III

Graduation time had come and gone, and plenty had changed since May.

Though she hadn’t been able to find work in her preferred field (where was she going to find a decent place to work at all in this Podunk little town?) Skylar had managed to transition well into the working lifestyle. She’d gotten a job as a manager at a book store, which proved that her degree wasn’t *entirely* worthless, and she was making almost as much money on the hour as her sister.

What’s more, she had continued to go to the gym after every other shift or, failing that, at least once on the weekends. Taking control of her eating habits was hard work, and exercise was even harder, but nobody could deny the results.

“You’re looking *good*, Skye!”

The clap of her trainer’s hand against her still-soft back had sent a heavy ripple throughout her plump physique. The skinnier, taller woman that had intimidated Skylar so much upon their first meeting (and for the first few weeks afterwards) was the closest thing that she had in an ally in her weight loss journey, and her approval filled Skylar with immeasurable pride.

“Thuh… thanks, Riley.” Skylar posed awkwardly with her hands on her hips, full chest and tummy pooching forward with her still-nervous shallow breaths but hardly billowing as they’d been before, “I couldn’t have done it without you.”

“No way—this is all you.” The cinnamon-skinned cardio queen announced proudly, “Let’s take a look at that bicep.”

Skylar flexed playfully.

“*BOOM!*”

The two of them laughed and cheered as Skylar stepped off of the scale to give her trainer a hug. It had been an uphill battle when it came to not just Skylar’s genetic predisposition to be round, but also getting her to open up and trust her as a trainer. Her seething jealousy of Riley’s good looks hadn’t *faded,* but she finally seemed to register that she wasn’t a competition with every good-looking brunette with a tiny waist.

Getting healthy, gaining confidence, and losing weight was Skye’s biggest motivator in her life after college—right underneath saving up enough money to move out of her mama’s trailer.

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Holly’s, on the other hand, had been trying to learn how to shut her mama up.

“Jesus Christ you’re porkin’ out, Holly.”

Holly rolled her dark eyes as she tried and failed to let another one of her mama’s comments roll off of her increasingly thick skin. She had just been trying to enjoy her day off, for Christ’s sake. It wasn’t like she was the only gal in the world who decided to kick back on the couch with a beer for lunch, but God forbid that she try and do it while her mama was home.

“Mama be *nice*.” Holly sniffed defensively as she watched the larger woman toddle around, “How would you like it if I picked on you for once?”

“I’ve *been* fat, honey—you’re the one who can’t put down the damn fork lately.”

Holly groaned as she rocked herself to a standing position from nestled deep into the couch. She was still getting used to the extra weight around her middle getting in the way of things. It had stopped bunching into rolls when she bent over and just sort of pooched out all the time. The higher she careened over two hundred pounds, the harder it seemed for her to *do* anything. She felt so heavy and bloated all the time, and the excess heft that had been largely centered to her titties and tum before was finding room to run off into her cheeks, double chin, and arms. Holly was starting to *look* fat now that her slim face was steadily inflating alongside the rest of her figure—and it was getting really easy to tell where the Kleinschmidt parts of her had been hiding all the while she was skinny.

“I ain’t gotta take this—I’m goin’ to my room.”

“Enjoy fittin’ through that doorway while you can.”

“God*damn* I hate it here!”

Despite all her bluster about being able to lose weight any time she wanted to after her sister graduated and the liberation that came with getting to stuff her face and drink beer with reckless abandon, Holly hadn’t found much success in shedding any of the excess fifty pounds of hooter, haunch, and arm ham heft that she’d acquired in the name of helping to shield her younger sister from their mama’s barbed comments about her weight.

Or any of the thirty that she’d put on after Skylar had graduated.

Storming into her bedroom put every pound in perspective every time that she did it. Her gut sloshing back and forth and her fat ass wobbling side to side in her sweatpants, along with the newfound pain in her back that came with her heaving tits bouncing braless in her shirt—Holly’s feet ached after her shifts at work, and she’d started falling short of breath just walking from her pickup to the few steps that lead up to the front door! Holly had never thought much to the struggles that her sister (or her mother) had put up with just doing normal, everyday stuff.

“I’ve *got* to start droppin’ this weight…”

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As much as this had begun as a labor of love on Holly’s part, things between the two sisters had very subtly changed over the course of her weight gain.

After graduation and after she’d gotten a job, Skylar had been able to find a successful social circle outside of the house. Her steadily shrinking figure and the fact that her mama hadn’t been berating her left and right (thanks to Holly’s handy distraction that had rapidly grown out of hand) meant that her malnourished sense of self had begun to bloom—all the while Holly, who had spent nearly her whole life being the “pretty sister” and not having to work hard at all to get people to like her, was suddenly facing an uphill battle on all things related to charm.

And she was definitely *not* suited to go up hills anymore.

“You’re lookin’ good, Skye.”

“Thank you!” Skylar said with rare, genuine pride in her voice before adding, “You, uh… you too, Holly!”

Even if she hadn’t faltered in her delivery, Skylar would have been able to tell that her sister was lying. For the first time in their adult lives, this was the first time that Holly had ever weighed more than her sister, coming in at a whopping two hundred and fifty pounds of top heavy chunker. The busty brunette hid her stinkeye behind her coffee cup as her sister relished in her “cheat meal”. While Holly’s ass spilled over the sides of the chair beneath her for the first time in her life, Skylar was officially down to yet another new wardrobe!

“So… I was thinkin’…” Holly said with deliberation, “You, uh… you’ve got that personal trainer gal, right?”

“Yeah…?”

Skylar slurped on the most caloric drink that she’d had in weeks, a caramel Frappuccino with two percent milk. It was even a tall! She was so proud of herself every time she resisted the call of the Venti cup, not quite catching that Holly had fallen victim to it by merit of her own newfound cravings for sugar.

“Do you think that maybe I could come work out with y’all at some point?” Holly asked unsurely, almost sheepishly, as her fat ass squirmed in the chair beneath her, “I’m lookin’ to get back in shape…”

*Now that I’m a cow and gettin’ screamed at ‘bout how big I am while you shrink down into little miss perfect.*

And for some reason—one that Skylar didn’t quite understand at that moment—Skylar began to seize up. Not violently, but just a little… *twitch*… at the thought of Holly coming to work out with her and her trainer. At losing weight. At things going back to like they had been, with Holly being the skinny perfect sister and her being the…

“I-I don’t know Hol, Riley’s kind of a hardass when it comes to my routine!” Skylar smiled uncomfortably as she tried to convince her sister to abandon ship, “A-And besides, you look great! The extra weight suits you!”

“Like hell it does.” Holly grumbled and rolled her eyes, “I feel like a dang whale—and mama? The less said about how I feel about her lately, the better…”

“I put up with it for years, Holly. I know how she can be.”

“Yeah, but I only *started* puttin’ on weight because—”

Here, Holly caught herself. The last thing that she wanted was for her sister to blame her for herself for Holly’s current unhappiness. Or worse yet, think that Holly was just lashing out and coming up with excuses as to why she’d fallen so far off of the “thick and busty” wagon and rolled into chunkytown county limits. Then she’d look just like mama, always blaming her weight on everything other than her own shitty habits…

“Just forget it, alright?” Holly pulled away, “I’ll find my own personal trainer, or whatever…”

And with that awkward note, their first sisterly outing in far too long ended with Holly hauling herself to her feet, pulling at the leggings that had ridden down her meaty ass, and wiggle-waddling her way to her pickup…

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“Ungrateful…” Holly swallowed a mouthful of chicken salad as her exposed stomach was chilled by the fridge around it, “…fuckin’…”

Holly had lost track of how long she’d been there last night. She couldn’t sleep. Not when she was upset. And she’d always been a comfort eater, even before all this. Before she’d turned herself into a such a pig. And all for a sister who didn’t appreciate it, and was getting too cozy being the thin, pretty sister.

“…don’t even…” Holly scarfed down a big bite of leg from the leftover chicken bucket in the fridge, “…care that I did this all for her…”

In the time that it had taken to expand to blow up into a big cumbersome blimp, Holly’s eating switch had been turned to “on”. It was how she reacted to all of her problems now, and it was getting so far out of control. Ever since that blowup with Skylar earlier, it felt like she’d been eating the whole day away! Drive-thru after drive-thru spent stuffing herself, only to come home and get fussed at by her stupid, drunk, mama about how fuckin’ fat she was…

“Just… tryin’ to… live my fuckin’ life y’all…”

Holly ate faster, seemingly intent on either emptying the fridge or filling her stomach to maximum capacity. Her eyes glazed over as instincts took over—had she always been like this, deep down? Just like her mama? Just like Skylar used to be before Holly *sacrificed*…

“Hff… fuckin’… show them…” Holly mumbled stupidly through mouthfuls, “Gonna… drop this… mphm… weight and… and…”

The sounds of Holly’s further comfort-feasting drowned out any further insistence that might have paid into the idea of her turning this around any time soon.