Your heart thumped away in your chest. You flexed your fingers and palm instinctively, drumming a nonsensical beat as you stepped out of the elevator. The mass of space had made you even more nervous on some level.

‘That thing is like a freight elevator.’ You thought and gulped, your throat dry. You glanced back at it as the doors closed. It was three times the size of a regular elevator, which meant you hardly took up any space.

You shook your head. There was no time to think about a big elevator. You had more important things ahead.

A *date* of sorts.

You checked your phone for the thousandth time. You were at the right apartment building, the right floor, and the numbers were getting closer and closer. You had tried all the dating apps before, and you had received some matches. The dates had been fun, but they never hit what you were looking for.

Not because your tastes were exotic across the board. No, you just min-maxed into one niche fetish that no other dating app could hit.

Until you found FeedX. It was as if you discovered El Dorado. Girls of all shapes and sizes, assets from beyond average to what you thought impossible.

You went a *little* nuts searching for matches. You nearly seized the moment you received a match. Her name was CottonTail. Apparently, she was a streamer, or something like that. You didn’t know her real name, but you decided not to worry about it.

At the time.

Now? You wondered if you were stepping into some thinly veiled trap. One that anyone thinking with their brain could avoid. You weren’t thinking with your brain back then.

You were thinking with your…

Heart.

“But this is probably a trap.” You murmured, speaking aloud for the first time in an hour. “What apartment has doors like this?” You asked aloud.

The doors to your right were more akin to garage doors than residential ones. Metal shudders made to slide up and down. Each was decorated like a front door, though. Welcome mats, stickers, and mailboxes.

You were standing in front of Cotton’s door before you realized it. You were frozen all over again. Your index finger twitched, and the arm it was attached to flexed. ‘Do it, do it.’ You repeated only for an underlying voice to say, ‘But what about my organs?!’

You clenched your teeth and rang the doorbell.

Bing bong~

crrkkt

A speaker crackled to life.

“Be there in just a second, cutie~” A husky, female voice sounded.

You felt slight vibrations through your feet. These vibrations grew stronger by the second, and you could soon hear heavy footfalls.

The door hummed just like a garage door would. It slowly ascended, and something soft and covered in black fabric peeked out from under it. You nearly stepped back as it almost unfurled atop your feet. The material or substance rose to knee height with you. You were so focused on it that you nearly leaped backward at the next sight.

The door was at hip level, and something undeniably fleshy came into view. It was a pair of something. Pale, curved, massive.

’T-titties!’ You exclaimed mentally.

Embarrassing, but how else would one react to a pair of breasts larger than their body by a factor of at least five, perhaps ten, each? Their upper curves matched your shoulder height, and beyond their curves was a rounded face.

This visage had a neck so thick that it was pushed up, melding with her cheeks. There was a fold of sorts where neck fat met her original chin, which itself had thickened into a knob of fat. Slightly plump lips were painted a striking red. Above them, a cute little nose, and a pair of striking eyes. One was a vibrant purple, the other a cooling blue. Her hair was medium-length, purple throughout most of it, but vibrant blue at the tips.

"Well, hello there~" Cotton grinned as she looked at you past the immense curve of her bosom. "I was beginning to think you wouldn't show up. Glad you didn't~" She winked.

You couldn't formulate a response. You were still busy staring at Cotton's chest.

She was wearing some sort of blouse-like top. Only it had been fashioned with a keyhole cut in the chest, which allowed an astounding half of her breasts to poke free. The curve of her cleavage seemed greater than your height. Though this was counting the origin, upward curve as her breasts were squeezed through the keyhole, the outward arc, down, down, and finally where it tucked. The exposed portions were slightly wider than twin mattresses, but it was hard to tell because of the curve. The portions of fat stuffed inside the blouse were slightly restrained. You didn't know if they were compressed or if it was the keyhole that gave her front such monumental perk. Either way, they didn't have as much curve or perk or…oomph. It was still enough fat to fill a reclining chair. Perhaps act as a jumbo-sized beanbag chair.

'I think the black fabric has to be over her stomach.' You thought and looked down. Cotton's belly lived most in the shadow of her breasts. It was a broad slab that touched the ground with a small portion reaching out as far as her breasts. Its width was greater than your height by a few feet, but it still didn't seem big compared to the woman's breasts. A trailing glance up Cotton's side revealed exposed fat that eventually became a love handle. A love handle thicker than your torso. 'I think it's like a pencil skirt. Just stretched from here to Timbuktu.'

"You know you can get a better look inside. It's hard to fully appreciate me in this hallway." Cotton said, regaining your attention. She chuckled softly through her nose. "Yeah, this isn't a window show. You can come in. Just pick your jaw up, will you?" A soft hand peeked into view, a fat finger with manicured nails pointed at you.

Your mouth hung agape. Slack-jawed like a drunken sailor looking at a brothel.

“Ehehe…sorry about that.” You chuckled awkwardly and rubbed the back of your head.

“Don’t worry, it was cute.” Cotton laughed again and stepped back.

Now you could see that she was squished against the hallway walls. There might have been room to turn around, but it would have been difficult. Still, you entered the now-empty space.

You had forgotten all about the paranoia of this being a trap. If it was? You’d be screwed.

“Hit the door, would ya?” Cotton asked and gestured at the wall with her chubby chin.

You looked, and there was a button. “Just like a garage door.” You murmured and pressed it. The door rumbled and closed behind you. Your surroundings were now dark. ‘Oh, I’m boned.’ You thought.

You heard sudden shifting. Like something being pressed and dragged against the wall. Beneath that was grunting.

You stepped forward only to run into something. Perhaps two somethings? They came a little below chest height. Above your stomach, but nowhere near your shoulders. Had your arms been at your sides, this height was right where your elbows hinged.

Either way, the somethings were soft. Your hands slid across what felt like fabric. Yet the texture was something else entirely. Like marshmallows and dreams. Softness beyond your grandest of fantasies. Your hands slid out further. The fabric ended, but the softness intensified.

Cotton laughed. “Are you eager or just feeling through the dark? You don’t have to stop, but don’t topple over when I move. Light switch should be here-“

You winced as the dark hallway was illuminated. Your eyes adjusted from bright white to a pale, creamy color. You blinked. Your hand flexed. Softness filled your palm.

You were leaning against and groping Cotton’s ass.

“Holy shit.” Was all you could say.

Cotton’s hips were wider than her belly. Much wider. You could see she was as wide as the hallway and then some. The outer curves of her hips were pressed against the walls, smooshed

almost flat. Without those there, you theorized Cotton's hips were nearly twice your height. You looked up, and her shoulders seemed so far away. The distance from her shoulders to the furthest curves of her rump had to be the same as from her chin to the apex of her breasts.

You tilted your head to look. Cotton was wearing stockings, but they hardly covered her thighs. Those were so bulbous and squishy that they rolled until they almost touched the floor. The stockings did a better job of covering her lower legs, but her bloated calves bulged and rolled to touch the floor.

Cotton suddenly shifted. She took a single step forward, but that sent a ripple through her. A wave of force carried through a corresponding butt cheek and threw you back. You steadied yourself and looked at her. She peeked over her shoulder. It was so broad and thick that you only saw one purple eye. The lower lid was curved in a way that made you think Cotton was smiling at you.

"Again, this isn't window shopping. I hope you enjoy the view, though." Cotton took another step forward. This was slow and deliberate. You watched the mounds of butt fat quake and wobble. You followed as if in a trance.

Cotton shuffled forward and through a doorway. You could see it opened into a wider living room. Cotton's hips flopped outward the second she was free. You had been right. She was at least twice as wide as you were tall. At the hips at least. The outer curves of her breast were a few feet short.

Cotton turned back to face you. Her butt and gut slid across the carpeted floor, dragging audibly. She reached out with one massive arm. Each upper arm was about the size of a barrel. The texture was too soft and wavy, though. It seemed her top had openings here, too. A wide lump of exposed blubber poked through the fabric. You could see how the hem squished against this fluffy fat. Her forearms were fully covered to her wrist, but there were distinct folds.

You stepped into the living room and closed the door behind you. "Thanks for having me." You said with a subtle dip of your head.

"I should be saying that. You matched with me first." Cotton said and eased herself back. She wasn't quite sitting, but you noticed her hips…flattened? In a sense. She was leaning more of her

weight back, lounging, almost like leaning into…against herself. “It’s been a while since I got a match. I think I got big enough that people were worried about getting crushed instead of squished.”

Your heart fluttered. A nervous chuckle tried to escape your throat, but you swallowed it. “Their loss! No such thing as too big, I say!” You tried to rein in your enthusiasm with mixed results.

“Exactly!” Cotton matched your cheer. “Ugh, I’ve been saying that for a while, but even some other fatties on FeedX are afraid of me. I’ve tried to…hmm, let’s say, *encourage* some friends to size up. Sadly, no luck. I won’t force it on them, but sometimes even I want an absolutely huge partner. So, I totally get you on that front.”

Cotton started to shuffle. It was a sort of sidewinder path. The outside of her breast touched your chest. You stabilized yourself so as not to be pushed back, but the fat still morphed around your front. It was soft, not as warm as her exposed butt cheeks, but it drew you into it. Cotton reached an arm out and smacked a hand on your shoulder.

“You and I are kindred spirits now.” Cotton winked again. “You always need to value someone who has the same tastes, especially when they’re a bit exotic. Though maybe I’m getting ahead of myself. I can’t keep you as a buddy if I crush you.”

That made you laugh. “I’ll try my best. Though let me be out with it and say I’m new to this.” Saying that burned a little, but you wanted to be honest.

Cotton’s hand suddenly gripped your shoulder and pulled you in. Your chest rolled along the side of her breasts, and you were now tucked between it and Cotton’s upper arm. Her cheek was right next to yours. You were so close that you could only see her eye from the corner of your own.

“Oho, so I’ve scored a total newbie! That changes the context a bit, but I’ll treat you nicely.” Cotton leaned in and kissed your cheek. Her lips trailed to your ear. “But I’ll push you just a little~”

Cotton gradually loosened her grip. This allowed you to slide away, but you didn’t go far. You trailed around the massive woman until you were at your front again. Your hand nervously fiddled with the buttons on your shirt. “Is it ok to take this off?”

“I’m showing a lot more skin than you, so go for it,” Cotton replied. Her eyes seemed locked on you. She bit her lower lip gently as you began to unbutton your shirt. “Hmm, but I think I could do away with this.” She undid the brooch at the neck of her blouse. That had acted as the top button, so the fabric practically burst open.

Neck fat pushed away the collar of her shirt, and her breasts dropped a few inches. It became clear that her shirt provided significant stability. All of the volume wasn’t lost, but her chest had seemed to unfurl wider. The peaks weren’t as high, and the fat was flabbier at the exterior.

Cotton slid her hands along the curves of her chest. She pressed her palm up against them, sending waves through the masses. “Why not slide between these. Get a little closer~”

You complied immediately. One foot tentatively pressed into Cotton’s belly. You fell forward when you tried to put weight on it, though. The material was so malleable that your foot sank in past your ankle. You switched to crawling on your hands and knees, which made you more aware of the walls of boob fat at both sides. The fat pressed in against you, just as soft and heavy as earlier. You gently grabbed for stability and pulled yourself closer and closer until you were face-to-face with Cotton.

She didn’t waste time. She leaned in to kiss you, and you followed suit. She pressed her hands against her chest, pushing the massive breasts in to squish you more firmly. You wrapped your arm around Cotton’s shoulders for stability in the kiss, and your other hand played with her neck roll. This fat wasn’t as thick as the rest of her body. There was just enough to fit between your index finger and thumb, but it somehow made you giddy to tease it.

Soon, it became difficult to focus on anything else. The way your body sank into Cotton’s front, the weight of her breasts around you, the softness of her lips against yours, her delicate tongue…It all blurred in this swirling mass of sensation. Your body felt hot, almost as if you were about to start sweating. Your legs spread apart and squished against Cotton. You needed stability on the giant gelatinous woman. You leaned in and kissed more fervently as your hands groped boldly at Cotton’s breasts. She moaned into your mouth, as if signaling you to continue.

So, you did. You began to grind your hips against Cotton. You pressed your chest to hers, sinking into the soft layer between her cleavage. You felt the need for air, but you didn't want to break away just yet. It was only when your lungs started to scream that you pulled back to pull in air.

Cotton seemed equally breathless. "You sure this…is your first time?" She asked and grinned. "It's getting a bit hot. Help me out of my shirt."

"Sure, but how did you even get into it?" You asked, earning a soft karate chop on the head. You let your body slide into the canyon of cleavage. There were buttons deep in there that you undid with ease. Next, you slid along the side of one massive boob. You grabbed the fabric that sank into Cotton's flab. It hardly took any energy to pull it. It felt more like you simply guided it aside, while Cotton's breast pushed it away.

Your heart skipped another beat when a surprisingly delicate nipple came into view. Curious, you gently squeezed it.

"Ghhk!" Cotton's chest lurched. You couldn't see, but she had put a hand over her mouth to stifle the sudden moan. "Yeah, you're way more bold than you let on." She teased and waited.

You pulled one half of the shirt aside before working on the next. You had to think for a moment about what to do next.

"It should be easier to go low. Crawl under my belly, and you'll find the end of my skirt." Cotton started to chuckle. "Hope you're good at spelunking. Feel free to take your time."

The woman leaned forward. This was simply to shift her weight off her lower body. That would make it a little more accessible for you to squeeze beneath her.

You gulped and stepped back. "What angle should I take this from?" You murmured aloud and hunched down. The front seemed too heavy. The fat was so thick and it rested on the ground. You'd be fighting it every step of the way.

Her side? That was more feasible. As her belly lifted and curved, there was a gap between it and the floor. You'd still need to squish between her thigh fat and belly. It would also put you in a very *delicate* area.

You felt another lurch or thump in your body. It was a tad lower than your heart, though…

You pressed your fingers against the rift between Cotton's thigh and belly. Your body tingled with more anticipation by the second. Soon, your entire arm was enveloped in fat, then your right shoulder, and finally, it reached the point where you had to push your head through.

This had been a longtime fantasy. It had only been your imagination, though. Reality showed the wonderful space beneath a massive fatty was humid. The air was stuffy, to be expected, but Cotton's underbelly and inner thighs were soaked in sweat. You also hadn't thought of how dark it would be. You squinted to see better, to no avail. You reached out with both hands. All you could feel was sweaty belly fat.

Cotton, meanwhile, twitched and shuddered with your every move. Each touch, poke, or slide was a pleasurable tickle in delicate areas she hadn't reached in ages.

Finally, your finger hooked on fabric. You moved your other hand there and grabbed the skirt. It had been designed to tuck under Cotton's belly, probably so it would give a semblance of covering. Again, the fabric easily yielded to you. You shifted it more and more, reaching and leaning forward before it zipped out from under Cotton's belly.

You lingered a moment. 'This was kind of exhausting.' You thought. Every move had you fight against suffocating softness and oppressive weight. 'Dammit, it's so hot.' You thought, not thinking of physical heat.

You were between the thighs and belly of a woman who weighed at least two tons. You wanted to stay put a while longer. You spread your legs out, sliding them beneath Cotton's belly. Your hands explored the wall of belly fat in front of you, pushing in and out of its mesmerizing softness. Your head leaned back against something cushioned and got comfy.

"Wait a second." You said and spun around. "What the heck is this?" You pushed your fingers against a pillow-sized mass. It was soft and sweaty. It had to be part of Cotton. "Not her panties. The shape isn't right for her thighs. It's…a fold…" You continued to tease and probe the lump.

Meanwhile, Cotton was biting down on a thick finger. “O-oooh, you sn-sneaky little…” She relented and let out a long moan. It failed to reach your ears, but Cotton’s squirming certainly did.

“I’m doing something right.” You murmured and got your fingers under the roll. It was as if you dipped your hands in a liquid. You were soaked up to your knuckles. The space was tighter, so you focused on one hand. You reached in, pushing your fingers deeper. “Man, what is…oh fuck I’m an idiot.”

It had suddenly hit you. Pillow-shaped pouch of fat? Had to be a fupa. The tighter space beneath it that you boldly shoved your fingers up into? Had to be a pussy! You were about to retract your fingers before Cotton’s thighs slammed against you from both sides.

“Oy!” You squeaked as the previously soft, squishy masses took on a crushing quality. Cotton rubbed her thighs together, which jostled you back and forth. ‘I am suddenly worried about being crushed under this woman!’ You thought, then frantically started working your fingers. Your best chance of survival was to get Cotton off so you could get out.

Your fingers were being squeezed tightly, but things also became progressively more damp. It never felt like you were getting stuck. It just shocked you how tightly you were being clung to. The more pressing matter was Cotton’s increasing shaking. The ceiling of her underbelly pushed down on you. Still in the dark, you reached out to one of her legs. Your hand slid between the roll formed around her knee. This hardly revealed anything, but you assumed Cotton’s knees were buckling.

‘If she drops all her weight at once, I’ll probably…not die but…eheh.’ You started to grasp the absurdity of your situation. It was still pretty hot, though.

You had to step it up a notch. You leaned in and planted a kiss on Cotton’s fupa. Your hand had picked up a rhythm of pushing in, slowly dragging out, and your thumb had found something noticeably harder. You pressed down with your thumb, and Cotton’s entire body rocked. ‘Bingo,’ You thought as you started to nibble Cotton’s fupa gently. You moved your fingers faster, doubled effort rotating your thumb, and nibbled a little harder.

Cotton was at her limit. Her breaths were erratic, cut with moans. Nothing she did could steady her breathing for more than a few seconds. She grasped the sides of her breasts and wobbled them. The feeling of her body rocking was a major turn-on, but also a desperate search for new stimulation.

“Fuck…I can’t…” Cotton moaned and flexed her fingers and toes. She tried so hard to keep standing, but her legs were starting to tremble. The shaking caused her hips to bob and her thighs to wobble. Sweat ran down these curves and started to pool beneath her. “Shit!” Cotton cursed as her feet slipped on the puddle.

Cotton’s weight dropped. It was different from her earlier leaning, and her height hardly seemed to change. Her ass already dragged on the ground at all times. Instead, her front had slid forward. It was like leaning forward, but that still pushed half her mass against you.

Your body was too lithe to resist the impact. You were suddenly pushed on your back and pinned beneath Cotton. Thankfully, your head had found something like an air pocket. A fold of underbelly cushioned your head, too.

Your arms were spread wide, hands facing up into Cotton’s fat. It was the same welcoming warmth, but with a lot more oppressive weight. “Goes to show how much she was holding back.” You thought and tried to squirm free.

No luck.

You lay there a moment before you realized one oddity. Most of your sensations took in warmth and weight. However, there was a spot that was beyond warm. Somewhere hot to the touch. You couldn’t reach it with your hands. Nor could your legs slide you in any direction. The one tell was a memorable shape pressed to your lower stomach.

‘You’ve got to be kidding me.’ You thought and felt your cheeks heat up. Somehow, for some reason, Cotton had fallen on you in just the right way that her crotch was directly over yours! That familiar shape on your stomach was her fupa. The place currently scorching you and soaking your jeans (which you wished you had taken off with your shirt) was Cotton’s teased womanhood. The one you failed to get off before she fell.

Yet, at the same time, it was your attentive efforts that caused Cotton to fall.

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