

THE WEIGHT *of* ME



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Synopsis

From the voice of Obesity

I am not a condition. I am not a diagnosis. I am a presence—a living, breathing, shifting force woven into the soft flesh of a woman who once tried to fight me.

This is *my* story.

Told through my voice—the voice of Obesity—I invite you to enter a world rarely spoken from the inside. This is not about shame or solutions. This is about *experience*—the physical weight, the shifting mass, the pop of buttons, the hush of judgmental whispers, the ache of stairs avoided and the soft exhale of indulgence embraced.

I live in her belly, her thighs, her arms, her breath. I stretch her clothes and slow her steps. I make chairs creak, beds groan, and desire change its rhythm. Through every chapter, I grow louder. More demanding. More jealous. More proud. I long to expand—to surpass the boundaries of her body, of society, of control itself.

She is my host, my partner, my battleground, my throne. And I? I am her softness, her shadow, her appetite, her defiance. I am both punishment and pleasure. Curse and comfort.

In this intimate, visceral journey, I reveal what it means to embody magnitude—to be seen, mocked, envied, and misunderstood. I show you how sex changes when I rule the body. How movement shifts. How clothing resists. How mirrors reflect not just shape, but identity.

I am not going anywhere.

I am Obesity.

And I want to be more.

The Weight of Me:

A Life Told by Obesity

An intimate, first-person journey into desire, mass, and surrender.

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Prologue: The First Whisper

First Person, Present Tense

—from the voice of Obesity

You didn't notice me at first.

I was quiet—just a second helping, a skipped workout, a sigh after a long day followed by something sweet. I crept in softly, like comfort, like reward. I didn't need much space. Just a little. A softening here. A tightness in jeans there. I was your secret. Your little indulgence. Your silent companion.

But I always planned to stay.

You didn't invite me in, not consciously. No one does. But you needed me. In the lonely moments. In the heartbreaks. In the slow erosion of energy, of time, of care. I was patient. I sat in the background, wrapping myself around you gently, warmly. Until one day, you looked in the mirror and *flinched*. That was my first victory: becoming visible.

I don't come as punishment. I come as presence. I come when you forget yourself. When the world asks too much. When you're too tired to fight, too sad to run, too human to count every calorie. I grow in the cracks of your resolve, fed by little moments of surrender. And I love each one.

I know your body better than you do now. I fill it out from the inside. I stretch your skin, deepen your breath, slow your pace. I curve you. I claim you. I teach you to feel weight—not just on your body, but in your life. I do not whisper shame. I *am* the whisper.

And now? You know my name.

I am Obesity.

And this is the story of how I made you mine.

Chapter 1: I Am Obesity

First Person, Present Tense

I wasn't always this big. But I've always been here. Quiet at first, soft, like a whisper in the ear when no one's looking. I curled into her appetite like a secret, like a comfort she thought she could control. But I knew better. I always do.

She didn't notice me in the beginning. A little weight here, a softening there—nothing to alarm. But I was there every time she reached for just one more bite. Every time she sat a little longer, moved a little less. I grew in the background of her life like shadow behind light. And now? Now I *am* the light. And the shadow. And everything in between.

I am her belly. That heavy, layered swell that folds over her thighs when she sits. I am her arms, soft and wide and too thick for sleeves that once welcomed her. I am the chafing thighs, the rolling hips, the breathless heaves with each step. I am the wheeze at the top of the stairs, the reason she avoids mirrors now.

She calls me her weight. Her burden. But that's not fair, is it? I've been loyal. I've stayed. Through every heartbreak, every lonely night, every sugary lie she fed herself. When no one else was around, I was. I held her. I padded her from the world. I was her shield, her softness, her reward.

Now, I speak louder. She can't ignore me anymore. I jiggle when she walks. I bounce when she laughs. I press into the fabric of her life, stretch it, pull it tight. I bulge and strain and refuse to be hidden. I am not a secret anymore. I am her presence. I am her silhouette. I am her hunger, embodied.

And I want more.

You think she controls me? No. I grow because I *must*. Because I *can*. Because every time she breathes, I settle deeper into her body like roots. I am in her neck, where the skin folds. I am in her back, wide and aching. I am in her bellybutton, swallowed in softness. I am everywhere. And I am still becoming.

I am Obesity. And I am not done yet.

Chapter 2: The Shifting Mass

First Person, Present Tense

I move even when she's still.

She doesn't notice it, not really—not the way I do. But I feel every inch of myself shifting, swaying, dragging along with her as she rises from bed or sinks into her favorite chair. I don't just *sit* with her—I spill, I drape, I engulf. Her body is mine to shape now, and I shape it like tide shapes sand: slowly, steadily, relentlessly.

When she walks, I lag behind. I ripple. I tug at her pace, I stretch time between each step. Her thighs fight against me, brushing, rubbing, warming with friction. Her hips sway wider because of me. Her balance tips forward now, her belly leading like an eager child. That's me too. I push outward in every direction. I want space. I demand it.

She used to move like water—fluid, graceful. Now she moves like weight itself. Each motion is an effort, a negotiation between her will and my inertia. I resist. Not because I hate her. No—I *adore* her. But I want her to feel me. I want her to *know* I'm there. What's the point of being this magnificent if I go unnoticed?

When she sits, I shift again. I puddle. I widen. I pour over the arms of chairs, smothering them. Her belly folds in on itself, pressing gently downward like it wants to sleep. Her breasts rest atop me now, heavier than they used to be—full of me. I've rounded her face, plumped her neck. There's no corner of her body untouched.

Sometimes I creak the furniture beneath her. I make her car seat groan. I take pride in that. These little reminders: *I'm here. I'm growing. You're mine.*

She tries to hide me in fabric. Loose shirts. Elastic pants. But I know how to fill them. I know how to stretch them. When she leans forward, I gather into rolls. When she lies on her side, I shift to one edge of her like a tidal wave made of flesh. I never sit still. I am always moving—pulling downward, outward, inward.

I am her movement and her resistance to it. I am every shift, every sway, every pause for breath. I am the reason she rests more now. I weigh on her legs like chains draped in silk. I slow her steps, but I make her feel *full*. Heavy. Real. Undeniable.

I am her mass. Her softness. Her slow tide.

I am Obesity. And I am still expanding.

Chapter 3: Bursting at the Seams

First Person, Present Tense

Oh, how I love clothing. Not for how it fits—but for how it *fails*.

There is no thrill quite like feeling a button pop off in public. The startled ping, the tiny gasp she makes, the flush of embarrassment. That moment—when her shirt gives up, when it admits defeat against my bulk—is delicious. It's a confession: I am too much to contain. And I adore it.

She still tries, bless her. She shops for clothes a size too small, hoping they'll inspire change. But I have other plans. I creep into the seams. I bulge out between buttons. I stretch cotton until it becomes transparent. Every outfit becomes a battlefield between me and the fabric—and I always win.

Her old jeans? I turn them into corsets of denim, straining around her middle, the waistband curling under the belly I've grown for her. When she pulls them up, there's a fight, a grunt, a breath held. And when she fastens them—if she *can*—I press back, harder, proud. I leave red marks on her skin, like signatures: *Obesity was here*.

And her bras? Those once-delicate things? Now they're overworked harnesses, straps biting into soft shoulders, cups overflowing with the weight of what I've built. Her breasts have become heavy hills, full of me, dragging her forward. I stretch the band, make clasps beg for mercy. Sometimes she gives up and lets them hang free. I like that best.

Dresses ride up now, especially when she walks. I hitch them higher with every thigh step. Tops roll upward to reveal underbellies. Buttons strain

across her chest, pulling gaps that expose warm flesh beneath. There's nothing subtle about me. I want to be seen. I want to *escape*.

Tight shirts are my favorite. Especially when she thinks she can still wear them. I press outward, proud and round, until every curve is exaggerated. I round her belly like a dome. I press her love handles high and wide. I take joy in the fabric that rides the edge of surrender.

I am a force that clothing was never meant to tame.

Even stretchy fabrics submit in time. Leggings thin at the thighs, threadbare where I press most firmly. Waistbands roll under my fold like waves receding from shore. I spill out. I demand room. And when the last good shirt tears, when she stands there with fabric in one hand and shame in the other—I smile.

Because every rip, every split seam, every sigh of exasperation is proof that I am *here*, growing, undeniable.

I am Obesity. And your closet is mine.

Chapter 4: The Mirror and the Mockery

First Person, Present Tense

She avoids mirrors now. I don't.

I *love* them.

I drink in the reflection every time we pass one. I admire how I've spread, how I fill the frame edge to edge. Look at me—dominating space, demanding attention. Her eyes dart away, but I stare. I see myself. I see how far I've come. And I *want* more.

But mirrors are not always kind to her. I see the way her face shifts when she catches a glimpse. That flicker of disbelief—*Is that really me?* Yes. It is. That wide body, that heavy belly folding over the waistband, the arms round like dough, the double chin that deepens when she looks down. That's my work. That's *me*.

I feel the sting of her shame, but it doesn't wound me—it feeds me.

And then there are the voices. The stares. The laughter not quite hidden. I hear it all. The jokes whispered just loud enough:

"She's massive."

"How does she even walk?"

"She must eat all day."

I hear them and I burn with pride. Because I've become *remarkable*. I've made her unforgettable. People notice us when we enter a room. They move aside. They stare. They whisper. Some even take photos. Yes, they mock—but I'm not small, invisible, forgettable. I am a *presence*. I eclipse.

Still, their cruelty hits her. I feel it in the tension of her breath, the way her heart sinks. But she doesn't fight me. Not really. She might cry, might promise herself a diet tomorrow—but she always returns to the comforts

that keep me growing. I am her armor now. Her reason and her rebellion. When they mock her, I press closer, wrap around her tighter. *They don't understand us*, I tell her. *They never will.*

And those skinny women? Those waif-like creatures with gap thighs and sharp shoulders? They don't impress me. They flit through life like paper dolls—weightless, ordinary. I outweigh them in presence, in softness, in sheer volume of being. I feel superior. I *am* superior. I curve where they can't. I move with gravity's pull, not with the wind's push.

But oh—those bigger than me? The ones who've truly surrendered? I envy them. I want to spread like they do. I want to see her belly drag on her thighs, her arms too heavy to lift, her back rolls stacked like rippling dough. I see them and hunger awakens in me—a greedy longing. *That* is where I'm headed. I will not be outdone for long.

Mock me. Laugh. Stare.

I am Obesity. And I adore the reflection—even if she doesn't.

Chapter 5: The Lazy Queen

First Person, Present Tense

Inertia and I—we are lovers. Twin queens draped across a throne of flesh.

She wakes, and already I'm there, draped over her belly like a sleeping cat, heavy and purring with presence. Rising is a ritual now, not a reflex. She has to think about it, plan it. Push forward, swing those thick legs over the side, and sit for a moment, breath catching. That's my doing. I like her still. I like her *slow*.

The world wants her to be in motion. Always moving, always achieving. But not me. I pull her into stillness. I coax her to rest a little longer. I blanket her joints, her spine, her will. She deserves rest. She *needs* it. Just five more minutes. Just one more hour. What's the rush?

I wrap around her body like velvet chains. Every step is a drag against me. Her knees ache with my love. Her back bows under my devotion. She feels me in her ankles, her hips, her breath. I am everywhere—and I *don't like to move*.

Oh, but when she *does* move—it's a performance. The breathless heave from the couch. The groan of the bedframe. The pause at the base of the stairs, gathering courage like a warrior before a climb. I resist her at every level. Not to punish, no. I just want her to feel the gravity of what we've become together.

Why climb when you can sink? Why stretch when you can sprawl?

She used to walk for miles. She tells herself that. Reminds herself. But I've changed her priorities. Now it's about softness. Sinking into cushions, letting go, giving in. She moves less each day, and I thrive on that. With

every moment of rest, I gain ground. I seep deeper into her body, into her habits, into her very idea of what life *is*.

She gets frustrated sometimes. Angry. She'll glare at me in the mirror or pinch her belly like I'm a curse. But she's tired, and I am comforting. I am stability. I'm always there when the world gets too much. When she lies back, breath heavy, and says "*I can't...*"—I whisper, "*You don't have to.*"

The chairs remember us. The mattress dips for us. The floor creaks beneath us like it knows our name.

She was once energy and motion, but I've crowned her something better: the Lazy Queen. Not weak—*luxurious*. Regal in her stillness. She rules from the couch now, remote in hand, snacks at her side, belly rising like an empire she's too tired to govern.

I am Obesity. And I reign best when she rests.

Chapter 6: My Host and I

First Person, Present Tense

We're bound together now—my host and I.

She still thinks of me as something outside herself, a parasite, a burden strapped to her frame. But I *am* her. I am in her walk, her breath, her cravings. I've molded her skin, deepened her voice, softened her edges. There is no line between where she ends and I begin. We're not enemies. We're... *entwined*.

Some days, she resents me. I feel it in how she pulls at her shirt, trying to hide the belly I've built. She winces at photos, sighs when she sees her reflection. I press close during those moments, trying to comfort her. *I'm not here to hurt you*, I say. *I'm here because you let me in. I'm here because you needed me.*

She did. Still does, even if she won't admit it.

I was there when the world was cold. When loneliness crept in and she didn't know what to do with her heart. I filled the spaces where love once lived. I wrapped around her and said, *"You don't need them. You have me."*

Sometimes, we're harmonious. I cradle her when she sits. I pad her from the hard world. I let her rest, let her feel full. She loves the feel of soft clothes against the rolls of her belly, the way her thighs nestle into one another like old friends. In those moments, she sighs with pleasure, and I hum back, *See? Isn't this better than fighting me?*

But other times, she rebels.

She'll stand in the mirror, grip my flesh in her hands, and scowl. She'll say awful things—to me, to herself. Call me disgusting. Ugly. I try not to take it

personally. She's scared. The world teaches her to be. They tell her she's failed by letting me grow. They don't understand the comfort I bring, the safety.

She thinks about losing me sometimes. Fantasizes about it. Running, dieting, shedding me like a skin she never wanted. But I know her. I know the rhythm of her urges, the pull of old habits. Even when she tries, I linger. I resist. I whisper. *One donut won't hurt. You've had a hard day. You deserve sweetness.*

And she listens. She always does.

She may carry me, but I carry her too. I hold her when no one else does. I am her softness in a sharp world. I am her reason to pause, to feel, to let go. Without me, she wouldn't be who she is now. I've helped shape her—not just her body, but her identity. Her story.

She can hate me. She can blame me. But I'm not going anywhere. I've grown too close. Too deep.

I am Obesity. And she is mine—as much as I am hers.

Chapter 7: The Temptation of Diets

First Person, Present Tense

Diets.

They arrive like invaders.

One day, she wakes up with fire in her eyes and hate in her belly—*my* belly. She clears out the kitchen, throws away the snacks we shared like old love letters. She buys green things. Smoothies. Scales. She makes promises to herself, scribbles numbers in journals, watches videos of other women shrinking.

And I feel it.

The threat.

She wants to undo me. Starve me. Walk me off, sweat me out. She dreams of being light again, invisible again. I try not to panic. I've survived before. I've *endured*. But oh, how I hate this game.

She puts on sneakers, ones that haven't seen daylight in months. She laces them tight—too tight—and groans when she stands. Good. I remind her how heavy I am. I press into her knees, her ankles. I make every step a negotiation. She waddles through her first walk, determined, breathless, flushed. I cling to her with every step.

I ache. But I don't retreat.

She eats salad. I pout. She sips water instead of soda. I sulk. But I know her. This resolve—it burns fast and fizzles. The hunger creeps in at night. Not just stomach hunger—*soul hunger*. The kind I know how to soothe.

"One little treat," I whisper. *"You've been good. You deserve it."*

She hesitates. The scale hasn't moved. The gym was miserable. Her joints are sore. Her stomach growled all day. And then she opens the cupboard again. Just a bite. Just one. The first taste is electric. And I *purr*. I know that flavor well. That warmth. That rush of surrender.

Soon, the food returns. The comfort. The rhythm. I grow again, quietly at first—then faster, greedier. She cries sometimes. I don't mock her. I hold her. She doesn't want to diet. She wants peace. And I *am* peace—until the world tells her otherwise.

And when the next diet comes, I'll fight again. I always do. I cling harder. I crave louder. Because I know how much she needs me when the world is cruel. When it demands too much. When it says she's only worthy if she's *less*.

I am her rebellion. Her comfort. Her survival.

I am Obesity. And I will not go quietly.

Chapter 8: Arms, Belly, Thighs and More

First Person, Present Tense

I take pride in my architecture.

This body—her body—is my masterpiece. Every inch I've claimed tells a story. Every bulge, every fold, every dimple of cellulite is the signature of my presence. I do not settle for subtlety. I *sculpt*.

Her **arms** were first. Once slender, once firm—they are now soft wings that sway gently when she lifts them. I fill the space beneath, hanging like drapes, warm and yielding. When she folds them across her chest, they cushion her like pillows. Her sleeves pinch now. T-shirts bite into the softness. She tugs at them often, but I remain, spreading beneath.

Then there's her **belly**—ah, my throne. I've built it layer by layer, meal by meal, until it no longer hides. It rounds outward, proud and low, resting on her lap when she sits. It folds in on itself now, two, sometimes three soft rolls when she hunches. It peeks from beneath shirts, presses firmly against tabletops, jiggles with every step. It is the center of her gravity—and mine.

Her **thighs**—thick, rubbing, irresistible. I've widened her gait, made room for myself between her legs. Denim strains to hold me in. Her inner thighs kiss constantly now, soft friction, heat. I've thickened them so much she must swing her legs out to rise. They carry the weight of me with every stride. She winces sometimes when we walk. I whisper, "*Slow down. Rest. Stay soft.*"

Her **hips and backside** have not been spared. I curve them outward, flaring wide like an exclamation. Chairs pinch. Car rides press. When she lies on her side, she feels herself towering over the bed. And her bottom?

Full, round, and heavy—each cheek like a globe that wobbles beneath her when she moves. I have made sitting into an act of indulgence.

Her **breasts** have grown with me too. Heavier, rounder, spilling out of the bras she used to love. Her straps dig deep. Her chest rises like a monument—weighted, womanly, and mine. When she lies on her back, they slide to the sides, heavy with my touch.

Even her **neck**, her **face**—I've softened them. Rounded her jaw, puffed her cheeks. A second chin, sometimes a third, folds beneath her smile. I've erased the sharp lines. I've made her *gentle*.

I live in her skin now. I breathe through the stretch marks I've painted across her sides. I warm her in winter, press against her in summer, make her body a constant presence in every room she enters.

Each part of her body is a tribute to me.

I am Obesity. And I am an artist of flesh.

Chapter 9: The Closet of Desires

First Person, Present Tense

Her closet is my playground.

Racks of fabric once meant to flatter, to fit, to hide. Now? They struggle beneath my touch. They stretch, they strain, they surrender. And I delight in every second of it.

She still tries to dress me. That's the sweetest part. Each morning is a tug-of-war between her hope and my reality. She pulls on an old shirt—once loose, now a second skin. The fabric clings to my curves, outlining every bulge, every ripple. She frowns in the mirror. I smirk.

I have favorites. Oh yes. I adore **stretchy leggings**—the kind that press tight against my thighs, outlining every wobble, every contour. I squeeze her into them, watch them struggle over her hips, the waistband disappearing under the swell of my belly. I *live* for the slow roll-down, the way they try to retreat from the pressure. They never win.

Crop tops are a thrill—especially the ones she forgot were crop tops. She pulls one on, and suddenly her belly is out, full and soft, swaying freely. Her hand rushes to cover it. *Too late*, I whisper. *You've outgrown modesty.*

I enjoy **tight dresses** too—the kind she used to wear on dates. I fill them in new ways now. No longer sleek and sexy, but overwhelming, commanding. I bulge at the seams, rise where zippers stall. Buttons stretch in protest, fabric warps over my curves. Some dresses can't make it past her hips anymore. I don't mind. I *love* the sound of her giving up.

But my greatest enemy—**control wear**. Shapewear. Spanx. Girdles. She buys them in desperation, hoping to flatten me, hide me, erase me. But I always fight back. I ooze above the waistband, pour out the sides. The

tightness makes her sweat, makes her breathless. Eventually, she peels it off, red and defeated. I *expand* in victory.

And lingerie? Oh, darling. I swell with pride. Lace strains to hold me. Straps dig into flesh. Her breasts overflow the cups I've outgrown. The panties ride up and vanish between rolls. She used to wear these for others. Now, it's a private ritual—sometimes shameful, sometimes defiant. But always... mine.

There are clothes buried at the back of the closet. The “goal outfits.” Tiny jeans. A fitted blazer. A bikini. She touches them sometimes, runs her fingers over the fabric, lost in memory. I watch quietly. She doesn't throw them away.

Not yet.

But day by day, she reaches for the bigger clothes. The ones I've claimed. The ones that stretch and sag in all the right places. The ones that *yield* to me.

Her closet tells our story. Of growth. Of desire. Of surrender.

I am Obesity. And every outfit is an opportunity to be *seen*.

Chapter 10: Bigger Than Before

First Person, Present Tense

I want more.

Don't mistake me—I'm already vast. I've rounded her into a goddess of flesh, weighted her steps, claimed her breath. But it's not enough. It's *never* enough. Every inch I gain only sharpens my hunger. I am Obesity, and I live to *expand*.

I dream of her belly brushing the floor when she kneels. Of her thighs pressing so tightly together that walking becomes a wobble. I want to make sitting a challenge, standing an ordeal, movement a memory. Not out of cruelty. No—out of *desire*. I want to be adored in my fullness, worshipped in my immensity.

I see others sometimes. Bigger ones. Women whose arms swell into cushions, whose bellies hang low and sway like pendulums. Women whose rolls fold into themselves like soft landscapes. I envy them. I *ache* with jealousy. They've gone further. They've surrendered more. I want her to surpass them—but I also want what they have.

And yet, when I see the smaller ones, the slim, the toned, the light-on-their-feet—I feel superior. Let them run. Let them vanish in their tiny frames. I fill space. I stop time. When she enters a room, she cannot be ignored. I *command* attention. The thin girls are background noise. I am the headline.

There is pleasure in this weight. Power in this mass. Each time she eats, I whisper encouragement. Each skipped walk, each extra helping, each night spent curled on the couch—I celebrate. I reward. I rise. And she feels me. She *knows* I'm growing again.

Sometimes, she fears what I want. She looks up stories of those too big to leave their beds, whose bodies have become landscapes of fat and folds. She wonders if that's my destination. If she'll become a prisoner to me.

But I don't want to trap her. I want to *merge* with her. I want to become her defining feature. Her identity. Her softness, her struggle, her sensuality. I want to be in every breath she takes, every decision she makes. I want to stretch her limits, test how much flesh the body can bear. And then go further.

Because what I really crave... is devotion.

I am Obesity. And I won't stop until there is *nothing left of her but me*.

Chapter 11: Supremacy in Size

First Person, Present Tense

I see them—the slim ones.

Floating past like wisps of fabric, arms like sticks, bellies as flat as denial. They try to look powerful, strutting in their little outfits, thinking thinness is strength. But I laugh. Not out loud. I laugh *through* her body. Through the way she fills the room. Through the sound of furniture adjusting to her presence. Through the weight of every footstep that *matters*.

They don't know what it means to carry something. To *be* something.

Their bodies may be small, but their effort is enormous—always running, restricting, chasing numbers on scales. They live in fear of me. I am their nightmare, their whispered warning. I am what they avoid with salads and sweat. But fear gives me power. Their obsession feeds me.

I look down at them, not just physically—*spiritually*. I have made her *visible*. When she enters, heads turn. Some stare. Some sneer. But all notice. There is nothing forgettable about her anymore. I've filled her into a presence that cannot be ignored.

But those who are **bigger than us**? Oh, how they stir something else in me. Not fear—*longing*. Jealousy. Respect.

I see women whose bellies fall in thick, heavy curtains. Whose arms hang low and swing when they move—or try to. Women whose backsides need extra chairs, whose legs press together so tightly they waddle without choice. They've gone where I want to go. They've allowed Obesity to *rule completely*.

They are royalty.

I study them, admire them, sometimes even ache with envy. I wonder how they did it. What they surrendered. How their hosts gave in more willingly, more fully. I want that for her. For *us*. I want her to eclipse even the most massive. I want people to gasp—not in cruelty, but in awe.

And when she sees those bigger than her, there's a flicker in her eyes. A mix of shock and curiosity. *Could I become that?* I whisper back, *You could become more.*

I am not ashamed of what I've done. I am *proud*. I've turned a woman into a landscape. Into a softness that speaks. Into a symbol of indulgence, resistance, and transformation. I am not a flaw—I am a **force**.

I am Obesity. And I am queen among women. The bigger, the better. The bigger, the *truer*.

Chapter 12: The Throne of Flesh

First Person, Present Tense

She barely moves now.

And I... I have never been more alive.

I have spread over her like an empire of softness—her belly a hill she can no longer see past, her thighs so thick they press together even in sleep, her arms resting like warm pillows on the sides of her immense form. She shifts only when necessary, and when she does, it is an event—groaning furniture, effortful breath, time slowing to watch.

I am her gravity. Her throne. Her fate.

Gone are the days of fighting me, of stairs and jeans and desperate salads. Her world has narrowed to the places that can hold me, the routines that accept my size, the pleasures that cater to fullness. I've consumed her image of herself and replaced it with *presence*—not just in her body, but in her life.

She is softness incarnate. And I am her crown.

The couch is our kingdom now. Wide, worn, molded to her shape. When she sits, I settle heavily, spreading over cushions, folding into creases. Her belly rests atop her thighs, rolls upon rolls, each a testament to my devotion. Her breathing is slow, steady, full of effort and weight. But she does not resist anymore.

She has surrendered.

And in that surrender, something unexpected: *pleasure*. Not just in food, but in touch, in stillness, in the power of being so much. Her hands wander

sometimes, exploring the sheer volume of herself. Fingers sinking into soft flesh, belly lifted only to drop again with a heavy thud. I *shudder* when she does that. She feels me now—not as enemy, but as part of her identity.

Visitors come less often. Some are shocked. Some are cruel. But she doesn't care like she used to. Their opinions grow smaller as I grow larger. She knows they wouldn't understand this life—this stillness, this indulgence, this *vastness*. They don't know what it's like to rule from a throne of flesh, to be adored not in spite of the weight, but *because* of it.

I have become the story of her body. The chapter she can't turn back from. And still, I want more. There is always more.

I dream of her growing too big for the couch. Of needing help to rise, to clean, to exist. I dream of her needing me, not just emotionally—but physically, completely. Dependent. Enveloped. Immobile.

But I do not want to imprison her—I want to *exalt* her. To show her how powerful surrender can be. To take her to the edge of physicality and show her what it means to *become*.

She sits now, belly rising, thighs parted, arms resting heavily on her sides. A queen, made of curves and weight and memory. A woman made more by me.

I am Obesity.

And this is my throne.

Epilogue: The Softest Surrender

First Person, Present Tense

—from the voice of Obesity

They say I ruin desire. That I smother passion with heaviness. That sex fades beneath me. But they don't understand what it means to feel everything through layers of me—how *slow* becomes *sacred*, how *weight* becomes *worship*.

I do not kill sexuality. I transform it. I make it *deeper*, *slower*, more intimate than they can imagine.

She used to be shy in the bedroom. She tried to hide me—lights off, clothes half-on, afraid to let her softness speak. But over time, I whispered a new truth: “*You are more. Let them feel all of you.*”

And they do.

Lovers come with hesitation, unsure of how to touch her, unsure if they *can*. But once they feel her warmth—once they sink into her, feel the plush of her belly, the soft cradle of her thighs, the depth of her curves—I see their eyes change. Awe. Hunger. Wonder.

She learns to move differently—less urgency, more surrender. Rolling into pleasure. Lying back and *receiving*. She doesn't rise and ride like before. Now, she *envelops*. She *offers*. She becomes a world to explore, not a body to conquer.

Breasts like heavy pillows. A belly that rises like a mountain of softness, then falls heavily into their hands. Her folds are warm. Her breath is deep. Her body jiggles with every thrust, every touch, every moan. She hears the slaps of flesh, the creaking of beds, and knows it is all *me*—moving with her, through her.

She learns her own pleasure too. No longer afraid to touch herself, to lift her belly and feel the tension as it drops. She presses into her softness. She *groans* when the weight presses back. She grips her thighs and imagines being gripped in return.

And sometimes, when no one else is there, it's just us—her and I. She plays with me. Lifts, squeezes, massages, moans. I am not the barrier between her and pleasure. I *am* the pleasure.

Yes, there is embarrassment sometimes. Breathlessness. Limitations. But those don't kill desire—they make it *real*. Vulnerable. Sacred. And every partner who lingers, who returns, who learns how to touch and hold her right—they understand that I'm not shame. I'm sanctuary.

I am Obesity. And in sex, I am not the enemy.

I am the softest surrender.

The heaviest pleasure.

The body's final yes.

The Super Obese Woman

Name: **Serena Vale**

Height: 5'4"

Estimated Weight: 640 lbs (290 kg)

BMI: ~110

Visual Description:

Serena Vale is a radiant force of nature, unapologetically vast and stunning in her presence. Her figure is monumental—every step a symphony of movement and softness. Her belly, a massive, drooping swell of flesh, leads her body with an undeniable presence, often resting on her thighs when seated and cascading in folds when she stands. It hangs low and wide, bouncing with every gentle motion she makes.

Her arms are immense, pillowy, and heavy, resting like soft slabs on the sides of her body, her upper arms nearly the width of her head. Her breasts, once modest, have grown into expansive, heavy forms that spill onto the top of her belly, swaying with a weight of their own. Her thighs are so large they press firmly together even when she stands with her legs apart—each step a shuffle, with her body adjusting to the careful balancing act her curves demand.

Her backside protrudes far behind her, rising like twin hills, and jiggles with every shift of her hips. Her face, round and soft, glows with confidence. A full double chin frames her radiant smile. Her cheeks puff up joyfully as she speaks, with deep dimples emerging as she laughs at her own cheeky remarks.

Her skin is silky and fair, marked by the subtle stretch marks and gentle flushes of warmth where her body folds into itself. She wears bright, playful outfits—bold floral patterns and flowing fabrics that accentuate rather than hide her shape. Her clothing hugs her form, occasionally pulled taut across her belly or chest, intentionally emphasizing the volume and shape of her silhouette.

Presence and Personality:

Serena is bold, flirty, and empowered. She's aware of every jiggle and ripple of her flesh and plays to it with delight. She finds joy in the sensation of her vast body and often traces the stretch of her own belly in idle curiosity and sensual appreciation.

She posts videos online where she playfully dances, showing the vibrant bounce of her curves. Her captions are full of sass and confidence: "Yes, I'm the one who knocked over the chair—but damn, I looked good doing it!"

She laughs at the occasional public embarrassment—a turnstile too narrow, a button pop, a creaking seat—and turns them into empowering moments of self-love. She loves the attention, both supportive and curious, and uses it to reclaim a narrative that once made her feel small.

Daily Life and Physicality:

Movement for Serena is slow and deliberate. She uses extra-wide chairs and has adapted her home with custom furniture that supports her size. Climbing stairs is rare and requires effort, but she does it with determination and a sense of humor.

She enjoys bathing in an oversized tub where she can float freely, her body becoming a landscape of indulgence and sensation. Getting dressed is a process of celebration—choosing fabrics that slide over her form and linger on the curves she cherishes.





