It hadn’t been *her* room since Haley had left after high school.

And while she wasn’t exactly *un*happy to be back home, Haley would admit that it didn’t feel much like home ever since she had driven back to Spartanburg.

Unable to make it out in Charleston on her own and without an apartment in her name, Haley hadn’t had much of a choice but to come back home. However, in the time that had passed since Haley had moved out, it apparently hadn’t taken long for someone *else* to move back in. Someone that had upset the balance of the West household greatly in her absence, whose effects Haley was still feeling even rooms away from the breakfast table.

*Boom.*

*Boom.*

“Good *morning* my extra special sausage~”

“Guh… g’mornin’…” Rocky’s fat face rippled with her slow, sleepy speech as she lumbered towards the breakfast table, “Hey Haley.”

“Hey.”

It had been six months since Haley had moved back in with her mama, and *two years* and six months since she and Roxanne had started dating. Honestly, her mama and a beat cop from Daven’s Port? Haley didn’t even know that her mother swung that way. And what she saw in Rocky’s fat ass, she might never know.

But the big blonde desk jockey very much claimed a space in the West house; a space that seemingly grew bigger by the day. She got first choice of every porkchop, had a say in whatever was on the menu that night, and almost always found a way to rope Haley in on snack runs whenever she wasn’t busy. Which *was* often, but like… y’know… she was *in school.* She should get a chance to lay around and be lazy since she was bettering herself.

What was Officer Reagan’s excuse?

“Mwah~” Haley’s mama planted a big wet one on Roxanne’s chubby cheek, “Extra cheese in your eggs, French toast, double sausage. Just the way my baby likes.”

“You’re damn straight.” Officer Reagan puffed out with a quick grab of Mrs. West’s big round ass as it jutted out behind her, “Thanks honey.”

“You’re welcome baby~”

Getting Rocky seated was literally a two person job. This bitch was so big that she had to plop down a full foot away from the table, only for Haley and/or her mama to nudge her forward until her stomach brushed against the edge of the table. Her whole, heavy body sloshed forward and side to side as Haley watched her mother struggle to haul that woman forward. Meanwhile, Rocky had the hungriest look in her eye even before she started heaving herself forward, towards her first serving of breakfast.

How in the fuck this cop had gotten a job in the first place at this size, Haley had no idea. But the longer she lived here, the more she had begun to suspect that she hadn’t always been this size.

Her poor mama had been taking care of this *mooch* for the better part of two years before she had moved in—Rocky’d probably gotten good and fat now that she had someone to take care of her! How her mama could let this slide, Haley couldn’t even *fathom*.

“Hey Hales.” Officer Reagan puffed from behind her meaty double chin, “Pass the syrup?”

Haley just rolled her eyes as she leaned forward and grabbed the Mrs. Buttersworth, trying not to gag as Roxanne *drenched* her tower of pancakes in the sweet, sugary amber.

“Ohhh you need more than *that* baby!” Mrs. West crooned, holding her girlfriend’s hand and forcing the syrup to continue pouring, “You’ve got work today! Here, just a little more.”

Haley couldn’t believe this—here her mama was, being taken advantage of by this… this… *mooch*!

Rocky didn’t deserve *all* of the syrup, dammit! Haley wanted some too!

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"Teeth, Rocky, teeth!"

It wasn’t *her* fault that the officer in question had become so accustomed to using the whole of her mouth whenever she was eating. If anything, it was her girlfriend’s doing that had gotten her so used to munching down on everything including her box—with all of the food that April pumped her full with, was there any hope of Rocky Reagan becoming anymore *more* than the eager overeater that was currently out of breath from literally laying against the headboard?

Her soft “sorry” couldn’t quite be heard through the muffling heft of April West’s meaty thighs. The heavyset housewife had sat on Rocky’s face in hopes of minimizing the amount of effort that her precious piglet would have to put into the act of making love, but it had put a damper on their communicative skills. Half the time, Roxanne couldn’t hear her girlfriend’s gentle requests due to her soft voice and the insulation between her eardrum and the rest of the bedroom, and the other half April was trying to steer her lover towards spots other than just those which were most readily available.

Setting up camp and going to town had slowly become Rocky’s preferred method of eating out; and while that wasn’t without its charms, she could fall into some bad habits when she slipped out of it.

Luckily, April had her ways of keeping Rocky fresh.

“Whuh… why’re you… sliding off?” Roxanne huffed and puffed, her double chin rolling out like a sausage underneath her jawline as she reclined against the headboard, “Did you… hff… cum?”

“Not *yet*…” April said with a little click of her tongue, her hand falling to rest on the summit of Mt. Reagan and its vast upward slope of stomach, “But I can tell you’re getting a little pooped, honey…”

Rocky wasn’t going to disagree. A long hard day of sitting at her desk, filing paperwork and running cases had left her beat. And while dinner and dessert had helped, there was only so much that a few warm meals at home with her girlfriend could do. She *was* tired. And she was secretly hoping that she’d done enough to get April off.

All that being said, when April pressed her hot, wet snatch against one of Rocky’s thighs, a familiar lust overwhelmed the hungry blonde. Her nostrils flared as April guided one of Rocky’s hands towards her soft, maternal middle. Down, down, off of her girlfriend’s tummy, and then onto her thigh. Then she pressed Rocky’s open palm against the warmth of her sex.

“You… want me to finger you?”

“I want *you* to tell *me* when I’m doing a good job.” April smiled, almost bashfully, as she reached for the stash of snacks that Rocky had *thought* were well-hidden in the bedside table, “Let me… ooh… let me lay next to you, honey. You just lay back and *relaaaax*…”

You did not need to tell Officer Reagan twice.

She might not have been the best at eating out, but she could *definitely* show April her appreciation if it meant that she had an excuse to eat through all her favorite snacks…

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“You look *great*!” Tara did her best to not sound like she was using her office voice when she said that, “Did you lose weight?”

The small amount of silence between the four of them told her everything that she needed to know; Roxanne could not be brown-nosed into favoritism based on compliments that were a) delivered during mealtimes, and b) clearly not true.

Where Haley hadn’t quite realized that Rocky and their mama were anything more than roommates, Tara had been able to sniff out what was *really* going ono whenever she called her mama from Charleston. Which was *often* because she was a *good daughter*. And that *should* have won her more points with the two of them, but here Haley was back as the Golden Child despite needing to move out once her boyfriend dumped her. Being home for the holidays was *supposed* to be fun, but it just felt so *awkward* now that her mama was…

Well, dating another woman.

When did she even decide that she *liked* other women?

“Nice try.” Haley elbowed Tara in the ribs with her elbow, “Next time, say it with a dozen donuts under her nose.”

The longer that this relationship went on, the more that Haley and Tara were struggling to accept the fact that they had a new stepmother in everything but name. Roxanne lived with their mama, she paid the bills with their mama, and she slept in the same bed as their mama. But more importantly than seemingly anything else in their relationship, Officer Roxanne Reagan *ate* with their mama.

A lot, by the size of her.

Unlike Haley, Tara had gotten to *meet* Rocky—back when she and Tara’s mama were just a little summer fling. She knew firsthand just how much weight Officer Reagan had put on since the two of them had started seeing one another; and reconciling that mental image of the trim, lipstick lesbian police officer with the belly-heavy feedbag barreled up to the dinner table with her tongue hanging out was becoming a more difficult task the longer that this relationship went on.

“Girls, would you like some more dessert?” Mrs. West finally asked, emerging from the oven with a tray of freshly baked cookies in hand, “That pie should be about cooled by now, and there’s plenty to go around!”

“The… wait… which pie?”

Roxanne’s baby blues were almost dewy with confusion. She turned to look at the kitchen counter, one pie just out of sight as she struggled on a full stomach to navigate her own heft. You would have thought that she was looking for oncoming traffic with the way that she was looking out for whatever her girlfriend was talking about cooling on the counter; Haley and Tara had come to know that look *well*—their mama’s girlfriend was far and away from being done with dinner, and with the way her lips wetted at the mention of pie, they almost started to doubt whether or not they’d be getting a slice.

“The one I baked for the girls, honey.” Mrs. West clucked, putting the tray of cookies down on the counter, “*Yours* is the lemon meringue.”

“Oh.” Rocky smacked her lips wantingly, “Is it, uh… is *it* ready too?”

“Of *course.”* April pinched her girlfriend’s meaty cheek, “Like I’d *ever* let my honey bunch miss dessert.”

*“Definitely not losing weight…”,* Tara corrected herself quietly, “*Not even close to losing weight…”*

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"Puh… pull it ouuuuuuut…” Roxanne mewled as another orgasm overcame her, “ahh… I… I can't… *reach* down there..."

The huffy hippopotamus sprawling over three fourths of Mrs. West’s bed was sweating bullets after such a rigorous amount of exercise. Laying there and getting fucked by her girlfriend and her girlfriend’s vibrator was a lot harder than it sounded on a full stomach—especially when April was so *quick*! How that big booty moved so fast, she might never know. But lord did she like watching it go…

“Nuh-uh.” April tut-tutted, pressing ever onward despite her girlfriend’s whining, “Not until *you* finish your *treat.*”

The huffy, hot and bothered blonde was exhausted. It was two in the morning and the two of them had been going off and on since dinner-time. She could barely *see* her vag, let alone *reach* it. She *depended* on April for this kind of thing, and the fact that she was being so forceful with this was just…

Okay, it was hot.

Really, *really* hot.

But at the same time, she was just so *tired*! And she had *work* in the morning. And April had to wake up and cook her *breakfast*…

“That’s a good girl.” April stroked the back of her girlfriend’s head as the fat dollop of cop suckled on her maternal teat, “Oooh… oh my…”

The thought of what April had in store for her in the morning was enough to coax out a fourth wind from the beaten beluga. Lifting one of her massive arms up, she pulled April in close and pressed her soft, flabby tit further into her face. Lips wrapped around the nipple, Roxanne suckled like her life depended on it—all while April continued to work her magic with the vibrator in a way that only a woman who had gone fifteen years without companionship could.

“A little… ahhh… softer, baby.” April continued to stroke the back of her girlfriend’s head with one hand, the other deftly maneuvering the extra-strength wand that was buried underneath her girlfriend’s stomach, “There we goooo…”

Roxanne was all but being steered by her snatch—the longer that this went on, the more dependent she had become on April for almost everything. Cooking, cleaning, household chores—now even just getting herself off was a thing that was almost impossible without April’s help! She knew that she should have tried to maintain a little more independence, but… but…

“*hahhhhhghhghhh…”*

Roxanne’s beady blue eyes blinked unevenly as another little one overcame her overshot pleasure centers. With her free hand, she palmed the vast dome of her stomach as it rose high in front of her. She could lose a damn hand between her rolls now—and it wasn’t supposed to be like this.

*Squish*.

Fat cops were a dime-a-dozen, sure. But *she* was supposed to be the one in charge. *She* had the uniform. *She* had the authority.

But something about April just made her melt into a pad of butter. Whether it was the cooking, the sex, or just having someone to take care of her, Officer Reagan just…

*Rocky* couldn’t…

“Oooh, there she is…” April clicked her tongue after Rocky came before she leaned in softly, “Room for one more, baby?”

She had barely stood a chance.