

Lisa almost gave up when she heard that Gina had proposed to her mom.

Despite doing her best to scare Gina off, Sarah Aikawa was set to have her second wedding.

It was going to be far smaller than the previous one, set on a friend of a friend's private vineyard.

But Lisa was officially going to have a stepmom.

It took a few months to plan, and for all of their family and friends schedules to align, but one spring day, Sarah was walking down the aisle.

Well, more like waddling.

The stress of the wedding had given Gina ample opportunities to make Sarah more ample.

“Taste test the cake!”

“Oooh we gotta try these catering companies.”

“Phew that meeting with the florist took way longer than expected. Ya wanna get something quick to eat, sugar?”

Sarah looked like a white balloon, a far cry from the sleek sophisticated woman most of her family and friends had seen her be most of her life.

With a belly like a steel drum and thighs that weighed more than she once did, it was a bit mortifying to Lisa.

However, it did give Lisa some degree of comfort that her southern belle step-mom-to-be had become a southern belly as well.

The habits Lisa had instilled in Gina made it hard for her to not listen to her own advice, as she was sneaking a bite or two from everything she made for Sarah.

But as she sat there, adjusting her own dress, Lisa was forced to realize there may have been a third victim of all these fattening plots.

Herself.

She had not kept up with her own healthy eating habits, and being around Gina's deep fried cooking had slowly added weight to her frame.

She had done her best to ignore it, but now had no choice.

Still, that could wait for tomorrow to deal with.

Because as much as she hated to admit, her mother really did look happy. She wished it was to a different person, and that her mom's new partner would stop turning her into a blimp, but she did look happy.

Realization washed over Lisa.

Was she wrong for trying to decide for her mom what happiness looked like?

Maybe, just maybe, she should just let her mom be happy and make her own choices.

And on that day, operation fat Gina ended.

Lisa danced a bit at the party, drank some wine, and enjoyed herself.

Now that her plan had ended, a (figurative) weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

And one great thing about having a woman dedicated to making her mom fat?

The food at the wedding was superb.

Months passed, and every Aikawa woman got fatter.

Sarah out of being pampered, Lisa and Gina from habits they had picked up.

Lisa saw that she didn't actually mind getting fatter. Now that her free time wasn't being eaten up by trying to get Gina to eat up, her social life flourished.

She even found a steady boyfriend, someone who clearly didn't mind his girls having more than a little extra cushion.

Sarah and Lisa got back from their honeymoon in Paris, still in a honeymoon phase, and they never really left.

And behind closed doors and in hushed whispers, they both loved how big the other was getting.

For their wedding anniversary, after eating the ceremonial leftover cake, Sarah and Gina sat on their four person couch, which could almost hold both of them.

Gaining weight had never been a thing for Gina. She was always the feeder, never the feedee.

Maybe one day she would have to thank Lisa?

She was a little hurt, when it became increasingly obvious that Lisa was trying to fatten her up so that she would leave Sarah.

But Gina had been a young girl once, and knew how they liked to act.

It made a certain amount of sense.

Which is why Gina had also been doing the same to Lisa.

If ever confronted about it, she would have stopped. But she never was, even as she gave Lisa all those extra treats and saw her blimp up.

And now that the hatchet had been silently buried, and Lisa was off canoodling with her chubby chaser boyfriend, she knew she had made the right decision.

Next to her, Sarah chuckled.”

Curious, Gina turned to her wife.

“What’s so funny darling?”

“Oh nothing, just found this old photo of from when we started dating.”

Sarah turned her phone so Gina could see.

It was a photo from a bar, one that Gina remembered well.

It was the first bar she had taken Sarah to after confessing she was a feeder.

Back then Sarah had been a stick thin woman with harsh glasses, wearing suits to work and blouses out of the house.

One would have a hard time imagining that Sarah evolving into the voluptuous beauty taking up half of a couch, but Gina could always tell.

It was the eyes.

Even in that photo, as they held each other while a bartender took the picture, Gina could see the hunger.

The hunger to take more than what you were owed by the world.

That night, Sarah had come to the decision that she would in fact gain weight for Gina.

She knew she would.

“What a pair we make. Who could have thought we would end up like this?” Sarah said, gazing at her old self.

Gina smiled, and pulled her wife in for a kiss, feeling the euphoria of their flesh colliding on the couch.

“Meeting you is the best thing to ever happen to me.” Gina said, wholeheartedly.

With a grunt, Sarah pulled herself off the couch, and had to steady herself lest her belly pull the rest of her to the floor.

She acted as an anchor while Gina did the same.

“How about we go to the bedroom and I can show you just how much I love you?”

Gina could not possibly refuse.