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Holly’s coworker Meagan had told her, what felt like forever ago, that intentionally putting on weight for any reason (even one as altruistic as wanting to protect her sister) was a stupid decision. But Holly had been firm in her stance that she could take whatever hardships that it brought and lose the weight in no time. But as time passed and Holly only managed to grow more and more out of shape, she had rapidly become aware of the fact that she wasn’t born nearly as lucky as her previously semi-charmed life had led her to believe.

Once upon a time she had been thick with big titties and flush with excess confidence. Now, it had gotten to the point where Holly was getting out of breath standing at her position on the line.

Meagan had been watching her friend expand ever since that fateful day that she announced she’d be putting on weight for her sister’s sake. And for much longer after she’d said that she’d be able to drop the weight with no problem. But seeing her get huffy, her mouth ajar, double chins creased, and sweat beginning to bead on her forehead far too early into her shift, worried her more and more each day.

“Hey Holly, do you… need to sit down?” Meagan asked loudly over the whir of machinery, “You’re lookin’ kinda rough there...”

“Nah… I … Igottit…”

The blimp-chested brunette certainly didn’t look like she had it. Over the course of her growth, she had steadily become more and more unfit for her position of standing and bending. Her feet ached after every shift even back when didn’t weight so much—now they would swell and throb as her muscles struggled to support her increasingly top-heavy shape, the strain on her back becoming more and more unbearable as she got bigger…

Her swaddling cushion of neck fat bulged from underneath a buried jawline as she huffed and puffed around her station, having come to work on a full stomach that hung down heavily as her huge chest sloped down either side of it.

“Just gotta… make it to lunch…”

To think that, once upon a time, Holly had the hubris to think that she could just *drop* this weight. It was getting hard just to do her job these days, and she was just getting bigger! Mama’s old maternity pants had been the only thing that she could squeeze into these days, and even then they were starting to fray around the thighs…

“Hff… *hnnn*…m’back…”

What Holly wouldn’t have done for a chair to sit in right now.

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“Well, it’s not exactly a mystery as to where your lower back pain is coming from.”

The skinny little doctor had said it like it was the simplest thing in the world. With her hands on her hips and everything, looking up at the x-rays and the MRI readings like she were looking at a picture book, and explaining it to a child.

“At your weight, you’re bound to experience some pain there, but with your um… *distribution*… I’d say it’s even more likely that it’s just going to get worse the longer that it goes untreated.”

“I *know* how back pain works, doc.” Holly huffed, “My mama’s been on disability for it for years.”

“Your mama… is she a larger woman too?”

*Is she a larger woman too?*

That hurt almost as much as the back pain. She couldn’t really have been even close to her mama’s size, could she? That just didn’t seem possible…

“You know, sometimes it’s up to us to curb familial factors that lead to a healthy life.” The doctor said, reaching for some pamphlets, “I’m going to prescribe you something for your back, but I’m also going to recommend some diet and exercise and—”

As the weeks between doctor’s visits passed, eating up the precious savings that Holly had set aside for herself to move out with, the Kleinschmidt family couch had never been as burdened. Once Holly started receiving medication for her back pain, it only got worse from there.

Already quite adjusted to housing Debbie’s massive carriage, as Holly found herself staying home from work more and more because of her size, it found itself being squished by almost twice the amount of chesty heifer almost twice as often. With lethargy and an increased appetite looming overhead as part of the potential side-effects of her new medication, plus visits to the chiropractor where she would lay out for an hour or so each visit, further weight gain was all but a decided factor in Holly’s future.

“Now, in my professional opinion, it *really* couldn’t hurt to lose some weight—”

*Yeah, who ain’t tellin’ me that…*

The more that Holly spiraled out of control, the more she came to regret ever undertaking protection of Skylar’s fragile sense of self. It had all started so small, but now it was anything but—*she* was anything but—and Skylar didn’t even know what she’d done for her!

Holly’s appetite had become unstoppable. She was completely out of control! She *wanted* to be thin again, but the pressures of her mama yelling at her and her bosses yelling at her and now the doctors yelling at her to lose weight left her with a burning desire to do anything but. She *knew* that she should be losing weight, but the only thing that brought her *comfort* anymore was food!

And so, Holly’s downward spiral continued to worsen as she grew bigger…

“Goddamn Holly, think that gut’s big enough yet?”

And bigger…

“Doc done told you you’re too fat—here you are eatin’ some more!”

And bigger…

“You know, Holly, I’ve got some leggings that might fit you that I don’t need anymore…”

And bigger.

It came as little surprise to anyone that had been paying attention that Holly Kleinschmidt would eventually be dismissed from her job as quality inspector, citing difficulties with her weight and an increasingly erratic schedule.

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Skylar had come to terms with the fact that she was never going to be skinny.

That didn’t mean that she was happy being fat, and it didn’t mean that she was particularly happy with the fact that her lowest weight was still one hundred and eighty pounds. But she had more or less accepted the fact that she was always going to be on the thick side.

After weighing twice as much as other women her age for most of her life, she was happy to be stuck in the lower end of “big girl territory”.

But coming home every day after work or after the gym had its own special reward in that, after all these years, she didn’t have to come home to her mama being drunk and calling her names or insulting her for her weight.

“Hey Holly—I brought you dinner!”

Skylar hip-checked the door shut as she sauntered into their childhood trailer home, riding high on a good day at work that had been capped off by getting asked out before she’d clocked out. Her curvy body was bigger than Holly’s had ever been at her smallest, but she wore the extra weight well. Her face was slimmer, her belly had shrunk, and her womanly features hadn’t suffered too terribly much in the ensuing weight loss that had helped propel her to a better state of self.

“Skye…” Holly’s voice was heavy and groggy, “You know I gotta… try and lose some weight…”

Her greedy hands were already wrapped around the bucket of KFC that her sister had brought home.

“Y’can’t be bringin’ me shit like this—the doctor said I’ve gotta drop this weight.”

“Well fuck me for trying to do something nice.” Skylar teased the huffy sow as she squashed the couch beneath her, “You’re grumpy today, Hol—your back still bothering you?”

Holly shifted uncomfortably on the couch that she’d been crushing all day, her vast sagging gut remaining firmly planted on the outside rim of the cushions while the rest of her sloshed and sagged slowly in time to her labored motions.

“Hff… Yeah…”

“Well… you know, it’s important to take it easy on days that you feel like you can’t really take it.”

“I guess…” Holly smacked her lips as she inhaled an especially big bite of chicken, “Have you talked to that trainer of yours, yet? I gotta know if she thinks she can help me find someone to get me to drop some’a this…”

Holly reached down to grab a handful of her heavy, heaving middle. Her jowls formed a tight, secondary frown as she groused over just how far she had to strain to reach the roundest part of her stomach, now. Skylar looked down at the sight pitiably, but could only continue her tight, awkward grimace as she once again brushed off the subject.

“Uh, yeah… she said you’d need a specialized trainer.” Skylar lied, “Not for your weight, but for your back. Something something… legal stuff, you know. She doesn’t know anybody.”

Holly made a dejected exhale through her nose as she began to eat her chicken faster. At this rate, it felt like she’d never lose the weight—that she’d just keep blowing up bigger and bigger, and that she’d wind up bigger than their mama! She was already in Debbie’s hand-me-downs, and they were pinching pretty tight; how much bigger could she possibly get?!

And to think that there had been a time when she had thought that she’d be able to *control* this appetite of hers—how she wished that she could go back in time and let Skylar just take the blows and jabs from their mean ol’ mama. She’d been doing it for so long, and Holly might not have ever wound up as big as a house!

“Ugh… okay… fine…” she grumbled, nervously making record time with her bucket, “I… mmph!... guess I understand…”

What Holly wouldn’t have given, in that moment or any other from that point on, to have been the skinny Kleinschmidt sister once again…

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“Oh Holly, Holly, Holly…” Skylar tsk-tsked her absent sister as she fiddled with the packaging to the low calorie snacks that she had worked hard to fill the cabinets with, “There are *no shortcuts* to losing weight…”

At her svelte size, it was so much easier for Skylar to sneak around the kitchen undetected. She would have heard either her mama or her sister coming from halfway across the house, so it wasn’t like she really had to worry. She was free to replace the Oreo Thins with Double Stuf’d, or to pour Half and Half into the 1% gallon jug all night if she wanted to, as long as she made sure to cover her tracks.

Sure, it was disingenuous and manipulative to go behind Holly’s back like this. She had been having such a rough time lately, with her weight. But at the same time, there was something so *rewarding* about not being the Fat Sister after all this time. It hit differently knowing that while her own weight had stabilized at a nice and thick one-eighty, she’d still lost a hundred pounds in just the span of two years! And all that while, Holly seemed to be finding whatever pounds that her younger sister lost…

But now that she’d started to put some more of that weight back on, Skylar couldn’t help but be a little cautious. After all, who wanted to be the Fat Sister?

“Just for a little while, I promise, Holly.” Skylar said in a low voice, mostly to herself, as she continued to make cautious edits to the food in the fridge, “Just until I can get back to my smallest size… then I’ll let up on you, I promise.”