In the same way that the women of Pelican Town had gotten used to having Emily (among other folks, but that’s a tale for another day) around to guide them headlong into indulgence and obesity, so too had they become accustomed to having her around to make sure that they stayed more or less decently dressed.

As the foremost seamstress in town, Emily was the first response to any rips, tears, and busted seams that seemed to plague this silly little town as its inhabitants grew and grew. But with the rate that certain people kept embiggening their butts, guts, and busts, she was starting to feel like maybe life would have been easier if she had been born with an extra set of hands…

“Do you… think you can fix it?”

Robin wasn’t the type of woman who tended to rely on others for a lot of things if she could help it. And while she was pretty handy with a hammer and a nail (or rather, she used to be!) she was absolutely hopeless with a needle and thread. It required too much patience! Too much concentration! And it was so hard to do one-handed—how was she supposed to snack with both hands busy?!

“I think so.” Emily nodded politely, “Do you want to wait around for me to do it? Haley won’t be home for hours.”

“I… don’t know…” Robin gulped, hand on her stomach as she weighed the options of staying so far away from the Saloon under cover of a believable lie, “That farmer down the way asked me if I could upgrade the chicken coop, and I’ve been putting it off…”

“Well, you know…” Emily flashed a devilish grin, “We’ve got some snacks in the living room?”

“I-I think I could stick around for a little bit then!” Robin tried not to agree too readily as she lowered her big butt down onto the sofa, “As long as you don’t mind, of course…”

“Of course not!” Emily, in turn, tried not to appear too enthusiastic about the prospect of Maru’s meaty mama hanging out for just a little bit longer, “Please, enjoy yourself.”

That was all the Rubenesque redhead needed to hear. She had come to Emily in hopes of her being able to patch a rip that had split down her pants, and thankfully she hadn’t asked where it had come from. Not like it wasn’t obvious. To the outside world, it must have looked like Robin was spending too much time squashing a stool down at the Stardrop Saloon, but the truth of the matter was a bit more… complicated.

That dang daughter of hers and that feeding machine… it was addictive! At first she had only signed on to help Maru out with yet another invention, but lately… she hadn’t been able to stop! All she wanted to do was sit down and suckle on the rubber teat of that hose, and to feel her belly fill with the sweet, delicious mixture that nestled heavily in the pit of her gut. She craved it, now. And the fact that that fat little piece of trailer trash Penny was—

Robin let out a quick exhale though her nose, calming herself down while she palmed some candies from the dish on the end table near the couch.

“So, I see you’ve been eating good?”

“I’m sorry?” Robin looked over, aghast and twitterpated at the insinuation that she’d been stuffing herself silly in hopes of recreating that high that came with Maru’s feeding machine, “W-What’d you say, Emily?”

“I asked if you were feeling well!” Emily lied, “You, um… you’ve been staring off into space.”

“Oh…” Robin sighed, laying a hand contentedly on her tummy as she reclined back into Haley’s usual spot on Emily’s sofa, “I, um… I’ve got a lot on my mind, is all.”

“Yeah, me too…” Emily looked at the delicious chubby overhang of Robins’ gut. It was clear as day where Maru got her figure from, as Robin’s big-bootied physique would attest, “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not really, just…” Robin sighed deeply, “Have you ever really, *really* wanted something, only to be worried about what everyone else might think of you?”

“All the time.” Emily answered all too quickly, “You know… just… i-it’s a small town, and…”

In that moment, the two women looked at one another with a sense of deep, deep understanding. It was unlike anything that they had experienced in their adult lives. Robin looked at Emily, and she looked back at Robin. There was something *there* that wasn’t there before and, in that brief instance, it felt as if they knew everything that they needed to know about one another.

“I’m… feeling a little hungry.” Robin said in a slow voice as she picked up another candy, unwrapping it at a snail’s pace and placing it on her tongue, “You wouldn’t… happen to have anything to eat, would you?”

“Oh, I’ve got plenty.” Emily said with a smile that went beyond cordial and friendly, “Just… sit back and let me take care of it, okay?”

“Gladly.” Robin purred as she leaned backwards into the sofa, nestling into the groove made by Emily’s bigger sister, “So… Haley?”

“Oh, she’s out somewhere… you know, stuffing her face.” Emily said as she got up from her seat, “Probably flirting with Alex.”

“Youth is wasted on the young.” Robin squished her fleshy side rolls as Emily returned with lunch, “You wouldn’t happen to have *known* that I was coming over… would you, Emily?”

“Oh no, no no no…” the bluenette dismissed with a scrunch of her face as she readied her fork, “Are you… hungry?”

“Very.” Robin cocked a rust-colored eyebrow, “What’s that fork for?”

“To feed you with.” Emily quickly corrected, “You know… y-you just grab it, and—”

“Grab *me* instead.” Robin pulled the younger woman’s hand and placed it on her fleshy gut, “Unless you’re—”

“A-Are you serious??” Emily nearly had an aneurism right there

“Don’t play coy, honey.” Robin panted wantingly, “I’ve seen the way that you look at me. At all of us big, fat moms at the aerobics meetings. We all know.”

“You do?”

“I do.” Robin licked her lips, “And I want you to touch me like only a woman of your *unique* tastes can…”