**IV**

The amount of time that Becca and Frankie were in the bathroom was comparably small to the amount of time that it *felt* like they were in the bathroom.

For some reason, the bar around him seemed to fall into a standstill. The seconds crawled by.

“Hey Quinn… you didn’t say anything to Frankie about…”

Owen struggled to say the words out loud. He didn’t do it often, unless forced to *define* his particular fetish for one reason or another. In fact, Quinn might have been the only person in town whom he had ever said it to in his own words. In a perfect world, this fact would (hopefully) still be true.

“My… you know…”

Quinn suddenly got a serious look on her face. A stark contrast to how she usually handled topics that lay within this realm of conversation.

“No way, Owen—you know I’d never do that.” She said, her expression softening in a genuine concern, “Why do you ask?”

It sounded really, *really* stupid. Even before he said it out loud. What’s more, it made him sound like a self-obsessed prick. That Becca may have heard through the grapevine about his secret fetish for enormously fat women and that she was fattening herself up (or at least, stuffing herself) in order to get one over on him before their wedding. Or his sister, feeding his bride-to-be like that. Could they both have been in on it? God, that sounded *so* much more insane.

“Becca’s been acting really… really weird lately.”

Everyone had been acting weird. Quinn had shed her lean runner’s body for one with triple D’s and stretchmarks. Frankie was like a stomach on two short, stubby legs. His sister had blown up into a cookbook-crazy cow. But that was for another day.

“She never used to eat like she has been—but ever since we’ve been at Pin Oak, she’s been gorging herself.”

Quinn made a face. Her dark brow furrowed as she leaned forward, folding her chubby arms in front of her breasts as they dangled down and pooled onto the flat surface of the table.

“Okay, but why would you think that I said anything? I just met the girl in the parking lot like fifteen minutes ago.”

“Well yeah, but Frankie met her and Emily yesterday and…”

God, this was so awkward.

“I just want to make sure that—”

“Trust me, if Frankie knew you liked fat girls, you would have known it by now—she’s *almost* as hard up as you are.” Quinn sniffed as she took another sip of her water, “But she doesn’t, because I haven’t said anything, because I’m your friend and I can keep a fucking secret, Owen.”

The clamor of the bar around them filled the silence.

“I’m sorry.”

“You should be—I haven’t seen you or heard from you in three years, and you accuse me of spilling the beans to *Frankie* of all people?”

“Look, I’m not accusing you of anything, I just…”

Owen took a deep breath, trying to keep himself (and his volume) under control. The last thing that he needed was to bring any attention to himself. Or rather, to this particular topic of conversation. In a town of some five thousand people, word traveled fast.

“I’m worried about Becca, okay?”

Quinn cocked an eyebrow skeptically, but visibly softened her stance. As their drinks came, she took her whiskey sour from the waitress and took her first noisy sip with a stony look on her face.

“Oh yeah? You’d think that you’d be happy about something like that.”

“I am.” He said quickly, and then backpedaled, “I mean, I’m not… *not* happy. It’s just, you know, it’s *so* sudden.”

“The woman’s got a wedding to go to. She’s probably stressed out, turning to food for comfort. It wouldn’t be the first time that someone did that.”

“Okay, but that’s not like Becca. And even if it *were*, we’ve been planning this wedding for months. Don’t you think that—”

At the sight of Frankie and Becca returning from the bathroom from the corner of his eye (or rather, seeing Frankie’s great stomach, tarped taupe by her sweater) wobbling into view, Owen held up his fingers in a silent close to the conversation. Both he and Quinn rose to their feet in order to allow their respective partners back into their previous places at the table.

“You okay, Frankie?” Quinn asked as she watched her humongous roommate grab desperately at her straw, “You’re breathing pretty hard there.”

“Yeah… just… outta shape.”

Frankie laughed weakly as she settled back into the booth, resting one hand on her billowing, pillowy stomach. She went back to suckling at her Coke as her breathing slowly evened out.

“I hear that.” Becca agreed, despite not bearing any of the symptoms that the other woman was dealing with, “Ooh, hey, is that my drink?”

“What do you mean *I hear that*—you weigh like, an ounce.”

“Well yeah, but I’m still out of shape.” Becca’s small pinch of pudge had never seemed more prominent than in that moment to Owen, “I used to be able to *jog* before this one got ahold of me.”

Owen’s eyes went wide and his heart skipped a beat as soon as the words had left his lover’s mouth. Quinn, similarly, looked to Owen in a small moment of confusion, given what they had been talking about before their respective others had sat back down.

“Whaaaat?” Owen’s attempt to play it off as a joke was shaky at best, “I-I-I never—”

“Oh yeah, like anyone would wake up early to jog when they could stay in bed and snuggle.” Becca clarified with a drink from her margarita glass, completely oblivious to the turmoil that she’d caused in that second, “And all the movies and staying in every night.”

“Ohhhh.” Owen laughed, “*That’s* what you meant.”

Another awkward pause, filled by the ambiance of the bar.

“Well yeah, baby, what else would I have meant?”

^ ^ ^

Watching Becca eat wasn’t something that Owen felt compelled to do very often.

By and large, there was little point to it. Up until their trip to Pin Oak Pointe, Becca had eaten like a bird. Even when she indulged herself a little, it had been limited to a bowl of chips or extra cookies from the package. There had never been anything really to *watch*—whatever she ate that was beyond her usual norm, she still ate with her usual uninterested indifference.

Not like how she’d been doing lately.

But at the Black Star Bar, where everything was fried and came with cups of ranch to dip it in, Becca had been just as happy to moan and cuss her way through dinner as she was to keep the drinks coming. She would smack her lips, flutter her eyes, lean back and rub her stomach… the whole works!

“Goddamn this is good.”

*Goddamn this is good.*

It had to have been the alcohol. Becca had a decent tolerance, but not four margaritas decent.

“Ooh, lemme try some of that.”

“No way, Frankie—you’ve “tried” enough!”

It could have been the other women at the table. Quinn and Frankie had appetites that were just as incorrigible as their new figures had suggested, and they were happy to order a little something “for the road” after they’d finished off their entrées and the mozzarella sticks. After more than a few drinks, it wasn’t all that surprising that they got a little rowdy…

“Ugh, I’d kill to look like you again, Becca Bear.”

Frankie had run her hands up and around her bloated stomach as it ate the table. Her fat, red face frowned drunkenly as she glowered at her offending hugeness.

“I used to be real skinny.”

“You were not!”

“I was so!” Frankie reiterated, pushing a hand wrist-deep into Quinn’s chub, “Til I started livin’ with you, and my metabolism went to shit.”

“Ohh yeah, that’s right Frankie, I done made you fat.” Quinn rolled her eyes and gave a dismissive *Jim from the Office* glance towards the lovebirds across the table (with an extra long, almost sly look at Owen) “Them extra two hundred pounds are all me.”

*Holy fuck this is hot.*

“They might as well be!”

Clutching at either side of her belly, Frankie had hefted it upwards as far as it could go, jiggling it towards Quinn accusatorily. There had been *so* much of it. More than Owen had realized. And then Quinn had pushed it away, her hands sinking *deep* into the meaty folds of Frankie’s fat. Owen’s dick had stiffened right there underneath the table as he just tried to drink his fucking beer, but Becca was right next to him pounding back chili cheese fries and…

It had been a long, *long* night.

By the time they got back to Emily’s house, Becca was full of beer and apps and her stomach was round and heavy with food and she was still drunk and she was just *there* and—

Owen had left the room to wash his face off in the bathroom sink. Cold water. Ice cold. While he was there, he had changed into a pair of sweats that he had found in his closet. His tent had unpitched itself slowly as he tried to think clean, normal thoughts as he walked down the hall and into his childhood bedroom. Nothing sexy could have possibly happened there, right?

That was literally the most unsexy place that he could think of, short of the Dentist’s office or a funeral.

“Hey.”

Becca had changed into her pajamas. Mostly.

Her small form stood at the full-length mirror that hung outside of his closet, half-dressed for the night in her bra and a pair of flannel pants. Her stomach still domed out from the night’s indulgence, and she had laid both of her hands on either side of it. She was looking into the mirror, twisting and turning drunkenly to get every angle.

“What if I looked like this for real?”

Owen’s blood ran cold.

“I’m sorry?”

“What if I looked like this, like, all the time.” Becca slurred, turning back so that her profile was in the mirror

*That’d be real fuckin’ hot, thanks for bringing it up, B.*

“Like… what if you were fat?”

Becca’s cute little face furrowed and scrunched in consternation. Clearly he had missed something.

“Noooo.” She grumbled tersely, “What if I was *pregnant*, you dummy.”

She swatted at him with her dainty hands.

“Like, you know, inst—URRRRAP” Becca belched, “Instead of having a *food* baby I had a *real* baby in there.”

“O-Oh.”

“Waitaminnit, would y’still love me if I got fat?”

*I’d love it if you got fat.*

“cause like if you say no then we prolly shouldan get murried.”

Slowly, like he was approaching a delicate flower or a skittish butterfly, Owen entered the mirror and wrapped his arms around his fiancée. His hands traveling down to palm the stuffed, soft stomach of his wife-to-be, Owen’s breath was hot against her neck.

“I would love you no matter what size you were.”

“*Awwww~”* Becca cooed, nestling her head into his chest, “Thasso sweet f’you baby. I’d love you if you got fat too.”

Becca’s stomach was warm against both of his palms. He could feel it squelching as it struggled to keep up with dinner. But he could also feel a certain softness that hadn’t been there before. That seemed to have cropped up after she’d left Daven’s Port. An inexplicable five or ten pounds that puzzled and enticed him.

“Mmm…” she moaned, “That feels nice.”

He had started rubbing without realizing. As his fiancée pressed drunkenly into his shape, his dick pressed hard against the small of her back.

“Yeah?” he ventured, “You like it when I rub your tummy?”

“S’kinna nice yeah.” She said again, her hands falling down to rub up his thighs, “I think I ate a li’l too much.”

“No kidding, B.” Owen laughed, “You went to town on that menu.”

“Everything tasted *sooo* good. I don’t even care.” Becca chuckled huskily, her hands lingering longer over the tops of Owen’s thighs, “S’nice gettin’ to pig out every now and then.”

*You should do it more often.*

“I shoud… y’know… do it more offen.” Becca tittered drunkenly as she leaned her head back into the crook of Owen’s shoulder, “Kinna nice t’… let loose…”

Owen’s dick felt like it hadn’t been soft since he had returned home. Between all of his friends getting fat while he was gone and his fucking half-sister getting fat while he was gone and now with the way that Becca had started talking, was it any wonder? His poor abused member hadn’t been rubbed this raw since he was in high school, but it still somehow managed to muster the strength to stiffen, stiffen, stiffen against his fiancée’s back. Something that Becca couldn’t help but notice.

“Well hell*oooo~”* she giggled, arching her back to press her ass into his throbbing cock, “Mister Friendly.”

“I-I’m sorry—”

“No, s’okay, I geddit.”

“You… do?”

“Yeah, like, saving it all up for the weddin’ night is like… real hard.” Becca’s blinks were off-beat slightly, “Yer hot an’ I kinna wanna fuck you like *most* of the time.”

While had had certainly always felt Becca was attractive, the dirty, filthy truth of the matter was that Owen had never been as attracted to Becca in the two years that they had been dating as he had been in the short time that she had been stuffing her face and rubbing her gut and talking about getting fat. Even if it was just drunk talk. Since she came to Pin Oak Pointe, his fiancée had been acting so strangely and he really *was* worried but at the same time, he was just so turned on by the fact that his birdy brunette was showing potential to turn into the big fat wife that he had always—

*Stop it, stop it, stop it right now, Owen.*

“Mmm… juss… hangin’ out out here in the Boonies, eatin’ greasy bar food and getting absolultely fukkin *wrecked* by my hubby wubby dubby bubby.” Becca nestled warmly into Owen’s embrace, “Wouldn’ that be the life, ba—”

Owen slipped out behind his fiancée and let her fall down to the mattress. It took her a couple of seconds to realize that she wasn’t nestled into her boyfriend’s chest anymore, and that his lips were pressed against hers. His tongue was slipping in and out of her mouth in wet, passionate strokes before she realized that they were making out. Something that, in her drunken state, she was more than happy to oblige with.

“Nmm—” she broke away from their kiss, “I’m full, baby watch out for my belly.”

Becca could have had no knowledge of just how long Owen had waited to hear those words come out of her. Or any woman. Just the acknowledgement that she was stuffed full of food was enough to coax him on, even if it meant a slight change in his strategy. Arching his back so as to allow for her food baby to burgeon through, making sure that he never pressed too hard against her torso.

Which, given what happened next—

“Screw it.” She said out loud in a low, husky voice that somehow seemed not her own, “We’re gunna be murried anyway.”

It had taken all of zero convincing for Becca to slowly slip out of her jeans, and for Owen to toss aside his khakis. Unbuckling his girlfriend’s belt had been the greatest joy of their relationship so far, and he said that with little hyperbole. While his wife-to-be laid there and let him undress her, waiting anxiously for his dick, he couldn’t help but picture what things would be like if they continued in such a way.

If Becca kept eating like this.

If she moved to Pin Oak Pointe to be friends with Frankie and Quinn.

If his old friends’ habits rubbed off on her.

*Just a big fat fuckin’ pillow princess—that’s what she’d turn into.*

It was stupid and selfish, but *God* if it didn’t turn him on. He’d never been this passionate about making love to Becca. Something that she would hopefully appreciate when she sobered up. Sure he felt bad about breaking their vow to save the last big hurrah for their wedding night, but after so many months of celibacy he was just backed up and Becca was pushing all of his buttons and—

*“Ahhh~!!”*

Becca moaned in delight as he slid inside of her. It had surely been just as long for her. Just as long without his touch—without her own touch? She had always been far better about this kind of thing than him. Owen couldn’t help but feel like he was slipping into an unfamiliar place. Becca had tightened just enough in the time since they had been abstinent with one another that it impeded his progress a bit. She was already so shallow, and he was a little bigger than average—

“Hnnnnn~”

She sighed contentedly, visibly relaxing with his dick inside of her. She clearly appreciated his presence after so long away.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

His gentle thrusting increased its pace as she stared at him all bleary-eyed before her head rolled back into the pillow. It had been so long that even the missionary position was a welcome change of pace from absolutely nothing. Sure he had been masturbating pretty regularly lately, but that just meant that he could go longer…

*That’s right.*

*Fuck me fat, big boy.*

*I’m so hungry.*

In Becca’s voice, Owen’s subconscious goaded him to continue. In reality, Becca’s mewls and whimpers plead him with great urgency to continue. Quickly he began to unbutton his shirt, casting it aside so that it landed on the fireplace.

*Fuck me fat, Owen.*

Owen continued, his breathing growing shallow as he thrust, thrust, thrust inside of his wife to be. Pressing his hands hard on either side of the pillow. She closed her eyes in utter, drunken bliss—probably just as happy to find release as Owen had been after so many months spent celibate.

*Fuck me fat, Owen.*

His imagination kept him going. Crude mental images of his fiancée at door-busting sizes, struggling to squeeze through the French door partition in his childhood home filled his brain. Faulty imitations of what he had seen in PornHub videos and half-hearted cut-and-pastes of his wife’s head on those big beautiful bodies. In that moment, he would have given anything for Becca to have been as big as any of the women that he had spilled his seed to.

“Fuck me fat, Owen.”

He was so lost in thought that he hadn’t heard it. His mind tricked him into thinking that the Fake Beccas that he was imagining up in quick succession were behind that little slip, ignorant to the fact that it was his own ears had heard the command. It coaxed him, egging him on. Fully inside of her, he push, push, pushed in the missionary.

“Gawwwwwwd yes~!!”

Deeper and deeper into his girlfriend. She made him feel so big. With such a skinny body, how could he not? He wanted his woman to outweigh him twice, thrice over. He wanted to smother underneath a fat, fleshy underhang of gut. He wanted to be underneath an absolute fucking dynamo of woman as she gyrated and bucked and wobbled and leaked all over his dick—

“O-H-Owen!!”

Maybe it was the fact that they had both been so undersexed since this whole “abstinence” talk came about in light of their wedding. Maybe it was Becca being drunk. Maybe it was the fact that Owen had had a little bit himself. But a quick, easy cum was something that both of them were obviously grateful for.

“I love you.” Becca gasped out during, “I love you I love you I love youuuuuu~”

“I love you too.”

Becca’s little toes curled as warm sticky cum began to dribble inside of her, her eyes fluttering contentedly as Owen continued to flop around on top of her.