and they'd been having challenges of their own. Effie was having problems with her social anxiety, Claire had been dealing with her shit-head boomer parents... Life, as it always did, somehow got in the way of our lofty dreams. And so our daily texts slowed to a few, and then none.

And then came the pandemic.

It had been three years since I'd seen either of them--which was absurd, because we only lived a few neighborhoods apart from each other. But between the scourge of coronavirus, and the difficulties we'd all been having in our own personal lives, we simply stopped communicating beyond a fitful "hey, how are you" every few months.

All of this flashed through my brain as Effie hugged me and I smelled her familiar scent: that strawberry-scented conditioner she insisted on using because it was Part Of Her Routine, and as a person on the spectrum, routine was *very* important to her. Her hair brushed my face as we parted and I got a lot of big feelings all at once--I realized with a crash of sentiment that I'd really, truly missed her. My heart felt like it was pushing against the inside of my chest, and it wasn't the summer heat doing that.

Had she missed me, too? She met my eyes as she held me at arm's length, sizing me up. I saw the mischief in her eyes soften into warmth... and then curiosity, as she looked me over.

"It's so good to see you, man. You're looking..."

I sighed.

Here we go again...

"Yeah, yeah, I know... I put on a bit of weight."

This was something of an understatement. Like a lot of people, Covid lockdown had delivered a blow to my waistline, and combined with a little aging, it had become permanent. Before the Rona arrived, I'd been a consummate--some might say obsessive--fitness freak, going to the gym

every day, swimming at the YMCA. Tracking my calories, my macros, the works. But then lockdown had arrived... and the gym had no longer been an option.

I'd tried putting a home gym together, but it wasn't quite the same. I'd started spending more time in front of the TV, snacking a bit more often--mostly out of boredom. One thing had led to another, and... well. I'd woken up one day to find a round, soft beer-belly hanging over my boxer shorts, the downy happy-trail on my midsection now vanishing into mystery, its destination hidden by the bulge of my gut.

I'd tried to sweat it off, again and again, jogging and lifting and swimming. But over and over, the fridge used its siren charms on me--and to make matters worse, I'd picked up quite a weed habit during the pandemic. My sober self had objections to eating ice cream from the carton. But my stoned self? Not so much.

As a result, I was nearly sixty pounds heavier than I'd been before the lockdowns began. And I'd mostly stopped trying to lose the weight--I didn't have time to work out anyway, so deluged was my office with case details and legal files.

And so I now periodically got The Look from people I hadn't seen in a while. The *"oh, he's let himself go"* look. The look that said *"damn, he used to be so ripped, what happened to him?"* I was very tired of getting that face, from people--I'd had to learn very quickly how fat-phobia worked, something I'd never really been required to learn as a thin person. Now I knew all the right things to say to shut down micro-aggressions, but there was nothing I could do to stop The Look from happening.

Yet... The expression on Effie's face wasn't the look that I had come to expect. It was something very different.

Her eyes were resting on my stomach, which bulged beneath my "I GRILL AND I KNOW THINGS" T-shirt. She looked almost... excited. The same look she'd given to Claire back when we'd stuffed her girlfriend silly together.

Is she... Checking out my gut? Effie, you absolute horndog!

"Effie? You okay?"

She blinked, shaking herself out of the perverse trance she'd clearly fallen into. She smiled awkwardly, and tucked her shoulder-length hair behind her ear.

"You look good, Wes. I mean it. Like... damn, you look *great*."

My blush was deepening.

"Effie--c'mon, don't mess with me like that. I know I look a mess."

Her eyes rose to meet mine, and despite her innocent appearance, I saw the old fire in there once again. The passion, the heat of a feeder whose kinks were rising to the surface, supplanting her "normie" facade. I'd made the dangerous assumption that I would somehow escape that interest, that somehow she saw me like other people did.

"Wes... Honey. Come with me, we've got a lot to catch up on."

"Nah, I should... I mean, my family needs me on the grill..."

She nodded at the massive plate of burgers and hot dogs beside the grill on a checkered table, the fruits of my constant labor.

"Oh yeah? Looks like you've got things pretty much covered, big guy. C'mon, live a little--your in-laws can survive without you for a minute."

"Yeah... I guess they can."

'Big guy.'

From anyone else the label would have been insulting, even infuriating... but from her, it felt almost affectionate.

I glanced over to the circle of children around my brother-in-law, who had made the deeply flawed decision to teach the kids how to sword-fight with sparklers. Now he was fleeing from a dozen swinging "swords," and I saw my sister Bethany hurriedly moving to stop the chaos. My talents weren't needed here--and after the several comments Bethany had made about my weight today, I wasn't in a hurry to stick around.

"Yeah, fuck it. Let's go."

As we went, I wondered if Claire had changed, as well. Back when I'd first met Claire, she had already been a big girl--squarely built, with short dark reddish hair, tattoos, and lots of Big Dom Energy. She and Effie had been together for a few years at that point, and even at the time, it was clear Effie had done a number on her waistline.

Claire had been nearly three hundred pounds of fun, back in those days--and of course we'd packed a few extra pounds onto her, when we all ran around as a group together. Maybe she'd lost the weight by now? Surely it would've been hard to keep gaining, through Covid. She'd probably toned up; she'd always talked about getting back in shape.

But as I turned the corner to pass a food truck, and was presented with the new Claire, my jaw dropped. These two had been busy during our time apart--*very* busy.

Claire sat at a picnic table, empty save for her and her several meals. It seemed the pair had done a recent tour of every food booth at the 4th of July festival--I saw buckets of corn dogs, several platters of hot dogs slathered in condiments, and a massive plate of nacho fries, among other sundry deep-fried fair foods. And Claire was going to town on all of it.

I approached her massive bulk with a reverence one usually reserves for sacred temples. She was easily five hundred pounds--maybe even pushing six hundred. Her formerly solid, sturdy frame had disappeared. She was *immense*.

She wore a jumbo-sized pair of jean shorts and a black tank top stained with ketchup blots and smears of powdered sugar. She had a few more piercings in her ears than I remembered, and wore a pair of upside-down pentagram earrings that I dimly remembered had also been worn by Effie at one point. She sported a few new tattoos among her already expansive collection--and I noticed with shock that some of the older tattoos had gotten stretched nearly to the point of being unrecognizable.

Where previously she'd sported a solid beer belly, now she carried a set of flabby rolls that encircled her torso and bottomed out into a huge, sagging gut in the front. Even from here, I could see her shorts were unbuttoned--she had clearly found them uncomfortable at some point in her non-stop gorging, and freed her belly to dangle under the table as it would.

The Claire I had known had also been a former athlete--and the shadow of that strength had still been inside her, when we were dating. I remembered fondly the days when she'd come back from the gym all sweaty and pink-cheeked, often remarking (within earshot of Effie) how **difficult** her routines were getting these days. I remember Effie getting picked up off the floor by her lover and swept around in a circle, her toes trailing the floor.

I remember, most of all, when Claire carried Effie two miles home after a particularly wild party we'd gone to. I'd offered to call them a rideshare, but Claire had declined. "She's been feeding me too much lately, I need the exercise."

Apparently those days were over. The Claire in front of me would have had trouble lifting a five-pound barbell, judging by the sheer amount of soft, pale, heavily-tattooed flab dangling from her biceps. She ate steadily, eagerly, but not mechanically: I could see her relishing every new treat, licking her lips after sucking down a fistful of cotton-candy and stifling a belch with one pudgy fist. Ah, how I had missed the rumbling, sonorous sound of her stuffed gut clearing room for more food...

"URARRRppppp..."

This brief pause in her constant consumption soon passed, but in that brief moment without a fork in her hand, she caught me in her peripheral vision. There was a split second of deer-in-the-headlights "oh shit I've been caught" vibes, but then she grinned and pushed her palms against the table, slowly heaving herself into a standing position.

"Hey, Wes! Long time, no see! How's it going?"

When we embraced, it brought back a lot of memories, and I will confess I teared up a little bit. I'd missed these two weirdos; they had helped me feel whole at a time in my life when I'd really needed that. Not to mention, Claire was a *demon* in the sack. Effie had never participated in anything hardcore--she was asexual--but Claire and I had shared many a tumbling, passionate night together, and as I embraced her newly massive body I caught that scent of cinnamon in her hair that I'd never been able to trace to any shampoo or body wash brand. It seemed to come out of her pores.

She pulled back, holding me at arm's length. Examining me. Her plump fingers were leaving sauce stains on my bare forearms, but I didn't care.

"Damn... Wes. You got *fat*."

From anyone else this would have been a cruel and vicious attack. But from Claire--spoken with a teasing kindness that was almost admiration--it landed more like a pick-up line. I reached over and pinched one of her flabby, bingo-wing biceps.

"Hey. Look who's talking, lardass."

She paused... and brayed out her signature laugh, pulling me to the picnic table.

"Asshole. Come over here, let's catch up? What the hell have you been up to? Is that big case still going?"

"Just wrapped it last week. Thank God. That's a year of my life I'm never getting back..."

We sat there talking all afternoon as the sun made its way down behind the trees. We talked about everything: work, family, the plus-size models we followed online. And as we talked, the reality of how much I'd missed began to sink in. I'd told myself once that I didn't have time for relationships--that my future needed to take priority.

Now, relaxing and vibing with these two in a way I hadn't for years, I realized how stupid I'd been to lose touch with them. No amount of money, no amount of career pedigree, had been worth leaving these little moments behind--Effie wiping sauce off Claire's double-chin, Claire swatting at her with a hot dog tray when Effie tried to cop a feel.

It just felt... natural, to be around them. Like I fit into some invisible pattern. And I'd given this feeling up for... what, a nicer office? More accolades? What an idiot I'd been.

But Claire didn't seem to hold a grudge over my long absence. She talked as if we'd never fallen out of touch, ribbing me and flirting as if we'd just seen each other yesterday. Similarly, Effie was quite friendly—maybe a bit *too* friendly. She kept squeezing my arm and finding excuses to lean over in front of me, her cleavage dangling as she tidied up Claire's destructive path of gluttony.

I started to feel like the belle of the ball, lavished with attention and flirtation by both of them. They were giving Big Dom energy together, and I felt myself fitting more into the role of a bullied sub—a role I didn't have much experience in, but deeply enjoyed.

And as we talked, we ate. I had become a habitual snacker in the days since lockdown; whenever I was hungry I grazed on everything within reach. And tonight was no exception. I quickly felt myself growing full as Effie brought us platter after platter of grilled food from the food-stands

As we caught up on Claire's new tattoos, Effie's sudden confidence and her progress in therapy and a hundred other things... we ate. Hot dog after hot dog disappeared into my mouth, hunks of fried dough eagerly ferried past my lips by the same hands that had once fed Claire, and occasionally Effie.

In their absence, with no one to feed, I had sort of begun feeding myself. I couldn't say I was displeased with the results... It felt strange to be so soft, so heavy, but I was getting used to it. And eating everything and anything I wanted was... well, nice. The one thing I was always stressed about were the opinions of others, on my new frame—especially people I cared about.

But Claire didn't seem to mind my widened waistline. In fact, I caught her openly staring at my stomach and plump arms more than once... And Effie kept checking out my ass every time I got up to to throw away our demolished barbecue containers. They were *definitely* salivating over my new fat. What a couple of perverts.

Of course, I didn't allow myself to hope, or assume, anything. Consent is everything in the poly world, and I wanted confirmation before we got into anything serious. But that old energy was passing between us again, the tension rising... Were they still interested in me, even after all this time, and all this weight? Or was it *because* of the weight they couldn't seem to keep their eyes off me? Either way, I was flattered by all the attention... and eager to see where it might go.

"Ah, damn. There's only one cheese-fry left," I said, nodding at the platter. "You want it, Claire?"

Claire reached for it.. then shook her head, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"Nah, I think you should have it, Wes. Here..."

She grabbed it with cheese-stained fingers, and popped it into my mouth before I could say anything. In that moment, I saw a look pass between Claire and Effie, a scheming glance, a mutual perverse delight. There was a split-second of electricity between the three of us, calling up old memories in me—for a moment, it felt just like old times. Except the two of them were toying with *me*, instead of me toying with Claire. The earth had shifted underneath me while I was away, and now I was the one teased and cajoled to eat. It felt... different.

Was I okay with it? Well... to put all my cards on the table, I'm a huge switch, and my *body* was definitely okay with it. A sizeable erection was making itself known inside my jean shorts, and I felt almost flattered by their perverted attention—I wasn't accustomed to being a switch, in our dynamic. But... I wasn't opposed to it. Quite the opposite.

From there, the floodgates opened. We started feeding each other openly, normies be damned—it was a thrill. Eventually the food was nearly gone and Claire and I were panting with exertion, struggling to hold back gassy belches, our faces flushed and our eyes glazed. I locked eyes with both of them in turn, and asked the big question.

"So... We're doing this, huh?"

Effie grinned at me.

"I would very much *like* to do this, if that's okay. I think Claire also would like to. Right Claire?"

Her massive girlfriend swallowed a chunk of masticated hot dog, stifled a burp, and nodded. Wiping her mouth, she finally consented once she was done swallowing.

"**URarrrp.** I would love that, honestly... We've missed you, Wes. There have been other guys, but... I dunno, it just wasn't the same. None of them would go deep with the *weird* stuff, like you."

I nodded, remembering.

"It's true, I *am* very weird."

"And you've got a sense for... like... The dynamics."

Claire blinked, swaying a little. A slow, giddy smile spread across her face, and I noticed for the first time her eyes were a little red.

“Sorry... My edibles just kicked in.”

“Hell yes.” I watched with delight as she slowly licked her fingers, clearly stoned. “What kind?”

“Just gummies, from the new spot down on Ferguson. You should try these, they feel *great...*”

We talked weed for a little, before ranging back into spicier topics. Like the concept of us maybe being a trio, again.

As it turned out, they were very receptive to the idea—though they did loudly remind me how *shit* I had been, not keeping in touch. I acknowledged this with as much humility as I could; it had been a wild few years. We had missed huge chunks of each others’ lives, and there was no getting that back. But at least we’d found each other again.

I followed them back to their new place, after the barbecue—they’d gotten a new apartment on the south side of town, a quiet little spot with a park nearby. As someone who’d lived downtown for years, I was surprised by the amount of greenery. Sodium lights cast the parking lot in a warm glow as we got out of Effie’s car, the shocks quaking when Claire heaved herself out.

It was a quiet area, with not a soul in sight, no motion but a few TVs flickering in the apartment building above. Crickets chirped, and the smell of summer was strong in my nostrils. And the smell of fried food—Effie was pulling our boxed leftovers out of the car.

The click of a lighter next to me and a skunky smell told me Claire was already sparking up. I turned just in time to see her suck in a huge lungful of smoke... pause... and exhale it, coughing a little.

“Want some?”

I paused... and then shrugged, taking the proffered joint. I was all in on our weird new dynamic, and I trusted these two—wherever the evening took us, I was willing to go along with them. I sucked down the smoke, held it... and exhaled, immediately fighting back a coughing fit.

As it turned out, “Magic Feather” was a *very* strong sativa. The rush hit me all at once after just a few hits, my senses sharpening, a sense of good cheer flowing through my whole body. Claire hadn’t been kidding—this *was* good shit.

That’s when I found out we still had two flights to climb, to reach their apartment.

With both Claire and myself absolutely stuffed, and now freshly baked, ascending the single flight of stairs to their floor was a challenge. But we valiantly pushed through it, heaving our bloated, stoned, tipsy bodies up the stairs to Effie's teasing and cajoling.

"*Damn*, you two fatties are out of shape! Look at you all sweaty and red-faced... Mmm, been a long time since *either* of you hit the treadmill, huh? We're gonna have to put you porkers on a diet!!"

The teasing hit me as hard as the sativa. I couldn't help it; I *loved* this shit.

Like Claire, I found myself addicted to Effie's small cruelties. her gentle but consistent reminders of her own fitness, and her sharp remarks about my own lazy, slothful, flab-softened body. Claire was climbing the steps in front of me, her massive buttocks heaving back and forth, flab quaking inside her khaki shorts.

"When I get up there," wheezed Claire, stifling a belch, "I'm going to sit on her for *hours*."

"Only if... *huff, huff*... if I can watch."

"Deal."

Eventually we did reach the top, the hallway and its dimmed lights swimming in my vision, as I panted and gasped.

I had barely caught my breath when a shadow fell over me. I admit—I'd known it was coming, but I was still surprised when Effie pressed me against the wall, her hand sliding down my belly towards my crotch.

"Woah, hi Effie! Uh... Wow."

"So *tired*, aren't you fat boy? I can help you take the edge off, if you want..."

She was riffing, just going with the moment, and I loved it. I'd done the same impromptu teasing to Claire back in the day—and now, embracing my switch side, I played the part, jiggling my stomach at her with one hand.

"If you want... some of this... *huff, huff*, you're going to have to try harder than that..."

"Oh, I'll show you *hard*, you fat fucking tub. C'mere..."

We tumbled into the apartment in a mess of bodies, kissing, groping, and trailing fingers through hair. Flab rolls were fondled, soft breasts (including my own) were gently squeezed and

massaged. Clothes were pulled off, clumsily, with no small amount of pauses and awkward laughter. We were all stoned and maybe a little love-drunk, and so the disrobing process took a lot longer than usual.

It had been ages since I'd been in a threesome, and I felt like I was missing all the dance steps—but Effie and Claire were patient, and Effie was *very* eager to show me how much she enjoyed having a new sub to toy with. I was teased, caressed, got my belly pinched and lightly slapped,

We were all stoned, gloriously so, and when we tumbled onto the bed there was general confusion and lots of careful re-positioning. But eventually, we got where we wanted to be—namely, with Claire between us, her massive body claiming most of the bed, rolls of flab shaking and quivering as she squirmed under a deluge of kisses and attention from both of us.

Effie and I formed a temporary alliance and drove Claire wild with patient teasing; Effie produced a vibrator from somewhere and edged Claire while I kissed her gently, tweaked her nipples, and generally got familiar with her body's rhythms.

Claire was a slut for pain, that I knew—but not *too* much. She had a delicate balance that needed to be achieved for her to orgasm, and we took a long time getting there. But eventually I heard the telltale whimpers of Claire lingering on the edge, and I turned up the pain a little, slapping and pinching her enormous, flabby tits until she moaned openly into my mouth and climaxed for the first time that night, her legs quaking and eyes growing glazed and distant.

She went limp, whimpering, and it was after-care time. Effie and I made with the cuddles, with Effie whispering in her ear what a *good* girl she was, how good she'd been, cumming for Mommy.

“Aw, tired out already, fatty? Poor thing...”

Claire sputtered at us but was unable to fight back coherently in the midst of her afterglow, her body still shivering with aftershocks, belly jiggling as she rolled to face us.

“You two... Give me a show while I... Bounce back a little...”

“Ooh, good idea,” said Effie, turning on me. The light in her eyes nearly scared me, but it was a *good* scared, the kind of scared that makes you horny. If you get what I mean.

Effie grabbed my gut, bouncing it, and I had the submissive “oh shit” moment where you realize “oh right, I've basically been teasing my Domme all night. Now she's going to *wreck* me.” Effie pressed me to the bedsheets, gripped my neck with a firm but gentle chokehold, and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

“Hope you brought your A-game, *fat boy*.”

My cock stiffened and Effie mounted me with the quick ease that came from plenty of practice. Who *was* this woman? The Effie I remembered had been so shy, she’d sent *me* around the corner to buy donuts for Claire, because going outside was too much. Where had all this confidence come from? I had clearly missed a lot.

She rolled a condom down my shaft, and then slid me inside her and groaned with delight, as her firm abs met my soft belly. The gentle *slap, slap* of her powerful hips meeting the underside of my gut seemed to drive her into a frenzy, the noises of fat sex alone getting her all worked up.

“Yesss, mmm. Damn, I bet you can’t even see me riding your dick around that gut, can you, porky?”

“F-fuck... You’re right, I can’t... Shit, I really got *fat*, didn’t I...”

It was the first moment that night when I truly reflected on it—I was *big*, especially when compared with Effie, and every time she bucked her hips against me my gut wobbled in a humiliating jiggle of jelly. Jesus, I’d really let myself go.

I had ceded power to her and Claire—now I was the pig to be fattened for *their* amusement, and there was no going back from that. I had become their plaything, and I loved it. I’m ashamed to admit I barely lasted thirty minutes under this onslaught of loving attention, and when I finally came, it was inside Effie, doggystyle as she went down on Claire.

As she felt me bucking and twitching inside her, Effie reached behind her and grabbed my hip, refusing to let me pull out. The aggression, the possessiveness of that motion, was what finally broke me. I came hard, pumping into her again and again, and then collapsed on the bed in a panting mess.

Effie headed for the bathroom, intent on cleaning up, and as she went she playfully slapped my stomach, winking at me.

Trapped in post-coital bliss, I felt Claire snuggling up to me, her flabby gut mashing into and dwarfing my own.

“So what do you think of the new Effie?”

I blinked, registering for the first time how much she’d scratched me during sex. My back had been lightly (and less lightly) raked with her nails again and again—she hadn’t drawn blood, but the intensity of her new sexuality still shocked me.

“She’s... Terrifying, but in a good way,” I said, putting an arm around Claire’s soft shoulders. “Like, it’s crazy that *this* Effie was lurking underneath, the whole time. Take away the anxiety, and she’s...”

“A boss. Yeah. Of course, it isn’t always like this—it’s a day-by-day thing with mental health, you know? But she’s doing the work. And today is... She’s been amazing.”

I nodded, still in awe of the sexual tornado that had just ravished me.

“She just seems so... Powerful.”

Claire snorted.

“She is. And to think I once bossed *her* around. Now look at us! Once I started subbing for her I gained like crazy—Christ, I can barely fit in my shower nowadays. And all because of her new... *way with words*, shall we say.”

“You can’t fit in the *shower*? Jesus.”

“I know, it’s fucking hot, right? I never pictured myself this big, or gaining more after like... three hundred, or so. But I couldn’t resist the temptation once she started feeding me. I just...”

“Lost control.”

She moaned at the phrase, clutching her belly, jiggling its warm soft bulk back and forth.

“Yes. *Exactly*. Fuck, it felt good to let go, though. Just... Surrendering.”

Surrendering to gluttony... yes, I knew all about that.

Bored nights on the internet during the pandemic had helped me unlock my subby side, and I was now intimately familiar with the delights of being a fattened sub—I’d even had a few doms online who’d intentionally helped me gain. But I hadn’t been ready to commit to the lifestyle, to engage in a real relationship long-term with someone who wanted to fatten me up.

But with Claire and Effie, I... Felt kind of ready to do that, maybe. Which was new, and scary. Again—I trusted them. And I’d missed the hell out of both of them. We clicked in a way I’d never clicked with anyone before, romantic partner or otherwise, and I’d been a fool to neglect that for *work*, of all the stupid things. To think we could have been having nights like this, the whole time.

When Effie returned from the bathroom, Claire and I had been scheming... and we pulled her onto the bed, flopping on top of her and smothering her with softness. Claire did most of the smothering, wiggling on top of Effie, her girlfriend trapped beneath her swollen frame.

“*Mmmf!*”

Sensing the bullying in progress, I dove for Effie’s thighs trailing kisses up them and into the fuzz of her crotch. I saw her thighs tense and heard heavy breathing from under Claire’s quivering flab.

“Get off me, you... *huff*, you assholes...”

Claire kissed her neck, and when Effie tried to push her off, scolding her in between kisses.

“Nope—this is what you get for being so rough with us! And it’s our first time with Wes in bed in years, and just *look* what you did to his poor back... He deserves a little payback, don’t you think.”

I smirked even as Effie struggled underneath me.

“Oh yeah, I really *suffered* at her hands, alright. I’m a regular walking wounded, over here.”

“It’s true, *look* at him! You simply have to make it up to him...”

As Claire wriggled free went down on her, Effie pulled me in for a kiss, her lips hungry and eager as she tensed and squirmed under the influence of Claire’s tongue.

She pulled away for a moment, eyes shining, the teasing look fading as Claire slowly unraveled her dominant attitude, one clit-lick at a time.

“*Unnh...* Hey, Wes?”

“Yes, Effie?”

“We need to hang out more often.”

“Yes. Yes we do..”

It was funny, I thought, as I pulled her in for another kiss. I had come out of the worst of my life, the pandemic, feeling very alone. A mess, unwanted.

But the whole time, my people had been out there, waiting for me—weird, sweet, kinky people who would accept me and love me and on occasion, fuck my brains out. Somehow I'd let them fade out of my life, and it wasn't going to happen again.

We were going to make some beautiful, awkward music together, and I couldn't wait for it.

-FIN-