

TINKERBELL GETS SIDETRACKED



Life on Never-Neverland didn't exactly have a routine. So when Peter Pan was gone for a few years, Tinkerbell barely noticed. She missed her friend, of course, but she didn't bother looking for him or chasing him. Love was for stupid *humans*, after all. Fairies were smarter than that.

But after a while she got bored dealing with the Lost Boys and their adolescent nonsense, and sick of Captain Hook and his constant, nefarious schemes. So she flew under the last star to the right, leaving Neverland behind, a trail of fairy dust following her.

Eventually she arrived in the skies over London. But things looked different this time. Instead of quiet gas-lit streets, she saw millions of tiny lights illuminating glass windows, neon signs blazing in the dark and cell phones flickering through the streets. It was dazzling.

Shaking her head, she jingled a soft tune through the night air. Humans were so ridiculous—always coming up with new toys. Well, it didn't matter what they'd invented while she'd been away. She still needed to find Peter.

Swooping down through the city, she wrinkled her nose. If London had been smelly back in Victorian times, it absolutely reeked now. Car exhaust, rotting garbage and the smell of strong perfumes assaulted her nose. But there was a smell that lingered and made her curious: the rich scent of greasy food. She was hungry after her long journey, and her stomach growled as she followed the scent to a dingy shop with a huge yellow "M" over the door. So this was where humans made food now.

It was no Buckingham Palace, that was for sure. Inside, homeless people slouched in the corners and an over-worked cashier struggled to keep up with orders. Tinkerbell's eyes widened as she watched the girl from a hidden perch over the deep fryers. The girl was *huge!* Bigger than any human she'd ever seen. She watched as the red-haired woman waddled into a tiny break-room, replaced by another girl just as huge, and licked her lips as the big girl sat down and bit into a juicy burger.

Tinkerbell had never seen a burger before. The dripping ketchup, oozing mustard and thick beef patty fascinated her. It was like humans had just taken a dozen parts of the food chain—wheat bun, onions, lettuce, dead cow and cheese—and just shoved it into one sandwich. When the girl was called back to the register early, heaving her massive body out of the chair, Tink descended from the ceiling. She had to taste that thing!

Settling down on the table, she knelt and nibbled the edge of the bun. It tasted strange: fluffy, warm and delicious, but light as air. Next she pried off a piece of gooey cheese and gobbled it down. *That* did it: she couldn't stop. She dug a hand into the steaming beef, ignoring the heat, and took a bite. It was addicting. The combination of savory, salty flavors and rich ground meat nearly made her eyes roll back

into her head. Tinkerbell of Neverland sat down, dug both tiny hands into the burger, and began to stuff her face.

Just a few minutes later, Amy the cashier waddled back into the break room. A Manchester girl born and bred, she was nearly two hundred and fifty pounds of freckled pale fat—and climbing. When she saw the six-inch-tall fairy in a miniskirt and puffball ballet shoes eating her burger, she thought she must be hallucinating.

“Oh, bollocks,” she sighed. “This an acid flashback, or summat?”

Tinkerbell froze, mid-gorge. Her stomach was replete with burger, sagging out onto her lap. Fairies had evolved to metabolize and store food faster than any other species: they needed the calories for the production of fairy dust, and so they could eat objects many times their size and turn food into fat in the space of minutes. Tink had never been forced to use this ability, and so she’d nearly forgotten about it. But now, as she staggered up from the trance of a food-coma, wobbling slightly, she wished she’d remembered.

Because *damn* she was full. Stuffed, really. And a stuffed fairy was not a very good flier. She tried to fly away and knocked into several advertisement posters, finally reaching an air vent. Normally she’d have been small enough to slip through the grate, but now her swollen belly stopped her, the bulging sphere of food and flesh wedging in the vent and getting her stuck. She jingled furiously as Amy stepped toward her, amazed.

“Hey, easy there... I’m not gonna hurt yeh.” She pried the fairy out of the vent and set her down on the table. Tink stamped her foot, frustrated: the door was shut now, and the vent was the only way out. She had no choice but to negotiate with this massive, ginger mass of lard.

“Where’d you come from, eh?” Amy sat down, grunting slightly as her belly strained the buttons of her uniform. She prodded Tink’s belly, and the fairy slapped her hand away. “Been having at me burger, have you? What’s your name?”

Tink sighed. She would have loved to throw a bunch of fairy dust around and make her escape, but she was exhausted after that brief buzz to the vent and felt like more flying might make her throw up. She jingled in response to the question.

“That’s a lovely noise. Guess I’ll call you Jingles, then?”

Tink shook her head, frustrated.

Amy grinned. “Jingles it is. So what brings you to our neck of the woods, Jingles? Manchester’s not exactly the best place for... tiny mythical creatures.”

The fairy shrugged. Explaining Neverland to this bloated woman would take forever, so she just pointed at the burger. It was the only reason she’d stopped instead of flying on, after all.

“Ooh, you like our burgers? I can make more, if you want. That’s just a Value Menu meal—we have triple-stacked, all-day breakfast, Big Macs...”

Tink’s eyes widened. The thought of *more* of this food, enough of it to satisfy her for her life, actually made her forget about Peter for a minute. The orgasmic taste of this “burger” had completely absorbed her scatterbrained attention. Slowly, she nodded.

“Great!” Amy clapped her hands. “I gotta get back to work, but I’ll bring you some more. Here, hide in the cupboard.” She opened the time-worn cabinet and placed Tink inside, along with the burger. “Ooh, wait till you try fries. I can’t stop eating those once I start! And ours aren’t even that good!”

She eyed the big woman distrustfully. Tinkerbell had issues with humans, but this one seemed okay. And she was going to need a lot of food for her journey to find Peter. Why should she refuse? Her bloated stomach was already shrinking as her fairy metabolism digested the meat, and she was thickening up in her arms and legs, softness bulging where before a Fay Wray-esque figure had been. But she barely noticed. All she knew was that she was lost and confused in this human world, and food was comforting. Delicious.

And addicting. She nodded again, jingling softly.

Amy shut the cabinet door. “Oh my god,” she giggled, as she returned to the register. “I have my own *fairy!*”



Hours later, Amy finally got out of her shift, exhausted and sweaty. Her red hair hung in strings across her freckled face, and her cheeks were red with exertion. Standing was hard for a big girl like her, and she’d been doing it for over eight hours. But she had a secret now, which made her sore feet feel less painful. Sneaking into the break room, she opened the cabinet door.

For the remainder of her shift, she’d kept bringing Tink more and more food: a small container of fries, a Fish Filet, and even a barbecue burger she’d whipped up herself that wasn’t even on the menu. Tink had devoured it all. Amazed by the fairy’s appetite, Amy just kept bringing her more food, curious if she would stop once she got too full.

She didn’t.

Tinkerbell lay passed out inside the cabinet, snoring and occasionally belching. Her stomach was enormous, easily the size of a softball, packed with calories and gurgling loudly. She’d pulled up her dress as the eating intensified, but the sheer size of her stomach covered her crotch, keeping her modest. Her face was splattered with ketchup, tartar sauce and mustard, sesame seeds stuck her bulging cheeks. When Amy prodded her awake, she blinked stupidly and hiccuped, swollen belly bouncing.

“Aw. Poor thing. Had a bit too much, did yeh?” Amy cooed as she rubbed Tinkerbell’s colossal gut. “That’s okay. I’ve got some Pepto at home—let’s go hang out and watch the telly.”

Against Tinkerbell’s sluggish, jangling protest, she snuck the fairy into a McDonald’s bag and put her in the car. And then, just in case Tink was still hungry, Amy ordered her three fresh bags of greasy treats.

And off they went to start Tink’s new life.

After a while Tinkerbell managed to shrug off her food coma and take stock of her surroundings. She was in a grubby, tiny apartment with Amy, who locked the door and tossed the keys on the table. The place was small, but warm and cozy, with a large sofa nearby carrying a huge dent from the impact of Amy's ass. Tinkerbell struggled to stand up from her seated position on the table, and found it more... difficult than usual.

While she'd been napping, the fast food had digested into fresh fat that swelled her upper arms, thighs and ass enormously. Her breasts were the size of chubby little grapes, oozing out the top of her dress, and she was horrified to discover a double chin ringing her neck. Confused, she railed at Amy, bells trilling wildly as she pointed at her stomach. It was less round but now sagged down onto her thighs, a doughy blob of fairy-fat that ripped the seams of her dress.

"What are yeh lookin' at me for? I didn't *make* you eat that food," the girl reminded her. "That's wot happens when you eat too much fast food, love. Yah get fat." She slapped her own stomach, which quivered and bounced. "Me, I've been fat so long I hardly remember what it was like to be skinny. I don't mind it much, to be honest. You'd be surprised how many boys want a piece a' this!"

Tinkerbell rolled her eyes. She was done hanging out with this stupid, fat, horny human and her addictive food. She had a mission to do, and she wasn't going to just sit around on her newly fat ass and eat. She had to go, she had to get out of here. Had to *fly*.

She leapt into the air, wings pumping, and was startled to find herself sinking back down again. Face getting red, she fought to stay airborne, but it was exhausting. She had made herself completely out of shape in a few hours of gobbling McDonald's, and now the effort of flying was almost too much for her. She flopped back down onto the table, her entire body jiggling when she landed. Ringing and clanging with annoyance, she gasped and wheezed. Being fat was *hard!*

"Easy now, love!" Amy was concerned about her new friend—if a human being ate that much fast food and got that fat so quickly, they'd probably have a heart attack. Could fairies have heart attacks? She decided she didn't want to find out. Tinkerbell needed something to calm her down, and quick. "Here, you look like you could use a drink. Relax." She plucked a bottle of wine from her enormous liquor cabinet—Amy was a bit of a lush, as well as a binge-eater—and poured Tink a glass. Thinking twice about this, she swapped out the wine glass for a shot glass.

Tinkerbell took it, sniffing at it curiously. On Neverland, only pirates drank alcohol, and she was no pirate. But she did like the smell of it: fruity, curiously sour. She sipped it, and made a face at Amy.

"Hah! Yeah, that's what I thought when I had my first glass, back in primary school. Trust me, it grows on you." She winked, and squeezed one of her belly-rolls. "Literally. I'm gonna dress down, feel free to get more comfortable." She pulled off her shirt, huge breasts jiggling in a sweat-stained bra. When Tink stared at her, she blushed. "What? It's nothin' you ain't seen before."

Tin shrugged, as if to say *Fair point*, and began fighting to get her own dress off. It was incredibly restrictive now that she'd doubled in size, and eventually Amy had to help her with it. Finally she stood naked on the kitchen table, tiny nipples erect in the cool air. Amy put on the heat and got her a fuzzy dish-towel for a bathrobe.

"There you go. Drink up! I'm gonna see if they got *Doctor Who* on the telly."

The fairy, an unexpected houseguest, sipped her wine and looked around. The place was messy—Amy was clearly not organized. But it was homely. And when Amy set a cushion on the couch for her

and lifted her onto it, Tink didn't fight back. There were so many terrible humans out there, it felt nice to meet one who wasn't all bad. Even if she was a little bit... huge. And weird.

By the time she'd drained the shot glass, she was feeling dizzy, and Amy had gotten the TV running *Doctor Who* was indeed on, and they jumped into an Eleven episode, Matt Smith cavorting on-screen as Tink watched in fascination. The humans had been busy while she was away! Now they had magic boxes that could tell stories. Absently, she held out her shot glass for a re-fill.

"You sure?" Amy chuckled. "Little party girl, eh? Alright." She filled it for the fairy, and got a tall glass of her own. Soon both women were tipsy and giggling, watching Karen Gillan prance around in a sexy police outfit while a CGI alien lurked just off-screen.

"See, he's not a *real* doctor, that's the joke." Amy belched, and nodded at Gillan's character, Amy Pong. "You know people always tell me I look like her? Same name, even. Spitting image, that's what they say! Of course, she'd have to pack on a lot of weight to catch up with me, skinny little cunt..." She grunted, scratching her breast through her bra. "Sod it. I'm taking this off. You don't mind, do you?"

Tink grinned, and shook her head. Truthfully, the more she drank the less she minded looking at Amy's big body. There was something sensual about it... Or maybe she was just hard-up from centuries of living on Neverland without any male fairies to keep her company. Either way, when Amy pulled off her vast bra and her flabby tits tumbled out, the fairy squirmed a little in excitement. Noticing her own reaction, she shook her head and gulped down more wine. There was no way she was attracted to this whale of a woman. Even if that whale was really sweet, and a nice friend.

The corner of the pillow she sat on, Tink realized, was nudging against her exposed crotch. As her stomach grew bloated and her vision fuzzy, Tinkerbell began to grind against the pillow, soft musical tunes coaxing out of her.

Living with a human wasn't so bad.

Their TV marathon continued, and so did the wine—so much of it that soon Tink was barely able to stay upright, hiccups rocking her fat little body every few seconds. When she nearly fell off the couch in her drunken stupor, Amy got the hint and took her to bed. Along with the wine bottle. This proved to be a mistake, later.

In the middle of the night, as Amy snored loudly and belched in her sleep, Tinkerbell awoke ravenously thirsty. She was still blind drunk, and crawled over the covers towards the wine bottle on the bedside table. She was growing grotesquely fat, now, so many calories loaded into her tiny little body that her arms dangled with flesh and her ass wobbled back and forth, a miniature ghetto booty. She could barely crawl, but she managed to climb up to the lip of the bottle.

Just a few days ago, she would have been slim enough to slide inside, and enjoy the wine to her heart's content. But now she was morbidly obese, her gut slapping the side of the bottle as she hung on it, and there was no chance of getting inside. So she did the next best thing: she tilted it horizontally and stuck her face into the opening.

Wine, glorious wine sloshed into her mouth—and up her nose. She snorted, giggled and began chugging, her greed getting the better of her. With her face mashed into the neck of a wine bottle, she was happier than she'd been in years. Until she realized her head was stuck.

She couldn't cry for help, but she flapped her wings and jingled wildly. Amy snored on, huge belly rising and falling next to her. Tink hiccuped and whimpered as more wine sloshed towards her

face—more than she'd ever wanted, more than she could possibly drink. But if she wanted to avoid drowning in it, she *had* to drink it.

Frightened but still thirsty, she began to chug.

Halfway through the bottle, she was so drunk she could barely stay awake. If Amy had been conscious, she would have seen an absurd sight—the tiny fairy swelling on wine like a water balloon, with her head stuck in the bottle, occasionally accompanied by a drunken jingle of bells and a loud, slurring hiccup.

Hiccup. Jingle. HIC-up.

Ding-a-ling. *BELLCH.*

Hic!

After what felt like ages, the bottle was empty, and Tink was full. Fuller than she'd ever been in her life, and so very, *very* drunk. Luckily for her the rapid gain caused by her metabolism caused her face to get so chunky that the fat itself squeezed her head out of the wine-bottle, and she fell back onto the bed, drooling. Her stomach swayed and undulated, loaded with liquid.

HYICK-up.

Wobble. *Belllllch.*

And with that, she passed out, her hair askew and face stained with wine. Inside her enormous swollen gut, the size of a cantaloupe, the wine sloshed and gurgled. And digested.



The next morning Amy found her companion still asleep... and much bigger. Luckily, it was her day off, and she had the opportunity to make breakfast for her little friend. She was going to need it—by the sign of that empty wine bottle, Amy knew there was a killer hangover coming for Tinkerbell when she finally slept off her binge.

She was right. When Tink awoke, her head was pounding and her mouth felt like the skin of Hook's hand-devouring crocodile. Her bell-jingling sounds were more like a painful piano note as she blinked and rubbed her eyes. Where had her fat human gotten off to?

Then she realized she had more pressing concerns. While she'd slept, her tiny body had dutifully converted every single liquid gram of wine into fat. She was colossal, her svelte figure sunk under rolls and rolls of pale pink flesh. Her stomach was a cascading mass of blubbery folds which sagged between her flabby thighs, and her ass spread out in a pool of twin fat-lumps behind her. Her second chin had acquired a sister, giving her a total of three, and her breasts had gotten so heavy and fat they sagged to

either side, nipples widened and stretched with fat. Belching softly, she struggled to get up... and panicked when she realized she couldn't stand at all. Overnight, her muscles had atrophied.

Tinkerbell had become immobile.

Amy was summoned from the kitchen when terrified bell-ringing sounded in the bedroom. She found Tink cursing in fairy-talk, dirty language sounding like someone slamming a piano lid over and over. She pointed at her grotesquely fleshy stomach, then at Amy, then at the wine bottle.

Amy shrugged. "Yeah? I told you. You eat like a pig and drink like a fish, and you get fat. That's how it goes."

Tink shook her head. The human world had been much easier to understand in Wendy's time, when food had been scarce and she'd never touched a drop of wine. Now fast food was everywhere, tempting her... and she was already thirsty for more booze, to take the edge off her raging hangover. Groaning, she flopped back onto the bed, tits and belly jiggling.

"Oh, come on now. It's not so bad." Amy sat down next to her, the woman's weight bending the mattress heavily in the middle. "When you're fat, nobody ever asks you if you're dieting. Because obviously you aren't. And the skinny girls are all jealous, because you can eat whatever you want, and they have to stick to celery!"

Tinkerbell piano-clanged again, unconvinced.

"Hey, now. Here, let me help you relax." She began rubbing Tinkerbell's vast stomach with a pudgy finger, massaging it. The fairy frowned, but it *did* feel nice. And her mission was seeming less and less important. If Peter had run off, why should she go chasing after him? Her crush on the boy would never work out now, not when she was the size of a slightly deflated basketball. And if she was lonely, there was always the edge of that sofa pillow for company...

Not to mention, Amy. As the girl rubbed lower, past her navel, Tink shivered and found her legs spreading on instinct. Amy raised an eyebrow.

"Mmm, dirty mind, eh? I could help you with that." She was bisexual, and happily shagged men and women and literally anyone, when she could get away with it. If a little bit of mutual release would help her fairy stick around, well...

She snuck her finger under Tink's belly, rubbing and caressing. A spot of warm wetness blossomed, and she giggled, stroking in circles. Tinkerbell's sounds changed from ugly clangs to sweet piccolo notes which went higher and higher as her new friend—perhaps lover?—skillfully maneuvered her towards climax.

When she reached the height of pleasure, her entire body quaked and jiggled with the force of her orgasm. And when Amy took her finger off the fairy's clit, Tinkerbell's fat thighs clamped around her digit. Her stubborn, bratty fairy-features seemed to say *You got me fat, now make up for it*.

"Not done?" Amy grinned. She'd never expected the prudish, stubborn Tinkerbell to be so kinky, and decided to go all-in—literally. She licked her finger and stuck it back under the fey girl's fat pubic area, gently probing until she found the source of all the wet heat there.

Tink gasped and trilled out clarinet-notes as Amy's finger slid inside her. The girl's digit was plump and wide, and stretched her pussy out, but she enjoyed it. Just yesterday she would have turned up

her nose at this filthy depravity, but now she was tired, and hung over, and lonely—and still a little drunk. She *needed* this, and she spread her legs as far as they would go. Which wasn't very far, considering how fat she'd gotten. She struggled to lift her own stomach so Amy could push deeper, and the fat woman took mercy on her by using her other hand to nudge the mound of fat upwards.

Thrusting, pushing, with Tinkerbell humping her finger like her life depended on the next orgasm, the two of them brought the fairy to another eye-rolling surge of bliss. As Tinkerbell gasped and whimpered, sagging back onto the bed, Amy removed her finger and licked it playfully. It tasted like candy.

“Hey, there. You feeling better?”

Tink just nodded, eyes wide. She'd never dreamed of such delights... but her belly was grumbling already, flabby and greedy and eager to be fed. She pointed at it, not even bothering to try and ask for food. Her meaning was clear: *Feed me. Now.*

“Okay, okay.” Amy stood, the mattress adjusting without her enormous rear on it. “I've got black pudding, beans, sausage and eggs cooking. A good English breakfast—for your *first* course. What do you say, love?”

Weakly, Tinkerbell nodded. She forgot all about Peter as the thought of more food, infinite food, treats she'd never dreamed of, dancing in her thoughts. All she wanted was that next hit of sweet greasy oblivion... and then maybe more wine. Lots more. And whatever else Amy had in that big liquor cabinet.

“That's my girl.” Amy winked as she waddled out of the room, ass quaking in her oversized lace panties. “When you're done eating, we should shag some more. I want to see how many fingers I can fit up there...”

Tink's eyes widened at the thought. Thighs still soaked in her own juices, the fairy decided maybe life as an immobile pleasure-blob might suit her, after all. Screw Neverland—she was never going back. She had everything she needed.

“Well? What do you think, Jingles?”

Clang, clang, went the fairy's tiny voice.

Translation: *Fuck, yes.*