

Size Discrimination

Bradley Stoke



Fanny regarded her teacher with fascination from where she sat at the back of the classroom. Qafira was so very thin. Were they all as thin as her where she came from? Almost all skin and bones. Hardly any fat on the woman at all. She knew that Qafira would get plenty of stick for her thinness. People would wonder whether she'd eaten well. Or whether she wasn't weak with hunger. But despite her skinniness, Fanny decided that Qafira was actually rather attractive. A difficult thing to admit to her friends, of course. They'd think she'd gone mad. Or, at least, lost her powers of discrimination.

She looked around at her classmates, all of whom were built on the same generous model as she was. As was only natural. Large breasts. Swelling stomachs. Full fleshy arms, generous buttocks, thighs that pressed together, and more than enough flesh for anyone. This was the way it should be. Like Tracey, her best friend, who as always was sitting next to her, her blouse revealingly open, and inevitably letting free a glimpse of a nipple. She squeezed Tracey's hand, and her friend squeezed it in return. She placed a podgy hand on her friend's bulging thigh and Tracey smiled.

"Wait till after school!" she whispered partly as a promise and partly to advise patience.

Fanny looked back at Qafira. She looked so very prim and restrained in her dress: a long dress that trailed down to below her knees. A blouse so loose and buttoned so high that it was difficult to be sure that she had a bosom at all. Hardly any flesh on display from her neck to her chest. Or from her ankles to her crotch. Perhaps she was just afraid to show off her body. Unlike Fanny. Or her friends. If you've got it

girl, then flaunt it. And Fanny had plenty of flesh to show. Her blouse was short enough to show off almost all her proud stomach that overflowed and overhung the tight shorts that pinched at the flesh of her massive thighs. Fanny was proud of her body. She was probably the plumpest, most generously proportioned and therefore most beautiful girl in her class.

Her theory that Qafira was a woman with few admirers was substantiated when, after her Geography lesson with Mr Walton, Fanny broached the subject to her teacher. They were lying together in the small bed in the storeroom at the back of the classroom where he normally entertained his pupils and, presumably, some of the other teachers. With effort, he rolled over off his front and dropped his legs over the side. His long thin penis was still sticky after having humped Fanny from behind. This was the most comfortable position to enter a girl as plump as Fanny, and Mr Walton was by no stretch of the imagination slim himself. This was probably why he was one of the few teachers to whom Fanny would regularly let have possession of her body. He stroked Fanny's huge thighs.

"Qafira's a damned freak, ain't she?" he snorted. "I can't imagine anyone, even a girl, going for someone as thin as her. Why! I bet you could almost see her ribs!"

Fanny scowled. What a thought? She could barely even feel her own ribs underneath the thick flesh on her chest and bosom.

Mr Walton's opinion was echoed by Tracey and her other school-friends. But it was in her other teacher lover, Mrs Reagan, that Fanny found a more sympathetic

hearing. They lay together in Mrs Reagan's bed while her husband was busying himself in his workshop, a much more comfortable place to make love than in the school storerooms, particularly as Mrs Reagan was prone to thrash about quite wildly when she was in passion. The combined weight of the two of them was just about all the bed could take.

"Well, I don't fancy her exactly," Mrs Reagan mused. "All skin and bones, you know. But she's got a nice face. And I can't blame you for being curious of what it's like to make love with a thin woman. A bit perverse. But where Qafira comes from they're all skinny. And if you ever want to go travelling, I guess you're just going to have to get used to the thinner lover."

"It's not thin women I quite like, it's Qafira," Fanny remarked.

"Well, excuse me for being sceptical, but you haven't really got to know her very well. She's just your teacher. Are you sure that it's not just one of those terrible schoolgirl crushes? As soon as you get to know her better, it'll all come to tears."

"How can it be a schoolgirl crush? I make love with you. And Mr Walton. And I used to fuck with Mr Smith and Miss Watson and Mr Castille. They weren't teenage schoolgirl crushes."

"Of course it's not the same, sweetest," Mrs Reagan agreed, running a podgy finger round and around Fanny's nipple. "It's normal in our country for teachers and pupils to have sex together. I know the score. Everyone does it. From the first time you stayed late after class and let your panties slip down, I knew exactly what it was you wanted and I was more than happy to give it to you. A plump girl like you... It's

not an opportunity to ignore. You know the score too. But Qafira... I don't think it's the same at all. Not only would you be her only lover, which is odd enough, but she's... well... she *is* a little bit freakish..."

Fanny frowned, but she was grateful for Mrs Reagan's advice. She leaned over and took her English teacher's mouth in hers and very soon the two of them were rolling around as violently and passionately as before. Certainly more than loud enough for Mr Reagan in the garden to know that his wife was enjoying her quality time with her pupil.

Fanny's mother was initially rather less supportive when her daughter told her whom she wanted to invite to her birthday party. She sat opposite Fanny in the kitchen, folding her arms in front of her and underneath the huge weight of her bosom. Except for the unfastened dressing gown she was wearing nothing. Clothes are such a nuisance around the home! But her stomach overhung her crotch, as it did Fanny's father's groin, so Fanny never had to feel that curious inappropriate feeling when one sees one's parents' genitals.

"Skinny, you say? How skinny?"

"*Very* skinny."

"Honestly, dear. How *can* you? You do have the choice still. You can just invite her to your party and not make love to her."

"But that would be wrong. That's not what I want at all. I want Qafira to come to my birthday dinner and afterwards, as is my right and privilege, I can choose who I want to fuck."

“Why not Tracey? Why not one of the boys? Bob or Frank or Terry?”

“It’s Qafira I want.”

“Qafira. Qafira. What a dumb name for a woman!”

Qafira had a similar opinion about the names of all the people she’d met ever since she first arrived in Further Quitchland to teach Modern Languages. In fact, almost everything about this country was taking a lot of getting used to. Not least of which being just how very fat everyone was. At first she regarded it with a mixture of disgust and humour. All these gross waddling bodies, barely able to support their own weight, overhanging seats and chairs. Huge chubby balls of lard. She’d heard that this was the result of many years of sexual selection. Overweight men and women were the ones who most attracted partners, so their genes simply became the most common. This tendency towards obesity must have been enormously assisted by a national diet that was excessively fatty and sugary. There were far too many carbohydrates and sugar in everything they ate. And the aversion to physical exercise, as well. Was it any wonder that people in Further Quitchland never weighed much less than a hundred kilos?

After a while, Qafira learnt that there were more differences in the natives of Further Quitchland from those back home than just their relative corpulence. Not only were they quite content to be plump, they had almost no experience at all of thinner people. All the images they ever saw were of similarly overweight people. And the images of sexual attractiveness to which they aspired were of men and women who in Qafira’s hometown would have been laughed at for their very obesity. And

furthermore, these were people whose appetite for sex was way beyond what Qafira would have once considered decent. They were always at it. With almost no apparent discrimination as to who their partners were. It didn't seem to matter that men fucked men, women fucked women or men fucked women. There was no taboo as to teachers fucking pupils or bosses fucking secretaries or even there being a proper time or place. At least there were proper limits with regards to age and incest. That given, though, there seemed to be no other restrictions.

It took a while for Qafira to get accustomed to seeing so much bare flesh. It was quite normal for her to see bare breasts in the classroom or the street. In fact, totally nudity wasn't that unusual. For her, initially, she found this parade of overflowing flab rather the opposite of sexy, but as she got more accustomed to her ample companions, she became more attuned to what could be considered physically attractive. Somehow, people here associated size with sex appeal. The more you had of one the more you had of the other. And very soon, Qafira realised that as she had very little flesh in comparison, she was considered to be equally lacking in physical beauty.

This alarmed her. She'd never thought of herself as especially thin. Her breasts were not especially small, her waistline refused to lose evidence of a stomach and she was actually quite thick-boned. But here she was quite simply the thinnest person that most people had ever seen. Wherever she went she was followed by voyeuristic stares, and sometimes by rather crude comments. And, furthermore, as she discovered, amongst all these over-sexed, promiscuous, licentious people who had sex

everywhere, with everyone and with no restraint, she was not getting any sexual satisfaction herself.

At first, she thought it would just be a matter of time. She'd find someone, perhaps not quite as large as everyone else, with whom she could have a relationship. It had never been a problem back home, although she was strictly a serial lover and she preferred to stay with her lovers for months or even years. Now, after many months, she had not had a date or a goodnight kiss, let alone full, unrestrained sex. And now Qafira was beginning to rather yearn for it. It wasn't as if she cared especially whether it was with a man or a woman. And she was beginning to care rather less as to exactly how slim a lover needed to be. She would just like to feel again a lover's lips between her knees. She wanted once more to be lost in the passion that only came from being engaged in making love with another person. And she was also feeling rather lonely. In a society where sex was so rampant, there was almost nothing like a normal friendship with no sexual content. So, no one would go out with her for a drink, or to see a film, or to eat in a restaurant, for fear that other people would think that the two of them were lovers.

So, Qafira was rather surprised when Fanny asked her, rather sweetly and shyly, whether she could come to her birthday party. She'd never really noticed Fanny much before. She was just one of the many pupils who attended the dozen or so classes she taught. Not outstandingly bright, but not especially slow either. More conscientious than some of the pupils, particularly the boys. Somehow girls were more enthusiastic about Modern Languages than the boys who couldn't see any point

in studying French, German, Arabic or Russian. She *was* one of the plumper pupils, but in a world of very fat people that was scarcely a matter that concerned her too much. That stomach of hers would have made her look permanently pregnant were it not part of a package of enormous breasts, a full round face, huge limbs and a bottom that overflowed even the very generous seats that pupils were supplied in the Further Quitchland schools.

Qafira's initial instinct was to gratefully decline the offer, but after chatting in the staff room with Mrs Reagan, the English teacher, she decided that this would not be at all politic.

"Surely there's got to be some kind of gulf between those who teach and those who are taught?" Qafira argued. "It would just compromise the normal teacher-pupil relationship."

Mrs Reagan frowned. "I don't see how. If anything it would surely strengthen that relationship. But I understand, my dear, that things are different for you back home, wherever that is. Here, it's just a normal thing. And in anycase, birthdays are rather special days in Further Quitchland. It is after all the *only* day where normal people are celebrated in their own right. It would not be very diplomatic to turn down an offer to attend a birthday. It's quite an honour to be invited. And it would be an insult not to go."

"I see," sighed Qafira, who had been rather dreading an evening of listening to adolescent pop music and watching adventure movies. "So I don't really have any choice?"

“Not if you want to retain the respect of your pupils and your fellow teachers,” Mrs Reagan explained. She smiled indulgently. “However, if it’s any consolation to you, you won’t be the only teacher coming to Fanny’s birthday. I shall be there as well.”

Qafira was quite surprised. “So, Fanny’s invited other teachers too?”

“Well, of course, Qafira sweetie. She wants to do what she can to improve her final grades from Fern Hill High.”

When she arrived at Fanny’s home, carrying a huge box of chocolates as a present, she was quite surprised at just how many other teachers had come, in addition to the two dozen or so her teenage friends. Why! Wasn’t that Mr Walton in a rather unflattering Hawaiian shirt? And wasn’t that Miss Watson, the Social Studies teacher, in an outfit that revealed every detail of her monstrous nipples and showed every centimetre of her titanic thighs? Fanny’s home was large and opulent, as all houses seemed to be in the Fern Hill district, and the drive was full of cars as oversized as their drivers. Fanny was clearly a popular girl. And there was the birthday girl herself waddling down the steps of her house with a woman that looked quite similar to her, although substantially older, and was more than likely her mother.

“Hello, Qafira. I’m glad you could make it,” said Fanny, kissing her on both cheeks and clasping her in her plump arms. “And some chocs as well! Belgian. My favourite. Is Belgium where you come from?”

“Well, no...” Qafira began, but with no chance to answer fully before she was similarly greeted by Fanny’s mother, who was, if anything, dressed even more scantily

than her daughter. At least the nipples were hidden, although the thighs were on full display and the stomach swelled out, with the stud in her navel on very prominent view.

“So, *you’re* Qafira?” remarked Fanny’s mother. “You really are *very* thin! You must eat more, my dear. It hurts me to see such a wisp of a thing as you.”

Qafira nodded, but as she soon found out that even if she ate more at the party than she’d ever eaten before in a single sitting it was barely nothing compared to the huge volumes of crisps, crêpes, sausage-on-sticks, slices of quiche, chicken wings, cheeseburgers, pizza slices or cake that her fellow guests were managing to force down their gullets with absolutely no evidence that they were even the slightest bit satiated. This gluttony was accompanied by a relatively modest consumption of wine and beer, but Qafira was soon feeling relatively tipsy from the few glasses she had, although this was tempered by the fact that after she’d been introduced to everyone she was mostly left to her own devices as to how to entertain herself.

She mooched about the quite large garden attached to Fanny’s home, only too conscious of the stares that followed her as she strode by. Although she was convinced it was because people could somehow sense exactly how unaccustomed she was to alcoholic drink, the truth was that most guests were simply astonished by her thinness. She found her way to the swimming pool, a modest affair that was too small to allow very much actual swimming, but was ideally suited to paddling in. As indeed were two of Fanny’s schoolfriends, both naked and splashing about relatively innocently.

Qafira sat down on an enormous sunbed, surely enough to accommodate two or three people, and nursed the third glass of dry white wine in her hands. It was a nice sunny day and the heat together with the early evening sun was making her feel quite relaxed.

“So, you’re Fanny’s chosen partner for the night, you lucky girl!” suddenly announced Mrs Reagan, sitting next to Qafira on an adjacent sunbed.

Qafira furrowed her brow. She measured up Mrs Reagan, a truly enormous woman, the fat of her upper arms as thick and full as Qafira’s thighs and whose thighs were in turn broader than Qafira’s waist. Even after all these months, Qafira was still astonished by the sheer immensity of the people of Further Quitchland. Unlike her, though, Mrs Reagan was dressed appropriately for sitting by a pool, wearing only a very slim bikini top, barely enough to hide her monstrous nipples, and a suggestion of a bikini bottom hidden under the folds of her overflowing stomach.

“Fanny’s chosen partner? We all are, aren’t we? This is an invitation only party, isn’t it?”

“‘Invitation only’?” puzzled Mrs Reagan. “Well, of course...” She trailed her pudgy fingers over Qafira’s arm. “You mean Fanny hasn’t told you yet?”

“Told me what?”

“Oh, nothing!” said Mrs Reagan, suddenly jumping up with a lightness that surprised Qafira in such a large woman. “Nothing at all. Nothing. But I must run. There’s that nice Mr Garland. All by himself. Now that’s a catch, if ever there was one. I wonder who his wife’s with!”

And then Qafira was left alone again as Mrs Reagan ran off to chat with another extremely corpulent man, who was wearing a bright blue shirt and truly elephantine shorts that could accommodate Qafira's waist in either leg. However, Qafira had got used to being left alone. It was always like this in Further Quitchland. People were somehow quite embarrassed about talking to her. And often when they did so, it was as if they wanted to talk about something else, but they were too embarrassed to actually mention what it was.

"Oh hi there!" sang Fanny's mother's voice, wandering along with two glasses of wine in her hand. "I'd wondered where you'd got to. Have another glass of Chardonnay. I noticed that's what you've been drinking. Not getting too bored, I hope?"

"No, not at all, Mrs Doyle," lied Qafira, who had already started plotting how she might make an early exit.

"Call me Milly, Qafira sweetheart. That's my name," smiled Fanny's mother sipping on her wine. "Well come along dear. It's time for Fanny to unwrap her presents."

"Presents?" wondered Qafira aghast. "I didn't know I had to bring any wrapped presents with me."

"No, that's not at all necessary," Mrs Doyle remarked. "Your presence is present enough! But come along, dear, everyone will be waiting for you!"

Qafira followed Mrs Doyle across the manicured lawn, past the garden sprinkler and the fat jolly garden gnomes to a shaded area on the lawn just by the patio

where all the guests had already gathered and in the centre of which was Fanny who was eagerly opening her gifts. Through the slight haze of alcohol that was clouding her vision, Qafira could see that several guests had divested themselves of all their clothes, and not a few of these were her colleagues from the high school. Most of the guests were slumped down on the lawn and a seated Mrs Doyle patted the grass beside her to indicate that Qafira should do the same.

Qafira was slightly alarmed to see that Fanny was one of the people who were no longer clothed, but amongst all the folds and fullness of fat it was not immediately obvious to her. Somehow, full nudity just didn't seem so naked amongst people whose genitals were so hidden by their stomachs, although Fanny's nipples were truly immense. Qafira recalled her previous female lovers, and couldn't recall one whose nipples would have been nearly as much a mouthful as Fanny's.

Each present was opened by Fanny, who would first of all announce who had given her the present and then open it to delighted whoops and gales of laughter. Qafira became increasingly aware that she seemed to have been the only guest not to have brought Fanny a wrapped present, though it did cross her mind how strange it was that the guests seemed amazingly well apprised as to exactly what Fanny might want.

“How did Mr Merton, the Chemistry teacher, know that Fanny wanted a pair of purple trainers with air-filled soles?” Qafira whispered into Mrs Doyle's ear.

“It's all on the birthday list, dear.”

“Birthday list?” This is the first time Qafira had heard of anything like that.

And why hadn't she received one? She wanted to ask Mrs Doyle more, but her hostess chose that moment to stand up and stand by her daughter.

"Well, everyone..." she announced to the assembled guests. "We've all had a very good time, haven't we?"

The guests agreed. "Hear! Hear!" "Splendid!" "Wonderful!"

"And Fanny here is very grateful for all her presents, aren't you dear?"

Fanny nodded. She was already eating some chocolates she'd got as a gift, but she swallowed the truffle and smiled. "It was wonderful! I especially liked the Grant Grifter CD! Thanks Mr Grenville." An elderly teacher in a tweed jacket that could never button across his chest visibly blushed. "And Tracey got me such a beautiful necklace. It's gonna look good on my new twinset."

Tracey laughed. "It'll look good on whatever you wear. And it'll look good even when you're in bed!"

Everyone laughed. Except Qafira, who was not sure she quite understood what was meant.

She was even more puzzled when Fanny replied promptly: "And don't you already know all about that, sweetest!"

And this invoked even more laughter and few ribald guffaws.

"But now comes the serious part of the evening," announced Mrs Doyle when the laughter had subsided. "Now Fanny'll choose who the lucky one's going to be the one whose present to my darling daughter is wrapped not so much in paper and ribbon but in his or her own flesh. Some of you might have already guessed who it might be,

but for those who haven't there's going to be a big surprise." Mrs Doyle smiled broadly. "So, Fanny, sweetheart. Who's the lucky one?"

"Why, Qafira, of course!" Fanny announced with a jump and an enthusiastic clap of her hands.

There may well have been other guests who were as surprised as Qafira that she was the chosen one, but the teacher had no idea who they could be. In amongst the applause and congratulations that suddenly engulfed the woman who had been almost studiously ignored or avoided since the party began, Qafira was almost totally bewildered. 'Unexpected' was not a word strong enough to describe how little Qafira had suspected that she would now be expected to have sex with her pupil as her birthday present to her. What could she do? And was there still an escape route?

Clearly not, as she soon discovered. The push of other guests and Fanny's clasped hand guided her through the patio doors and up the carpeted staircase towards Fanny's bedroom, while all the way she was congratulated and cheered, most particularly by her staff room colleagues, who appeared to be the ones most pleased for her. The alcohol wasn't the only thing blurring her senses as her confused eyes regarded Fanny's door getting ever closer and felt Fanny's huge arm and podgy hand easily encircling her waist.

And then, finally, what had before it happened seemed to be the respite from attention she'd been seeking, but was also what she'd been dreading most, the door to Fanny's bedroom was closed behind her, and it was just Qafira and her student together in a huge room dominated by a massive bed and decorated mostly in lilac,

pinks and blues. The only additional eyes staring down on her were those of the grotesquely obese film and pop stars whose features were on every poster, except the one of a rather tubby gryphon just behind the bed rest.

“So! Alone at last!” exclaimed Fanny, standing in front of Qafira, her hands on either side of her teacher’s hips.

“Yes. Alone,” agreed Qafira, with no enthusiasm.

“So. Off with your clothes! Let’s see what you’re like!”

“My clothes?”

“Well, of course. Unless, that is,” Fanny said with a sly wicked grin, “you prefer to make love fully clothed. That *would* be kinky!”

Qafira shook her head. She was still unsure what to do. It had never ever crossed her mind until then to have sex with Fanny. Or indeed with any other of her pupils. She wasn’t even sure what she thought of Fanny. She was two, maybe three, times the size of any woman (or, for that matter, man) that she’d ever made love to before. She didn’t know what to do. If only this ordeal could be over!

However, Fanny was less hesitant. She pressed her lips against Qafira’s, a huge tongue finding its way into the mouth, while her pudgy hands undid the buttons on the back of her floral pattern dress. That tongue was still worrying its way around Qafira’s mouth, her hands limply held onto the huge fat of Fanny’s waist, when the dress fell to the ground. To be followed by her bra and then, with much more difficulty, her knickers.

Fanny was an accomplished lover. That was for sure. She tenderly and

gradually eased Qafira towards the bed. But each stage in the process was relished and enjoyed and enhanced. The knickers, for instance, weren't tugged down with the animal passion that Qafira's last lover insisted on, but eased slowly down the legs, Fanny's tongue licking the knees, the thighs, the ankles, and, when the knickers were finally removed, Qafira's crotch and unerringly to her clitoris, which was licked and massaged and twiddled and nibbled.

And then onto the bed. This was something new for both of them. Qafira had never tackled such a monstrous, whale-like bulk before. Fanny was terribly uncertain of what was possible with such a slender, almost delicate frame, unprotected from injury by any substantial cushion of flesh. But the two bodies grappled together. And gradually, bit by bit, cautious tongue by reticent nibble, Qafira was sufficiently reminded of her own passion with her lovers in the past, to return the passion that was offered her. And there was clearly something delightful about engaging with so much body. Even if it was difficult for her mouth to find its way to Fanny's crotch past the fleshy thighs squeezing against her ears

"Well, that's one thing you skinny types can do easily!" laughed Fanny, as Qafira nibbled at her clitoris, the smell of vaginal emissions overpowering her nostrils.

"What's that?" Qafira wondered, raiding her head to regard the top of her student's head over the massive bulk of the stomach and breasts.

"Get straight to the private parts. You're so much supple! And your own vagina! It's so easy to get to. Why! You can see all of it when you're just standing up.

You might not have much in the way of a bosom, but you've got plenty of cunt. You can see all the hair and even the folds. I guess you don't go much for nudity back where you come from?"

"What me? No. I don't."

"No just you. Everyone. If everyone showed their genitals, instead of them being hidden, you know, as they should be, under the stomach, well, who knows what might happen!"

Qafira nodded. And returned her tongue and lips to the folds of vagina, already partially obscured by the folds of Fanny's huge thighs and overflowing belly.

Despite Qafira's dreads, her night of passion with Fanny was soon absorbed into the normal fabric of life. No one made any comments other than the most bland and she never had sex with Fanny again. However, a Rubicon had been crossed and more men and women felt confident enough to approach this strange foreign woman, perhaps curious to know what such a skeletal, frail lover would be like. And although Qafira never enjoyed the volume of lovemaking as her more popular colleagues, like Mrs Reagan or Mr Lincoln, she was no longer as lonely for the rest of her sabbatical in Further Quitchland.

And just as initially it had been strange to make love with such very fat people as she did now, she knew that when she returned home she would find it just as strange making love again with men and women so very much slimmer.