Avery & Cheyenne... weren't in the story at all - leaving the main character slot open...

…

Believe it or not, Brooke Mason’s popularity was a relatively new experience.

Growing up, she had been a chubby, awkward bookworm without many friends. Or really, any friends. Not ones that stuck around into her adulthood anyway. She had made it all the way through college before hitting a wall and deciding to change her life for the better.

She’d gotten a good job, started fixing herself up, and had even hired a personal trainer to help her lose weight.

And it had worked! Anybody hadn’t known her since high school would have never known that this social butterfly had—once upon a time—been a chubby, awkward loser.

Although with the newfound confidence boost came *other* problems. Ones that were certainly more difficult to deal with than a simple bout of the awks…

*“YOU SLEPT WITH MY GIRLFRIEND?”*

Riley was about the closest thing Brooke had to a friend. And she paid her to go work out with her. She had been privy to some pretty personal, pretty private information about how their relationship was going downhill and, well…

You can’t blame a girl for shooting her shot, can you?

“I don’t *ever* want to see you *ever* again!”

And she wouldn’t! For a while, anyway. Eventually, Riley appeared to have calmed down, sought Brooke out, and they made up. Their working relationship was over, but that didn’t mean that they couldn’t still be friends. Even roommates—now that Riley needed a new place to go…

But Brooke would find that Riley was a much better influence as a personal trainer than she was as a roommate. Gone was any and every safety net that Brooke had built up in and of as far as her fitness went, and all of the sudden it was her most trusted friend Riley holding Cook Out milkshakes and telling her to kick her feet up after a hard day at work!

“You know that only the creeps are at the gym right now, right?”

“Ugh, it’s late… can’t you just go in the morning? I’ll drive you!”

“You know that you have to eat breakfast—you can’t just go out without anything on your stomach!”

After everything that Riley had done for Brooke, raising her out of the chubby muck and helping instill her with some self-confidence, who was she to turn her down? She was pretty much her only real friend… and it wasn’t like she hadn’t needed to put in a little face time after all of that awkward business with Stephanie.

But Riley was still going to the gym, while Brooke wasn’t.

Because, granted, Riley *worked* at the gym. But she could come home on just about any given night and have a good chance of finding her roommate vegging out on the couch with a DoorDash order and a large soda.

It wasn’t much—she didn’t think she’d have to *roll* Brooke anywhere any time soon—but that starter gut bulging over the waistband of her newest pair of pants was definitely something. It had constituted a small part of Riley’s revenge…

She had liked Brooke *so* much better when she was fat…

Lyla & Cousin Faith... their story is now framed around Buttercombe Academy?

…

Lyla had been a teacher in two places—the city, and in a preparatory school up in the mountains of Virginia called Buttercombe Academy.

It weren’t that far from the Holler, honestly. It made going home to visit Granny Barb a lot easier during the holidays. It would have gotten awful lonely up there in that big ol’ Academy without anyone to spend Christmas with.

Of course, it ain’t like she had much fear of gettin’ cold up there with the way that they fed her.

Instead of feeling like a country mouse in the big city, Lyla felt so at home at Buttercombe Academy. Even if it was a prep school for gals with more money than God himself, Lyla could smell the trees and breathe in the mountain air, all while enjoying nice southern cooking from that gal Eri Flatterly in the kitchen and not havin’ to worry about hidin’ her accent.

Was it any wonder that she was so much happier here than when she was teaching public school?

“Granny Barb *said* you’d done put on some weight.” Cousin Faith’s eyes went wide as soon as Lyla had opened the door to her cabin, “But shoot, I thought she was just bein’ catty! *Dang* girl!”

“Oh hush.” Lyla’s pretty little voice seemed at odds with the spherical shape that had greeted Cousin Faith in the doorway, “Come on inside—I done ordered dinner for us.”

It had taken Lyla a full three steps to turn around in the narrow entryway, like a truck backing up. Her wide ass wobbled with every half-step and shimmied back and forth beneath her sundress, Faith nearly went cross-eyed trying to drink it all in! And leading the way with the big, sagging gut batting between her fluffy thighs…

“You want a biscuit?” Lyla seemed a little winded just from the little walk into the kitchen, “They got good biscuits up here; almost as good as Granny’s.”

“I’ll bet.” Cousin Faith took a flaky little disk and bit into it, “I won’t tell Granny Barb you said so.”

“Appreciate that, cousin.” Lyla pulled the double-wide chairs out and eased herself down, “Ooohh… I need a sit. I been walkin’ around this place tryin’ to get it ready for you.”

Lyla laid both hands out along the swell of her stomach as it drooped low between her legs and off of the seat of her chair. Backfat and excess ass oozed between the spindles of the kitchen table’s bench seating as it squeaked against the linoleum. Her fat, chin-swaddled face was pink and hearty, even as it looked mournfully down at the damage of what all the good eatin’ up at Buttercombe Academy had done to her.

“Phew—I’m outta shape.” She puffed matter of factly, “Long way from the skinny little thing you used to go skinny dippin’ with, huh?”

“Long way.” Cousin Faith answered far too quickly, “But, uh… y’know… it ain’t like the swimmin’ hole’s that small or anything.”

“For sure.” Lyla’s whole body rippled with short, heady laughter as she reached for a biscuit off of the table, “Like anyone would wanna see my big ol’ butt go wadin’ in that water back home.”

“Y-Yeah…” Cousin Faith pinched herself from behind, “I-I feel ya, Cousin…”

Haley & Tara… swap roles during their story?

…

Once upon a time, Tara hadn’t felt like such a fucking loser.

She’d moved out to Charleston, found a great job and had a nice apartment before it all came crumbling down around her. The damn recession had sent the firm that hired her into freefall, and it had been such a public and messy scandal that nobody wanted to hire her! Two years of good, honest work… down the toilet.

The only place left for her to go was home.

“Tara, sweetie, Haley’s gonna be here any minute!” her mother called out from the kitchen, “Are you ready for supper?”

*Ugh.* *Haley.*

“Hff… *yeah*.” Tara’s fat face creased along her double chin as the couch squeaked beneath her slow nervous adjustments, “She better not give me any shit about my weight!”

“Oh honey, she won’t—now be nice!”

How long had it been since she’d seen her sister? At least since the Christmas before last. The last time that they had seen one another, Tara had had to deal with Haley joking about how she’d “let herself go” and “turned into a real basement baby”. Like shut the fuck up, Haley, you’re not such hot shit yourself. At least Tara had a college degree. It wasn’t her fault that nobody was hiring…

Tara shotgunned a Red Bull, crushed the can, and began the arduous process of standing up on her squishy, flabby legs.

It wasn’t *her* fault that she had gotten fat, either. She was just depressed, and mom wouldn’t stop making all this fucking junk food. If she’d have been able to keep her own apartment, *like she’d wanted,* then she wouldn’t have had to worry about what the stupid, perfect sister Haley thought.

“Mooooom.” Tara called out, tugging the tank top down over her gut as it sloped down low into the crotch of her pajama pants, “*Mooooooom!*”

No answer. Fucking figures.

“Hey *mom*—” Tara said sharply as she began to lumber towards the kitchen, “Do I have enough time to change or—”

Tara had waddled gut first into a hug from Haley to their mother, half-naked with her gut hanging out and without any makeup on. Four hundred pounds of “basement baby” coming face to face with the successful, spritely sister who had moved away and managed to make it stick. *Ugh*.

“Hey chunky!” Haley’s face absolutely lit up when she got a good look at her sister, “It’s good to see you!”

“Fuck off, Haley.” Tara puffed, giving her sister a quick (but impossibly thick) hug and bouncing back, “Mom, you could have told me she was here.”

“I did!” Mrs. West kissed her daughter’s plump cheek, “I told you she’d be here any minute.”

“Tara, be honest—were you eating chips when she said that?” Haley scoffed, “All that crunching, it’s kinda hard to hear. I get it.”

“Ughghghghgh…” Tara sunk her meaty shoulders down and groaned, “Mom you said she wouldn’t be a *bitch* to me about my weight.”

“Well, honey…” Mrs. West clicked her tongue as she gave a small, sympathetic pet to her eldest daughter’s incredibly deep, wide middle, “You *were* eating chips…”

Harper & Roxanne ...in a reality where Character B had always been really, really fat?

…

It had been a shitty birthday before she’d gotten pulled over.

Turning 41 was something that she would only get to do once in her life, and Harper had spent it without any of her friends, with her oldest daughter complaining about having to watch her baby sister (for a night that didn’t even *happen*) getting pulled over by the rudest bitch lady cop that she’d ever met in her life, *and* squeezed into a stupid dress that didn’t even fit.

And on top of *everything*, it was so fucking rainy that she couldn’t see two feet in front of her even with the headlights.

The last thing that she felt like she needed right now, feeling old and fat and unattractive, was some greasy griddle hash from Waffle House, but damn if she didn’t have any other options but to pull over, slide into the booth soaking wet, and try to dry off over some good old-fashioned comfort food and a black cup of coffee.

At the very least, things were starting to look up now that she was inside…

“I can *totally* get this taken care of for you.” The large woman’s jowls squished and rolled as she looked down at the wet, crumpled speeding ticket, “It *is* your birthday, after all.”

Harper never would have guessed that the beefy mountain of belly and tits squished into the other side of this Waffle House booth was a police officer. How could she have been, with her gut beaching up on the table like that? Didn’t they have, like… fitness exams or something? Her arms were as big around as one of Harper’s thighs… had been a couple of years ago.

But she wasn’t about to second-guess the woman who was *literally* the best thing that had happened to her today. She’d even offered to pay for dinner once she found out it was her birthday!

“I can’t thank you enough, Officer…”

“Reagan, Roxanne. “ the beluga blonde fumbled with her phone and fat fingers to snap a picture of Harper’s ticket, before looking back up, “Call me Rocky.”

“Liiiike Rocky Road ice cream?”

“I get that a lot.” The big blonde said with a little laugh as she palmed a small percentage of the gut that had devoured several plates worth of greasy diner hash, “It *is* my favorite flavor though.”

“Mine too.”

As Harper took the ticket back, their fingers brushed ever so briefly. Not surprising, with how thick those sausages of hers were.

“We should… you know… go out and get a cone sometime.” The enormous officer said with some slight hesitation, “I mean… if your husband… boyfriend… *whatever* doesn’t mind.”

“I don’t really see how he could mind, seeing as how I don’t have either one.” Harper clicked her tongue bitterly, “I’d love to. It’s the least that I could do—you’ve been *so* nice to me tonight, and I really, *really* needed it.”

“Well…” Rocky bit her plump bottom lip as she squished her gut nervously beneath her flabby hamhock arm, “The *least* that you could do is call it a *date*…”