Local housewife Flo Folly… isekai'd herself into the world of Coven of Calahree!

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When Flo had first arrived in Aemple, to say that she had experienced something of a “culture shock” was beyond understating it.

As she came to understand it, some*thing* involving some*one* named Calorie pulled those with the greatest “potential” from their homes in their own little worlds and brought them to this…

Well, Flo was never much of a *reader*. But it *looked* an awful lot like them Lord of the Rings movies that her daughter liked to watch. All low-tech and make believe. There she was, sitting with her friends one day gabbing with Carrie over a drink, and then the next minute she found herself out in the middle’a nowhere!

“I don’t mean to pry, but… *how* exactly is this gonna get me back to where I came from?”

Flo had never been much of a science person either. But Dr. Balala had been the first person to offer a solution since she’d shown up out in the Badlands just outside of Aemple, and she was hard up enough for a way home to trust just about anyone who said that they might have a way—even if they *were* green.

And the *last* green people that she had trusted to send her home had tried to sell her on some black magic bologna.

“Well, uh… y’see…” the good doctor cleared her throat, “In order to, y’know, *transport* you, I need to… uh… put… stuff inside you! Little minerals and things that my machines can pick up!”

“…I ain’t much’a one for science and all that, but how is that supposed to—”

“Listen, *who’s* the scientist here?”

“…I reckon you got a point.”

Flo Folly had never been all that bright. Maybe that was how she’d gotten into this predicament in the first place—she didn’t know. It was probably Karma, gettin’ back at her for scheming to make poor ol’ Carrie Cooleyfinger fat so they’d all look better by comparison. It felt like ever since she’d dropped into this place all she’d done was eat—she was damn near twenty pounds heavier than when she arrived thanks to those witches in that tower! Not to mention the owner of that Meat Stall, making sure she didn’t go hungry…

“Ohhh I just wish I could fit into any of my old clothes!”

“We’ll, uh… we’ll work on that!” Dr. Balala nodded emphatically, “After, uh… y’know… you get some of those… uh… *minerals*… in you. From the tube. Put it on. Please and thank you!”

The petite blonde woman frowned a bit before shrugging and fastening the harness over her head. The good doctor reached behind her and tightened the belt that went behind her neck, locking the tube into place over the mouthpiece.

“Nf ur furr fifh wih work?”

“…sure!” Dr. Balala smiled unconvincingly, “Just, uh… you might want to breathe through your nose for a bit…”

Aunt Rhonda Burkhart... is indulged with tons of gifts from a secret admirer - one who must like her plump!

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Being a single female lawyer in a state where most of the men you date would rather put a baby in you and stick you in the kitchen was hardly as fun as it sounded.

And yes, Rhonda knew exactly how fun that *didn’t* sound.

Getting married, having kids, and all of that domestic junk had turned her sister Jan into such a stick in the mud. For the longest time, she had just been content with fooling around with younger men—but as she was approaching the dreaded “late” thirties, she would admit that she was starting to feel like less of a cougar and more of a cradle-robber.

After all, those boys in the Magnolia dorms stayed the same age even as she kept getting older.

She had been skeptical about dating around her own age for the longest time—did anyone *really* know how to treat a woman anymore?

Obviously, *someone* heard her prayers. Because over the course of the past few months, someone had been leaving her treats and sweets galore! Apple Dumplin’s bear claws out the wazoo, enough chocolates to fill a candy factory, and so many cookie bouquets that she could plant a garden with them. Everything that her sweet tooth could desire could be found every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, delivered to her desk with some big red bow or vase of flowers or yet another stuffed animal to join her ever-growing collection.

“Whoever this is must know me pretty well—*you* didn’t even know that my favorite animals were polar bears, and you’ve been with the firm… what, a year?”

“…Ms. Burkhart, I’ve been your assistant for five years.”

“All the more time for you to realize that I like *polar* bears, not *panda* bears.”

Working for Ms. Burkhart had never exactly been easy. But what had started as a nice little way to try and bolster her boss’s confidence had really started to backfire. Emphasis on the *back.* Poor Kathleen had honestly just been trying to boost her boss’s self-esteem after a string of ugly losses in the courtroom, but who could have known that she’d become so *dependent* on them?

Now here she was, spending a third of her paycheck every week on increasingly larger gifts so that her boss wouldn’t think that her secret admirer was getting tired of her—because *God forbid* her “secret admirer” take a day off…

“Cancel my 11’o’clock, Kathy.” Rhonda commanded as she sidled her wide behind into a protesting chair, her tummy pooching out and resting in the hammock created by her wide purple skirt, “I’ve got to make a dent in these bear claws before they get all gooey…”

With a wiggle of her chubby little fingers, Rhonda’s half-moon face dimpled as she beamed down at the spread before her, her eyes glistening greedily with unearned confidence and intrigue as she continued to let the favors of her “secret admirer” wash over her sense of self and accomplishment.

Kathleen took a deep sigh as the chair beneath her boss squealed in disapproval of such harsh treatment. How much longer would this have to go on for? She knew that she was just enabling her boss—and depleting her own paycheck for that matter. But if Ms. Burkhart’s confidence went out the window, then she could say goodbye to ever seeing another paycheck again. After all, no clients means no money coming in…

“I’ll get right on it.” Kathleen rolled her eyes, “You, uh… you have fun now, Ms. Burkhart.”

Mrs. April West... enjoys an unexpected hookup with a member of her story's cast.

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There’s an old saying that whistles to the tune of “nothing good happens past 2am”. It was the kind of old country wisdom that April’s parents had lived by, and that she had found herself agreeing with as she had gotten older.

Most of the time.

The house was quiet. The smells of the night’s dinner still lingered in the warmth of the kitchen, even as the rest of the house had seemingly succumbed to the Winter’s night. Both of her daughters had fallen asleep after waddling back to bed with full tummies, lumbering swaybacked to their bedrooms and leaving poor Courtney to fend for herself on the couch. Alone, but not for long.

Ever since her girls had moved home, there had never been any surplus of baggy clothes for the apple-shaped blonde to swim in during the nights that she stayed over. However, the longer that these midnight rendezvous had gone on, it was becoming clear that the pool of hand-me-downs to choose from was going to wear thin sooner rather than later. As Courtney leaned back into the sofa, arching her back so that her stomach sloped fully off the couch cushions and fell between her knees, she let her jaw go slack enough that her host for the evening could fit another spoonful past her full pink lips.

“You’re hungry tonight, honey.”

“Haley…mm… doesn’t exactly leave leftovers.”

“My big girl.” April cooed, one hand traveling down in a slow sloping path down Courtney’s lily-white gut, “Can’t have you going hungry, can we?”

“No ma’am.”

Courtney’s head rose ever so slightly with the rest of the spoon, scraping every last morsel that she could off of its silver surface. Both hands laid flat along the uppermost swell of her gut as either of her bra-busting melons ballooned out to either side. She was shaped differently than the pear-shaped fatty whose pajamas she had borrowed—the bottoms fit fine (at least once upon a time, now they were getting snug) but Haley’s tops were woefully ill-equipped to handle her best friend’s bountiful cleavage.

April’s soft, maternal belly pressed against her secret lover’s expanse, the nude rolls and creases of age contrasting the vast hillside that made up Courtney’s expanse as they flickered in the candlelight. The faint scent of vanilla and clean cotton filled the house as April slowly descended onto one of her lover’s elephantine thighs. The older woman bit her bottom lip as she watched Courtney spoon herself another mouthful of pie, this time with her own sausage fingers and pillowcase biceps.

“You want me to rub your tummy, baby?”

“Mphmm… ysh plsh…”

“Good. It looks neglected.”

April pressed the warmth of her womanhood onto Courtney’s leg, one hand joining the other as it reached planetfall on Courtney’s globular gut. While her big blonde beloved panted softly through yet more meal, April bounced and grinded gently on Courtney’s knee, rubbing every ample roll and fold that she could reach.

The number of which was growing less so with every one of these secret meetups.

Headmistress Shannon Polluck... was the only skinny character in her story, while everyone else was HUGE?

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It wasn’t until Shannon inherited this academy from her mother that she realized just what an odd sort this place seemed to attract.

Teachers, students, even the faculty and staff. All of them were just so… *similar*. That is to say, in the most polite way, that each and every one of them were a little… erm…

There was more to go around than she would have expected, and—

“Polluck!” the brash, rash notes of Ashley Knight’s caterwauling brought Shannon from her internal puttering around the subject, “Mind giving me a hand here?”

“O-Oh! Um… sure thing, Ms. Knight…”

Shannon Polluck had not followed in the footsteps of her mother. Or her sisters, for that matter. Without ever really trying, she had just seemed to be able to *avoid* the unfortunate genetics that had made them all so big. While her mother was getting out of breath walking from one room to the next and her sisters were enjoying thirds at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, Shannon had somehow managed to stay rail-thin from childhood all the way until her late thirties—even year running this school hadn’t amounted to so much as a pound on her slender shape.

Her staff, on the other hand, had not been so lucky.

Ashley Knight had come to the hallowed halls of Buttercombe Academy as literally the best pick as far as a gym coach could be concerned. Decorated, a record-setting athlete, dedicated; Shannon had been sure that she had been the person best suited to turn this place’s abysmal track record around. But after only three years of employment, she was no better off than the Culinary Arts department. Or the Music Department. Or the English Department.

She wasn’t quite sure what it *was* that was plumping up all of her best teachers, but something simply *had* to be done about it!

“You got skinny arms, right?” Ashley’s round face creased around the double chin as she put her hands on either of her wide, *wide* hips, “Think you could reach in there and grab that coffee cake that dropped for me?”

“Sure! Can you, um… can you not reach it or something?”

“Fuck if I know.” Ashley’s flat nose curled to one side as she chuckled brusquely, her belly bouncing as it eeked out from underneath her jogging sweater, “I just don’t want to get down on one knee to find out. Y’know?”

“Oh, sure, uh… s-sure…”

She *knew* that she should have cut the funding to the cafeteria. There was simply no sense in being that well staffed in that one area of her school. But Eri was so *nice* and everyone was so *happy* with it and…

Ugh, she was just such a people pleaser!

“There you go, Ashley!”

“Thanks.” Ashley snatched the delivered snack out of her boss’s hand, “Oh and uh, Jen Walker wanted to talk to you about something… I think she wanted a “narrower scooter” or something? I don’t know.”

Shannon could only sigh as yet another problem was piled high onto her plate. Good thing she wasn’t a comfort eater…