Life of Haley, but more "Hic" southern than middle class southern.

Mrs. West hated it when her daughter slept out in the living room—especially if one’a her little friends was over.

They had a TV in her room to watch whatever they wanted, but if the two of them passed out here at the end of the night there weren’t much that she could do to move them! Haley was gettin’ to be a big girl these days, and it would be *nice* if she used the bedroom that had been provided to her…

“I’m sorry mama, it ain’t like I mean to!” Haley whined, her chin fat creasing as she mean-mugged her mother, “I sleep better out here on the foldout!”

But she never put the damn thing back up, and that was part of the problem. This little prebuilt was hardly big enough for the three of them back when Haley and Tara were kids—but these days her girls were getting to be a bit to big to just plop around haphazardly like they liked to do; and it had nothing to do with the fact that they were in their twenties…

“Better’n you taking up the whole living room, fatass.” Tara snapped, smacking Haley on the back of the head on her way into the kitchen, “Any time anyone else wants anything we gotta walk past *you* to do it.”

Tara’s job at the Fish Camp was making her fat. Not as fat as Haley, or as fat as that Mack girl from church. But enough that she was starting to roll out of even her mama’s old maternity clothes. Tara was gettin’ to be a big girl; and if her bad dye job and too-small tank tops were any indicator, she was struggling to keep herself fat *and* some modicum of stylish.

“Could you at least fold it up when y’ain’t usin’ it?” April managed before taking her first sip of coffee before her shift at Dunkin’, brown hair tied back behind her ballcap as her tummy squished against her roomiest pants, “I know you’re unemployed, but you’ve still gotta do somethin’ around here.”

“Al*right*, gaw-lay…”

Haley West’s messy brown bob framed two pouty, appled cheeks that creased with the littlest frown. She’d gone to *college*, what the hell else did her mama want her to do? Two years of hell at her computer hadn’t been enough?

“Come’n get it honey, I’ve gotta head to work.”

Haley hauled her enormous ass upwards a little more slowly each morning, grumbling to herself as she picked her biggest pair of basketball shorts out from her ass crack. Bright red on her butt used to look cute back in high school, but now that she was three years out and had been unemployed the whole time, there wasn’t much that she could do about “accentuating” any “curves”.

If you asked anybody *but* Haley, her curves were already pretty damn well accentuated on their own…

April, with no kids to spoil, has been spoiling herself, and her girls are starting to get rather worried.

Before they’d both flown the nest, Haley and Tara had never really seen eye-to-eye on anything.

Sure, they were sisters and they loved each other most of the time. But Haley’s artsy, flowy sort of state of being contrasted *heavily* with Tara’s more rigid and officious way of life; so when they *both* agreed that their mom was going through something, the gravitas was not lost on either of them.

“Well I have to do *something* while my girls are out and about, living their lives without me.”

The *tone* in which she had said it suggested that she wasn’t being facetious at all. But with the ferocity of her buttering the latest of her biscuits before slathering it in apple butter, it was kind of hard for Haley and Tara to not think that she might have been exaggerating how “comfortable” she’d become living alone. April, their mother, had always been such a task-oriented parent; whether it be Tara’s after-school activities or Haley’s constantly having friends over, she had always had a *job* to do while parenting.

Now that both of her daughters had flown the nest, their mama bird could afford to finally turn that attention inward—which *should* have sounded like a good thing, but in practice…

“oough… help me up… m’lasagna’s ‘bout to be done…” April’s thick, husky voice sounded as she reached one fleshy hand out expectantly for one of her daughters to grab it, “Needsta… phew… needs to cool a little ‘fore it’s ready t’eat.”

All that opportunity for April to turn her excess motherly energy inward had resulted in her getting really, *really* big.

“*BOOOOOOORP*…” her thick tire of neck rippled as she rubbed her stomach, “Oof… pardon me y’all…”

And Haley and Tara were starting to get more than a little worried.

Mrs. West had never been a slender woman. But the colossal cheeks fighting for life in the biggest pair of jeggings that either of them had ever seen up close and the woman attached to them was downright unrecognizeable to the mother that they had left behind when they moved to Charleston. She was this huge, doughy pear that lumbered around their modest Southern home, stuffing herself with old family recipes in hopes of filling an empty nest. It looked like their mama was turning into a marshmallow before their very eyes as the shorter woman began to shrink into her own hugeness—face beset in a thick tire of neck, arms receding into squishy biceps that filled every sleeve, and motherly figure beneath an onslaught of calories that avalanched off of their big mama’s bottom-heavy body.

“Y’all are stayin’ the night, right?” April puffed out as she recouped from the simple act of bending over to get the pasta, “Because I didn’t make enough for all of us—this, the macaroni pie, and the mashed potatoes are gonna have to last if y’all don’t want me to order a pizza.”

April hires a maid. The maid gets fat too under April's care.

*“So what does Miss Loris… y’know, if you do all the work, what does she do while she’s there?”*

Tara phoned home now and again to check in on her mom and her sister. Moreso the former than the latter, given the fact that Haley was fucking useless, but that was part of why she’d been so happy to hear that her mom had hired some help around the house while Haley went to college. At least, initially.

“I don’t do *all* of the work.” April rolled her eyes into the phone, “She’s mostly here to keep me company while your sister is out.”

*“…no mom, she’s literally there to help you clean the house.”*

The woman spread out on the loveseat with her feet up over one leg and her head propped up on another was not helping anybody clean the house any time soon. Not just because that would have involved getting up on a full stomach, but because she literally would have had to have April help her get started, and April had accidentally bred that kind of drive and energy out of her. The hard-working, willowy country gal that had initially walked through the West house’s front door when she got hired on had been fed and fattened like a housecat by none other than April West’s passive need to comfort people.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Loris got to come enjoy some free food to her heart’s desire (and often more) and she got to take it easy and talk to one of her favorite clients. Throw in the occasional nap, and it would have sapped the work ethic out of anyone!

“Honey, do you need anything while I’m up?” April covered the receiver while Tara went on and on as she turned to Loris on the couch, “I’m getting dinner started soon, so I’ll be up.”

“Hufff… we got any… uff… antacids?” Loris rasped out from her reclined position, “Think I ate too much…”

“Oh you poor thing, of course we do.” April clucked expertly, heading down the hall, “You sit right there.”

*“…right where mom?”*

“I’m sorry Tara, I wasn’t listening, what were you saying?”

Loris Lowry snuggled back into her pillowy expansion outwards. Getting made to be April’s comfort friend as a part-time job three days out of the week meant the tall, lanky woman had melted into a pile of supple pudge relatively quickly. And the more accustomed to working with April, the more she found herself wondering if it’d be wrong to suggest nudging her to take her (rapidly freeing) Tuesdays and Thursdays at a discounted rate.

“Hey… yeah… Sherry?” Loris puffed into the phone after struggling with her sausage fingers, “I’m callin’ out for tomorrow… I ate somethin’ that didn’t agree with me…”

Sure, her other clients would be mad. But running this maid business all by herself was *hard*. Much harder than she thought it’d be when she opened up shop…

fat southern women being fat and southern, emphasis on how fat they are and how southern they are.

Mackenzie Fogle had always hated shopping.

She used to lie to her momma about liking it when she was a teenager, but that’s just because she was a Good Christian Girl who wanted to be a good kid. The truth is, Mackenzie Fogle had *always* hated it. But living back at home after the divorce, not paying rent, in *desperate* need of exercise, it was hard for her to say no when her mama asked her to go to the store for them.

“Oh gawwwwd it’s hawwwwwwt…”

Mackenzie’s size had officially graduated post-divorce from “former athlete turned lazy couch mom” to “too big to do most things comfortably”. *Nothing* fit her; especially not the fish camp t-shirt that she’d trapped over most of her spherical gut, but *definitely* not the cutoffs she made out of Aunt Sheryl’s old scrubs. There was a whole half of a foot of belly roll oozing out from underneath a lapsed waistband, but Mackenzie was so front-heavy that if it weren’t for the extra heat around that roll she might not have noticed it.

With her hair up in a messy bun underneath one of her daddy’s old trucker caps, Mackenzie’s only hope at beating the heat was to get inside before she started to sizzle in the sun. The humidity was so goddamn hard when you sweated as much as Mackenzie did—she was waddling swaybacked into the grocery store, already out of breath as she found a grocery cart to subject herself onto.

“Fuck me runnin’…” Mackenzie gasped out, fat little hand over her heart, “It’s too dang hot out there…”

The bakery section was the coolest part of the store, and right next to the entrance. With the tiled floor directly beneath her beginning to quake, Mackenzie Fogle lumbered into the grocery store fully after a few laborious steps that left her chafing.

“Fuckin’… thangs…” Mackenzie tugged at the legs of her makeshift shorts as best she could at her size, “Bad enough I look like shit…”

There were just some things that Mackenzie wasn’t going to do. Realistically, anyway. And getting all dressed up on one of the hottest days in the year (so far!) was just not one of them. If she ran into someone from high school, or church, or family, or *whoever* they were just gonna have to deal with it.

Mackenzie’s fat mouth hung agape as she huffed and puffed her way past anything that remotely constituted anything on her mother’s list so that she could ogle the bakery section first. Heaving one leg in front of the other, arms out at her side as she kneed her stomach with every step, Mackenzie Fogle had found the perfect way to cool off.

“Ice cream cakes are buy two get one half off.” Mackenzie read aloud, as if she was convincing anyone that eating cake fairly regularly was anything out of the ordinary for her, “That’s a heck of a deal…”

Her mama *had* said that she could get something for herself. And how could she get mad when she was saving like, thirteen dollars?