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“I don’t mean to sound unkind Lily Pad, but… you’re only just *now* starting to realize that?”

If the five-hundred-plus pound pile of blonde wallowing in her most recent revelation had been able to get up and smack her friend around, she would have. Her emotions were raw, her heart sinking after the last vestiges of her steadfast denial towards her weight had been ripped away by a truly earth-shattering post-binge clarity. Lilith Grobauch had spent the better part of four years absolutely ballooning to the point of no return, and now her friend wanted to rub her nose in it that she hadn’t realized it sooner?

“Oh fuck *off*.”

Lilith’s reactions were just as red and strained as her emotions were in this vulnerable state, and the last thing that she needed was to feel like she was being talked down to by *Moonchild Belemontes* of all people. But whether it was the gravity of Lilith’s expression or just realizing that she had perhaps stepped out of line, the big bodacious hippie was happy to correct herself.

“That’s not how I meant for that to come out.” The woman chuckled, “I just… Lilith, honey, we’ve *all* put on some weight since we started to come together in our shared bond of sisterly—”

“Cut the hippie crap.” Lilith harrumphed and frowned and wriggled and writhed as she tried to remove herself from the situation in vein, “I just… I… oh, oh no that hurts…”

In yet another display of huffy hugeness, Lilith’s wobbling around on the bed only served to make her that much more uncomfortable. Her stomach almost quite literally pinned her down on the mattress, and even with the modicum of digestion that she had been able to manage while she laid there whimpering, it wasn’t nearly enough for her to be making the big movements that she had been planning to make in that moment. She didn’t want to hear any of Moonchild’s stupid, empty-headed hippie crap, but it didn’t look like she was going to be given much of an option.

Not unless that stupid, air-headed hippie would help her up…

And maybe give her a couple antacids…

“Shhh, don’t try to get up honey…” Moonchild sounded quite maternal in that instance, laying her hand down on top of the outer slope of Lilith’s planetary gut in an attempt to sort of soothe the shifting sow and relieve her of any discomfort, “Let’s just talk about this for a minute, okay?”

“Oh… okay…” Lilith winced, her face still hot and her eyes still dewy as she clutched at either side of her stomach, “But… could you…?”

“Hm?” Moonchild blinked before looking at her hand, “Of course!”

Lilith had initially been relieved. She had thought that Moonchild would take her hand off of her stomach. That the pain would go away without her friend palming her gut like that. But instead of releasing her, Moonchild began to rub slow, sensual stripes along the vastness that was her friend’s barrel belly; to which the grumpy Grobauch winced at first, but slowly acclimated towards.

It didn’t feel *good* per se—the contents of her stomach still churned and squelched harshly beneath her many many layers of fluffy belly fat—but it certainly didn’t feel… *not good*.

“Does that feel better?” Moonchild said in a soft voice, the bed groaning with her added quarter tonnage as their collected weight tested the reinforcement of the box spring, “I know whenever *I* eat too much, getting my tummy rubbed always makes *me* feel better…”

“Ih… It does…”

Lilith sputtered slightly as the words fell from her lips. Trying to put a cork back on her emotions after getting caught crying to herself in the dark about what a fat cow she was wasn’t going to be easy, but trying to pretend like she wasn’t actively enjoying the sensation of her stomach being rubbed may have just been even more difficult than that.

“Good! Then hopefully I can…” Moonchild attempted to lean back a bit more on Lilith’s bed, only for it to squeal audibly in a way that took both women out of what they were doing for the briefest aside, “…as I was saying… hopefully I can heal you in at least *one* way tonight.”

Moonchild ran a soft stripe along the curvature of Lilith’s heavy folds. Her hands were warm, but to the heat of the blonde’s heft as it stewed and bubbled with her herculean amounts of dinner, Moonchild’s chubby digits might as well have been ice cold. Her mouth hung agape as her head leaned back ever so slightly into the sizeable roll on the back of her neck. She couldn’t help herself!

“Now Lilith…” Moonchild clicked her tongue as she continued to knead the heavy rolls of fat that stood between her friend and her own copious heft, “Do you mean to tell me that you’re *just now* realizing that you’re a little heavier than other women?”

“Nuh… no…” Lilith sniffled, not able to bring herself to look at Moonchild in the eyes, “I… I’ve known that I’ve put on a few pounds, but…”

“But that doesn’t mean that you’re anything less than special.” The busty brunette said sagely, almost like it were an after school special being held in Lilith’s dark bedroom, “After all, I’m *just* as heavy as you are and *I* don’t feel any less valuable than anyone else.”

Judging by the size of those pontoons that sagged down either side of her stomach, Lilith doubted that Moonchild had much of a reason to feel any less special than anyone else. Back pain aside, at least Moonchild had something that most people would have appreciated. Looking down and out across her bed, and all Lilith could see was her big fat stomach—she was all belly, just like all the other women in her family who let themselves get fat.

The ones that she used to scoff at over a supposed lack of self control.

“Yeah well that’s… your problem…” Lilith harrumphed, double chin creasing deep along her jowls as she sunk further into self-pity, “You’ve got those knockers of yours. Even Isabella has that enormous ass that she drags two feet behind her everywhere she goes.”

Lilith’s first instinct was to palm, squish, and shake her stomach to prove her point. But even at just the first step, she knew that she was far, far too full to manage something like that. So a hard, wet PLAP was as far as her little demonstration got.

“I’m just a fat sack of crap.”

“Lily noooo.”

Every small, insignificant movement to Moonchild was one that threatened the very structural integrity of Lilith’s bedframe. But at the same time, it went against the humongous hippie’s very nature to let someone feel so negatively towards their own body—after all, all bodies were beautiful, and she would have been lying if Moonchild didn’t admit to finding voluptuousness attractive on any and all those who carried it. It would have been hypocritical of her not to, considering that she was about as voluptuous as anyone could have hoped to get. And the last thing that Lilith needed, at least according to the busty busybody, was to feel any worse about her beautiful body than she already did.

Even if it meant that the bedframe might get a little bent out of shape, it was worth it if it meant making Lilith feel better. And with wide swathes of her palm as their bellies began to smoosh together, Moonchild would set out to do just that!

“You’re *beautiful*, honey.” Moonchild cooed, “Just because you don’t look like the other women—”

“Oh knock it off—if I had fed that crap to my daughter she’d be probably be twice as fat as I am by now.” The belligerent blob of belly blubber squished and writhed in petulance as she tried to dissuade Moonchild from comforting her with her nice… soothing… touch…

“I… I d-don’t want to…”

“Shhhh, shhshh shhh…”

Lilith had never been much for willpower—at least, not once she had fallen off the slippery slope into super-sizedom. She might have wanted to retain some sort of dignity, to push Moonchild away, to run away so that she could distance herself from all of this, but…

It felt *soooo* good to have her stomach rubbed right now.

“*Mmmmph…”*

“Theeeere we go…”

It was the pressure being build up behind her gut. It was the heat rising from her stomach. It was the tautness of her skin. Maybe it was the soft sensation of Moonchild’s palms as they pressed gently into all three. But Lilith was both in pain and strangely at ease with the caressing of her corpulence. So long as Moonchild continued to be slow and gentle, almost methodical, about it, she would have a hard time telling her to stop.

Almost as much of a difficult time as she might have had rising to her feet and waddling into any other room where such delightful belly-rubs weren’t on the table.

As heavy as they were, Lilith couldn’t help but allow her legs to sag further apart, her muscles growing limp as she melted to the touch of one of her closest friends. As she succumbed to Moonchild’s expert touch, her arms fell similarly slack. They fell at an angle, supported by her meaty spare tire and pillowy biceps. Her expression continued to oscillate between frustration and enjoyment as the session went on, slowly leaning back further and further onto the headboard as Moonchild made her feel much, much better…

“You have *such* a beautiful body, Lily.” Moonchild said in a slow, soothing tone, “We all do! The three of us might be a lot bigger than we used to be, but that doesn’t mean we have to *feel bad* about it, do we?”

“Nuh… no…” Lilith purred stupidly like a contented housecat, “I… I suppose not…”

How much of this was how she genuinely felt and how much of it was just her not wanting Moonchild to stop rubbing her stomach, even Lilith wasn’t sure. Perhaps it was resignation setting in? The knowledge that she’d probably never ever get back to where she was before all of this started. The huge, surmounting changes that she would have to endure just to lose even a fraction of all this fat. In the moment it all seemed so daunting! In the moment, all she really wanted was to feel better…

And while her basic instincts had been driven towards *eating* to feel better, this was certainly a fine alternative to making her stomach problems even worse.

“We’re just getting older! Our bodies are changing.” Moonchild smiled breathlessly, her flabby appendage growing sore from the minor motions that she’d been doing in just the short amount of time that she’d been doing them, “They’re getting hungrier! And there’s nothing wrong with that.”

“I… I guess not…”

A lot of the women in her family *were* kind of big.

Certainly she wasn’t the only Grobauch dealing with this particular problem.

And there was always the argument of what her “natural shape” was…

“Personally, I think you’re a *lot* more fun now that you’ve learned to let go a little.” Moonchild winked as she tried to shuffle her stupendous size closer to the beached blimp on the bed, “You used to be so grumpy and angry all the time! But now that you—”

“Now that I’m *fat*?” Lilith huffed out, a tired and world-weary smile dimpling her cheeks as the words fell from her lips

“Now that you’re *fat*.” Moonchild jiggled a handful of Lilith’s belly blubber with a wry little wrinkle of her nose, “I think that you’re a lot more fun to be around.”

“You think so?”

“I most certainly do.”

In most other circumstances, Moonchild’s confession to Lilith wouldn’t have been considered comforting. Even when applied to a more broad spectrum (though getting more broad than the blob bellied blonde was certainly a feat in and of itself) there wasn’t much more to what Moonchild was saying than platitude. She was trying to make her friend feel better—to make her feel less like a beached whale and more like a person who just might have weighed enough for two or three Women of a Certain Age. But in the moment, in Lilith’s dark bedroom as she recovered from sniveling quietly in her own size-driven self pity…

It did at least spread a smile between Lilith’s chunky cheeks.

“There’s that smile~” Moonchild cheesed, leaning forward to the unbearable protest of the bedframe beneath the two behemoth belles, “See? It’s so much easier to let these things *go* than it is to…”

*CREAAAAAAAAAAAAAK*

“To, um…” Moonchild blinked dumbly behind her softball sized cheeks, “Lilith, honey, do you hear someth—”

With even the slightest added pressure of Moonchild’s overextension, she and Lilith Grobauch were soon sent tumbling down along with the mattress beneath them as the bedframe finally gave way—the box spring quite literally exploding out from underneath the collective half-ton of hugeness as the overfed mothers descended downward in yet another nail into the coffin that was Lilith’s hopes and dreams of ever being able to reign herself back in.

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Saying goodbye was going to have to be something that Lilith would have to learn to be good at.

To her formerly thin physique, yes—the woman that she had been and the woman that she was (and more than likely, would continue to be) weren’t quite irreconcilable, but they may as well have been two different Liliths.

But seeing her daughter off as she left for UCLA was something that Lilith had, honestly, not expected to hit her so very hard.

“Don’t worry, mom.” The long blonde locks of her now collegiate daughter bounced in the California sun as she shut the hatch door to Laurie’s Trans Am, “I’ll be back before you know it!”

She was beautiful—her face aglow with a radiance and confidence that simply hadn’t been there back when she was a chubby bottom brick in the Los Hermanos High cheerleading team. Alice’s bright blue eyes shone with the light of someone who, Lilith honestly felt, would accomplish great things even if left to her own devices. She was no longer the compulsive snacker and dietary disaster that necessitated her mother to peek over her shoulder and monitor her every bite.

Alice Grobauch had truly come out of her shell and blossomed into the beautiful butterfly that Lilith had always known—deep down—that she could be.

But no matter how beautiful of a butterfly Alice had become, there was still no chance of her ever being able to wrap her arms around her mother ever again.

“You most certainly will be—and I expect for you to keep your grades up, missy.”

“Oh mother.”

The huge and huffy blonde was misted with a light layer of perspiration. The California Summer was not kind to women who were bigger around than most specialty tires. Even propped up in her little red Rascal mobility scooter, belly pressing hard against the steering wheel, Lilith was winded just from the puttering drive over. Lilith was no less massive than she’d been on that night her bedframe collapsed, her curves and rolls spilling out over the sides of her scooter and ekeing out from underneath her thinnest, lightest, largest t-shirt. The soft, pillowy mass that was her stomach onto her lap and hung down between her knees as she stewed in the sun with Moonchild and Isabella beside her.

Not that they didn’t have their own goodbyes to say.

“Ohhh Laurie~!!” Moonchild was giddy as could be, even her excess hundreds of pounds couldn’t stop her from shifting excitedly on her fat little feet as she squeezed her husky hog of a daughter into her voluminous chest, “College is going to be so much *fun* for you! You’re going to go to protests and you’re going to experiment and you’re going to experience *so* much while you’re gone that I just… I just—”

“Gawd mom, don’t give yourself an aneurism.” The busty, black-haired primadonna scowled as she wrestled with her mother’s copious amounts of tit and arm fat, “I love you too, jeez.”

Neither of the Belemontes blimps could stand that close to one another; with Laurie’s heaving hooters brushing against her mother’s massive mammaries sloped over and propped up by her stupendous gut, there was probably more than two feet between their toes in even this tight embrace. Even in her loosest sundress, stuck to her skin by the thin sheen of sweat that covered Moonchild from her forehead to her biceps to even all the way down to her chunky sausage toes, the hippo hippie was similarly exhausted from these simple goodbyes.

“When it comes time for the holidays, stop by and see your old Aunt Isabella sometime Laurie!” the heavy-hipped brunette puffed out with a wave of her fat little hand, “If you give me enough time, I’ll make sure to cook all of your favorites!”

“Like… oh my gawd… bye Laurie, bye Alice!” Jen had been visibly fighting back tears the entire time that her two best friends in the whole wide world had been packing for the drive up, “Text me when you guys get there, okay?”

Despite not going with them to UCLA—opting instead to stay behind so that she could explore her relationship with Tyler (and continue to take full advantage her employee discount at Pizza By The Pound) Jen had taken the day off of work so that she could see her best friend and former captain off. Laurie had been close enough to the Sarovys that Isabella had felt much the same way that Moonchild did towards her daughter’s best friend, and though Alice was a more recent addition to her little Jenny’s group of friends, she was just as happy to see her off just the same.

Though the longer that Jen stayed at home and worked at that Pizza Place, the more she and her mother were beginning to resemble one another—two gelatinous jumbo booties had been crammed into the stretchiest pairs of pants that either of the hippy blimpettes could manage in their respective closets, and both swayed unsurely as the feet that propped them up began to struggle with the weight that they were expected to carry for *this* long.

“Gawd Jen, you act like we’re never going to see each other again.” Laurie scoffed as she waddled over to give her bigger, blimp-bootied bestie a squishy hug, “You’re gonna drive up like, *next week* to come see us. We’re only a few hours away.”

“But like… you’re not gonna be able to come see me on my breaks anymore!” Jen extended her bottom lip into a pathetic little pout, “Who am I gonna eat pizza with when Tyler’s not around?”

“You’re such a fucking bimbo sometimes.” Laurie smiled genuinely as she squeezed her bestie extra tight, “Don’t let that freak Tyler feed you too much while I’m gone. Alice and I don’t want to have to roll you into our dorm every time you want to visit.”

As the group said their final goodbyes, Lilith couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy towards her daughter. Alice was off to college, starting a new and exciting chapter in her life. Meanwhile, Lilith’s grand revelation that she had become this enormous, belly-heavy bitch was enough to make her feel like she was sort of stuck in the same place. Or at the very least, not going anywhere new any time soon.

Now that she had come face to face with how deep her denial had gone, she could at least start getting back on the right track.

Who knows—without her daughter around to “protect” by eating up all of the junk food in the house, she might have been able to drop some of this weight…

Moonchild noticed the pensive look on Lilith's face and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Oh Lily Pad, you look so torn up" she said with a wink. "I know you’re worried about what might happen while she’s away… but it’s time to start thinking about yourself once in a while, don’t you think?"

Lilith chuckled despite herself—as if she hadn’t done *plenty* of that while she was eating herself up to more than five hundred pounds of mega-mother.

“If you’d like, you can borrow my daughter any time.” Isabella’s double chin wobbled heartily as her tummy shook with mirth, “It will be some time before my little Jenny wants to fly the nest—isn’t that right, honey?”

“Moooooooom…”

As Lilith began the arduous process of steering herself into a one-eighty, back towards the Grobauch house where they had all agreed to gather in order to say their goodbyes, she couldn't help but marvel at just how massive they had become over the years. Moonchild's tie-dye sundress stretched tightly across her enormous breasts and belly while Isabella's palazzo pants were stretched to near transparency over her mile-wide thighs.

"What, um… what should we do now?" Lilith asked hesitantly, the swirling emotions deep within her belly conflicting with the all-too-familiar (by now) need to eat her stresses away, “I mean, now that they’re… y’know…”

"I don't know about you two," Moonchild replied with an impish grin spreading across her chubby cheeks. "But I could certainly go for some ice cream! There's this new shop that has the most *amazing* triple fudge vegan sundaes."

“That sounds like a *lovely* idea, Moonchild.” Isabella nodded eagerly in agreement, “Jenny, would you be a dear and go and pick those up for us?”

“Ooh! Can I text Tyler and see if he wants to join us?” Jen clucked excitedly, her phone already wriggled out from underneath the waistband of her leggings, “He, like, *loves* to get me ice cream…”

Lilith was hesitant at first, but the thought of indulging in sweet treats with her friends sounded too tempting to pass up. Sure, she understood that she should be watching what she ate. Now more than ever, after Alice was gone and her excuse to overindulge had gone with her.

But for once, Lilith just wanted to enjoy herself. After all; she’d earned it.

As the three cumbersome ladies made their way back to Lilith's house in slow plodding steps, Lilith’s gravel driveway crackling beneath their chunky feet and her overloaded tires, Moonchild and Isabella chatted away about all the delicious food they would eat during their outing. Jen couldn't stop smiling as she texted Tyler about joining them. And for the first time in quite a long time, Lilith felt… content.

For the first time since her bedframe broke, Lilith tried not to think about the calories that were sure to come from this little excursion. Instead, she focused on how good it felt to have her friends around her – women who had seen her through thick and thin (well, mostly thicker) over the years.

A half hour later, the engorged gaggle of girthy moms (plus Jen and an all-too-eager Tyler) settled into chairs around Lilith's backyard patio table as they dug into plates piled high with ice cream sundaes drizzled with hot fudge sauce and topped with whipped cream and cherries. The sound of spoons clinking against glass bowls filled the air as each woman savored every bite of their decadent dessert.