Haley & Tara West in, *the Fat Sister*

“Haleyyyy, your sister’s gonna be here in a couple of minutes—”

Her mother’s call throughout the house had been the first thing that Haley had heard, snorting awake at the realization that it was, in fact, Christmas Eve.

“—Do you have on *pants* at least?”

“Uh… not yet!”

Her voice was husky with sleep and exertion as she threw one chunky leg over the other, wobbling out of bed and hurrying into a loose gray pair of sweats had left it haggard. It wasn’t often that girls in the West house moved with this kind of purpose, but Haley *had* to do what she could to look like she just rolled out of bed gorgeous at…

11 in the morning.

*Fuck*—so she wasn’t going to look like the “productive” sister this holiday season.

But if she knew Tara, Haley didn’t have a doubt in her mind that she’d still be the “skinny” sister in this year’s Christmas cards!

Sure enough, by the time that Haley had gotten downstairs and prettied herself up *reasonably* well, Tara’s car was already parked in its usual spot at the end of the driveway. Getting to see her sister at the beginning of every Christmas had been like opening the best present that she could have ever gotten—Tara’s troubles were just the gift that keeps on giving!

“Tara, sweetie!”

Their mother had announced her eldest prematurely, having swung open the door so that she could step through and come inside. But the big blockade of bulky sweater struggling to wiggle its way through the doorframe had other ideas—the announcement had fallen flat, and the awkward silence was filled by Tara’s grunts of tubby turmoil as she struggled to so much as fit into her childhood home.

“H…Hey mama…” Tara’s meaty face rippled from the jowls out as she puffed out a pathetic merritime greeting, “…gosh… needtasiddown…”

Toddling inside, her fat little arms swinging from side to side as she struggled to turn in the suddenly cramped kitchen, Haley and her mom had to brace the bench seating that got brought out after last year’s debacle—heaving Tara up off the floor was a lot harder than trying to keep her from pushing the chair back with her massive ass.

“Hey sis~”

Haley cupped her face with her hands playfully, leaning on one side of the table as she stared like the cat that ate the canary.

“How’s your *diet* going?” she asked just low enough so that their mother wouldn’t hear, “Remember that, huh? When you talked about it last year?”

“Fug…fuggoff…” Tara swatted weak as a kitten as her bottom-heavy baby sister engaged in the *least* exciting time of the year for her, “You’re… fuckin…fat as hell…”

“Like you’re *anyone* to talk about my weight.”

Haley offered an open palmed slap against Tara’s barely-concealed blob of a stomach, making the whole thing wobble and wave like summertime at the beach.

*“Mommm—Haley won’t stop playing with my fat!”*

Mia & Sofia, in *Cabin Fever*

Despite the fact that things were (relatively) calm now, countries were still wary about foreign nationals crossing borders.

Even though you were tested almost every week because of your job, getting on a plane and going to so much as *visit* your wife and in-laws was enough to raise some red flags. Unfortunately, you had yet to get clearance to make the trip back to Mia, her mama, and Sofia.

But you stayed in touch through video-chat—and watching the slow trek downward of her double chin as her cheeks slowly swelled to take up more of the screen gave you all the more reason not to rush getting your wife away from her mother and fat sister.

With one hand under the covers, letting your imagination run wild, you coped with your effective single-ness the best way that you could…

…

“If you don’t quit eating like a little piggy, your hubby’s gonna have to *roll* you home.”

Mia stuck out her little pink tongue before taking a triumphant bite out of the last tamale; the one that she’d earned by merit of being lighter and more maneuverable than her younger sister.

Or at least, by merit of not handing it over and being seated closer to the tray.

“I’m comfortable with my body.” Mia said with a smug pat of her gelatinous brown stomach, “And personally, I think that my *hubby* might like me with a few extra kilos to take home.”

“Yeah, well if he’s excited by the weight *you’ve* put on—”

Sofia struggled to so much as heft her enormous stomach up with both arms. They trembled and jiggled as she squirmed in place against her own sandbag stomach. Letting it collapse between her thighs, her whole body quaked in wake of such a sudden shift in fat.

“—his dick’s gonna shoot right off of his body when he gets a load of my fat ass.”

Sofia purred flirtatiously, drumming her fat sausage fingers over her still-shaking mass. Grabbing a handful of her lightly browned belly blubber, she offered a playfully malicious nod and wink to her older sister.

“Don’t joke like that!” Mia’s pretty black brow furrowed, “Just because you’re a whole fucking mattress doesn’t mean that my husband is any more attracted to you than he is to me!”

“We’ll see when he comes to pick your chubby buns up, and what he does when he gets a look at *all this.*”

Struggling against the meat of her own arm wings, Sofia managed to rub large concenctric circles over her humongous apron of a stomach as it hung low between her knees.

“What the *fuck* Sofia?” Mia slapped her sister’s enormous thigh with the back of her scornful hand, “I eat the last tamale and you talk about seducing my husband?!”

“I don’t know *what* you’re talking about.” Sofia sniffed, rubbing the afflicted area on her thigh, “But maybe you should think twice before stealing seconds around here.”

Flo Folly, in *Bless Flo’s Heart*

Winding up wedged in someone’s doorway was not the place that most people wanted to wind up. And despite the fact that she had been pigging herself out and round for the past few years, Flo Folly was not the type of gal who had ever wondered what it felt like to wear a threshold like a girdle.

“I am gonna get rid of any and all temptation in this house, even if it kills me—*so help me God.”*

As poetic as it may have sounded, the mere action of straining herself by putting this junk in that bag actually *felt* like it was killing her. She barely moved a muscle around the house as it was, and her thigh-thick arm wings weighing down her pitifully atrophied biceps made every sloshing movement a terrible burden on her back. Not to mention the great weight pulling her forward that was her stomach.

Poor Flo was so roly-poly that she could barely even wriggle up off the couch without getting tuckered out—let alone sit on the *edge* of it and consistently turn from side to side.

Seriously, who signed her up for a Pilates class and didn’t tell her?!

“Well I’m proud of you, mama.” Her daughter Myr said with a deceptively supportive tone as she shifted the bag of SunChips behind her back, “Way to go gettin’ back into shape.”

“Uh-uh, Miss Myr—there ain’t gonna be *any* junk food in this house. Not until I get back under…”

Flo gulped. Did she really want to say “not until I get back under three hundred pounds” as her goal? That still sounded so ungodly high… when did *that* become an achievable, believable goal for her weight to settle at?

“…control.” She finally said, “In the bag.”

“Oh mama...”

Myr shot her confiscated bag of chips into the “donation” bin with a roll of her eyes. Being around her mother constantly snacking wasn’t exactly the deterrent towards junk food that she needed—her flat belly had fattened up quite nicely after her freshman year of college had been spent living at home; her mother’s eating habits had been far more influential than she probably would have liked to admit…

But even still, those were good!

“Trust me, you’ll thank me when you’re older—and you *aren’t* the size of a house.”

Flo grunted as she struggled to heave herself over to the side. Shifting on two cushions sized for a couch and weighing about as much as one wasn’t easy. Her stomach hung low between her legs as her fat, puddling face dripped with sweat. Cleaning out her kitchen (in a more literal sense this time) had been the most exercise that the overfed house mom had gotten in literally years, and it showed.

Crammed into a tank top that was about too small to be a chair cover, Flo’s fat stomach was unsheathed by a whole roll and a half a foot of flab. Pink and jiggly, swelling and sagging over her fat thighs as they strained with the weight she put onto them, Flo looked like she was about to give up any minute.

Which is, of course, what she wanted to do.

It had been so tempting for her to just commit to cleaning out her kitchen the *fun* way—stuffing this trash bag full of “donatable” junk food into her belly like the Good Lord intended it to be. And after all, it was so wasteful for her to just throw it out…

But fortunately for her, Flo had learned not to listen to the little fat girl inside of her head when it came to this kind of thing—the first four times had been enough.

“So, who’s gonna get all this stuff?” Myr asked, plopping down on the arm to the couch—her chubby buns spilling over the side, “Is it gonna go to, like, the homeless shelter or—”

“Dillon, Shelby, and Carrie are gonna get it.” Flo puffed out her answer quickly and resolutely, “They’ve got it comin’ to ‘em.”

There was a small silence there after the all-but too fast rebuttal from the fat woman on the couch, where Myr raised her eyebrows in mild confusion and newfound interest in the situation.

“Okay, so…” she cracked a smile, “What did Aunt Shelby and Dillon do now?”

With a click of her tongue, leaning back into the couch as if summoned, Flo was happy to let her eager smile spread as wide as it could against those chubby chipmunk cheeks of hers.

“I am *so* glad you asked, sugar.” Flo said with no small amount of malicious glee, “Y’see, ever since I started gainin’ all my weight back—”

This had been the incredible oversimplification for Flo’s out-of-control weight gain; labelling it as a minor problem despite the fact that she was dangerously close to fracturing furniture beneath her. Myr et all had just sort of learned to deal with it.

“—They’ve been just so pleased with themselves for not bein’ as big as me.”

Steepling her sausage fingers over her stomach, Flo’s thick second chin creased deeply underneath her buried jawline as her smile turned as wicked as she was weighty.

“So, I figure that—if they’re so intent on me bein’ the Fat Friend—they can have a taste of their own medicine! Givin’ me all their junk food so that they could lose some weight. I mean, honestly.”

Another small pause, this time with more confusion than interest from the listening party.

“But mama, *you* told them to give you their junk food.” She stated simply and matter-of-factly, “They wouldn’t have done it if you hadn’t hav—”

“Do you *want* D.W. to be skinnier than you forever, or not?” Flo crossed her arms in a huff, “Because you just know that lazy li’l girl is gonna lay at home and eat whatever her mama eats—and for *all the times* you complained abou—”

“Alright alright, just… thought I’d mention it.”

Myr wouldn’t mention it again—but she *did* help her pack those bins full of junk food from the kitchen…

Piper Black, in *Piper Black & the Monkey’s Paw*

The power of the Monkey’s Paw is all in the semantics; the wording and, apparently, the mechanics of the thing.

Undoing her mother’s wish had been, at first, a big blow to Piper. After all, a monkey only had four fingers and a thumb, right? One for the “test” wish—a turkey sandwich that had come out a little dry—one for the small but noticeable bump in pay that had tempted her mother into making the *third* wish which was, almost too predictably, “to never go hungry again”.

And what do you get when you don’t read the literature?

Giant feeder spiders.

Some Tales of the Dark Side shit—this ain’t no Serpent’s Tooth episode!

Piper had thought that her hopes and dreams had been shot to hell when she had to use her fourth—and presumably final—wish on making that nasty spider monster go away. Harper had been so relieved that she had pushed back from the table, waddled over, and hugged her middle child more tightly than she ever had in her life.

But that still left the issue of the magical artifact that had been presumably drained of its power.

Until Piper realized after a halfway serious, halfway desperate Google search, that monkeys didn’t have thumbs on their hands—they had them on their feet.

Which meant that Piper’s paw had five fingers—and one wish left in it.

“I’m not touching that filthy fucking thing ever again in my life.”

Harper had been adamant about that from the minute she’d been freed from the spider-feeder’s grasp. She didn’t even want to look at the thing. Having it in her house had been even less welcome, until she had found out that there was still some magic in that old rough paw.

“Well, okay, but like… we’ve still got a wish left though.”

Piper had had almost no problems with the thing. Despite the fact that it was pretty gross to look at, Piper had felt like she’d read the instruction manual *and* had the Gameshark when it came to this gross little paw. Knowing that she had another wish left was tantalizing. But she knew better than to let her ambitions get ahead of her.

Or, in the all-too-literal case of her mother, let her eyes get bigger than her stomach.

“So I say we use it on a big blowout.” Parker scoffed at the idea of moderation and careful semantics even in regular life *without* a magical appendage, “What’s all this English Major bullshit gonna do to help us get *rich*?”

“Parker, you need to be *very* careful when you—”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever Pitstain.” Parker’s eyes had practically shifted into dollar signs as she’d grabbed the paw right from her sister’s hand, “I know what I’m doing!”

And, as our more observant readers may have guessed, she hadn’t a clue what she was doing.

*“I wish that I was the biggest star on TV!”*

Frankly, Piper had thought to herself as she watched the ensuing chaos, what had her older sister expected?

…

A medical marvel in the making, everyone was stunned by the transformation of Parker Black. From having been the desirable, hard-bodied town bicycle to becoming this enormous blob in such a short amount of time, every news anchor in Daven’s Port had been on the scene once she’d broken three hundred pounds in just under six months.

Nobody knew what could explain the incredible gain that had possessed the former hottie, except for the otherwise unsympathetic Black Family members as they watched Parker swell and swell to further heights.

With a year’s time, she had made two appearances on *My 600lb Life* as one of the only subjects on the show to have *gained* weight, though through no fault of her own. It was the Monkey’s Paw and its magic at play here—Parker followed every diet thrown at her, and seemingly managed to gain weight even *faster*.

“You know, I really wish you would have wished to be a billionaire *before* your idiot sister went and did this to herself.”

Picking up a wet rag, Harper went to work wriggling her hand between her eldest’s rolls, scrubbing clean the enormous mass that was Parker’s stomach from one end to the other. Soft to the touch and incurably jiggly, Parker was almost the size of their living room now—and through no fault of her own, except for her inability to heed Piper’s warnings about that stupid paw.

“Yeah yeah, I know.” Piper rolled her eyes as she tried to climb on top of her sister’s thigh, “But at least we’ve got those TV crews helping us out—can you imagine having to feed her on just a Yeng salary?”

The two of them shared knowing, but defeated laughs. There didn’t look to be any cure for what ailed poor Parker as she continued to expand and bloat outwards. She was officially at a ton now, with no end in sight. She gained hundreds of pounds a month; she officially weighed more than some industrial equipment already, what was eventually going to start lifting her up?

“Well, I hope you’re happy Parker.” Piper sighed as she steadied herself on a handful of her sister’s pale acres of flesh, “You’re officially the biggest *anything* on TV these days…”

“Fuck… off… Piper…” Parker huffed and puffed, her puddling cheeks rippling in agitation and exertion as she struggled to feud with her sister like they used to, “Get… moar…”

“No way Porky, you’re not eating anything but the *bare minimum*.” Piper’s eyes went wide with a mixture of sternness and concern, “Imagine if you started pigging out when you’re gaining so much weight eating barely nothing!”

“But… I’m… the biggest…” Parker’s crowded smile turned manic and joyful, “Could always use… more…publicity…”

Cheyenne & Riley, in *Let’s Make Riley Fat!*

Getting Riley off of the fitness wagon hadn’t proved nearly as difficult as Avery had thought it would be.

In all honesty, all it had *really* taken was a little bet—one between her and Cheyenne to see who could lose the most weight by the time that March rolled around. And while neither of them had managed to shed any of the offending poundage, it had been Avery’s toxic influence that had convince Riley that her not *gaining* the most weight counted as a victory. One that entitled her to a week’s worth of guilt-free binge-eating one anything and everything that her heart could desire.

And Avery milked it for all that it was worth.

She had formed a rather intimate relationship with Riley over the course of her plan, becoming a steadfast gal-pal that served to enable her less-than-stellar qualities as a person over the ones she held as a physical trainer. With just a few months under her belt, Avery had done a lot more than undermine her willpower, but she had gone so far as to make sure that Riley had picked up the nasty habit of snacking when she was stressed and more than the occasional drink while she was hanging out at the apartment where *most* of her social circle tended to contain itself to.

Since Cheyenne was clearly her closest and most secure friend, it had taken hardly any work at all to undermine all of the healthy habits that she had made with Cheye, and with just a little elbow grease, Avery had helped convert the once-obstinate Riley into someone who was more than willing to indulge their mutual friend in a little lazy time on the couch…

“*Urrrrrap!”*

Avery held back a malicious look of pride as Riley leaned back in her seat near the edge of the arm rest, her hand laying across the supple brown bubble of her belly as she kicked her feet back. The burgeoning pot belly that had been plaguing her since the start of this year had blossomed beautifully into a full-sized tummy with love handles to match—the slightest hint of a second tier on top had come into view as her belly rolls started to divide more evenly along the gap of her naval. Her heavy breasts threatened to start and droop on either side, holding off succumbing to their weight by being packed tightly into an in-name-only athletic bra.

Her round, rosy cheeks bunched around the second chin as she tittered in amusement with the rest of the girls—her beer burps had come a long way from when she was just the awkward personal trainer trying to hang out with her friends.

“Now that you’ve got some bass in you, you can really put some heft behind those things!”

Avery had remained as constant of a companion towards Riley as she could stand—after all, if it meant getting things back to normal with her and Cheyenne, she could stomach just about anything. But the more that she helped to push Riley into being… well, like one of them… the more that her nudging seemed less like nudging and more like actual encouragement.

After all, she had often thought to herself, Riley *did* seem happier as a Fat Girl—then again, who wouldn’t?

“Ewwww, you two are so gross!” Brooke wrinkled her nose in laughter as she struggled to lean forward, towards the chili cheese fries from Cook Out, “Cheye, tell them to stop it!”

And for the most part, Avery’s plan was going off without a hitch! With Riley slowly succumbing to her growing appetite and Avery’s influence, she was less and less insistent on the two of them going to work out at the gym. Cheyenne didn’t feel like she *had* to be skinny anymore, and she seemed to have given up wholeheartedly on the prospect. Her two biggest influencers in her life were no longer pulling her by both arms in opposite direction, but were slowly reaching the same destination point.

With Avery whispering in her ear about how her “skinny days” were behind her and Riley joining them for every greasy takeout meal, was it any wonder that Cheyenne had hit the ground running when it came back to the normalcy that had defined their friendship for the years since high school.

“No way, that was a good one Riles.”

Riley puckered her lips in a playful, drunken way that underscored her still-developed feelings for Cheyenne, punctuating it with a little wink. She got like this whenever she drank (and, with a little help from Avery, Riley’s more casual approach to beer meant that she drank quite often) but it was mostly taken as a joke. Mostly.

Avery had known about Riley’s precocious crush for a while now, and had used it once or twice when it deemed useful in helping shape her skinny friends into more ideal figures…

“Yeah, you’ve earned these.”

Avery lurched forward, struggling with her belly-heavy girth as she grabbed the remaining cheese fries in their Styrofoam container. She handed them to Riley who could only let out an excited little “ooh” that was at least half-fueled by her tipsiness.

“Avery!” Brooke whined, “Don’t go giving away our food like that—what are we supposed to snack on until DoorDash gets here?”

“Um, Riley is our *guest*?” Avery scoffed like it was the most obvious thing in the world, “We need to lavish her with affection and cheese fries?”

While the former fitness instructor scarfed down her ill-gotten goods, she leaned backwards on the couch—allowing her belly to eek out from underneath the thin tank top that she’d stretched over herself by that much more.

“Besides, it’s not like she couldn’t use the extra calories” Avery said with a brave poke of her former fitness junkie’s spare tire, “She’s got some catching up to do~”

And Riley stuck out her tongue for a brief period before going back to chowing down on her chili cheese fries—confident that, extra weight or not, she’d *never* catch up to the size of these girls…