I

Whenever she got nervous about anything, Sheyla always seemed to wind up eating herself into feeling worse.

Comfort food was the name of the game around their condo, and sometimes it was all Sheyla could do to not pull her hair out whenever she was on one of her health kicks. It was *impossible* for her to lose weight when there was so much tasty shit crammed into every nook and cranny. Made all the worse that the other two hippos that lived here weren’t exactly *clever* with their hiding spots, so Sheyla could almost always sniff something out without even trying…

“…Shay, are you eating my Chocolate Covered Pecans?”

“…no?”

“Yes you are you fat slut!”

“You left them in *our* room, Karen!”

“Because I never thought you’d *look* for them there, you oinker!”

If Sheyla hadn’t been one of the people arguing, she would have been able to swear that she felt the plane shift when Karen leaned over into the center aisle. If there was one thing that could get that big bitch moving, it was having her stash pilfered from. In all of the hubbub, Sheyla had honestly forgotten where she’d gotten these things from. Whenever she got like this, she just started eating whatever was put in front of her…

“Calm your udders, moozilla—you’re gonna make the fucking plane tip over.” Isabelle stopped Karen’s mostly impotent threats with a dismissive wave and a chunk of her Crunch bar, “Shay’s stressed, and she needs comfort food.”

Isabelle reached into the studded carryon for another candy bar, rummaging around until she found another Crunch before handing it to her girlfriend. Sheyla almost went cross-eyed trying to follow its trajectory towards her mouth, hardly noticing that Isabelle’s hand had come to rest Sheyla’s ample shelf of stomach.

“Isn’t that right, honey?”

“…Not in public, okay…” Sheyla said, quietly taking the chocolate to add to her feel-good pile of Karen’s nuts, “Just not today.”

It was bad enough that she had let herself get so fucking fat in the first place. Back when her parents moved them all back to the states, Sheyla had probably weighed a hundred pounds soaking wet. They’d been watching with raised eyebrows as she came back to old hometown bigger and gayer with every Christmas, but if Sheyla’s parents saw her girlfriend feeding her chocolate and rubbing her belly, they might not even notice that she was a full hundred pounds heavier since Christmas…

And then they’d notice that she was a hundred pounds heavier since Christmas, and be able to point right to the cause.

“Like I’d try and rub up on your big, squishy tummy in an airplane—there’s hardly enough room for *either* of us even in First Class.”

“Izzy…”

“We’re both so big and *fat* that it’s a miracle they could even fit the two of *us* together.” The lavish blonde said in a low porn star voice, “Just the thought of *my* body pressing against *your* body in such cramped conditions just wouldn’t do.”

“St… stoppp…”

“Me, feeding you Karen’s chocolates as I tickle around your belly-button while that cute stewardess who brought us wine watches?”

“W-We are going to see my *parents,* baby!”

“And I’m trying *very* hard to make you forget about that until we actually touch down.” Isabell blinked her long lashes pointedly before biting into her fresh Crunch bar, “s’it workin’?”

Sheyla rolled her eyes as she looked out the window. Nothing but ocean as far as anyone could see—she’d been in planes countless times growing up, but suddenly now that she was old flying over water gave her anxiety. And when she had anxiety, she ate. And when she ate, she had anxiety...

Y’know, among other things.

“Don’t be fuff a party poofer.” Karen said from the other aisle, spreading freely into the unoccupied first class seat next to her as she gobbled down the chunk of chocolate that Isabelle had given her, “We’re going to *Hawaii* Sheyla—one of the most beautiful places on Earth. I doubt that your parents are gonna care that you brought your girlfriends with you.”

“Girlfrien{i}d{/i}.” Isabelle corrected sharply, “You’re the roommate, Care-Bear, don’t get it twisted.”

“Well yeah, but I meant like in the ‘friends who are girls’ sense—like we all live together, we’re all girls, so we’re all girlfriends.”

“That means a totally different thing than you think it means. I think Shay has enough on her plate without you accidentally telling her parents that we’re a throuple.”

“Like Joe Exotic?”

Somehow bringing along Karen was making this worse. She had *said* that she didn’t want to bring Karen along because of how awkward it was going to be *already* but Isabell insisted. Besides, it was only because of Karen chipping in that they could afford to go so hard on the unlimited everything. And truth be told, that felt like the only way that anyone was going to get through this trip without getting their heads bitten off…

\*\*\*

Dennis and Petunia Ward had never expected to be taking a vacation “with the girls” at their age.

Sure, not *all* of their summers had been spent on Archeology dig sites. They’d been on cruises. They’d been to Europe. It wasn’t like they didn’t know how to have a good time. But they were surprised when Sheyla had invited the two of them out to Hawaii for *their* idea of a summer vacation. Even moreso when they said that it was all on their tab.

“Well she works in fashion, Sheyla’s probably making good money as a professor…” Petunia cleared her throat, “Plus they have that roommate of theirs.”

They’d been trying to make sense of it all the entire flight out. The extra time in the Kona airport while they waited for their daughter’s plane to arrive had just added fuel to the fire. The fact that of all the people that had exited the plane, their daughter *nor* Isabell or Karen had been among them even moreso.

But once the puttering sounds of bright pink mobility scooters whirred down the jetway and three of the biggest women that either Archeologist had ever seen in person made their presence known on Big Island, you would have been hard-pressed to get them to remember any of the working theories that they’d come up with.

II

“This is, uh… so you guys know Karen—”

“Yes, we remember Karen.” Dennis nodded dumbstruck as his daughter’s chins waggled out stuttering introductions, “…pretty well, at least.”

“You all… used to be in high school together.” Petunia tried and failed to keep a chipper, positive voice as she drank in the super-sized sight before her, “That was… *quite a while ago*. It seems.”

In all fairness, despite how well-traveled the two of them were, there were very few ways that one could be expected to react when her daughter was among the three five-hundred pound women puttering into the airport on custom painted rascal scooters. Doubly so given that, if it hadn’t been for being told ahead of time who was coming alongside her, they might genuinely not have recognized either of their daughters’ friends.

Isabelle was more pom-pom than cheerleader—that’s how they still thought of their daughter’s girlfriend; as the cheerleader who had been so mean on poor Sheyla when they all first moved to town. Pretty and blonde with cute little features that were a lot more tolerable once they weren’t being told of all the awful ways that Isabell was picking on her in school. When they’d grown up and gotten together it had been a surprise, but…

“Hiiii Doctor and Doctor Ward~”

Now it suddenly made sense why Sheyla was complaining about batteries dying so much. And the pantry being empty. And the cost of restaurants out West being so high.

“It’s… it’s good to see you again, honey.”

“Yes, just… so *surprised*!”

Dennis and Petunia had to lean down so that Sheyla’s fat girlfriend could wrap her arms around them without getting up from her scooter. She had always been a hugger, but now they were so much more… *insular* than before. Isabell pressed them both against either ample side in a fleshy three-quarter hug, leaning over the middle console of Barbie’s Dream Scooter to give them both hearty embraces that would have left impressions if she were any more pillowy.

“Don’t be weird about the scooters, okay?” Sheyla puffed out a weak little acknowledgement as she hauled herself from behind hers, “S’juss easier…”

Sheyla’s own expansion hadn’t been something they’d been *un*aware of. Not to the extent of Isabelle’s at least—everyone put on some *comfort weight* when they started dating long-term, but seeing Sheyla get progressively rounder as they years went on, her parents just assumed that thems were the breaks. But seeing her get out of breath just from standing up, the little roll of a third chin that crept out whenever she opened her mouth too wide, and the *heft* of her whole body as she clapped her arms around her parents in the form of one of their big family hugs…

“Oooooghh!” she squeezed them tight, “Missed you guys.”

It was all just so *unexpected*.

“I really appreciate you coming out to be here with the three of us, mom and dad.” Sheyla said in a voice that, if it hadn’t been for how winded she sounded, would have sounded just like she was still that freckle-faced sophomore who was having problems with the popular girls, “It means a lot to me.”

“And you… mean a lot to us, honey.”

“An *awful* lot.”

“Really, a lot more than we could have expected…”

Thankfully, Petunia’s slip of the tongue went unnoticed by everyone but her husband. Karen was coming up for her little side hug, and by the time Karen had rolled up…

What more was there to be said?

These three had let themselves go entirely beyond reason since the hatchet had been buried and they started their lives together. Sheyla moving away for college had been no problem, and even her coming out was just a minor adjustment at the end of the day. Even the added weight when she came home every Christmas, really, it wasn’t that big of a deal…

Until it was.

And there were three of them.

Three of the fattest women that either of them had ever seen, staring them down in a voracious v formation with their mobility scooters.

“We’d better get to the resort if we want to avoid the late check-in fee.” Sheyla’s sensible side shone through as she checked her smartwatch, “Karen, why don’t you go with my parents and get settled in while Isabell and I get the luggage.”

“Sure thing.” Karen waved off her two fat friends while she steered towards Sheyla’s parents, “The resort’s supposed to be, like, a few minutes from the airport right? You didn’t happen to see any like… Hawaiian hot dog vendors standing outside, did you?”

Once they were alone (relatively so, anyway) Sheyla sort of sunk into herself. Plopping back down on her mobility scooter, she reached into the basket and pulled out another helping of Isabell’s snack stash. She hated herself for it, but she was *so* tense after that simple conversation… how was she *ever* gonna make it through this vacation? By the end of the week she’d be a total blimp!

“Oh stop.” Isabell said simply from behind her designer sunglasses, “Your parents *love* me. They’re gonna take it way better than you’re expecting.”

“I know, but… it’s still gotta be a lot for them.” Sheyla unstuck a few strands of long red hair from her mouth after she’d accidentally chomped down on them in her hurry to the feel-good food, “Izzy, I’m literally the fattest person in my whole family. Like, ever. They looked at me like I was some kind of freak…”

“They looked at *us* like a *couple* of freaks. Okay?” Isabell grabbed interlocked Sheyla’s hand with her own sausage fingers, “We’ll get through it together. And y’know. Karen will be there too.”

“Gawd I wish you’d have told her to stay home.”

“And let her get into *my* chocolate stash? Hell no—besides, we can have her sit in front of the door and block your parents from getting out if we need to use a little force.”

“Gawwwwwd don’t *say* stuff like that!”

This trip was going to be fine.

It would be fine!

She and her parents would get reacquainted, everyone would have a great time, and…

And they’d accept the news that their daughter had in store for them just fine.

Literally no questions would be asked, and they’d all go home equally as or if not more happy than they were when they left.

“Oh gawd… I can’t with the sad puppy eyes.” Isabell scoffed before pulling her purse over her arm wing, “Here, I’ve got a honey bun I found in my work purse.”

“You’re the *best*, Izzy…”

III

“Oh my *gawd* you guys, look—he’s *obsessed* with me!”

Karen looked even more like a whale when she was in the pool than when she was beached on matching towels on the shore. With her long blonde hair done up so everyone could see that hotdog roll she had going on, plus the way that her arms seemed to rest on either side of her stomach even when she was literally just *standing* in the ocean…

Maybe more like a seal?

“He must like his ladies dumb *and* fat.” Isabelle scoffed from the shore line, not even looking out from behind her sunglasses, “That or he thinks you’re a whale. Dolphins and whales are friends.”

“Dolphins and whales are *frieeeeeeends oh my goooooood!!”*

Karen was the only one who was getting to swim with the dolphins today. Mostly because they seemed, as previously suggested, utterly obsessed with the fat blonde *thing* that was currently raising the water level. Nestling up against her and squishing against her belly as it hung buoyantly in the ocean, swimming underneath her arm wings and bouncing against her ass.

“At least they don’t just like you for your pontoons like the boys like home.”

“Noooo, he wubs me!” Karen made a kissy face as she laboriously lifted one leg upwards against its own weight and the water around it to try and wade out further, “C’mere honey~!!”

The luxury that Isabelle kept herself in even while doing something as simple as splaying out on the beach like a starfish was almost impressive. A bright pink two-piece at her size had been custom made specifically for her. Not “a woman of her size” and then marketed as much, but specifically so that Isabelle’s squishy little poundcake breasts would be nestled cozily on something other than her stomach as it tried its hardest to fill the acreage of lap that her ass bestowed upon it. All while keeping the attendants on their toes, ordering enough complementary food and drink just for herself that even Sheyla was a little surprised that they hadn’t cut her off yet.

They’d cut *her* off.

But that might have been because she was snippy with one of the waiters.

“This is certainly an… *interesting* group you run with, baby.”

“Oh mom.” Sheyla snorted, “It’s just Izzy and Karen. They’re not *that* weird.”

“…sure, let’s go with that.”

It felt so strange, seeing their daughter take up a whole other side of the table. Petunia and Dennis could sit comfortably to themselves, meanwhile not only was Sheyla wide enough for both of them, she was also so big around the belly that she couldn’t sit up at the table without her stomach rolling on top, over the side. And the way that she had yelled at that waiter over getting her something, it was all so worrying…

“We um… we’re just worried that—”

“Well, we remember you saying that Isabell and her friends were a little… that they were *bad influences*.

“Oh daddy, that was back in high school. I *love* Isabell, and we’ve both changed *so much* since we were stupid teenagers.” Sheyla put a hand on her fat, fleshy chest in a display of emotion, “She’s not any worse of an influence on me than I am on her.”

“…and Karen?”

“…Karen’s just kind of here, to be honest, I’m not sure when she’s ever gonna move out.”

Sheyla’s excuses for everything combined with her readiness to *gorge* herself at every meal told a very different story. They had raised her to partake in different cultures’ cuisines heartily, sure, but the three of these girls were emptying buffet lines quicker than any of the underpaid staff could refill them! And now, here they were just a few hours later, *all* of them stuffing their faces with hors devours like they hadn’t just eaten an ecosystem’s worth of seafood.

“Listen, honey, we’re just… *worried about you*.”

“Not to be blunt, but… you… *all* of you… have put on a *lot* of—”

“THAT RUBBERY PERVERT STOLE MY BIKINI TOP!”

If everyone hadn’t been mesmerized by the way that Karen’s rolls sloshed in the ocean before she started screaming, then everyone was after. Using one of her ham-sized biceps to try and hold back the onslaught of titty that was now free to plop down on top of her gut while she extended the other arm to hopelessly chase after a very fashionable dolphin was a surefire way to steal the next words out of not just Sheyla’s parents’ mouths, but everyone else within earshot too.

“I JUST BOUGHT THAT THING YOU FISHY FREAK!”

Karen wasn’t going to catch anything any time soon—on land or in the sea. She was just too slow and heavy to make it happen.

But thank God that Isabell had insisted on bringing her dumbest fucking friend along, because Sheyla would have died right then and there if her parents tried to tell her that they were worried about her girlfriend “making” her fat…

IV

“Awww, she kind of looks like you used to!” Karen helpfully pointed out the stunning blonde who effortlessly commanded the attention of most those on the beach, “Y’know, before you started—”

“Um *excuse you*, my booty is *real*.” Isabelle curled a nostril to one side as she snarled at the runway-ready bimbo making a show of herself in the sand, “Who needs to pay someone to inject silicon into your ass when you can just eat a sandwich once in a while—fucking slut.”

For those who didn’t have the pleasure of literally just being reintroduced to Isabelle after a long way away, it was almost difficult to remember that she used to be the queen bee of their high school. A pretty, popular, practically plastic cheerleader who made everyone’s life a living hell if they so much as dared to get in her way.

And while she had grown in a lot of ways since she was a spoiled, skinny sophomore, Isabelle still didn’t take kindly to anyone that took too much attention away from her.

“I can see her ribcage. It’s gross.” Isabelle snapped as she sucked down on her fourth bottle of Mike’s Hard Lemonade, “At a certain point it’s… *uff…* okay to let go a little.”

Even with her bottom-heavy proportions, Isabelle was still big enough that she had trouble reaching over herself. With how wide her seat spread across the two towels that she’d had laid out for her, one would have thought that there would have been more room for her to relax underneath the umbrella. Getting a tan at her size wasn’t exactly going to be hard, what with her stomach rolling out into and over her lap, but something as simple as reaching for another bottle was downright grunt work.

“Hahhh… there we go…”

“You done being jealous yet?”

“M’not *jealous.*” Isabelle sniffed before quickly adding, “Of *anyone*, thank you very much.”

The double-wide fashionista harrumphed into her own heaviness, sipping on her bottle of Mike’s Hard from behind designer shades. Her second swimsuit was chafing her in all the wrong places—fucking thing had almost snapped along the waistband the minute she got herself all settled in. What was the point of a swimsuit that was tailor-fit, just for her, when it was gonna snap like a rubber band the minute she had “too much to eat”.

Like a swimsuit knew about things like bloating.

“If anything, she could learn a thing or two from me—I’m *curvy,* I’m *confident*, and I’m *hella* cute.”

“Mmph. Yah. Whadda skinny bitch.” Karen changed gears as soon as she realized that she had started a ‘thing’ with Isabelle, chomping down on an ice cream bar with gusto in hopes of steering the conversation away from any insecurities that Isabelle was *clearly* not experiencing at all, “Y’wan sum Haagen-Das?”

“*She* needs some Haagen-Das.” Isabelle snipped, still watching the silhouette of the beachy blonde getting blown by the wind, “She could afford to look a little more like a *real* woman…”

Sheyla’s biggest “trigger” when it came to comfort food had always been stress. Karen’s was boredom. But Isabelle’s every emotion tended to demand something yummy to snack on. It was the only way to cool the passions of such a… *vibrant…* person such as herself; she’d spent most of her life being appeased with immediate gratification and base pleasures, but now that she was an adult who *knew* what she liked, food and drink were the most surefire way to get her to settle down when she got all worked up.

Or add to the fire. Depending on what kind of “worked up” she got.

“Mmph… fuggin’… twig…”

Karen had been privy to Isabelle’s outward expansion pretty much ever since it started. She, Sheyla, and Isabelle had all remained pretty close since high school—Karen following them out west only to drop out of college and stick around as a roommate. And in that time, she’d long since learned to not be worried about Izzy’s temper. If anything, whenever she got like this, she dragged her and Sheyla down with her for a good old fashioned ice cream binge or an extra serving or two of some fancy-schmancy takeout. If she were being honest, Karen would admit to being torn between calming her big bitchy friend down, or egging her on in hopes of them going back to the resort for an impromptu extra lunch.

“So… what do you think Sheyla and her parents are talking about?”

There, that should be a good branch to go in either direction. That way Isabelle could decide if they were hungry, and it wouldn’t be on Karen.

“I can literally only imagine.” Isabelle harrumphed, taking a big bite out of her ice cream on a stick, “Took her forever to come out and tell her parents that she was *bi*. I can’t imagine that *this* conversation is going to be any easier…”

“It’s like, just an engagement.” Karen shrugged her heavy shoulders, struggling to unsplay herself as she heaved her topheavy hugeness up onto her fat-buried elbows, “You don’t think Doctor and Doctor Wade would be… like… mad or anything, right?”

Isabelle looked down the bridge of her nose and glared at the air-headed blimp long enough for her to realize that she’d faux pas’d.

“That’s only *half* of the conversation, dumb dumb.” She finally said before popping the lip of the bottle of her lemonade into her mouth, “You think we’d fly all the way out here just so we could do an engagement announcement?”

“Oh.” Karen made a face, “So… like… what’s the other half of the conversation about?”

“I swear to God Karen, sometimes I actually think that whatever brains you had in high school got swallowed up by your fucking tits.”

“Heyyy!!” Karen whined, “That’s not nice!”

“What*ever*—I just hope that this whole *thing* goes well…” Isabelle said it with a slow, concerned stripe down the sag of her stomach, “The last thing that Sheyla needs is *another* reason to beat herself up…”

V

“Look, I’m not going to pretend that I *understand* where any of this is coming from…”

“What your father *means* to say is that—”

“As long as you’re *happy* with Isabelle then…”

Sheyla had honestly wished that she had been able to get this part of the conversation out before the last day of the trip was up. Because she had been eating almost literally everything in sight for the past four days, and it was only just now that she was starting to feel the effects.

“S’greatt’hear.” She rasped out from deep within the strongest beach chairs in existence, “Love you guys.”

“What ShayShay *means to say* is that we *appreciate* you guys understanding *us* and loving *us* enough to accept us just the way we are.” Isabelle’s mischievous giggle had remained since she was a troublemaking cheerleader in high school, only a bit slower and heavier as she reached over to pat her girlfriend on the stomach, “Isn’t that right?”

“Izzy please… yerhand… m’stomach…”

The soft, lazy sausages that made up Sheyla’s finger made a little swat at Isabelle’s hand, used as a bracing point for her to lean in and give her girlfriend a kiss on the cheek. The barrel-built redhead winced as her girlfriend squished into her beanbag-sized stomach—the intense pressure building up after such a huge meal was really starting to kick in.

“If you two want to get fat, well…” Petunia collected herself, “Well then we’ll just make sure to take that into account when we serve up for Thanksgiving, huh?”

“Sure! And, uh… K-Karen seems to—”

“Oh, she’s not part of this.” Isabelle answered all too readily for her nearly-comatose girlfriend, “She’s just… kind of along for the ride.”

“Living with the two of you seems to be dangerous—I think I’ll reconsider that trip to the city then, huh?”

Three heads threw themselves back in that polite sort of laughter that you do when you’re trying to lighten the mood. Doubly so in Isabelle’s case—Sheyla hadn’t gotten around to the easier part of all of this yet, so there was still one more big shocker to come..

And meanwhile, Sheyla had freaked out over all of this so badly that she’d probably eaten the whole hog from the luau if nobody stopped her. All she could do was gasp out a polite little laugh as she signaled the waiter for a glass of sparkling water to settle her stomach.

“In um… y’know… in other news…”

And barreling up to the guardrails of their private little patio, out of breath and pink from the chins up, Karen had picked the absolute worst time to interrupt the four of them clearly having a very private moment. Not only that, she somehow managed to come up with the *worst* possible phrase to interrupt them with.

“Guys! That little Polynesian chick gave me her fucking *number* check it out!”

Seeing Karen boobs boobily over the threshold of the stairs was enough to make anyone forget what they were talking about. But the sheer look of dumbfoundedness on both of Sheyla’s parents as they were exposed to just another Karenism was almost enough to make Isabelle laugh outright. It wasn’t until Karen realized that she’d blurted that out in front of Sheyla’s parents (who, granted were a lot harder to see from a distance than either of her roommates were) that she realized just how hard she stepped in it.

“Well that’s… excellent to hear, Karen, um… D-Dennis—”

“Iiiit’s getting late, and you girls don’t want to hang around with old fogies like us.”

“Have, um… h-have fun! We’ll see you in the morning!”

The acknowledgement that that could have gone better was beyond subtext. But at the same time, Sheyla and Isabell could at least hold their heads high in knowing that Doctor and Doctor Wade approved of one of the *bigger* parts of their lives together. The rest could come later. In time.

“Yeah, she asked if you two were with me and I said ‘yeah those are my girlfriends!’ and she gave me these *leis* and told me—”

“I’m… sorry… did you say *girlfriends*?”

The slow look of realization of just exactly how Karen had phrased her recap in front of Sheyla’s parents could not be understated. The horror that flashed across her fat features as Isabell and Sheyla’s eyes widened in disbelief while Doctor and Doctor Wade paled in embarrassment of what they *thought* that they had just heard.

“*Nonono not like that*.”

“It’s totally *fine* if you are just—”

“Sheyla, do you think we could talk *privately* for just a—”

“*Dennis!”*

Somehow, the awkward tip-toeing around every other topic devolving into confused shouting that was enough to distract almost everyone else at the luau felt… right. Not *comforting* and not *fun* but it at least let everyone get their emotions out. Everything was so much more genuine as they all worked through the very natural confusion and anxiety that had hung over the entire resort since the Sheyla, Isabelle, and Karen had puttered off the tarmac at nearly three quarters of a ton between them…

“I told you *not* to say it like that.”

“It’s a force of habit! I just meant—”

“So this has been a *really* fun trip, but we’re both very tired and…”

Sheyla was honestly too tired to join in on it all. She was stuffed stupid. She’d been eating for a week straight! Between her parents stressing her out and her fiancée not being able to keep her hands off of her and *Karen* being… well, Karen, it was all she could do to feel like she had her appetite under control.

But now, after the dust had settled and she got the hard part out of the way, Sheyla didn’t feel hungry.

“Isabelle and I like getting fat, and we’re probably going to get fatter.”

That was all she’d had to say. Even as her parents walked away, spooked by the misunderstanding… Sheyla knew that they’d support her no matter what.

“Way to go, moozilla.”

“Oh my gawd I said I was *sorry*, I didn’t *see—”*

Had that been so hard?