*Pheobe Lang, from a Respectable Size, has to gain weight for… some reason!*

The policy had to have been made with people like her in mind.

After all, how many other people of such a *considerable* size worked in this firm? Nobody else even came close to needing an office that large. And she was going to be damned if she was about to give up the second biggest office in the building just because some rich trust fund baby who waggled into this firm dick first and asked for it.

*Any person who meets, or exceeds, the criteria for Tier IV of the SSS program as mandated by our contractors has first claim to any unassigned office in the main building. Doing so will abdicate any claim to—*

Blah, blah, blah. It was public knowledge that one of the assholes with his name on the sign had been grooming his son through law school, and had all but promised him the big swanky office just below his. The office that Phoebe had been eyeing back since she’d started shopping at Lane Bryant, and God knows how long ago *that* had been.

“So basically,” she’d asked the legal department’s representative in a flat tone, “If I want to qualify for Tier IV of that… whatever program, I’ve got to gain even *more* weight?”

“The people at Yeng are very size-inclusive.” The mousy man said as he took off his readers, “It was a stipulation put forth when they financed—”

Phoebe had stopped paying attention almost immediately. The idea that she wasn’t fat enough already was a little funny, honestly. *Too fat* for a lot of things, sure, but not fat enough to get put onto this stupid disability program? Ha!

She’d make short work of that.

Already tipping the scales at just over four hundred pounds, Phoebe had been tasked with gaining more than a hundred pounds before that spoiled little shit graduated law school. Something that seemed a little excessive, but hardly unmanageable…

With the proper motivation.

Over the weeks and months, Phoebe became relentless in trying to satisfy and overindulge her carnal desire to eat. It had been no secret around the office that she liked to watch the revulsion that people felt whenever they looked at her, but she had gone to great lengths to ensure that she would spend her entire work day with something to snack on. Gorging herself ceaselessly, on the company’s dime where she could, in hopes of swelling herself further and further outwards.

By the time the prodigal son had emerged victorious from law school, Phoebe was sliding in her own documentation to be placed on Tier IV of the SSS program of her firm’s health insurance.

She had been so large that she’d gotten stuck in the chair that she’d sat in.

“Thank God that office has huge fucking doorways.” She puffed, steadying herself with a steering hand along the swollen sphere of her stomach, “I can’t… phew… I need to sit down…”

Collapsing onto the heavy bench that lined against the wall in the hallway, Phoebe could swear that she heard it splinter beneath her enormous heft. Her ass spread wide, *wide* along the varnished brown sheen and her stomach hung low over her knees as she puffed pathetically trying to catch her breath.

The last obstacle to her getting her office was… to actually get to her office!

*Flo Folly, from Bless Her Heart, takes on the responsibility of her friends’ diet!*

Among her friend circle, managing to shed a mere five pounds made Flo Folly the end-all be-all as far as diets went.

Granted, that was like shaving a pebble off of a boulder. Flo was still quite portly, as were the rest of her friends. After having slipped for so long, not a single one of her gal pals were under two hundred and fifty pounds. Some of them weighed quite a bit more, and those were the ones who were more desperate to lose the weight.

“Please Flo, you’ve gotta help me out.” Shelby mewled, clasping her chubby hands together, “I’m gettin’ so big my car door don’t shut if I don’t sit right!”

“Seriously Flo, you look great.” Dillon interjected, “What’s your secret?”

“Alright, alright, I’ll help y’all out.” Flo chuckled, her ego tickled beneath the chins, “I’ll give y’all my diet book and we can all slim down together.”

“Except for Carrie.” Shelby joked

“Except for me.” Carrie slurped on her soda, “Y’all know how I feel about diets.”

And so, Flo was given a new designation in their group—the skinny one, who would definitely slim back down and blow away if she weren’t careful! Another five pounds or so managed to fall off, and Flo even started believing it!

“Well… what’s one little cheat day?” she started asking herself on the way home from work, “It’s not like I haven’t been good…”

Lured into a sense of security and damned by faint praise, Flo began to backslide. It was subtle, at first, as the pounds came creeping back on where they’d once melted off. In the meantime, Dillon and Shelby had only managed to gain even *more* weight since following Flo’s advice! They were so distraught and, as the resident diet deity, Flo knew just what to do in order to help her friends out.

“Why don’t y’all empty out your pantries?” she suggested, guided by her stomach, “Bring your snacks over to my house and I’ll throw ‘em out! Rid yourself of the temptation!”

And they did as Flo suggested. Shelby and Dillon drove over, their cars filled with junk food and candy and pastries of all sorts, and plopped them down into Flo’s kitchen floor. However, their willpowers were weak. After less than three days, the pantries were refilled and any and all talk of losing weight was quietly dismissed.

But Flo had been knocked off of the wagon.

In just as much time as it had taken for her friends to forsake any thought of losing weight, it took Flo just as long to ease herself into snacking comfortably, then eagerly, from the piles of food that had been brought over. Flo’s appetite became so accustomed to the excess amount that, when it was finally depleted, she found herself buying more to replace it!

The results were predictable.

Their frequent Mom Nights became heralded by quaking footsteps as Flo only continued to grow and grow, urged by her false sense of security fostered by the ever pervasive “It’s just a little weight, I can lose it!” as it nibbled at the back of her mind.

Always shorter and now endlessly rounder than her other friends, Flo finally found herself admitting defeat, caught in Shelby’s doorframe. Belly first.

“Y’all?” she panted, puddling face beet red and damp with exertion, “I think I might need those diet books back…”

*Keeley the Comic Shop girl, from Caleb Cat & Cutie Pie’s, as (one of) the main characters!*

“Every girl is bi.” A meme she’d seen a few times had said, “It’s your job to figure out if it’s -polar or -sexual.”

Keeley had only ever dated dudes before Cat. The nerdy guys who came into the shop were closer to her type. She liked them a little husky. Fat guys had just always been what she thought that she liked.

But when she went into the bakery that opened up after work, in the same shopping center, and had seen Cat in those tight shorts and that tiny pink shirt. Those big blue eyes and that long blonde hair, her cute southern twang as she greeted her each and every time she walked through the door…

Keeley had never stood a chance.

She started going in there almost every day, just to talk to this mystery girl. Ordering things off the menu, and eating them there. Sometimes ordering even more, just because she didn’t want to go home. Of course, once Cat started giving them to her “on the house”, Keeley knew what was up.

It wasn’t long before the two started dating, and Keeley was privy to those thighs and that chest and her eyes and that twang…

And cupcakes. Lots and lots of cupcakes. And cookies and cakes and pies and peanut butter balls and everything else on the Cutie Pie’s menu. Giving food was clearly her hot new girlfriend’s love language, and Keeley couldn’t bear to turn her down.

Not when everything tasted so *good*…

Almost immediately after they started dating, Keeley started getting fat. Considering that they worked so close together, Keeley and Cat would often go see one another on their lunch breaks, where Keeley would get to play taste-tester for her southern belle sweetheart.

“I swear, they’re gonna have t

o tear down a wall to get me out of my apartment.” Keeley gushed as she bit into a sinfully gooey brownie, “You’re gonna make me so fat.”

“Oh hush.” Cat purred, running a hand up from her nerdy girlfriend’s doughy gut, “Don’t be blamin’ me for you havin’ a sweet tooth.”

Keeley bit her bottom lip as she felt Cat’s finger tips squeeze the upper tier of her stomach, sinking into the pudgy white softness of what Cat had increasingly often referred to as her “top tummy”

“Besides, I like that you’re all cute and fluffy now.”

Urged to eat more and more by her culinary queen girlfriend, Keeley soon became unrecognizable from the blue-haired sprite that used to work behind the counter at the Rancor’s Nest. Now she was a billowing, lumbering ball of ivory-white chub, her features buried behind inches of thick blubber. Barely able to take more than a few steps without having to stop and catch her breath, Keeley was quickly becoming ill-accustomed to life in retail.

“You ever thought about workin’ from home?” Cat asked

“What, like Homer Simpson in a muumuu?” Keeley snorted, “No thanks.”

“I was thinking more… pantsless? With me?” Cat traced her pointer finger in circles around an inch or so of Keeley’s ocean of stomach, “And snacks?”

Keeley blustered, fat face burning bright red as she began to shovel her mid-morning snack into her mouth faster and faster…