

Jaye's Big Finish

Kim bounced eagerly in her seat. The cramped space was bothering her less than usual, the rubbing of her swollen tummy against the narrow armrests not playing too much on her mind. She was too excited! She was here! Now! By some random happenstance she had won VIP tickets to a private gig by her *favourite* singer; and off a cereal box competition too! And now after weeks of planning and paperwork she was here and he was here and—Ooooh! It's all too much!

Squirming gleefully in the very centre of the first row—the only occupied seat in the entire theatre—she waited. And waited. Anticipation ran through her like a building current, voltage exploding outwards as high-pitched screams when he made the first lumbering step onto the stage.

She waved her hooves frantically at the new arrival. Screaming and whooping and calls of 'I love you, Jaye!' aimed at the preeminent pop star in her company. The heavysset bunny waved back to her as he entered the spotlight, tapping at his microphone before speaking.

"The lucky winner, I presume? What's your name, baby?"

She flailed her hooves even more furiously, “I’m Kim! I love yooouu~!”

Jaye smiled softly back at her. He was used to fan admiration, and knew exactly the words she wanted to hear: “I love you too, Kim!”

She practically collapsed in her seat, like every dream and fantasy had been suddenly realised in one fell swoop.

Jaye grinned confidently, safe in the knowledge he had placated the fan for now. He took the first preparatory breath, the opening notes of his setlist starting to rumble over the speakers.

“♪ Oh baby, baby
Can’t you see?
How much your lovin’ means to me?”

He moved around the stage with grace and finesse, unhindered by his exuberant size. His hips—the widest in the industry—made for hypnotic viewing as they turned and shook along to the beat of the song. Kim watched on, entranced as his body wobbled and swayed with his movements.

“♪ Don’t leave me, girl
Feeling down and hollow
Come with me, baby, and help me to grow”

His hefty gut bounced and shook as he waltzed around the stage. The star was famous (in some groups, infamous) for being scantily clad, his clothing left little to the imagination, barely covering more than a typical bikini. Supporters said he defied gender boundaries, Jaye said it made him sing better.

Kim had watched videos of his performances before, a thousand times or more, but seeing her pear-shaped pop star in person and so up-close. She could hardly believe her eyes...

“♪ Take me on, girl
There’ll be no doubt
As feelings swell our love will sprout”

Jaye’s footsteps grew slowly heavier as he frolicked across the boards, the sound of creaking floorboards washed away by the wave of soul that his voice projected across the auditorium. The bunny stretching and thickening out, his practiced, elegant movements devolving into a unwieldy waddle as he swelled with hundreds of pounds of weight.

No, actually, she could believe her eyes. Jaye was the only performer who could do *that*.

She kept watching, mesmerised by the spectacle she had only before witnessed by proxy. She didn’t even flinch as the arms of her chair

snapped, broken away by her own swelling stomach.

“♪ Take my hand, girl
Together we’ll fly
Our life together will satisfy”

Kim squee’d loudly, the lyrics burying starry-eyed fantasies of her life with the growing pop icon in her head.

Jaye meanwhile had slowed to a crawl, his belly pushing heavily across the floor of the stage. It was getting harder for him to hold the microphone to his mouth, his arm held away by the sheer size of his breast, which was starting to tear away at his iconic crop top. Kim was enjoying it anyway, still revelling in her romantic imaginings as she listened along.

“♪ Come be with me, girl
We’ve so much to gain
To turn me down now would be insane”

She could live in his mansion and travel around the world with him and he’d be the best and most loving husband and he’d love only me with all the world and it would be awesome and great and we’re so cute together and—

Jaye had stopped moving completely. He stood centre-stage, his burgeoning body inching further outwards with each progressing note. His sole audience member seemed more than content as she spread herself over a fourth seat, rolls of fat sprouting from across her blubbery form as he sang. The end of the track starting to roll in.

“♪ So come be mine, girl
Together we’ll thrive
With no excuses or alibis
With endless pleasure
Give me a sign?
Will you be mine?
Will you be mine?
Will you be mine?
Will you be mine?
Will you be mine?”

They were on his private yacht. Jaye had just gotten down on one knee and presented a diamond ring that was just the right size for her hoof, his lips parting in slow motion as those magic words spilled out —

“YES! YES, I WILL! I DO!” Kim screamed into the now silent auditorium.

Jaye smiled softly, passing a little wave down to his biggest fan as she snapped out of her little fantasy world. His body filled half the stage by now, his soft round belly rolled off the front towards the first row while his supreme hips and butt covered the majority of the back. He was clearly immobilised.

Kim looked around awkwardly, a deep red blush growing on her face as she comprehended her daydreaming. Her flanks filled out several seats and she'd spread fairly evenly backwards and forwards, her rump crushing part of the row behind her.

She looked up at the huge mass of pop star bunny before her, firmly grounding herself in reality again before breaking out into applause and whooping and joyful screams, her body jiggling as she clopped her hooves together excitedly. A brilliant track by a brilliant musician! This is why she was his fan! His biggest fan!

Jaye grinned happily, laboriously trying to lift the microphone up to his mouth as the opening notes of the next track rang out.

Jaye belongs to @jaye_bunny. Kim belongs to @kimintodarkness. Both of them are pretty fat.