Back before Olivia had come out to her parents, and before she could feel that she was safe being honest with her other friends, Kelsey had been the one bastion of sapphic safety that she could count on in her life.

Her early twenties had been filled with the anxiety that only a born-and-bred Christian School graduate who had known that she liked other girls as early as age fourteen could have suffered through. Her *whole life* before she met Kelsey was spent as being seen as either a dateless loser, a prude, or as this sort of immature anomaly where the rest of her friends were growing up, getting married, and having children.

Back when she met Kelsey, Olivia had been a closeted wreck.

Now, she was just a *big fat* wreck.

“Oh gawd this is so embarrassing…”

It wasn’t like it was some mystery that she had become so huge later in life. As her metabolism failed her and her stress-eating took hold, Olivia had positively ballooned—to the point where she weighed more than five *hundred* pounds. Her early thirties had been spent thus far desperately trying to shed some of the weight, with little to nothing to show for it. Everything just tasted so good, and all of her emotions demanded food!

And with Kelsey, there were a *lot* of emotions at play…

“Mm… mmph… gogga schtop schtuffin my fashe…”

The box of chocolates that she had *intended* to bring for Kelsey (or at least, that she had told herself she brought for Kelsey) had miraculously lasted most of the fifteen minute drive over to their favorite sushi restaurant. Or rather, what *had* been their favorite sushi restaurant. Olivia hadn’t been inside in almost three hundred pounds now…

Hadn’t stopped her from ordering it to go though.

“Gawd… fhe’s… \*gulp\* gonna think I’m a pig…”

The seat of Olivia’s CR-V was as far back as it could go, and the wheel still dragged against her stomach with every turn. The reality of her growing size meant that she was going to have to start looking into transportation alternatives, if not a whole new car, sooner rather than later. Her fluffy thigh fat rolled over the middle console while her ass elevated her closer and closer to the ceiling of her vehicle. Just like every other part of her life, Olivia was almost quite literally *outgrowing* her own car—all thanks to the same habits that had stemmed from a rather messy breakup with…

“Juft… finiff off fhish box…” Olivia palmed the rest of the chocolatey morsels and popped them in her mouth two at a time, “Don’t know… mffm… what I waff finking…”

By the time the clock struck two, when she and her ex-girlfriend had agreed to meet up, Olivia had eaten the entirety of the box. Its contents sat on top of the already copious contents of her stomach as it swelled that much further out than it might have if she had been able to control herself…

Hauling herself out of the car felt like it got harder every day, but it was never as hard as it was now that she knew that Kelsey was waiting for her on the other side of those double doors. Dragging her feet and wobbling slowly towards the entrance, Olivia had never felt as heavy as she did in that instance. Suddenly aware of every eye on her, the great waddling whale getting ready to beach herself at a sushi restaurant in hopes of gorging herself on fish…

“Hahhhh… hff… h-hi…” Olivia waved, red-faced to the hostess, “There’s… a table for…”

“Livvie!” a familiar voice called out, “Over here!”

If Olivia hadn’t been so worried about her ex-girlfriend seeing her with all the weight that she’d put on, she would have been able to see Kelsey waiting for her at a table nearby. That is, if she had been able to recognize the fat woman sitting at a very long table, surrounded by copious amounts of appetizers already ordered.

If it hadn’t been for her distinctive voice, Olivia would have never been able to gather that Kelsey and the six-hundred pounds of brunette flagging her down were one in the same. Waving one fleshy arm back and forth, an action that caused her sea of braless titflesh to wobble on top of a gigantic gut, the blimp that was (apparently) Kelsey ushered her ex-girlfriend to join her at the long table set aside for the two of them.

“K… Kelsey?”

“Mm—sure is.” The fat woman dabbed at the corners of her mouth as she held out her arms without rising from her chairs, “Gimme a hug sweetie, it’s been *way* too long.”

Olivia smothered her ex-girlfriend with her own ample chest. Her stomach squished against Kelsey’s heaving chest as they hugged briefly before Olivia broke away to sit at the other side of the table.

“Oh jeez… I’m gonna need another chair…”

“Guess I’m not the only one who got fat after we broke up, huh?” Kelsey offered with a self-deprecating slosh of her upper tier of gut flesh, “Just steal one from one of the other tables. I think we’ve got an empty house on our hands.”

Olivia toddled to the nearest table, stole a chair, and placed it alongside the one that had been set aside for her opposite Kelsey. Lowering down carefully so as not to make the things snap beneath her, Olivia settled finally into a belly-heavy blob of blonde across from an even larger woman who had already gotten a head start with the appetizers…

“You are… *really* good at angling your pictures.” was all that Olivia could actually bring herself to say, “I… holy shit, Kesley.”

“It helps when you have a naturally thin face.” Kelsey put her hands playfully on either side of her chubby cheeks, “My ass looks fat so my face doesn’t have to.”

“Lucky. I couldn’t hide the fact that I was fat if I wanted to…”

“You really can’t.” Kelsey chuckled, “But… you know… you wear it well, if it helps.”