Beauregard Mebblewebble had always been smaller than the women he had a proclivity for.

Though, when one was a gnome with a penchant for only the most impossibly wide women of the Realm, that wasn’t exactly a very high bar. His taste had always leaned towards the stout, beginning with his first Dwarvish girlfriend back when he was a young lad that hadn’t even taken (or broken) his Oath yet. Slowly, over the course of his many years, he had learned that it was not simply the broadness of those women that captivated him, nor was it their height advantage against him. As his first love softened around the middle, a foreseeable outcome when one remembers that her father owned the best bakery in Baldur’s Gate, Beauregard’s tastes had evolved for the supple just as hers had developed an affinity for the sweet. Seeing her toddle around the cobbled streets of their hometown was one thing, pastry in one hand and his in another, but over the course of his travels the young gnome had learned that his tastes went far past the impractical and leaned far into the absurd.

“*HAAAI’M* ALMOSH ***THERE***!” the devilish dollop of red woman bellowed like a cave bear from between fat cheeks and swaddling jowls, “FUCK ME ***HARDER*** SHORTY!”

Karlach—at least, the hundreds of pounds of blubber *around* Karlach—had been the pinnacle of that desire. The zenith of his taste in women and in just how far around he liked for them to be. Taller than most men (who in fairness towered over Beauregard and the other smallfolk) Karlach had been the object of his affection since almost quite literally the moment that they met. From convincing their mutual companion Wyll not to slaughter her by right of being a “heartless” devil (and maybe because he thought that she was cute) to supporting her through that whole Infernal Engine debacle, Beauregard had fawned over her almost every step of the way in their journey. On their quest to rid themselves of the tadpoles wriggling behind their eyes, those eyes fell upon one another exactly *once* before they knew that there was no other option for either of them.

“OH ***HELLS*** DO I WANT THIS!”

On some level, both of them *had* to have known that this is how it would have wound up.

With her fat tongue lolled out, amber eyes crossed and stupid as her buried snatch took inch after inch of cock, Karlach could do little more than sit and stew in her own sweat and juices as the heat between them continued to kick up. She was close. Closer than she had been since…

Well, since the last time that they had worked out how exactly he was going to enter her. The constant treats and prizes over the course of their first (and only) journey together had left her soft for sure, but it was only after they had settled down that her expansion had begun in true. *So much* had happened to turn her from the Blade of Avernus and into the vast, gelatinous mass that required a series of slings and pullies to even lay there and get fucked, but the path had been laid with much frosting and good intention.

Regardless, even getting underneath her was something that wouldn’t have been attempted by smarter gnomes. Let alone venturing underneath her vast crimson folds, tempting fat beneath the underhang of the ruby balcony of rotundity that could literally crush him at any instant.

“HAAARDERRR SOLJAH, **HARDER!**”

She was almost too fat to contribute *at all*. Sitting on her ass and leaned back into a proverbial mountain of padding that was both a mix of her own ample backfat and the pillows that her vast bulk necessitated to keep her semi-upright, Karlach was a woman that was all but immobile. A far cry from the sword-slinging barbarian that she had been when they’d first met, soft and coddled into hugeness by the very gnome that was doing his best not to suffocate underneath the sweaty red hogs that constituted Karlach’s thighs. Even still, she could thrust—somewhat—and thrust she did.

Threatening to splinter the wooden supports that made up the mechanism supporting her vast red gut, Karlach’s minor movements were enough to quake the bed beneath her. If Beauregard stopped every time he heard wood crackle or springs quake, he would have never gotten the job done. A woman of his woman’s size was one that required dedication and sheer fucking will, and those were two things that overcoming ceremorphosis had left him with in abundance.

To quote his big beautiful bedmate, if he died while he was down there, there wasn’t much that she could do about it anyway.

So he might as well enjoy himself.

“OHHH ***GODS A-FUKKIN’-BOVE***~”

The tremendous Tiefling couldn’t even so much as look *down* much anymore. Her jowls had melded into an insular weighted apron of neck fat that rested lavishly on her red hot torso, eyes squinting jovially even when not mid-coitus due to the sheer girth of her cheek meat. Her arms hung out uselessly at her sides, ill-suited to do much more than feed herself (when motivated) and occasionally grab a proportionally girthy gnome cock. She hadn’t swung a sword in so long that she may as well have forgotten how to—but her days of adventuring were far and away behind her, trailing behind a plump sausage of a tail that thump-thumped heavily with excitement as she came closer and closer to climax.

Fat toes made an impotent attempt at clenching, swaddled by the onslaught of girthy cankle as it rolled over onto Karlach’s feet. She had become so vast, so massively overfed, that she could barely take a step without the assistance of someone much taller and stronger than her betrothed. Beauregard was a good man, but unless he was literally sitting at eye-level with her or seated at her bedside, there was no way that she could even see the little fucker without him being far enough away that it didn’t matter.

Even if she could have, there was this massive fucking stomach in the way, rippling and sloshing with the impact of about a fifteenth of her weight in gnome specimen driving into her devil snatch like his life depended on it.

“I think… I fink’m… cu*hhh*…”

Hot, sticky cum started to dribble out of Karlach’s south mouth as Beauregard continued his holy mission downward. Dribbling around the fuzz of his cock, the first batch of much cum to come turned their noises slick and slippery as Karlach’s head lolled back onto the insular hot dog roll of neck fat that propped up the back of her hairline.

“*auughhhh*that’sastufffff~”

A breathless, hearty laugh reverberated in the heft of her uppermost sections. A healthy slap of her stomach on either side as she encouraged her man to continue to go, go, go the best way that she could. Used to, she’d have been able to slosh herself or give her belly a good quake as means of encouragement. When she was mobile she could curl her sausage legs around him, bring him closer into her crotch and pull him until he was tight again. But now that she had become so enraptured, so *enormous*, there was very little that she could do other than just bellow in ecstasy, beached on the bed like a vast skewered animal.

His pace slowed, surely. He liked to allow his woman some time to recover, and doing even as much as climaxing burned precious calories. But he didn’t stop—the ins and outs of his rock hard member simply became less frequent. However momentarily.

“Yor gettin’ better at ‘is.” Her fat face rolled and creased from far above him as she rasped out a compliment, “wus shore yu’d haff… *hahhh…* more difficulty…”

The fact that even her *voice* had become large and supple, nestled and swaddled by all that fat he’d helped heap onto her humongous shape, was enough to give Beauregard a second wind—one that he’d certainly save for later. His first wind wasn’t over yet. Not by a long shot.

Firm, hard muscles pressed against lavish mattresses and pillows as the gnome continued to thrust his way past Karlach’s natural insulation. If he had never adventured again a day in his life, Beauregard would have stayed in fighting shape just by merit of having to fuck his fiery fatass once in a while before she became petulant. There was so much passion in their relationship, so much vigor and fire, that hardly a week went by without threatening to break some poor piece of furniture beneath them even well into Karlach’s most tremendous sizes.

Perhaps if he hadn’t worked food and treats and little “rewards” into their lovemaking sessions earlier, they could have been doing this a lot more frequently. But he wouldn’t have had his sausage-tailed devil any other way.

“C’n I start eatin’ yet?” Karlach all but slurped out, “M’getting’ *hungry* solja…”

Two squeezes on the vast undercarriage of her massive red middle meant “yes”, to which her hoggish amber eyes gleefully lit up. Seconds and Elevenses had been laid out to her sides, just barely within her reach, to help keep her motivated. To keep her *excited*. Because once he had finally tired himself out down there, he was going to need to come out and recuperate. And Beauregard Mebblewebble recuperated best by helping her keep things going.

“*Yesh*.” She said in a heavy, wanting voice, “*Love* that…”

Reaching forward with stubby, sausage fingers against padded useless arms, Karlach was able to palm a tart that was almost as doughy and cream-filled as she was. She couldn’t lean *forward* to do so, of course, but that just meant that she had a built-in rationing system. As much as it hurt her (either of them, really) to delay gratification, it was necessary for them to get the most out of this. If Karlach ate to her heart’s content while her love was underneath her, the sling might break. It had happened before—though thankfully his dexterity and response time had been enough for him to wriggle his way out of there.

Though who knew *how* many pounds ago that was?

“Ohhh gods… you make it hard’ta focush…”

His hot breath and the pressure of his prominent nose against her snatch made Karlach twitch and curl as much as she could, given her condition. All she wanted was to get fucked. And to be fed. Preferably at the same time, but given the sheer *size* of her, there wasn’t much that could be done about that. As much as it pained her, she was going to have to pace herself. At least, for now.

“I need someone up ‘ere too…” Karlach mewled like a woman one tenth her size, “M’*hungry*…”

There were those that were interested in what had become of their companions. How vast and how much they had changed—and in such ways that none of them would have *ever* expected. And while others were either admittedly or unabashedly disgusted, there were those that were more… intrigued… by the changes that had overcome them. Once Beauregard and Karlach had retired, they had been occasionally propositioned once or twice.

“We should… *booorp*… take ‘at elf up on ‘er offer…” Karlach puffed out, “She’sh int’a all ‘at… hahh… pain is pleasure crap…”

The idea hadn’t been a bad one. He would have been lying if he had tried to say he never thought of what life might have been like had he and Karlach never met. Would things have turned out such as this? Would Shadowheart or Lae’zel have succumbed to such vices in such a way that his big red devil had? And would they have done so with such *gusto*?

“BURAAAAAAP—fuck me solja, m’already *tired*…”

Karlach rubbed a slow, inviting circle into the surface of her stomach, knowing full well that he could barely hear her, let alone see her being all cute.

“Can’t you come up here and… gimme a hand?”

Regardless of what *might* have been, Beauregard Mebblewebble was one happy gnome. And if sending off for an old friend would make his woman happy and give him more time to do what he loved, then so be it…