Dillon Duncan (Bless Her Heart)…

“That little piglet of yours sure is following in your footsteps, huh Dil?”

“I… hahhh… tried’ta warn her…”

The idea that Dillon Duncan was bigger around than she was tall was ludicrous in and of itself. Only in America could a woman of her expendable income and her utter lack of self-restraint truly get *that* fat. She wasn’t a short woman, either! Dillon used to stand a proud six feet with an inch to spare before she started to balloon outwards like the had—the weight around her actually compressing her height down by an inch or two. Dillon being bigger around than she was tall would have meant something *entirely* different than if it had happened to, say…

Her good friends, Shelby Sullivan and Flo Folly.

But naturally, that’d never happen with their personal garbage disposal always hanging around.

Out of the three southern mothers, Dillon had the biggest uphill battle when it came to keeping weight off in the first place. Sure Flo was short and Summer had that lazy thyroid, but she had been championing church bake sales and Milton High cake walks for years as their girls were growing up. It would have happened to her *eventually* whether or not her friends had decided to step in and hasten the process along.

“D.W.’s appetite got her kicked off the cheer squad… outta the whole wardrobe we got her *last year*…” Dillon seemed more weighed down with the stress of raising her rapidly expanding daughter than she was the actual weight that literally piled around her in all directions, “Now she’s dippin’ into *my* hand-me-downs… I just don’t know what to *do,* darlin’…”

Luckily, Shelby and Flo didn’t need to be in any rush to provide their friend with an answer. Because whenever Dillon was stressed, she ate. And whenever *she* ate, that meant that the other two could go temptation free—they could eat their fill, and then Dillon would clean their plates for them. And then a few more. Probably a few more after that too. Keeping their friend fat and adjusted to this amount of intake was the uphill battle, after all. Couldn’t afford to get lazy now…

“Oh don’t be like that, hon.” Shelby couldn’t even reach her arm’s length around her friend’s enormous top half as it splayed out huge and heavy between her legs and towards the floor, “D.W.’ll straighten out eventually.”

“Yeah sug, she’ll be fine.” Flo nodded with dismissive consolation, “You want the rest of my pimento cheese ‘n chicken sandwich?”

“Mmph… yeah…” Dillon gnoshed through her latest mouthful, “If you don’t eat it, and *I* don’t eat it, then D.W. might find it; she’s been huntin’ down everything in the house to see if Loris missed any snacks.”

“That’s a *great* idea.” Shelby smiled like a porch cat would at a dish of milk, leaning onto her friend’s massive fluffy side to tap on the great mass of her middle, “Getting rid of all that temptation will do her butt some good.”

“Yeah.” Dillon belched out in a pained sort of way, clutching pitifully at what little she could reach of her expanse, “Way ahead of you…”

Brooke Wider (I Made My Sister Fat)

It was safe to say that Mikayla Wider had played a large part in making her sister fat.

Y’know, up to a certain point.

It wasn’t like she was hand-feeding Brooke cupcakes every hour of the day or anything. She hadn’t been able to follow her to work, and she hadn’t watched her for every hour of every day. But in her spare time, the busty blonde had been able to ensure that one way or the other Brooke’s waistline was going to suffer the consequences of all her stupid, snarky comments.

She’d started pulling the strings where she could—the usual sort of stuff she’d seen on TV when she was growing up. Swapping out the regular and diet foods for their full fat (or in the case of Brooke’s favorite, Oreos, Double Stuf’d) counterparts, tempting her with her favorite treats from the Bean Machine, and in general just waving as much delicious snacks in front of her sister’s face as often as possible. Brooke already had pretty shitty self-control, so it hadn’t been all that hard.

But at a certain point, things had gotten…

“*Mmmmmmmphmmmm…*”

…a little out of control.

Brooke’s toes were too fat to clench all the way, but they kicked excitedly back and forth as she fed herself another spool of spaghetti. Her beady brown eyes flashed hungrily behind softball sized cheeks that dimpled around the corners and melded seamlessly into her insular double chin. Hammy biceps lifted from but never left from Brooke’s fleshy sides as Mikayla’s older sister struggled to even feed herself. She was forced to lean forward ever so slightly into the prongs, an action that elicited a little ‘hh’ out of the couch-sized code-monkey. Her excited little movements rippled and swayed in her bloated body, breathing heavily as she enjoyed her latest course far more than a “little too much”.

“That’s… mmm… that’s the stuff…” Brooke commentated absently on her spaghetti plate,expression glossy and glazed as she stared down what remained of her latest meal, “*So* good…”

In hindsight, getting her sister into the “treat yourself” mindset had done wonders for her attitude. She didn’t walk around all bitchy and grumpy all the time now that she had an outlet for the stress that she felt at work, and once she’d sort of made the link between her younger sister and food being related, Brooke stopped being such a cunt…

At least until she went too long without a snack. Then it became less about *tempting* Brooke and more about *placating* her.

“We got anymore garlic bread?” Brooke asked breathlessly, looking wantingly at her younger sister, “M’*starved*.”

Mikayla knew firsthand that that statement was just untrue. Not only because… well… *looking* at her was proof enough that Brooke hadn’t gone hungry in quite some time, but also because she had inadvertently helped her get to this point.

After all, Mikayla made her sister fat.

Mikayla Wider (I Made My Sister Fat)

“Kaykay, breakfast!”

The word alone was enough to make Mikayla’s eyes shoot open. Her mind was still groggy, steeped in the vestiges of sleep. She wouldn’t be fully awake until after breakfast. Maybe not even until lunch. But then, the meals blended together so often now that there really wasn’t a distinction between them. Besides, it wasn’t like she was going to write an essay or anything—riding on autopilot in the mornings was *normal*.

Some people didn’t wake up until they had their morning coffee, and Mikayla didn’t wake up until she’d eaten her weight in breakfast burritos.

“M’up.” She said in a loud, slightly demonstrative tone so that the woman on the other side of the door could hear her, “C’mon in.”

The door opened and Aunt April toddled inside. A big woman to be sure, but the width of her ass and the softness around her tummy weren’t the reason why she was struggling. The first lap desk had been stacked high with artillery rounds of egg, bacon, and cheese with a reservoir of things like salsa and sour cream for her niece to pull from. It wouldn’t last her all morning to be sure, but that’s what the second lap desk was for—while Mikayla gnoshed her way through the first round, her aunt could load up the second. It really had been such a smart investment—this saved her *so* much time and kept Mikayla from having to wait on her for too terribly long.

“There’s my favorite girl!” April said in a coochy-coo sort of voice before correcting herself with a laugh, “Don’t tell Haley.”

“Won’t.”

Bringing her huge arms up and resting them over her balcony of tits, Mikayla had been so spoiled and coddled since she moved in with her Aunt “for the Summer” that she didn’t have the energy to form full sentences before noon, let alone let it slip to her cousin about her mom’s dumb joke. Why in the world Haley and her sister Tara would have ever wanted to leave home was a fucking mystery—she got literally she ever wanted here, and without having to worry about paying rent.

*Or* share with Brooke. That fatass could have the whole house to herself and lez out with Livvie as much as she wanted, and Mikayla could just sit back rent-free in Tara’s downstairs bedroom without a care in the world.

This was legitimately *the life*.

“Oops, looks like you need to pull your sheet up a little honey.” Mrs. West clucked, tugging the large swathe of fabric up to cover a portion of her niece’s unsheathed saucer nipple, “Theeere we go.”

“Fankfs Aunt Afril.” Mikayla mooed through her mouthful, “Keep ‘em comin’ though, huh? M’starved.”

“Of course.” The older woman said, overjoyed to have a surrogate daughter to occupy herself with while her girls were away, “Back in a jiffy!”

Part ?:\_\_ Taylor (From Cheer to Beer)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Taylor’n I been friends since we were kids.

An’ lemme tell y’all, we are *awful.*

She’s always been a party girl—we’ve been partyin’ together since we were li’l babies fresh outta high school. Goin’ over to her and Justin’s trailer all the time, partyin’ an’ gettin’ drunk. Stayin’ up late gettin’ high with her brother-in-law and watchin’ anime an’ shit…

Like hell, I might be unemployed, but it’s a hella lot better’n goin’ to college ever woulda been. I’m glad I never went off n’got all brainwashed like Kelsey did. Taylor’s had my back since day one and I got hers—we were each other’s maids’a honor y’all. You don’t just turn your back on that.

Shoot, we *usedta* be neighbors. She and Justin lived right up the street. The they got divorced, he left, and she got fat.

Well—fatter’n she already was.

Like hell, I know I ain’t exactly skinny either, but you shoulda seen the size of her. Y’know they had to knock out the damn wall to get to her? That’s some fuckin’ *Maury* shit right there. I almost wanna brag that I knew Taylor from back when she was *skinny*—ain’t nobody but me and her ex-husband can really say that now. ‘Cept her parents, but that’s…

Whatever, y’know what I mean.

Hell, she could say the same ‘bout me. We both done porked out somethin’ fierce since we were cheerleaders. But I can still like, walk around’n shit. Tay’s like a big ol’ waterbed on legs. She’s gotta take it *slooow* or she’ll buckle underneath all that gut she’s gotta lug around. I know you ain’t gotta frame’a reference or nothin’, but like… her belly hangs down past her knees, y’all. She’s a big girl.

Fuck—I shoulda known better’n settin’ her up with Ricky. Like Justin wasn’t shit or nothin’, but me’n Ricky’d fucked around off’n’on for years an’ I knew he liked his ladies big firsthand. Tay didn’t cum until she started foolin’ around with him anyway; I thought they were a cute couple. Hell, I’m prolly the reason they lasted as long as they did. He spoiled that girl *rotten*—if he made half as good a husband as he did a boyfriend, they’d be hitched to this day.

Instead, he just done made her fat and ran off with that big bitch from the fish camp.

She’s *big* y’all, I know you don’t believe me. But she’s in talks for a TLC show—somethin’ like *My Thousand Pound Life* or somethin’ like that. All she does is sit in bed all day stuffin’ her fact while her momma ‘n’ daddy take care’a her kids for her. No job, no responsibilities, and you know that fat fuckin’ bitch is still gettin’ dates? Ugh, my wide ass ain’t had dick in three years and she’s gettin’ that little geeky kid we went to high school with to slide under her and lick her cooch.

Must be the fuckin’ life.