In Pelican Town, at least as of the last few years, it wasn’t necessarily *hard* to get everyone to stuff their faces.

Up until fairly recently, Emily had been burdened by the fact that her desires had been limited almost entirely to what she could scrounge up on the internet. Nobody was willing to stuff their face in front of her, except for her own sister—a little familial relation hadn’t stopped her from enjoying Haley slowly expanding outwards over the course of Emily’s sexual awakening, but it still didn’t make her feel any *less* like a creep.

But as the people of the Valley had slowly begun to expand with the rise of Joja-Mart, and doubly so after the arrival of that friendly new farmer, Emily had been privy to a front row seat as those same folk slowly got into the habit of stuffing their faces with reckless abandon.

And the Egg Festival had become a *surprisingly reliable* way to get an idea as to just who was going to plump up over the course of the coming year.

“Emily~!!” the fat wad of pale skin and purple hair lifted the smaller woman off the ground in one of her biggest, fleshiest hugs, “My favorite feeder on my *favorite* day!”

Emily wasn’t quite sure if Abigail knew exactly how on-the-nose she was when it came to calling her a “feeder”, but… well, the Stardrop Saloon’s best waitress wasn’t about to bring up the distinction, on the off chance that she would alienate her squishiest customer.

“Hey Abby—” Emily mustered out from underneath the big fat goth’s surprisingly strong grip, “You bring your appetite this year?”

“Don’t I always?” Abigail squeezed her tight and set her down, laying her chubby hands on top of her great big greedy gut, “I’m gonna go whole hog on these eggs, just like I do every year!”

“And what about getting first place in the Egg Race?” the blushing bluenette piqued an eyebrow as she eyed the tummy-heavy tubster up and down, “You think you’re gonna be able to keep up with those kids?”

“When it comes to eggs?” Abigail snorted, “Of course! Those little snots don’t stand a chance if they get between *me* and my *chocolate*!”

“Good to hear…” Emily clicked her tongue as she drank in the sight of Abigail’s doubly-tiered stomach sagging low in her denim button-ups, thigh, calf, and cankle fat bulging out from underneath her fishnet stockings, “Good to know…”

“Is that Emily I hear over there?!” another voice piped up, “Get on over here, Sweetie!”

Emily hadn’t gone so much as a week without seeing the *Aerobics* team, but she would have been lying if she said that she wasn’t excited to see them on one of the most indulgent days of the year in Stardew Valley—Jodi, Caroline, Robin, and Marnie, all looking hungrier than they did on your average Tuesday and incensed to enjoy their collective cheat day by any means necessary.

Although, it wasn’t like anyone believed that they would correct themselves *after* the Egg Festival either…

“Hey there, Jodi~~” Emily was ecstatic to grab a handful or two of Sam’s meaty mama, and even moreso now that she could palm her side rolls in completion, “You look so good today!”

“Oh don’t lie to me—this sweater of mine is riding up fierce.” The big brunette pat her tank of a tummy in self-deprecation, “Caroline’s been giving me guff about it all day.”

“I have not.” The heavyset housemom huffed as she wriggled her way to a standing position, “It’s good to see you, honey.”

Ohhh what Emily wouldn’t have done to have gotten in closer. She loved these women almost as much as they loved food. The more that they ate, the bigger they got. And the bigger they got, the more Emily just wanted to squeeze and hold and *jiggle* them until they begged her to stop. All she wanted out of her time in the Valley was to help these hogs get bigger, and her Aerobics buddies were about as close to perfection as she could find.

“EMILY?!”

Well, outside of her own sister, anyway.

“Sorry guys, gotta go take care of some family business.” Emily pat Caroline on the tummy as a way to excuse herself, something that left all of her aerobics friends chuckling at the gossipy, green-haired housewife’s expense, “Coming Haley!”

How could she have ever thought that Haley would have been able to make it to the festival on her own without some kind of drama? She could barely waddle out onto the front porch without getting exhausted. She sort of depended on Emily to guide her—not that a Pink Cake on a stick hanging in front of her wouldn’t have gotten pretty much the same result.

“Where the *fuck* did you gooooo?” Haley whined, fleshy neck fat creasing in petulant fury, “You were supposed to wait for me so I didn’t look like a total fatass, huffing and puffing by myself!”

Somehow, Emily doubted that her presence would have decreased the amount with which Haley looked like a fatass—because she was easily one of the biggest girls in the Valley.

Kneeing the back of her fleshy gut with fat-caked knees, Haley’s thigh-thick arms swung from side to side as she struggled to heave herself after her thus-far absent sister. Her whole body trembled with effort just as readily as her lower lip quivered in exhaustion. How the *fuck* was she supposed to enjoy this stupid festival when Emily had rushed ahead like that? She *needed* her sister around to…

You know…

Give her snacks and shit. It was a long walk over, and Haley got tired! She chafed, okay?!

“Calm down, you big crybaby.” Emily’s emphasis on *big*, “Let’s grab a seat, while there’s still room.”

“I worked up such a fucking sweat on the way over here, I swear…” Haley huffed, “You better make sure to bring me as much as you can possibly fucking carry when you’re bringing over my food, you got it?”

“Oh…” Emily practically drooled over the supple roll of fat that bulged over her cutoffs, low, low over her thighs as the rest of her gut plumped outwards below it, “I’ll make sure…”