An Amazon Warrior… receives too many "get well soon" care packages!

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When Sister Amaya was injured in battle on foreign soil, nobody had really expected the rival tribe to treat her fairly.

There were protocols for this sort of thing, yes, but most of the time that simply meant that enemy soldiers would be granted the same sorts of treatment that their own brave warriors would receive—which, in times of war, often just meant the bare minimum.

Many had thought Sister Amaya long gone until the Silver Sands Sisterhood agreed to bring her alongside them at the summit of their peace treaty. To hear that she had survived being speared in such a vital area was shocking to say the least—but not the least big as shocking as her state when she had been returned to them, after more than a year away.

“Hff… has it always been so… hnnn… muggy here?”

Using a luxuriously bronzed hand as a makeshift fan, Sister Amaya tried to blow away the smothering heat of their tropical climate. Such life in the jungle had never bothered her before now. And if it had, she’d at least had the common courtesy to not complain about it—something that had clearly been baked out of her in the sweltering dry heat of the desert.

“…yes?” one of her fellow Amazons looked around briefly, “We live in the jungle?”

“Oh. Well… it’s not like that in the Sands.” Amaya sniffed pretentiously, “I guess I just get along better in that climate.”

If anything, she got along too well. Her hardened warrior’s physique had softened considerably—even more noticeable in that she wasn’t able to fit back into her armor. She had come back to her Sisterhood wearing the clothes of what once were their enemies. A loose purple sling to cover her breast that left her soft browned belly to pooch outwards and squish with every step. Her face rounded and pierced with a decadent gold chain from nose to ear that tickled her soft cheek. Her muscles atrophied and hidden underneath a thick layer of fat.

She was undeniably still Amazonian—broad shouldered, one-breasted, and hardened in a way that no simple year abroad could have erased. But Sister Amaya had been returned to them as a lay about. A complainer. Someone who filled their belly first and to excess, despite having spent the day in her hut after waking at high noon. Whether it was an intentional and subtle act of ruining one of their warriors, or if it was entirely Amaya taking to well to being bedridden, nobody was quite sure.

But what was becoming more clear as time went along was that, for as glad as they were for Amaya to have returned to them, her sisters were getting increasingly tired of her shit.

“Well, maybe you should go back there.” One of her more forward sisters said as she chopped firewood, “Now that our sisterhoods are on friendly terms, I’m sure they’d be happy to have you.”

*Chop.*

“You’d make a very good housewife.”

A Novelist... is trying to keep her weight gain a secret!

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*To:* *AdaBrownWrites@gmail.com*

*Subject: Get Out And Write!*

*Greetings and Salutations! The Polk County School District is hosting a Writer’s Workshop, and we’d like to know if you’d be interested in helping us get “back to normal” by coming out and helping local writers craft—*

“Pass.”

One thick finger traced over the touchpad of her laptop, leaving a little chip oil trail, as she clicked the Trash icon. The *last* thing that she needed was to be seen out in public looking like *this*.

It wasn’t enough that COVID had helped turn her last major release into a total flop, but it had to make her *fat* too. Seventy fucking pounds and growing, with no end in sight. The curse of Quarantine just kept going, didn’t it?

Ada closed the laptop and tossed it a little further away on the comforter, reaching over to her bedside table to get her bong and her good lighter. She struck the wheel, it sparked, and she brought the flame to the stale weed still packed inside from last night before taking a big rip.

*Hfffffffffffffffff*.

“Fuck.”

*Phhhhhhhhhh.*

Dank smoke filled her family’s cabin. She’d been living there since the pandemic hit, ostensibly to work on her next bestseller. In reality, all she’d been doing was wasting her time. Getting fat. Reading (and maybe retweeting from alt. accounts) about how her latest book was good, just came out at the wrong time. Eating pizza. Definitely not cleaning up as much as she should have. Discovering the joys of DoorDash. Literally just living on royalties while she hung around the place like a houseplant until “inspiration” struck her or whatever.

Mostly whatever.

Ada leaned backwards, back onto the bed, as her chunky legs bend over the side and onto the hardwood. Her belly rose and fell with her medicated breaths, doming out from underneath a too-tight USL t-shirt and just over a pair of boyshorts that were ripping around the waistband. Her arms laid spread-eagle over the comforter, her unwashed and unbrushed mop of brown hair doing much the same.

*Huock*.

Throwing one arm over her tanky tum, the reclusive author gained the momentum needed to sit herself up once again. Rocking to a standing position, her knees threatened to buckle in her inebriated state as she arched her back and stretched her arms out as high as they would go—tummy pooching further out from underneath her shirt.

*Ahhhh~*

A slow, red-eyed turn to the alarm clock that had fallen to the floor.

*2:45pm*

“God fucking dammit, Ada.” Her lips smacked through the cotton mouth, “You were supposed to be productive today.”

Bringing her nails down to scratch the stretch marks that striped along her lower roll, Ada gave a heady yawn as she toddled deeper into the cabin. The pads of her feet dragging lazily across the aging floorboards made them creak in agony. Two hundred and twenty five pounds of extra chunky washout couldn’t have been who the people who built this place had pictured living in their home one day.

“Yeah well… it ain’t how I pictured this place winding up either.” The bestseller grumbled with another idle scratch of itchy tum, “At least I can get Bojangles all the way up here…”

A Barbarian Queen... sees an alternate reality where she's not just fat, she's huge!

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Her people had held a longstanding abstention from employing the use of the seeress.

Magic, and all that which it had to offer them, was seen as heresy to the Old Gods that her tribe worshipped. Gifts from beyond the veil were seen as curses with gold trimming—hardly worth what they cost, at least in the long run.

However, in her desperation, the Queen did turn to the old witch. In the cover of cloak and darkness, she consulted her out in the marshes that she called home. There, the witch showed her a vision of a future yet to come; one where the Queen and her band of barbarians snatched victory from the hands of those civilized folks behind city walls.

She would take the throne for herself—the fortified castle would make an excellent keep. The throne room would become a bloody court where those in her tribe could congregate and feast to their great success. The rest of her tribe would thrive in peacetime, putting their own unique spin on what they thought of being “civilizied”.

But that was only the beginning.

The witch showed her months, then years in the inky black abyss of her cauldron. That gaudy, uncomfortable throne would sit her lowborn ass just fine as she gorged herself on rump roast and wine, growing as fat in the middle as the old King himself in just a few years to pass. She would feast until her stomach distended, an insular ring of fat resting on the arms of her well-worn throne before it broke. Her thighs would become pillows that touched down to the knee, rubbed red and raw should she dare to exert herself too much or too often. Her long, blood-red hair would frame a fleshy face that blustered out sputtering huffs and puffs as she waddled about her great keep. A figure once built to conquer now only dominating its own structure as it weighed her down immensely.

But it wouldn’t be enough.

Soon, walking would become beneath her in its entirety. She would rely on her servants to do all for her. Tend to her. Bathe her. Feed her. All as she lay in bed and reveled like a hog fattened for slaughter. Her days would blur together—they’d become mindless pits to toss her hours away as she descended further, and further still into the sort of revelry that had been beyond her during her days in the wastes.

 In her victory, she would obtain pleasures the likes of which she had never known. Predictably so, at a cost. Not only to her people, but to her…

“Of course, this is *only* if I aide you in your battle.” The witch concluded as the fog lifted from her mind, “All of what you see may come to pass. It may not. But without my aid, victory is completely beyond the clumsy grasp of you and your barbarians.”

A pregnant pause hung between them as the visions danced around her mind, filling her with feelings that she… couldn’t quite place.

“Do you still wish for me to help you?”

A Game Master for a D & D Campaign... becomes addicted to a new, fattening food!

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“Your party finds itself surrounded by a camp of orcs—thirty of them, with the weakest in the front and the strongest hanging back to ensure that there is no escape.”

*Dramatic pause.*

“**What**do you do?”

The five of them had been playing at this campaign for about three Saturdays now, and coming over to hear Nel try and make things absolutely horrible for them each successive Saturday had become something of a challenge. With how big she was getting, the *only* way that they could continue playing together was if they kept her apartment as the designated hangout spot. It really helped that she was a damn good DM; equally fair and balanced, and never giving special treatment towards—

“I offer the DM a delicious Yeng burger and ask her to recount them.”

There was a pause, the rustle of a paper bag breaking the silence of disbelief as Phil took out a double-stacked cheeseburger with all the fixings, placing it on top of Nel’s belly shelf.

“Phil what the fuck?”

“What? I’m tired of her killing all of my characters specifically. We’re down to like two “extra” party members to take over and they both suck.”

“Phil—” Keira pulled him close and whispered into his ear, “We’re trying to get her to *lose weight*, remember? Being supportive?”

“Man, it’s just a burger.”

“But she’s—”

“Perhaffs I waff miffaken.” The large woman smacked her lips, already two bites into the double-pattied monstrosity, “Ther’ff… \*gulp\* twenty of them.”

Honestly, these D&D nights couldn’t have been good for her diet anyway. Nel had always been kind of a big girl, but all the snacks and beer had caught up with her something fierce. Once she broke her leg a few years back, that may as well have been it for her. Now here she was, spread across two chairs, belly beached up to the table… was it any wonder that her friends were worried about her?

“Are you *suuuure*?”

Another rustle from the same bag. Another burger, just as thick and juicy wrapped in brown butcher paper. Nel’s greedy green eyes glimmered in hoggish glee as her fat neck squished with each bite. As he laid it in the same spot, still warm, Nel visibly quivered in excitement.

“*Phil. What the fuck.*”

“Tuh… ten…” Nel’s stomach gurgled excitedly as she leaned her upper body forward to claim her prize as DM, “There’sh… there’sh then of ‘um.”

All eyes were on the bearded blonde man, brows furrowed in contempt and disbelief as his hand *returned to the fucking bag of takeout food.*

“Goddammit dude—”

“What?!”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Phil, you’re fucking horrible.”

“How many of them *are there?!*”

“Y-Yeah Phil…” Nel licked her lips, glistening with grease as she double-fisted two unfinished burgers, “H-How many do you have in there?”

“That’s for me to know and for you to find out.” Phil said all-too-seriously, “So tell me, Nel, *how many orcs are there?*”

“Zero. None. Nada.” The DM puffed shallowly, “Gimme.”

Phil handed over the bag, much to the consternation of his party. Bribing their way to victory was no fun—they could just play Warcraft if they wanted to go that route. And unfortunately for them, Nel had a backup plan…

“As for the giant buzzards though, they’re still circling the abandoned Orc camp.” She smirked in self-satisfaction, “**What** do you do?”

Phil reached underneath the table and pulled out another bag of chicken nuggets…