Leigh

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“You know… I’ll let you in on a little secret…” Leigh grunted as she leaned forward ever so slightly, her already dark voice lowering to a whisper, "*I'm* the reason she’s getting so fat."

Leigh said it with a wicked little glimmer from behind her cat-eye glasses. It was the smirk that parted her pale, chubby cheeks and the soft dimples that accrued that sold it. She clearly wasn’t embarrassed of the tanky, rainbow-haired hog that was currently just out of earshot, still breathing heavy from the walk from her bedroom to the kitchen. The top-heavy tub of tonnage was drumming her large, singular roll contemplatively as it hung out from underneath her low-cut hoodie, wondering idly what goodies would be found in their collective fridge.

“I mean… she was already fat before.” Snap back to Leigh, “But I’ve just been feeding her non-stop lately. She has no idea that pretty much everything I make for her is *loaded* with extra calories.”

It’s obvious that she’s been sampling from her own wares in that regard. Neither of them had ever been particularly skinny, but Leigh’s fat-bottomed fleshiness had reached new heights since she’d begun enacting her plan. Neither of her cheeks had ever been so tightly pressed against the arms of her chair before, and it was obvious that she had worked her way into a pair of Sam’s old sweatpants.

“What? She said my ass was fat one day and I just… wasn’t in the mood for it.” Leigh’s eyebrows tightened as she glared down the silent objection, “Don’t fucking cross me, okay? Besides, it’s not like I’m the one who stuffs her face at every meal. Maybe if she didn’t eat so much, she wouldn’t have gotten *so* big!”

“We talkin’ meals?” Sam’s voice piped up from the kitchen, “We’re officially *out* of anything good…”

“Yeah, come on in here, we’ll order a pizza.” Leigh deflected effortlessly, “It’s Build Your Own.”

“Fuckin’ *sweet.”*

The mass of chipper chubster lugged one thick leg in front of the other, sloshing monstrously into the room one belabored step at a time. With a stomach that entered any room a full step before Sam could, the optimistic oinker had gone and become a full cow under Sam’s dubious dietary influence—her heavy breathing not subsiding even once she collapsed on the couch, her belly hanging forward between her legs and over the outer stitching of the poor cushions she crushed. Her thick legs, wrapped with bloated spare tires of their own from thigh to calf, kicked uselessly as she sunk far into the fixture—her two-hundred-pound weight threatening to take the whole thing down with it.

“*huooof…*” Sam spread her hands wide across her stomach as she visibly struggled to that mountain of gut, “I’m *starving*.”

“Of *course* you are.” Leigh said with her typical Daria-esque inflection before reaching underneath her pillowy boob for her phone, “You want me to order your usual five pies?”

Flo

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To Flo, Myr moving home after college was quite literally one of the best outcomes. She’d have another set of hands around the house, yes. She’d get to spend some quality time with her daughter, absolutely. But the most pressing matter on Flo’s mind was that with another mouth to feed, *maybe* Myr could soak up some of the extra calories that had been plaguing her ever since she had fired Loris as a housekeeper and brought her on full-time as a lover.

And *that* was how this latest little loophole had gotten introduced to Flo Folly’s big fat life. A simple phrase that she had slowly molded Myr to be helpless by…

“Here, taste this for me, wouldja sug?”

On the surface, it shouldn’t have made any sense. Even back when she was under two hundred pounds Flo hardly ever set foot in the kitchen, so it wasn’t like she was cooking things at well over five hundred pounds of humongous housemom. But whether she wanted to admit it or not, Myr was very much her mother’s daughter—those extra fifty pounds that she had picked up in college were proof enough of that.

“Sure thing, mama.”

And *that* was how Flo learned that she could pawn off portions of whatever Loris cooked for her onto her unsuspecting, starry-eyed daughter.

…what? She was in her twenties! Myr had plenty of time to slim back down in Flo’s mind, it was just utilizing another mouth to feed in the house in hopes of another low-effort attempt at curbing her enormous gain.

To which, in the short-term, Flo saw some success. She didn’t *lose* any weight over the coming months, but she certainly didn’t *gain* any either. She was still enormous, just not quite as enormous as she might have been if Myr had moved in with her college girlfriend straightaway instead of moving back home…

But in the long run, getting poor Myr adjusted to Loris’s cooking, allowing her to get accustomed to huge portion sizes, and allowing her to take a “year off” had just wound up in creating a new problem…

Rather, it had just helped spread Flo’s old problem.

The chubby college graduate had morphed into the lazy, oversleeping butterball blonde that was just now rolling out of bed. Emphasis on the “roll”.

“G’mornin’ mama…” Myr’s round face creased into two and a half chubby chins as she barreled belly-first down the hallway, “S’breakfast ready yet? I woke up starved…”

With every plod of her chubby feet as they dragged against the hardwood, Myr’s whole body seemed to wobble. She was like a little moon to complement her mother’s planetary growth, slowly becoming just as spherical as Flo had fattened into since her daughter had entered high school. Sure she wasn’t nearly as big as her mama (yet) Myr’s Mama-sized appetite was going to wind up getting her there one way or the other…

“Sure thing, sug.” Flo smiled from her two-seater bench throne at the head of the table, “Would you mind tastin’ this for me though? I wanna know if you like it…”

Courtney

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"Well… I think that *these* are my biggest sweatpants..."

The chesty chunkster held her thick arms wide (wide, *wide)* as she spread her biggest pair of sweatpants apart. They unfolded like a soft jersey flag, with rips and tears along the inner thigh and noticeable stretching along where what must have truly been a *monumental* fupa had been housed.

“These should definitely fit you, Tara.” Courtney’s face broke into an awkward smile as she handed off the heavy burden of yards of well-worn bottoms, “I, uh… I got kinda big there for a while when me and Dani were still—”

“I don’t wanna hear about what you and that gothapotamus got up to during your “experimental” phase.” Tara’s whole body sloshed gelatinously as she hunkered forward to snatch the sizeable sweats out of Courtney’s hand, “Just… gimme the damn things…”

Living with her mama and her sea cow baby sister was making Tara *fat.* There was no denying that. It had been as obvious on week two when the button popped off of Tara’s pants as it had been at week two *hundred* when she was busting out of some of the biggest pairs of leggings that man had ever seen. Something about her mama’s cooking, her sister’s influence, and that sexy cook at the Fish Camp sliding her the uglies three times a day was making it so hard to stay skinny!

“You, uh… want some help?”

“Yeah, just keep me steady…”

Tara had gotten so fat, so quickly, that people were starting to mistake her for that fatass Mackenzie who used to greet people. She couldn’t have really been that big, could she? She hadn’t taken a good look at a scale in a while… hell, it had been a while since she’d been able to see over that gut of hers to know what a scale said! But five hundred pounds… surely that wasn’t a *real* number. Not for her…

For *Haley* maybe, but not for her.

“These things are… *tight*… fuckin’—”

“Don’t look at me! They should be good and stretchy!”

“My fucking *ass* is too fucking—*if I fall I’m taking your fucking bed with me, Courtney!”*

The end result was something less than ideal. Tara, standing in Courtney’s bedroom, was so wide that her ass literally filled the doorway. To say nothing of that squishy, sagging gut that filled out the front, lavishly lazing in a well-worn hammock of roomy crotch. But the waistband hugged her so tightly. She was muffin-topping from the middle of her side rolls all the way down to the swell of her stomach. It… *hurt*. Were these massive fucking sweatpants too small for her?

“I, uh…” Courtney gulped, “Wow those are tight.”

“Oh my god you *can’t* be serious.” Tara moaned as she grabbed either end of her uppermost belly roll, “These things could fit a fucking hippo and my fat ass is squeezing *out* of them?!”

“…I’m going to *try* to ignore the fact that you just called Past Courtney a hippo and hook you up with the website I used to order my clothes from.”

Piper

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“I said *more,* dammit!” Piper’s whole body wriggled and writhed as it spread across the king-sized mattress, “What fucking good are you if you don’t know what I mean when I tell you that I’m *fucking hungry?!*”

It was in this little interaction that Hannah and Kayla knew that they had fully transformed the self-sufficient Poor Girl of their social group into another one of their special projects, through and through. Piper had been so far removed from the people that would ground her that she had no reason *not* to prioritize herself with her needs.

And *only* her needs.

“Gawd, Hannah, Kaykay, can you talk some sense into them?” the olive-skinned pair of tits rolled her eyes from behind her tinted sunglasses, “I thought you said this place was *worth* the walk from the hotel room…”

Helping Piper fatten up was only part of the job. The other part was taking that sensible inner city girl and getting her *used* to the idea of treating herself. Surrounding her with so much stimulation and luxury that her sense of modesty couldn’t hold a candle to it. And it had worked! Over the course of this past summer, with Piper unofficially living at the Hammond Hotel, its proprietor and lounge singer had done their level best to pamper Piper into unabashed spoiled girl territory.

“Woof… remind me not to talk to you when you’re hungry.” Kayla reached up to wrap a slender arm around Piper’s heavy, padded shoulders, pressing her face against her squishy left tit, “Does Pipey need some brekkie?”

“Gawd yes.” Piper scoffed, her prominent nose curling as she folded her arms underneath her heaving chest, “You’d think that this place would have figured out that I need at *least* two omelets every morning. What the fuck is this *I didn’t know* nonsense that your staff’s got going on, Hannah?”

“Chill out, Piper.” Hannah pat her hand next to the poolside, urging her and Kayla’s adopted third to plop her chubby brown buns on the pavement with her, “Join me for a swim? Put those floaties to good use.”

“Are you talking about her titties or her *tummy*?” Kayla squealed as she squeezed Piper’s exceptionally prominent beer belly, “Pipey, you’re getting so *fat* hanging out with us!”

“Ha ha.” Piper snarled, “We don’t want a repeat of last week’s little sleepover do we?”

Kayla chuckled as she released Pipers’ belly chub, letting it hang back in its rightful place *over* her string purple bikini.

“Of course not, Pipey.”

“That’s what I thought.” The spoiled city girl puffed as she lowered her chunky self ankle-first into the pool, “Y’all just call me whenever those bozos get their order right, okay?”

“Will do, honey.” Hannah waved lavishly as the exceptionally plump Piper swam away, letting her imagination run wild as she plumped her special project to immense sizes, “Will do…”