After a while, it seemed inevitable that the four of them would drift apart.

Getting them together had become a logistical nightmare as their weights continued to climb. Most places simply weren’t built with that much woman in mind. Neither were vehicles, doorways, or even bedframes. It wasn’t that they stopped being friends; it was just a natural part of a person’s life to become more inwardly focused as they became more outwardly cumbersome.

Over time, their daily outings to restaurants, between drive-thrus, and parking themselves on various couches at their homes had become simply unfeasible. As Dillon, Flo, Shelby, and Carrie continued to grow in size and hauling themselves around became more of a burden on literally everyone involved in the process, their outings became less scheduled and more spur of the moment.

Eventually, lazy as they were, most of their interactions became relegated to Facebook.

However, there were *some* things that could still rouse these mountainous mamas out of their complacency and into the world…

“Happy birthday, sug!”

In a twist of fate, Carrie had been the only one still able to drive herself to the Meat and Three that they had agreed to meet at. Katie was coming down later that day to help her celebrate, but this had meant that they had needed to accommodate for almost double the amount of space that she had called ahead and reserved for—thankfully, the amount of space required for these additional guests was negligible in comparison.

“It’s nice t’meetcha.” The stringy freckled blonde that had walked Flo inside said in a coarse drawl, “I’m Loris Lowry.”

Her hand was rough and spoke pages of hard work that had, fortunately, eluded Carrie for most of her life. She had recognized the woman as Mrs. Lowry from Flo’s stories about what happened in her old plantation house from day to day. She had pictured her more… elegant, somehow. Less coarse and plain looking. It was odd to think of someone like Flo socializing with anyone that was any less stylish and artsy than she was.

“*She’s* *my maid*.” Flo said a little too eagerly as she parted them from their handshake, “A-And I’m paying her a little extra to drive me… um… out here. No other *real* reason for her to be here. You know how it is—”

Flo and Carrie collided into as much of a hug as their respective sizes would allow. Flo’s shorter stature (and higher weight) meant that she was practically a mattress on two legs. Her stomach hung low over her knees and swelled far out in front of her, fat little arms swinging from side to side as she lumbered between the double doors of their favorite restaurant.

The two of them had been the first ones to show up. Not surprising, since Flo lived the closest. And though Carrie had made her way through plenty of appetizers before the first of her friends had arrived (as was in her role as the Designated Fat Friend, and on her birthday no less!) there was still plenty to keep them occupied until Dillon and her daughter arrived.

“Slow… down… darlin’…”

It wasn’t that much longer until Dillon’s huffing and puffing could be heard from around the corner as D.W. turned tummy first towards the party.

“Gawd, mama, hurry up—” D.W. slumped her meaty shoulders, “You’re so fuckin’ *slowwww*.”

“Hey Aunt Flo, hey Aunt Carrie.” The Duncan daughter’s tone did a one-eighty as she turned to face the rest of the party, “Happy Birthday!”

“Aww, thank you sweetie.”

Of the guests that had been necessary to facilitate the four of them getting together, D.W. was the one that required the most space. Having inherited her mother’s tall stature and torso-heavy build, she had already grown up into a broad-shouldered amazon like her mother. Now that she had it had become clear that she’d inherited Dillon’s *appetite* too, she just needed even more room.

As spoiled as she was supple, Dillon’s cheerleading muscles had melted away to flab before her first year out of high school was over. Taking a liking to laying around and not doing much of anything at all other than focusing her efforts on “influencing” (whatever the heck that meant) meant that all of the exercise that had kept D.W.’s appetite in check had been thrown out the window. Now she was just a spoiled, chunky plumpette who wrestled with even the most elastic of waistbands—and with her newfound expectations as a beleaguered college freshman.

Much like her daughter before her, Dillon had only grown increasingly more monolithic since Carrie had last seen her. Always taller than most any other women in their county, she was now officially *wider* than most of them too; at more than six hundred pounds of pampered housewife pudge, she was hardly the stunning head-turner that had been the talk of every bake sale and cheer meet that her daughter had dragged her to…

Well, she was still definitely turning heads. Just for different reasons.

“Happy birthday… darlin’!”

Dillon puffed and panted slowly as she waddled up to the booth to give Carrie a winded palm on the shoulder. The sheer size of her stomach had made it impossible to get a good hug in, even if Carrie hadn’t been more than half as large. Colliding against each other in a feigned attempt was as best as the two titanic women could manage, a formality as Dillon shuffled awkwardly towards the chairs set aside by her daughter for her to plop down on.

Carrie had, once upon a time, been the “fat friend” of this group. If she had made any other friends since she’d moved down here, she almost definitely would have been the fat friend there too—but over the course of the many years since then, it had become all but said aloud that the term no longer applied to Carrie’s position in *this* collection of massive southern mothers.

It wasn’t anything that she particularly prided herself on, but it *did* help her feel better about having ordered so much food for just one birthday party.

But even having two out of the three of them present (minus their slimmer escorts) one might have been apprehensive about labelling Carrie as the “smallest” of much of anything.

By the time Shelby Sullivan made her arrival all doubts on who happened to be the biggest among them were shattered.

“Jesus… fuggin’… *Christ*… y’all…”

Her fat pink tongue lolled out as she struggled to catch her breath

“Could y’all… have… *picked*… a further spot?”

Shelby’s whole body quaked and wobbled with every heaving step that she managed to take; each one a herculean effort in and of its own. Her great stomach sloshed from side to side, brushing against either end of the double-wide archway that blocked off the party area booked for Carrie’s birthday. Her hips flared out from beneath her circus tent sundress, a bar counter on either side and behind her as her pale fleshy legs struggled to support the hundreds of pounds that encompassed the rotund redhead’s shape.

Flanked on the right side by her daughter Summer, who looked just as pretty and perfect as she had when Carrie had first laid eyes upon her, Shelby finally showed for attendance at the party—unfortunately, it happened *just* as the appetizers were getting sucked down by some of the other fat ladies who were already present.

“*Y’all*.” She sputtered, “You… fat… fucking hogs…”

“Stop being such a bitch Shelby, and come give me a hug.”

Shelby was more than seven hundred pounds of double-wide, house-sized divorced housewife. Her own daughter couldn’t give her a hug, let alone someone who outweighed Summer by more than four hundred pounds. But much like she had with Dillon, Carrie at least managed to bump her stomach against the sagging sack of middle that was Shelby’s and extended her arms forward. Shelby did much the same, with about half as much enthusiasm.

It wasn’t that she wasn’t happy to see her friend, she was! But moving around at her size would have left anyone exhausted and crabby.

Always a proud woman, she outright *refused* to use the mobility scooter that the doctor had prescribed for her, at least in front of her friends. Poor Summer had to deal with her humongous, fretting, comfort-feasting mama piled into the back of their van for the whole ride over while she rambled on and on about how she wasn’t sure about this and how they should have done that—the whole while, Summer had been telling her that she looked *fine*.

And now that she was there, all that Shelby could think about was the fact that there wasn’t nearly enough food on the aisle of tables for “all of them”.

“This is… so many people, hun.” Shelby puffed, laying her hands on her stomach to rest, “Are we gonna have enough—”

“We’ll have enough, mama.” Summer tut-tutted her food-addled mother, “Let me help you sit down.”

Between the seven people present, four of them alone required almost all of the back area. With how wide they sat and how much they needed to eat just to feet sated, Carrie’s big fat birthday party had required half of the wait staff all unto themselves!

And even if it was just a touch embarrassing, being so needy and bogarting so much of their time, Carrie had to admit that she had really enjoyed getting back together with her friends for the first time in so long.

After a while though, once the first courses were brought out, all of those worries faded away in the face of her more typical concerns…

By the time that the cake had been brought out, almost nobody had been thinking about anything other than how delicious everything was—Carrie had ordered the best off of everything on the menu and in abundance. With the four fattest women in the state pulling the reins, even the lighter members of their party hadn’t escaped unscathed.

“Oohh…”

D.W. had been the only fat girl foolish enough to wear a belt to this—finally undoing it despite being in public had been the smartest move she’d made all day…

“Gaw lay.”

Loris’s tight waist bulged noticeably into a taut little tummy as she unfastened the button on her jeans. For all of her fervor for stuffing Flo, she’d gotten pretty full up herself…

“Hic!”

Summer hadn’t eaten this much since she’d moved out, but had thankfully worn leggings to this thing. She’d known just the kind of trouble that her mother and her friends could get into…

Even as the end of their time together neared, Carrie and her friends were still going strong. These women could *eat*, and it had been so long since they’d had a real *reason* to do so. All together like this, they brought out the gluttons in one another—to the point where they had even ordered to-go platters to take home!

“Mama you are *not* serious.”

“Sure I am!” Shelby sniffed, “Now help me up, wouldja?”

“We are gonna have some *fun* tonight, *Mrs. Folly*.”

“L-Loris…” Flo’s fat face turned bright red as her maid whispered into her ear, “We’re in *public*~”

“Y’think we could get milkshakes on the way home?”

“Honestly, D.W., you’re gonna wind up the size of a house if you don’t settle.”

“We’ll have to do this again sometime, sug—it’s been *way* too long since I had that much fun!”

“Yeah, I almost forgot what it was like gettin’ to pig out with all y’all.”

“We could always come over to my house for drinks? Do you think you could get someone to drive you?”

Carrie Cooleyfinger had come to this state with little more than a daughter and the history of a nasty divorce under her belt. And though those things were still true, so much more had changed for the better since she’d met Shelby, Dillon, and Flo. Now she had friends, a colorful cast of characters to help her ring in her birthday, and all the more reason to find ways to get out of the house now and again…