

If she was going to go up against someone so dedicated to making their partners burst the buttons off their pants, it helped to do a little detective work.

Which these days meant scouring social media.

Lisa saw that Gina had been pretty active on here. There was a bunch of photos of her Celt birthdays with friends or coworkers, the usual soft worded review of whatever popular movie came out, and some vague updates about how her life was heading in a direction she wanted.

But she cared about the ex's.

There were a few on here.

Some of them men, who looked so generic she almost immediately forgot they existed.

But the women were.... Something.

At first glance it looked like she had a type.

Big.

But looking even deeper, she saw her true type.

Women who could become big.

Seriously, a few years before any of these women met Gina, and they probably wouldn't be too out of place in a fashion magazine.

Maybe not glam models, but definitely fall fashion worthy.

And soon after falling into Gina's web, the pounds came swiftly.

She didn't like to think about what this meant for her mother. Was she going to be plumped and dumped like all these other women?

There was one woman who looked like she had been spared, however.

A woman named Ashley, who didn't live too far from here.

She hadn't posted any photos recently, but in the time frame that she had dated Gina, she remained pretty thin.

She had Mediterranean heritage, with bronze skin and dark hair.

Lisa pondered what she should do, then thought fuck it.

She sent a nice simple message.

“Hey, I think your Ex is fattening my mom. Can we talk about it?”

It wasn't long before she got a reply.

The next day, she was standing outside of a modest house on the other side of town.

She pressed a doorbell.

“Just a second!”

Opening the door was....

Was...

Definitely not the person she saw on social media.

“Phew, thanks for waiting for me.”

The Ashley standing before her had to be at least four times the size of the woman she had been expecting.

Her belly bulged out of her purple sweater, and from the look of her thighs she had to angle herself just to get out of the house.

Lisa blanched as she saw just how big Ashley was.

“Well come on in, I have some tea for us.”

Lisa followed the waddling woman into her den. On her mantle, she saw a bunch of the images she had seen online, as well as a bunch she hadn't seen, that seemed to chronicle her gain from the slim woman Lisa had seen online to the whale she saw in front of her.

Ashley collapsed herself on a loveseat, and filled it with her bulk.

“So, let's talk about the elephant in the room.” Ashley said as she rubbed her thigh.

‘Yeah...’ Lisa said, eyes fluttering from the photo of a thin Ashley in a bikini to the woman she saw before her.

"I met Gina at a low point in my life. My husband had cheated on me, and the divorce cost me a lot. I never even thought I was into women when I met her."

Lisa nodded, but this was already starting to worry her.

Did Gina go on the prowl for defenseless women to fatten, then dump?

"And when did she suggest..." Lisa asked, not daring to say it out loud first.

"Getting fat? Probably date three. But I declined."

Okay, now Lisa was really confused.

Ashley could tell Lisa's confusion, and laughed.

"Oh you're probably thinking why am I the size of a whale? Well after we broke up, I became curious about her interests. Then one night I took a bite of pizza in some woman's apartment, and my fate as a fatty was sealed."

"So Gina did make you fat."

Ashley rolled her eyes.

"No, I made my decisions. Listen kid, the reason I wanted to talk to you is that whatever is happening between Gina and your mom, it's consensual."

Lisa got up.

"Thank you, it's been a pleasure."

Ashley sighed.

"I won't tell her you visited, but please, just talk to her. She isn't a monster."

For a second Lisa almost believed her.

But she couldn't let it go.

"Thanks for the tea," she said, then left.

Back home, she ordered another basket to be "anonymously" delivered to their house with Gina's name on it, full of all her favorite snacks.

It has been working pretty well so far.

Gina was really starting to pack on the pounds now. She was filling out jeans that her mom had worn when she was (relatively) skinnier.

As I placed the order, I heard a knock at my door before it opened.

“Lisa darling, I made those lemon squares you liked so much!”

Lisa smiled and quickly closed the tab.
Hopefully Gina thinks she was just watching porn.

Gina came in with a big tray of steaming lemon squares.

“Just let them cool down a bit dear, I had to swat your mothers hand away just to keep her from burning her mouth.”

Lisa blew air through her nose at the mention that her mother was some food obsessed greedy dog.

But still, the lemon squares were pretty tasty looking...

As Gina left, Lisa had a few.

Then a few more.

She didn't think it strange at all that she had to unbutton her pants after the fourth one.