

Starring: ASHLEY KNIGHT, a larger-than-life ex-fitness-coach from the Buttercombe Academy storyline on writing.com, whose personal life took some rough turns recently. She's returned to Daven's Port, her hometown, looking for some alone time, and maybe a few fun nights at the local gay bar... but instead she finds a financial burden and emotional leech.

And MAX, a no-account washed-up stoner creepazoid whose only passion in life is porn, fat porn, weed, and then more porn. She's a vagrant living in the 'Port whose utter lack of responsibility and failure at life is finally catching up to her.

Let's throw them together, shall we?...

"ASHLEY FINDS A STRAY": PART 1 OF 2

DAY 1

Max woke with a fuzziness in her throat, a pounding in her head and a strange feeling: she was comfortable. Max was rarely comfortable, due to a lack of money, a place to stay and indeed anything to wear most of the time. Which was pretty damn inconvenient, as it was the dead of winter on the East Coast, and Maryland was covered in thick freezing snow.

She tried to remember what had happened last night. She'd gone to a singles bar... spent her last few dollars on a whiskey, tried to get wasted enough to get lucky with a fat girl at the bar. Max loved fat girls—well, "loved" was not the correct word. Max was obsessed with them, to a neurotic degree, and she had no compunctions about acting on that obsession regardless of whether it was appropriate. In this case, she'd only gotten to first base before the woman's girlfriend had showed up and beat the shit out of her, tossed her in the snow. And then...

"Where..." She sat up. Light streamed through the window, pounding away at her hangover. She found herself wearing enormously too-loose nightclothes: a huge baggy t-shirt and sweatpants. Her ragged clothes and skullcap with GANJA stenciled in it lay on the bedside table. Around her were piled comforters and sheets she'd tugged into a nest around her as she slept.

"Hello?" She heard the sizzle of something cooking in a kitchen down the carpeted hall. God, but that smelled good. She crept out of bed, struggled to keep her pants from falling down. They slipped over her emaciated butt anyway and she had to hold them up.

She peeked around the kitchen door. Inside was one of the fattest women Max had ever seen... and Max had seen a lot of fat women. This woman was enormously bottom-heavy, with an ass that filled nearly half the tiny kitchen and smooth, olive-colored skin. She wore a tank-top out of which fat-rolls oozed and a similar pair of sweat-pants, but these were close to bursting with flesh.

Sploosh, Max thought to herself, entranced.

"You gonna creep in the doorway all day? Come in." The Brooklyn accent was unmistakable; this woman wasn't from around here. But she did look familiar, somehow. She beckoned with a spatula and Max obeyed, too confused to do anything else.

"What... what happened last night?"

"I saved your life, you little idiot." The woman served her a heaping plate of hash and eggs, with sausage on the side. Max started wolfing it down with her bare hands. "Hey! Use a fork, like a real person. Here."

"Thankff you," Max said. She wasn't in the habit of being grateful, or of doing anything but taking charity and running, but this seemed a special occasion. "Who are you? How'd I get here?"

"Ashley Knight. Pleased to meet you too, Slim Jane." She piled her own plate fit to bursting with food and sat down. The kitchen chair groaned beneath her and Max's thighs clenched as she watched the woman gobble down a sausage, barely even chewing. "What you looking at?"

"N-nothing." She stared at her plate. Ashley raised an eyebrow.

"Uh huh. Sure." She belched and gulped from a gallon of orange juice. "I know why you were in that bar, last night."

"Y-you do?"

"Yep. It's 'cause your priorities are fucked." She pulled a vodka bottle from a shelf overhead and poured it directly into the OJ carton. "Look at you. A hundred pounds soaking wet, I had to de-louse you last night, and you were still trying to get laid with someone four times your size. Who had a girlfriend. You almost got killed." She shook a chubby finger at Max. "You, my friend, are a bona fide nympho. And you need an intervention."

Max had nothing to say. She simply slumped in her chair, defeated. Ashley was right; even after losing her last girlfriend, her apartment, and being thrown out by her friend Zack after stealing his mom's Oxy, all she could think about was sweet, fat tail. It was what all lived for. "You don't get to tell me what to do," she heard herself saying, dimly. Was she really arguing with the person who had taken her in?

"Yeah, yeah, you're a real rebel. What are you, nineteen?"

"Twenty-two," Max mumbled, miserable.

"Wow. You're, um..." 'Underdeveloped' was the word that came to Ashley first. The girl had no breasts to speak of, and nothing going on in the back. She was appealing, if you liked tall lanky awkward women with cheekbones gaunt enough to cut glass, but she was clearly undernourished. "You've been on the street a while, huh?"

"Yeah." No further details were forthcoming, so Ashley didn't ask for any.

"Hmm." She couldn't turn the girl out, not after last night. The bruises from that bar fight still shone on Max's cheek... and Ashley had taken a few lumps of her own for the kid. Not that it mattered. Few men or women alive could take down Ashley Fucking Knight when her dander was up. She was big,

but she'd trained enough boxers and athletes to know how to throw a punch. This girl, however, would need a softer approach than fists. "Guess you can stay with me for now."

"What?" Max's eyes shone with shock and mistrust. "Really?"

"Eh, sure. We'll get you back on your feet. But you listen to me while you're here. Got it?"

"Um... Sure."

"First things first. You need nutrients, kiddo." She pushed Max's plate towards her. "Finish that food."

"I'm full," Max said, and it was true. Her tiny stomach could barely handle what she'd eaten already.

Ashley shook her head. "Nope. Not buying it. Keep eating." When Max didn't do so, she slapped the table, making the plates jump. "Come on, string-bean. My house, my rules. You finish what I make for you, or I'm gonna dig your parents outta the phonebook and ship you on back to them. Wherever they are."

Max jumped a little. She wasn't used to people pushing *her* to eat; usually it was the other way around. It felt... weird. A little scary, but kind of nice. Ashley was a tough-looking woman, and much older than her, but she seemed to care—and that was something different. Max didn't know how to let people care about her. It just didn't happen that way.

"Yes, ma'am..." And she dug her fork into the eggs, scooping out a big, steaming bite.

Day 47

Ashley came home from work covered in sweat. The public bus had been blasting its heat—which was nice, in freezing January, but a woman her size overheated easily. Every single roll and cleft on her body was dripping with perspiration as she closed the door and immediately began stripping. "Max, you home?" A skunky smell hit her nose, and she scowled. "The fuck..."

Advancing to the living room in her bra, slowly-splitting blue jeans and boots, she found Max on the couch watching TV. The couch was Max's crash zone, and had rapidly developed into a Max-nest no matter how much pressure Ashley put on her to clean up. The TV was blaring some dumb-ass cartoon about a samurai, and Max was lighting up a bowl. From the stench and the smoke, it was clear she'd been through a few.

The table was littered with junk food wrappers and empty Tupperwares, which Ashley noted resentfully had contained her office lunches for the week. She worked at a protein-bar company, in the client acquisitions department, and was trying to slim down after the disastrous calorie-bombs at Buttercombe Academy had turned her into a furious blob. Not because she wanted to "look good" or any of that, but because it was hard on her joints to be nearly six hundred pounds, and she wanted to be able to waddle faster after people who pissed her off.

Like Max, for instance.

“Max! What the shit are you doing?” She waved at the smoke, coughing. Max looked up blearily at her, eyes reddened and mouth opened.

“Ohhh... Heyyy, Ash.” She giggled. “I can see your tits.”

“Yeah, whatever. You’ll survive.” They didn’t exactly have a strict dress code in the house—another part of living her Ashley suspected Max liked a bit too much. She’d caught the girl spying on her in the shower several times, and sent her packing with a few well-placed shouts and hurled shampoo bottles. It wasn’t enough that the girl ate her food, she had to get an eyeful as well... And a stomach-full. Max was getting a bit soft around the middle from laying around unemployed; she couldn’t be called “fat” by any means, but she had filled out a bit, her midriff was growing poochy. It turned out when you actually *fed* her, Max was a bit of a pig, eating until Ashley specifically ordered her not to. “Where’d you get the pot?”

“From some dude,” slurred Max, her hand crawling lazily down towards her crotch, slipping under Ashley’s old sweatpants which she now wore twenty-four seven. Ashley grabbed a stray bong and nudged the girl’s hand away; her arm flopped off the couch and Max stared at it, fascinated.

“Get up,” Ashley said. “Now.”

“Huh? But I’m like... In the perfect spot.” Max reached for more Fritos, and Ashley jabbed her hand with the bong again.

“I said, get up. I’m not gonna let you roll in filth.” She coughed. “Ugh, that reeks. Jesus, Max, you couldn’t smoke outside?”

“It’s collld out...”

“Fucking hell.” She grabbed Max by the shoulders and hauled her bodily off the couch. The sweatpants, still loose, slipped off and Ashley discovered Max went commando while lounging. The better for easy masturbation, probably. “Come on, Major Tom, we’re gonna go sober up.”

“But I don’t wanna...” She plopped Max down at the kitchen table, by now their established zone for Max punishment. It wasn’t like Max was an especially bad person—she was messed up, that was all, and Ashley was familiar with that. She responded to her own problems with rage and over-eating; Max responded to hers by getting stoned out of her gourd and getting off to weird porn on Ashley’s computer. It was from her that Ashley had discovered the terrifying world of “immobility” pornography. She straightened Max up a few times as the girl began to tilt, then ran the sink and splashed some cold water on her.

“Hey...” Max blinked, confused, and then the water ran down her newly formed muffin top into the fuzzy hill of her crotch. Utterly absorbed by the sensation of the cool, clear liquid on her THC-infused body, Max groaned and arched her back, her hand slipping south again.

Ashley rolled her eyes. “For *fuck’s* sake.” She stomp-jiggled to the living room with a trash bag and began cleaning up the mess. She cracked the windows, allowing air into the reeking room, and pulled down the bedsheets stoned-Max had ingeniously put over the windows to block out more light. The girl was literally a cave dweller.

“Oh... Fuck yeah, bend over some more,” giggled Max from the kitchen as Ashley struggled to kneel and grab leftover cups and dishes. “Ashley, your ass is like... *huge*, did you... did you know that?”

“News to me,” growled Knight as she tossed the filled bag into the hall. She marched back to the kitchen where Max was rapidly approaching climax, the *schlick-schlick* of her fingers growing frenzied.

“Gimme that...” She reached up and cupped Ashley’s tit with one hand.

Ashley slapped her.

It was a back-handed slap, harder than she’d intended, and it nearly knocked the girl out of her chair. Max reeled back, stunned, sobriety leaking into the corners of her blitzed-out world. Thankfully, she was no longer masturbating. It was refreshing to know there was *something* about Ashley that didn’t get her off. Namely, violence.

Ashley sighed as Max began to whimper, clutching her face. “I didn’t enjoy that. I know you’re high right now, and you have problems. But you need to understand.” She gripped Max’s neck: not tightly, but firm, as you might grip a dog’s. Max’s eyes widened, her pupils enormous. “You do *not* touch me without permission. I’m not your girlfriend, or your weird fat porn star. Got it?”

Max blinked, twice. “You... you hit me.”

“I didn’t mean it. Honest.” That wasn’t true; the girl had been an obnoxious, greedy drain on resources since she’d arrived, but Ashley couldn’t turn her out. And truth was, she kind of missed having someone to step on, once in a while. “But you need to get it. I’m not an object for you to play with, like you play with your cunt. Got it?”

Much more sober now, Max nodded. “Y-yes, ma’am.” Tears brimmed in her eyes. “Am I a bad person?”

“Aw, don’t cry. Jesus Christ...” She pulled up a chair and hugged Max—and Ashley didn’t hug anyone. But she felt for this stupid kid, dammit. She didn’t want to, but she did. “C’mere. You’re not bad, Max. You’re just... touched in the head. But we’re gonna work on it.” She chuckled. “God knows you won’t if somebody doesn’t help you. You’re fucking hopeless, you goddamn stoner.”

“Th-thank you, Ashley. Thank you for letting me stay.” Max hugged her back, her small body seeming to vanish into Ashley’s, sinking into the naked fat. The intimacy was nice. Ashley wondered when the last time was she’d let someone touch her. It had been a long time.

Then Max’s hand crept down towards Ashley’s ass, and the older woman gripped her wrist. *This is going to take a while.*

DAY 79

“One, two... Huff, huff. One, two—*Fuck*, that burns!”

“You’ve got it.” Max sat on a pillow, slowly double-fisting Doritos into her face as Ashley jumped and wobbled and jiggled in front of the TV. Sweat flew; some of it splashed the wide-screen, which was playing an aerobics DVD. “Come on, fatty! Couple more minutes!”

“Call me ‘fatty’ again and I’ll *sit* on you for a couple minutes. Oof... Ughh!” But Ashley was determined to make it through the video. She’d been making real progress, inspired in no small part by a desire to appear stronger in front of Max, more dominant. She was the boss, dammit, and it was time to stop shoving cake in her pie-hole and act that way for once.

“If you can waddle over here... Fatty.” Max was happy to test boundaries when Ashley was too sweaty and exhausted to make good on her threats, but she was starting to sound hypocritical. Since Ashley had begun to cook for her, Max had packed on weight so quickly she’d actually grown into Ashley’s old sweatpants. She’d risen from a hundred pounds and change to almost a hundred and sixty, and none of it muscle. The fat hung oddly from her tall frame; a plump pot-belly sagged off her waist, pale and drooping. Her arms had grown soft and doughy, though her thighs and ass had mostly escaped the encroachment of extra flesh. Her face was fuller, rounder, and looked more soulful now, as if some void inside her had finally been filled. And it had: she was “filling” it every night, eating late-night desserts while orgasming to candid phone pics of her roommate. The fact that Ashley *paid* for her phone—and everything else—hadn’t fazed her or caused her any guilt. Max didn’t really do “guilt.”

“Fatty... look who’s talking... you lazy lardass...” Ashley bounced to a halt, gasping. Her heart felt like it was going to burst through her ribs, and she bent over, spandex shorts creaking with the effort of containing her mammoth ass. She’d burst several seams, eliciting cat-calls and whistles from Max. “God. I can hardly... breathe.”

“Be easier if you took off the tank top.”

“Shut up, perv.” Ashley straightened, looking down at herself. She didn’t *feel* smaller, that was for sure, but the scale said she was, and some of her rolls seemed flatter, a little deflated. And she didn’t need to lean against the wall for ten minutes after walking upstairs. She was also feeling much more motivated... and her sex drive was slowly emerging from its Buttercombe-induced slumber. Once she’d been content to simply ogle her proteges; now, she thought she might go out and play the field herself. Hit the shooting range, maybe, see if she could pick up a few femmes. She loved a woman who could handle a weapon.

Sounds like a lot of work, her subconscious urged her. You could just fuck Max instead... It’d be so easy.

“No,” she muttered quietly. That wasn’t an option. Keeping Max fed, safe, clothed and off the street was the only thing making her feel like a good person lately—not that she *needed* to feel that way, it was just kinda nice. Exploiting Max for her body would be no better than Max using Ashley for hers. And worse, doing that would teach Max it was *okay* to sexually exploit others. Which she had spent countless weeks correcting the girl on.

No, she would deal with that pent-up frustration in the traditional Ashley way... steamrolling over everyone around her, and absorbing their fear as her sustenance. “Get me more water,” she panted, handing Max her empty water bottle. The whole thing was stained with greasy fingerprints. “Hurry up. I’m dying over here.”

“Bossy.” Max rose, with some difficulty given that she’d barely exercised in weeks, and walked to the kitchen. No, Ashley realized: she was *waddling*. Max was actually waddling, so unaccustomed to her new weight that she swung her legs out to get her softened thighs past one another. She’d given that girl a little *too* much generosity; Max’s asscheeks, stuffed into boxer shorts, were sagging like plump volleyballs partially deflated and filled with lard. Nothing like that Van der Griff girl’s ass, back at Buttercombe. Now *that* had been a serious, high-quality pair of buttocks.

“Focus, Knight...” She laid down and stretched, her arm-fat dangling as she struggled to reach each pose. It was hard for a woman her size; many yoga poses simply weren’t possible because of the sheer amount of girl-meat wobbling from every angle of her form. But a basic downward dog and crane posture were still possible. Thank God she’d turned it around, she thought, before she *really* let herself go. Unlike her former students. “Useless-ass lardballs.”

Max returned with the water, and some more chips, and three more beers for herself. She was quite tipsy already; her habit was to work through a six-pack or two in an evening. It seemed to be replacing pot for her, which was good... but it also contained more calories. Plus, drunk Max was just as bad as high Max. Ashley had to push her gently away as she staggered, smirking.

“You ought to slow down... on that brew,” she huffed. “It’s like three in the afternoon.”

“It’s an *urrrrp* Saturday,” Max said cheerfully. “Fuck it.” She swayed back to her cushion and propped herself up against the wall, scrolling through porn on her phone. The girl was an absolute porn addict; Ashley had been forced to cut off access to her computer once it was clear Max wasn’t using it to get a job and was instead ordering hundreds of dollars of “force feeding” porn using Ashley’s saved credit card info. That had been a long, drawn-out fight.

But Ashley wasn’t quitting. A Knight didn’t quit, even if her “charity project” was a back-biting, apathetic, slightly two-faced good-for-nothing layabout whose toxic personality set Ashley’s teeth on edge. No, she would reform this little nerd. Show her how a *real* woman behaved. Sooner or later, her lessons would sink in.

Sooner or later.