Despite everything that she’d believed growing up, Cerys Porter had come to believe that her genetics were *not* her destiny.

It had been a hard pill to swallow growing up. Even before her dreaded “chubby phase” (in reality, a trip down chunker lane that had lead to her weighing three hundred pounds before her eighteenth birthday) Cerys had always been at odds with the laisses-faire attitude about weight that had come from her mother, her father, her aunts and uncles, her cousins… hell, even her little sister Carrie!

All of them—each and every one—had been as round as could be before Cerys was so much as old enough to have hit puberty. Her mother especially, seeing as how she’d been scooting around on a rascal by the time she’d gone on to middle school. Watching Hera Porter eat herself bedbound had been a hard thing for Cerys to accept, but the fact that her little sister Carrie was turning into a little brunette balloon right beside her made it all the more difficult to believe that it wouldn’t eventually be *her* one day, laying in a bed with a specialized, reinforced bariatric frame.

But, after lots of therapy and consultations with dieticians for most of her life, Cerys had finally managed to come out on top and be the *only*—emphasis there on only—member of the Porter Family that didn’t have so much as a double chin.

Hitting thirty at just around a healthy hundred and fifty pounds had meant that she’d had very little of the blemishes that had marred her former life as a little heifer. Some of the stretchmarks had remained, and there was a little more loose skin than she cared for, but all in all, Cerys was happy to have become the slender, buxom MILF that was the talk of the neighborhood.

Though, perhaps she’d let herself get a little *too* happy.

Reconnecting with her old friend Marissa Dupont and her wife Kennady had led her to see that not *everyone* from her old prep school days had been so lucky as to slim down—what with Marissa’s (*Moo*-rissa, they’d called her!) massive mams sloping down over fat belly as it fought her stretchy mom jeans from the inside… Cerys couldn’t help but have been just a *little* proud of herself for managing to get so slim!

After knowing that she was officially the skinniest out of her old friends (seriously, it wasn’t like *Arisa* was ever going to slim down) Cerys let herself backslide a bit. A soda here, a little takeout there… her pathological need to out-skinny herself had taken a backseat to the mentality that she could afford to indulge, if not just a little.

“Stupid… *pants*…”

Struggling to bring the flaps over her favorite jeans under the burgeoning gut that had swelled up and up in the months since meeting Marissa again, Cerys couldn’t help but think that she might have gone a little overboard.

But as the scale continued to creep up and up during her once-deferred, now-resumed Weekly Weigh-Ins, that number got a *lot* closer to 200 than she would have liked.