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Contains: *Weight Gain*

Deedee's Holiday

I

I nearly spat out my white wine when I saw Deedee's reel from Ibiza. I know, I know, what was I doing on social media on my vacation? Well, I'd left my book in my hotel room, and I can only sit by the pool for so long without losing my mind from boredom. Anyway, her reel. Deedee was sitting on a carved stone railing, sipping wine in front of the gorgeous Spanish landscape.

Her fit was a white cotton bikini set with little flowers or something printed on it. Her dark brown hair hung down her back to the high waist of her bottoms, and the sunlight cast hard shadows across her iconic tits. I watched those highlights fade as she raised the glass to her lips, wishing I were sitting there enjoying that wine and that view with her.

Yes, I was simping; sue me. I wasn't supposed to be on vacation alone.

I guess I should back up. My name's Nikki. My girlfriend, Kyley, dumped me barely a week before our two-year anniversary. I probably should have seen it coming. She told me she was fine whenever I asked, but I could tell she'd been unhappy for a while. I'd hoped this trip would be a chance for us to recapture some of that magic from the early days, but she gave me some vague excuses about not seeing us together for the long haul and went to stay with her sister in the city.

So there I was, alone in Ibiza, consoling myself with photos and vids of my favorite egirls. Influencers. Whatever you want to call them. Deedee was definitely in my top five, if not my favorite, out of all of them. Her little lip-sync dances and try-on hauls always brightened my day. And even though I was on vacation, my days still needed brightening. Anything was better than replaying the last two years with Kylee and wondering what I'd done wrong.

The reason Deedee's reel gave me such a shock is that she was there, too. My hometown in southern Indiana isn't quite as far from Toronto as you can get in the US, but I never expected to be in the same city as Deedee unless I drove up to Canada like some kind of stalker. But somehow, halfway across the world, we were in the same place. I was even pretty sure I recognized the exact spot, a terrace two hotels down from where I was staying. It was like a sign from the Universe. Call me crazy, desperate, pathetic; I couldn't be this close to my fantasy girl and her signature jiggling tits without trying to meet her. It had to be fate.

Okay, that does sound pretty pathetic. Just wait till I tell you the next part.

For the rest of that day and most of the next, I quit lounging by the pool and went on walks, exploring around the hotel and the ones nearby. Most were gated off from non-customers, so I strolled the beach and the cafes and bars on my street. I tried to blend in with the rest of the tourists, but I couldn't help but check out every long-haired brunette I saw. Some were too old, others were too fat—not that I mind a bit of thicness, I'm not exactly a size two myself—but most were simply too flat to be Deedee.

If anyone tries to tell you it's only guys who appreciate a healthy pair of tits, they couldn't be more wrong. Plenty of lesbians I know couldn't give a shit, and, if I'm being honest, a flat chest isn't a dealbreaker in the real world. And, of course, camera angles and filters go a long way toward making a decent-sized girl look massive online. I once posted a photo that made my B-cups look like D's. It was my only post to break a thousand likes before I took it down.

Getting comments and DMs from thirsty guys was *not* good for my mental health.

Anyway, Deedee wasn't the biggest girl in my follows, but Sophie's recent content was so downplayed I was starting to wonder if she'd lost weight or even gotten a reduction. I still followed Sabrina, but her vids had gotten so unhinged that

it ruined the vibe. Not to mention, the blonde look with huge bangs just made me think of Kyley. After a solid day and a half of wandering, my feet were killing me, and I was starving. Really, did I think I was going to just bump into Deedee in a city of 150 thousand? Besides, there was a curvy server at the hotel restaurant with short nails and a pixie cut, and I was pretty sure I'd seen her checking me out. I made my way back to the hotel to get some dinner and maybe make a new friend. That's when the Universe gave me another sign.

Three tables away from mine, I saw a girl with dark brown hair almost down to her seated ass. She wore a white skirt with a lime green top, and her hair was held back by sunglasses on her head. From where I sat, I couldn't be a hundred percent sure it was her, but as much as I could see of the back of her, it was definitely possible. Then, she stood up and scanned the restaurant, probably looking for the bathrooms. It was her. It was really her.

I dropped my eyes to my menu, none of the letters forming coherent words. My heart was racing; I had to get myself under control. What good would it do me to finally meet one of my dream girls if I creped her out, acting like a pathetic fangirl? For that matter, how was I going to meet her at all? It wasn't like I could just walk over to her table and be like, "Hi, are you Deedee from the internet? I'd very much like to bury my face in your perfect boobs."

When I took another glance around the restaurant, hoping I looked nonchalant, she was gone. I counted a few deep breaths and tried to actually look at the menu. I needed a plan, but I had some time. There was a half-full wine glass on her table—she'd be back.

Before I got the chance to order my food, Deedee returned. I happened to look up just as she was walking back to her table. It gave me the perfect chance to see her from the front. Her lime green top was laced with a wide gap, showing a cleavage line all the way down. My mouth went dry, and I had a sudden urge to visit the ladies' room myself—but not to pee. Deedee wasn't doing the deliberate jiggle she did in most of her videos, but they still moved a lot as she walked. Seeing them—and her—in the flesh was almost too much to take. That beautiful, perfect flesh. Then, I noticed the sunglasses were missing from the top of her head. She must have left them in the bathroom. This was my chance.

As casually as I could, I rose from my seat and followed the path Deedee had taken from a hallway beside the bar. Through a door marked with the universal icon for females, I found a pair of designer sunglasses on the bathroom counter.

I paused at the mirror to psych myself up. I'd been handed a golden ticket—I would never forgive myself if I blew this incredible shot. My bob cut was getting a little long around the ears, and I wished I'd gone to the salon before this trip. Most of what I packed were tank tops and shorts—I was already wearing one of only two sundresses I'd brought in case it was too hot. At least I couldn't find any sweat spots, and the loose skirt sort of hid my soft belly and lumpy hips. I touched up my makeup, spending a little more time on the eyes. They're my best feature, based on how often people notice them—I just say they're blue. I wished I'd packed for a rebound instead of comfy work clothes, but I looked about as good as I could with what I had to work with.

My heart pounded in my ears as I walked on shaky legs back into the dining area.

I passed my own table and approached hers, trying not to stare at her lightly tanned, mostly exposed back. I wanted so badly to put my hands on the small of that back, pulling her exquisite body into mine. Cool, I had to be cool.

"Excuse me? Sorry to bother you, but are these yours? I found them in the ladies' room."

Deedee looked faintly startled when I started talking, but then her face broke into a gorgeous smile. "Oh my god, yes, thank you. I swear, I'm always losing sunglasses." She took the glasses from me and held out a hand. "I'm Delia; are you staying here?"

I froze for half a moment, lost in the deep brown of her eyes—even close-up videos didn't do them justice. I blinked and nodded. "Nikki," I said, taking her hand, praying it wasn't clammy.

"Are you from the States?"

"Yeah, you?"

"Ontario, Toronto."

That's when I went for it. "Are you here by yourself? Do you mind if I join you? It's nice to find someone here who speaks English and doesn't pronounce it *Ibitha*."

What the fuck was I saying? I'd been handed my dream girl on a fucking platter, and I was blowing it! Not only was Deedee in the same European city as I was, but she was at my hotel, eating at the same restaurant, and she'd just given me an opportunity to talk to her. And there I was, word vomiting in my desperation to get to know her! I was fucking this up so bad...

Deedee laughed. Her laugh was deeper than I expected. I guess I'd only seen her laugh in lip-sync videos. Her boobs jiggled like crazy in her deliciously skimpy top, but I resisted the urge to look down. Her smile split her face, and I found myself staring at her lips instead. "That's so funny. The Brits *do* all say it that way." She waved to the chair across from her. "Please, join me. Half the fun of vacationing is making new friends."

It took several seconds for me to realize that I was still breathing. I hadn't just embarrassed myself to death. My racing heart slowed a little, but was still thumping hard against my ribs as I took the seat at Deedee's table. Okay. It was going to be okay.

"So," Deedee said, "What brings you to Ibiza?"

"It's kind of a whole thing, but my business went remote during the pandemic, and after managing my team remotely for four years, I decided to try working *very* remotely."

It was a borderline "dad joke," but Deedee broke out in giggles like it was the funniest thing she'd ever heard. I wondered if she acted this way around men, and if so, how the hell she was still single.

We were briefly interrupted by our server. I told him I was moving to this table, and he produced a second wine glass I hadn't noticed him carrying.

"Are you lovely ladies ready to order, or should I give you a few more minutes?"

I looked at Deedee, who seemed like she knew what she wanted. In a mild panic, I blurted out the first thing I remembered from the menu. "Um, could I have that fish stew?"

"The *Bullit de Peix*, of course! And for you?"

I figured she'd order something light. A salad, maybe grilled salmon, or whatever the local fish was here. Instead, she said, "I'd like the paella, please."

"*Paella de Mariscos*, excellent choice."

When the server had gone, Deedee said, "So you run a company? That's super cool."

I shrugged off her compliment despite the pleasant heat I felt in my chest. "It was a lot of work for the first few years, but once I got big enough to hire people and got everyone settled into their roles, things settled down."

"What do you do?"

"Web consulting. We design and manage websites for small businesses, a lot of online stores, stuff like that."

"That's awesome. I'm sort of self-employed myself."

"Oh yeah?"

Deedee hesitated, probably trying to decide whether to tell a complete stranger about her "online activity." A montage of her photos and videos flashed through my mind, ending with that cute white skirt I'd seen the day before. She said, "I'm a content creator."

"That's cool; what kind of stuff do you make?" As if I hadn't seen all her content and rewatched several of her videos during my "private time."

"I do a lot of try-on videos for brands like Sapphire and Fashion Nova and make travel content whenever I go somewhere new."

"Sounds like you're living the dream," I said. "Do you like it?"

"It has its ups and downs, like anything, but generally, yeah."

"I bet you're really good at it. You're definitely pretty enough." What the hell was I saying? This girl was basically professionally hot, and my horny ass had just called her pretty.

Deedee's only response to my compliment was a slight smile and a murmured, "Thanks."

Of course, I told myself, her comments were full of horny fans gassing her up—she had to be used to it.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur. Delia and I compared notes on all the places we'd traveled. She'd been off the continent way more than I, but said places like the Grand Canyon and Mount Rushmore were still on her list.

What I remember most is her meal. I know that sounds weird, but I assumed any girl who made a living showing off her body on social media would eat like a rabbit. But Delia practically inhaled her paella, making cute little sounds of appreciation with her first few bites. If I hadn't been so lost in her eyes, her smile, and her laugh, I might have seen the signs.

Part of me hoped, of course, that our dinner would segue into a night out. A few drinks, hit the club across the street for some dancing, topping it all off with a trip to one of our rooms for a different kind of dancing. But after we'd eaten and paid, Delia said she was going back to her room to lie down, exhausted from the sunny day. It was fine. She was staying for three more weeks. I had plenty of time. Especially after I emailed my team to let them know I was extending my stay.

II

I ran into Delia on my way to breakfast. She'd already eaten, but we made plans to meet for lunch at the cafe a block down from our hotel. With my morning free, I took my book and sat by the pool after breakfast. I re-read the same paragraph three times before closing the book. My mind kept drifting to thoughts of her. Now that I'd met her—and we were staying at the same hotel for the next two weeks—what was my goal? What was my plan? Every other relationship I'd had (which was only three) had been a long game. Slowly building our way from casual dates to love and physical stuff over weeks and months. I'd had a few random hook-ups, but the last one of those had been almost ten years ago. I didn't really have time to slow-play whatever might happen with Deedee, though. I figured the best case scenario would be getting to hang out and get to know her for a few days, and maybe try to meet up when we got back to our respective homes. Toronto isn't that far away, after all.

It's only, like, an eight-hour drive.

I shook my head to clear it. I was getting way ahead of myself. Delia and I had barely just met. As best I could tell, she was single, but she probably wasn't even interested in me that way. I checked the time on my phone; maybe it was almost time to meet her for lunch. The screen annoyingly said, "9:42." I grabbed my book and got up. A nice walk in the salty air might quiet the voices for a while.

Luckily, there was enough going on in the city to keep me mostly distracted that morning. People from all over sat outside cafes and restaurants, talking and laughing, and smiling. After circling a few blocks, I walked out onto the beach behind the hotel. There were couples everywhere, which annoyed me, and more than a few families with children screeching with mirth. But the crisp Mediterranean air was a blessed relief from the heat, and I got to meet several dogs.

All in all, it was a decent way to spend the day. I was almost disappointed when I checked my phone and saw it was time to head back to the hotel for lunch. Who am I kidding? I had to force myself to walk normally instead of sprinting to meet up with Delia.

Our lunch portions, at least, were a little more sensible. Delia got a salad, and I had fish. I found out why she'd eaten light after we were done eating.

"I want to shoot some content from that hill to the South. Do you wanna join me?"

She could have asked me to join her on a hike through the Mojave, and I would have said yes.

"That sounds like fun; it'll be nice to stretch my legs," I said, ignoring the ache in my feet from that morning's stroll. "When do you want to go?"

"I just have to grab some stuff from my room. Let's meet in the lobby in like... twenty minutes?"

"Great!"

The peak wasn't very high, but the walk to get there was over a mile. Two and a half kilometers, according to the signs. I was sure I had blisters on my feet, and I silently kicked myself for agreeing to this and abusing my body just to spend more time with Deedee. What was I, some kind of lovestruck teenage boy? Some kind of pathetic simp? But then, Delia would catch my eye, give me one of those smiles, and I'd forget all about my aching feet.

If she was ahead of me, I watched her cute little ass wiggle like she was a model on a catwalk. If she fell behind, I got a nice view down her frilly yellow blouse. If we kept the same pace, all I had to do was glance to the side to see those juicy melons wobbling with every step she took.

Before I met her, I was almost certain Deedee shook her tits deliberately in her videos—they jiggled way more than they should from normal movements like climbing out of a pool or walking toward the camera. Now that I saw her in person, it was confirmed. They definitely moved—a lot—but nothing like the way she showed off online.

We finally reached the top, and I had to admit, the view was pretty nice. Deedee managed to find a spot with no other people around and took off her small backpack. She produced a pair of cute little flats to replace her chunky hiking shoes. Then, she held her phone out to me. "Would you take some pics of me?"

I was stunned. I didn't want that responsibility. What if I fucked it up? "What, me? I'm not a photographer or anything."

Deedee smiled so wide I thought she might start laughing. "I normally have to set the phone up on a rock or haul my tripod all the way up here. I'm sure you can do a better job than that."

Unable to think up any reasonable excuse, I took her phone. She walked about ten feet away and struck a pose. "Just take a bunch; I'll pick a favorite or two to queue up on my accounts."

I took a few with Deedee centered in the frame, then remembered something I'd heard once about the "Rule of Thirds," and angled her phone to the side to get the city below into the shots. It was surreal to see the process behind all those photos I'd seen of her. In front of the camera, she was like a different person. She was shy and demure, twisting her body to show off her shape in the best ways possible. After a few dozen poses, she walked back to me and took her phone, swiping through the photos.

"What are you talking about? These are great! The only one I can't use is this one where I blinked."

Her praise made my heart race, an ache forming in my chest at the unexpected intimacy. "Thanks," I mumbled.

"Let's do a couple videos, then I want to change."

"Change? Up here?"

Deedee's only response was a cute little wink. If I hadn't been so caught up in the idea of her stripping, I might have read more into that wink. She had me play a few trending song clips that she lip-synced to while walking toward me. When she added that extra little bounce to her step that made her tits jiggle while she walked, I nearly dropped her phone.

“Alright, move around this way so the water’s in the background. It’ll look like a different spot.”

While I walked to where she’d pointed, she undid her blouse and slipped off her skirt. She was wearing a bikini underneath, pale blue with side ties on the bottoms and a row of laces crisscrossed over her cleavage line. I thought my eyes were going to fall out of my head.

“H-how is it?” Delia asked softly.

Incredible. Spectacular. There was so much flawless tanned skin on display that I was literally salivating. “You look great,” I said with a smile.

We repeated the process with the new outfit and different scenery. I wondered how many of her posts were made at the same time and place, even though she uploaded them days or weeks apart. It was an idle thought, however, because I was mostly just focused on her. She looked out over the sea, then side-eyed the camera. She looked at the ground and then up at the lens. She made her tits wobble, then smirked at her phone. I watched it all on the small screen, and whenever I looked up, her eyes were on mine. It was like each of those coy, smug little looks was just for me. Photography, it turned out, might be my true calling. A very specific kind of photography, anyway.

Part of me hoped she would shed even more clothes for a third set of photos, but I was pretty sure there was nothing under that bikini but her. And she didn’t have an OnlyFans or other “private” accounts, as far as I knew. So, when she was satisfied with the pics, Deedee put her skirt and blouse back on, changed her shoes, and we began the long trek back to our hotel. By the time we were a block away from the entrance, she asked, “Are you alright?”

I must not have been hiding my wincing as well as I thought. “Yeah, why?”

“Sorry, you just... look like you’re in pain.”

Shit. “It’s just my feet. I went for kind of a long walk this morning.”

Delia’s brows crinkled together in genuine concern. “Why didn’t you say something? You didn’t have to come with me.”

"That's alright, I wanted to." For a moment, I considered telling her the honest truth, but I deflected instead. "Honestly, I've been bored out of my mind. This was supposed to be a trip with my girlfriend."

"Oh."

Was that disappointment in her tone? Surely not; I must have imagined it. "My ex-girlfriend, I guess I should say."

"Oh..."

I needed to stop reading into her inflection. No way was a sexy girl like Deedee interested in a frumpy old lesbian like me. She said, "Do you wanna get some food?"

I checked my phone. "It's kinda early."

"I guess you're right. We could get drinks by the pool, then?" When I didn't answer immediately, she said, "Or would you rather go up and lie down? You should get off your feet either way. We could meet up later... if you're up for it."

I was absurdly touched by her kindness. Even if nothing more happened between us, I'd at least go home having made a new friend. I wasn't ready to give up just yet, though. "Let's go sit by the pool."

Delia beamed. "Awesome! I need a Sangria immediately. Maybe we'll see if one of the pool boys will bring us some fried prawns. I think one of them has a crush on me."

"I think they flirt with every guest. They get better tips that way." The pragmatic retort was out of my mouth before I could stop it.

"Aww, come on, Nikki," Delia said in a tone so melodramatically wounded I could tell she was faking it. "If you can't be a little *delulu* on vacation, then when?"

"Alright, alright. I'm sure, in your case, their attention is genuine. I bet you get undercharged everywhere you go."

"I don't know about *everywhere*," Delia teased, "But with the two of us together, I bet Hector will bring us all the drinks and snacks we want."

I tried not to overthink her expression, "The two of us together."

III

Unfortunately, I couldn't spend every moment of every day in Ibiza hanging out with Deedee. The morning of my last Friday on the island, I woke up to a flood of messages from my team. One of the services we used for our client sites had updated its interface syntax, and everything was broken. While I was reviewing the messages, I got a text.

DD (8:17 a.m.): Photoshoot again today. I'm obsessed with this dress. Meet downstairs at 9?

If I had been at home, I would have been excited to dive into the code and fix the issues myself. But there, in that beautiful place, with a beautiful girl waiting for me, I was just annoyed.

Nikki (8:18 a.m.): Can't today, work emergency

DD (8:18 a.m.): 🙄

Nikki (8:19 a.m.): Sorry

DD (8:19 a.m.): Hey, you got to get paid. Drinks later?

Nikki (8:20 a.m.): Yes. I'm going to need several

DD (8:20 a.m.): 😂😂

Nikki (8:20 a.m.): I'll ping you when I'm done

DD (8:21 a.m.): Have fun!

It wasn't really fair of me to blame my team. They probably *could* have handled it without me. But I never wanted to be one of those bosses who slack off while their employees do all the actual work. Plus, they were all super supportive, apologizing for contacting me even though I'd insisted up and down that this would be a "working vacation."

In the end, most of what I did was moral support. The hotel's Wi-Fi couldn't handle video without a lot of lag, so I stayed on voice calls in case something went wrong and offered the occasional suggestion. Still, the sun was getting low in the sky by the time I was finally able to close my laptop. Thinking about Delia down at a bar somewhere, getting a head start on me, I remembered her message about a dress that morning. I grabbed my phone and pulled up her accounts before messaging her.

One account had a new video of Deedee walking along a veranda, lip-syncing a line from a song. It was cute, but I recognized her outfit and the scene—I'd helped her film it the day before. Still, I took a moment to appreciate Deedee's tanned legs in a pair of khaki shorts and her cleavage jiggling in a blue lace-up top that showed even more tan skin, except for a loose, flowy part that covered her midriff.

It was the second video that shook me to my core. Deedee was lip-syncing a voice clip by some British guy, talking about how great being "on holiday" was. With each line, the video changed. It started on a plane, where she said, "Remember, catch flights, not feelings." Then she walked up an outdoor staircase in a low-cut blouse, asking, "How's your Monday?" She hopped off a low stone wall in a brown dress and walked toward the camera, saying, "What I need, is a six-month holiday, twice a year." And finally, lounging in a bikini, she said, "Drinks by the pool, today's office."

It was a clever bit, combining the audio celebrating vacation with clips of Deedee's sexy form enjoying her own vacation. What really got me, however, was the middle clip. I'd hung out with Deedee every day for the past two weeks, watching her relish every drink and dish Ibiza had to offer. I'd wondered more than once how she stayed so fit on such a diet. But in that snug brown dress, I realized there was no trick, no secret. Somehow, that simple dress revealed what I'd missed in each of her more revealing outfits—Deedee was getting thick.

It wasn't much, a slight prominence to her hips, a softer tummy, and the faint outline of her belly button, but every time I rewatched the video, there seemed to be more jiggling and shaking as Deedee hopped off that wall and walked toward me. What really made me stare, made my heart pound and my vision blur, were those tits. More than the low-cut tops, more than the lace-up thing in the first video, more than the bikini in her final clip, that dress hugged and highlighted Deedee's breasts magnificently. I knew it couldn't be true—I'd seen them in person the day before—but Deedee's breasts looked several full cup sizes bigger in that dress.

It awakened something in me. I couldn't go home in two days and never see her again. All I could think about was what she'd look like after another six months of vacation. I'd just proven I could do my job remotely, even in the midst of a crisis. I had to keep this thing with Deedee going. Even if we were just friends, even if I never got to touch her... Seeing her in person was already ten times better than videos on my phone. And while most models or influencers seem like they'd be insufferable in real life or were so performative in their content that they'd be completely different people, Delia was so positive and upbeat that I always looked forward to seeing her, and not just because I wanted to *see* her.

I watched the video a few more times, then mentally kicked myself. Why the fuck was I watching Deedee bounce off that stone wall on my phone when Delia was just a short elevator ride away?

I met Delia in the bar across from our hotel. She did indeed have a head start on me, so I did a shot of vodka and ordered a Cosmo. To my delight, she was still wearing the brown dress. The bar was noisy, but not so loud that we had to shout to be heard.

"How'd your work thing go?" She asked.

"It was fine. They're all really good at their jobs, so they probably could have managed it without me."

"That sucks."

"Eh, it was fine," I repeated. "I wouldn't have been much fun to hang out with while all that shit was going on anyway. Answering questions and calls all day."

"That makes sense. You take your job pretty serious."

"I guess that's true. It took a lot of work to get it to where it is now, so it's hard to... unplug, you know?"

"For sure."

While we talked, my eyes kept drifting over Delia's body. I'd never seen her in anything that didn't show off her spectacular tits, at least a little, but in that dress, they looked gigantic. The material clung to every swell and curve, and I had to force myself to look her in the eyes or pretend to be scanning the room. If Delia noticed my ogling, she said nothing.

"Hey," she said. "We should go dancing."

"What? I'm too old for dance clubs."

Her brows furrowed. "Come on, you can't be that much older than me. I bet you're not even thirty."

"I'll be thirty in like two months."

"See? This might be your last chance to have some fun before we have to put you in a home."

"Wow."

Delia threw her head back as she laughed, and I couldn't help but smile. She downed the last of her drink in one long gulp, and as her throat bobbed, I almost thought I could see the sugar and calories slide down into her body and fill out that dress a tiny bit more.

"Come on, granny. Pound that drink, and let's go have some fun. You deserve it after working so hard all day."

The club's music hit me like a wall, but didn't bother me as much as I'd expected. It was nice not to have the pressure of keeping a conversation going because it was so loud. The thought was absurd; talking to Delia had been effortless since that first encounter. But with the colored lights and the bass thrumming through my chest, I felt free to just... be.

The atmosphere was electric. Beautiful bodies twirled and swayed and gyrated on the floor. Every time I saw her, Delia was full of life, but on the dancefloor, with the music pounding its insistent beat, her whole aura was kicked up to eleven. Her arms flailed, her hips swayed, and her tits never stopped moving. Jiggling, bouncing, wobbling, every motion weaving into the next like a playlist on shuffle. I started out

with an awkward white girl sway, holding my drink and making the bare minimum amount of movement to qualify as “dancing.” As the alcohol spread through my system, though, I loosened up.

It didn't hurt that Delia kept moving *very* close to me. She wrapped her arms behind my head, grinding her chest against me as she dipped into a low squat. She spun away and thrust her ass into my space, wiggling side-to-side and up and down until I thought I might lose my mind. Her dance gave me confidence, and I touched her lightly as we moved. Tracing my hands along her sides, her arms, mirroring her perpetual motion. As the night rolled on, our bodies spent more time touching or nearly touching than not. Several times, my traveling hands brushed against a bit of Delia's chest, which spilled wider than her ribs.

She started touching my ass, pulling our bodies together before dancing away. Those grabs were almost enough to take me out of the moment. No amount of compliments from friends and exes was ever enough to make me comfortable with my pear-shaped body. But every time she touched me, pressed into me, gazed into my eyes, she filled so much of my world that there was no space left to think about myself.

My whole body was on fire. Those eyes, those hips, that ass, that fucking dress... And those god damned perfect tits. After one of her many trips down the front of my body, Delia popped up inches from my face. Her eyes bore into mine, deep chocolate pools that pulled on my soul with a force greater than gravity. Her boobs mashed into my chest, her lower body tight against mine. Her eyes darted down to my lips and back to my eyes several times.

She tilted her head, her eyes closed.

I kissed her.

When I woke, Delia was still asleep, cuddled beside me. I lay frozen for fear of waking her, but glanced around the room. It looked identical to mine, but with piles of skirts, tops, and dresses strewn over every chair and flat surface. This had to be her hotel room. Returning my gaze to the woman whose sleeping head nestled in the

crook of my shoulder, I marveled. Delia's eyelids fluttered, and I wondered if she was dreaming. I certainly felt like I was in a dream. How had I ever gotten so lucky? I must have been a saint in a past life to deserve this. Or maybe a warzone refuge.

Delia's eyes drifted open, and as those hazel-browns met mine, her lips curled into a sleepy smile.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi."

"I don't usually—"

She pressed a finger to my lips, then stretched up to kiss me. I tried to ignore how good it felt to have her chest pressed against me. Evidently, we were both naked—or at least topless. Delia gently nibbled my lower lip, then soothed it with her hungry tongue. I thought maybe she wanted to go another round, but then she drew back, breathing hard.

"Breakfast?" I asked.

Her body shifted against mine, and she said, "god, yes."

Thirty minutes later, we were well into our first mimosas when our food arrived. I'd gotten avocado toast while Delia had a massive Eggs Benedict. With her first bite, Delia's eyes closed, and she let out a little moan of pleasure. She said, "I wish I didn't have to go home on Sunday."

As reluctant as she was for this magical vacation to end, I was low-key desperate. Call it "post-nut clarity," but I decided to go for it.

"Here's a crazy idea: What if we don't?"

She stared at me, eyebrows drawn together. "What do you mean?"

"How often do you travel?"

"Like every other month, or more if I can afford it."

"Okay, so what if you just... didn't go home? I'll come with you, and we'll just go wherever you were gonna go next, right now."

Delia let out a delighted laugh. "Wow. I mean, I know I'm pretty good in bed, but I must have really broke you. How delulu would it be to just stay on vacation all the time?"

"Pfft, you're more conceited than I thought."

"Be for real; how would we even afford it?"

My heart skipped a beat when she said, "We." She set down her fork and sipped her mimosa. "Unless you're secretly a billionaire. In which case, let's fuckin' go."

Now, it was my turn to laugh. "Unfortunately, not. But I think I learned yesterday that I don't need to be at home to run my company. And I bet if we split the costs, it'd be more affordable than you think. I've heard there are all-inclusive resorts that are cheaper than rent and food back home."

"I believe it. The prices in Canada are literally insane right now."

"So, what do you say?"

"You're actually serious?"

"It wouldn't have to be a big thing. We just go somewhere not too far and try it. Like a week or so? Figure it out as we go."

"You're crazy."

"That's not a no..."

Her delicious lips parted in a wide grin, the sunlight glittering off the Mediterranean making the hazel flecks in her eyes sparkle. "No, it's not."

IV

Our first stop was Barcelona. One short flight and we were in a similar city at a similar hotel, but no longer in separate rooms. I wasn't sure if our drunken rendezvous had been a one-time deal. I definitely hoped it wasn't, but just to be safe, I booked a room with two beds. I figured the possibility would still be there, but I wasn't quite ready to sleep next to a woman I'd met two weeks ago, even if she was a goddess dream girl. With my team in a different time zone, my sleep schedule was already erratic; I knew I'd never get a good night's sleep with the object of my obsession lying mere inches away. Or even worse, cuddled up against me. Worse slash better.

Even with separate beds, sharing the same space still took some getting used to. We had breakfast in the hotel restaurant on our first Monday in Barcelona, and Delia's was almost as indulgent as that brunch in Ibiza.

"What's your plan for the day?" I asked. "Drinks by the pool?"

She gazed wistfully out at the Mediterranean through the hotel's window-lined South wall. "That'd be amazing, but I should probably get some work done."

"Another photo shoot?" I was supposed to help my team review a contract proposal, but I was already drafting excuses to get out of it.

Delia shook her head, resting a hand briefly on her stomach. "Not when I'm all bloated like this. I have to do shoots and try-ons before I eat, especially when I'm on vacation."

She'd come so close to saying the quiet part out loud: She ate more when she was on vacation. "Makes sense," I said, hoping I sounded nonchalant.

"Anyway, my buffer's getting low, so I should work on my drafts."

"Your buffer?"

"Yeah, I get more traffic if I make a few posts a day instead of a big spam. It also gives me more stuff to post when I'm home."

“You don’t make content at home?”

“I do, but the destination stuff does better. Well, try-on hauls do the best. Really, it’s all about mixing things up. I’ve seen girls get a million likes doing the same thing every video... couldn’t be me. I’d get too bored.”

I assumed she meant girls who did “office siren” scenes or soft JOI stuff like countdowns and staring contests. Saying as much would give me away as the pathetic simp I was, so I asked, “Is that why you do some photos and some videos? In different outfits?”

“Basically, yeah. Some lip-syncs, some just music, dances, get ready with me’s...”

“Whatever keeps it fresh and interesting?”

“You get it.”

The meal was charged to our room, so we left the restaurant together. While waiting for the elevator, I said, “I have to do some work, too, but let me know if I can help.”

I’m still not sure what gave me the balls to offer, but I was living in a low-key dream world. “I mean, you know your shit better than me, but if you want a second opinion on drafts or whatever...”

“Don’t gas me up too much; I’m really just guessing and trying to get ahead of trends instead of chasing.”

“I bet it’s lots of trial and error.”

“For real.”

Delia offered to let me use the room’s desk while she sat on her bed with her laptop. I went through my emails and chatted with my team for almost an hour before I had to relocate. The desk had a mirror in front of it, and if seeing my own reflection every time I looked up wasn’t distracting enough, it gave me a direct view behind me: Deedee, reclining on a pile of pillows like a Greek goddess. The glow of her screen highlighted the gentle lines of her face and the soft swell of her breasts,

squeezed into a crop top that was definitely tighter than when I'd first seen it. She caught me looking a few times, giving me one of those friendly, knowing smiles I knew so well from her videos.

"I'm gonna go down to the business center," I said. "I have to make some client calls."

"Oh. You won't bother me. Or I can go, if you want to use the room?"

"Nah, you're good. I'll probably need to use the printer, anyway." My business was completely paperless, but I couldn't tell her the real reason. It was simply too distracting to see femme perfection in the corner of my eye while I tried to get work done.

Our first week continued in variations of this pattern. I had busy days and quiet days, so I'd let Delia know in the mornings when I was free to hang out. We shared most meals and went exploring when she didn't have to work or do photo shoots. She always waited for me to do the shoots, too. I got to see every outfit, pose, and lip-sync in person, raw and unfiltered.

The only thing we didn't do that week was have a repeat of that night in Ibiza. In truth, I remembered very little of it. I remembered dancing at the club, I remembered getting drunk, I remembered kissing Delia, and I remembered waking up in her bed. Everything between the club and the morning after was a foggy blur. After Delia and I had brunch, I went back to my room, checked in with my team, and tried to recover from one of the worst hangovers of my life. Bits and pieces of the night before came to me in flashes, short scenes like the "previously on" at the beginning of a TV episode. Kissing Delia, my hands on her body, her hands on mine, gripping her thighs as she ground herself on my leg, her squeezing my ass as I lay on top of her...

I could remember the sensation of my face buried between those glorious tits, but I couldn't remember what they looked like naked. My lack of memories frustrated me almost as much as my burning need to experience those sensations again. All of them. The holding, the touching, the grinding, the loving. The burning, the wanting, the needing, the taking, the giving, the sharing...

As hazy as my memories were, I felt certain it had been better than any “first time” I’d ever had. Sure, it couldn’t compete with the best of the best times. Deep in a loving relationship, the icy fire of mid-argument hate fucking, the hungry aching ecstasy of make-up sex, or the gentle harmony of two people who knew each other inside and out. Mind, body, and soul *knowing* the other even better than she knew herself. Of all my random hookups and all the times a relationship finally got to that next level, that night had been far better than any “first time.” Far better than my first “first time” and far, far better than the handful of times I’d tried men.

That night with Delia had been exceptional, one of a kind. And maybe that’s why it took so long for it to happen again. How could a sequel ever live up to the original? The literal pussy on a pedestal that lived rent-free in the blacked-out snippets of my memory?

Delia didn’t bring it up again after that next morning, and being too self-conscious to do so myself, I was left to fill in those blanks with my own traitorous imagination. Had she regretted it? Did she think it was a mistake? Had she been even drunker than I was and forgotten how good it was? Was it even good for her? Were my gaps repressed memories of gaffs and blunders, leaving me deluded that it’d been better than it was?

Terrified of those answers, terrified of the worst-case scenario—or really, any scenario that didn’t measure up to the ecstatic bliss I remembered—I stayed silent. We didn’t meet up again the night before we left Ibiza. Delia said she didn’t want to fly hungover, no matter how short the flight, and I couldn’t argue with that logic. So, I consoled myself with an extra-long shower, replaying the image of Delia packing away Eggs Benedict with sides of croissants and churros, imagining just where all those excess carbs and sugar would go.

Delia’s spoon tinkled against her glass bowl as she scraped the last bit of cream from her *Arroz con leche*.

“This was such a good idea. I was *not* ready to go home yet. It’s still barely ten degrees back there.”

“Ten? In April?” Before she had a chance to clarify, I realized she obviously meant Celsius, which would make it about 50°. Three weeks in Spain were not enough to make me fluent in metric.

“Never mind, I’m an idiot,” I said. “Yeah, I think it’s a little warmer down in Indiana, but not much.”

Delia leaned back on both arms, her palms sinking into her mattress. She was obviously still in “vacation eating mode.” It was Saturday, and although she’d had a very light breakfast before we went out for a photo shoot on the veranda overlooking the Mediterranean, she’d had a massive order of *croquetas* for lunch and a steady stream of tapas while we lounged by the pool. We had dinner delivered to our room; another *paella* for her, and a salad for me. And, of course, the dessert.

Delia’s white-and-navy-striped onesie pajamas clung like a second skin to the taut dome of her middle. Her incredible boobs bulged out of the top while her increasingly decadent thighs oozed from the bottom. She looked more delicious than the desserts she’d just devoured.

Despite our afternoon of lazy indolence, we were not drunk. We weren’t sober, either, but the bottle of wine we’d ordered with dinner still held nearly a third of its maroon contents. Delia pushed back the covers from her bed, beginning what had become our nightly ritual of watching whatever movie was on the hotel TV. The activity was passive enough to let me check in with my team if I needed to. But it was the weekend, so my laptop was closed and my phone face down on the nightstand. I stood and pulled the sheets back on my own bed when a pair of hands lightly brushed my sides. I stiffened at the touch.

“Just because we have two beds... doesn’t mean we have to use them both,” she whispered, the warmth of her breath tickling my ear.

I couldn’t help myself. “You sound like a rom-com character.”

Her gentle touch became rough as she spun me around. Her tits were inches from my face, but I was staring into her eyes like the characters I’d just mocked. Delia said, “Shut up and kiss me, you fuckin’ nerd.”

I was more than happy to comply.

V

After two weeks in Barcelona, we flew to Venice, then Rome. We worked our way north as the weather got warmer. I wanted to try to make it to Munich for Oktoberfest, but that was still months away, and things were going so well, I didn't want to jinx it. When neither of us was working, we went on guided tours, visited museums, and saw live music. The Trevi Fountain and St. Mark's Basilica were incredible—sights so impressive I almost forgot I was sharing them with a walking, talking work of art.

Every place we went had great food, of course, and Delia relished every bite. Being with her nearly all the time, it was easy to miss the changes. But every so often, when she was down by the pool and I had a few moments to spare, I'd pull out my phone and scroll through Deedee's posts. If I opened her Insta and swiped through the last few months of photos, I could see her getting smaller as I went further back in time.

Delia seemed oblivious to it, but I guessed she'd put on at least ten to fifteen pounds since we met. Most of it went to her chest, but her hips had gotten a little wider, and her ass a little fuller. Still, whenever we went out to eat or got delivery to our room, she ordered a full, hearty entree. I didn't comment on it, and neither did she. Without so much as an "I shouldn't have ordered so much" or an "I really need to cut back," she simply dug into every dish, humming and chewing, sometimes even doing a wiggly little dance.

I kept waiting for her to notice. To get dressed for a photoshoot and discover that a bra or top wouldn't fit. To go through her photos or videos from the day's session and realize she was spilling out of her bikini. It was like that eerie, green-skied calm before a thunderstorm. I felt certain that one of these days, she'd find out she was gaining weight and freak out. She'd blame me, for sure. This whole "endless vacation" thing had been my idea, after all.

I could see the whole argument play out in my head. Deedee would get upset, naturally. She'd find out I'd been a fan before we met. That we'd only met because I'd been lowkey stalking her. Hell, I don't know if it even was lowkey. She'd probably think I'd only picked that hotel in Ibiza because I knew she was there. I

wasn't, I'd tell her; it was a total coincidence. And I suggested the vacation thing because I liked her, because we got along so well and had so much fun together. It wasn't like I was picking where we ate or ordering food for her. How could any of that be my fault?

When I was with her, though, I forgot about all that. It was more than just Delia's incredibly sexy—and getting sexier by the day—body, but her seemingly boundless energy, her ability to pull me out of my deepest doom-spirals with a few words and a smile. If our flight got delayed, she'd grin and say that just meant we could have lunch at the airport bar. If a hotel pool was closed for cleaning, she'd find a park we could go to instead. It was simply impossible for me to be frustrated or upset or annoyed for more than a few minutes when she was around. Which is to say nothing about how much better my nights had gotten.

Delia straddled my hips, rocking her body slowly as she slid a big pink strap in and out of me. I loved this position. When she slid back, her thighs rubbed against my hips and her ass bumped my knees, and I got to watch all the self-satisfied faces she made as her eyes watched me get closer. When she drove into me, her back arched, that softening tummy flattened out and her face disappeared behind those massive tits. All of that would have been enough to get me off, but I couldn't just lie there with all that thrusting and jiggling and wobbling happening right on top of me. Delia held my waist for leverage, while my hands explored. Every line and curve, every hill and valley, I wanted to memorize every part of her, every inch, every detail. Especially because I knew it would change. In another month, those thighs would be thicker, that tummy would be softer, and those perfectly huge twins that bounced and jostled and tried to escape my grip would be even huger. Yeah, that's not a word; shut up.

"Dee..." I gasped.

Delia increased her rhythm, ever so slightly, leaning into my grip. It was as if her breasts were trying to squeeze further into my hands. I found her nipples, stiff and engorged. I grabbed both between thumb and index finger, and she gasped. With the next thrust, they tried to slide out of my hold, but I pinched tighter, making Delia's gasps rise in pitch.

"Nik—Nikki..."

The sound of my name coming from the lips of this goddess was almost more than I could take. She reached a hand between us and thumbed my clit, and stars swam in my vision as I came.

As I ran down, Delia collapsed onto me, making it harder to breathe as her hips and belly and all that boob crushed me further into the mattress. She moved to roll off, but I wrapped my arms around her, pinning her on top of me. I lifted my head to nibble her lower lip, tasting the sweet traces of *Penne alla Vodka*. Our kisses got faster, deeper, and when her tongue started hungrily exploring mine, I rolled us over until she was on her back.

“Your turn,” I whispered.

I melded my body to her side, trailing kisses down her neck and collarbone, slowly rising up the mound of one breast. With my mouth distracting her, I slid my leg languidly across hers, up and down. I stretched to reach her left nipple with my mouth and teased the other with my left hand, leaving my right free to trail down her stomach and between her legs. Every touch brought a different gasp and whimper from Delia’s lips, and I loved trying to get as many of them going as I could. When my fingers slipped inside her, Delia’s body started to twitch and shudder. She might have raised her ass off the bed if I weren’t pinning her down. Her hips shuddered, aching to press herself harder against my hand, forcing my fingers deeper. Instead, I teased, pinching and sucking and stroking and tickling, keeping her right at the edge of release. Delia made a beautiful symphony of sounds—pleasure and surprise and longing and need—and I played her body like an instrument.

“Nikki... please...” She whimpered.

She’d had enough, and I was too spent from my own release to egg her on for much longer anyway. I stroked inside her in the way I knew she wanted, while circling one areola with the edge of my short nails and using my teeth on the other nipple. Delia’s gasps and whimpers stopped as her whole body clenched. She made no sound except for the ghost of a cry from deep in her throat. I carried her through the climax until it started to subside, then rolled off of her onto my back.

After catching her breath, Delia asked, “How are you so fuckin’ good at that?”

I rolled back into her, resting my head on her shoulder and cupping her breasts under my arm. "You're very... motivating."

"Is this that 'giving a hundred and ten percent' you Americans are always going on about?"

A snorting laugh slipped out of me, and I kissed her cheek. "With a little more practice, I bet I could get it to one-fifteen."

She turned her head to return my kiss. "You can practice on me as much as you want."

We cuddled together as our bodies relaxed, then I said, "I think I want something sweet before movie time. Gelato?"

"God, it's like you're inside my head."

Okay, fine. I wasn't *not* encouraging her to indulge.

Over the next month, I started helping Deedee with her content.

"You attach the file here, the caption goes here, and you can check which apps you want to post it to."

"Nice!"

"One thing it can't do is autocomplete at's from your accounts, but it has a favorites list where you can add accounts you at a lot, like Sapphire."

For a split second, I worried I'd given myself away by naming her most frequent sponsor, but Delia said, "Oh, I didn't think of that. Good catch."

What was I thinking? I've seen her unbox packages from Sapphire at least half a dozen times since we started traveling together. "There are even tag sets if you have any hashtags you use a lot."

That comment was a little more strategic; I knew full well which hashtags she frequently used.

“Smart.”

“That’s not even the best part,” I said with a smirk. “There are date pickers here, so you can schedule when you want it to actually post. As long as you keep the app running, it’ll post things on that schedule.”

Delia leaned down to peer at her laptop on the desk in front of me. The move pressed her incredible breasts into my shoulders. They were truly huge by then—the last time I peeked at one of her bra tags, it read 34L. “Hold up. So I can schedule stuff all at once instead of getting on to post every day?”

“Yup.”

She hugged me, and I reflexively grabbed her forearms over my chest. They were definitely softer than they’d been a few months ago. “Oh my god, Nikki, you’re amazing!”

A little short of breath from her crushing embrace, I said, “I thought you might like that. Now we’ll have more time to explore and do shoots.”

Her hands traveled along my sides, and she pressed a kiss to my jaw. “You’re the best! I should just hire you as my manager.”

“I’m not sure *—ha—* you can afford me...”

Her breath hot in my ear, Delia whispered, “How about an exchange of... *services?*”

I spun the office chair around, making her crash into me front-to-front. Delia stumbled off her feet, but I grabbed her meaty thighs and pulled her into my lap. Her rump overflowed my lap and her soft tummy pressed against mine, but all I saw in the space between us were mind-blowingly fat tits.

“Deal.”

“Where do you wanna go after Munich?”

I opened my eyes, squinting against the French Riviera sun, and looked at her. Like me, Delia lounged in a deck chair. She had her phone in one hand and an *Eden-Roc* Splash in the other. Her breasts sat so full and round on her chest that they cast a shadow on the bottom half of her face. There was so much lightly tanned skin on display that I had to look away. The last thing I needed was to get my own bikini bottoms damp.

“Maybe Dublin? Keep the beer theme going.”

“Hmm... That’ll be getting into the low season up there; might be cold.”

“We can check the forecast,” I said. “It’s not like it’ll be winter. What if we just do a week, then start heading back south?”

“Good call. If we like it, we can always go back for St Paddy’s next year.”

Next year. I hadn’t dared to think that far ahead. I mean, sure, I kept waiting for my dream life to come crashing down, but if Delia was already thinking about plans for seven months from now...

“Hey, are you nik95?”

I couldn’t lie. There was at least one selfie on my Instagram. “Yeah... why?”

“I saw you in my likes. I can’t believe I’m not following you back yet.”

My blood ran cold. Delia brought the phone closer to her face, squinting in the sun. “Wait...”

VI

I tried to keep a look of bored disinterest on my face as Delia squinted at her phone, but inside, I was losing the plot. She was going to see—if she hadn't already. She was going to know I'd been following her for years. It was a miracle she put the pieces together by now. Did Instagram prioritize notifications based on location? We'd been in the same cities, in the same fucking hotel room, for months!

It was over, all over. Why the fuck was I still following her? Why had I never made secret accounts instead of following hot girls under my real name? And how could I be so stupid as to keep liking and faving her content after we became friends? Friends. We weren't just friends. I'd had my face buried between her thighs earlier that day. We were lovers. We were living together. Traveling the world together. And now it would all end because I was too stupid to tell her I was one of her many followers. She was going to think I was little more than some creepy stalker. A creepy stalker who'd wormed her way into her life and sent her down the road to Chubsville. An especially top-heavy neighborhood of Chubsville, but still.

It was Kyley all over again. Okay, not the "stalking a celebrity and orchestrating a meet-cute" part; I'd met Kyley through a dating app. But the enabling, the subtle manipulation... Kyley had been better than I deserved, and Delia was way better than I deserved. What I *did* deserve—was to be alone. To go back to my empty apartment and live out my days as a sad, lonely spinster with a creepy boob fetish.

I braced myself for the storm. Maybe the hotel had a second room available. How soon could I book a flight back to Indiana?

Delia thrust her phone in my face, her expression more stern than I'd ever seen. Her phone screen showed a list of her followers, with my profile in the middle of the scroll. The join date was right there. "When were you gonna tell me you've been following for almost three years?"

I gulped, scrambling frantically for some kind of excuse, any kind of deflection. "I... um... I guess I didn't recognize..."

The corner of her mouth twitched, and she broke out laughing. "Oh, man, you should see your face!"

She pulled her phone back, tapping on my profile and scrolling even more. "It's no wonder you didn't recognize me when we met—you follow a ton of influencers."

The world turned upside down on me again. She wasn't mad. She wasn't upset. She wasn't going to yell at me, call me a stalker, and kick me out of our room. I mean, really, how overdramatic could I be? I bent the truth a tiny bit to give myself an excuse to talk to her. Did that count as stalking? It wasn't like I'd followed her to Ibiza or found her home address.

Frantically, I cobbled together what felt like a "normal" response. "Heh, yeah... I get really into fashion... sometimes. You probably wouldn't guess it to look at me."

She gave me a frown, soft lines forming between her brows. "Don't give me that humble brag, bitch. You have great fashion sense. Half my shoots last week were tops you picked. It's just weird you didn't say something sooner."

"I couldn't figure out how to bring it up." That, at least, was true.

"Makes sense. Honestly, I'm surprised I even noticed. This account just hit 1.2 mil last week."

"Now who's bragging?"

Delia laughed again. "Fuckin' got me." She scrolled a little more, facing her phone at me again. "Look, here's a fit you picked out. It has a hundred thousand likes so far."

The video was Deedee in a lavender top cut low enough to show plenty of cleavage, tits bouncing as she walked. I'd framed the video from her waist up, cropping out her widened hips and thighs. The top was loose below her bust, ruffled layers hanging free and hiding her softened tummy.

"That was a pretty cute top, I guess."

"I'm obsessed with it. You showed off how big the girls have got while covering up... all the rest of this." She waved a hand vaguely over the rolling hills and mounds of her bikini-clad body draped across the chaise.

So, she did know she was putting on weight. I mean, of course, she knew. She wasn't stupid—her appearance was her living. I'd somehow thought that because she'd never brought it up or complained about diets, she must somehow be oblivious to the effect our lifestyle was having on her body. If anything, I was the stupid one.

As if on cue, I heard Delia's stomach gurgle. "When do you want to get food?" She asked.

I grabbed my own phone to check the time. It was just after three. "If we go at four-thirty, we should beat the dinner rush."

Delia glanced at her phone again. Her brow crinkled, and her eyes darted down to her pampered body and back to the screen. She obviously didn't want to wait that long, so what I said next wasn't manipulative at all.

"We could also get an app when the server comes back around. Sorry, the *garçon*."

Delia snorted a laugh.

"We could get those salmon canapés again," I added. "Or try something else... maybe do dinner a little later?"

"I've been wanting to try that charcuterie plate," She said. "But those canapés *were* amazing..."

We got both appetizers and still went to dinner before five.

Delia spent the rest of our week in the South of France holding the Instagram thing over my head. Ordinarily, we split all our expenses fifty-fifty, but when we landed in Munich, she smugly declared that I had to cover our meals for the week. She said it was my punishment for "lying" to her, and since she'd had her wand pressed to that perfect spot at the time, I both knew she was teasing me and agreed to her demand with nothing more than a breathless nod.

Whether she was caught up in the revelry of Oktoberfest or freed from the consideration of what it all cost, Delia turned into a literal eating machine that week. There were so many different kinds of sausage and fried meats that I stopped trying to learn all their names. The beer flowed like wine, and the only time I saw her without a big, warm, steaming soft pretzel was when she had a plate of some other food. With me taking the photos and shooting videos, along with writing captions and queuing up posts, all Deedee had to do was smile and pose—and stop stuffing her face for five to fifteen seconds.

She seemed to be growing bigger by the day, if not the hour. We bought a traditional dirndl dress on our first day, a dusty rose skirt with a pale pink apron in a paisley pattern, paired with a lacy white blouse and a deep pink bodice buttoned up the front. The blouse was cut low enough to show off a full third of her overfed breasts—more tanned cleavage than any woman under three hundred pounds at the festival. The bodice cinched her middle tightly, emphasizing her hourglass shape, but by the afternoon of our last night in Munich, she needed my help getting it buttoned.

Later that night, Delia lay like a starfish on our hotel bed, making noises like a dying sea creature.

“Oh, goooood. Why’d you let me *-hic-* eat so much?”

“You’re the one who wanted to ‘make the most of our last night here,’” I shot back.

“I thought if I made you *-hic-* pay, you’d, like, discour-*hic-*age me or something...”

Why would I ever want to discourage you? I thought, watching her tits sloshing toward her chin like water balloons full of beer.

“Quit whining, you big baby.”

“Just get this thing o-*hic-*off me, I can’t breathe!”

I leaned over the bed, resting a hand on Delia’s middle. Her bodice felt tighter than a carry-on bag stuffed with six months’ worth of clothes. I pried at the uppermost button, but it had zero give. “I can’t undo these buttons...”

“Just rip the damn thing! Not like I’m gonna wear it a-*hic-*gain!”

I'd never been in great shape—a decade-plus sitting at a desk isn't a great way to build forearm strength—but I squeezed the fingers of one hand between the bodice and Delia's breast, then grabbed as much material as I could between the top two buttons with the other. Threads snapped, and the first button popped loose, flying in a short arc before sliding down her torso to the bed. As if triggering an avalanche, the remaining buttons followed, breaking free as Delia's overstuffed stomach rose almost as high as her tits.

Delia gasped, heaving gulps of air that made her whole torso rise and fall like a waterbed being used as a trampoline. "Oh, thank god... so much better..."

With both sides of her bodice flapped out onto the bedspread, I hesitantly touched her stomach, feeling it rise and fall under my hands. It was warm and taut, and I swore I could feel churning and bubbling as it worked to digest the mountain of food within. I traced soft patterns across her skin, separated from hers by one thin layer of cotton, curling my fingers to let the edges of my blunt nails graze her surface.

Delia's moans of pain rose slightly in pitch, and her gasps turned shallow. "Oh, Nikki, not tonight—I'm too full..."

I gradually drifted my fingers lower, past the indent of her navel and down the underside of her belly. Her moans were punctuated with soft inhales. With an effort, I took my hands off her middle and undid the clasp on her skirt. It wasn't nearly as tight as the bodice had been, but there was a definite release of pressure down there as well.

Delia's hand gripped my wrist, pulling my hand back to her middle. I went back to stroking soft paths up and down and around, meeting her heavy-lidded gaze. "I thought you were too full?"

"I changed my mind. Don't stop."

I worked my hands over every inch, using the heels of my palms to urge the mass of food in her upper belly downward. "Does this mean you forgive me for that Instagram thing?" I tried to sound teasing, but it came out more desperate than I would have liked.

She smirked up at me, then winced as my palms pressed down. "I suppose you've been punished enough. I'm afraid to ask how much you spent on food this week."

"And beer..."

She let out another moan of pain. "Don't remind me—just get those magic fingers lower."

Pulling her skirt open, I slid one hand under to cup her through her panties. "As you wish, Deedee."

Watching for her reaction, I saw Delia's eyes widen. "Too soon?"

She snorted a laugh that made her stomach rock, then winced, moaned, and shook her head. "You're such a nerd..."

Continuing my stomach massage with one hand, I slid two fingers inside her. Delia pressed her head down into the bedding, scrunching her eyes closed as she clutched the bedspread into her fists. I didn't know whether coming would help her stomachache, but I was going to do my best to find out.

VII

I was going through my email when Delia started shifting around at her desk. We were in Dublin, and the tiny Airbnb was more than a little cramped. Of course, I wasn't complaining about having to spoon to fit in the smaller bed. We'd picked the room because it had two desks. I watched from the corner of my eye as she twisted, making the wooden chair creak. She was pushing her breasts around to search the desktop beneath them.

"Hey, Nik?"

"Yeah?"

"Have you seen my green flash drive? It has the videos from Temple Bar."

I remembered filming those videos two nights earlier. Delia wore a flowing white skirt and a green sweater that brought out the color of her eyes. The skirt did little to disguise her wide hips and jiggly ass. The sweater made her M-cup tits look even bigger despite the soft ring of her belly below them.

"I don't think so."

"Ugh, I need to edit those soon."

"I'm sure it'll turn up."

Delia wore a low-cut top to breakfast. I made sure to get a few shots of her face—and all that delicious cleavage—in front of her Full Irish Breakfast. Her fat, tanned boobs looked almost as big as the plate. A small mountain of eggs, black pudding, hashbrowns, tomato, and thick bacon. Heavy, hearty food that would help them grow even fatter. If the sight made her subscribers half as horny as it made me, the photos would do big numbers.

Unfortunately, her camera was full.

"Hey, do you have the other flashcard for this?" I asked.

Delia patted her pants pockets. "I can't find it."

“Oh well, lemme use your phone, then.”

She plunged a hand down her shirt and produced her phone. I snapped a few photos, and we got on with breakfast.

The rest of the day passed like any other in our endless vacation. We worked in our room, walked the city, and sampled the food and drink. Delia did most of that last one. She misplaced two more flash drives while we were working, and we never found the one for her camera. Or the ones for the drone. Or the one for her Lavalier mic.

We stumbled back up to our room after countless pints of Guinness and shots of Jameson. I was so riled up from watching Deedee stuff her face all day that I couldn't wait for the door to close before I pounced. She was so soft, so big, so round.

Aside from the Bavarian costume in Munich, Deedee complained whenever I damaged her outfits while taking them off. Never mind that she'd outgrow them in a month or two anyway. So I forced my shaking hands to move with care as I undid each button on her top. My mouth watered as more and more of those overgrown tits came into view. Followed by plush arms, her beautiful love handles, and that greedy belly. It stuck out round and firm on the top from everything she'd spent the day filling it with. I unzipped her unbuttoned pants and peeled them off. Tracing my fingertips around her jiggle thighs, I squeezed her enormous ass.

I took a step back to drink in the sight of my crush-turned-girlfriend. Deedee was twice the woman she'd been when we started traveling together almost a year ago, and I found myself wondering how big she was going to get. She leaned against the wall, legs shaky, staring at me like I was that Full Irish. “Nikki, please...”

I dove back in, undoing the hooks at the front of a bra so big I could have used one of the cups as a hat. As the bra fell to her sides, I slid my hands under to heft and squeeze those gorgeous globes. A soft clattering brought me up short, shattering the mood.

I stepped back, letting Delia's tits bounce down onto her bloated belly. A few more bits of plastic showered out of her. Scattered on the floor around her feet were more than a dozen USB thumb drives and memory cards. I squatted down to pick one of them up. “I think I found your missing flash drives.”

Delia blushed. "I guess I put them in my bra."

I looked back up at her, fat pink nipples drawing me in like gravity. "Well... no wonder they got lost in all this..."

"Shut up and fuck me."

Careful not to step on any of the flash drives, I eagerly complied.

After Dublin, we spent a week in London. Delia wasn't impressed by most of the food, and it was already getting cold, so we started to make our way back South. Paris was nothing like the movies, dirty and loud like every other city, but it had the best pastries I'd ever had. Watching Delia wiggle and grin as she savored every bite like it was the first eroded my self-control. I indulged in more than a few croissants, macarons, and Mille-feuille. The only thing that kept me from going up a pants size myself was leaving most of the desserts for Delia. Her body would make better use of them anyway.

She enjoyed our week in Paris so much that I suggested we tour the smaller towns in France, which we could reach by rail.

Watching the French countryside roll by, I sighed.

"What's that for?" Delia asked.

"Sorry, I'm just thinking about trains again."

"Trains?"

"Yeah. We could easily have something like this in the States, but we decided to design everything around cars instead."

She chuckled. "Do you hate cars or something? You never mentioned it before."

"I like cars fine; it's just lame that they're the only option besides flying. I guess some cities have subways and stuff, but most don't."

She reached her hand over and touched my face, trying to smooth out my furrowed brow. "Turn that frown upside down!" She nudged me with her shoulder and pointed out the train car's window. "Look, we're less than an hour from Bordeaux. Just a little bit further, and we'll be drinking some nice... Bordeaux."

My dour mood faded away, and I smiled despite myself. "That was such a lame joke."

She squeezed my shoulders with one arm, pressing her right boob into me. "That means I'm getting better. You're starting to rub off on me."

"Uh, I don't think we can do that here," I whispered. "I know we're in France, but still..."

Delia burst out with her deep, colorful laugh, earning us a few bemused side-eyes from the locals sitting across the aisle. She leaned into me further, tracing a finger from my knee up my thigh. The touch sent tingles all the way to my toes, and my core ached with wanting. "Don't worry," She said. "I can be patient—if I have to..."

Bordeaux was our last stay in France. It was mid-November, and we planned to fly to Dubrovnik for a week, then cross the Atlantic to spend the winter months in the Caribbean. My team was handling things back home, leaving me more time to help Delia with her accounts so she could focus on making and editing videos. Thanks to the abundance of incredible pastries and desserts she was putting away, she had to update her wardrobe every few weeks. That meant many more haul videos. She needed warmer clothes as it got colder, but nothing more than a month-old fit her anymore, anyway.

My automation system worked for a few weeks, but it needed so many tweaks and fiddling that I ended up managing her accounts for her. That's how I noticed the shift in her comments and engagement. Her subscriber counts had plateaued, but she was getting more and more comments that were nothing but a string of thirsty emojis. The shots that cropped out her lower body got more engagement, of course.

But even the full-body videos—hauls, dances, GRWMs—were still doing decent numbers. Whether either of us had intended it or not, she was gaining a reputation as a “body positivity” creator.

Two days before we were set to leave France, I came back to our hotel to find Delia in front of the mirror. She wore leggings and an athletic top that hugged every dip and curve, and she didn't look pleased.

Heart thudding in my throat, I asked, “What's up?”

She scowled at her reflection, pinching the roll of fat that spilled out of her leggings. “I need to get this under control.”

I stepped up behind her, looking over her shoulder. “What are you talking about? You look amazing.”

Delia met my eyes. “Be so for real right now.”

“I'm serious; you're the sexiest woman I know!” My hands itched to run along the three-tiered hourglass that was her body. I rested them on her shoulders instead.

“Listen, it was all well and good when the girls started going up a few sizes. But Sapphire doesn't make plus-size outfits. I'm gonna lose their partnership.”

“So we'll find new partners. It's not like your engagement is dropping off. I've seen your comments lately—I think people are really resonating with the 'body positivity' vibe.”

“*Body positivity*, seriously? You think my followers want to watch me blow up into some... some fatty?”

I hugged her from behind, unable to stop my hands from sliding across her soft middle. “You're not fat, Dee, you're just... thick.”

Delia scoffed. “Thick? I was 'thick' six months ago. I'm over ninety kilos now!”

Ninety kilograms. I did the conversion in my head. That was close to two hundred pounds, if not more. She outweighed me by at least sixty pounds. Even factoring in the two inches of height she had on me, the thought sent me spinning.

My traitorous eyes traveled down the lines of her reflection, tracing every dip and curve and swell. I forced my gaze back to her face—she'd been watching my reaction.

Well, shit.

“Oh my god...”

I released her, letting my arms fall to my sides. “What?”

“You... you're *into* this...”

“I don't—”

Delia whirled around, and I took a few reflexive steps back.

“You *like* that I'm getting fat—I can see it on your face!”

“I meant what I said, Delia. You look amazing.”

“Don't avoid the question!”

“What question?”

“Does the idea of me getting fat get you off??”

My shoulders slumped, and I sighed. “...yes.”

Delia turned away, walking to the window. “My god... this whole time...” She rounded on me again. “That's what this has all been about? You're always giving me your leftovers. Always encouraging me to order dessert or late-night DoorDash... You've been fattening me up like some kind of farm animal!”

“Come on, I just like seeing you happy.”

“Bullshit. I bet this was your plan all along. From the night we met. You lied about everything, your cute little story with the sunglasses...”

“I *did* find your sunglasses in the bathroom...”

She glared, and my eyes dropped to my feet. “Well, I saw you come back to your table without them...”

"I knew it! You were stalking me that whole time! Were you following me around, just waiting to find me alone? Did you fuckin' follow me to Spain!?"

"What? No! I had no idea you were there. I saw one of your posts and recognized the view."

She put a hand to her head, rubbing her thumb and forefinger across her brow. "Not me thinking that whole leftovers thing was just you trying to save our money. You were probably thrilled when I made you pay for everything back in Germany. That way, you could just keep giving me food until I nearly popped out of my fit!"

"You ordered all that foo—"

"You probably don't even care about the money! With your fancy tech business and everything... Just another one-percenter taking advantage of a regular girl..."

"For fuck's sake, Dee, I've seen your accounts—you make more money than I do! You want me to get my tax files and prove it?"

"Don't change the subject!!"

"You're the one who brought up money!"

I stopped myself, taking a few deep breaths.

"Look," I said. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I wasn't more honest with you; I'm sorry you're unhappy."

"Oh, you're sorry? Are you also sorry for pushing pastries and desserts on me until I outgrew all my clothes?"

"I didn't push... Fine, yes. I'm sorry for enabling your poor eating habits."

"Wow, so it's all my own fault, right? Typical American..."

"What? I'm not—"

"You know what, Nikki? Fuck you. Just go. I can't look at you right now."

"But... what about—"

“I said get out!!”

My things were scattered everywhere, but I grabbed my pajamas and left. I checked into a vacant room and slept in an empty bed for the first time in over eight months. The next day, Delia texted to say she'd be out for a few hours so I could get my stuff. I was on a plane back to the States that night.

VIII

I stepped off the jetway into Toronto Pearson, never happier to be out of a plane heading home. When Nikki and I were hopping around Europe, it was no biggie to upgrade to business class for the roomier seats. But I'd been so anxious about my subs drying up, I couldn't make myself drop almost twice as much for a comfortable flight back to Canada. Flying was never a good time, even before I gained almost thirty kilos. The cramped seats, crying babies, kids kicking the back of your chair... Not to mention the peak dystopia that is going through airport security and customs.

As I trudged toward baggage claim, I heard someone call, "Deedee!"

My friend Kacey had been subletting my apartment while I was on my extended vacation and had agreed to pick me up from the airport. I couldn't bring myself to kick her out, and splitting rent seemed like a smart move, so we'd also be roommates for the next six months.

Kacey wrapped me in a hug. She was so close to Nikki's size I almost got pissed off all over again, but I think I hid my reaction well.

"Shit, girl, what happened to you?" She asked, holding me at arm's length to take in... all of it.

"I know," I said. "I got a little carried away over there..."

Kacey scrunched up her face. "No, I mean, you look great! How did... You know what? Let's not talk here. Have you had breakfast?"

I'd barely eaten anything since my fight with Nikki, and my stomach was furious. "Not yet..."

After loading all my bags into Kacey's car, we stopped at the first restaurant we saw after the airport traffic cleared up. We found a quiet table in the corner, and I sipped a mocha latte while we waited for our food.

I'd start my post-vacation diet tomorrow.

"Alright, spill," Kacey demanded.

I gave her the recap video version of my European adventure. Running into Nikki, getting to know her, deciding to stay and travel together, and all the food we—but mostly I—ate. Kacey listened dutifully, making all the little smiles and gasps at each twist and turn. Our breakfast arrived before I got to the breakup.

“It all sounds so amazing. So *Roman Holiday*,” Kacey sighed. “And it obviously did you good.”

I swallowed my bite of omelette and scoffed. “Yeah, too good. Did I mention I put on thirty kilos since I left?”

“Oh, boo hoo. You gained weight and are still a total bop. If I put on thirty kilos, I’d just turn into a ball like my aunt—and I still couldn’t fill out a C-cup.” She waved her fork at my chest like a magic wand. “How big are those things now?”

“O-cup,” I muttered.

“O-cup!? Yeah, fuck right off. I wish I could travel the world eating exotic food and still look that good.”

She had me shook. Was Nikki right about how I looked with the extra weight? Was Kacey some kind of chubby chaser, too? Kacey had been way too extra about being an ally when we met to be anything but totally straight. And it didn’t seem like she was gassing me up.

Whatever, not like it mattered. I always got a little thick after a long trip. I’d go back to my usual routine—healthy diet, gym every day—and be back under sixty in no time. I’d have to be a little precious with my content until then, but I had tons of drafts saved. I’d have to rely on the face card to fill in the gaps until I got fit again.

“According to the uptime monitor, the service was only down for about ten minutes, and it *was* 2 a.m. on a Sunday, but still...” Shelby said.

“Isn’t that the third time this month?” Matt asked.

“Yeah.”

"I don't want to sound reactionary, but I think we should look at other providers. What do you think, Nikki?"

To say I'd been half-listening would have been generous. Being back in the same timezone as my team was nice for the first few days, but I couldn't stop daydreaming about being back there. Seeing new places, new sights, trying new food, but mostly just *her*, and how badly I'd fucked things. "Sorry, Matt, I think my connection cut out a bit. Could you repeat that last?"

Matt's scowl passed so fast I thought maybe I'd imagined it. "The authentication server went down again over the weekend—I think we should consider switching."

"Did you have an alternative in mind?" At first, I wanted to have an all-female company, but Matt was the best project manager I'd ever worked with. "Reverse bias" wasn't anything to brag about, after all.

"There are a few options—unless anyone has suggestions?"

A couple of the girls named some services they'd used in the past. Without checking the task board, Matt knew who had available cycles. "Alright, Brianne, could you research those options and see if any would be a good fit?"

"On it."

"Thanks."

I asked, "Does anyone have anything else we need to discuss?" Greeted with several seconds of dead air, I said, "Alright, I'll let everyone get back to work."

After a chorus of sign-offs, I got a DM from Matt.

Matt (3:47 p.m.): You got a sec?

Nikki (3:47 p.m.): What's up?

Matt (3:48 p.m.): Can I call?

I clicked the call button, and Matt's video appeared.

"Hey, what's up?"

Matt hesitated, eyes darting away from his screen, then back. "So... I don't want to overstep..."

I held back a sigh, certain I knew what this was about. "Go ahead, Matt. Speak your mind."

"Well, it's just... You seem distracted. Like, even more distracted than when you were overseas."

I did sigh, then. "I know..."

"I don't need any details," He said. "I know we keep it casual around here, but if it's something personal..."

"You could say that."

"Well, is there someone you can talk to? Like I said, I don't want to overstep."

"You're fine."

"Do you want to take a few days?"

Work was the only thing keeping me grounded—what would I do with endless hours of free time alone in my apartment? But he was right; if I wasn't present, what was the point of my being there?

"No, that's alright. I just have some shit to sort out. Thanks for being honest with me."

"Sure thing, Boss."

Kacey was deep in studying when I got back from the gym. She glanced up when I walked in, a look of concern flashing across her face, but she offered no comment. She could tell I wasn't enjoying my workouts like I used to, but we'd had that conversation half a dozen times already. She finally dropped it after the first few weeks.

"I made spaghetti," She said, turning back to her books and notes spread out across half the kitchen table.

"I'm just gonna make a smoothie. Thanks, though."

I was still over eighty kilos—it had never taken me so long to slim down. Granted, I'd never hit ninety kilos before. While my Greek yogurt, protein powder, and frozen fruit churned in the blender, I pulled out my phone. No new messages. No calls, obviously, but I did have over a hundred unread DMs. I'd stopped checking them regularly when my accounts started blowing up—most were just thirsty guys begging for nudes or describing things we could do together in disgusting detail. I took my smoothie to the couch and started clearing them out.

Horny guy, horny guy, gross horny guy...

Hi, Deedee, I noticed you haven't been posting as much lately. Hope you're doing well.

Well, that one was kind of sweet.

As I'd expected, most of the messages were trash, but I found over a dozen real ones. Most were like the first, well-wishes and good vibes from girls who could somehow tell I was struggling. I thought I kept up my persona better than that. Then I saw one that really sent me.

Hi Delia, I've been a fan for a few years, and I just want to say how much your content means to me. Your travel photos are so inspiring, and I love how you always find the cutest outfits for us bigger girls.

The message went on for a full paragraph like that. Legit admiration for my "body positive" content. There were several more just like it, and I flipped back to my page to swipe through the last year of posts. The views and likes varied as they always did, but I couldn't see any difference in my engagement as I'd gotten bigger. The tight shots of mostly face and cleavage did better—the ones that didn't get taken down, anyway—but the hauls and full-body videos were almost as popular. I tapped on the comments section of one of those.



So hot ❤️❤️❤️



omg they're getting bigger

ur so sexy bb 🥰



Keep growing!

Most of it was pretty typical, but I couldn't believe how many were for real cheering on my gain. Could I really keep my accounts going at ninety kilos? Or even more? If my fans didn't care, why was I killing myself to slim down?

Kyley was already at the Bean Machine when I got there. Meeting in public had seemed like a solid plan—neutral ground and less chance of one of us making a scene. It wasn't like our breakup had been some big, dramatic thing, but I couldn't help thinking of my last conversation with Delia. Kyley pointedly ignored me, looking out the window beside her table while I waited for my coffee, so I checked her out, trying to be discreet. She looked mostly the same as she had last time I'd seen her, over a year ago. Same wavy blonde hair, if a bit longer, same heart-shaped face. She'd lost a few pounds, but she looked good. Her chest wasn't as full as I remembered, but sharing hotel beds with a literal big-boob influencer for months may have thrown off my tit-o-meter.

She finally looked at me when I approached her table with my cup. "Hey."

"Hey."

Up close, I could see she still wore the same nose ring, but she'd recently gotten a manicure—all her nails were long. She must be back on guys.

"How was Europe?" Her tone was flat, as if talking to a stranger.

"Pretty fun. I did Oktoberfest in Germany."

"I always thought that would be fun, though I don't really drink beer anymore."

"Mmm."

“So, what happened?”

“What?”

“Well, you were gone for almost a year. Dating some model, allegedly. I’m guessing you asked to meet up because something went wrong.”

I sat in stunned silence, trying to figure out how Kyley knew about my extended trip and Deedee. But we still had a few friends who hadn’t picked sides, and even though we blocked each other on socials, it wasn’t like I could vanish for all that time without people talking.

“Is it really that obvious?”

“I’d say I have a fair bit of experience filling in the blanks when it comes to you.”

Ouch.

“Yeah,” I sighed. “I kind of fucked it up.”

“Who was she?”

“Do you know *deedeehartz* on Insta?”

“Shit, really? You were with *her*?”

“Yeah.”

“That must have been a dream for a girl as boob-crazy as you. The last pic I saw of her, she looked huge.”

“Yeah...”

“I’m guessing you had something to do with that.”

“Wait, what?”

“Nikki, tell me you’re not just now realizing you’re a chubby chaser.”

“I’m not... I mean... I thought...”

She stared at me flatly. "Christ, Nikki, I gained almost thirty pounds while we were together. Sure, it's not like you pushed food on me or anything, but I could tell you were into it—you couldn't keep your hands off me."

My head was spinning. "Is that why you broke it off?"

"I think that was part of it, looking back, but really, it's because you never let me in! You were always holding back, always keeping secrets..."

"What secrets?"

"I don't want to dig all that up again, Nikki. Leave the past in the past. But you need to figure out how to trust someone. Figure out how to be truly honest with them."

I stared into my coffee.

"And maybe be honest with yourself while you're at it."

IX

I replayed the conversation over and over while I threw stuff into my backpack at random. I barely thought about what I'd need or how long I'd stay. Hell, I didn't even know if I could get a flight to Canada on such short notice. Kyley had been right—of course, she had—I'd been lying to myself for years. I'd had a good thing going with her, maybe even a great thing, and I'd fucked it up by keeping secrets. Nothing as huge as what I'd done to Deedee, but still. I'd blown my shot with Kyley, but if there was a chance, any chance, that I could make things right with Delia, I had to try. I didn't dare to hope we could get back together, but I couldn't leave things the way I had in Europe. She deserved better than that.

I tallied up the stuff in my bag: pajamas, two days' worth of mismatched clothes, toothbrush, makeup bag, phone charger... Shit, the flight. I grabbed my phone and looked for flights. One was leaving in an hour; I'd never make it to Indy in time. The next had layovers in both O'Hare *and* Detroit; what kind of sense did that make?

Fuck it, Toronto was only like an eight-hour drive. I'd be there hours earlier than the next direct flight. I'd have to give some decent excuse at the border, but I had a good five hours to come up with something. I grabbed my purse and keys, silently thanking whatever higher power may or may not exist that I'd saved Delia's address when I still had access to her accounts—who knows how long it would have taken to find her in Toronto otherwise. How many people lived in Toronto? It had to be a few million at least. I zipped up my bag and headed for the door without a thought for my job or my team. They'd manage without me for a few days—I hadn't even thought to pack my laptop. I'd send Matt a DM when I stopped for gas.

I locked the door behind me, struggling to walk, not run, to the elevator. I mashed the button, willing the doors to open faster.

When the elevator finally opened, it held someone who didn't live in my building.

It was her, it was Delia.

"...Hey."

I sat in my apartment, heart pounding, room spinning.

This wasn't right. Why was she here?

Deedee existed in that magical Vacationland, that place where context is always new and strange, so her presence was only slightly more odd than everything else. But here, in my apartment, in my *home*... Everything belonged here but her. I didn't know what to say. What *could* I say? I thought I'd have hours to come up with a big speech. Some Sorkin or Ephron-esque grand monologue to win her over. My eyes darted around the room. My bag, packed so recklessly, dropped by the coffee table. The dirty dishes from breakfast still sat on the side table. The carpet, dusted with crumbs and hair, when was the last time I vacuumed? When we broke up in France, I felt exposed, like Delia was seeing the real me for the first time and was disgusted by what she saw. Now, though, I felt truly laid bare. She was here, in my place, seeing everything about my pathetic life. I was nothing, and finally, she knew it.

But *why* was she here? Why had she come all this way? I forced myself to look at her, to take her in. She looked tired, worn. Her makeup couldn't hide the dark circles under her eyes. She had her hair pulled back in a sloppy ponytail, and her ends were split. Her pants were wrinkled, and her top sat slightly crooked on her shoulders. In all our months together, I thought I'd seen Delia in every possible state, but I'd never seen her like this.

She was beautiful.

I didn't see that funny, put-together girl from the internet with perfect tits. I didn't see the vacation-loving woman who enjoyed every drink, every bite of food, filling that body out even sexier. I didn't even see that gorgeous expanse of skin, rising and falling and swelling and trembling beneath mine in the endless hours we'd once spent worshipping each other's bodies. I only saw her. I saw Delia. And I loved her.

I opened my mouth to speak, but she cut me off. "I owe you an apology."

"W-what?"

"I wasn't fair to you before. I acted like everything that went wrong was your fault, as if I'm not capable of making my own decisions."

“But I *lied* to you! Or, kept things from you, at least. I talked you into staying over there, encouraged you to overeat...”

She huffed a laugh. “I like eating, Nikki. It’s not like you shoved croissants down my throat.”

“I stalked you...”

“Like I’ve never been recognized by a fan in public. Well, it only happened twice before you, but be real—how long did you look for me before that night?”

I stared at my dirty carpet. “Like... a day?”

“And we were staying at the same resort, right?”

“Sure, but—”

“It was totally random. Like you said, it’s not like you followed me there.”

“Well... I... I deleted comments from your accounts!”

Her smile widened as if she was about to make more excuses for me, but then it vanished. “Wait, you did?”

I nodded.

“What kind of comments?”

I looked at the floor again. “Mean stuff, calling you fat...”

My body flinched when she started to laugh. “Oh, Nikki... I’ve been doing this since I was nineteen—did you really think I couldn’t handle a few hate comments? Almost every post gets haters.”

“But... but I... *manipulated* you.”

She looked thoughtful, staring into the middle distance, then said, “I guess you could look at it that way. But really, you were trying to protect me, protect my feelings. It’s lowkey insane you thought I needed that, but it was kind of sweet, in a way.”

It was too much, all too much. My body felt tight, like a bike tire filled with too much air. "Why...?" I whispered.

"Why?"

I looked up to meet her eyes. Her face looked calm, happy. "Why? Why are you doing this? Why are you being so *nice* to me!?" My voice grew louder with each question. My body vibrated, and I jumped to my feet—I couldn't sit still. "You shouldn't be apologizing to me! You were right to be angry, right to be furious! I *used* you! I followed you around like some kind of simp! I let you get fat just to satisfy my own creepy fetish."

"Nikki..."

"No! Don't apologize again, don't feel sorry for me, don't fucking pity me! I should be the one apologizing. I was just about to drive to Toronto to find you, did you know that? I don't know what I was gonna say, but I had to tell you all of this and beg for your forgiveness! And now you're here, being all nice, and it's just... I just..."

I'd been pacing, but she stopped me with a hand on my shoulder. When I finally looked at her, I saw a single tear trace a line down her cheek. I blinked, my vision blurring. She pulled me into her arms as I started to cry. The feel of her soft body—her belly, her arms, her magnificent breasts—pressed against mine made my traitorous pussy flare to life, and I sobbed even harder. Delia hummed as she crushed my shaking body against her, running a hand over my hair like she was soothing a child.

"I forgive you," she murmured.

I lifted my head from her shoulder, meeting her gaze. "But—"

She put a finger on my lips. "It's my turn, now."

I slipped out of her hug, swiping at the tears under my eyes.

"I've been miserable since I went home. Winter always sucks, but I've been starving myself and suffering at the gym, and do you know what?"

I shook my head.

“You were right. My engagement numbers have barely changed from back when I was skinny. But I think... even if they *were* lower, I would have ended up coming here eventually, anyway.”

Her hand floated toward mine, our knuckles brushing feather-light.

“Because...” Her voice cracked. She glanced away, then back at me. “Because traveling with you was the happiest I think I’ve ever been. You make me laugh! All the work you did, helping me with my content... I never knew how lonely I was travelling by myself until I had someone to share it all with. And if that means getting fat, well... I’d rather get fat with you... than be skinny alone.”

Between one heartbeat and the next, I was back in her arms. We’d kissed many, many times; hungry, greedy kisses, desperate for more; soft, tender kisses of greeting or parting; and quick, chaste kisses in public over a meal. This kiss was deeper, truer than any of those.

“I love you, Nikki,” Delia whispered.

The spinning, out-of-control roller coaster inside me finally stopped. My heart seemed to swell as if my chest might burst.

“Y-you do?”

She nodded.

“I love you, too,” I croaked. “I have for a long time. I don’t know why it took me so long to realize—”

Delia shushed me with another kiss.

Epilogue

Balancing two plates on one arm, I pushed the handle on our cabin door and bumped it open with my hip. The bed looked like a kid had emptied several baskets of laundry and tried to cover them with a blanket—except for the dark brown hair splayed across the pillow. I set the plates down on the small table and walked to the foot of the bed.

“Were you planning on sleeping all day, or did you want to maybe get some sun at some point?”

The blanket piles shifted, and the most beautiful, deep brown eyes squinted up at me. They immediately vanished under a plump, tanned arm. “Uuugh, I never wanna see another mudslide ever again...”

I wanted nothing more than to dive face-first into that mountain of soft curves, but I slid my hands under the sheets, searching. When my fingers found Delia’s toes, she bucked and shifted further toward the pillow. The whole bed shook, and I’m pretty sure it would have broken if it hadn’t been built into the wall. Bulkhead, I guess I should call it.

“Nikiiiiii! Stahp!”

I stepped back, crossing my arms. “Guess what day it is.”

Delia pouted up at me. “Did you really wake me up to torture me with games and riddles—when I haven’t even had breakfast—like, for real?”

I crawled onto the bed. Even with the blankets between us, I knew exactly where to plant my hands and knees to climb. Over thighs as big as my waist, a belly softer than the night before but still full and round, and a pair of boobs I could wrap my whole-ass arm around to hug them to me. I pecked a kiss on Delia’s cheek. “It’s our anniversary.”

“Anniversary of what?” Her whiny tone was gone, replaced with a low, throaty rumble that made me tingle.

“It was two years ago today,” I said, kissing her chubby cheeks again. “When we started traveling together.”

“The first time, or the second time.” Her lips quirked, and I saw a mischievous gleam in her hungry, hungover eyes.

“The first time, and also shut up.” I squeezed her breasts against me and pressed my lips to hers.

Just as I felt her body warming beneath mine, the telltale vibrations of her rumbling stomach shook against me. Her face was flushed, and not just from arousal.

"Breakfast?" She asked.

I slid the blanket down, exposing multiple square feet of lightly tanned tit. I heaved each of them upward, my arms trembling as I pecked wet kisses on each in turn. "We can't have the girls wasting away—they're barely mosquito bites..."

Several hours and many trips to the buffet later, I held a croissant hovering just above her mouth. "Eat up, hungry girl..."

She complied, chomping a huge bite. I stroked her hair, reached for a nipple, and pinched. I squirmed as she let out a moan. I couldn't tell if her pleasure was driven by taste or arousal, and didn't care. Rising high and proud, I could just barely reach around the curve of her belly to hold the head of our rabbit against her opening as I fed her another bite of pastry. The ocean of fat beneath my body bucked and roiled like the literal ocean beneath the cruise ship.

Delia's chest rose and fell as I lay exhausted on top of her, my head nestled between glorious pillows bigger than our actual pillows. I felt them vibrate as she asked, "Didn't you say something about getting some sun?"

I ran a hooked finger along the slope of one breast, lightly brushing with my nail. "It's a special occasion. I thought maybe you'd rather stay in this bed and let me feed you until the buffet runs out of food."

She tilted my chin up to kiss me. "Now that's what I call a vacation."

"I'd better go fill some more plates, then." I rolled off of her, stepping into my slides. "After all, it'd be a shame to finish this cruise without at least getting you to three, er, one-forty."

Delia propped herself on her elbows to smile up at me over the magnificent hills and valleys that were... *her*.

"Love you..."

I leaned down to kiss her.

"I love you too, Delia."