*Harper Black… is invited to multiple Thanksgivings, and stuffs herself!*

The best part about having all of these boyfriends had to have been all of the extra attention.

As a single mother of three, edging further and further past forty with each passing day, Harper had always felt that she deserved a little extra attention. Why shouldn’t her boyfriends have invited her over to Thanksgiving? She was Meet the Parents material! Mature, stellar eighties fashion, and a big personality—she honestly should have been renting her services out as far as holiday dates went.

Dating three men at once hadn’t been the smartest option though. Especially not around Thanksgiving.

It had been hard enough to configure their schedules without seeming too suspicious. The last thing that she needed was for all of this to come crashing down on her. Then all of the presents, the casual sex, and (possibly much much worse) all the free food would dry up like a well in Summer!

Harper had gone to David’s house the earliest. His family were all Italian-American yankees, so they made plenty of food to go around and weren’t particularly enthused about Harper in the first place. That much made sense. The stuffed herself on gnocchi and cured deli meats, barely making a dent in the turkey, before she headed off to Michael’s.

Michael was from a southern Baptist family. Tightly-knit and wary of outsiders, even if they were outwardly very warm and affectionate. They practically stuffed Harper full of macaroni pie and candied yams, to the point where the button on her jeans literally popped off mid-meal and she hadn’t noticed it.

She had been ready and willing to call Peter and reschedule—his dick wasn’t all that great anyway—until he had said the three words that Harper had wanted to hear since the day started.

Cheesy Mashed Potatoes.

She drove up with enough forced that the car lurched forward as she put on the parking brake, hefting one leg out with a wide berth and a taut gut rounding. Her boot cut jeans were unbuttoned and her white blouse untucked, stylish leather jacket parted wide along the middle so as to let the curvature of her stomach droop forward in all of its glory. Harper Black had simultaneously owned the driveway and made a complete embarrassment of herself in one foul swoop of her stuffed stomach.

“Hey baby, you didn’t have to hurry, it’s not going anywh—”

“Less talking, more potatoes.” Harper puffed out desperately, hefting herself up the stairs, “Oh Christ I ate too much…”

Michael’s family was aghast at the strange woman who had made herself known an hour after dinner was officially finished, and who had parked herself at the dinner table when no one else was there. In front of the cheesy mashed potatoes. And eaten them all with a side of turkey and biscuits.

Harper had never felt so full in her life—not even when she was pregnant and her belly was literally full with another living person.

“Harper, baby, are you alright?” Michael asked in a low voice, “You’re acting kind of crazy today—”

“S’the holidays.” Harper belched, “Y’got any… special leftover plates or should I just make my own?”

*Ashley Knight… stuns her family with her added holiday pounds!*

Ashley Knight’s big ass, big mouth, and big attitude were all genetic.

She’d been told so for most of her life growing up, and had refused to believe it. The first part anyway, the other two were more or less certified by the fact that her whole family held as many hard opinions on soft matters as she did.

But that first part—she took exception to the idea that she was genetically predisposed to having a big fat ass like her sisters. And her cousins. And her mama. And her aunts. And her Uncle Ricky.

It was at least part of the reason why she had tried so hard when she was on track team in high school. Keeping that slender figure wasn’t just keeping her slender figure, it was proving her family wrong about something. The biggest thing. The fact that she wasn’t just going to wind up as some overfed *buttann* laying around and doing nothing all day.

Even through college, she’d balked at the idea of the freshman fifteen—Ashley Knight had maintained a perfect runner’s weight, well up to and until her tenure as a teacher at Buttercombe Academy.

From then on, she came home a bit heavier each year. No one really said anything out of the way, but there were definite whispers behind Ashley’s back.

And then—*then* came that year that she couldn’t come home because she hurt her foot. Trying to exercise and get back into shape. What a mistake!

Every year after that, Ashley must have come home a full fifty pounds heavier, slowly taking up more of the doorway with each passing Thanksgiving. Spitting fire like always and talking shit with the best of her cousins, nobody was ever going to let her live it down that she had managed to blow up into a bottom-heavy bowling pin like the rest of her family. Not even under threat of knocking out teeth or mussing hairdo’s (for the men and women in her family respect) would anyone dare to let Ashley forget that she’d used to swear up and down that she’d never wind up as a big wad of braggiol.

What they were feeding her up in that academy, even her mama didn’t know. Nobody had seen anyone blow up that big since Cousin Louie opened his deli. But at the same time, she seemed to be happy at that school—getting to do what she always wanted to do and teach. Well, do what she always wanted to do *after* run in the Olympics.

But it was clear she wasn’t gonna be runnin’ in no Olympics, you see?

Anyway, it was all well and good that cousins and aunties and uncles would take bets on whether or not Ashley managed to lose any weight before the year was out.

But absolutely everybody was shocked when, one year, she came back from that school blown up so big that she couldn’t even squeeze through the front door of her mama’s house…

*Fukuda Hinamizawa… gets a big, fat, wishbone wish!*

There was something of a tradition at Buttercombe Academy, and had been ever since they had graciously accepted Yeng’s partnership, that the Headmistress and Vice Principal would engage in the strange American tradition of breaking the so-called “wish bone”.

Fukuda had lived in America for the better part of thirty years and still had never fully grasped the concept of the wishbone, or why it was such a wide-spread custom—breaking the bones of your meal? It seemed so comparatively savage when held up to the austere light that Buttercombe Academy liked to bathe in.

Even still, traditions were traditions.

And every year, thanks in part to her larger weight and the half-hearted tugs that Fukuda would muster, Ms. Shannon Polluck almost always won the wish bone wish.

And every year she’d make the same stupid joke—“I wish for more turkey!”

And everyone would laugh, and the students would laugh, and Fukuda would just die a little inside.

But this year, for whatever reason, the bone had broken just a little bit further to the left. Whether it was due to a health issue on the bird’s part or just luck in and of itself, somehow Doctor Fukuda Hinamizawa managed to come away with the majority share of the wishbone this year. For literally the first time since she’d been acting vice principal, Fukuda was “entitled” to one silly wish.

“I wish that I could take it easy, for once.”

And she hadn’t meant it as a joke. The whole staff had laughed though, knowing how high-strung that the good doctor was. It was no secret that she was about as tightly wound as a clock—who wouldn’t have been, doing that pig Polluck’s job for her in addition to her own? Weighing more than five hundred pounds, that woman was officially useless *and* helpless. An annoying combination for anyone, let alone the woman who was supposed to be leading the nation’s foremost school in excellence for girls.

Fukuda felt herself fall heavily back into her seat after the breaking of the bone, her legs spread wide as she relaxed every muscle in her body. It was almost as if her wish had come on cue—her body numbing to a slouch as she sat comfortably. Her legs spread wide, her shoulders slumped, Dr. Hinamizawa actually *felt* more relaxed, if you could believe it.

“Anything else, ma’am?” the waitress asked pleasantly, to which Fukuda shook her head no.

“M’good.” She puffed out, her stomach taut and tight, “Just… see if Shannon wants anything.”

Resting her hands on her belly, Dr. Hinamizawa may as well have been purring as she kneaded her belly fat. Rest and relaxation, yes sir, that was exactly what she needed. After a long year at work keeping this place in shape, she dared to venture that she deserved it…

“Dr. Hinamizawa?”

Fukuda snorted back to attention, jowls rippling in shock as a voice intruded on her self congratulatory monologue

“Would you like some more gravy for your turkey?”

“Ooooh, yes please…”

Fukuda’s full belly rumbled, eager for even more as her assistant poured her another ladle full of gravy over the moistest turkey she’d ever seen.

This year was going to be a great year…

*URRRRRAP…*

Somehow she could feel it in her bones…