*Mia and Sofia…catch cabin fever, causing them to eat more, with predictable results!*

After a Covid-19 scare at your company, forcing everyone who wasn’t laid off to work from home, you and Mia had both agreed that it would be best for her to wait out the pandemic for as long as she could in the safety of another country.

Putting her dual citizenship to good use by hunkering down with your mother and sister in-law in a relatively safer environment while you waited things out. After all, with her weight as a pre-existing condition, her catching it could have potentially disastrous consequences. And with as much of a clean freak as Gabriella was, you doubted that any pesky virus stood a chance in *that* household.

Besides, they’d been ordering groceries to their door for years now; way since before it was cool!

Although, you would have been lying if you said that you didn’t have any ulterior motives in sending your wife to live with your mother-in-law…

…

Mia and her sister were both big women. Some of the biggest that you’d ever seen with your own two eyes. If you hadn’t sat down on the couch with them first-hand, you would have never believed that they would have been able to squish between the armrests without snapping the poor thing. It was built in mind for bariatric patients (with some of Gabriella’s Spanish flare sewn into the fabric—not that you could see it) and the two of them made sure that the poor thing got a workout.

Now that neither of them really ever left the house, it was getting more and more broken in every day.

“I’m so *bored!*”

Mia was the smaller between the two of them. A whole honey-skinned ham crammed into pajamas and her long dark hair a frazzled mess; it was clear that Mia wasn’t exactly suffering from much else other than boredom. Certainly not starvation, with her mama around. She had clocked in at just over one hundred and eighty kilos when she waddled off the plane, but as this whole thing kept dragging on, it was becoming clear that number was a thing of the past. As the pandemic raged on, her thighs had spread wider and her stomach hung heavier—now reaching down to brush against her knees during the increasingly-rare ventures off the couch.

“Tell me about it—like, what else is there to do *but* eat?”

In many ways, Sofia provided a sort of vision of the future for her sister. Having never moved away from their mother and been spoiled for most of her adult life, it was no wonder that Sofia weighed almost seventy kilos *more* than the heavy-hipped houseguest that squished the other side of the couch. A belly-heavy blob of pampered prima donna, even *she* had had it up to here with her mother’s incessant “comfort cooking”.

Whether it was because she was worried about the virus, or trying to make sure that her girls were well taken care of, Gabriella wasn’t about to let them do much else but eat their worries away.

*Cheyenne and Riley… make a “friendly” wager to get back in shape for the New Year!*

In another life, Riley might have been able to keep the Winter Weight off this time. But hanging out with Cheyenne and her friends had been a lot more appealing than getting in those early-morning stretches or those laps around the neighborhood, and they’d *certainly* been more appealing than doing any crunches or ab workouts.

It wasn’t much, about fifteen pounds, but she was supposed to be setting an example for all of her clients—Cheyenne included!

Ever since she’d started mixing business with pleasure, Riley had done a disservice to one of her most loyal clients when she needed her most; when Cheyenne’s weight was back on the rise, she needed someone who would be able to be firm with her and hold her back, not *enable* her out of fear of *alienating* her.

So she’d posed it as a kind of bet: whoever could lose the most weight by March would get a guilt-free “cheat week”.

One week of getting to eat whatever she wanted without having to feel bad about it had gotten Cheyenne’s gears spinning. The two-hundred pound chubster had fallen back hard on her bad habits after a year and a half of intense diet and exercise, and being food-motivated from the start certainly hadn’t helped things! The way she saw it, a little motivation was just what she needed—*especially* with a thick juicy carrot on the end of the stick.

But it didn’t take long for Avery to catch wind of it. Now that things were starting to get back to normal between them (read: now that Cheyenne was getting fat again and couldn’t make her feel like shit) she didn’t need something like this getting her off-track!

And so, another avenue of sabotage opened itself up…

Buddying up to Riley had been so hard for her. They hadn’t had much in common, their personalities didn’t click, and their schedules were only just barely compatible. But after discovering Riley’s weakness for Cook Out, sushi, and tacos, Avery had been able to at least get her to come out to dinner with her more often. Pushing her in the right direction, ordering appetizers and offering to treat her to a milkshake here and there…

And getting Cheyenne to start inviting her to their Girls Nights hadn’t been all that difficult with how close they were getting—it didn’t take long to make Riley’s influence on Cheyenne’s habits negligible at best!

“Well, I didn’t *gain* the most weight…”

Riley cupped her now perceptible paunch as it pooched over the waistband of her leggings. A full fifteen pounds heavier since January to Cheyenne’s twenty-five, making her the winner only by default.

“Well… I guess we know *I’m* not getting the cheat week.” The heavy-hipped porker sighed sadly, “God, how do you eat like… *everything* and only gain fifteen pounds? I’m so jealous.”

In truth, Cheyenne hadn’t been cutting back at all. If anything, having Riley indulge with them had only made her eat *more*, much to Avery’s delight. But, in an unexpected turn of events, the words rattled around in Riley’s head and did more than bounce off the walls…

“Well… a bet’s a bet, I guess…” Riley smiled, already picturing the big, juicy cheeseburger waiting for her on the other end of a drive-thru after her shift…

*Ginny & Griselda… in where the former gets stuck, and only the latter is there to help her out!*

The Coven of Calahree was one that required, above all else, loyalty to the cause of spreading their patron deity’s will across the mortal plane. The act of inspiring those around them to indulge themselves, slowly but surely removing any inhibitions to keep them from doing so, was their prime motivation, second only to finding the crystals that had portioned out Calahree’s power across the land.

Perhaps third should have been making sure that, in corrupting others towards their ignoble cause, they themselves did not fall victim to their own machinations.

Growing up, Ginny had always been “the pretty one” of the Grimoire sisters. She had also, outside of her natural affinity for magicks, never been a serious candidate to be “the smart one”. So it was no surprise that, when surrounded by a compulsion spell that slowly eeked outward from their tower, Ginny was perhaps the most affected by it.

It was as early as day one that she had started sneaking meals, taking extra portions, and waking up for midnight snacks—and as their scheme continued, Gabby and Griselda marveled at the downright impressive rate at which their sweet sister was gaining weight.

It wasn’t like they were in any position to *stop* her. They had hitched their metaphorical wagon to a deity that thrived on empty-headed gluttony; the exact kind of thing that Ginny was providing in spades! So, the bigger she got, the easier this whole “gain infinite power thing” was going to be…

In theory.

“GODDAMMIT GINNY, STOP SQUIRMING!”

“I’m *trying*!” Ginny wailed, “I told you we should have made this stupid circle wider!”

The transportation circle was the only way in and out of the tower. For Gabby and Griselda, going to and from Aemple to do their Lady’s work was no issue. For Ginny, who had been experiencing a “mysterious” issue with it around the time she’d popped out of her thirteenth dress, it was rapidly becoming an inconvenience. Now, the great green glutton couldn’t fit through it at all!

Stuck halfway between, caught by the circumference of her stomach, Ginny’s fleshy pillars of legs kicked on the ground below them, as visible from the tower window as the fact that she hadn’t been wearing panties that day.

Almost as wide around as she was tall, Ginny’s enormous stomach was her most defining feature in her Calahree-assisted growth, and it had been her undoing as she’d tried to slip through the blue symbol on the stone floor below. She was caught fast, her flabby arms propped up by the rolls that their circle had jacked up, it really helped paint the picture of just how *round* the youngest Grimoire gal was getting.

Griselda literally trying to stomp her through the portal was about as helpful as the chocolate she was eating.

“That hurts, Griselda!”

“SUCK IT *IN,* SISTER!” Griselda roared, stepping into the green puddle that was her sister’s belly fat, “AND FOR GOD’S SAKE, STOP EATING!”

“It helps me feel better!” Ginny bawled, “I eat when I’m upset!”

Eventually, with some less-than-divine intervention, the circle was magically altered beneath her. But it was becoming clear that the tower would no longer be able to hold the three of them… or at least, not Ginny.

With the Fairy Temple recently cleared out though, Lady Calahree had a purpose in mind for her Chosen Acolyte… and it involved a change of scenery…