

DAISY HOLSTEIN

BBWchan greentext piece, 2015-ish

Concerning a young woman with VERY confused feelings about her size.

“Whose idea was it to have a high school reunion on Halloween, anyway?” Daisy Holstein studied herself in the mirror in her parents bedroom: 25 years old, curlyhaired, a little sad looking, and... Fat. Very fat. Easily 150 pounds heavier than she'd been in high school, Daisy had had trouble finding a job after college. Fortunately, her mother had helped fill in the financial gap — unfortunately, Daisy's family was Jewish, and her mother was not one to fight against stereotypes. Daisy's mom had dutifully fed her daughter home-cooked meals every morning, noon and night for the past three years, and it showed. It showed badly.

Daisy's stomach sagged over her worn polka-dot panties, flopping in a thick slab of fat onto her wide thighs. Stretchmarks zig-zagged over her drooping, pale lovehandles and she blushed with embarrassment as she noticed budding “saddlebags” of flesh bulging above her dimpled, porcine buttocks. “Ugh, I'm a mess. . .” Three years of sitting on her ass, unemployed and scarfing down latkes and soda, had ruined her already rubenesque figure beyond repair. “I guess masturbating doesn't burn calories after all,” she sighed, gripping the hanging mass of her gut and shaking it. Ripples spread across her overfed, soft fat, undulating all the way up to her plump breasts—what her friend Arletta called “Madonna tits,” not out of Daisy's popularity (which had been nonexistent in high school) but rather because the Jewish girl's sweater puppies tapered neatly into puffy, plump conical nipples. “I can't believe I did this to myself,” Daisy sighed, shame burning at her cheeks.

Yet, for some reason, she couldn't quite look away from the wobbling of her stomach, which was still jiggling like a gentle tide of fat lapping at the shores of her groin. Swallowing and glancing to make sure her door was shut, Daisy slapped her bellybutton, and the ripples spread out again. This time the burning in her cheeks was not from regret, but something else that warmed the inside of her flabby thighs and made her plump nipples stand at erect attention. “S-stop it,” she told herself, crossing her arms over those stiff points. “You're being a freak again, Daise. Cut it out.”

Her reflection stared back at her, frumpy and overweight, but she found her imagination getting away from her, Daisy's double giving her a coquettish stare of growing lecherousness, brown eyes burning with hidden desires over Daisy's large, aquiline nose. Her image turned its back to her and shook her own bloated rear, ass-cheeks slapping with a depressingly deep flopping sound. In the surprising detail of this vision she saw rips in the seat of her panties—were those really there?—and the quivering of her flesh stretching down to her fat-coated hamstrings. Daisy's mischievous reflection bent over, spreading her legs, and the rips in her panties grew wider, tearing the underwear wide open to reveal an asscrack deep as the Grand Canyon. Huffing and puffing as she forced her thighs apart, Daisy's darker self pulled the fat of her thighs apart to reveal a bloated half-moon dangling down where a normal girl's “thigh gap” should be: her own stomach, so fat it formed a chubby apron that would've been visible to anyone taking her from behind, had she bothered to get off her ass and find a boyfriend these past months. She hadn't.

She shook her head, finding herself breathing heavily, and the lusty vision disappeared. She ran her hands down her body, trying to remind herself how disgusting it was. How she should be ashamed to have destroyed her hourglass frame like this. Yet every time she mentally scolded herself, the fire between her legs grew hotter. And hotter. Looking away from the mirror to try and ignore what she was doing, Daisy pulled her stomach up with one hand, palm filling with hot flesh which spilled through her fingers, and crept the other hand under her (extremely tight) panty waistband. She gasped as she found a sopping mess of steamy pleasure inside the soft gulf of her loins. . .

“Dee!” Her mother’s nickname for her rang from the hallway, causing Daisy to snap her hand back, the sticky damp on the tips of her fingers smelling of shame and sex. “Are you ready for the reunion?”

“N-no!” Daisy struggled to keep her voice from squeaking, her reflection now showing a red-faced, sweaty half-nude girl so fat she could’ve been mistaken for Part 1 of a weight-loss commercial. Steadying herself, she glanced at the hand-written note she’d taped to her mirror: NO SNACKS BEFORE LEAVING! Doubtless her mother was about to push more “treats” on her already massive daughter. “D-did you get my costume like I asked?” One benefit of being an obedient, sedentary woman-child was having Mama do her errands, and she’d forgotten to get a costume.

“Yes, sweetie! Are you decent? Here, I’ll put it through the door.” Her mother knew how self-conscious Daisy had gotten lately, although in typical Jewish fashion she refused to accept any responsibility for Daisy’s mammoth rump and enormous stomach, saying frequently “Boychiks just love a nice, soft girlfriend” without realizing, perhaps Daisy had become far TOO soft for anyone’s liking. “Here you go!”

Daisy saw what her mother was offering through the door, and blanched. Her evening crashed down around her as she stared transfixed at the curly tail, the false hooves and the stubby snout attached to an elastic string. She should have gone shopping herself, she realized—because her mother, well-meaning to a fault, had brought her a pig costume to wear to her own high school reunion.

“Mom! How could you?” Daisy took the costume from her mother, hands trembling. “I can’t show up in this!”

“Why not?” Mrs. Holstein was a simple soul, and from the sound of her curiosity she had not even considered what it would mean for an obese girl to wear a pig costume in front of her former peers. “It’s funny! And little nose is so cute!”

Daisy shut the door, muttering “Thanks, mom.” She spread the costume out on her bed, already picturing the sneers, the laughter, the snickering behind cupped hands, possibly between two blonde girls. She didn’t have anything against blondes, it was probably just how this would go. The thing was velour, for God’s sake!

“I’ll just let you put it on, then,” said her mother, and Daisy heard floorboards creaking as Mrs. Holstein waddled off. Like her daughter, Elsa Holstein was built for sensuality—but at merely three hundred pounds compared to Daisy’s astonishing three hundred and twenty, Holstein Sr. was quickly losing the race towards the title of “family fattest.” It was not a title Daisy wanted. . . or so she told herself whenever she slathered butter all over her matzah.

Studying the rubber pig-nose, Daisy tried it on, staring in the mirror. It was pretty funny, she had to admit—but the joke was on her. She could practically hear the whispered mockery now: “Does she even know what she looks like?” “How many bagels would you even have to eat to get that big?” “She has to be wearing that ironically, right? Right?” “Oh my god, her ass is almost four feet wide!”

“Three and a half,” she muttered to herself, wondering if the suit would even fit. The tag said XXXL, but even the most ambitious clothing sizes had trouble containing her these days. . . Biting her lip, she pictured the shocked stares she would get, the disgusted glances. The underside of her stomach grew warm again, wetness trickling from her unshaven loins. “Aw, come on,” she whined, bobbing from one heel to another as her thighs grew slick. “Stop that. . .”

She had to admit, the idea of parading herself around like some sort of walking fat joke wasn’t entirely unappealing. Maybe ninety percent unappealing, with ten percent of. . . what? Ten percent of whatever she’d felt while messing around on the sketchiest corners of the Internet,

wriggling and gasping at midnight to TMC specials: “Addicted to Food,” “Out of Control,” and of course everyone’s favorite masochist exercise show “The Fattest Fattiest Two-By-Four Loser.” But those had been explorations, she told herself, just curious forays after sneaking too much of her mom’s wine. She didn’t actually like any of that stuff—didn’t get off to it That was gross. No, the idea of showing up with her double chin wiggling and her ass poured into this ridiculous getup was eighty percent terrifying.

“I could always not wear anything under it. That would leave more room,” she reasoned. Then she imagined her chubby little fat-girl tits rubbing against the coarse inside of the suit, the baggy outfit cupping her bloated gut as people pointed and giggled.

Maybe just seventy percent terrifying, she thought. Thirty percent. . . something else. She thought about the costume riding up into her asscrack, the sweaty flesh of her gargantuan rear creating a wedgie that was plain for everyone to see. Maybe if she sat down wrong, the little felt-coated, wire-frame tail would vanish into the cleft of her butt. . . and rub up in places it was not supposed to go.

Sixty percent, she thought. Sixty percent humiliation and misery, that was definitely tonight’s ratio. Then, very quietly, just to test out the sound of it, she whispered “Oink” in the quiet of her messy room.

Fifty percent. “Oink,” she said again, a little louder this time—and was rewarded with a flood of steaming liquid that ran down the inside of her womanhood like molten gold gushing over her most sensitive parts.

“Fuck it,” she breathed, panting, and tore off her underwear. “This little piggy is going to market.”

She unzipped the costume.

Later...

Randall Shiavone was not excited to be back at the place he’d spent four years sweating and running quarterback to get a single flimsy scholarship—a scholarship that had quickly been pulled when he decided to go into culinary instead of pursuing football through college. He was tired of hearing how well he’d done, considering his “background” (ha ha, very funny, guys) and he was damn tired of getting questions like “So what’s it like being a black sushi chef in Tokyo? Do you like, get stared at a lot?” Of course he did, but who gave a shit? He was doing what he loved. Granted, he hadn’t had a steady girlfriend since he started his new career overseas—Japanese girls were a bit too small to get his motor running—but he had a good job, and he’d lost a lot of weight on what he wryly called “the Nippon diet.”

Jet lag still pulled at his nerves, but it was all worth it to see how American cuisine had changed his classmates in the time he’d been away. A few of the guys had slimmed down; others had bulked up. Most of the class, however, were sporting impressive spare tires; a few of his fellow football players looked like they’d spent too long on the couch lately, and their girlfriends were looking plump, undersexed and overly makeupped. Randall mingled with the sad-looking couples under the makeshift neon lights for a while before drifting to the punch table. No one really had any good stories to share: it seemed like he was the only one who’d made it any distance away from Queens.

He felt bad. At least, until Daisy arrived. After that, he couldn’t think about anything but her.

Outside in her dad’s car, the twenty-five-year-old poster girl for overeating was already sweating into her pig suit. She’d obeyed her own freakish fantasy and neglected underwear; even so,

the costume was hot, sending tiny streams of sweat down her asscrack and staining the pig suit's armpits. "Oof. I wish they built an air conditioner into this thing," she wheezed, fanning herself with a hoof made of laminated cardboard.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" Marcus Holstein was getting on in years, but he could still smell the pent-up grudges emanating from inside the stunted brick building of Z. Aftieg High School. "I mean. . . I know your motha doesn't want you to miss a chance to reconnect with your old friends, but—"

"I didn't have any friends." Daisy wasn't bitter when she said it. Other than some tubby black kid from Harlem whose name she'd long forgotten, virtually everyone had been unkind to her in high school—she could only imagine how they'd react now that she was too big to fit in theater chairs. Her heart fluttered, arteries already under strain from her sheer size and now battered by the hormonal rush of imminent exhibitionism. "It's okay, Dad. I'll be fine. I'll call you when I'm ready to leave." Her dimpled smile reassured him, but he still unlocked the car door with reluctance.

"Bye, Dad!"

"Have fun!" Marcus leaned back in his seat as his daughter jiggled towards the building. "Oy, gevalt. . . I can't believe I let her do this." He considered divorcing his wife for the millionth time that month, and shrugged. "Ah, too much work. Besides, I can probably get Daisy on a diet before she explodes." He watched his daughter's butt brush the side of the doorframe as she took a ticket from the cheery ex-teacher at the door. "Or maybe not. Sheesh."

She hit the room like a thunderhead looming over a coming lightning storm. Randall's eyes were drawn to her as if she were a big, fluffy magnet in a ridiculous costume. Those orbiting around him began to drift off, an electric current of gossip bringing the dull party to life.

Daisy was a sight to see, decked out in the least flattering costume available to girl-kind, and she drifted through the gathered crowds like a leper, masses of has-beens parting before her. She felt, at the same time, massively self-conscious and delightfully, grotesquely aroused. The pig-tail bounced against the cleft of her rear as she shifted her massive thighs through the throng, making meek greetings to those she recognized and giving only deep red blushes to those she didn't. She was an obscenity, marring the silly costume ball like a mass of pork given legs.

She had never been happier in her life.

This rotund exhibitionism was not lost on Randall, who saw the sweat dripping down the newly arrived girl's cheeks (jowls? No, not quite. . . Not yet.) She drifted like a lost planet through the disjointed crew of her graduating class. Though he was still exhausted from his flight and tired from a glass or two of heavily spiked punch, he felt the irrational urge to go to her. To strike up a conversation. To find out why on earth she was dressed like that—and explore why on earth it made him feel the way he did, his cheap cowboy outfit's overalls growing more restrictive by the minute.

"Woah. Who the hell is that. . . person?" said his friend from years ago, Charles. Dressed as a fox, Charles was one to talk (Randall was not a fan of how Charles had decided to howl "WHAT DOES THE FOX SAY?" over and over, his goatee bouncing) but for the first time this evening he had a question he could answer.

"That's Daisy. She and I were pals, back in the day." In his heart Randall knew she had never been like this, but he kept his mouth shut. The rest of the girls at this lackluster 'party' could go screw—he only had eyes for the soft, wobbling queen in the dumpy velour suit. The mere act of wanting her made him embarrassed and ashamed, but under the cheap lights, who was he to feel shame? He had crushed on her throughout high school: now, she had easily doubled in size and was the perfect shape for what he modestly called "slammin' and jammin'." (He had once written this as

the answer to an AP test. The teacher had taken it. . . after he had taken her, in the gymnasium. Not his proudest day, but academic success did not come without sacrifice.)

Meanwhile, Daisy was burning up. Her soft skin was soaked in sweat, causing more and more of the overheated suit to stick to her. In moments of heat delirium, she imagined she was undergoing some Sisyphean punishment for her perversions, some kind of twisted penance for being such a bizarre, attention-hungry plump freak. Deep down, however, she loved the gazes of disgust she was receiving. The burning stares of dozens of revolted ex-classmates gave her an unsettling level of energy: not only was she delighted to scarf down hors d'oeuvres by the pound as she made her way along the buffet, she also quaffed heavily from the surprisingly bitter and hooch-heavy punch bowls. She had consumed four or five plates in this way, her fullness spiting the mocking giggles of girls merely half her size, when she met him.

She barely remembered his name. She knew she had hung out with him, but the hormone-laced rat race of high school had stolen certain important memories—like his name, for instance. She paused in front of a platter of pigs-in-a-blanket (oddly appropriate, given the portly cameltoe she was now sporting) and looked him up and down.

Fake straw hat. Rich, fulsome nutmeg-brown skin. A smile that could stop a cheerleader in mid-cheer, and eyes so full of so much enigmatic hunger that she swallowed her current mouthful whole—no chewing. As she felt it hit her guts, she saw him extend a hand.

“Hey, Daisy. Randall Shiavone,” he said, shaking her hand and noting with a detached, predatory interest how limp and squishy her grip was. “We used to hang around?”

“Uh.” She found her jaw had dropped open on her double chin. Blush levels had entered “beet red” territory. Dimly, she remembered pantsing him the ninth grade. He had been much less. . . chiseled, back then.

“Good to see you again. Want to grab some punch?” he said, and winked at her. He actually winked at her, like she were a svelte girl leaning over a bar and not a red-faced, overweight Jewess mess stuffed into a ridiculous pig costume. What was going on?

“S-sure.” She let him take her hand with the trusting confusion of a woman possessed. He had actually sought her out and talked to her! This hadn't been a part of her fantasy. But maybe, just maybe she could make it a part. Maybe she didn't have to hover for fifteen minutes of crotch-moistening ecstasy before running away.

Maybe, Randall thought as he led his pig-queen towards the absurdly high-calorie punch bowl, tonight wouldn't be so bad after all.