Jordan had lived with Erika for long enough to know that anyone in the downstairs bedroom was going to get fat.

It had been part of the reason why she’d moved out. She had already weighed a good bit over two hundred pounds when she took up Erika’s offer to crash in the empty bedroom, and she was nearly two fifty by the time she moved out a few months later. The two of them had been so incompatible, and her weight had been such a triggering subject for her that the only course of action that would save their friendship—that she could see, anyway—was moving in with her boyfriend before her hips started to scrape the doorway.

It hadn’t taken long for Nora to move in, and Jordan was all the happier for it. She liked Erika. It wasn’t that they weren’t *friends*; Erika was just a shitty roommate.

Okay, scratch that. She was a *great* roommate. She was always offering to pick up food for her, surprising her with Chic fil A biscuits for breakfast on days when she didn’t have to work, and *always* generous with her stash. They had spent nights together on the couch just zonked out watching old movies, and all the while Jordan would eat and eat and eat until she was so full she could hardly breathe.

Erika had just been a shitty landlord. Honestly, if they hadn’t had that fight about Erika’s cats peeing on Jordan’s stuff, Jordan might have still been living with Erika.

She *might* have wound up like Nora.

“Fuck, I didn’t think we’d have company over…”

When Nora had moved in, she had been skinny. If Jordan hadn’t *known* Nora from Erika’s frequent pot parties, she never would have believed it. Not with the way that she spread across the loveseat like a pad of butter, belly stacking high between her legs while she panted breathlessly as she struggled to incline from her relaxed position. Nora’s fat face bunched, red and blotchy, behind her glasses as she slowly tried to rock her way to a standing position on what was almost assuredly a full stomach.

“Oh come on, Jordan’s not *company*.” Erika said dismissively with a touch of Nora’s fleshy bicep, “She used to *live here*.”

“Yeah… but…”

Nora sputtered as she tugged the hem of her shirt down over the freckled spare tire that rolled out from underneath her pajama pants. The plaid pattern was distorted beyond belief by the heavy rolls and layers of her meaty legs clinging tightly to the especially fleshy bits of Nora’s lower half. Her “Just a Girl who loves Horror Movies” tee—in a perfect world, oversized like on the mannequin in the Target she’d bought it from—clung tightly to her tiered tummy even as it bounced and wobbled in her futile attempts to cover up the excess and ample inches that had made themselves comfortable with room to breathe on the couch.

“It’s okay! I’m not judging!”

Jordan *was* judging. Every time she came over, Nora was fatter. Every time she had come over for the past three years, Nora was fatter. Nora had gone from a skinny little twig two years younger than her and Erika to this enormous *mass* that probably weighed as much as her and Erika combined these days. And that was saying something, considering that Jordan had only just now gotten down to two hundred pounds, and Erika was still as plump as ever…

“Hey, I made cookies—” a familiar sound if Jordan had ever heard one, “—you want some?”

“Sure.” Jordan smiled as she walked fully inside, shutting the front door behind her, “They in the usual spot?”

“Oh no, I’ll get ‘em for you…”

Unlike Nora, Erika had always been heavy. She and Jordan had that in common. When they lived together, they used to get mistaken for sisters, more often than roommates. But where Jordan had lost some weight since moving out, Erika had only continued to plumpen—albeit at a much, *much* slower rate than her current tenant. From two hundred pounds to about two-fifty, Erika struggled a bit to hoist her tummy-centric tubbiness from her seat.

“Could you grab some for me too?” Nora asked helplessly as she gave up on making herself decent

“Sure, Nor—Jordan, you wanna see what I’ve done with the kitchen?”

“Sure!”

If it was anything like what she had done with Nora, Jordan could only assume that the kitchen had changed completely. But on the contrary, absolutely nothing had changed about it. Or anything else in the house. Everything was exactly like Jordan had left it, with the exception of a few different cereal boxes on top of the fridge—no doubt Nora’s favorites.

“So, what do you think?”

“I think you’re not even being *remotely* subtle.” Jordan scoffed, “She’s *huge,* Erika.”

“You have *no* idea.” Erika giggled excitedly, “I’ll try to get her to stand up while you’re here—it’s *way* different when you can see everything… you know, *in motion* I guess.”

It hadn’t taken long for Jordan to figure out what Erika was doing. To Nora, once she was good and chunky, and to her back when she lived there. At first, she had been pissed that Erika had tried to fatten her up like that. But the longer that this little charade went on, and the more that Nora seemed to gain, the more that Jordan found herself… weirdly *not* not into it?

Like, this was a weird thing to do. But Nora had been such a bitch back when she was Erika’s skinny little friend from high school, smoking pot and mooching off of their friend. Now she was this big, squishy blob who only wanted weed and junk food.

Jordan would be hard-pressed to admit it to anyone but Erika, but she liked Nora a *lot* better now that she was fat.

“Full disclosure, these things are *super* high calorie.” Erika pointed to the plate of cookies that she’d set out on the kitchen counter, “Just warning you.”

“Uh-huh.” Jordan snatched one for herself, “Now that I’m not your “special project”?”

“Hey, you can always move back in—I’ve got an office that can *easily* move into my bedroom if it means you room across from me.”

“After seeing what you did to poor Nora? Not likely.” Jordan scoffed, taking a bite of sugar cookie, “She’s like a cautionary tale—if I hadn’t moved out, I’d probably be twice her size by now.”

“You mean a cautio-*Nora* tale?”

“Grow *up*.”

Jordan snickered as she took a bite of Erika’s cookie. Just like how she remembered them tasting. No wonder she got so fat back when she lived with her. Still, better Nora than her she supposed. It was hard enough staying at (or at least *around)* two hundred. And getting to see this transformation up close was…

Well, it was certainly *interesting* getting to take Nora down a peg or two.

As the two chunky brunettes wiggle-waddled back into the living room, back to Nora who had been exactly where they’d left her, they could hardly contain their mutual glee when the big blonde’s eyes lit up with greedy glee at the sight of Erika’s cookies. Nora smacked her lips at the sight of them, instinctively reaching out as Erika passed her the entire plate.

“*Mmm*… these are *so* good.” The beached blob bellowed unabashedly as she took a sinful bite, “Jordan, you want some?”

“I’ve got one.” Jordan held up her bitten biscuit as if to ward off temptation, “Erika?”

“No, I’m good.” The belly-heavy brunette answered with a pat of her squishy tum, “Eat up, Nor.”

You didn’t need to tell her twice. Whatever methods Erika had been using over the years to fatten Nora up, they’d worked; if you so much as placed food in front of Nora, she’d eat it. Let alone literally delivering it to her on the couch. She’d placed the plate on the arm rest, allowing her to graze mindlessly as Chad Chad’s voice filled the room from the Youtube app and the two co-conspirators exchanged a mischievous grin at Nora’s expense.

They could both remember a time when Nora was in Jordan’s position—the friend, coming over, enjoying a toke while the roommates had a nice night in. Now Jordan knew how Nora felt, watching her stuff her face oblivious to Erika’s machinations. It was sort of fun to be in on the joke; to be the one watching Erika’s roommate get fatter, rather than be the unsuspecting plumper. And Nora was practically bred for it! She was at home being a fatty as anyone could be, happily leaning back and letting her tummy roll free once she was sure that Jordan wasn’t judging her for her monumental weight gain.

Whipping out her phone, Jordan texted Erika in an attempt to continue the conversation from the kitchen while Nora munched idly on the plate of cookies that Erika had brought her—none the wiser of the conspiracy playing out, even as it stroked beneath her chins and coaxed her to eat more and more.

"Do you think she'll ever catch on?"
“I mean I figured it out."

Erika's phone buzzed as she watched Nora happily graze on the plate of cookies that she'd brought her, looking over slyly with poor Nora none the wiser.

"Nah."
"She’s WAAAAAY dumber than you ever were…"

Jordan chuckled at that as she took another bite of cookie, taking a glance at Nora’s creamy white stomach rolls as they filled the roomy crotch of her sweatpants. There but for the piss in a suitcase was her, sitting mindlessly in front of the television, half-high and scarfing down any and all sweets that Erika placed in front of her.

Jordan had lived in the downstairs bedroom long enough to know that anyone living with Erika was *going* to get fat…

But damn, if she wasn’t curious as to just how fat someone living with Erika could get…