Working in a place called the Gordge Offices, it wasn’t exactly *hard* to put on weight.

Alice Gellar had been struggling with her size pretty much immediately after she’d started working there—she didn’t get a lot of exercise, the benefits and the pay were really too good for her to consider leaving, and the already lethargic Office Culture was taken to new heights with each and every innovation that Jenna, their branch manager, decided to trickle down into the cubicles.

Alice had been working for Gordge for the better part of five years now, and since then she had grown from a slender and toned (if still somewhat soft) former cheerleader to a chunky chair squasher that got out of breath if she stood up from her overtaxed office chair too fast.

There had been many attempts to slow down or even curb her weight gain as she had grown bigger and bigger, though. Alice wasn’t the type of person to just take this sort of thing lying down.

But it was *during* her most recent attempt to shed some of her excess poundage that she was confronted with the fact that she had only managed to *gain even more weight*.

“How does something like this even happen?!”

Already a big girl by the time that she had bought this circus tent of a blouse, the poor blonde blimp had never thought that she’d ever find herself at the sort of size that stretched the fabric tight along her middle roll. But sure as she was sheer, the bright pink fabric clung tight to her fleshy flank rolls as they bulged over what had to have been the tightest skirt ever made by man.

“I mean, I think we *know* how it happened…” Melissa, Alice’s longtime confidante and frequent bad influence, had managed to hunt down the offending button that had launched itself off of her top, “There were sound effects and everything.”

“It went *BANG!*” Alice jumped at Victoria’s sudden increase in volume, “You should have seen your face!”

“Do we *have* to pick on me about this?” Alice asked exasperatedly, her fat face pink all the way down to the crease of her double chin, “I’m having a tough enough time as it is…”

Leaning into the comfort-eating instincts that had been drilled into her over years of working at this fat farm, Alice reached for a celery stick and dipped it into the small ranch cup, ripped off a piece like it was beef jerky, and chewed on it feverishly.

Ever since she had graduated to one of Courtney’s old hand-me-down office chairs, Alice had been on something of a crash diet. No carbs, no red meat, no sweets. It had been miserable for pretty much everyone involved, but especially on poor Alice. What with her extreme love of carbs, red meats, and sweets and all. Tipping the scales at just over three forty—literally the biggest that she, or anyone in her entire extended family, had *ever* been—had convinced her that it was time to diet. So why was the needle still climbing all the way up to three *fifty* now?

Laying her hands on the overhang of her belly, Alice frowned tightly into the unsightly pudge that had only continued to grow since she had started this diet.

“It’s not the end of the world, Al.” Melissa said with a soft hand to Alice’s even softer back, “You know how I feel about extra poundage.”

“I swear to God if you tell me that there’s just more of me to love—”

“That’s not *exactly* where I was going with this, but that’s pretty much the gist of it, yes.”

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*Why* Alice had started her diet was obvious; just watching her throughout the day gave any observer enough reason why she would want to shed some pounds and inches.

“Hff… slow down Christy…”

Alice’s fat legs fought with one another every step of the way, sloshing and rolling against the meat of her elephantine thighs as the poor blonde struggled to lug herself across the office. She felt like a circle on two chunky little sticks, hauling a gut from one end of the office to the next as she chased hopelessly after the skinny intern.

“I… literally don’t think that I can go any slower, Ms. Gellar.” Christina said with a sympathetic little wince, “Everyone’s waiting on their coffee…”

In Christina, Alice saw a lot of her old self. Blonde, pretty, ponytail… the basic attributes that boiled down to “old Alice”. She didn’t have any of the faults, rolls, and folds that had come with the years of working in the Gordge Offices. Her arms didn’t start wide and jiggly at the top and then narrow down at the (still chunky) wrists, and she didn’t have to contour her makeup to make her face look less like an almost perfect circle.

To say that she was jealous of her skinny not-quite-coworker was an understatement. But rather than be consumed by this, she had done her best to mimic Christina’s hectic workday in hopes of adopting what had to have been the healthy lifestyle choices that had kept her from blowing up in the short time that she had been interning at what had to have been the most fattening office environment in North America.

And unfortunately, that included making up excuses to breathlessly follow her as she delivered coffee to the heads of each department.

“Why don’t you go enjoy your lunch?” the much smaller blonde offered helpfully, “I can come join you guys after I get done here.”

“Nuh… M’…m’okay…” Alice was literally damp with sweat, “Gotta… *phew*… shed some… pounds somehow…”

The barrel-built blonde woman had been using Christina as walking, talking thinspiration pretty much ever since she had walked through the double doors of the building. With her perfect Tennis physique and her spritely, eager features that had reminded Alice so much of her younger self, how could she not have? She hadn’t even bothered hiding it—Christina was happy to provide as much positive reinforcement she could provide to the older, much larger woman…

At first.

But this might have been taking it just a bit too far.

“You… kind of look like you’re going to pass out.”

“I might pass out.”

“Do you want to…” Christina effortlessly passed off a white mocha with nonfat milk to a rather nonplussed coworker, “…I don’t know, take a break?”

“Breaks are for people who…” Alice paused to wheeze haggardly, “*Aren’t* on diets…”

“I take it that it’s not going well?”

“So bad, Christy.” Alice whined, “I’ve…*hrnnn*… I’ve actually *gained* ten pounds…”

“Okay wow that’s pretty bad…” Christina winced as she handed off a full-fat double foam cappuccino, “Are you sure that you’re following it to the letter? Because you can’t, like, make any substitutions or anything.”

“Yes, I’m following it to the letter.” Alice puffed indignantly, “I’m eating salads and veggies and I haven’t had so much as a soda in two weeks, and—”

“And you’re hangry.”

“*AND I’M HANGRY.”* Alice pouted with an adorable little stomp, “Please please *please* tell me that there’s, like, a part in the diet where it’s normal to gain a little before you lose?”

The awkward silence that fell before them as Christina tried to find a nice way to break it to her coworker that that’s not how diets work was filled by her handing off yet another coffee from the tray.

“There’s not though.”

“*I HATE THIS.”*

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Going out and getting drunk was not part of the diet plan that Alice had cribbed from Christina.

However, it *was* a tradition that her and the rest of the Gordge Gals took pretty seriously—and one that she had been abstaining from in the name of health for the better part of a month now. So she was definitely owed some beer, and she was *definitely* owed some tacos.

…Maybe not this many tacos.

“*Diets’re so fuggin’ stupid anyway.”*

Alice sloshed a Juan Gringo’s Giant Margarita™ over her head as her belly pressed hard against the lip of the table, threatening to begin the process of rolling over and beaching itself on the surface to join Melissa and Courtney’s fleshy, Mexican food-filled guts.

“Tell us how you really feel, Al.” Courtney’s fleshy flap of neck jiggled slightly as she snorted out a laugh

“Say it when you’re sober!” Melissa (also a little drunk) rose her glass to clink it against her bestie’s, “You’d be a lot more fun around the office if you just gave in.”

“I fuckin’ *should*.” Alice doubled down drunkenly, “I should juss… fuckin’ eat whatever I want.”

Perhaps to punctuate this thought, Alice leaned forward with a stocky *oof* to grab yet more tacos. Her fat, sausage fingers wrapped around what was a comparatively tiny taco and forced it into her mouth. With some mighty, hungry crunches, she continued with her anti-diet sentiment.

“And *fuuuuuuck* whatever my stupid bitch sister Stephanie thinks.” Alice rose her taco for a toast instead of her margarita, “Like whothefuckis *she* to tell me that *I’m* getting fat. *She’s* getting fat.”

“Oh my god, is Stephanie really getting fat?”

“No.”

CRUNCH. Alice took a big bite of taco.

“Bitch.”

For a woman of her *considerable* size (and growing seemingly more considerable by the day) Alice had always been something of a figurative lightweight. However, she had always made up for her inability to ingest alcohol with a hearty overcompensation in her ability to eat the absolute fuck out of some cheap Tex Mex. And considering that she had been denying herself what had until fairly recently been an absolute staple in her diet, she had no compunctions about holding back.

She would when she sobered up. But for right now, Drunk Alice was fat, angry, undersexed, and she needed some *goddamn motherfucking tacos* in order to feel better.

Keeping that in mind had helped Melissa and Courtney to justify their friend’s truly enormous intake. She had been unstoppable, even when it came to her. The fact that she had not only gained another ten pounds since she’d started this stupid diet of hers, but that her big fat gut was so big that it popped the button on what had to have been the biggest blouse she’d ever seen in with her own two eyes had meant that Alice had absolutely no compunctions about making up for all of the lost time, margaritas, and tacos that she had missed since she’d tried to do a stupid thing like lose weight.

Honestly, Courtney and Melissa were just kind of there for the ride. They would have pigged out anyway. But for two “surrendered” fatties like themselves, two senior members of the “Chunky but Funky” club that had long accepted that they were never going to be thin again, an excuse to pig out on cheap Mexican food was all that they needed to go a little overboard.

The table of three humongous women was, unsurprisingly, the busiest table of the night. With waitresses working tirelessly to make sure that the three of them were taken care of as they became increasingly stuffed and drunk, there was hardly any hope in the world of keeping them *quiet*, let alone satisfied…

Eventually, they had to shut the whole fucking place down an hour early because the three of them going whole hog had emptied the place out.

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Melissa had accompanied Alice home that night.

Get your minds out of the gutters, you freaks.

She was doing it because a) she was trying to be a good friend and wanted to make sure that Alice got home okay, and b) she had fallen asleep before she could order an uber for herself back to her apartment.

It hadn’t been the first time that Melissa had crashed drunk on Alice’s couch for a Friday Night, Saturday Morning sleepover, but it had been the first time in a long time that she’d woken up in the middle of the night still drunk.

Sloshing uncomfortably on what was honestly a perfectly wide couch for anyone who wasn’t a total landwhale, Melissa slowly adjusted herself to the creaking of springs as she begrudgingly succumbed to consciousness. The most wonderful dream involving whipped cream and that cute boy from the intern pool quickly faded from her short-term memory as she, unfortunately, found herself awake. Yay.

Still groggy as hell from what had felt like a gallon of Margaritas, Alice’s apartment swirled around her as her frequent houseguest tried to make sense of the swirling vortex of barely-lit darkness around her.

But despite the fact that there were plenty of things that she could explain, even drunk, the sound of heavy encroaching footsteps was another thing entirely.

Alice didn’t have a roommate (despite the fact that she and Melissa gal pal’ed enough for anyone to think otherwise) so she knew that it had to have been Alice. Sure enough, the nearly spherical shape of the super-sized blonde bobbing belly-first down the hallway came into view just as surely as the pads of her chunky feet dragging across the hardwood floor had woken her up.

“Alice.” Melissa hushed, “Aliiiiiiiiice…”

But it was clear that Alice either couldn’t hear her or wasn’t listening. In fact, her eyes weren’t even open. As she lugged herself gut-first down the hall, turning the corner in to the kitchen, Alice didn’t even seem to recognize that Melissa was even there. She was making a bee-line for the hanging counter on the right—with a sort of urgency somehow evident even in her sleepy state.

“Alice honey you’re sleepwalkin’…” Melissa burbled from the couch, trying and failing to rock herself to a standing position (what with her lack of equilibrium and excess three hundred pounds) “Aliiiiiice…”

Alice’s doughy arm extended as high as it could, pulling the kitchen cabinet open before plunging her football-sized forearm inside. As her bingo wing brushed against the bottom of the cabinet’s woodwork and her belly beached itself on the kitchen counter, Alice’s hand emerged with an entire baggie full of marshmallows that—by all looks, even half asleep and still drunk—was barely a third of the way full.

“Hff.f…Alice…” Melissa struggled with her full belly and bottom-heavy physique, “Don’t… BOOOORP… don’t snack without meeeeee…”

Melissa’s burp hadn’t woken up the blonde beluga as she popped marshmallow after marshmallow past her plump, pink lips. Satisfied little “mmm”s and “ahhh”s were her only response as she indulged herself in all of the sweets that she had (presumably) been denying herself over the course of this diet.

Until it finally hit Melissa that *this* was the reason that Alice hadn’t managed to lose any weight since she’d started this stupid thing—because right around the time she started her diet, she must have started to sleep walk.

Well. Sleep eat.

“Damn girl, you really must be hungry.” Melissa said to herself as she succumbed to her own lethargy, content with merely being upright on the couch now as she watched her best friend snack in her sleep, “What, you don’t get enough to eat at work?”

Alice was, of course, beyond response. She was happy as could be, a smile on her face as she popped marshmallow after fat, white marshmallow into her mouth. Plump and sugary, much like the blonde who was stuffing her cheeks full of them, they were so thick and full that they filled the bag with small numbers. Before too long, Alice had subconsciously stuffed herself full of them, and the snacks were no more…

“This explains a lot about Alice, actually…” Melissa drunkenly mused as she watched her friend find yet another hidden snack stash to pilfer while she slept, “You would have thought that she’d have been able to lose *some* weight on all the diets that she’s been on over the years.”

This was, without a doubt, why Alice had only gotten steadily fatter over the course of her career at Gordge.

She was a stress-eater! *And* a sleep-walker! And, for that matter, a sleep eater! The more stressed that she felt, the more that she ate! And when she couldn’t lose weight on her diets, she felt stressed, so she ate when she was asleep! It was classic drunk psychology—even Melissa could figure something like this out…

Now the only problem was, of course, the decision as to whether or not she should wake Alice *up*.

“You’re never supposed to wake a sleepwalker, right?” Melissa mused, out loud, as she cupped her chunky double chin, “That’s like… bad or whatever.”

Alice’s full belly was stuffed round and hard with the night’s indulgence already—adding onto it now where a few bags of pecan sandies that were noisily and clumsily unwrapped while she slept before being pushed (*whole.*) into her mouth.

With… oddly sensual noises accompanying her indulgence.

“This… is getting a little weird.” Melissa’s tonnage sloshed as she teetered on the couch, “I should *probably* look away…”

She didn’t.

This whole thing was just so odd.

Ly hot. Oddly hot.

Was that weird?

It felt weird.

But at the same time, watching Alice push sweets down her throat while reaching down and rubbing her belly wasn’t the *weirdest* thing that Melissa had bitten her bottom lip over. After all, she and Alice were friends, right? Friends thought that friends were hot, even if they never acted on it. Maybe this was just going to be a thing that she told Alice about in the morning, while omitting any sordid details like whether or not she found herself becoming oddly attracted to the idea that Alice would eat her entire kitchen empty before the sun rose. That way Alice would have an answer and Melissa could have time to hunt down her phone and record all of this for… uh… proof. In case Alice didn’t believe her when she told her a very edited version of the night’s events.

Yeah.

That wasn’t weird, right?