

She thought her ass was too big. Too big for what, I'd reply. Too big for me to love? Too big for me to spank? Too big for me to fuck?

I was bigger than she was, bigger, fatter, stronger. It was a trip for her when I'd come over and lift her 200 lb body and carry her to our bed. It was a trip for her when she could sit on my stomach while biting at my nipples.

Sometimes she'd worry and say, "I'm not too heavy, you can still breathe?" and I'd reply

"No, no I can hold all of you."

Then one day she said it again- some shit about being too big and I sat up in our bed and announced

"I've had it. How do you think it makes me feel to hear this crap day in and out about fat being bad. I'm a hundred pounds fatter than you. Do you think I'm too big???"

"I think you're cute and strong," she said, "It has nothing to do with you. You know I find you hot." She had tears in her eyes. I was pissed but who was I to get self righteous? Didn't I struggle to keep a positive self image in a society that actively hated my kind. Didn't I fight against the internalized fat hate I'd ingested as surely as I breathed air. Didn't I, on bad days, contemplate slim-fast only to be saved from that crazy trip down diet lane by the memory of four years of hunger when I starved myself thin.

We sat in bed, my fat girl and me, surrounded by our own pain. I reached for her, my butch need to protect her moving my arms to reach around her and pull her to me. I held her tightly and began to touch her.

"I love your fat arms, the way the flesh jiggles on the underside. I love the heft of your large, fat breasts." I bent my head and bit her nipples. "I love your fat belly, " I said when my mouth was free again and I reached under her large fold and

gently rubbed the skin there, feeling the web of stretch marks, letting my hand get warm with her heat.

I rubbed my hands together and said quietly and intently, "Now that my hand is warm, I can get down to the place I really love. I love your big fat enormous butt. I live and die for your ass and it pisses me off that you hate it so. Get on your hands and knees and give me your ass."

I went to my dresser and pulled out my harness and dildo.

She hesitated as I fit the dildo into the ring and stepped into the harness.

"I...I can't," she said. We were on shaky ground, I knew, doing a scene about fat hate when she was feeling it so acutely. She was shaky so I made myself strong enough for her to lean on.

"Rae, you have a safe word. If you NEED to, use it. Not WANT, but NEED. I don't care what you want. I do care if this would be bad for your head, but not if this will push your limits. I want to push you." I waited for her word and didn't hear it.

I moved to her and smacked her right butt cheek hard. She leaned on the bed, needing the spanking to get her going. I took our spanking belt from its hook and began to slowly hit her. "Your big butt is a good target," I commented. "It takes a good beating and...hear that. Your flesh thunders when I hit it. I like that sound." I hit her harder then, a few good shots right in the place where her ass met her thighs and she groaned with excitement. I put down the belt and wailed at her butt with my hand, holding her down as she moved away, leaning my weight on her.

"Please stop." she said and I hit her five more times.

"I don't have to stop Rae," I said as she cried out.

"Know why" I demanded.

When she didn't respond I hit her five times again.

“Know why?” She flailed her legs in protest and tried to heave her fat body up.

I laughed and simply leaned down on her, “Because Rae, I’m bigger than you.”

I pulled her thighs apart and stroked the softest flesh I found there. She was wet from her spanking. I decided to smack her there too.

Fat is so profound to smack. It ripples, it moves, it shakes, it makes loud noises, it responds. For not a lot of effort, I got a lot of movement, a lot of sound.

“I could spank you all day and you’d get red but wouldn’t bruise because the muscle in your fat ass, muscles you have just from walking around and carrying your weight, don’t bruise easy.”

“Please don’t spank me all day long,” she said clear as a bell. Not whimpering or begging. She was in her body now, feeling it, having to deal with herself.

“No, I won’t because what I want is to fuck you. Get on your knees.”

She did and spread herself wide enough to fit me between her legs, which left her asshole stretched and gaping. I lubed her butt and took her shoulders and guided her back onto my cock. She groaned with the effort.

“That’s it,” I encouraged, “Push out like you’re shitting and take in my big cock. It’s extra big. Know why? We need those extra inches to accommodate your fat ass cheeks and my big belly.” The cock was about twelve inches long. When her ass met my belly, about eight of those inches were in her. I pulled back when she got used to my being there and thrust in, watching her ass swallow that cock up. I began to thrust and she began to thrust back to me. When her ass and my belly met, the slap of flesh was thunderous and turned me on, no end. “Here that? That’s the sound of two fat dykes fucking.”

She was groaning. I slapped her, “No moaning... Just listen.” I made her listen to the song of our flesh meeting. I thrust in all the way and leaned all

my weight on her. She collapsed on the bed. I kept fucking her, jerking my hips up and down.

“There’s no room for fat hate between my big belly and your fat ass. No room for anything and my cock and enough lube to ease my way. Say it. Say you love your ass. Say you love your big, fat ass.”

She screamed as I fucked her. Screamed with each thrust.

“I...” grunt, thrust

“Love...” more grunts

“My...” thrust

“Big...” thrust

“Fat...” thrust...

thrust

“Ass.”

I started to fuck her like there was no tomorrow, not for her, but for me. For my own need to thrust in, for my own cock’s pleasure. And she, without touching her clit, had an anal orgasm that shook her from the root and left her whole soft and hard body quivering.

“I love my ass!” she screamed. “I love your belly! I love your big cock up my ass!” Soon her words were incoherent.

I stayed in her until she made to push me out. When she did I spread her cheeks to see her well-fucked hole. I like to see the ends of my work.

She rested and I stroked my cock, cleaning it off while nuzzling at her neck.

She turned to me and, with tears in her eyes, said, “Thank you. Now let me show you how I love your fat body.” She bent to kiss my ass, pulling at a nipple as she did. I sighed with pleasure as her tongue found my asshole and slid in.

Too fat, I thought...Too fat...

It was her very fat that drove me wild.

by S. Naomi Finkelstein,
Dedicated, with love, to ST