In every friend group, there is a Fat Friend.

Sometimes, if one belongs to a particularly vain and shallow friend group, that’s by design.

Back in the days when Flo and her friends were skinny little housewives, she had been under the assumption that even if they weren’t *actively* fattening her up anymore, theirs was one Carrie Cooleyfinger. The “new mom” in the group that had come out all starry-eyed and bitten off more than she could chew.

Sure, they were all friendly now, but it had been the sort of “unspoken rule” that Carrie would always be the biggest out of all of them… right?

“Oh honey, are you sure you don’t want this? I’m stuffed like a tick!”

“Darlin’, tell me what you think about these? D.W. says that they’re too sweet.”

“Hey Flo, I’m not gonna finish this—do you want some free Chic-fil-A?”

But at some point over the course of their friendship with Carrie, that role had sort of shifted to Flo. For one reason or another, it felt like she was the one who was given the dedicated Fat Friend role—even if none of the other gals were small (like, at all) they were slim pickin’s next to Flo’s fatness.

“Oh… gawd… I… need to get off… m’feet…”

Flo was already more than two heads shorter than the other ladies she hung out with. Since she outweighed even the next-heaviest by a good hundred pounds, that made her wider by an incredible margin. At her heaviest, almost six hundred pounds, she was getting so big around that it was hard for her to clear most doorways in her own house—and that’s *after* all the doors had been taken off.

Flo Folly was built like a fridge and was twice as squat. She had a deep shape that rounded out in front and fleshed out along the sides. With heaving fat melons drooping across the topmost roll of gut, stomach still stuffed from lunch, Flo’s barrel belly billowed into every room a full step before her chunky little toes so much as crossed the threshold. Her arms held out to the side as she waddled viscously from one room to the next, her forehead misted in a cool sweat as she hauled all of her cuddlefluff around with the grace and stature of a dairy cow.

The couch groaned as she plopped her massive self down upon it, the well-worn structure bowing into place around her colossal carriage. She was already so short that her feet didn’t touch the ground when she sat down on it—now that she was almost as wide as she was tall, Flo was practically hanging off the damn thing.

“There you are, Auntie Flo~~!”

Summer, one of her attendants and the daughter of her good friend Shelby, hurried into the living room and closed the front door behind her. Bags of Bojangles dangling at either side as per usual. Second breakfast was already upon her.

“Oh… hey Summer…” Flo huffed and puffed, “Just… leave those over there, wouldja? Maybe Myr’ll want one…”

“Oho, I forgot that Myr is here this week!” Summer’s eyes lit up at the prospect of seeing her childhood friend all grown up and chonky, “Is she upstairs?”

“Yeah, she’s still sleepin’…” Flo laid her hands on top of her huge gut as it burbled and churned away, struggling to digest the sheer amount of food that Loris had cooked her up for breakfast, “You wanna go wake her up?”

“I’d be *glad* to~”

The skinny redhead practically launched herself up the stairwell, but not before dropping the Bojangles bag well within Flo’s pathetic reach, despite her silent protests. Even now, as she worried about her weight as it pinned her in place, Flo couldn’t help but begin to unwrap one of those greasy red and yellow wrappers…

“Was that Shelby?” Loris’s scratchy voice asked from the kitchen before she fully entered the living room, “Tell that girl she needs to stop tryin’ to one-up me by buyin’ you Bojangles.”

“Oh… oh Loris… do you think you could—”

“Way ahead of you, baby.” Loris came around the corner, nestled down next to Flo’s heavy side rolls, plucked the biscuit from her hand, and stationed it right over her mouth, “I know those cute li’l arms of yours get tired.”

Flo couldn’t stop herself from taking a bite. It was reactionary now, entirely. She’d gotten so used to being spoiled by her maid staff that she could hardly bring herself to say no. With every bite, her taste buds burst as endorphins filled her brain. Food was what got her through the day most of the time! Was it any wonder that she was getting so huge, so fast?

“Loriff… fopf…” Flo managed through a mouthful of biscuit and chicken, “Bbh… m’too faff…”

“Too fast? Alright, we can slow it down a little.” Loris’s husky little giggle was surprisingly cute, “I guess Summer’s gon’ have her hands full wakin’ up Miss Myr, won’t she?”

Loris’s roughspun hand traced the fleshy apron that was her boss, and girlfriend’s stomach as it drooped low over and between her thighs. It made Flo’s undertouched sex tickle despite the feet of flab between Loris’s fingertips and her womanhood. Her little nostrils flared as she found herself eating more mindlessly than before, propelled towards the sense of gratification that had gotten her this far…

“Loris…” Flo panted out between biscuits, “I think I’m—”

“You ain’t full.” Loris snorted with a brassy laugh, “Shoot, I seen you eat twice as much before. I reckon you can handle a li’l ol’ biscuit.”

Flo was *going* to say that she was worried about getting too big. That even with her wealth, her size was becoming a real hinderance on her day to day life. That she could barely walk from one room to the other without getting out of breath, or even get up in the morning without help…

But as another biscuit was unwrapped, Flo’s mind went blank.