II

“You think you’ve got enough to eat there, hun?”

Even when Betty wasn’t drunk in the middle of the day, she could still be pretty passive-aggressive when it came to the continued rearing of her now-adult daughters. Never mind the fact that she was the one who had cooked breakfast in the first place, or that her portion was just as large as Skylar’s was. Betty was just as guilty of the things that she regularly chastised her youngest, plumpest daughter for—but was, apparently, going to let her *other* daughter off scot free with.

“What the fuck, mama—Holly’s got just as much as I do.”

“She’s got a big day ahead’a her!” Betty’s arm wing jiggled as she gestured towards the curly-haired brunette as she stuffed her face with pancakes, “I don’t know how many calories a day she needs in order to do her job at BMW, but it’s a far sight more than you need to go to your little class.”

Skylar rolled her eyes and tucked back into her breakfast, with Holly mouthing a silent “sorry” from the other end of the living room. These little “family meals” weren’t anyone’s favorite part of the day. With Mama on the couch, Skylar in the La-Z-Boy, and Holly leaned up against the bar counter, she was the only one who didn’t have a TV tray. Normally, she would have been the first one done. She’d put her dishes in the sink and be out the screen door, off to work.

But she was having a little trouble fitting it all in today.

Even after two weeks of eating bigger portions, she was still having trouble not feeling stuffed. Like, distractingly and uncomfortably stuffed. Her little belly had always been there (a necessary evil when it came to having a chest like hers) but now it always felt like it was pushing against or porking out from anything that she tried to wear.

Which, she supposed was the point.

“Welp… that was fun.” Holly burped sickly as she tried to put on a happy face to help sell a look of ‘definitely not ready to pop right now’, “No offense Mama, but I think I’m gonna stop by McDonalds before work though. You know, have a little top off.”

“Aight, don’t let me stop you then.” Betty said with a flick of the channel and a dab at the corners of her mouth with a napkin, “Have a good day at work, hun. Make that money!”

Holly and Skylar’s brows furrowed for different reasons, but in what ultimately came down to their mama being almost clinically checked out in her favoritism as she was when it came to her hypocrisy. Where Holly was upset that what felt like her billionth attempt at getting a rise out of Betty was getting nowhere, Skylar rightfully felt offended that Holly could pig out right in front of everyone, announce her plans to go stuff her face even more, and not get called out on it.

If *she* had said something like that, their mama would have gone on a tirade about how this generation was soft, how she’d let her grandparents spoil her too much, and how she was never going to find anyone to knock her up and get her out of this house if she kept stuffin’ her face.

“Bye Hol.” Skylar said bitterly as she gnawed on a strip of bacon.

“Bye Skye.” Holly waved awkwardly as she stepped outside.

Shutting the screen door behind her, the curvy brunette rubbed a hand across her full-bodied beer belly and hauled herself to the car. There was no *way* she was going to be able to follow up on her idle threat to go to McDonalds… maybe for lunch though.

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Despite getting the Betty Kleinschmidt seal of approval for a “real job” working on the line, Holly’s actual responsibilities at work weren’t all that difficult.

It had been a solid year since she actually worked on the line. Now that she had been moved up to quality supervision, she basically got to stare at car parts all day and tick off boxes. Even with the dramatic backswing on her checkmarks in those little boxes, the worst that could ever happen to her here is a little carpal tunnel—and that’s after *years* of staying in the same place. Which, hopefully, wasn’t in the stars for her.

However, the upside of a simple and mind-numbing job (outside of the pay) was that she had been working there long enough that she had made a few friends along the way.

Ones that were understandably concerned about her plan to fatten herself up just to get at her mama.

“Okay it’s not *just* to get back at mama, let’s get that clear now.” Holly extended a finger Meagan’s way from across the break room table, “It’s so that Skye doesn’t have to go at this alone. It’s gonna be a good, long while until she can get a good enough job that she can move out of that trailer, and I’m sick and tired of her gettin’ picked on. So if I gotta throw back a few more beers and tuck in some fast food to help her out, I’ll do it.”

“You could always just… *talk* to your mom.” Her shorter, stockier companion said in disbelief, “You know, explain that she’s being a cunt.”

“You clearly ain’t never met my mama.” Holly chuckled before taking a big bite of burger, “Mm… no, the best thing that I can do for Skye is to take some of the load off of her. At least until she graduates next semester.”

“You’re gonna stuff your face until *May*?” Meagan’s jaw dropped, “Holly, honey, that’s insane. Your sister’s been putting up with this her entire life—you don’t *have* to wreck your body just to help your sister out.”

“I ain’t wreckin’ nothin’—I’ve never had a problem with my weight before. I’ll just lose it once Skye gets that degree and she can rub that in Mama’s face before she moves out.”

Meagan looked down at the spread of McDonalds that her coworker and fellow supervisor had ordered, as well as the vigor with which she tucked into her double quarter pounder, and figured that there wasn’t much use in trying to change her mind.

Surely Holly would wake up and smell the Crisco before it was too late… right?

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Over the coming weeks and months, Holly did everything that she could to increase her calorie intake in ways that were as obvious as possible.

At first, fitting in all of this extra food was hard for her. Despite the rest of her family being certified couch potatoes with hollow legs, Holly had never been drawn to the sorts of things that had ultimately resulted in further weight gain for her mother and her sister—at least, not the overeating part.

But after so much experience stuffing her face, it felt *weird* not to grab her customary Beefy 5 Layer Burrito after work.

“Think you’ve had enough, Hol.” Hearing her mother’s scorn from behind her, Holly stiffed up a bit and brought her belly off of the fridge shelf, “Keep eatin’ like you have an’ I won’t be able to see the fridge light behind you.”

Holly smiled, satisfied with herself as she grabbed a can of Pepsi, and hip-checked the door shut.

In the time that it had taken for Holly to put on forty pounds, it had taken less time for her to fall out of her mother’s favor. Somehow, having another “ugly” daughter upset her more than the fact that Holly hadn’t moved out yet, or that Skylar had become increasingly distant and scarce around the house after that last big blow-out fight and the stress of finals began to crop up. Holly had been a mouthy teenager and decided not to go to college and regularly fought with her mama, but apparently “getting fat” was the top of the list of the worst things that she could do.

Laying around in her pajamas all day when she was at home was two-fold. It let her little tummy flop out, but it was *also* so she could get out of her tight clothes. Everything in her wardrobe was constricting as it hugged her fleshy body—from bras to shirts to pants, even panties! Elastic waistbands were going to be this girl’s best friend until she managed to get to the store and upsize her wardrobe…

Hopefully it wouldn’t come to that, though. May was just around the corner, and Holly was sort of banking on being able to keep her old wardrobe…

“Sheesh. You’re gonna wind up like me an’ your sister.” Betty groused as she waddled to the fridge and grabbed a Diet Coke, “If you ain’t careful, we’re gon’ have to roll you to work every day.”

Holly could take a couple of hits from her mama. She’d always been better at it than sweet, soft-hearted Skylar had ever been. She took to her mama’s newfound foothold about her weight like an old pro, both fully convinced that she could just lose the weight in no time after May *and* self-aware enough to know that her mama was just some washed up hick trying to knock her girls down a peg or two.

“I guess I have gotten kinda fat lately, huh?” Holly chortled as the pinched an inch of her soft belly chub, “Oh well, it ain’t a big deal.”

“NOT A BIG D—”

At this rate, Betty would either blow a gasket and stroke out on her, or she’d at least be too tired to scream at Skylar when she came home from the library. As long as Holly could protect her sister this way, at least for long enough for her to get her degree, there was some merit in pissing off her mama like this.

And, she’d be lying if she said that she wasn’t enjoying getting to eat whatever she wanted…

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“I’ll… show… ‘em…”

The elliptical creaked and groaned, rocking slightly from side to side as Skylar’s big round ass sloshed and clapped against the back of her fat thighs. Her gut pressed awkwardly against the handles as sweat trickled down her face—another person’s cosplay of a character that she wanted to finally do after so many years of awkward plus-size iterations of characters sat on the cupholder served as thinspiration.

“I can… I can do it…”

Skylar had found going to the gym after classes cathartic. Which was surprising. But it came with her tuition and enrollment into community college, the least that she could do was to use it. Getting healthy and destressing was one thing, but the real reason that she had started coming was just to avoid coming home.

But now that she was finally starting to see results, Skylar knew that she couldn’t quit. Not now.

“I’m… I’m ‘on get…” Skylar’s voice was ragged as she picked up the pace, struggling to lift one elephantine leg high enough to keep pace with the other, “Real skinny… an’… and…”

The faint metallic beeping of the elliptical’s timer going off freed her from having to expend the energy to finish that sentence. Finally, she could collapse into a chubby pile on the bench in the changing room.

“Oh… oh gawd…” she huffed and puffed, her throat sore and her voice hoarse, “That’s… that ain’t gettin’ any easier.”

But despite the fire burning in her chest, Skylar *was* satisfied to admit that it hadn’t been as bad as it used to be. Since she’d lost some weight and her muscles had gotten used to the workout routine—mainly just her getting on the elliptical or the exercise bike to start off, but she’d thought about spending some time on the treadmill—it hadn’t been nearly as unbearable as it had been when she had first started.

She was sick and tired of being the Fat Sister. And though Skylar doubted that she’d ever be *skinny* in her life, she had come to feel that with enough hard work, she could at least build up some confidence and shrink back down to a manageable size.

“Maybe now that Holly’s porkin’ out, mama’ll yell at *her* for once…”

Skylar wiped the sweat from her brow and waddled sore-legged into the changing room…