The first time they had been together, things had ended poorly.

It was high school, so of course it did. They’d gotten together Junior year and split by the time the Summer after Senior year reared itself around the corner. Friendships, college, and other relationships came and went. As they do, of course. You don’t always wind up with your Senior Year Sweetie.

Sometimes, though, you get a second chance. After you’ve both learned a little something about who you are, as opposed to who you think you’re going to be. About life, and about struggle. When you’re free to really be you, and to explore all of what that entails, you change. Sometimes that’s for the better.

Ashley had never been particularly fond of change. She put herself through school by working at odd jobs in her hometown, never straying further than the Spartanburg County lines, still lived with her sister in their childhood home, and almost exclusively dated boys who went to high school in the Upstate. She was comfortable; she would hardly have been the first person who wound up never leaving her tiny town. So she wasn’t adventurous—who was?

As long as things could stay easy, Ashley was happy.

So when they met again, for the first time since graduation, that warm feeling of nostalgia fell over her like a warm blanket. The familiar feelings of teenaged dreamery paired well with the crushing disappointment of being an adult. She fell head over heels for the second time, just the same as it had been.

Except for a key point that, thanks in part to an exploratory “practice pig” session in college and the nature to these stories, I’m sure you have no doubt surmised.

The front door to the little mill house flew open, Ashley’s turgid stomach leading the way with the rest of her a few steps behind it. It seemed to get bigger with every date, with no signs of slowing any time soon. Ashley’s sister had often wondered if she were pregnant—it was the only explanation for her sister’s growth, other than the obvious: she was becoming a colossal fatass, and that boyfriend of hers was the reason why!

“Hiiii…” Ashley’s high voice was breathy, ragged as she lumbered through the doorway, “Brought you some lunch.”

The tremendous twenty-something hip-checked the door, making her whole body slosh to the side. She’d untucked her stomach from her leggings. The inside of the legs were rubbed to fraying thanks to her pillowy fat thighs rubbing together incessantly. How long ago had she bought this pair? A week? This had to stop. At this rate, she was just a few dates away from needing to get kicked through the front door!

“I thought you guys went to get breakfast?” Ashley’s sister piqued an eyebrow, watching as the younger of them delicately settled her wideness into the sofa’s well-worn cushions, “I mean, I assume he spent the night. This house has really thin walls you know.”

And delicate floor joists, she added silently. The creaking from the floorboards as their bed rocked all night was enough to keep anyone up.

“Yeah, but… you know, one thing led to…” Ashley purred, her sausage fingers pinching appreciatively at her still-taut stomach rolls, “*Another…* and we wound up getting lunch.”

“Instead of?”

“Too.” She said proudly, “I’m spoiled.”

“Clearly.”

It had been no secret that Ashley was the only one in this house excited about their reunion. Her sister had never liked him then, and she certainly didn’t like them now. He was nice enough, something just always seemed to rub her the wrong way. Now that her sister was getting to be bigger around than most people could reach, she understood why.

Now firmly settled, Ashley began her post-date ritual of getting comfortable. She’d already slid her stomach out from underneath her leggings (only time would tell how long those stayed on) but there was still more to do. Wriggling awkwardly and gasping at every move, she struggled to work off her overshirt. Then, once the plaid button-up was removed and her pale wobbling arm wings were revealed for all to see, she rolled up her shirt over the crest of her stomach.

“Much better.” Ashley’s voice was husky and appreciative, her stomach gurgling contentedly as she rubbed her doughy gut in concentric circles, “Oof… I ate too much.”

“Clearly.” Her sister repeated, never looking up from her phone, “So is he coming to get you for dinner too?”

“Not tonight.” Ashley grunted, struggling to lift her sandbag legs up onto the ottoman, “He’s gotta work.”

“Bummer.”

“But after work.” Ashley giggled, “He’s gonna come over and stay the night.”

“Oh boy, is he bringing pizza?” her sister asked, deadpan and sarcastic, “From your favorite pizza place?”

“Yeah!” Ashley was as oblivious as ever, “How’d you know?”

Ashley’s sister sighed in irritation. This had been going on for long enough that anyone with a brain could see what was happening. Ashley’s new old beau had been spoiling her rotten ever since they got back together, to obvious success. Ashley had gone from a cornfed southern girl to the size of the broad side of a mill in no time.

“Don’t you think you should cut back?” her sister asked, putting her phone down on the arm rest opposite her sizable sister, “I mean, on all the dates, the dinners… it’s not good for you to eat so much, Ash.”

“You’re just jealous.” Ashley sniffed, already picking at the takeaway leftovers that she’d brought home for her sister, “Because you’re single and I’ve got someone who appreciates me no matter what size I am.”

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“Well don’t take… your frustrations out on me.” Ashley struggled to rock herself to a less reclined position, necessary to precariously balance the takeout tray on top of the curvature of her gut, “So do you want this or not?”  
  
“Nah, you have it.” her sister droned, watching Ashley scarf down what had ostensibly been her lunch, “Gotta put on that comfort weight, right?”

“Huh?”

“Nothing.”