Stacy’s Mom was going to keep getting fatter—there was nothing that she could do about that.

Living with them for the remainder of her tenure at college had helped her come to terms with the fact that her mother and step-father were as happy as could be with Stella Stanford-Stern’s newfound super size, but at the end of the day, it was still a little odd. No matter how open-minded Stacy tried to be, it was hard for her to picture her mother as a (shudder) *sexual creature*. It was even more difficult for her to understand just what was so sexy (scratch that, what *both* of them found sexy) about her mother gaining literally hundreds of pounds of weight.

They were always kissing, and canoodling… *grabbing* her mom’s belly and squeezing various parts of her body… it hadn’t been any less off-putting back when she was a teenager in high school, and at twenty-three it was still a little stomach turning. Perhaps a little moreso now that her mother weighed more than three times as much as what she used to. What *was* it about her mother being so fat that turned them both on so much?

Stacy lived with them for two years, helping out with the finances and her mother as much as she could, and she didn’t think that she would ever truly understand just what a super-sized Stella Stanford-Sterns did for either of their libidos. And as much as she liked to think of herself as a good daughter, every baby bird had to fly the nest sometime. Once she got her degree, she started looking for a place of her own.

Not that it was all that easy; the housing market is notoriously shitty for millennials, after all.

It had taken another year after she’d graduated before Stacy had finally saved up enough money to move out on her own, and after two years of living with her mother and step-father, surrounded by food and calories, in a house that was slowly being redesigned to be as enabling and exertion-free as possible, it was out of pure necessity that Stacy got out of that place while she still could.

Don’t misconstrue—Stacy *loved* her mom, and Stewart too! It was just…

After living with a woman who’s sole purpose in life seemed to be living out this fantasy of gaining weight, it was so hard to keep control. Food was everywhere and in abundance, and it was pretty much all her mother did all day. Sticking to any form of diet in that house was impossible with Stewart’s cooking, and with all of the tricks and tips that they had both seen towards making the house as Fat Friendly as possible, well…

Some of it was starting to *rub off* on poor Stacy.

When she first moved home, she had looked like your typical college girl. Average height, average weight, cute little blonde hair and adorable button nose. But even after just a few months living at home she’d begun to soften up. A year in and she was wearing a whole new wardrobe. By the time she moved out, she’d been through quite a few!

If poor Stacy Stanford hadn’t moved out of that house—she’d wind up just like her mom!

“Oh God, it’s genetic…”

Stacy hefted her stomach up with two meaty hands, letting it flop down over her lap with a rush of jiggling flesh. The collision of her supple pink flesh bouncing against itself made a wet slap and if she was being honest, it was one that sort of made her want to die. Just a little.

Standing in front of the mirror was not Stacy’s favorite way to kill time lately. How was it possible that even *after* escaping the fat farm that was once her childhood home, she was *still* gaining weight?

“Look at this!”

She said it to herself, clutching her fleshy apron of belly as it oozed over onto her thighs. She held it at both ends with her hands, squeezing slightly at the sides while frowning tightly in the mirror. A solid twenty pound gain *after* she’d found her own apartment, putting her up by eighty pounds total. Who managed to get fat *after* they graduated from college? If she was going to gain weight, shouldn’t it have been when she was a freshman?

“*Mommy’s little late bloomer~!”*

She could practically feel her mother pinching her belly rolls (back when they were just rolls…) and teasing her about the weight she was putting on. For as much flack as she liked to give her mom and Stewart about their eating habits, she was turning out to be no better than her own mother.

Stacy shook her head, blonde locks flowing wildly as she did her best to Etch-A-Sketch that thought right out of her brain.

*No—*she was *not* going wind up like her mom! That was totally out of the question. No way was she going to wind up some big, fat, blob parked on the couch like an SUV that drove through the living room wall. Sitting around, eating all day, thinking up new ways that she could get fat. As much as she loved her mom, Stacy knew better than anyone that that just *wasn’t normal*… who wants to weigh four, five… six hundred pounds?

*“You know, for someone who whines about her weight so much, you spend almost as much time playing with your little tummy in the mirror as I do.”*

Stacy’s mom had said that one day, back when her daughter had just graduated to “chubby”. She’d been able to pinch the whole of her tummy between her two hands back then and force it through the space—trying to do that now was just downright impossible. She’d gotten so big, so quickly! It must have been laying around with her mom all those days, eating ice cream and watching TV. She cursed every extra nibble that had wound up on her waistline, hanging and swaying just a little lower by what seemed to feel like every other day.

Stacy grumbled as she pinched her stomach—an audible little pout with a tucked bottom lip.

What had she been doing wrong ever since she moved out on her own? She and her roommate didn’t exactly have the money to go out and splurge on junk food every night. She was home after work all the time, so she didn’t go out too terribly much…

Okay, *maybe* she could cut back on the snacking. But there was no way that a few extra Oreos would account for all this. Sure, okay, yeah, she stopped by Taco Bell every now and then when she didn’t feel like cooking once she got home. And *maybe* she liked to have a big bowl of sugary cereal in the morning sometimes, but that didn’t… this wasn’t…

How was she still gaining *so much weight*?

Stacy ran her fingers, spread wide against her fleshy stomach, up and down the curvature of her gut. Soft to the touch, she did her best to ignore the soft indentations of where her fingers pressed against it. It yielded slightly to the touch, spreading that much further out and down than it had when hanging free.

*I’m not into this.*

*For real, I’m not my mother…*

Just because she enjoyed laying around her apartment all day, indulging in maybe a few snacks here or there, that didn’t mean that she and her mom were the same. She wasn’t going to wind up like that—eating all day, every day, stuffing her face like no tomorrow. Standing in front of the mirror, as she was now for sure, but consumed with how much weight she was gaining. That wasn’t… it wasn’t going to happen.

The mental image of herself at such a size flashed before her very eyes, taking up the couch in her mother’s home. Large and spoiled, pampered like an overfed house cat as she laid in wait for her roommate to bring her the latest course. So big that she had to spread her legs along the couch to let her stomach fall though. Large enough that no one could sit beside her. Consciously she wretched at the thought of ever being at such a size, but something about her tummy folds, the way that she pictured her humongous heft, kept her from dismissing the image entirely…

*N-No*…

She took a deep breath, inflating her stomach outwards into a rounder shape. Running her hand up and down once more, she felt the pressure that it put on her swollen diaphragm before letting it all out in a mighty blow. Her stomach once more was soft, jiggly, and easily poked.

Another pinch. How many was that? It was so hard to remember. These days Stacy felt like she could get lost in trying to figure out where it all went wrong—trying to decide just when she’d turned into such a fat pig.

*A big, fat piglet*.

Her chest swelled as a deep, visceral grew in her chest. Her fingers inching down towards the lower lips of her belly fold. The swell of her stomach, where her skin was the most sensitive. Angry pink pinch marks marred the surface, so she wriggled two fingers underneath the fold of her stomach and gave it the slightest little bounce—one that rippled all across her torso from her tummy to her tits.

The pads of her fingers traced along the fat apron that dolloped over her panties, painted with the tiniest pink little stretch marks along the side. She moved them softly along the supple chub that hung off of her body, trying to deny the electric feeling of arousal that shot up her spine and made her sex wet.

As her breaths grew more shallow, more excited, Stacy tried to ignore the persistent picture of her mother’s size, with her own face crudely pasted over it with mental photoshop. Her pinches became harder, spreading from two fingers to three. She palmed the side of her fleshy flank, squeezing it to feel the sensation of her supple chub soft between her fingers.

Stella closed her eyes and took a deep breath, swelling her stomach out and out from the confines of her clothes and shuddering at her own touch. Her free hand going down, down, she kept the image fresh in her mind. She pinched an inch of belly blubber with two fingers, and gave her belly a good wobble while she slowly worked her fingers inside her panties.

*It’s not fucking weird it’s not fucking weird*.

She could *feel* her stomach sagging off of the couch, heavy and fat with food as she continued to gorge herself on all of her favorites. Anything and everything she wanted, no questions asked. Her fat face a puddle of red-hot meat, sweating from desire and exertion as she struggled to keep her enormous appetites satisfied. Her arms so fat that she could barely feed herself—pooling and rolling off of the armrests that she touched from cheek to cheek…

*Oh God, fuck fuck, oh God…*

Throwing herself on her bed, big belly sloshing in time with her jiggling thighs, Stacy buried her head into the pillow so that she could moan without alerting her roommate. Somehow feeling her softness pressed against the comforter made her feel more stimulated, her delicate sense of touch further incensed by the fabric that she writhed against.

Stacy didn’t understand it, but it was so hard to deny.

She wanted to get *fat*.

It was so hard for her to accept after everything that she’d just been through with her mom. She couldn’t even bring herself to say the words out loud—at least not yet—but in these brief moments of clarity, standing in front of the mirror and entranced by what she found, Stacy could no longer deny the fact that she was a lot more like her mother than she wanted to admit.