[Coin Flip—Harper Black.]

“Harper, honey, it’s time for dinner…”

Harper Black had spent her teens, twenties, and thirties taking care of everyone else. Was it so out of left field that her “ideal world” was one where she got to sit on her ass and let her girlfriend spoil her rotten?

“No no baby, don’t get up—let Rocky help with that…”

Roxanne Reagan straddled one of her huge, puddling thighs. The warmth of her sex spread over the top of her leg as the tiny blonde woman struggled to maintain her balance. Out of uniform, Rocky’s idealized body was perfect. No blemishes, no scars, and perfectly complemented by the dainty underwear that Harper had liked.

And Harper’s was anything but.

Huge and horny, Harper’s infatuation with food and the sensation of being fed during sex had gone a long way towards shaping the vision of this reality. When the coin had been balanced on her fat little thumb, Harper had been somewhere between worried and aroused at the thought of what might be on the other side. What a world, an ideal world, based on her newfound desires might hold.

And it hadn’t disappointed.

Harper was so big she couldn’t see in front of her. Just mountains of tit and acres of belly as she was propped up in bed. Her arms hung uselessly at her side as her jowls and chins insulated her jawline. Her shallow, excited breathing was hoarse from the huffing and puffing brought on by just *sitting there*. In her bed. Her uselessly doughy hands clutched at whatever rolls and folds they could reach, steadying herself as Roxanne began to feed her.

“You like that?”

Harper *loved* that. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she moaned hoarsely.

“I made your favorites.”

Everything was Harper’s favorite. All of it. More food, more sex. More Rocky. More naked. Harper wanted…

No, that’s a good place to cut off that sentence. Harper *wanted*.

After years of taking care of kids and getting screwed over, Harper’s id held such sway over an ideal world for her that there was hardly any higher thinking to it. She probably hadn’t spoken two words since she’d flipped that coin. Rocky did the talking. Harper did the eating.

Rocky did the other things too. The things that Harper really, *really* liked…

“You’re so big, baby.”

“Mfff…”

“I’m gonna make you into such a hot hog, Harper.”

“*Mnnn…*”

“Just gonna feed you and fuck you until you can’t get out of this house. And you’re gonna love every second of it…”

“*Nnuhhh…”* Harper gasped out excitedly, her heart pounding like a jackhammer underneath her fat-buried chest, “Muh… *moar…*”

“Greedy girl.” Rocky tapped Harper’s fat little nose as her neck tire rolled with the slight movements, “Just the way I like you.”

“Mm… Feed me…” Harper panted contentedly, stupidly to herself, mouth open and ready for more, “Want… *bigger*…”

[Coin Flip—Dani Gosset. Part 1.]

Dani knew in her heart of hearts that the life that waited for her at the bottom of those stairs wasn’t really hers. The bedroom that she’d been sleeping in didn’t belong to her, despite there being pictures of her scattered throughout. Little snapshots of her and her best friend Courtney on those photobooth strips, a photo of her at graduation, a big fancy diploma that said *her name* in Blackletter font. For all intents and purposes, yes, this *was* her life now.

But after a few months of living like this, it had gotten easier for her to push those thoughts to the back of her mind.

After a few months of living like this, it was going to be that much harder for her to go back to being poor white trash.

“Dani honey, breakfast is ready!”

But being Dani West, the pretty and friendly daughter who had gotten to spread her wings in Charleston for a while before coming back home more worldly and mature (and that’s *before* she got her degree!), sure beat the hell out of being Doughy Dani the burger joint waitress.

“Coming, mom!”

Dani threw the weighed blanket off to reveal a shapely, ivory physique. Unearned, but appreciated, it made plenty of sense that a lifelong fat girl like Dani would have a perfect world where she didn’t have a weight problem. Carved from her deepest desires just as one might carve it from ivory, Dani had been given the body of her dreams to go with what she had always seen as the perfect life.

A loving, doting mother. An older sister to overshadow. And no…

Just no *pressure,* you know? No need to prove herself. The freedom to screw up. The weight of the trailer park off of her shoulders.

A world where she had a mama to cook her breakfast every morning and dinner every night. Where she had a sister that she could tease around with and friends she could hang out with—like, actually *hang out* with her. And not just because they were roommates or they wanted weed.

And as she descended the stairs to the West household, the morning guilt sloping easily off of her soft, feminine shoulders, Dani couldn’t help but think that she had deserved it way more than Haley ever had.

…

“I don’t know how you manage to stay so skinny, Dani.” Courtney Klein’s chubby cheeks rolled with laughter, “If I ate like you, I’d be the size of a house!”

“Yeah, well…” Dani took a grateful chomp out of burger, her black lipstick never once smearing along the trajectory of her bite, “I guess I was just born lucky.”

Sure, she was a little smug. Maybe even a little unbearable at times. Who wouldn’t have been? Getting to do what she wanted, day in and day out, without having to worry about the things that had plagued her in her old life like her shitty metabolism or… fuck, *rent*.

No wonder Haley was such a brat.

“Does that mean you want to maybe order another plate of bacon cheese fries?” Courtney drummed her sausage fingers over her protruding tummy, “Not that anyone’s asking in particular, *juuuuust*…?”

“What the hell.” Dani shrugged, her hand instinctively reaching down to rest on a sizeable gut that was no longer there, “I wouldn’t mind topping myself off—do you want to call that fatass over here or should I?”

“Be *nice*.” Courtney could barely hold back her little mean-girl giggle, “She’ll hear you.”

“Over the sound of her gross, giant thighs rubbing together? Not likely.” Dani craned her neck past the partition to see a sliver of their usual waitress, “Hey Haley! We’re ready to order again!”

The sound of the metal springs and suspension squeaking as a heavy burden eased itself off of the red cushions at the bar filled the otherwise empty eatery. Fat feet dropped to the linoleum floor with a noticeable impact as her crocs dragged audibly against the tile.

“Oof… I’m comin’ I’m comin’…” the awkward swishing sound of her shorts rubbing between the nonexistent space between her thighs heralded her arrival just as readily as her booming footsteps or labored breathing, “Don’t go nowhere…”

Was it selfish of her to say that at least *part* of the reason why Dani was enjoying this Perfect World so much was that while *her* life was going great, Haley’s life was utter shit?

Seriously—Dani had slipped into her flighty frenemy’s privileged upbringing like a shoe with a perfect fit, and Haley was just fucking *floundering* in the space that Dani had left for her in this world of hers.

*Ugh*. Watching that fat bitch waddle up to their table was *so* good. No more nice hair care products to keep her bob from frizzing out. A trashy tattoo that she’d gotten fresh out of high school, stretched across that ham hock thigh like a badge of white trash pride. And she was so fucking *fat*! Sure Haley had been a fat, lazy cunt on the other side of that coin flip, but Dani just *wished* that she could show Haley what *she* would have done with her life.

That she could show this fat fucking whale how good she had it, and she didn’t even know it.

“Woof… that walk gets longer ‘n longer, I swear.” Haley was out of breath by the time she waddled across the serving floor, “Scooch that lily white butt over, Dan—Haley gon’ sit for a minute.”

Dani paused but found herself conceding to the request. She scooched over… a little more… a little more… until she was pressed against the windowsill!

“*Ahhhhh*…” Haley’s colossal weight made the booth seating buckle audibly beneath her as she filled the space around her with ass and gut fat, patting at the upper summit of her gut as it beached onto the table in front of her “Thanks y’all—I been on shift for *way* too long…”

Whipping out a noticeably damp notepad from underneath her heavy left tit, Haley clicked her pen.

“Now, whatch’all gettin’ for dessert?”

[Coin Flip—Olivia.]

Olivia knew that she had quite a few questions to ask herself when all of this was over.

You know, whenever she found that dumb coin again.

How she managed to get herself into this kind of a situation, she wasn’t sure. How *anybody* could have wound up here, Olivia might never know. But if she knew one thing, she knew it was certain…

Brooke and Olivia had no business being as hot as they really were.

“Liv*vie* open *wiiiide*~”

Olivia excitedly opened her mouth as her best friend since childhood delivered a plump, juicy piece of steak to her lips. She leaned forward, waiting on baited breath for another one. She drank in the sight of her bottom-heavy bestie arching her back and stretching her panties to their thinnest. With her little tummy hanging over the crotch and her hair down, Brooke was better looking than Olivia could have ever dreamed…

“It’s my turn with Livvie, chunky butt—” Olivia’s head turned on a swivel as busty Mikayla piped up with a hearty burger, “Big bite now, big girl…”

“Mmphrm…”

Olivia’s cheeks bulged and her double chin flexed as she chewed both bites at once, her eyes wide with excitement and her mouth caught in a tight smile.

“Back off, Mikayla.” Brooke furrowed her brow as she slid up to the side of Olivia’s stomach, “You’re gonna spoil her appetite.”

“Spoiling Livvie is what I do best though.” The chesty blonde chuckled deeply as she pressed her teeming tits over Olivia’s football-sized bicep, “Isn’t that right, Livvie?”

The noise that came from high in Olivia’s chest was not one that was easily defined—but it was one rooted in pure, unadulterated horny. As Brooke began to rub her sloping gut and Mikayla pressed her chest against her, Olivia was living in a fantasy that she didn’t even know that she *had.*

“I-Is that all?” Olivia asked hungrily, eyes darting between the sisters, “I’m still *so* hungry, guys…”

“Hm! Well, I guess we’ll just have to see what Livvie’s in the mood for.” Brooke turned up her nose before returning with another bite, “*My* home-cooked steak—supple, home-cooked, and *sinfully* pink…”

She waved the bite underneath Olivia’s nose, making her mouth salivate. Honestly, even after this short of a time in her ideal world, she wasn’t sure what turned her on more at this point. Brooke’s juicy ass or the pink meat she kept waving in front of her face…

“Or your gross takeout.”

“Um, just because Olivia likes big buns doesn’t mean your fat ass stands a chance at stealing Livvie away from me.” Mikayla straightened up enough to press Olivia’s head on her chest, “She’s *mine*—and I’ve got everything that she’ll ever need.”

“She was mine *first!*”

“G-Guys!” Olivia puffed out, her fat face burning red, “Don’t jostle me, or I’ll…”

URRAAAAAAAP!

Olivia’s long belch provided enough time for reflection.

“She’s right, Mikayla. I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, this is dumb—there’s *obviously* enough of her to go around for the both of us, right?”

Olivia could not explain the fear and arousal that she experienced in that fraction of a second that the words left Mikayla’s lips.

“Well… not yet there isn’t.” Brooke grabbed a handful of Mikayla’s middle and gave it a good squish, “Good thing there’s two of us, huh Livvie?”