VIII

For as relatively short of a time that it had taken for Alice’s mom to fall completely off the deep end, you would have been hard-pressed to find anyone who remembered that she hadn’t always been a grunting, grousing gut on two girthy legs.

Even *Alice* sometimes had trouble reconciling that the vain, thin woman who had bullied her about her weight growing up was the same vain, round woman who got out of breath lumbering from one room to the next.

Lilith Grobauch had spent most of her adult life as a thin, picture-perfect example of what a single mother could be—at least on the outside. While Alice might not have been happy with the draconian laws about silly things like cookies and cakes and pies that her mother had put into place (for her own protection, mind you!) Lilith had always maintained the image of a smart career woman with only her best interests at heart. Enrolling Alice into after-school activities, keeping her on the straight and narrow path, and making sure that she didn’t wind up as one of those fatsos who couldn’t control themselves around food.

“Eat up, honey—it *is* your big celebration after all!”

It was only thanks to Lilith’s swift actions and stellar parenting methods that her precious daughter Alice had managed to grow successfully *out* of her chubby phase and was well on her way to becoming a fine, thin, successful, thin, confident, and *thin* young woman.

“*Think* about how you might have wound up if I hadn’t been the one to pull you out of that treehouse.” Lilith chortled, “If I hadn’t been there to set you straight, you would have just eaten yourself rounder and rounder until I had to send you away to some sort of camp!”

“Yeah, uh… thanks mom.”

“I mean it, young lady! You should really thank me more for the things that I do for you.”

Lilith’s breathing was heavy as she leaned back in her chair, a satisfied glint in her eye as she sawed into her decadent chicken dish. It had been her idea to treat Alice to Indian in the first place—just the two of them, you know? The creamy orange sauce of the chicken makhani sloshed gently as Lilith’s fat gut brushed against the table, jostling the entire meal with the sheer scope of her size as it bucked against the table’s edge. Her chunky wrists bent over the mountain range of rice that she had piled high on her main plate, plopping a sizeable chunk of chicken down as it slid down the side.

“I mean think about it! You never would have lost *any* weight. You never would have gone on to become the captain of your cheerleading team. You would have just stayed at the bottom of the pyramid!”

“This is a rousing graduation speech, mom.”

“Oh stop, you know I mean well.”

Lilith’s plump pink lips blew on the spicy spoonful before parting in the name of getting it inside her. This had been an *excellent* idea. Lilith had never had such excellent makhani before—and she seemed to recall Alice saying that she wanted to try it out. And after all, it *was* Alice’s dinner. Who was she to deny her daughter a treat once in a while when she’d earned it? It wasn’t like she wasn’t getting something out of it too…

“Oh. *Oh*. Mmm… this is *so* good, Alice.” Lilith’s expression brightened considerably in the flavorful afterglow of her first bite. “You should really try it, it’s—it’s really something else.”

Alice blinked.

“Yeah sure! Can I have a little—”

“I meant for *next time*, sweetie. Finish what’s in front of you!” The fat woman corrected her daughter in what passed for her most jovial demeanor, “Just because you’re out of high school doesn’t mean that I’m going to let you ruin that diet of yours!”

Alice sighed.

“Yes, mother.”

The frustration that was inherent in living with Lilith Grobauch had not started with her hypocrisy. Nor had it begun with her utter refusal to let Alice live down her “chubby phase” while indulging *herself* in every delicious everything that came within reach. But it definitely wasn’t helping—Alice was a grown woman now, and she wasn’t *nearly* as grown as her mother was. If she wanted some chicken makhani, she should have been able to have some! …darnit.

For what had ostensibly been Alice’s celebration, she hadn’t felt exactly comfortable. She might have been out of that ugly cap and gown, but she was still all gussied up in ways that she wasn’t quite used to. Dressed in a light cardigan and tight jeans, Alice had spent the whole night worrying that she was underdressed before actually getting inside. She and Laurie had gone out to get their hair done, and Laurie had helped her put on some makeup, and…

Well, once she rubbed most of it off Alice felt like she looked pretty normal.

But what had been bugging Alice the most about this meal was that she’d had the table pressed right up against her sternum the entire time! With how big her mother was getting, there was simply no way that she would have been able to fit into that booth any way else—and her belly was *still* rolling over and onto the side, beaching her there and wedging her between the padded back of the booth and the table’s edge!

Even with her mother’s newfound support, something that she’d been clamoring for for *years* before finally getting it once she started to slim down, Alice would admit that she sometimes felt a little…

Well… suffocated.

A-And not just because of the table thing! Alice Grobauch had come a long way from being the chubby little bottom of the pyramid, up to and including whipping the cheer squad (with one notable exception) back into shape! She just sometimes wished—

“Go on, Alice—eat up!” Lilith was practically bouncing with mirth as she gobbled up serving spoons of rice and thick, buttery chicken, “It’s *your* graduation dinner, after all. And I’m *very* curious to see what kind of desserts they have in this place…”

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“Laurie, do you ever, like… wish that you could eat whatever you wanted?”

“Are you asking me that so I’ll tell you that you’re *soooo* skinny and you *can* eat whatever you want?” Laurie groused from her bed as she unwrapped a chocolate bar, “Because *that’s* the kind of attention-seeking behavior that makes me *so* pissed off at you sometimes.”

In all of Los Hermanos, you would have been hard-pressed to find a more cut-and-dry case of projection than one Laurie Belemontes. Formerly a fit and chesty cheer captain, four years of idle grazing and poor dietary decisions had turned her into a heavyset heifer with hooters to spare as she grazed contentedly on bonbons in her lavish California bedroom.

“Honestly, I would have thought you would have grown some confidence by now.” Laurie’s pouty lips smacked as she gobbled down another chocolate blob, “Maybe it’ll come in when you finally get your big girl boobies…”

Alice felt her cheeks flush. She and Laurie hadn’t always been the best of friends. Come to think of it, Laurie didn’t always act like she enjoyed having Alice around. But they had been on the Los Hermanos cheer squad for four years, and Laurie had even asked her to be her co-captain once Jen “retired” to go work at Pizza By the Pound—underneath that sour sable expression, Alice knew that Laurie really did have something of a soft spot for her.

Deep, *deeeeep* down. Somewhere underneath her left boob. Her left boob alone was certainly big enough to hide it.

Alice shook her head and sighed, “No, I just… I guess I’m just feeling a little…”

“Suffocated?” Laurie supplied, arching an eyebrow as she shoved the last few pieces of candy into her mouth.

Alice nodded.

“Yeah. Suffocated.”

“Yup, that’s the general consensus around here—my mom won’t leave me the fuck alone now that we’re all *taking the next step on our journey towards realizing our lives as women*.” Laurie affected a breathy, ditzy voice in vein of her mother’s flighty speech patterns, her mouth full of chocolate actually helping to complete the illusion, “We won’t have to worry about shit once we’re off at college.”

That clearly wasn’t getting the response out of Alice that Laurie had anticipated. So she wiggled her chubby foot against Alice’s pert round booty, kicking her lightly in hopes of rousing a better mood out of her.

“Being *sexy* co-eds. Hooking up with *boys.* Flashing our tits for free drinks.”

“N-Now I don’t know about all that!”

“Fine, I’ll show *my* titties for free drinks and get drunk enough for the two of us.” Laurie sniffed, popping another plump morsel past her lips as she hefted up one of her heaving hooters with one hand, “I’ve got enough for both of us—I can share.”

Alice tittered like she was still a schoolgirl, her high-pitched chuckle a sharp contrast with Laurie’s husky, haughty chuckling. Laying flat on her back, Laurie’s chest sloped down to either side of her stomach and towards her armpits, even in a bra. Her chubby little toes wiggled back and forth as her tummy poked out from underneath her Los Hermanos High t-shirt, gurgling greedily for more as she casually grazed on her stocked supply of snacks from her bedside table.

She and Laurie hadn’t always been close, but after a few years of putting up with their mothers, the two of them (and Jen, though to a lesser extent these days) were about as close as girls could be. If they hadn’t been going off to the same college together, Alice wasn’t quite sure how she would have survived the experience.

But then, that just gave her more reason to look forward to getting out from underneath her mother’s roof. Having the freedom to make mistakes—dietary mistakes especially—was something that Alice hadn’t been allowed in *years*. And she could practically *feel* the Freshman 15 calling her name…

If she wasn’t careful, she’d wind up getting fat while she was away!

“Where the *fuck* is my mom?” Laurie groaned, whipping her phone out from underneath her globular left boob as she frowned into its still-sweaty screen, “The pizza was supposed to be ready twenty minutes ago.”

“Maybe the timer’s wrong?”

“Maybe her fat ass got caught in the doorway, you mean.” Laurie scoffed, struggling to rock herself on a squishy tum and high center of gravity to a standing position, “I swear to gawd if she’s “replenishing her chakras” on *my* fucking Hawaiian barbecue again—”

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“Mmm mm *mmm*, thish ish *sooooooo* good!”

Moonchild Belemontes’s arm wings puddled around her soft elbows and fought her chest for space as her fat, moon-pie face squinched and smiled in utter bliss. With the backs of her rolling shoulders squishing against the back of the chairs, she could lean back no further—the ocean of massive, milfy tits rising and falling with her labored, shallow breathing was there to stay until she managed to hoist herself up.

And that certainly wasn’t an easy job.

“Like, I’m glad you like it, Mrs. Belemontes!” Jen chirped from beside her bestie’s mother, the outer zenith of her squishy tummy brushing against one of Moonchild’s bloated bingo wings, “I wouldn’t have known about it if *Tyyyyyyyyler* hadn’t told me about it.”

“It’s, uh… i-it’s on the menu, Jen.” The dark-haired boy admitted sheepishly as his girlfriend openly fawned over him and how “clever” he was, “You’ve made it a couple of times… I showed you how!”

“Yeah, but I wouldn’t have known how good it *tasted* if you hadn’t shown me.”

Jen hip-checked the skinny brunette and sent him off-balance. Her lovestruck gaze and dangerous hips hadn’t whittled in the slightest since the two of them had started going out. And while Mrs. Belemontes was happy that Jen had managed to find somebody who could handle all of her bountiful *energies*—energies that seemed to get plumper and more pronounced every time she saw her—the busty black-haired beauty didn’t exactly have the energy to care about the blimp-bootied bimbo’s romantic successes at the moment.

How could she when this bountiful spread was placed out in front of her like this? It was all so rich, so flavorful, so *tasty*! She could see why this was Laurie’s go-to order. Heck, it might become *her* go-to order whenever she dropped by with the girls! The sweet and tangy sauce underneath three layers of delicious, heavy cheese. The cool pineapple chunks tickling her tongue as she ran them back and forth in her mouth. Slowly. Sensually…

“Mmm*mmmm*~” the humongous hippie panted, feeling hot and heavy as sensations danced between her eyes, “I may need to… *sample*… another piece for… for…”

Whatever excuse that she could have come up with was immaterial. Neither of the graduates that were waiting on her were paying attention, and it wasn’t like she was going to *stop* if she found a good enough reason. Not when it all tasted so *yummy*! She *was* paying for it, after all. And as horrible as this Capitalist society might have been for its morals and rampant consumerism, Moonchild didn’t mind taking a little here and there for herself. It wasn’t like Laurie wouldn’t understand…

Just a *few* more slices—a little shave off of the top! Two, maybe three more slices, and then she’d be fine. Certainly two boxes was enough for Laurie and Alice to not feel like they were starving while she and the other mothers got together for the night?

“J-Jen! Ot-nay in ont of-fray the ustomer-kay!”

“But like… yler-Tay!”

Mrs. Belemontes purred into the next slice of pizza, running her little pink tongue across her lips as she salivated. Stomach growling and chubby hands squeezing her distended hippy dough, Moonchild was heavy with want and appetite as she took yet another monstrous bite out of the majority of what would have been Laurie’s slice of pizza. And then another. Her mouth was full of cheese, grease, and pineapple chunks, taking deep hungry breaths as she chewed.

“You’re my *boyfriend*—I’m allowed to bump you with my booty whenever I want!” Jen giggled, her hands folded politely on the swell of her round tummy, “Besides, I don’t think Mrs. Belemontes is gonna, like, file a report or anything.”

“It’s not *Mrs. Belemontes* that I’m worried about…”

Surely Laurie wouldn’t mind sharing a couple more slices? After all, she *had* gone to the trouble of picking this pizza up for them on the way back from the Yoga studio. Taxation might be theft, but it had been an awful lot of work wriggling her way out from behind the steering wheel. Not to mention how long it had taken her to catch her breath after her trek across the parking lot. Just a little more. A few more bites. Something to replenish her chakras after a hard day at work.

“Hff… mfph…”

Soft, indulgent noises sounded from the hillside of woman as her pace began to increase subconsciously. Her dark brown eyes flickered in hazy, Id-fueled appreciation of the spread laid out in front of her. Lifting one huge arm up, Moonchild lowered another greasy slice pointy-end down until it was between her full, parted lips. Her palm pressed tight into the side of her stomach as she squished against the fat, tanky stomach that shelved her sloping, titanic tits. The humongous hippie heifer’s soft moaning as she steadily made her way through more and more of Laurie’s order was what actually managed to break to two lovebirds from their banter.

“Um… Mrs. Belemontes… you still have to pay for that.”

“Hmmm?” Moonchild asked in a dreamy, food-addled state as a long string of cheese stretched the length from her mouth to her half-eaten slice, “Did you shay shomeshing?”

“The, uh… the pizza?”

With a snort, Mrs. Belemontes slowly fell back to reality—out of her hoggish, indulgent bliss—as the rare sensation of embarrassment began to wash over her. For someone as heavy as she was, Moonchild would still admit to being a little flighty. If she were being honest, even moreso these days! Sometimes it was so hard to *focus* when everything tasted so *good*…

“R-Right… the pizza.” She nodded, her lidded brown eyes scanning the remains of Laurie’s order before she sheepishly turned to Jen and Tyler, “Uhhhm… Since it hasn’t been paid for yet, do you think I could add another… *two*… boxes?”

There was no way that another slice or two would spoil her appetite for their Mom Night, would it? And besides, they were going to order food anyway…

“Please? Pretty please~?” Moonchild subconsciously squished her throw-pillow biceps against the rest of the couch that was her cleavage, “With pineapple chunks on top~?”

Tyler couldn’t help but look. Not because he was a man (though that might have had *something* to do with it) but because Laurie’s Mom took up literally most of his vision. Either way, he looked for a little too long. Jen was happy to reintroduce him to her hefty left hip and knock him off-kilter again, this time with a bit of an edge to her soft curves.

“You got it, Mrs. Belemontes.” Jen harrumphed, “I’ll check you out at the counter.”

“Oh, um…” Moonchild fidgeted uncomfortably in her seats, “Sure thing. About… about how long do you think it’ll be before the next pizza is finished?”

“Probably at least twenty minutes.” Tyler shrugged, intentionally averting his eyes as far away from this particular customer as he could, “Why?”

Moonchild looked down at the pizza box. It was already half-eaten. And if Laurie needed two boxes, and she’d ordered two more… that just left her with one box to look forward to with Lilith and Isabella! And for a twenty minute wait, she was *going* to get hungry! What was a poor old hippie to do?!

“Better, um…” Moonchild clicked her tongue as she picked up another slice, “Better put that order in for *three* boxes, Jen…”

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“Haaghh…”

Lilith Grobauch had never had as hard of a time getting undressed as she had in the past few years. Working as a realtor was bad enough as it was—dealing with clients, explaining every step, *walking* around the house? No thank you!—but as Lilith had only continued to grow and grow her gargantuan gut, her job had become downright miserable!

“Just gotta… uff… get comfy for tonight…”

*Getting comfy* was not difficult for a woman as lazy as Lilith to do. But in order to get comfortable, she’d need to get out of her work clothes. And that just wasn’t going to be possible with her red blazer on. Plus, her black slacks and her blouse left an awful lot of buttons for her taste. The last thing that she needed was to embarrass herself with another wardrobe malfunction in front of the girls…

“You… puff… stupid… get *outta* there…”

As Lilith had continued to munch, chomp, and gobble her way outwards, she had gone from simply being apple-shaped to being shaped like a whole barrel full of them. Her stomach surged forward, dominating her figure like she had a mattress taped to her chest. After it hit its widest point around her waist, Lilith’s large sack of stomach hung over her thighs and knees, being bat back and forth with every one of her awkward, wobbling steps. And it was this particular bit that she was having trouble with. Getting that button looped and unlooped had proven to be the bane of her existence every morning and afternoon since she’d gotten this stupid blazer—but on a night when they’d brought an extra box of donuts for a good sales year?

Getting that button off was going to be *tough*.

Standing in front of the mirror a full three steps back so that in the midst of all her heavy wiggling and jiggling Lilith wouldn’t hear her buttons clack against the glass, Alice’s mom and her chubby sausage fingers struggled with the burgundy button like it was a finger trap. Trying to get any *room* underneath that thing was just impossible, and… *and*…

“Ooooo*ghhhhhhhhhthat’s****niiiiiiice****…*”

Lilith felt herself go limp and flush when the weight of her stomach eeked further out. The button had practically snapped off at the moment it had been even teased through the hole. The feeling of her stomach being free was like nothing else, especially after a big day at work. Each and every one of Lilith’s rolls may as well have been cheering with approval as they expanded, pushing outwards in a soft, sensual wave. The warmth around her bellybutton felt like an embrace—and it sent shivers up and down the back of her neck.

*The food should be here soon.*

All the more reason for her to get ready sooner, rather than later.

The elastic waistband of her lounge pants would be far more forgiving than her slacks. And she would almost assuredly work up an appetite just getting her pants off. Pizza was supposed to be on the menu, plus whatever Isabella wound up bringing; there were certainly some snacks that she’d picked up from the grocery store that hadn’t been… *partaken* in yet. Yes, there was plenty. Plenty for all three of them. Plenty for *her,* she corrected herself silently as her hand came to rub the sore red stripes that had been worn into the penumbra of her gut. Once she had dressed herself down and gotten ready, she could eat and eat and eat to her heart’s content…

*And maybe a little more after that.*

She knew that she shouldn’t have. She had managed to blind herself from the true scope of her weight problem, but Lilith was no fool. She knew that she’d let herself go, and that the last thing that she needed was to pig out like there was no tomorrow. All this graduation stuff had really given her a golden ticket to make a real greedy guts out of herself…

But surely *one more night* wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world after she’d been enjoying herself for a few weeks now? One more night with the girls, eating what she wanted, getting tipsy, being naughty for one last little dinner?

Lilith could do *that* surely.

“Maybe Isabella will bring those jalapeno bites she likes to make?” Lilith drummed her fingers dreamily across the soft squishy surface of her gut, “Ooh… I could really go for some of those right now…”

Tracing circles into her soft, ivory paunch as she slowly worked up the nerve to finish changing, the greediest Grobauch’s train of thought was interrupted by a sudden sharp intrusion.

*DING DONG!*

The sound of the doorbell was quite literally the last thing that she wanted to hear at the moment. She looked over her shoulder and towards her bedroom door like a deer that had been caught in headlights while she was grazing. Her breathing still heavy, Lilith was suddenly aware that she hadn’t quite managed to get to the *re*dressing after she’d taken her pants off and wriggled her way out of her blazer and blouse…

“Just a second!” she panted, “I-I’m getting dressed!”

Her friends, the pizza guy… no matter who it was, they were early. But either way, that meant that Lilith wouldn’t have to go hungry for much longer. The sooner she managed to put on some comfy clothes and get to the front door, the sooner her night of indulgence could begin in earnest.

*DING DONG!*

“I. AM. COMING.” She hollered back, louder and more brash than before as she struggled to steady herself on the well-worn mattress that she plopped down on every night, “Sheesh, you would have thought… hff… you would have thought… fuck who cares what you would have thought…”