Parker Black… gets fitted for the first ever "hover chair" with less-than-light results

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“Ma.”

No answer. That cow was probably in her bedroom or something. Anything to get her out of range where she might have been *useful* to her poor daughter. Nevermind the fact that Parker was the one who contributed the most around here—no, no, let’s just let her sit in her room and make all of the fucking money while we do absolutely nothing.

*“Maaaa.”*

Still nothing! Honestly, you would have thought that her stupid mom would have paid more attention to her oldest, most successful daughter a little more. With all of the money she threw around just to keep this place running, hadn’t Parker earned a little more attention than she got? And really, *how often* had she been forced to burden her poor, overworked, unemployed mother with her piddly little problems?

“*MAAAAAA!!”*

“Parker are you saying ‘ma’ or ‘moo’?” Piper’s voice came through the paper-thin walls of the Black Family house, “Because at this point, I think either one is appropriate.”

“*Sh-Shut the fuck up, Piper!”* Parker’s puddling cheeks rippled indignantly as she cursed at her younger sister, “Is ma in her room?”

“She’s probably in the fucking kitchen or something, I don’t know!”

“Well can you get her? I need her!”

“You get her! You’ve got a fucking phone, call her!”

Parker glanced to the touchscreen tablet built into the armrest of her hover chair that had been acting as her phone. The headset still worked, and almost everything else about its functionality worked, but the fucking numbers on the dialpad were so goddamn small she could barely use the stupid thing anymore. It was so much easier to use the HERMIA assistant but *Piper* had forgotten to charge it last night so it was fucking dead on her dresser and…

*“MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!”*

“Jesus Fucking Christ Parker, I am *coming*!”

Harper stomped her way from the kitchen, down the hall, and just outside of her eldest daughter’s bedroom. Standing outside of the newly renovated (read: widened) bedroom door, the shadow of one huffy Harper was visible just beneath the crack before the doorknob turned and the hinges squeaked—Parker had finally gotten the attention of her mother, and it was clear that it had come at the cost of her patience.

“*What* Parker?” Harper’s eyebrows were raised expectantly, “Make it quick.”

“Can you… check something for me?”

In that moment, Parker’s voice seemed so much infinitely smaller than the dollop of full-fat dough that had wedged herself into that stupid chair. Her face was beset underneath inches of cheek and chin, narrowing her eyes to hoggish little slits as she sucked nervously on that feeding tube of hers. Harper could tell that this wasn’t her normal brassy, brattiness that had summoned her here.

“Honey, I’m feeding Hunter, can this wait?” Harper rolled her eyes, “Can’t you do it?”

“No, um…” Parker’s free hand squished her upper rung of belly fat nervously, “I, um… I need to be in the chair and i-it’s kind of a two person thing, okay?”

“Uh-huh. More like you’re just lazy” Harper folded her arms under her heavy maternal chest, “What’s the issue? Come on, out with it.”

“I think this stupid thing is broken or something.” Parker’s indignation returned as frustration crept into her voice, “I can’t get it to *move*.”

“Well, it’s been dragging a little low to the ground lately…” Harper sighed, wading into Parker’s increasingly crowded bedroom, “Ugh, how do you get around with all this Yeng crap in the way…”

“It’s not crap ma, it’s my *job*.” Parker huffed, “Just… just help me, okay?!”

“Fine, fine… what am I looking for?”

“There should be a screen on the back that gives an error message.” Parker struggled to crane her neck back so much as a fraction of what she needed in order to keep her mom in her line of sight, “What’s it say?”

“Uh…” Harper bent down to the floor level, her forty-something year-old knees crackling slightly as she brought the back of the screen to her line of sight, “Error… Y344?”

“Ugh, I thought maybe there’d be an explanation…” Parker whined, sucking extravagantly on her oral fixation, “Stupid cheap fucking cheap fucking *fuck*—”

“Oh no, there’s an explanation…” Harper couldn’t help but feel a little vindicated, albeit begrudgingly so, as she straightened herself up back to a standing position, “But, uh… I don’t think you’re gonna want to hear it, honey.”

“Oh fuck off, don’t do that Mom thing—“ Parker scoffed, fleshy arms wobbling wildly as she gesticulated in frustration of a perceived moralizing, “I *need* to know what it says so that I can tell those stupid fucks down at R&D that this thing crapped out on me and *why* so that *maybe* I can get a replacement before I go fucking nuts!”

“It says *weight limit exceeded,* honey.” Harper held her hands akimbo as she shifted her stance confrontationally, “I think you wore the poor thing down.”

Parker’s response wasn’t exactly *verbal*. In the sense that for a lot of it she didn’t use words. Mostly just sputtering and high-pitched screeching that would eventually turn into half-thoughts as her brain struggled to keep up. Beneath her belly, Parker’s fat toes squished and her little feet kicked petulantly at the idea that this stupid thing had been built with such a stupid requirement.

Honestly, during her tirade, the only thing that could really be made out was “fuck” “weight” and “limit” in various forms of order.

“I hate to tell you, honey, but it *has* been getting lower to the ground.” Harper shrugged, “Maybe if you hadn’t sat in it *all the time* it would have lasted longer.”

“It’s a stupid fucking piece of junk is what it is!” Parker growled as she squirmed and jiggled and squished inside of her grounded hover chair, “Call Dr. Schwartz for me—I am gonna fucking *scream* if this affects my pay!”

Harper shook her head, sighed, and handed Parker her phone, only to be met with confusion and more impudent outrage.

“Ma this numpad is too fucking tiny! You *know* I can’t use it!”

Somehow, Harper had the sneaky suspicion that her daughter would be infinitely more unbearable *without* her hover chair than she ever had been with it…

Dani Gosset (Life of Haley) & Hannah Hammond (Various)

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Dani leaned back into the bed—its frame creaking beneath her great girth as the goth gourmand situated herself in a way that brought her both the most comfort and the best view of her physique from the foot of the bed.

Waiting for her there, as always, was the dutiful hotel heiress. The figurative horse to which Dani had hitched her figurative wagon to with exemplary results.

A spoiled rich girl just begging to be bossed around by a big fat bitch like her? Someone who could get her out of Spartanburg? Fuck that, someone who literally didn’t have to worry about how much it would cost if food got shoved into Dani’s fat face as often as she wanted it? This may as well have been the dream that Dani had been waiting for since the day she decided that she wanted to embrace being “Doughy Dani”.

“’bout damn time.” Dani said in that put-on white trash accent that drove Hannah wild, “You tryin’ to fuckin’ starve me?”

To think that the things that she had hated most about herself once upon a time would be the things that would ensure her continued privileged, pampered existence. She didn’t hate doing that stupid accent anymore, and she had certainly learned to love being as big as she was.

Hannah boarded the bed diligently, the added weight of even her skinny ass made the poor thing groan beneath the two of them. Dani was getting to bedframe-bending sizes, and it was all thanks to this weird fat fetish heiress that she’d lucked out into meeting. What’s more, literally every want or need she could have ever wanted was taken care of—so who was she to complain?

“Stop droolin’ and feed me.” Dani groused, grabbing a handful of lily-white belly roll and scowling at her feeder, “Make yourself useful why don’t you?”

Dani leaned her head back and opened her mouth, allowing Hannah to slowly lower a slice of this and that into her awaiting mouthy maw. With her free hand, Hannah would rub slow stripes across the arctic acreage of Dani’s expanse, eliciting the occasional soft moan from the beached beluga while she ate but before she corrected herself in the name of keeping up the dynamic.

“More.”

The word came so naturally to her.

As her shoulders sunk lower, her synapses sizzling as the sensation of more food tickled her taste buds and triggered her well-honed fat girl instincts, Dani’s poundcake breasts pinched underneath her arm fat. Her chubby toes twitched as her breathing deepened. This was getting her wet—deep, down in the cavernous folds of her corpulence. Below her belly, Dani’s sex tingled wantingly.

Being fed always had made her hot.

But when she got to boss someone around to do it, that was an entirely different animal.

Let alone someone so rich and pretty and thin.

“I said *more*.” Dani groused, double chin bunching thickly between her jaw and fat chest, “Christ alive you’re fuckin’ slow.”

That always did the trick. Not that it was particularly challenging to push Hannah’s buttons. All it took was a nasty attitude and a squeeze of her tummy. Both of which Dani was happy to provide so long as Hannah kept her living in the lap of luxury like this. Honestly, probably even if she wouldn’t—she was already a bitch to begin with.

As Hannah’s hands softly traced thin lines across the ivory acreage of Dani’s doughy expanse, the goth gourmand leaned her head back and made small, contented noises. Little half-moans that showed that despite her bitching, Hannah was doing a pretty good job. As her black painted lips parted around another bite of pizza, Dani stretched ever so slightly like a spoiled house cat laying rotund on her bed.

“Do you like that?” Hannah asked in a low, sultry voice, “You want some more?”

“What kind of stupid question is that? Look at me.” Dani cocked a thin black eyebrow as her hand dipped lower over her flank and towards the penumbra of her belly rolls, “I’m wasting away here, Hannah.”

As the hotel heiress bit her bottom lip, shuddering in an unrestrained delight at what was no doubt a continued appreciation for just how well Dani meshed with her wants and needs as the kinkster that she was, Dani leaned back contentedly as Hannah got back to work. With her pale white shoulder and back fat pressed against the modern headboard of her room, Dani allowed her hands to slope down, down to the items of food that had been left within her reach.

She didn’t *like* feeding herself. But if Hannah was going to be otherwise occupied, then someone would have to do it. And her fat little arms were far better for filling one hole than they were for filling the other these days—who was she to complain?

“Ohhhh yeah…” Dani’s beady green eyes fluttered as her buried sex felt the other woman’s touch, “Heelllllll fuckin’ yeah…”

Chomp. Munch. Chew. It was easier for her to feed herself when she was given proper motivation. Hannah wasn’t exactly at her best with her nose in the carpet, but Dani couldn’t exactly go out and find someone better at it. Not at her size. And for what Hannah lacked in the ability to *eat,* Dani felt that she more than made up for it in the ability to *feed*…

“Haaaaa*aaahhhhhh~~”*

But her porn star voice still got its uses—even hundreds of pounds in and filling the bed, Dani knew that she had to keep this going.

And keeping Hannah happy went a *long way* towards keeping Dani happy…

Harper Black—"Did the bed just break?"

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Sam and Harper had broken many beds together.

Given their specific kinks and the roughness that came with their lovemaking, that wasn’t all too surprising. Snapping bedposts and head boards had been a thing in the early days of their relationship before the comfort weight had set on, so once Harper and Sam started to get fat one could only imagine that the added weight would only further reinforce the trend, right?

And you’re right!

But when they started breaking bedframes just by *existing* on top of them, by merely plopping their enormous selves down on top of the structures that held their most frequent seating arrangements, it started to become more pronounced.

It had been Sam who turned Harper onto feedism. With Harper’s desperate need to kick up her feet and allow herself to be pampered and Sam’s zealousness towards making that happen, she took to getting fat like a fish to water. And Sam’s rising weight did little to discourage her attraction, either—if anything, getting fat together was far more hot than Harper could have ever imagined!

But when it got to the point where one bed just couldn’t contain the two of them—when they had been forced to put two Queen-sized beds together for the two Queen-sized hillsides of women who laid on top of them, crammed into Harper’s tiny bedroom, they knew that they had reached something of a precipice.

“I’m starting to think that we’re getting a little fat, Har.”

“You don’t say?” Harper chuckled, grunting as she rolled towards Sam and her beautiful gelatinous tummy, “I think I could have told you that if you asked nicely.”

“Mmm… tell me?”

“We’re getting *soooo* fat, honey.”

The two of them grew closer to a collective ton by the day. Somewhere in the neighborhood of “more than six-hundred pounds” apiece, Harper Black and Sam Palmero turned out to be a match made in heaven. Big, brassy, busty women with big hair and big hearts outmatched only by their big appetites, they had learned to love the feeling of being full and of being fed *almost* as much as they loved one another.

But it was becoming clearer by the day that they were rapidly outgrowing this dinky bedroom. Especially with two mattresses taking up a lion’s share of the real estate—and that’s not even with the two of them on it.

They couldn’t even lay *next* to one another. There was far too much blubber in the way for that. Due to their similarly top heavy builds (Harper was far more topheavy with a bigger belly, whereas Sam had started out curvy before just sort of blobbing out as her obesity worsened) there was far too much bust and gut between them to even lay nose to nose! As they laid out on their mega-bed, there was more than a solid foot between their faces—and they were *embracing* one another.

“And it’s *all* your fault.” Harper said in a low and sultry voice as she squeezed a handful of Sam’s side rolls, “Look at what you’ve *done* to your *poor defenseless* wife.”

“Defenseless—more like bottomless.” Sam panted out, struggling to lean forward as she kissed Harper’s bulging neck, “You were gonna blow up anyway.”

*Mwet.*

*Mwet.*

Harper shuddered as Sam’s hot breath tickled her ear and bounced off of the curve of her face. It was getting so hard for them to please each other anymore. Vibrators and shit just couldn’t beat what Sam had turned her onto—penetration, tongue… just… getting eaten out by another woman was so much *better* than some guy who barely understood the parts he was tasting. Let alone a woman as *hungry* as Sam was…

“Mmm… baby?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you think you could—” Harper bit her bottom lip, “You know… take a trip downtown?”

“Do you mean can I eat you out? Just say that you want me to eat you out.”

“Okay, fine. Let me try asking a better way…” Harper cleared her throat playfully, “*Are you hungry*?”

“Always.” Sam chuckled huskily, “Lemme just… oof…”

Moving at such a high weight was a hassle. It was more than a hassle. It was an ordeal. The two of them were so big that without Harper’s children there to help them out, they would have almost entirely been bedbound. But getting up and about at her weight… it wasn’t *impossible* right? No matter how huge and heavy she felt… no matter how much her side of the bed was creaking.

“Ha…hfff… you… you like to watch me jiggle, don’t you?” Sam panted out a weak flirtation as she struggled to keep herself balanced, “Oooh… well… next time… you’re getting up…”

“But I’m Mama.” Harper pouted, hands on what she could reach of her stomach while she wriggled her way up the headboard, “you wouldn’t… hff… you wouldn’t want mama to get tired would you?”

“No…” Sam smiled breathlessly, “I want her to feel *only* pleasure.”

“mmm… then come to mama.”

As Sam propped herself up on the foot of the bed, the creaking and cracking sounds became splintering. It was hard to ignore. It was even harder to try and move her gigantic body to the side to try and correct it. But with things as they are, and with Sam as she was, she was unable to correct in time. The bed gave a loud CRACK and began to slump sadly to one side as Sam struggled not to go down with it.

But she went tumbling down to the floor.

“Oh my God baby, are you okay?” Harper laughed, “Sammy, honey, I’m so sorry…”

“I think… it might be time to invest in something a little sturdier, Har.” Sam panted, spread-eagle and standing as tall as a grade-schooler as she lay flat on the ground with her belly splayed high in the air, “Call… uff… call Pipey… I’mma need some help up…”

Gamemaster Gourmand

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“Come on, Nel.”

“What? I stayed up all night writing this campaign! You’re seriously gonna bitch about this *now*?”

“Nah, but like… were you *hungry* when you wrote this or what?”

When was Nel *not* hungry? As quite literally one of the biggest D&D geeks in their ensemble, there hadn’t been a get-together in *years* when she hadn’t stuffed herself to a stupid degree of fullness. Be that with chips or cookies or snacks or whatever they had delivered to the door… you know, come to think of it, you could probably include any of those things just as easily as you could the others these days. Nel’s weight problem had been steadily growing out of hands for years, but it was only just recently that she was letting it interfere with her ability to actually run these little campaigns of theirs…

“What are you trying to imply?” Nel put her hands on some semblance of where her hips were underneath all of that fat, “I can’t write a campaign about *food* because I’m *fat?*”

“Wh… no, just—”

“Wow Darryl what a dick move.”

“Shut the fuck up, Phil.”

“Damn, alright…”

Phil shrugged his shoulders and retreated from the conversation. His ration of “emergency” snacks tucked away to the side, out of the judgmental gazes of Kiera and Darryl. The hard rule about no bribing the DM was nothing compared to the softness of the GM’s belly, and the sheer squishiness of her self-control. Just in case this Burger World was harder than it sounded, he had a few aces up his sleeve (aces with no pickle or onion, just the way a certain someone liked them!)

No one could deny that Nel was the best DM out of their group. And the fact that she spent a lot of time in her apartment on her laptop gave her ample amounts of time to come up with rich and complex campaigns that were wholly unique to their experience—but even her staunchest defender (Kiera) would admit that there was *wayyyy* too much food porn in the, um… *flavor* text.

“Your party enters an entire dimension *made* of beef.” Nel said as she cleared her throat, “Cooked to various temperatures and shades of brown, the very ground beneath you is a charbroiled and sturdy patty in the great Meat of this layered realm.”

“Everything is made of meat?” Darryl cocked an eyebrow, “The land, the trees, the pe—”

“Yes, even the denizens of this realm are made of meat.” Nel nodded quickly as she shuffled around some papers with some fat sausage fingers, “Everything in this realm is edible.”

“But… the last realm was edible.” Kiera held up a finger pointedly, “Does the speed nerf carry from realm to realm, or—”

“You were the one who ate the Lower Bun Guardian, right?”

“Uh… yeah.”

“Sorry K, yeah, your debuff is going to be there for a while until you work off the extra weight.”

Kiera could only frown as she thought of her poor Teifling Thief—a woman that she’d brought up to be so badass over so many campaigns, only to have been forced to gorge herself on a walking, talking ball of dough. What kind of threats would they face in the *Upper* Bun if the Lower Bun had taken so much out of them? Her poor Tiefling had been pretty much built around the idea that she was sneaky and fast—now that she was literally weighed down by hundreds of pounds…

“Waddling to and fro, your thighs chafe together as your heavy footsteps test the integrity of the charbroiled patty that acts as the Earth beneath your feet. Your green belly bounces with every labored step as you feel your armor pinching at the—”

“Nel, uh… you’ve been talking about how fat Kiera’s character is for like three minutes now.”

“I’m setting the mood, Darryl.”

“Yeah, don’t be such a spoilsport, Darryl, she’s setting the mood.”

“Shut the fuck up, Phil.”

“I’m just saying, *some* of us enjoy the level of description that Nel goes into when it comes to—”

“Shut the fuck up, Phil.”

“Yes ma’am, Ms. DM ma’am.”

Nel grunted as she leaned over to grab a fistful of tortilla chips to bring back over to her plate. It was still loaded with plenty of salsa and sour cream, but she knew that it was only a matter of time before the duties of DM’ing took its toll on what was laid out on her plate for her. Luckily, Phil was always happy to suck up if it meant that she didn’t kill off his character…

Not that killing off characters was really the *point* of this little excursion into an edible realm…

“Darryl, your warrior’s strong back aches as he lugs around that gut of his. He’s not used to it, and his feet hurt as they swell in those steel boots he’s wearing. His tanned flesh bulges out from underneath the straps—”

“Alright alright Nel, I get it.”

“His heavy, manly stomach squishes and ripples with his every step. The muscles that he’s carefully curated over the course of his—”

“Alright, goddamn I get it, I shouldn’t have taken a swim in the butter river.”

“You’re damn right you shouldn’t have.” Phil said with a harrumph, “More chips for the DM?”

“I would *love* some more chips, Phil.” Nel smiled cattishly as the tall bearded blonde got up to go to the kitchen, “*Your* character is still as strong and as fast as ever. Thanks to your *quick thinking* and your *impeccable charm* your Elven Archer is still as beautiful and as fair and as thin as she could ever be.”

“This is fucking bullshit.” Darryl cursed under his breath

“Just because he’s not afraid to suck up.” Kiera rolled her eyes

“Phil is *not* sucking up.” Nel sniffed as she leaned back in her creaking seats, eying up the haul of chips and extra salsa that he had brought for her, “He’s the only one playing this game *right*…”

Jen Walker... tries hypnotism to lose weight, it backfires hard.

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Everyone knew that Ms. Walker had a weight problem.

And in a school like Buttercombe Academy, that was *really* saying something.

She had come to work at the Academy as their Culinary Arts instructor as a svelte young twenty-something, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed after graduating college and ready to teach her kids. But after countless stressful nights in her cabin, plenty of bad influences from the teachers around her, and *loads* of extra helpings come lunchtime, Jen Walker was hardly recognizable as anything other than one of the biggest, fattest teachers that the school had ever known.

And after a little help from a particularly dubious student, it had become abundantly clear that her earlier weight gain was just the beginning.

Jenny Walker was not the first teacher to put on weight while teaching at Buttercombe. Definitely not the first one to put on a *lot* of weight either, that much was fore sure. But after a certain point—nobody but those involved could quite pin it down—Jen Walker just sort of began to *balloon* in size, blowing all of the other peers in her starting year out of the water with how much fat she seemed to put on over the course of comparatively *not* a lot of time.

After all, while Megan Porter and Ashley Knight were plenty big, the fact that they were still walking around the halls wasn’t especially remarkable like it was with jumbo Jenny Walker.

“Haahahhh….”

Jen’s stomach spread wide and flat against the glass of the vending machine, totally eclipsing her view of what was actually contained in the machine that had become such a vital part of these little pre-first period snacks. Her fat fingers just punched buttons out of memory now; without the high-up delivery balconies on these new models, she would have never been able to bend over and actually grab what she ordered.

Not that she needed it, of course.

“Ooh yeah… gimme…”

Jen Walker’s arms were heavier than some of the freshman students who walked through the doors of the Academy. Her fingers so thick and fat that they were hardly dexterous at anything but opening up wrappers and spooning mouthfuls past her lips. Her hoggish eyes would glaze over at even the thought of yet more food to fill that widening shelf of stomach space that rolled out from underneath her tarp of a sweater. And as she heaved more feed for herself from the tray into the crowded cradle of forearm, bicep, and belly blubber that she used to house her haul, it was long since clear that this wasn’t going away any time soon.

“I deserve it…”

No one was particularly surprised with her weight gain, given the fact that she was the Culinary Arts instructor—but for her to get this big? For her fixation on food to run this deep? She had become something of a legend among the underclassmen and new generations of students, with the whispering behind her hanging back rolls and spreading seat playing as the white noise to her continued expansion.

“Mmm*mmmmm*…”

Ms. Walker had to push herself off of the vending machine in order to get herself going. Her low, forward-facing center of gravity returned to its natural slope as soon as the support of the window peering into the vending machine’s innards was removed as she lumbered down the hall towards her classroom.

With her free hand absently rubbing the spectacular slope of her apron of adipose as it bobbed with every belabored step, Jen Walker contentedly waddled her way at a snail’s pace to resume her day after a fifteen minute pause to catch her breath and restock on snacks—the most important part of her day, at least until the small break between first and second period. She would spread this all out on the desk in front of her back in her classroom and hopefully make a sizeable dent in it before her students started to pour in.

Should she have saved some room for cake? They were working on that Pineapple Upside Down Cake recipe that was so popular…

“nnnnno I deserve this…”

Jen was happy to provide herself literally every opportunity to indulge herself. After all, she *did* deserve it! And eating helped her feel less stressed—obviously the most important part of her job was to make sure that she wasn’t stressed. If she was stressed, then who would teach the girls?

Who would make sure that she got to eat to her heart’s content?

Honestly, thinking back to when she would freak out about teaching and the pressures that came with teaching in such a prestigious environment; she couldn’t place a single worry that she’d ever had. Not since she’d started listening to those tapes that Hannah had given her. Now she didn’t even think about it! She just popped them in before bed and then snored the night away. The most stressful parts of her day were waking up on an empty stomach.

And she *always* woke up on an empty stomach.

“Oh!” Jen Walker panted as she slowly brought herself through the threshold of the classroom door, “Good… uff… good morning… girls… I… didn’t expect that you’d all be… so early…”

“Um… Ms. Walker?” A particularly chubby redhead raised her hand shyly, “Class was supposed to begin ten minutes ago… we’ve just sort of been waiting on you.”

That should have registered some embarrassment on Jen’s part. And for a brief moment, it did. But with the exhaustion of hauling her mighty form around and the anticipation of getting to satisfy the barely budding hunger that had stemmed from not having eaten this hour, there was little more to be thought about the matter otherwise.

“Oh… well… get to work then…” Ms. Walker puffed as she lowered herself down in the humongous desk chair, “Ahh… I’ll get started too…