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Skylar Kleinschmidt had always been the punching bag for her family.

When she was a little girl, she had gone through a spoiled and mouthy phase; a holdover from getting to live with their grandparents while her mother lived with them for a while. That had been corrected by the time elementary school had run its course by way of her mother taking back full custody of her daughters and basically screaming her into submission. Then by the time High School had reared its ugly head, the running reason to pick on Skylar had become that she liked anime, did shit like buy Naruto headbands and wear them to school, and still seemed like she was smarter than everyone.

But more often than not, whenever her mama couldn’t think of anything else to use against her daughter in a verbal altercation, the reason why Skylar got picked on was because she was fat.

Make no mistake, Betty Kleinschmidt was just as big as her youngest was. Bigger, in fact. A lot of folk in their family tended to run big around the belt and fat in the tits, arms, and face; you would have been forgiven for thinking that Skylar’s mama might have gone easy on her for a lifelong weight problem in light of the fact that she was clocking in at four fifths of the way to four hundred pounds before she’d hit fifty. But unfortunately, in a world where people who ought not to have children sometimes have them far too early, we wind up in a world with the Betty Kleinschmidts.

“I don’t understand where I went wrong with you—nose in that damn phone all the time, watchin’ them Chinese cartoons.” Betty’s ring of neck fat flexed and creased as she reamed her youngest for breathing the same air as her, “You’d think you’d at least learn to *eat right* at that college you’re payin’ to go to. But instead, y’eat more than ever.”

Skylar had learned over her long life of being a wallflower that it *was* possible to tune her mother out. But unfortunately, when she was half a case of beer in, she got louder. And that, in turn, made her more difficult for her to ignore.

“Your sister’s the smart one.” Betty shrugged her heavy shoulders before taking another slurp from her umpteenth can of beer, “Works on the line, ain’t got no debt, an’ she’s makin’ enough money that soon she’ll be out on her own. Ain’t that right, Hol?”

Holly had been nose deep in her own social media feed, doing very much the same thing that her sister was doing, but having had the good grace of God to do it while being skinny. Whatever genes that had gone into effect that had turned Skylar into a perpetually chubby blonde that had blimped out faster than a water balloon on the Fourth of July had largely skipped Holly. She’d always been thin, at least when compared to her mother and her sister. To the rest of the world, she was a thick, chesty brunette with wild curls, a pretty face, and dark eyes. While she’d largely missed out on whatever brains had gone Skylar’s way, Holly’s pretty face and hitting puberty early had meant that she’d never really had to rely on her smarts growing up.

“Mama, stop pickin’ on Sky.” Holly groused, “She’s gonna grow up an’ put you in that nursin’ home with all that money she’s gonna make with her college degree.”

“Feh.” Betty grumbled as the couch creaked beneath her shifting weight, “She’s done enough growin’ since last year…”

Skylar pushed hard against the table and hauled herself up, jiggling tits and tummy first through the little trailer that had been the scene of *so many* of these conversations that she had almost learned to stop caring about them.

“You happy now?” Holly crossed her arms over her stomach, “You made her cry.”

“She’s gotta learn to stop bein’ so soft.” Betty’s chin crease deepened ever so slightly as she rubbed the hammy back of one calf-thick arm across her moth, “Gimme another beer, wouldja?”

Holly just rolled her eyes as she stood up from the chair in the living room to their little trailer, bypassing the fridge entirely as she cut into Skylar’s bedroom instead.

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Skylar had been sent into her room crying from her mother’s insensitive comments for most of her life. Even before she first started getting fat when she was eight, their mama had *always* been yelling at her. Almost exclusively so. She and Holly could have been doing the exact same thing, at the exact same time even, but whatever punishment that had been doled out to “both of them” had ultimately boiled down to Skye getting punished a whole heck of a lot more than her older sister.

Even now that both of them were in their early to mid-twenties, they still had it down to a pretty tight routine.

“Sky?” Holly asked softly as she rapped on the doorframe, “You wanna talk about it?”

Skylar snort-cried.

“No.”

The Holly and Skylar had been sharing a wall since the day that they had become sisters. They hadn’t been really close until middle school, when their mama started to drink more and consequently, pick on Skylar more. But ever since, she’d been running to her little sister’s rescue after each and every jab, insult, and tongue lashing. In a weird way, it had really tempered the sisterly bond between them.

Holly sat down next to her sister, wrapping one arm around Skylar’s supple shoulders. It *was* getting harder to do this, as she’d gotten bigger. Ever since she’d started college her steady expansion had increased slightly, but Holly figured that it had to have been stress from… writing papers and junk. She had barely made it out of high school, let alone ever tried tackling college, so she didn’t exactly know what her sister was dealing with.

But she could still be there to offer her a helping hand, when she needed it.

“You know that she doesn’t mean it, right?”

“Of course she does.” Skylar’s face was huffy with angry red tears, “Just because she’s just drunk while she says it doesn’t mean she doesn’t mean it.”

“Come on, don’t be that way—you know mama loves you.”

Skylar turning her puffy, crying face towards her sister in disbelief had prompted a quick addition to her claim.

“…in her own way.”

“I know she does. Obviously, I still live here…” Skylar gestured vaguely to the small bedroom that had served her since childhood, “It’s just… she’s so *mean*. You saw! I wasn’t doing anything to her, and she just decided to rip into me like that.”

“Hey, I know. I know.” Holly pat her sister on the chunky shoulder sympathetically, “Mama doesn’t need to go lookin’ for fights any time soon. She makes ‘em.”

“Don’t talk about it like you understand—you’re the golden child. The perfect, beautiful daughter.”

Skylar shrugged away from her sister’s touch as she wriggled her way towards facing Holly. The architecture of the room meant that they were sitting on a full-sized mattress in a room that was way too small for it. It took up most of the outside wall, and they were only a few inches from the wall that lead into the one bathroom.

“You never do anything wrong… at least, not anymore…” Skylar conceded with a sniffle, “You’re making good money, you’re popular with boys… mama’s *proud* of you. But me? I’m just some fat nerd who had the *audacity* to try and make something of herself by going to college.”

Holly stirred in discontent while Skylar made her point.

“You know? She’s *always* gonna pick on me because she’s got *you* to brag about.” the big blonde was still teary-eyed as she said it, wiping the wet from the corners as she struggled to regulate her breathing, “As far as mama’s concerned, she might as well have just stopped havin’ kids after you.”

“No way.” Holly shoved her sister in a moment of lightheartedness, “Then I wouldn’t have you to pick on when I ain’t got nothin’ to do!”

“Seems like everyone does…”

Holly’s attempt to lighten the mood hadn’t quite gone over as well as she had hoped.

“Listen Skye, you know I love you, right?”

“I know…”

“Then let me worry about mama, okay?” Holly offered a weak smile as she tried to placate her younger sister into feeling better, “Next time she says something to you, I’ll set her straight. Alright?”

“That’s just it though, you *never* do.” Skylar huffed, “Nobody does. And I mean I *get* it, it’s just…”

Here Skylar sighed heavily. The sad sort of sigh that Holly had been hearing for most of her life whenever her sister was concerned, but… *different* somehow.

“You wouldn’t understand.” Skylar smiled sadly while she said it, “But it’s okay. You don’t have to. Mama picks on me because of my size because she hates *her* size. I’ve known that forever. But I appreciate you being here and I appreciate you trying to come to my rescue. But this is something that I’m gonna have to fix myself, okay?”

“Okay…” Holly frowned, “You know that I *try* to be a good sister when I can… right?”

“I know you do.” Skylar smiled a little wider as she pat Holly’s thick but firm thigh, “You’re a great sister. I know you’d do anything for me if you had to.”

Holly thought a bit about that last part, mulling over all of the times where she *hadn’t* been a good sister to Skylar. Where she *hadn’t* done everything that she could to protect her younger, softer sister from their mama’s wrath. Where she might have just let things happen because it would have been more comfortable for it to have happened to Skylar instead of to the both of them. Where she might not have been the best sister in the world, despite her trying…

“I would, too.” Holly offered a little smile, “You feelin’ a little better?”

“A little.” The fat blonde’s cheeks dimpled, “I think I’m gonna try and get my work done in here for the rest of the night.”

“I don’t blame you.” Holly laughed, “I’ll be sure to tell mama that you’re doin’ fine, makin’ sure that you’re gonna be able to buy and sell the lot of us one day with your degree.”

“I wouldn’t go that far, but… I appreciate it.”

The two of them parted on a bittersweet note as Holly exited the bedroom, turned corner without grabbing her mother her beer, and entered her own bedroom.

“If mama wants to pick on someone in this house, it should be me—I ain’t nearly as smart as Skye is.” Holly said quietly to herself, only just now realizing that her bedroom was just marginally bigger than her younger sister’s was, “She’s done everythin’ in her power to make sure that she grows out of the trailer and into… I don’t know, some kinda office or somethin’, and I’ll be damned if I let mama keep her where she thinks she needs to be.”

In that moment, however brief and powerful it might have been, a plan began to form underneath the copious brown curls and big tits that had come to define Holly until this moment. A blueprint for a way to make sure that Skye felt better about herself, and one that maybe (just maybe) taught mama a lesson here or there.

If Holly weren’t so “perfect” (and by no means did she consider herself as such) maybe she could take on some of the brunt of what Skylar got. Maybe if Holly put on a little too, she could take some of the heat off of Skye? It wouldn’t be a lot, just enough for her to get mama off of her back—at least until the time that she graduated.

With the advent of Skylar’s impending graduation, maybe Holly could see to it that mama didn’t pick on her too much about her weight. It was a small price to pay for her sister. And besides, she knew that if the shoe were on the other foot, Skylar would have done the same for her in a heartbeat.

“How ‘bout it then?” Holly asked the beer she grabbed from the fridge in a low voice so that their mother couldn’t hear her from the couch, “Looks like I’m gon’ be havin’ a *lot* of these comin’ up…”