*Haley & Tara West… where one is putting on some holiday pounds, much to the other’s enjoyment!*

“Hey Tara, you think you maybe want to borrow some of *myyyyyy* sweatpants for your date tonight?”

“Shuffup.”

“You know, the date that you have with the *couch* because your boyfriend dumped you?”

“*Ohmf’ggngff Haley shuffup*!”

 In the West household, the only thing sweeter than the literal tea was the proverbial. And ever since Haley had come back from Charleston and started living with her mom, all her older sister Tara had done was give her shit about an *inordinate* amount of things.

Some of which, granted, were well within her control. Like maybe the fact that she hadn’t gotten a job, and maybe the fact that she’d put on just a *little* weight since she’d moved back in with Mom. But Tara shouldn’t have even *thought* to take a long holiday back down to Spartanburg with; a) a recent breakup, b) news that she was getting transferred to a shittier office in Raleigh, and c) *a full twenty-five pounds heavier!*

Ugh, it was so rich!

Haley had been getting picked on since Freshman Year for coming home and getting fat, and now it was *her turn* to turn the tables on Tara! Because, after all, she hadn’t put on *any* weight since the last time she’d seen her!

…which, of course, had only been two months ago at Aunty Charlene’s get-together. But still!

Tara had come back into their old house paunchy and bloated, with that sour look of consternation and a hankering for some comfort food that had led her straight to the freezer for a carton of ice cream on her very first night back!

“If juff a little cuffurt weight.” Tara smacked her sister’s hand away from poking at the roll of belly blubber that eeked over her too-tight top, “I’m gonna get it under control after New Year’s.”

“Yeah, sure you will.” Haley snickered, “You’ll get it under control with a bigger pair of pants!”

“I could just raid *your* closet then, wide load.”

Even the lowest of blows couldn’t hurt Haley now—she felt like she was on top of the world now that her perfect sister had hit a similar slump to the one that she’d had. And all around the holidays too—guess she knew what *she* was going to be thankful for this year! Now she was on the upswing while Tara was on the down!

Statistically speaking… it had to happen *sometime*, right?

And even though Haley wouldn’t be in much better straits the next time Tara came over for Christmas (still in college, still struggling to maintain that 3.0 average, still porking out something fierce) she was absolutely *thrilled* to see that Tara for sure hadn’t kept up her New Year’s resolution.

“It’s just water weight!” Tara’s chubby cheeks creased in agony as she took a defensive, roly-poly stance, “My job is stressful, okay?!”

“Yeah, I’ll bet it’s *real* stressful getting those chubby buns up and moving to the vending machine every few hours, huh?”

“*This is* *no way to act around Christmas, Haley!”*

*Cass Morgan & Marni Smith… tries to help in the kitchen, but ends up eating more than helping!*

“I don’t understand why you’re such a spaz about getting your hands dirty.”

She had said it like it was the easiest thing in the world. But cooking for *Cass’s* family had always been stressful, even when she hadn’t been the one doing it. Growing up, her mom would always go into full-on authoritarian mode if anyone stepped out of line (or sometimes, even just *into the kitchen)* because of just *how much* it meant to be the one hosting Thanksgiving for her huge-ass family.

Uncles and aunts and cousins, not to mention her *actual* brothers and sisters, plus her Mom… this was going to be one hell of a Thanksgiving—why had she offered to take it on this year?

“It’s not *that* Marni, it’s just…*God*, I can’t do all this!” Cass held her head in her hands, “I don’t know the first *thing* about cooking.”

“Well… I’ll admit that the deviled eggs I’ve been sneaking behind your back have been pretty shit.” Marni smacked her lips, “But don’t worry! Between the two of us, I’m sure we’ll be able to make this Thanksgiving the best one your family’s ever had!”

“Marni, there are literally going to be forty-seven people in my dinky-ass condo.”

“Jesus Christ, what are you like a farmer?”

And so, using the remaining two weeks that they had to prepare, Cass and Marni dedicated their time (when not on the air) to perfecting Cass’s cooking. First working in small batch sizes so as to perfect the flavor, Marni was happy to provide her services as a taste tester. And then, once they’d gotten *that* right, they moved it up to the larger serving sizes so as to make sure that the dishes held their taste despite the less even distribution.

“You’re *sure* that this tastes right?”

“God, Cass, I’m sure.” Marni burped into her hand, “If I have another piece of pumpkin pie, I think I’m gonna pop.”

“Well, suck it in and take one for the team, because we’re officially out of room in the fridge.”

Cass pushed the piece of pie into Marni’s mouth, who dutifully chewed and swallowed it down. True to form, her stuffed stomach growled in contention as it stuck out stiffly in front of her. Round and taut with more than a month’s worth of calories (perhaps two!) Marni had never been as stuffed in the past week as she’d been in her entire life.

And as the date of the fated Thanksgiving grew closer, Cass only grew more and more militant about getting the job done. All she wanted was for this thing to be over and for everyone to have loved it, and she couldn’t understand why Marni was suddenly being so obstinate about everything—

“I’m not being UURRRRRP obstinate, I’m just *full* Cass!”

“You’re full after Thanksgiving.” Cass commanded as she plopped yet another piece of ham in front of her co-host, “Tell me what you think about this, and don’t you dare try to placate me.”

“Fuck…” Marni panted as she unbuttoned her jeans, “You’re gonna have to *roll* me into the studio after the holidays, Cass.”

“Less jawing, more chewing.”

*Mel Carlyle & Parker Black… bite off more than they can chew with holiday leftovers!*

“I’m so fucking full, Parker.”

Melanie Carlyle was not a woman to utter those words lightly. And true to form her housemate could only stare at her in a sleepy-eyed disbelief as she shook off the heavy veil of post-binge itis to form a response.

“It’s about goddamn time.” Parker laughed weakly, “You’ve been eating for… urp… hours.”

Mel rubbed the sides of her stomach tenderly, wincing and whimpering as she struggled against the delicate balance of pleasure and pain. She *loved* the feeling of being stuffed. Getting to eat so much that her fat belly got so big and tight. All she wanted in life, really, was that endless feeling of being stuffed to capacity. Preferably while someone played with her downtown tingle town, and another one rubbed her belly *for her* but it had already been well established that Parker wasn’t into that.

Beyond the ramblings of a stuffed, delirious fat girl—Mel wasn’t so much stuffed to capacity as she was *beyond* capacity.

She honestly didn’t think that she could eat another bite!

“Fuck…” Mel whined, “Why’d you let me eat so much?”

“When has what I thought literally *ever* impacted how much you ate.” Parker’s teensy double chin folded slightly at the neck as she chewed on the last bit of macaroni, “Like seriously, ever?”

“Urp… fuck off…” Mel wheezed a little laugh out as she stuck up her chubby middle finger, “You’re… you’re the one still going.”

“I stopped several hours ago.” Parker pointed at her half-empty plate, “That was lunch. This is dinner.”

“Oh… fuck.” Mel’s expression turned pitiful, “It’s *dinnertime*?”

“A little past that, actually.” Parker checked her phone, “It’s like… eight.”

“Goddamn…” Mel panted, “When did I started?”

“Like, early… you were calling it *brunch*.”

“Fuck…” Mel’s hand traced what area she could reach of her stomach, “Oh fuck that’s… that’s kinda hot.”

Parker rolled her eyes as she fought back a smile. Her roommate was one weird chick, that much was for sure. But God forbid she ever suggest that Mel ever maybe *not* eat so much that she felt like she was going to literally die. This hadn’t been the first time that she’d barely been able to keep her eyes open after a big fucking meal like this, and Parker could all but guarantee that it wouldn’t be the last.

Meanwhile, Mel’s beady baby blues couldn’t help themselves from staring at Parker’s plate. Whatever was left over on it from her roommate’s dinner looked pretty good. It *smelled* pretty good too…

“Hey…” Mel eeked, “Are you… gonna finish that?”

“What, this food that I *just started eating*?” Parker made a face, “Yes, I’m gonna finish it.”

“But…” Mel’s breathing was haggard and shallow, “Maybe you won’t though?”

“Jesus Christ you’re such a pig.” Parker scoffed, “Don’t make me eat this in my room.”

“Okayokayokay but…” Mel paused, her breathing stilted and labored, “Can I maybe cash in that favor you owe me?”

Parker pulled her plate back defensively.

“That depends.”

“I really… *really* need a belly rub.”