Alice Carlyle... gets high for the first time and goes on a massive snack binge.

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“Seriously, how did we even go to the same school?”

“What do you mean? Don’t tease me!”

“I’m just saying, did you *really* go to Buttercombe Academy if you didn’t go out to the abandoned track field and smoke Satan’s grass clippings?”

“Are… are we still talking about getting high?”

“Ugh, where did I go wrong with you…”

A visit from her older sister was always something that Alice sort of looked forward to. Living so far away now that she and Zack had moved to Abercrombie meant that she almost never got to see Mel. But knowing that Zack was going to be away for a business trip with the Hammond *and* that Mel was finally going to give her her 23rd birthday present (six months late, naturally) gave her that much more reason to anticipate her arrival.

“Is that it? It’s like… a little pipe! I thought you smoked pot in like little cigarettes…”

“This is called a *bowl*, babe.” Mel rolled her baby blues from behind her chunky cheeks, “I’ve never had to learn how to roll because I’m cute.”

“Does that mean that I have to learn how to roll?”

“No, dummy, you’re cute too.” Mel bumped against her little sister with her vast, sloshy self, “Besides, I’m sure as hell not gonna be able to teach you…”

Alice’s first big puff sent her coughing for about five minutes straight. But after some coaching from her big sister, she was like an old pro. Sure, the occasional rough entry, but nothing that she couldn’t handle…

“Wowwwww this feels *greeaaaaaaaattttt~”* Alice leaned back into the sofa, “I’m all swimmyyyyyyy~”

“Lightweight.” Mel said, holding in the smoke before puffing it out, “Here, where do you keep the snacks?”

“Whaaaa?”

“Come on squirt—I’ve seen your husband and I’ve tasted your cooking; he didn’t get that big sexy gut of his from whatever recipes mom taught you.”

“Hehe... it *is* kinda sexy, isn’t it?”

Mel was a big girl. It wasn’t all that surprising that she was the one hounding for the snacks in the Tyler-Carlyle household, puff or no puff. But her skinny little sister Alice was no slouch in that department. Years of subliminal training at one of the most indulgent prep schools in America had been reawakened after a few good inches of the Devil’s Lettuce, helping her mow right through bags of chips as Fat Girl Instinct began to take hold…

“It’s like… I can *taste* so much better…”

And into a clamshell four-pack of cupcakes…

“Is this, like… \*ulp\*… forever?”

To a sleeve of Oreos…

“I kin’na wish this is forever.”

Alice was an eating machine, matching her older sister bite for bite!

By the end of the night, Mel and Alice were zonked out on the couch; big sister sprawled out like a starfish while her younger one rested her messy blonde hair on Mel’s tummy like a pillow. Her own distended gut resting heavily on the couch cushion underneath her as it domed out from underneath her sleep pants…

Riley... learns what a "Feeder" is and starts having ideas.

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At almost thirty years old, Riley had never heard the word “feeder” in her entire life.

Well, except for that one episode of that cartoon about the spies, but that’s not… that wasn’t like a real thing, she thought.

But it had been her sister of all people who told her that a feeder was someone who got aroused from giving someone food and watching them eat. Sometimes from watching them get fatter.

“Not, uh… not that I’d know anything about that last part…”

Indeed, the distance between her and Aubrey’s physiques was getting more and more noticeable these days. After years of being more or less built the same, with Riley being more fit than her scrawnier younger sister for most of her tenure as a Fitness Coach, Riley had sort of porked out after she’d lost her job and started…

Well, when she started hanging out with Cheyenne all the time, honestly.

Riley had been crushing on her for a while now, but she just wasn’t sure if Cheyenne was into her. They hadn’t been client and coach for a while now, since Riley got her job at Gordge. But they still hung out all the time. They still ate out all the time. Riley would go over to her and her roommates’ apartment all the time…

In fact, it was hardly a mystery as to *where* those extra pounds had come from.

Could Cheyenne be one of these… feeders? Like, could giving food be some form of affection that she just wasn’t picking up on because she didn’t know?

“It sure would explain a lot…” Riley grabbed a handful of her prominent gut as it rolled over her leggings, “Well… I’m not exactly *into* it, but… if it helps move things along with Cheyenne, then…”

…

“Wow, Riley’s getting kinda fat these days, huh?” Avery said in a low voice from the other room, “Not so skinny anymore, is she?”

“Yeah, she’s going through a hard time.” Cheyenne didn’t break eye-contact with the screen as she shoveled a handful of popcorn into her face, “She hates her new job, and these little pig out sessions are, like, the best part of her week. They really keep her going.”

*They’re kinda getting me going…*

Avery bit her bottom lip as she remembered the visage of dumpy Riley going into the bathroom just a few minutes ago. Those chunky cheeks swishing in her sweats. That little look of excitement when Cheyenne handed her food and she the grateful way she wolfed it down…

Avery found herself getting more excited the more she thought about it. Was it the graciousness? Was it the fact that Riley used to be so skinny before?

*Mm… it doesn’t matter… here she comes…*

“Hey Rye? You want some more M&M Popcorn mix?” Avery asked with hot, baited breath

“Wha… oh, uh…”

“Come on, it’s good—better grab it now before we gobble it all up.” Cheyenne nudged her former trainer with a fleshy arm wing, “It’s good for you!”

“Well…” Riley smiled sheepishly, a blush crawling into her face, “Okay. If you say so…”

“Oh I do…” Avery grunted as she handed the bowl to Cheyenne, who handed it to a begrudgingly eager Riley, “I most certainly do…”

Jen Walker... tries hypnotism to lose weight, it backfires hard.

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Everyone knew that Ms. Walker had a weight problem.

And in a school like Buttercombe Academy, that was *really* saying something.

She had come to work at the Academy as their Culinary Arts instructor as a svelte young twenty-something, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed after graduating college and ready to teach her kids. But after countless stressful nights in her cabin, plenty of bad influences from the teachers around her, and *loads* of extra helpings come lunchtime, Jen Walker was hardly recognizable as anything other than one of the biggest, fattest teachers that the school had ever known.

“Mm… hff… and you’re sure… this will help me lose weight?”

“Would I lie to you, Ms. Walker?” Hannah Hammond put her hands on her hips as she stood over the desk, looking down at her hillside of a teacher as she quivered breathlessly in her chair, “Come on, it’s me! Hannah Hammond!”

“I… suppose…” Mrs. Walker’s third chin flexed as she craned her neck downwards, fat sausage fingers fiddling with the little thumb drive, “You’re a life-saver, Hannah.”

“I do my best.” The eager-beaver senior squeaked excitedly, “Now, hugs before next period! I’ve got Srta. Espanosa next and you *know* she doesn’t like to be kept waiting!”

…

Laying in bed, belly spreading wide and high as it succumbed to its own weight, Ms. Walker stirred with her earbuds in as Hannah’s message played through the speakers nestled in her inner ear…

*You can eat anything that you want.*

*Whatever tastes good, right?*

*Losing weight isn’t important—your career is important.*

*You can eat whatever you want.*

“mmm… wh… whatever I want…” Jen Walker mumbled stupidly in her sleep, “Mrmm…”

*Unleash your inner piglet.*

*Oink oink, fatty. You’re gonna be soooo hungry in the morning…*

“mrpmmbrrruble… *oink*…mrm….”

…

“Everyone knows that she has a weight problem—and in a place like this, that’s really saying something.”

Maria Espanosa said it squashing a desk chair underneath her heavy latin hips, stretching a floral dress to its absolute maximum capacity. That is to say, she quite literally didn’t say it lightly.

“But have you seen her lately? It’s like she’s making up for lost time!”

“I know…” Hannah said a little too dreamily, “It’s kind of a lot…”

“You’re telling me…” Srta. Espanosa huffed, her honey-brown double chin quivering as she settled her four-hundred-plus pounds back onto the desk, “She’s just getting so big, though. I don’t know how she’s walking around these days—although, I guess she’s not. Not really. With that big, fat stomach hanging between her legs. I swear her arms are bigger around than your whole body these days.”

“Y-Yeah?” Hannah piqued up, growing flush, “Y… you really think so?”

“I know so.” Srta. Espanosa pursed her lips and rolled her eyes, “She’s getting so huge, I hear that they’re having to remodel her cabin. She got stuck in the doorway a few weeks back.”

“Y-Yeah?” Hannah squeaked, “I-I mean… I-I heard that.”

“Well, you know what *I’ve* heard?” Maria leaned forward onto the desk, her acre of caramel-colored cleavage nearly making Hannah’s eyes pop out of her head, “I hear that she’s started *oinking*. You know, like a pig.”

Here she poked her nose up and snorted.

And thankfully, she didn’t mind when Hannah excused herself as her panties filled with warm, sticky cum…

Griselda Grimoire... accidentally acquires a harem of feeders

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Somehow, it seemed only fitting that it would be Griselda’s rush for power would be her ultimate downfall.

That isn’t to say that she wasn’t any less magical than she ever was, just that she was in far less of a position to do anything with it than she used to be.

You know, before she flubbed a few lines in her latest and greatest tome that supposedly would have given her power beyond all measure through a new token deity, but had instead just… well…

“Are you *quite* finished, Geneva?” Griselda harrumphed, “I’ll have you know that’s my belly you’re groping down there.”

“Wowwww, I’m kind of surprised that you can even feel it.” Ginny’s bright blue eyes blinked excitedly as she continued to paw at the dangling apron of emerald green flesh, “It’s, like, so squishy. So chunky. Much wow.”

“And yet, it’s still attached to me.” Griselda grumbled as she swat in the general direction of her younger sister’s hand, “Is dinner ready yet?”

“Aaaaalmost! Gabby should be back from the Tavern at any minute now!”

“Good.” Griselda’s fat face, beset by cheeks and chins, furrowed and creased as she frowned tightly at the holdup, “I’m not building magical power by *not* eating, you know. That’s what the book says.”

“Oh we know aaaaaaaall about what the book says, Greedy Grizzy.” Ginny pinched two inches of cheek chub from her sister’s face before reciting in a singsongy voice, “Great Big Greedy Grizzy, Grumbly Tumbly—”

The sound of the portal activating made Griselda groan audibly.

“Oh Praise be to Calahree.”

“Dinner’s on!” Gabby’s voice came through the hallway as she carried heavy sacks of food from Freya’s Hearth, “Hope you’re hungry, Grizz!”

“Starving.” Griselda’s hands fluttered uselessly at her sides, “Bring it here. Now.”

“I’m coming, I’m coming, gosh…” Gabby groused, “You’d think you were in a hurry…”

Griselda Grimoire’s simple miscast of a simple spell had made the summoning circle sputter and spark—but not without the blessing of the one named Calahree, who was working from beyond the veil to make her a suitable conduit to bind her to the mortal realm…

And until that happened, Griselda had been hungry as all hells.

“Mmm… it’s about time you two learned your place around here.” Griselda snarfed as she smacked her lips, taking big juicy bites out of a turkey leg, “The head of the Coven is… the head of the Coven….”

Griselda let out a jowl-quaking, belly quaking belch that rattled the glass in the windows. Laying a hand on her great shelf of stomach as it billowed onto the floor below her, she was left breathless at the sudden expulsion of gas. One fat arm plopped lazily near the middle of her summit of stomach as her naked green gut rose and fell with her shallow breaths.

“The head of the Coven is making room, that much is for sure.” Gabby said with a smirk as she grabbed another turkey leg, “Open wide, sis—you’re practically wasting away here!”