Prologue\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_A Lifetime Ago

At the risk of inviting cliché, Felix de la Rojas really seemed to have it all.

To the public eye, he was an inspiration—a poor kid from L.A. that landed a few breakout roles throughout the late nineties as the Hispanic Kid™ and somehow managed to navigate the minefield that was being a child star and eventually made himself a respectable career in Hollywood. Though his earlier work hadn’t aged particularly well, Felix made up for it by growing into a tall, well-built man that advocated for more Hispanic roles and less Hispanic stereotypes in movies and television.

Calm, well-spoken and polite, Felix de la Rojas settled into a respectable B-list celebrity slot throughout his twenties and thirties as a well-respected actor on plenty of sitcoms and TV specials—two Emmys that had been awared more than a decade apart decorated his name in every introductory article (as in, Two Time Emmy Winner, Felix de la Rojas) and his quiet retirement from acting to focus more on the behind-the-scenes work had been met with a quiet respect and admiration for all those who had followed his career.

After all—everyone had to settle down sometime.

“Oh my goodness, isn’t this the most beautiful home you’ve ever *seen*?”

And the fact that he had chosen someone outside of the usual Hollywood circle to settle down with had also gone a long way to paint Felix as someone who was very down to Earth. Getting married to someone a good ten years younger than him was a bit odd, but no more unusual than a lot of the leading men in Hollywood. There were some whispers about the age gap, but many were quick to come out of the woodwork and defend FdR from any criticism.

After all, if Leonardo DiCaprio could afford to dump every woman that reached twenty-five even as aged into his fifties, *one* B-list SAG member having a slightly younger girlfriend, fiancée, and then wife wasn’t going to be the end of the world.

“We’re going to be so *happy* here, I can tell…”

It had helped that the woman Felix had fallen in love with and chosen to marry seemed—at first—to be just as down-to-Earth as he was. Her humble beginnings in rural California had leant her and the rest of her family a sort of genuine quality that was hard to come by in the star-studded streets of L.A., and everyone who had met the two of them together only seemed to be able to fawn over how sweet Felix and his fiancée were.

“I can’t *believe* how lucky I am to be Missus Daphne de la Rojas.”

She had swooned back into his arms almost as soon as she had left them, overwhelmed with the beauty of the estate that her fiancée had purchased for their family. Daphne had never even seen such tasteful luxury, and the idea that she and her mother and her sister were going to be living in an honest-to-goodness *villa* was something that made her heart threaten to burst right out of her sleeve.

“I love you *so* much, honey.”

Taking his bride in his arms, Felix spun her around for the first time in their new home. Daphne’s honeysuckle feet lifted off of the hardwood floor and hung limp as her white peasant dress fluttered around her, fluttering in the soft breeze created by the wide bay windows and crisp Fall air.

If looks were enough, Daphne Blanche would have been a celebrity in her own right. With her proud, prominent features and big brown eyes, it had only taken one look at her for Felix to know that Daphne was the one that he wanted. The story of an aspiring actress that had moved to the city only to have to settle for being a waitress had been told a thousand times before, but never with as much grace and sincerity as what would become the tabloid romance between a beloved B-list actor and his beautiful, kind-hearted bride-to-be.

“Wow, the pictures on Zillow *really* don’t do this place justice…”

“This place is enormous! Are you sure that you didn’t buy a hotel?”

The addition of Daphne’s immediate family only added to the wholesome nature of their cohabitation. The tabloids and headlines saw a wealthy and accomplished man uplifting his new wife as well as her family as puff piece after puff piece ran about him taking his in-laws out to fancy restaurants and spoiling them with midday lattes from this chain or that. It was the kind of good PR that just couldn’t be bought—there were A-list celebrities that had done less offensive parts than FdR had done in the early nineties that were still trying to shirk off another attempt at cancellation.

To the rest of the world, to his wife, and to his new family… Felix de la Rojas just seemed like a *good guy.*

“*Gracias dona*, I live to please.” He said, putting his little ballerina back down on the floor as he gestured up the staircase, “One of my guys is upstairs waiting to show you and Ivy to your rooms… that is, if you wouldn’t mind giving Missus De la Rojas and myself some privacy?”

“*Si si claro*, *vamos Ivy*!”

“God it’ll be so nice not to sleep on a pull-out…”

At the risk of inviting cliché, Felix de la Rojas really did seem like he had it all. Fame, money, a not inconsiderable amount of sway behind the screen and a commanding presence in front of it. The addition of his beautiful wife and her lovely, down-to-Earth family added to this almost unbelievable amount of charm and quiet grace that the former actor oozed.

“You really weren’t kidding when you said you’d give me everything.” Daphne said in a soft, quiet awe, “I can’t believe that all of this is ours…”

“You’ll get tired of it.” FdR chuckled softly, “After a few years, you’ll be asking when I’m moving you to a bigger house.”

“I would never.” Daphne smiled, “The celebrity lifestyle hasn’t rubbed off on me yet.”

“I hope it never does.” Felix smiled, pulling his bride close and pressing his lips against hers, “You’re so genuine. Unspoiled. Precious in every way to me, *mi amor*…”

“*Mi corazon…*”

Felix de la Rojas had everything, and it hadn’t brought him the happiness that he had been promised growing up. The things, the status, the perks, it had all mattered more to the people around him than it had to Felix himself. His parents, his friends, his lovers… everyone that Felix and his money had ever touched had changed. Slowly, in subtle ways, behind the camera at first.

“Let me show you to the bedroom—we’ve got reservations at five.”

“At the Italian place?”

“The one and only.”

“I’ll go put on my new dress!”

Felix couldn’t wait to see how money would change *her.*

Chapter One: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Breakfast With Ivy

“There the fuck you are.”

You would have thought that waiting on Felix was as exhausting for Ivy as it would have been for her to have walked to Felix’s villa. Her fat face folded into a frown as she shifted on the stone bench seating. Such accommodations hadn’t been standard until Ivy had started throwing money around, but it would have been uncouth for only one of the heaviest of the little bistro’s star-studded guest list to be given a special stone seat—at some tables, there was enough room for two well-to-do patrons to sit on either side of a table, extending a table for two to four!

But only Ivy Blanché—sister in law to none other than well-established streaming and Hollywood producer Felix de la Rojas—had managed to over-occupy the generous stone slabs before the other half of her photo-op had arrived.

“Ohh come on Ivy, don’t be grumpy.” Felix tut-tutted gently, his smile seemingly warm and his posture undoubtedly relaxed, “We have *company*.”

There had been a time when Ivy’s punitive fury would have been directed at Felix for getting her in front of the camera at all. Daphne had always been the pretty one in the family, and the thought of getting photographed without consent had been enough that it used to send the older woman into panic attacks whenever they went out.

“I know, I fucking called them here.” Ivy’s expression remained pleasant from behind her big stupid sunglasses even as her words dripped with venom, “Like I called *you* here—I’ve been waiting for almost ten goddamn minutes Felix—”

“There was traffic.”

“There’s *always* traffic.” Ivy said with a calculated touch of her brother-in-law’s hand in a way that would hopefully raise some eyebrows, “When I ask you to be somewhere, I *expect you* to be—”

“I understand, I’m sorry.” Felix’s nice, laid-back attitude was unfailing even as his dick throbbed beneath his designer boxer shorts, “But I’m here now; we can go Live whenever you want.”

“Good.” Ivy’s nose curled as she simmered down, “Lemme eat first. I hate doing this shit on an empty stomach.”

Ivy’s stomach had not been empty since she and her sister had fallen under the care of a B-List actor who was smart with his money. Through careful investments and the work of his agent, he had been able to fulfil his promise of taking care of Daphne’s family in the way that only a well-to-do man of the screen could provide—making them connections, providing funding for startups, even just being *in* the same family as a celebrity was enough for Daphne and her family to suddenly go from not mattering to mattering a lot more than anyone else on the planet.

And out of the three of them, Ivy was the one to whom mattering mattered the most.

“Those stupid fucks gypped me on my portions again.” Ivy’s turkey wattle wobbled as she harrumphed into the loaded fork, “For $60 appetizers you’d think that you’d get your money’s worth—they don’t want to make it look like the *fat girl* got that way eating here, I guess… so fucking predictable.”

The breathiness with which Ivy spoke while eating could not be understated. Whether it was caused by her having to hunker down over the plate so that she didn’t drop any marinara on her designer white capris or by the discomfort that came with her ass hanging off either side of her seat, Felix wasn’t really sure. But as soon as he had arrived on scene, the paparazzi had let the shutters fly, and at least three of them were on the south side of his sister-in-law’s spectacular butt—something told him that *they* would be getting paid the best out of those that had taken Ivy’s bait.

Admittedly, “plus-sized influencer has lunch with her producer brother-in-law” wasn’t as much of a pull as Ivy had been pitching it as—Felix suspected that she had a lot more to do with the affair allegations that were floating around him than she let on.

But at the end of the day, there was something to be gained by keeping *his* name in the headlines of all those trashy articles too.

“Is my ass hanging out of these things? How much whale tail do I have going on back there?” Ivy’s voice was high and fast, having become clipped and somewhat nasal at some point during her acclimation, “Good hanging out, not bad hanging out.”

Felix took a cursory glance to the right, where a solid foot of cheek and thigh sprawled out from where his sister-in-law’s widest belly roll oozed out to. Every bottom on Ivy was low-rise, with her stomach and ass fighting for supremacy before tapering out into glorified sausage casings for her legs. But the visible bulge of the small of Ivy’s back rolling over the waistband was on display even from this far in front of her; just by craning his neck, Felix could see that Ivy’s signature fashion statement was well-displayed for even this most innocuous event.

“Good hanging out.”

“Great, because I do *not* want to get up until I have to.” Ivy smacked her lips, “My butt is getting *fucking* huge.”

The softly abrasive laugh and utter pride with which she said such a thing, along with the approving pat of her leftmost acre of fleshy hip, would have told anyone who had sat across from her just how little Ivy cared about the allegations that she had gotten and was still getting fat to stay in the headlines. Personally, Felix wouldn’t have put it past her—but “officially” she was on a diet.

The first time that Felix had met Ivy at this bistro, things had been quite different.

Back when she was still a reedy little thing, prematurely tired before she had even hit her thirties thanks to a long life of thankless work behind a coffeehouse counter. Before she had been taught how to contour professionally to blend and shape her strong features into proud ones, Ivy had been sitting just three tables over at not a pound over one-sixty sopping wet on their first outing together as in-laws. She had dressed modestly, but not without some flair at Felix’s insistence. Buying her nice clothes, convincing her to let her hair down, and showing her a day out on the town had been his gift to her as a taste of what her new life was going to be like now that she had connections.

And you didn’t get to be a woman like Ivy without lots and lots of little “tastes”.

“What do you think they think we’re talking about?” Ivy asked in a low, aroused voice as she shifted on her giant ass, “Besides your affair.”

“I don’t know, but it looks like they’re having a good time.” Felix answered quietly before taking a sip of his afternoon espresso, “But I’ll bet that it *probably* has something to do with the two of us.”

“Mmm… *super*-plus-sized model meets with *famous* Hollywood producer.” Ivy said in a put-upon, breathy sort of tone, “The articles practically write themselves.”

“You know Daphne hates those things.”

“Daphne can eat shit—she’s got followers, she can call me out whenever she wants.”

A daring, flirtatious look cast over the heft of Ivy’s shoulder, one deep brown eye winking at a gawker stationed behind her butt.

“Until then, a little lunch never hurt anybody.” She said softly, “As far as they’re concerned… you’re all mine.”

Ivy’s painted lips formed a tight, flirtatious smile as she tucked back into her mozzarella sticks. She lavishly stretched the warm piece of fried dairy, stringing it until it drooped photogenically in front of her before taking her bite. With how comfortable Ivy was getting in the relationship, it was getting harder to keep all of this a secret—the *tasteful* kind of secret, anyway. The kind that kept his name in the headlines in a way that didn’t finger him as a cheater. That might jeopardize getting this new show picked up on Netflix.

*If she could just tone it down for a few weeks, we could get back to how we were on that cruise…*

Felix had always thought that Daphne was prettier, of course. That’s why he’d married her. But there was a certain dark horse charm in his sister-in-law’s looks, back when she was conventionally photogenic. She used to be so lanky; that was really her problem all along. Getting her used to ordering in whenever she wanted to and getting her hooked on expensive, fatty dinners with the in-laws had done more for her than any amount of makeup had.

You know, to a certain extent, as far as everyone but a niche audience was concerned.

Poor Felix de la Rojas looked like he was being bled dry by his awful, awful family. His wife Daphne gaining a hundred pounds over the course of her first pregnancy, his sister-in-law making the rounds for her plus-sized affirmations on Instagram Live, and their mother getting in trouble for espousing her traditionalist views on her cooking show. And in the middle of it all, there was Felix, ascending briefly into memehood once his status as a purportedly abused B-lister made rounds courtesy of his agent.

And throughout the years, Ivy’s own following had grown and developed in a remarkably similar way.

As her plus-sized affirmations became less and less vague, Ivy had made the transition from milkshake duck to C-list celebrity presence with a respectably sized following online. She dabbled in commentary and sponsorship, but was mostly famous for being the most outspoken activism for “beauty at any size”.

Perhaps the Ivy of a few years ago wouldn’t have had the body to be such a spokesperson, but the Ivy that had become twisted and corrupted by Felix’s toxic presence in her life certainly did the movement *no* favors.

“So are these little public outings supposed to help your career or mine?” Felix half-joked

“Mmm… let’s say *both for now*?” The fat woman purred as she arched out her back to press her tits against the table so they looked bigger on camera, “It’s not like anyone really gives a shit. You’re a *producer*—nobody cares what *producers* do, just the actors.”

“…yeah, tell that to Harvey Weinstein.”

Maintaining his good internet buzz was the most important part of Felix’s job. It had been easy enough in the early 00’s when news traveled more slowly. He could work a crummy TV movie, bum around on location with a townie for a few months, pork her up, and you could count the number of articles about their relationship on one hand. It was a lot harder for people to spot the pattern back when it was one, two, break-up articles that were all three months apart.

Now he had to try and spin it a new way. And the longer that his tryst went on with Ivy, the more his “Good Guy” status both in Hollywood and on the internet was in jeopardy.

“Don’t tell me you’re embarrassed.” Ivy popped another mozzarella stick past her lips, “Daphne was *just* as big before—”

“We don’t *have* to talk about your sister.”

“… I like the way that you think.” Ivy chuckled, “After all, it *is* just the two of us out here.”

“And all of the paparazzi that you told we’d be here.”

“Fine—we’re the only two people here that *matter*.” A small little self-important smile dimpled her chubby cheeks, “Better?”

“I suppose.”

“Good.” Another mozzarella stick as she looked down the bridge of her nose, out from behind her sunglasses, “Then you can wipe that dumb innocent look off your face.”

Out of everyone in her family, Ivy was probably the one who was the least invested in his façade. There had been a time when she, worse than her mother and sister, would freeze at the thought of going anywhere that was more fancy than an Olive Garden. Being around celebrities, being around people who had more follower counts than entire cities had citizens, it used to make her so shy. Moreso than Mrs. Felix de la Rojas or the flash-in-the-pan celebrity chef that her mother had become, Ivy Blanché had once upon a time been the most resilient against the consistently prying eyes of the paparazzi and all those who had cameras.

Sitting across from her now, Felix would remark quietly to himself that they were not all that dissimilar to one another anymore—they both had found their ways of getting attention, though Ivy’s was far less orthodox than his had been.

Of course, getting famous hadn’t been as easy as shouting into a forward-facing camera while doing eating challenges and modeling for plus-sized fashion. Not when he did it.

“Where the fuck is our waitress?” The double-wide dollop of caramel huffed as she turned her head on a swivel, “I’m *starving*.”

Say what you want about Ivy (and Felix often did) but there was no denying that she had embraced this lifestyle in the way that had always made the most sense to Felix. She knew about New Media and how to help him maintain a healthy online presence that helped him stand out from all of the other actors that were his peers—the kind of assistance that most people in his position would pay good money for…

“Yeah, hi, can I have like… literally everything on this page?” Ivy’s sausage finger ran up and down the glossy menu booklet, French tip sliding across the laminated window, “Wines too.”

At least with the money that he was shilling out, he got to enjoy some of the more carnal benefits that had come with Ivy’s assistance.

*“ORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUP!”*

 The idea of Ivy hanging off of anything was enough to raise eyebrows. In the case of Felix it was his shoulder as the fat woman waddled swayback at a glacial pace towards the car, her stomach turgid and round with the morning’s indulgence.

“Ough… gotta say… those tiny portions add up.” She huffed slow and heavy as one leg shifted and sloshed against the other, “B*uur*h… ohgodm’stuffed…”

The De la Rojas family had always been somewhat touchy-feely while out in public. It was not only what had lead to the rumors that were currently beginning to escalate outside of Felix’s meticulous control, but also what had lead to the affair going on behind closed doors in the first place. A man could only escort his sister-in-law so many times before *something* happened in L.A., especially when he had been pushing her to embrace the lifestyles of the rich and the famous. The more that Ivy became accustomed to the big meals and the fancy dinners, the easier it was to stuff her to the point that her innate camera shyness didn’t matter.

Once she began to conflate her weight with her audience, the matter was almost out of Felix’s hands entirely.

*Un*like the handful of squishy stomach that Felix was currently palming with an almost fully outstretched arm. At the summit of Ivy’s great sack of stomach, the berth of her spare tire had begun to roll over the lower tier that had been untucked from her white designer bottoms. Try as he might, Felix had been unable to resist the siren song of a stuffed stomach even in public—but they had long established an alibi that he was just “steadying” his sister-in-law. She was a big woman, and she had just eaten a lot. It wasn’t anything weird, as far as the public perception of Felix’s thought behind his behavior was concerned.

“I guess you can feel that, huh?” Ivy panted, her smile wide and stupid as she toddled along at a snail’s pace back to the parking garage, “Oof… d’you think they got any good shots of the two of us?”

“Plenty.”

To a certain point, Felix had been able to deny his attraction to his sister-in-law as she became further bloated and corrupted by the system around her. But as she became bigger, brassier, and brattier, the natural sort of connection and intuition that they had shared had made that more difficult. And with the way that she paraded around that ridiculous body of hers, wobbling side to side as she sloshed from one photo shoot to the next, it was hard to not want to put his hands on her in the way that should have been limited to behind closed doors.

*If she could just stop acting like such a fat fucking slut for five seconds*—

“Mmm*good*.” Ivy panted, her tongue fat and lolled as the rest of her as she rubbed that massive stomach with two chubby hands, “I want to see Daphne’s face when she looks at you with your hand on my fat fucking stomach.”

“Come on now.” Felix chided gently, maintaining his even tone in case there were any open ears in the parking garage, “Don’t be an instigator.”

“You started it.” Ivy purred, “Do you want to finish it in the back of the Jeep?”

“You *know* that I can’t—”

“You’re no fucking fun.”

*Emphasis on the fucking, I’d imagine.*

The heavy, sloshing shape of Ivy Blanché belied the hard work that she had put into it. Underneath it all was still the soft, but supple shape of his sister-in-law; in his mind’s eye, Felix had kept a pretty good idea of what she *used* to look like in her maid of honor dress or those boring sweater throws that she used to throw on after her shifts behind the counter. Not quite frumpy, but nearing thirty had left her a bit soft around the middle even before she’d been so thoroughly changed by the kind of money that only someone of Felix’s status could provide.

As it squished and sloshed its way to the passenger side door of the absolute hoss of a Jeep that had hauled her big ass here, the bottom half of Ivy’s bigness caught either side of the opening by the saddlebags.

“Whoops.” She said plainly, arching her back as best she could and sticking her ass into Felix’s crotch, “*This* would sure be a great photo to wind up—”

“Ivy if you don’t get your *ass in that* ***mother fucking car.****”*

“Alright, alright, Jesus…” she clumsily kicked at her brother-in-law to shut him up, “So much for being such a fucking nice guy…”

Felix didn’t like to lose his cool. At all, preferably. But certainly not out in the open where people could see him. Not in parking garages where his voice could echo and his shouts might be heard. The photographers and paparazzi that Ivy had all but hired to catch the two of them out and about were bad enough, but if any of them had lingered at the parking garage, then he could look forward to all of the hard work he’d done staying sane throughout that glorified stuffing session being undone because of a few uncomfortable-sounding shouts. Not only would he be a suspected adulterer, but he’d also be a potentially *abusive* suspected adulterer—and if being the former was enough to get people to narrow their eyes at him when he was suggesting projects to Netflix, the latter might have been enough to get him knocked down to pitching to Tubi.

“You’re right, I shouldn’t have shouted. I’m sorry.” He said after clearing his throat, “I’m sorry.”

“Whatever.” Ivy scoffed, rolling her eyes as she settled herself inside, “Are you gonna hit this or what?”

It would have been stupid for him to do it here, out in the open. The streets of L.A. were rife with gossip columnists and fame-hungry teenagers with their cell phones out. Even just a stray frame of his face and Ivy’s big ass close enough together would have been enough these days—this was so much *harder* than it was in the early 00’s…

“*…well*?”

The soft allure of Ivy Blanché’s hand pressing ever so slightly into the overhang of her stomach was enough to make Felix think about it, though. That smug look on her fat face while her double chin rested pleasantly on her upper torso, the little rub she gave her belly shelf as it threatened to roll over the lip of the seat the minute she spread those elephantine legs of hers…

Seeing the kind of person that Ivy had become in the wake of fame and money and social power over the people around her was enough to make Felix think about it.

“…meet me at the Villa tonight?” Felix managed after clearing his throat, “Guest bedroom?”

“…As fucking if.” Ivy scoffed once more, putting those stupid sunglasses back on her face, the suspension creaking as she leaned over to grab the inner handle of her car door, “I’ll see you at the divorce hearing you fucking creep.”

Part of playing the role that Felix had found himself in was standing in the parking garage and looking like the protagonist of a rom-com during the third act misunderstanding. Ivy might not have been his wife, but everyone knew that they were close. And if anyone were to write anything or post anything or share *anything* about their little tiff in the parking garage, it was very important that he come out on top.

Regardless of how this was going to play out, whether he left Daphne or kept his wife for a little longer, it was important that the buzz on him remain positive.

As far as the public knew, Felix de la Rojas was a good man who took in his wife and her family when they were nothing, and lifted them high into the spotlight until they had taken flight, only for them to turn back around and begin pecking at the hand that fed them. But behind closed doors, he had been loving everything about this.

That is, until a certain point.

“Ivy.” He pantomimed the affection, “C’mon, don’t do this.”

The car pulled out of the space and drove toward the exit ramp, Ivy’s fat middle finger pressed against the glass of the rear passenger window. Felix let his hands all limply to his thighs after running his fingers through his hair, managing to get red-eyed and flustered with some effort.

“Ivy!”

That should take care of any lingering doubt in the public’s mind. Felix de la Rojas was heartbroken, betrayed, and abused by his family. He was a good man that had elevated them to heights of a bonafide First-Generation American Dream—both of his in-laws and his wife had become gravid and spoiled thanks to all that he had helped them accomplished, and now that they were established, the three of them seemed to be making a collective and precision strike on him in the media.

At least, according to the media.

“I’ve really got to start paying Paige more for this.” He said under his breath, putting his hands in his pockets as he practiced looking heartbroken, “She’s gonna have a hell of a day spinning this…”