Cass Morgan… gets a gadget that swaps figures with the nearest person!

…

Without a doubt, the best and worst parts of being a local celebrity were dealing with their listeners at things like this.

The station loved to parade around the KISS 102.5 girls when it came to welcoming local businesses and the like for the exact same reasons that she and Marni had been told to play up the “sexy radio DJ” act while on the air—because sex sold. Having two pretty ladies with attractive voices peddle risqué plugs for products between the Top 40 chart was *ridiculously* profitable and putting them front and center behind a booth at various attractions was mutually beneficial for both parties involved.

And the creeps, Cass understood. You know, the sad horny dudes who would get inappropriate real fast because they were just dumb as hell. But occasionally, you’d get a *real* oddball of a fan. One of those ones who obsessed a little too much over their show.

Doctor Helen Schwartz was one of those obsessive fans.

“*Mein gott*! I can’t believe that it is really you!” Helen’s cheeks dimpled as she radiated Biggest Fan Energy, “I am a very, very big fan of your show!”

She was a short, roly-poly woman who looked to have just gotten out of a lab somewhere. With a tight little bob of blue hair and officious-looking glasses, Cass honestly had a little trouble wondering just what the oddest thing about her *was*. But she was a fan, and the last thing that Cass wanted to do was to alienate a fan.

Especially one with that little manic glimmer in her eyes.

“Hey, it’s always nice to meet a fan!” As much as she tried not to look down on their fans, Cass stood head and shoulders over this woman who stood *really* close to her… it was kind of inevitable, “You hear to check out the new barbecue joint or to come see me and Marni?”

“Both!” Helen chuckled with an adoring sort of nervousness, “A-And one other thing, actually. You see, I-I actually work at the Yeng plant and… ach! I am making such a fool of myself.”

“No honey, no, you’re doing great—what’s the other thing?”

“Well, you see, I’ve been working on a device, and…”

Helen *had* been carrying a small metal box with her—something that looked like it came out of a cartoon with big red buttons and two antennae. She placed it down on the foldout table that separated the two of them and, in her nervousness, managed to press one of the buttons with a chubby-fingered hand.

And then suddenly, Cass began to feel very strangely.

A tingle, all throughout her body. A subtle ache as the world began to flicker and grow before her. A tightening sensation around her waist. Then around her biceps. Her ankles. *Cankles*. Cass suddenly felt as though she were being… *squished*? Shrinking and widening at the same time, her limbs weighing heavily… it felt like she was wading through pudding!

“Wh-What in the—”

“Th-This wasn’t supposed to happen…” A suddenly tall, statuesque, and slender Helen Schwartz looked down at her altered body and that of the short, roly-poly Cass Morgan

“What was *supposed* to happen?!” Cass’s double chin bulged out from her jaw as she hollered

“Well for one thing, I was supposed to do this with Marni…” Helen put her hands on her slender hips and frowned, “I meant no offense of course, just… she’s my favorite…”

Roxanne Reagan… gets a date using a profile pic from her slimmer days

…

“So… you’ve been a police officer for…” the younger woman on the other side of the booth did her best not to make a face, “*How long* now?”

Compared to the profile pic on Tinder, the woman sitting across from her didn’t cut quite as impressive a figure in person. Well, impressive in the traditional sense. It *was* impressive that, in seemingly just a short amount of time, Tiana’s date had managed to outgrow the woman in uniform standing against the gray background in the DPPD staff photo by at least twice over.

All of her other shots had been from angles that were, now rather obviously, meant to downplay her weight gain. But that first one was *clearly* outdated by, oh…

At least eighty pounds or so, just by eyeballing it.

“For a while now—almost ten years.” The fact that the corners of her mouth were splashed with orange buffalo sauce didn’t help put Tiana’s mind at ease, “Mm… these are good.”

Tiana had known that she was getting involved with an older woman. It was kind of her thing. Call it unresolved mommy issues or whatever. But what was age when you were in your thirties? Matching with Officer Roxanne Reagan had given her nothing but butterflies fluttering in her stomach and sweet dreams of a MILFy cop to maybe pass the time with. After they had finally gotten to meet though, Tiana couldn’t help but feel…

Well, catfished.

“I’m sorry, I’m being rude.” Roxanne dabbed at her mouth with a napkin, “I just got off duty and I’m starved. This is our first meeting and I should at least *try* not to make a pig out of myself.”

“No, it’s um… it’s okay.” Tiana smiled awkwardly, “You’ve still got a little… yeah, right there.”

Roxanne dabbed at the remaining sauce staining the laugh lines that cut into her still-prominent cheekbones.

“Did I get it?”

“Yeah, you got it.”

“Thanks—I’ll be upfront when I say that I’m a little nervous.” Roxanne sucked through her teeth, “It’s… been a while since my last date. I’m kind of a wreck.”

“No you’re doing fine.” Tiana lied, “Just, um… so… you’re a police officer, right?”

“Mostly desk duty these days.” Roxanne half-laughed, “But I miss going out into the field. It was good exercise.”

“Yeah, we could all stand to use some of that…”

*Some more than others…*

It wasn’t that Tiana wasn’t *attracted* to Roxanne. The extra weight wasn’t a deal breaker or anything, just…

Well, she thought she was getting a date with a sexy super cop. Not a past-her-prime desk jockey.

“I, um…” Tiana sighed, “Look, I don’t mean to be rude and I’m *trying* to do the whole *first date* thing, but you could have *at least* used a newer profile picture.”

“Excuse you—I’m just advertising what I do for a living!” Roxanne huffed (and lied) as she put her napkin down, “And, by the way, *you’re* one to talk.”

“What the hell does that mean?!” Tiana crossed her arms over her chest, forcing her low-resting breasts down to the surface of the table as they squished outwards, “I’ll have you know that I took that profile picture *last year—*whatever, I’m out of here…”

The booth almost sighed in relief as Tiana hauled her massive ass out from behind the table after one or two tries. It would have been a much more dramatic getaway if she hadn’t knocked over a barstool with the backswing on her thigh on the way out.

Maria Espanosa… gets a coin that transports her to her ideal world.

…

What it said about Maria Espanosa that, even in her “perfect world” she was still a teacher, we’ll leave up to the reader’s imagination—there’s some merit to be found in that, surely.

But it was a vastly changed classroom from the one that she left behind with the flip of a coin.

“Srta. Espanosa~~”

Dark honey-colored eyes flickered back to reality as they flitted anxiously from one side of the room to another. A crowd of students, the same sorts of girls that had been in her classroom before the shift, greeted her with smiling faces and generous hands. Each of them held out something for her to try—ranging from chocolate cakes to plates of flan to snacks from the vending machine. Each and every one of them were her favorites, and her mouth moistened with piggish anticipation.

“Oh… girls…”

Her voice was thick, heavy, and *sultry*. She awoke to all these sights and smells, leaving her short of breath before she had even opened her eyes. Her great shape lurched forward from behind the desk, leaning into the tidings of her beloved students, but struggling to steady herself along its surface with arms that could hardly meet its edge.

“Sorry to interrupt your siesta, *Señorita*!”

“We just wanted to show you how much we appreciate you!”

“Te amo, Srta. Espanosa!”

Flush with compliments, as she often was, Maria Espanosa felt confident in her students ability to coach themselves through another class. It gave her more time for exploration. To eat and to let her mind and hands wander. To indulge herself in front of such an adoring crowd, hearts practically in their eyes like old cartoon characters as she stuffed herself—they were such *good girls* to treat her so well…

And Ms. Polluck was *so accommodating* to understand that a woman of her voluptuous size shouldn’t be held to the standards of some of the other, *lesser* teachers…

“Don’t worry, Srta. Espanosa, I can lead the class for you.” Her TA winked at her with a soft brush of her burgeoning, cinnamon-colored culo as it bulged out from over the bench seating it so deliciously squashed, “You just take it easy today, okay?”

“Hnnnn… okay…” Maria exhaled short and salaciously baited breath as she relished the touch of another hand on her sumptuous fat body, “Gracias Hannah…”

Here, in this perfect world, Maria had been given every opportunity to be what she had always wanted. Indulgent. Revered. *Enormous*. An educator, yes. But the sort of teacher whose students were motivated to teach themselves, leaving her free to her own…

*Devices.*

Arms thicker around than her assistant’s waist wrestled with breasts so big they flopped to the side as folds so deep and wide they forced her to sit at an angle creased and rolled with floundering motion to feed herself.

Had she spent too long in this perfectly indulgent world of hers?

“Uh oh, girls, it looks like Srta. Espanosa is having some trouble.” Hannah clicked her tongue from the head of the class, “Maybe we should help her out a little? Who knows what part of the body will get rubbed if I say… *barriguita?”*

With the good cheer radiating from a class full of students eager to feed and caress her enormous body, Maria knew that she had found the answer to her own question…

Parker Black… gets fitted for the first ever "hover chair" with less-than-light results

…

“Parker, honey, I’m proud of you for committing yourself so *strongly* to something, and I really *appreciate* the fact that you’ve been contributing more around the house financially…”

The sound of the antigravitational mechanisms required to keep the great metal bulk afloat, as well as the whirring of various other features of the great device, joined the chorus of a near constant suckling at the small hose hooked up to the nutritional vat. Somehow, Parker’s bored expression at yet another attempt at her mom to try and “talk some sense into her” was louder than all of that.

“But I think that this has gone on for long enough.” Harper steeled herself awkwardly by putting her hands on her hips, “Don’t you?”

After a moment of deliberation and deep, throaty sucks on the little nozzle, Parker released the trigger on the feed and let her hand fall down to rest on her mattressy middle.

“God, mom, why do you *hate* this thing so much?” Parker’s deep crevice between chins flexed slightly with every word of her reply, “They’re paying me out the nose to test this thing out—I don’t get why it bothers you so much.”

Before Harper could respond, her daughter put the nozzle back in her mouth and began to suck down the creamy white liquid that had been draining steadily since its last refill. Nutrition paste was what they called it, but with the way that it had made Parker bloat it might as well have been straight butter. Harper still wasn’t entirely sure that there wasn’t some addictive property in there, and Parker’s oral fixation with that stupid nozzle was just as vexing as hearing that low humming all the damn time.

“What could *possibly* be so bad about me getting paid *thousands of dollars a month* to test stuff for Yeng?”

Parker posed her question indignantly as she shifted awkwardly in her seat, the thing teetering slightly in midair as it struggled to keep up with the great weight that Parker Black put upon it. Her billowing and distended stomach, filled taut with feed, had grown til it was stacked thrice over with meaty rungs of belly blubber. It pooled between and over her thighs as she reclined in the leather carriage seating, enough ass and thigh meat to her that she might as well have been propped up on a bean bag chair.

“Th—*This!”* Harper lost a finger knuckle-deep in one of Parker’s puddling rolls as she poked her, “Parker, can you even get out of that thing anymore?”

“Sure I can!” Parker furrowed her brow unsurely, “…I just don’t want to!”

“Parker… that thing has—”

“Oh my god *yes* it has a toilet in it.” Parker gawwed incredulously, “Thank you for being *gross*.”

The titanic twenty-something started to suck on the nozzle again, rubbing vaguely near what she could reach of the poked area of her bigness. Parker glared at her mom, but missed the mark of her mouth, spraying the viscous white liquid out freely from the nozzle.

“Shit goddammit, ma!” Parker swore, “Look what you made me do, now!”

Harper just grumbled and shook her head. Maybe when that thing finally gave out from underneath her, her daughter would finally listen to reason…