Avery (I Liked You Better Fat) & Mel Carlyle (Super-Sized)

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“Why in the *world* did we ever lose touch?”

“I have *absolutely* no idea, Avery.” Mel chuckled to herself as she reached out with thick sausage fingers to grab another chocolate from the tin, “Do you think you could get another box of these things? We’re running low.”

“I wonder why.” Avery cocked an eyebrow as she scooped up the last little bit for herself, “Let me just… *oof*… *ugh…*”

When Avery and Mel were little, they had gone to the same elementary school and even the same middle school for a brief period of time before Avery went to ninth grade. They *would* have gone to the same high school, if Mel hadn’t gotten into Buttercombe Academy. But despite the divergence in their teenaged and adult life, they had come out of it all *remarkably* similar…

“Next time, you’re getting up.”

“Yeah, okay.” Mel rolled her eyes, “I’m the guest here.”

“You’re also hellbent on eating me out of house and home.”

Avery’s belly hung low, sloshing side to side with her lumbering steps towards the kitchenette of her shared apartment. Ever since she and Mel had reconnected, it felt like this lap was getting longer. Of course, given the most *obvious* thing that she and Mel had in common, one might have thought that Avery would be more careful about adding another big eater to her corpulent cast of friends.

Looking at them, you might have thought that they were sisters—both blonde, both with pretty features buried under chunky cheeks and double chins; excessively belly-heavy with appetites to match as their stomachs sagged lower and lower with each passing pound. They even had similar haircuts, fashion senses, and confidence levels that soared through the roof despite their sizes.

“Apparently I’m not the only one.” Mel crinkled her nose wickedly, “You weren’t kidding when you told me that Cheyenne got *fat* after high school.”

They even shared a wicked pastime about gossiping about how much weight *other* people in their life had put on—although probably for different reasons.

“Oof… yeah… she’s a big girl now.” Avery deftly downplayed her part in her roommate’s relapse into roundness as much as she could while also making it clear that the schadenfreude ran deep, “She got really skinny for a while there, but then just…”

Here, she held out her hands further and further from the doughy rolls and folds that constituted her own spherical physique, showcasing just how big her friend was getting as she fell further off the slippery slope.

“Happens to the best of us, I guess.” Mel chuckled as she grabbed a handful of her own belly fat, “I know that *I’ve* put on a pound here or there…”

“You?” Avery scoffed playfully, “No way.”

The two of them were far more similar than they had any right to be—on the outside and the inside. Indulgent, lazy, but so confident in their ability to woo anyone that they saw no need to limit their chocolatey intake every time that they got together.

It’s not that shocking that they’d only become more similar, the rounder they got.

Keeley (Caleb, Cat, & Cutie Pie's) & Cerys Porter (Buttercombe)

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“It’s just that… you know, I’m more than a gopher for snacks.”

“Uh-huh. Can I have some more chips, please?”

“Oh, sure—but anyway, I just feel like they don’t *appreciate* me.”

“Ooh, hey while you’re up can I have some more soda?”

“Of course Cer—anything else while I’m up?”

“Nah, that should be it…”

“You got it.”

Keeley felt no shame in admitting that, since she’d started going out every now and again, she’d felt more secure in her relationship with Caleb and Cat. Ever since they’d started dating, and even before then, she had felt *consumed* by their well… consuming.

Not that she wasn’t happy with how things were, just… having a friend outside of her increasingly needy, increasingly *immense* partners made things a little easier for her. That’s all.

Cerys had been a regular at the Rancor’s Nest for years now, but they had only started hanging out outside of work once Keeley decided that she didn’t want to spend *all* of her time waiting on her boyfriend and girlfriend. Finding friendship in one of the Nest’s best customers had been so nice for her, and it really helped her come back to “normal” after living in a house where the smallest weight was her own—cresting at three hundred now…

Having someone outside of that strangeness was kind of nice.

And Keeley repaid the kindness that Cerys so often showed her in the way that she felt most comfortable doing.

The edgy goth laid out in the armchair, having hardly moved since Keeley had waddled through the front door. After a long day at the hospital, it was nice to have someone to come home to and talk to over a nice snack. Not that she should have been having too many of those, but… well… old habits died hard, no matter how much weight you lose after high school.

Since Keeley had started coming over, Cerys had rather rapidly fallen into those same habits that had helped turn her into a serious porker in the vein of her mom and sister. And as much as she tried to tell herself that she was just relaxing after a long, hard day at work and that Keeley didn’t mind getting stuff for her, it was clear every time she half paid attention to what her friend was saying that she shouldn’t have to come over to her apartment just to do what she was already doing back at home with Caleb and Cat…

*Buuuuut*…

“Ugh, I should start getting up and doing stuff myself.” Cerys curled her nose as she stretched her scrubs out as far as they would go, “I’m starting to fill these things out in all the wrong ways.”

“Pssh. Compared to me? You’re a twig.” Keeley pushed her friend back down with a friendly insistence, “Besides, you’re *much* less demanding than the ones *I’m* used to dealing with all day…”

Cerys’s ready, pre-conditioned mind accepted that as a truth and leaned back down. Her bulging pot-belly rolling over the waistband of her pink and black scrubs as she untied the knot…

Malary (Coven of Calahree) & Ashley Knight (Buttercombe)

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“I will admit that *you* are not the sort of character that I thought that I would have summoned.”

Ashley Knight rolled her eyes as she reclined in what was, ostensibly, to be her throne. The restraints had long been loosened, but then they had also become unnecessary. There was no way that she was going to be moving anywhere under her own power any time soon.

“There’s some… *reluctance* in you to give in to the desires that my mistress demands.” Malary cupped her blue-black chin with slender, tome-thumping fingers, “And that ridiculous outfit that you entered our realm in suggests that you must have thought yourself some sort of athlete. It’s a little ironic, don’t you think?”

If Ashley could have warded off the stream of food that was floating in front of her face long enough for this white-haired witch to tell her where she could shove it, Ashley would have. There wasn’t a *lot* that she could do anymore, but the fear and confusion that she had felt upon her initial appearance in this strange world had faded to a sort of…

Ugh, she could hardly believe that she was even saying this.

A *hunger*. One that ate away at the back of her mind incessantly, no matter how much food that her captor kept her stuffed with. As her stomach descended down, down to just over the broken tiled floor of Malary’s abandoned hideaway, Ashley had long felt that there was no point in lamenting her lost figure—or honestly, even at this point, finding a way home.

But getting her to shut up every now and again wouldn’t have been the worst thing in the world.

“Soon, you’ll be a mighty fine vessel for Lady Calahree Miss Knight.”

Those same fingers slapped the taut, turgid tummy that lapped far over and between Ashley’s knees. She was quite proud of Ashley’s transformation, it seemed. Not that Ashley had had much of a say in it. Something about needing a vessel that didn’t originate from their “metafictional plane of existence” or something… she didn’t read Harry Potter as a kid—this magic stuff was stupid, and she hated it *before* becoming the victim of it.

“In time, I’m sure that you’ll come to appreciate the feeling of infinite power—even if it *is* beneath the personality of the Queen of Corruption.”

Ashly’s mouth operated on autopilot via the spell. Opening, closing, and chewing at a sometimes adequate speed that could handle the monumental task that she had ahead of her that involved eating a never-ending supply of food. As her fat little arms dangled to either side of her and her pillary legs spread wide to either side of a distended gut, Ashley wasn’t nearly as scared as Malary probably liked to think that she was.

“Though you might not have been the *perfect* candidate for this sort of treatment…”

Malary coochy-coo scratched Ashley underneath her flap of double chin

“You’re certainly a *receptive* one, Miss Ashley Knight…”

Dani Gosset (Life of Haley) & Hannah Hammond (Various)

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Dani Gosset had spent most of her life thinking that she was nothing more than white trash. A Hot Topic reject that had inadvertently grown up (and out) into nothing more than someone who *didn’t* glow-up after high school. A failed waitress, a failed food blogger…

Seriously, how do you fuck up being a waitress?

But now that things had finally started turning around—now that things were starting to go *her way*—Dani couldn’t help but think that it had been easy as hell getting there. And all without lifting a finger of her own…

Well, okay, five fingers. A whole open palm to press into the side of her stomach as it rolled over the lip of the couch, sagging overboard as she laid in heavy horizontal hugeness that couldn’t compare to anything that this stupid rich bitch had ever seen. Her vast, pale body might have needed some coming around to as far as the reflection in the mirror went, but Dani had never doubted for a second that Hannah liked her women just as she came to her—fat, lazy, and *hungry*.

“What are you standing around gawking for?” she said in an exaggerated version of her accent, “Didn’t you hear me when I said that I was hungry?”

Hannah Hammond’s skinny ass practically zoomed away back into the kitchen, where her *chefs* (seriously, there were *chefs* in this kitchen) worked hard each and every day keeping her in a constant state of fullness. She had paid them extra for the three or four hours that this was going to take, and Dani wasn’t about to go easy on those overpaid hacks.

“Finally.” Dani shifted on her thigh-thick elbow as she struggled to position herself to a more ready position, “I’m wasting away here.”

Hannah’s mouth did that stupid quivering thing that it did every time Dani laid it on thick. It was cute. Not as cute as *her*, but still pretty cute. Leaning her head back and parting her talented mouth as wide as it could go, she kept one hand on her stomach so that she could jiggle and slosh it into Hannah’s knees while the skinny brunette lowered a slice of… whatever the hell this was… into her mouth.

“Mmmm… good stuff.” Dani smacked her meticulously painted black lips, “More.”

Hannah was sweating bullets. Jesus, how long had it been since she’d been with someone who she didn’t have to fatten up behind their back? Dani would have jumped on this fat girl train a few years back if she knew that it was so easy.

“More.”

Her hands pressed deep into Dani’s puddles of flesh. It was so heavy that every slight movement made the couch creak and her white ocean of body wave and wobble uncertainly.

“More.”

She could keep this up for hours. Days, maybe. As long as it meant getting to lounge around and do what she had always been good at—being a big, fat bitch.

“Goddammit Hannah, is *all* of the blood rushing between your legs? Fucking *feed me*.”

This was all way, *way* too easy…