

Hillary knew it was crazy.

There was no rational way to explain it.

Yet, she was doing it anyway.

Hillary walked through the park. Like she was a normal woman.

There were birds flying, people talking, kids playing.

Except they were all frozen in time.

Hillary stretched an invisible muscle, one that she didn't even know she had until this morning, and they all resumed, like someone hitting the play button on a paused movie.

Then she froze them again.

Hillary's mind was buzzing with the possibilities.

She could get so much work done now, and still have time to live her life to the fullest!

She had considered stealing money, then decided against it, as there were too many risks involved, and she didn't want to be brought down by her own hubris.

Besides, who needs money when you can just take what you want?

It was never much, just an odd hot dog here, a bag of chips there. But strangely, it seemed that eating food while time was stopped meant it tasted far better than when time was flowing normally.

Hillary kept this in mind as she happily skipped through the park, plucking any piece of food that looked like it wouldn't be missed and greedily stuffing herself.

She sat down on a park bench, licking an ice cream cone that she had snatched from a vendor about to go on break.

She soaked in the day around her, sighing contently, glad she would never have to worry about anything ever again.

"You're getting fat, Hillary."

Weeks later, Hillary was forced to realize some of the consequences of this power of hers.

She was enjoying a nice lunch in her cubicle, having finished her work for the day as soon as she sat down,

Megan, her office nemesis, was stopping by, looking as infuriatingly perfect as ever, her short dark hair framing an angular face.

Her eyes were focused on the small belly that was beginning to form around Hillary's middle.

Hillary just blushed and turned her chair around.

“Just trying to help. Don't want to be the office fattass now do we?”

With that, the black haired bimbo walked away.

She made Hillary's blood boil!

Then an idea came across her mind.

What if Megan became the office fatass?

And she had a good idea of how to make that happen.

A year later, and the plan was seeing some fruition.

“I just don't know why I keep gaining weight! I only eat lean meats and vegetables, but I've put on 80 pounds this year!”

Megan rubbed her thicker thighs to prove her point. Her wardrobe had not been updated to keep up with her rapid expansion, and her ass was torturing the seams of her skirt.

“Maybe you're sleep eating? I did that in college, and I didn't stop until I-”

Hillary let Megan's office friends drone on, as she smiled to herself, her plan having worked.

Each day, Hillary would stop time and feed Megan a steady stream of chocolate syrup, melted marshmallow fluff, and other delicious and highly fattening treats.

The result was the transformation of her foe from a head turning beauty to an out of shape flabby fatty.

Hillary ate another chocolate bar to celebrate.

She seemed to not realize that Megan was not in fact the office fatty.

For every pound Megan had put on, Hillary put on at least 2.

Surrounding herself with constant food, as well as having the temptation to use her powers to eat whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, had caused her to balloon.

Yet she never acted like she was any fatter than she was previously, and always ate well beyond her fill. It was just too good to resist!

If Hillary wasn't in denial, she would have realized that her powers gave her a huge advantage when it came to exercise, but the shy quiet girl was becoming rapidly drunk on the power she now wielded.

There was no telling just how big she could get.

“Huff, phew, it's... hot today...”

It actually was quite cool in the park, Hillary was just very well insulated.

Her weight gain continued unimpeded, as anyone who tried to point out that she was now nearing a quarter of a ton in weight would have daggers stared at them, and soon after find their own skirts tightening around their wastes.

She was clothed thanks to her time abilities somehow stretching out her clothes more than usual, but even that was nearing its limits.

Her gargantuan gut sloshed from side to side, between her pillar-like legs.

Her chest rested on her belly, offering more support than her meager bras could ever hope to give.

If time had been moving at a pace faster than a standstill, she would have had all of the park's occupants eyes on her, as she was a massively fat woman, far fatter than any of them would normally see.

There was a growing urban legend in the park, of a wind that carried away any food items not properly stored, as an explanation for the feasts she now subjected herself to on a daily basis.

She finally found an empty bench and rested on it, her impressive form nearly taking up the whole thing.

In her hand was a basket she had taken from a picnicking couple too distracted by each other to notice.

Inside she found various goodies, all of which tasted sublime. She found a bottle of lemonade and washed it down, relishing the cooling effect it had on her body.

“God, this is the life. She said to herself, as she enjoyed meal after meal taken from unsuspecting people.

Her eyes narrowed on one of the park's occupants.

Megan had taken up jogging in a desperate attempt to burn off all of her mystery pudge, and was obviously still failing.

The sight of her rival in too snug workout gear, frozen mid painful run, was something Hillary would enjoy for the rest of her life.

“Not everyone can have as much discipline as me, Megan,” She said as she began to bite into her second turkey club sandwich of the day.

“Some of us are born lucky.”