Everywhere she went, Emma was accosted by people asking about the magical food that floated around her head at all times.

*Is it real?*

*Is it tasty?*

*Can I try some?*

And, deep down, she didn’t *really* blame all the randos who came out of the woodwork to ask her. It was a pretty unusual thing, and she supposed that it was in man’s nature to be curious about that which it didn’t understand.

But Emma was already *well* used to it by now, and was pretty sick of people trying to touch her Head Food.

You play with *one* tomb of eldritch lore, and you never stop hearing about the consequences. At this point, she would have *rather* summoned a demon or something that would have brought about the end-times. At least then it would have been over and done with, and she wouldn’t have to deal with—

“EMMY~!!” her sister’s voice pierced the whole house like a needle, “MOOOOM, EMMY’S HOME!!”

Thunderous footsteps as her mother and sister approached the poor beleaguered Sophomore as she trudged home from school. Her head hung low, Emma hadn’t gotten two steps past the threshold when she saw Tammy’s chubby toes, thick thighs, and hanging belly coming into view as her sister waddled close enough to grab a bite.

Sounds of her sister’s gorging filled her right ear as she plucked a devilishly delectable sub sandwich from the small orbit around her younger sister’s head, chasing it with a hearty bowl of spooky spaghetti with malevolent meatballs before taking a few clumsy steps backwards—her whole body jiggled with the impact of her fat feet on the floor.

“My day was fine, thanks for asking.” Emmy sighed, “I swear, you’re just as bad as—”

“MY BABY~!!”

The whole house seemed to quake as their massive mother made her entrance, waist-thick arms outstretched as her hips collided with the thin halls of their modest suburban home. Her whole body quivering with delight and exertion as she struggled to steer her behemothic bulk towards the front door in a now daily ritual to “greet her daughter” after a long day of school, her mother made a big fat beeline towards the ice cream sundaes that had cropped up in the sub sandwiches’ place.

Emma just sighed.

It hadn’t *always* been like this—though it was hard to remember a time when she wasn’t *just* the orbit of edible arrangements swirling around her head with a disconcerting purple hue. But as its addictive powers continued to sway the minds of all those around her, she was finding that people cared less and less about what was going on *inside* of her head in lieu of what floated *around* it.

“Do you want me to go sit on the couch?” Emma asked dryly

“You’re… mfmfm… so considerate!” her mother huffed and puffed, “Come on… let’s go!”

Emma sat down between them and let her mother and her sister pig out to their heart’s content.

“I swear to God…” she cursed silently, defeatedly, “I need a friggin’ priest or something…”