**—ROUND ONE—**

Welcome to the DeviantArt VIP lounge!

These ladies star in the stories from my DA portfolio - but they're not strangers!

Let's give a big fat Writing.com welcome to...

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Shelby Sullivan, Flo Folly, & Dillon Duncan... as the first character remains firmly in denial about how huge she's getting...

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There’s an old southern expression that’s known as a “Come to Jesus” meeting.

To those not in the know, that’s a very special set of circumstance reserved almost exclusively for when things have irrevocably gone to shit. Times for when, despite the recipient’s unyielding stubbornness and desire to push forward, things are clearly not going to get any better and it’d be better if they just faced facts. This sort of saying is hand-crafted and designed with tender Southern love and care for things like failing marriages, drinking problems, and old-school *Dallas*-style family conversations on the front porch without any sweet tea. The C2J’s are meant for times when the blind just need to see—and no one was quite as blind as one Shelby Sullivan.

Her best friends—Dillon Duncan and Flo Folly—had been privy to ringside seats to watch her wrestle with her weight for years now. It had all really started when she and her husband Troy decided that he had a problem with how his wife of almost twenty years had started to age. Namely, how she’d started to age outwards. And naturally, Dillon and Flo were by her side one hundred percent of the way on that one. They vowed to stick by her and support her as best they could, and happy to tell her that her husband was wrong. After all, what were friends for?

“Thank y’all so much.” She sniffled, “Can we… I don’t know… get a milkshake or something? I just need to be out of the house right now.”

Now, she did her best in the beginning to curb her cravings as best she could. Honest, she did!

Maybe it was some of her taking Troy’s criticism a little too harshly. Shelby was a proud woman, after all, and she didn’t take kindly to things that went against that inclination. Then there was the fact that she was getting older. Metabolisms stretch out like elastic, and wear just as big after a while. The southern diet had a nasty habit of sticking to your ribs, even in moderation. But even then, Dillon and Flo were happy to tell her otherwise.

“You are a mama.” Flo had spit fire one morning over Chic-fil-A, handing Shelby the extra sandwich she’d ordered, “Why does he not understand you are gonna carry a few extra pounds?”

“Because he’s a pig.” Dillon added gruffly, unsheathing the Polynesian sauce, “Men are pigs! Every last one of them!”

But after a while, it became clear to see that Troy might have had a point. It didn’t take long for Shelby to slide down the slippery slope—she might have been getting older, but that was no excuse for just how quickly she started to pick up her pace. After that fight, everyone got to see first-hand that Shelby’s preferred method of feeling sorry for herself was to wallow in comfort food.

“Flo, hun, M’gonna run by the Awful Waffle before the game.” She’d said one day over the phone, mouth clearly already full of something, “Want me to bring y’all anything?”

“You want anything from the Fish Camp, Dillon? Me and Summer are gonna go celebrate at Bo’s.” she said another time, after giving her drive-thru order

“Do we want biscuits from Bojangles or Hardee’s for breakfast? Aw hell, they’re both on the way…”

Shelby was eating like crazy, and had been ever since that stupid fight! Flo and Dillon were just doing their part to make sure that their friend was as happy as she could be, given the circumstances of her marriage, but even they were starting to think that maybe Shelby had taken things just a smidge too far…

“Y’know, I swear that they used to make booths bigger.”

Watching their friend fall off her diet so hard (and so far) had been hard for them! On one hand, Shelby didn’t need anyone else other than her husband pointing out her weight problem. It was their duty as friends to be supportive, right?

“Hey y’all…\*huff puff\*… sorry ‘bout the wait!”

She was getting massive.

The great white redhead of their group had become this exceptionally pear shaped thing—she entered all rooms belly first, shuffling awkwardly on her fat-caked barrels of legs. She had cankles buried underneath thick rolls of thigh fat, rolling down the hillside that was her beluga bottom half. With every heaving step, Shelby would shift her weight awkwardly on one buried foot, making her big belly slosh back and forth beneath her single-color sundresses.

They were all that fit her now, and even barely at that. She had taken to custom-ordering them so as to save herself the embarrassment of not finding anything in her size—a habit that had unfortunately only helped bolster her ability to deny her weight problem. She was currently poured into a bright teal number that made her like a bright blue bowling pin. With her giant wobbling lower half getting more and more narrow as it went up and her awkward gait, Shelby looked absolutely ridiculous.

“There was a line… \*oof\* at Chic-fil-A.” she unfurled several red and white bags from arms that were bigger and rounder than her doughy breasts, “They used to be so much faster, don’tcha think?”

Shelby easily outweighed the two of them put together by now—she was getting so big! Dillon and Flo wanted to broach the subject in a classy, southern sort of way, but when was the best time to tell your best friend that she was gonna wind up as big as a house if she didn’t knock it off and stop stuffin’ her fat face?

“Oh, sorry Flo… I kinda ate your Chicken Minis.” Shelby admitted bashfully as she dove pillowy-arm first into the takeout bag, “Got a little hungry on the ride over—but we’ve got plenty of biscuits! Somewhere. I think. I kind of lost count…”

And the correct answer to when it’s appropriate for a Southern Mother like Shelby to have a Come to Jesus meeting over her weight is right now—you don’t mess with the Lord’s favorite chicken sandwich, after all.

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Haley West, Courtney Klien, & Dani Gosset... as, thanks to their second, the first and third are putting on a lot of weight!

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Some people were born to serve.

Believe it or not, it wasn’t until she got roommates that Courtney decided that she liked playing housekeeper. It gave her something to do when she wasn’t in class, and it helped keep her on a steady routine. Her courses hadn’t been all that challenging, and her mother was pretty adamant about her not getting a job and focusing on school. She needed something to do all day, and as it just so happened, hers wasn’t the only afternoon in need of filling.

Her roommates, Haley and Dani, were equally lazy and more or less used to having someone else pick up after them or just plain not cleaning up, respectively. They were like little babies—they couldn’t survive out on their own! Haley’s mom had had to come to her rescue, and Dani was… Dani. They couldn’t take care of themselves, at least not yet. As the only responsible, mature person in the apartment, it was Courtney’s job to take care of the other two girls.

Also, she had the only working car between the three of them—so she was basically the adult.

But somewhere along the line, Courtney’s sense of responsibility was outweighed by her desire to keep everyone happy. She was not a stern woman, and she was not above buying people’s affection. Eager to please, giving her friends everything they wanted, it hadn’t exactly turned out great from an objective standpoint…

“Courtney drive us to the mall.”

“Courtney, can we borrow those gift cards your gramma gave you—we’ll totally pay you back.”

“Courtney, Dani wouldn’t stop talking about Cook Out so now I’ve got a monster craving for a quesadilla tray.”

Haley and Dani were both inherently lazy girls—happy to mooch off of whoever they happened to be living with. Neither of them had lived (successfully) on their own before, and they were quick to barnacle onto Courtney’s more modest success, living in the house her aunt had left her. Courtney took all too eagerly to the responsibility that came with having two friends to support. Perhaps a bit too eagerly, for that matter.

“There’s a fucking Torrid in the mall now?”

Haley’s crumb-covered jaw dropped, her double chin flexing softly as the shock overcame her. Leaning one pillowy arm over her prodigious belly to show her friend and roommate, the contents balanced delicately atop Haley’s gut shifted and crinkled as she held out her phone.

“Dani we have to go.”

The dour goth frowned tightly into Black Mirror as she shoveled another fistful of Combos past her lips. She didn’t even turn her head to check out the advertisement—her tight black eyebrows just furrowed a bit as she kept plowing through her midday snacks.

“Oh great another excuse to go visit our dead mall.”

“I thought you liked to go to Westgate?” Haley practically whined, reeling her pudge back into her seat with a hurt look on her face, “We used to go there all the time!”

“Why do you even care?” Dani snorted, “Didn’t you just get some new clothes?”

“They, um…”

Haley made a small, unidentifiable noise as she bit into her Burrito Supreme from Taco Bell. Courtney hadn’t put the order in less than half an hour ago, and her first one was already gone. Running her hands up and down her pillowy body in search of where her last one went, Haley did her best to deftly deter the subject.

“Look—they’ve got bras that will fit you!” the pear-shaped fatty said proudly, “See? And they have cute patterns too…”

“For all the people who are gonna see my tits.” Dani burped, “Why do you care if I go with you?”

Haley’s chubby face grew bright pink. She couldn’t bear to tell her the real reason—it made her feel much better going out in public if she wasn’t the only fat girl toddling around. Going out with Courtney alone made her feel very much like the Fat Friend with the big butt. Having Dani around meant that at least there was someone else to gawk at—maybe even make Courtney look like the Skinny Friend…

Wait, that didn’t help anyone…

“You guys wanna go somewhere?” Courtney popped her head into the room, “Did the UberEats guy forget the sour cream?”

“He didn’t bring enough, that’s for sure.” Dani said thickly as she licked the residue from the cups, “Haley wants to go to Torrid.”

“Didn’t we just buy you new clothes?” Courtney asked with a lighter tone

“I-I just fuckin’ need new clothes, okay?!” Haley cursed loudly, pink in the face, “Why is that such a big deal?!”

The armchair creaked beneath her as Haley’s thick bottom half squirmed in agony of this awkward conversation. She sat a whole half a foot taller these days with all that cushion in her seat, not to mention the pressure put on either side of the arms that made them squeak every so often. But tucked away beneath her belly as it hung out in the comfort of her own home, Haley had done her best to hide the holes worn away between her thighs.

“Okay, okay, we’ll go—I’ll drive you after you two finish up.” Courtney said with a playful pat on her bestie’s shoulder, “You wanna come, Dani?”

“Nah. I’mma stay here.” The big white marshmallow answered flatly, patting her prodigious white belly, “M’comfortable.”

“Are you suuuure?” Courtney asked, poking Dani’s doming white gut as it loomed high over her thighs, “We can stop for a snack on the way back?”

Nestled between the fat of her chins and cheeks, Dani’s face began to turn as she weighed the pros and cons of going. It meant getting up, getting dressed, and walking around…

But Courtney was definitely paying for snacks.

“Fuck.” She grunted, the couch squeaking as she rocked and rolled herself upright until her feet touched the ground “What the hell—it’s not like I don’t need a new set of leggings.”

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Becky, Laura & Kaye…...as they all find gainful employment (somehow) with Yeng industries?

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“Order up!”

Finding gainful employment was easily the hardest part about not having your degree yet. You had to find a job that would work with you while you worked for them. A place that would allow you the freedom to pursue your dreams while giving you enough money to make your life a little easier. Somewhere that respected you, and everything that you brought to the table. That place, was YengBucks.

YengShots?

Pot of Yeng.

Officially it was still Bean Machine, but ever since their manager Liz had sold the company to the Yeng Corporation, it had picked up a working nickname among the staff to differentiate itself “pre-Yeng” Bean Machine. Not that you needed much help to tell the difference between when they had money and when they didn’t.

“I’ll have a Double Shot with heavy cream?”

“You got it!”

With their new corporate overlords supplying them with everything that they needed to succeed, the baristas at Bean Machine had never had an easier time paying rent. The coffee brews were dark and rich, the milks were sweet and thick, and the on-site bakery was fully stocked with cakes and pies and cookies, as well as a fully serviceable ice cream machine and an upgrade to their frozen sandwiches. Customers walked in and could hardly say no to a little upselling when it looked this good!

“I’ll also have a blueberry muffin.”

“Just one?” Kaye laughed, “We’re running a buy two get one free!”

“Hmm… okay, make it three!”

Laura, working the bake case, nodded wordlessly as she heaved off of her stool. It was becoming such a chore these days with how heavy she was getting. Even sitting down, her belly’s heft forced her to lean forward at an uncomfortable angle. Standing on her knees was becoming so exhausting, and she was always out of breath leaning down to get the muffins… it was easily the most taxing part of her job.

Well, the second hardest part.

Looking those fluffy things in the face and not scarfing them down was so much harder! She licked her lips, leaning into the bake case as she felt her blobby body clog the open cavern. The top of her belly pressing hard into the corner, Laura winced as she snaked her unwieldy, weighty arm around thousands of calories to get to what they wanted…

Ugh, they never had any waste for her to snack on anymore!

Pressing one hand on her sagging sandbag of a stomach to steady herself, Laura lumbered two steps over to Kaye with three scientifically perfect muffins placed in a white bag before toddling backwards to fall back onto her stool—which was in all actuality more of a bench.

Resting both hands on her great wide stomach, Laura puffed in exhaustion—just fifteen more minutes to go before another break.

On the other side of Kaye was Becky, who faced much less temptation on the coffee bar. A double shot hadn’t changed at all under new management; it was still just coffee with cream and two shots of espresso. That being said, she was a little upset that they hadn’t ordered a Frappuccino. It was so much easier to “accidentally” make too much, and tuck away the runoff…

All her mooching off of customers’ orders meant that even standing she touched the back counter. Becky’s butt provided a full counterspace in and of itself, sticking out far and wide behind and even around her as her thighs continued to swell and grow. She was bigger around than even the new doorways, meaning that she was one of the few people onsite who had to have both double doors opened for her to enter easily. She was getting by turning sideways through one for a while but…

Well, the important part was that she could still do her job.

Even tied back by her apron, Becky’s belly pressed deep into and over the counterspace between her and the espresso machines. It was a good thing that all the milk had been moved to shoulder-height because frankly, if it hadn’t been, Becky would have had to get another job.

“Okay girls, I’m trapped here.” Kaye placed her hands on her hefty brown hips, more than another palm-length on each to spare, “Make some wiggle room.”

“Oof—”

“Sorry!”

Squeezing the three of them behind the newly renovated counter wasn’t easy. Kaye’s full hips grew wider and her chest seemed to get broader by the day. Not to mention that belly—Liz had hypocritically accused her of sneaking off of customers orders, but she had no way to prove that she’d turned to the dark side of food service. After all, with Becky and Laura around, how was anyone going to know the difference?

In fact, who would anyone if they came in every day? All you would see was Kaye Patton, Manager-in-Training par excellence! You would have to look closely, or not at all for a while, to notice her steadily growing chubbier and chubbier the longer her proximity to Yeng-brand snacks went on. Her figure cut tight enough into her apron already, and she was thinking about opening up a new box of the Larges almost as hard as she was about maybe sneaking a chocolate muffin…

With all the extra money that Yeng was helping them make, it wasn’t like anyone was going to notice a few slurps here or bites there. And Liz’s boss just loved them—they had all passed the Yeng Personnel Report with flying colors just last month! Their paychecks were better than ever, and their jobs had never been easier… plus, Yeng had a program to help undergrads get their degrees! Being bought out by Yeng was easily the best thing that had ever happened to this rinky-dink little coffee shop, and you would be hard-pressed to find an employee (or a customer!) who thought otherwise.

If things kept up like they had been, Becky Laura and Kaye would be sticking with this company for a good, long while…

**—ROUND TWO—**

Allons-y, the Attitude Adjustment round awaits!

These gals have been around since Buttercombe opened its doors, and they're still grumpy!

Also, all A's—added alliterative appeal!

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Ashley Knight... wasn't an instructor at Buttercombe Academy...instead, she was a student!

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You wouldn’t have known it by the size of her, but she’d gotten in on a track scholarship.

Ashley Knight had been one of the most promising middle school athletes that her hometown had ever known. She’d broken records at thirteen that it had taken other students years to establish. Back in her glory years—what seemed like so long ago—she was encroaching on the state record before she’d even gotten into high school. Magnate schools were hopping out of the woodwork left and right, bombarding her parents with forms and flyers, each promising her the best education available to a girl with her talents. In the end it had come down to Ashley Knight to decide what she wanted to do, and she’d chosen Buttercombe Academy.

And boy, had she chosen wrong.

This was no place for an athlete like her. The gym was carefully controlled, all entry was meant strictly for Phys. Ed purposes. No students in or out without a teacher around to sponsor them. Fat chance of her finding someone in a place like this that gave a damn about anything like that.

This whole school was a fucking joke—all anyone wanted to do was sit around and stuff their faces. The headmistress was a fat, squat little woman. The guidance counsellor was a whale. And even their sorry excuse for a P.E. Coach who laid around all throughout her gym sessions, Ms. Farron, was a total fatass.

“Now Ashley, why do you want to run around the track this late at night?” that fat wad Coach Farron had patronized her, “Is it because you think you need to lose weight? Trust me, I’d kill to be your size again.”

“I don’t want to lose weight.” Ashely’d imagined that she’d said it through gritted teeth, “I just want to run track.”

“Well, how about you take a few extra laps tomorrow and we’ll call it a night, huh?” Courtney had said with a little pat on Ashley’s lean shoulders as she toddled off out of her office, “Do you want me to walk you back to the dorm rooms, or were you going to swing by and get dinner? It’s meatloaf night~”

Ashley hadn’t wanted meatloaf back then, and she certainly didn’t want meatloaf now. She was filled with rage (who wouldn’t be, having not grown since she’d turned twelve) and all she wanted was to continue to perfect her craft of running really fucking fast so she could maybe get a scholarship and move the fuck out of Daven’s Port. In Coach Farron’s dismissal, Ashley had been spurned from seeking out help from anyone at this fat farm of an academy. No one here really got what she was about anyway.

At first she tried adhering to her own scheduling—working out times of the day that she could pencil in her exercises. But with the rigorous schoolwork and challenges faced by actually going to the prestigious school she signed up for, that quickly fell by the wayside.

“Here you go, Ashe.” Ronnie Wilson said in her stupid, chipper voice as she toddled into the common area of their dorm, “Hopefully these will make you feel better.”

Ashley had snatched up every plate of cookies that her roommate (and unbeknownst at the time, longtime friend) Ronnie Wilson ever baked, eager to assuage the anger that gripped her every conscious thought. Anger at her teachers for making class so fucking hard, anger at her homework for taking up too much fucking time, mad at that stupid Coach Farron for locking up the gym every night! All there was to do at this stupid fucking school was eat and work and eat and work…

So she’d put on a few pounds, okay? It wasn’t her fault! By the time her freshman year was up, Ashley might have gotten a little fat—what of it?!

But as Ashley angrily chomped away at her frustrations throughout her career at Buttercombe, it became almost impossible to tell that she and the spry, lithe track star who had bounced through the front doors were one in the same. As the years crept by and she fell further and further out of shape, Ashley Knight had expanded to unbelievable heights!

“Fuck.” Ashley whined, scrambled egg still on her cheek, “Fuckfuckfuck.”

“Do you wanna stop and rest, Ashley?”

She hadn’t had much choice but to stay friends with Ronnie Wilson, even into their senior year. She was the only one who really understood where her shitty attitude came from. And she knew just how to deal with her when she had her temper tantrums.

“M’already late for class, you fat fucking idiot.” Ashley gasped, mile-wide thighs and bulbous behind still quivering as she came to a gasping halt, “…fuck. I might as well.”

Her sagging arms slowly stopped pumping and swaying lazily in time her awkward bottom-heavy gait as Ashley Knight slowed her roll down the English hallway. Her double chin hung that much lower as she panted open-mouthed after what felt like a marathon. In actuality, it had just been a few odd yards of awkward thigh-chafing shuffling. And it was only a few more to go, but Ashley would never make it on time. She didn’t have much choice in the matter, at this point.

Petting her friend on her broad, blubbery back, Ronnie waddled in front.

“Don’t be so mean to me, Ashe. I’m just trying to help.” Ronnie clicked her tongue, “Are you still hungry? Usually when you curse at me it means you’re still hungry.”

“I always… \*huff\*...” Ashley wheezed, doubled over onto her gigantic thighs with her ample ass stuck out, “I always fucking curse at you.”

“And you’re always hungry.” Ronnie said with a playful pat of Ashley’s stomach as it mushroomed over the clasp of her skirt, making the mile-wide spare tire wobble and slosh uncomfortably in its confines, “I’ll run ahead, get you a snack.”

Ashley looked around, bleary-eyed, for a place to park her massive caboose. Finding one of the “comfort benches” scattered throughout the halls, for those fatasses who couldn’t go two steps without a breather… fatasses like Ashley.

“Would you hurry up, Ronnie?” she panted, “God… just because I’m gonna be late doesn’t mean I have to be fucking starving, does it?”

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Adeline Holloway... had instead always had a personality that was great for work, but bad for her waistline.

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The Adeline you know and love is something of a downer, right? Let’s just be frank, she’s not that nice. Her students hate her, and most of the other teachers merely tolerate her presence. To be frank, we’re honestly surprised that she gets as much representation in these things as she does. She’s bossy, she’s mean, and more importantly… she’s just a little dull. Now that isn’t to say that she doesn’t have her high notes—or rather, her appealing characteristics. Some people like a challenge. What’s that kitschy Japanese type again… tsundere?

Well, we’re promising an all new and improved Adeline Holloway.

The I. G. Character Construction Company (that’s Instant Gratification, naturally) is all about cruelty-free character reassignment to better fit your needs as readers. As a program outside of the loosely established space and time surrounding the Buttercombe Collective Universe of stories, we’re able to shift and change things around to our liking, without anyone suffering through those nasty personality modification surgeries or procedures. No torture, no overt changes, just a little reprogramming is all! She’ll never know the difference.

Let’s take a look at Adeline as we know her now.

Sure, she’s quite round. Looking at her specs here, it says she carries an incredible amount of padding back there. You know, looking at her even in simulation, it’s not hard to see that. It’s almost hypnotic to watch her walk, isn’t it? To see those cheeks wiggle and wobble with every waddle, keeping time with her little belly bobbing up front. She’s quite the cutie. It’s no mystery why you voted for her, looking at that tiny scowl behind those glasses of hers. Adeline’s just not happy though—anyone can see that just by the way she handles her classes.

We’ll be blunt—Adeline treats people the way she does because of her weight. She needs to feel powerful, not large. Lording over her girls on campus, keeping her coworkers at a distance, it makes her feel safe and secure. It’s not that great for her personality, though. And sometimes, sure, it’s fun to have a little grouch in our girls. But let’s play around a little bit. Don’t get up, this will only take a moment. Another six hundred words or so, and I promise you’ll see my point.

Now, if we take Adeline’s negative feelings about her weight, and replace them with positive connotations—not necessarily about her size, but perhaps with something unrelated. Just removing them alone makes her more sociable. She’s already smiling in her projections here—more friendly with the staff and her students.

But what happens if we add in a few positive thoughts and aspects, relating to her character?

That’s where we see the biggest changes.

We replace her need for superiority with a drive for companionship, and Adeline comes to Buttercombe with a built-in desire to make friends. Do you know what that means? It means she hits it off with Rita Nelson, right off her divorce. Not only do both women manage to become substantially less intolerable to read about, they both become set in a steady routine of wine and ice cream nights in their cabins. Do you know what that means? Adeline Holloway, plus fifty pounds.

Look at her—she’s bigger, she’s better, and she’s never been happier!

Oh I know what you’re thinking. That wasn’t much at all!

But that was just a taste, my friends. At I.G. Character Construction company, we offer any and all character alterations needed to turn your old fuddy-duddies into, well, Adeline Holloways.

With a few twists and turns taken differently in her life, leading to a much happier, much more sociable Adeline, we wind up with what seems to be an almost entirely different person. Look at her! She’s sociable, she’s mingling, and what’s more, she’s developing a rotating staff of characters! It’s amazing what being almost entirely food motivated will do for a girl like Adeline. Or any of our characters, for that matter.

With Ms. Holloway as their favorite teacher, students bring in bags and bags of candy to help welcome her aboard! With Adeline as their favorite friend, Buttercombe staff are bombarded with the calories it takes to keep that fine behind growing wide! A sociable Adeline is a fattening Adeline, and that’s a guarantee we give you here and now, right on the salesroom floor.

But don’t take our word for it—take Adeline’s!

We’re projecting Adeline at SSS levels within her first three years of teaching with just the modifications we’ve made here today. We’re talking the whole package—getting stuck in doorways, belly hanging down to her knees, huge breasts sloping down off of that big gut of hers. By the time her first graduating class rolls around, we might be able to work her up to Hesper-sized proportions—not to rush you, but this deal is going fast.

Can’t you just see this Adeline—your Adeline—waddling down the hallway? Big belly bouncing against her knees as she struggles to make her way just a few feet before she stops for air? So sweet and caring, always happy to let her girls snack in class. Didn’t we tell you? We’ll throw in the students for free. After all, an Adeline who likes to snack but won’t talk back is the prime candidate for our Jen Walker treatment. You didn’t know? She’s one of ours.

Run your hands along her. Feel her. Get to know her. She’s the next big thing in Buttercombe, if we have anything to say about it. And you can get in on the ground floor. And speaking of ground floors—check out the foundation on this one. Am I right? She’s got the biggest butt in school; canonically if you’d like! By the time we’re done with her, she’ll be double-fisting donuts before she waddles through the double doors at Buttercombe Academy. All the more important for an ample gain for everybody!

As we come to a close, we ask that you keep in mind that this is a limited time offer. There are plenty of other readers, plenty of other characters who could benefit from the retroactive work that we do. For a small investment, you could get anything and everything you’ve ever wanted out of our girls here, and you’d never know that you ever went without.

Look at this character—this… this whale. Watch her wriggle and writhe, pinned down by the weight of her own enormous thighs. Leaned back into the fluff of her gigantic ass. Using her lovehandles as arm-rests. Being hand-fed by any and all those around her. Because of you… because of us.

Immediate Gratification Character Construction Company—because why delay a good thing?

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Allison Spades… is getting really tired of her friend being so much happier and skinnier than her...

…{/center}

For as long as Allison had known her, Rachel had been such a skinny bitch—at least, by her own recollection.

The truth of the matter was that Rachel was, without a doubt, one of the kindest people in Allison’s life. She had a job in Wellington just down the long winding road that lead to Allison’s on-site Infirmary job at Buttercombe Academy, and the two of them had hit it off rather well at the Black Boxxx some years back. Ever since she had been nothing but supportive, nice (overly so, even) and always willing to listen to Allison’s problem that were rooted in her weight, her job, or her lack of a sex life. Any and all were fair game, and in the years that Rachel had come to know her itty-bitty bowling ball of a bestie, she’d become well-equipped for anything that she rolled her way.

But no, as far as Allison was concerned, Rachel could go fuck herself.

It was no coincidence that this revelation of revulsion came around the time that Ally had to get unwedged from the doorway at school. She’d hit the bar and the kitchen a little too hard that summer and, while she was still just slender enough to squeeze through the doorway at her own cabin home in the area just off-campus, she was unfortunately too big around to fit through the infirmary doors at Buttercombe Academy. And while it might have meant a few extra vacation days so that Polluck could remedy the situation (some bullshit about OSHA requirements) Ally had been left fuming for the past week.

They’d met that Friday over wings at the Black Boxxx. Allison, as usual, had ordered the endless parade of pork. Friday nights were meant for barbecue, and Allison was hell-bent on stuffing herself so full of pig that she couldn’t see straight—a perfectly rational response to her girth necessitating a low-scale remodeling job to be done in her workplace.

And Rachel—skinny fucking bitch—had had the audacity to say:

“Honey… maybe if you’re too big to work there you might want to… cut back?”

And Allison had been left just livid at the suggestion that she moderate herself. Who the fuck fid Rachel think she was, telling her how to live her life? She didn’t tell her how to manage her office (even though she did) and she didn’t tell her how to handle all of her problems (even though she totally did). Where did a scrawny, no-figure little twig girl like Rachel get off telling her that she needed to cut back?

“I’m just saying, Ally.” Rachel took a sip of her drink, “If you’re having problems with your weight, you know, I can help you out!”

PROBLEMS WITH HER WEIGHT

That was fucking rich. That was ludicrous! What would Rachel know about having problems with anything? Her stupid perfect fucking life with dates and the ability to see her toes. Allison had been polite about it for long enough, but it was high time that Rachel got what was coming to her!

And so, she did.

Slowly.

Allison did her best to act as a bad influence on her best friend. Not that she wasn’t one already. She was an increasingly hard-drinking, hard-eating party ball of a woman, and spending time with her meant putting one’s self in severe danger of runoff calories. Rachel was no exception. As Ally drank and boozed her way down and out through Wellington, she made sure to be forceful enough that Rachel would drink and eat here and there. Upping her intake, of course to make sure that she would still be satisfied by whatever this shit town had to offer her.

Her half-baked plan to make Rachel fat mostly hinged on her friend being as inconsolable around food as she was. And that was a big lynch pin for sure.

“HEY RACHEL.” She hollered one day over t he booming bassline that thumped throughout the Soggy Rabbit, “YOU SHOULD TRY THESE WINGS.”

“NO THANKS.” Rachel hollered back, orange sauce dotting the corners of ther mouth, “I’M FEELING PRETTY FULL!”

But after seeing Allison go to town on the plate that sat between them, getting refilled by the waitress, she sure changed her tune! In no time, surrounding her friend with food was enough to make her start to snack compulsively—Allison saw the signs every day. A little nibble there, a little bite here. She’d done whatever she could to keep their meetings regular with the constant backdrop of food between them. More than usual anyway.

“Hey Ally, are you gonna make it?”

“Fuck off you skinny cunt.” Allison slurred drunkenly as she teetered uneasily on one fat-buried cankle, “I know how to fuckin’ walk.”

But did she?

Ally Spades had never looked so round before, nor had her belly hung so low. She could barely manage a waddle after all that food, her knees unable to overcome to weight of her trunk-sized thighs as they bounced against the padding of her great underbelly. She was as big around as she was tall these days, lumbering clumsily and blindly as her seeing-eye Rachel led the way from bar to bar. Her great gut rumbled with the need to feed, making her puddling face crease in a tight frown.

“I’m hungry.” She said curtly, “Aren’t you hungry, Rach?”

“How could I be? After everything I’ve eaten tonight…” she touched her soft starter belly with one hand, “I mean… I suppose I could eat if you want a little something.”

A total success, Allison commented inwardly to herself as she struggled to stay standing, Rachel was eating out of the palm of her hand!

“Then I say we…” Ally paused to let out a truly horrific burp, “Head to Shenanigans—they’ve got burgers tonight, don’t they?”

Rachel took a deep sigh as she steadied her hand on Allison’s rolling hillside of backfat.

“If you say so, Ally.” She smiled, allowing Allison to toddle ahead slightly, kicking one stubby leg out in front of the other as she wrestled against her own ballooning body, “As long as you’re having fun!”

A total fucking win, if you asked Ally.