[Coin Flip—Dr. Helen Schwartz.]

Speaking strictly as far as visuals go, the coin hadn’t been particularly impressive.

Oh, sure, it was a gold coin. By and large, a lot of coins from a long time ago *were* made of gold. So humdrum. Yes, it had a vaguely ominous if not moralistic saying engraved on it. What coin didn’t, and when *wasn’t* Latin not at least *vaguely* ominous? How boring.

But getting away from the details, getting away from the *science* of it all, and Helen very soon realized that she had found something not quite like anything else that she had ever encountered…

“Auntie Helen, did you want anything else while I was up?” Piper asked, arms akimbo as she looked over the spread she’d laid out for her mentor and step-mother, “

“Of course not meine leibe—come and sit with me!” Helen gestured with porky fingers to the space next to her, “I could use a belly rub if you’re in the mood to treat your favorite Auntie to one!”

“Sure thing, let me just check with Mom and make sure that she’s done cooking the empanadas…”

“Fine fine, but only because you insisted.”

As Helen nestled into the Black Family couch, ring of chin fat bunching along her buried jawline as her shoulders squished against her upper arm and chest fat, she made a few mental notes of what would need to be fixed come the next time she flipped the coin. The situation was *excellent* to be sure, but was this her “perfect world?” Absolutely not…

At least, not yet.

Getting to live in such luxury with one of her favorite people in the world and *officially* fill a parental role in her life while getting to hook up with Piper’s (incredibly hot) mom was one thing. And getting to live out her fantasies of being absolutely enormous was another! The artificial memories that flooded her mind with every coin flip told a story of pampering and affection and appreciation for her in a deep familial sense that resulted in her rapid growth outwards over the years.

But there were still improvements to be made—that much was for certain.

“She’ll bring them out when they’re ready.” Piper shrugged, “I think they’re cooling right now?”

“That’s fine, Piper—come und give me a rub.” Helen placed her hands on either side of the massive stomach that dominated the frontal view of her tiny, couchbound form, “Zere is a square foot or so that’s getting *veeery* neglected these days!”

“Okay, okay, I’m coming.” Piper chuckled, “Let me get the lotion…”

The space that she was referring to had begun to crop up as she continued to grow. She officially couldn’t reach that part of her body anymore; not that her tiny arms *not* being able to reach something was all that revolutionary, but still. It was incredible to think that in this further altered reality—a mere seven coin flips into her hypothesis—she could have become so vast so quickly.

She supposed that it helped having the Black Family around to help fatten her up. Harper to feed her, Piper to just sort of be there for her, and little Hunter to act as her protégé…

And Parker was there too? Kind of? She had ideas as to how Parker could better serve the family unit that she was creating, but nothing concrete yet. Maybe in her “ideal world” there was some room for her to perhaps be trained as Helen’s full-time replacement at Yeng? That would surely free up more time to be at home…

Ach—there was plenty of time to consider that. For now, there were far more pressing matters to attend to.

“Does that feel nice?”

“Oooh yes, Piper, you are doing fantastic.” Helen’s arms hung uselessly at her sides as she sunk deeper into the couch, “That feels *so* wonderful…”

“Well then maybe some snacks will make it that much more wonderful.” Harper’s voice came from the kitchen, carrying a tray of baked apple empanadas, “Wonderful snacks for *my* wonderful snack.”

“You are too kind.” Helen squished happily before opening her mouth, “Ahhh~~”

Harper diligently lowered a still warm and gooey treat into her wife’s mouth, beaming proudly as her super-sized second half chewed appreciatively of her attempts at authentic Mexican cuisine. Before Helen had even finished her first big bite, Harper had handed off the dripping, gooey treat so that she could ready a second one.

To Helen’s observation and recollection, it was behavior like this that had helped get her so huge in the first place.

Thus far, any attempts to put any more meat on her wife’s bones hadn’t been particularly successful. Maybe with enough focus, she could tweak it so that Harper was a little heavier next time? It was so hard to focus on the little things in the moment—she’d get it though! She had all of the time in the world, and enough experience to slowly work up from these small beginnings into a world that was truly ideal…

Well, “small” beginnings—Helen easily outweighed her old self by almost three times over now.

But they’d be small in comparison soon enough. She was certain of that much.

In the meantime, she had plenty to enjoy with things as they are right now.

“How did I do, honey?” Harper nestled in on the other side of her widening wife, free hand stroking Helen’s football-sized bicep bulge with a prominent black eyebrow piqued for approval, “Authentic enough yet?”

“Authentic, no—but I prefer anything that comes from your kitchen, any day of ze week.” Helen puckered her full lips for a kiss, to which Harper granted, “Ach! You snuck a bite! I can taste it!”

“Ugh, get a room, you guys.” Piper rolled her eyes as she rubbed the lotion into the portion of her step-mother’s gut that inched off of the couch cushion, “Children are present.”

“mmm… how about *you* go to *yours* for… thirty minutes?” Harper looked at her wife inquisitively, seductively, as she bit her bottom lip

“An hour, at least.” Helen felt her breathing quicken, “Maybe a little more…”

This wasn’t Helen’s idea of a “perfect world”. Not yet, anyway. But in time, she would get it there.

One coin flip at a time…

[Coin Flip—Hannah Hammond. Part 1.]

The coin does not make mistakes.

It appears where it needs to be.

And no one needed it, no, *deserved* this coin than Hannah Hammond.

Since she was a child, Hannah had been steadily trying to build her own ideal world. Or at the very least, build the people that she dealt with on a day-to-day basis into the versions of themselves that Hannah thought were more “perfect.”

Soft.

Lazy.

Dependent.

Greedy.

*Hungry*.

Words that made Hannah twitch and tingle with delight just thinking about them. Words that were only applicable to her Special Projects after she was done with them. After they’d been molded into the people that Hannah so desperately wanted them to be after such an adequate time spent working behind their back and turning their desires inward instead of outward. So when she was given a certain coin—one that could transport her to her a world that was shaped around what she viewed as “perfect”—it wasn’t terribly surprising when the world that she had been given was one where things were built around those very ideas.

Be soft.

Be Lazy.

Be Dependent.

Be Greedy.

Be Hungry.

And Hannah was in heaven.

“Hi Ms. Hammond!” the candy counter girl at the Daven’s Port hotel puffed out, crammed behind her station and barely trying to hide that she was sneaking samples for herself, “I-It’s good to see you!”

“It’s *very* good to see you…” Hannah said with a predatory purr as she gave her employee the up and down, “Keep up the good work, Zoey.”

“Mmprmh!” she gave two tubby thumbs up and sounded out her muffled response the minute that she was confident that she was out of her boss’s line of sight.

Everyone in the world—from the men to the women to the children to the celebrities on the gossip rags and the anchors on the news—was fatter than when she left them. To varying stages, of course. And after a few weeks of careful observation, Hannah could only reason that this was because her Perfect World was one where there was still a challenge.

No, she didn’t want a fluffy, inconsequential land where everyone was fat and loved it.

Hannah Hammond’s world was one geared towards her specific skillset. Manipulation and charm and deceit. Hannah didn’t want someone who was obese and loved every minute of it, she wanted someone who had been *subjected* to it. Someone who had fallen far and knew their place on the totem pole—and to have a whole world more easily geared towards being marked was quite literally the subject of many an adolescent fantasy for her.

“Mm! Good morning, Ms. Hammond!” Rachel Elvers squeaked out from being squished behind her desk, “I went ahead and ordered myself some lunch—do you want to join me? It’s just not the same if the best boss in the world isn’t there with me!”

Hannah Hammond’s perfect world was one where everyone was a mark, ripe for the ticking—and with the flip of a coin, she had found herself transported to a world where things couldn’t have been better for her…

Or at least, that’s what she had thought.

Over the weeks that she would spend, purposefully locking herself on the other side of her coin flip, Hannah Hammond would find herself a woman obsessed with fulfilling her base desires. In a world where everyone was so much more susceptible to her manipulations and where the consequences of her actions were all but null and void, Hannah had little reason to focus on anything *but* satisfying her desires.

Why *shouldn’t* she have made a trip every day to welcome the new girl to her hotel with a complementary lunch on the boss’s dime?

What reasons were there to *not* spend at least a solid hour with the bottom-heavy greeter who spread wider across his chair with every day he was stationed across from a vending machine?

When her secretary was so much more open to the idea of a romance between them, there was no reason to hold back on treating her to so many lavish meals and just watching her eat and eat and eat and eat…

Hannah Hammond had spent her entire life reveling in secrecy and the challenge that her schemes faced. In a world where the difficulty was taken down considerably, where the chance of failure was slim but not impossible, she had taken every opportunity that she’d been given to enjoy herself.

In that, she’d taken every opportunity to stuff everyone around her.

And in the process, Hannah surrounded herself with enough food to feed an army on a daily basis. There was no normalcy to ground her. The regular world that grounded her, the boring things like running a hotel or meeting with people who simply could not be molded like putty in her hands, was far more necessary to her process than a fanatic of her caliber could have ever realized.

So surrounding herself with all of this food, with all of this eating and indulgence… insulating herself in all of this fat… it wound up doing far more harm than good.

At least, in the long run.

No, the short term was filled with indulgences unlike anything that she had ever experienced before. Little runoff treats from her favorite fatties, feeding her by merit of just being in their orbit as they grew more and more planetary.

And with little resistance built up to pain in the face of overwhelming pleasure, it wasn’t long until Hannah Hammond began to feel the side-effects of such a life…