Shannon Polluck—"I'm fat? What about you?"

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“What *about* me? I’m doing just fine!”

Coach Knight crossed her arms defiantly over the rolling pot belly that rolled and folded out from underneath her tank top. Nestled between two doughy lovehandles and propped atop two of the meatiest hips that the Physical Education department had seen in years, Ashley’s bulging belly pressed hard against the taut surface of her top—the *Buttercombe Athletics* design distorted and stretched as her fleshy flanks fought for space in a shirt that had fit her much better about thirty pounds ago.

“I’ll admit that I might have put on a little weight since I’ve come here, but it’s not like I’m anywhere *near* as flabby as you’ve been getting.” Ashley ventured a pinch at her boss’s upper arm as it bulged into a bingo wing beneath her blonde blazer, “And even if I *have* gotten a little porky, it’s *mostly* your fault.”

“*My* fault?” Ms. Polluck’s jaw dropped, her double chin creasing in disbelief, “How is any of this *my* fault, Ashley? My own added pounds and inches sure, but *yours*? *Ms. Farron’s*? Honestly, how can you blame *me* for the Physical Education Department’s sorry state when *you’re­*—”

“Just doing what you hired me to do. And that’s whip these fatties into shape.” Coach Knight said with absolutely zero sense of self awareness in that statement, “It’s *your* fault for making it so easy for them (and me, I guess) to get their greedy little grabbers on junk food. You’re spoiling them!”

“I am *not*!”

“You are so! Just last week, we had a girl *directly* complain to Coach Farron that she’d lose more weight if there weren’t so many vending machines out on the field. Why the hell do we even have those there anyway? All they do is act as distractions for my girls!”

“Your girls.” Shannon looked down accusatorily at the sloshing stomach that rolled over the waistband of Coach Knight’s gym shorts, “And you’re *certain* that this was meant to be a *complaint*?”

“Well… she didn’t seem too happy about it when she said it.” Coach Knight’s resolve faltered noticeably, if only for a moment, as she hefted up either side of her belly for emphasis, “Besides—who in their right minds would be happy about *this*?”

Coach Knight was far from the largest woman under Buttercombe Academy’s employ. Much smaller than Shannon herself—at least by a good eighty pounds. The beleaguered blonde headmistress could only sigh as she held her head in her hand, closing her eyes as she realized that she was dealing with yet another one of *those* complaints.

“Ashley, you’re the *fitness instructor*. You of all people should know that I’m not responsible for making sure that *you* don’t eat more than what you’re going to burn throughout the day.”

“I-I know that!” Coach Knight sniffed, “I-I was just coming to get the vending machines removed! If I don’t I—er, *my girls* will all blow up so big that they won’t be able to make it past a single lap before they keel over!”

“Duly noted.” Shannon surmised sourly, “Now, if you’ll move along? I’m a very busy woman, Ashley…”

Mackenzie Hollifield—"I just bought these pants!"

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It seemed like such a silly thing to worry about, let alone to have said it like it was some minor annoyance rather than the absolute catastrophe that it had been in action. As if the new jeans’ silver button literally *rocketing* off of the too-tight jean flaps as they stretched themselves to maximum capacity in hopes of keeping their wearer clothed was far less traumatic to the beleaguered restauranteurs than the fact that Mackenzie had *just bought them* was to her.

Because that thing had sounded like a gunshot.

“Where… where is it?” Big Mack leaned over half-heartedly in either direction as she searched the tiled Waffle House floor for the silver fastening fixture that had once belonged to her newest pair of jeans, “Maybe if I can find it, I can sew it back on…”

“You know how to sew?” Haley asked with a confused look on her face

“Well, no but my mama does!” the blobby blonde said in a harried tone, “Do you *see it?*”

“Nah babe, that thing’s *loooong* gone.” Haley snorted, picking at her All-Star platter, “Just be glad it didn’t put somebody’s eye out—these people seem litigious.”

“Ohhhh dang…”

Mackenzie laid her palms flat on either end of the outermost roll of her monstrous belly as it swelled out and beached itself on the poor table between them. She’d had enough trouble getting into this tight corner with Haley’s help—it would have been so humiliating just to have her pull the table back and help haul her up off of her chair…s.

Mack had been a big girl for quite a while now, but this had to be a new low for her. Or rather, a new high. Just when had she become so big that she couldn’t see anything *below* the table when she went out to eat? Bending over in her seats was making her winded and uncomfortable, especially in this Summer heat…

“I’ve… I’ve gotta start losin’ some of this weight, Haley.” Mackenzie puffed, her meaty face beset by the corners of chubby cheeks and fleshy chins, “I knew comin’ out here was a bad idea—I always make a big ol’ pig outta myself when I go out with you!”

“Well excuse me for trying to get you out of the house now and then.” Her (much) smaller friend sniffed indignantly, “You’re the one whose always cryin’ that Ryan never takes you out anymore!”

*Probably because he can’t fit me in the dang truck anymore… ‘cept for the bed…*

A mental image of herself at a weight so overwhelmingly fat that she filled the back of her husband’s truck crossed through Mackenzie’s food-addled mind, making her shake her head in disbelief and revulsion. She’d never get that fat. She *couldn’t* let herself get that fat…

“So I take it that you *don’t* want your sausage?” Haley asked unhelpfully from the other side of the table, her fat ass squeezing supply out from the spindles of the chair, “I’ll just… take that off your hands while you, um… think about where that button went…”

Aunt Rhonda—"We don't believe in leftovers."

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“Oh, Auntie, I—” I burped into the back of my hand, feeling absolutely green around the gills, “I-I don’t know if I can fit anything more in here…”

My aunt Rhonda and her wife Sally were evidence enough of that. No children between them, but my aunt had probably cooked enough to feed a family of seven. My *other* aunt had seen to taking the lion’s share of most of that—her dazed, glazed expression as she tried to keep herself conscious at the dinner table proof positive of Aunt Rhonda’s cooking ability.

“Well, I suppose that’s just gonna have to be more for us then.” The roly-poly brunette said with a belly-jiggling chuckle, “Ain’t that right, Sally?”

“Hrmmm… if you… hnnn… say so… dear…”

I never would have expected my Aunt Rhonda to take to married life so well. I guess I knew now that my fascination with food and fat (and redheads) really *was* genetic—it had just skipped my mom. I guess that I remembered my aunties had started to put on weight the last time that I saw them before I was shipped off to Buttercombe Academy (this was, you know, before I realized that I *cared* about that sort of thing) but until I moved with them after graduation (and a big fight with mom) I hadn’t seen them in *years*.

And *wow* did they both get fat. Like, really fat. *Me* fat. *Double* me fat. My Aunt Rhonda was so big around the belly that she could hardly stand at the stove, and Aunt Sally was just… jeez. I don’t think that I saw her walk from one room to the other without growing winded. Some days it felt like she was almost as wide as she was tall—it was clear that my aunt’s cooking and coddling attitude, to say *nothing* of this “no leftovers” policy, had turned her from a ScarJo lookalike into the roundest redhead this side of town.

Or any town, for that matter. I don’t think I’d seen anyone that big in… *ever*. In person, anyway.

My Mom must have meant to have scared me straight or something by sending me over here. Aunt Rhonda’s attitude towards food and fat were so liberal that even *I* might have bawked a little when I first saw her. But looking at what she had done to her wife, my Aunt Sally, I just knew that I had wound up in the right place. I wanted that to be me, so badly. So big that the chairs beneath me audibly buckled underneath my weight, and so full and fat that I could hardly reach in front of me without straining.

I wanted to be *big*—and my aunties were just the women to help me get as huge as I’d ever dreamed…

“On second thought, I think you guys have had enough of the fun…” I said with a wicked, horngry glimmer in my eyes, sliding the plate back to me, “I think I’m getting my second wind…”

Harper Black—"Did the bed just break?"

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The pile of woman on the bed couldn’t help but think that there was a time in her life that she wouldn’t have immediately assumed that a piece of furniture had snapped beneath her due to her size. When she had just been the “normal” kind of fat, or *even* the “woah mama” kind of fat. The distant memories of when she used to be a slender, attractive milf with big titties that sent all the neighborhood boys rocketing into puberty had just become a vague memory—almost like it had been someone else’s.

“Oh yeah. That sucker’s *gone*.”

Another equally fat, *almost* as equally busty woman strained her neck to see the tilt for herself. Like a pinpall table, that sucker had tilted hard.

“That… that shouldn’t be so hot to me…but … bu-but…”

“Then I’ve fully turned you to the dark side.” Sam piqued a prominent black eyebrow as she traced sensual stripes up the sharp slope of Harper’s spreading middle roll, “I told you that you’d like it.”

Sam Palmero had been seeing Harper since she was just a chunky MILF, and had eagerly helped her learn that men weren’t shit and that lasagna was a strong contender for solving all of her problems. As the two of them had chunked up good and round, growing in time with one another to the point where neither of them could so much as bend over anymore, it was admittedly growing just a wee bit out of control. With Harper’s ready willingness to intermingle her two greatest joys in life (food and sex) and Sam’s equal drive to help her broaden her horizons in both, was it any wonder that the two of them weighed a collective half ton?

“Gawwwwd I do…” Harper’s head rolled on a crease of neck fat, her hands reaching down to tweak at her saucer nipples, “I’m such a fucking *hog* because of you, Sammy…”

“Because of me? You’re the one who agreed to—”

“No. No. Listen to me. You did this.” Harper looked up at her, a certain stern steel beneath the horny porn face, “And I’m complaining about how *huge* and *fat* you’ve made me. Got it?”

It didn’t take Sam long to figure it out.

“Got it.” The immense Italian woman smiled, “Roleplay away, you hot hog.”

“You’ve… made me… so fat…” Harper continued huffing and puffing, squeezing her massive middle roll with stubby sausage fingers and quaking it up and down, “You’re just gonna keep making me bigger and bigger…”

“There won’t be a bed in town that can hold you when I’m through with you.” Sam ground against her girlfriend’s pillar thigh, “And there’s *nothing* you can do about it except lay there and let me fuck you and feed you fatter.”

“Oh. Oh yeah. That’s… that’s the stuff…”

Harper pulled the big woman close for a passionate, dry-throated kiss as Sam’s mass smooshed down on top of her girlfriend—an ominous creak from the still-standing portion of the bed sounding from the corner of the room…