**I.a**

*Here I go again…*

Quinn pulled herself away from Frankie slowly, her hands tracing soft lines in belly dough as she stood to full height. Full hips swishing back and forth as she sauntered in front of the hungry piglet, Quinn laid both hands on the surface of her growing, growling gut. Resting between two legs, soft and supple with disuse, Frankie’s stomach churned and protested the added weight.

*I’ve got to get to sleep…*

The engorged ginger had become so large, fed so completely and obscenely fat, that her hammy arms limply hung out to either side. Her fat pink tongue lolled out of her open mouth as she looked up, weakly, in anticipation of what Frankie was going to do to her. Her green eyes glistened in hoggish, blissful agony. The chairs beneath her squeaked and groaned in protest of her weight.

*Just cum. Cum and get it over with…*

Some nights it was hard, putting Frankie’s features on a face that had three full, fat chins that hung from her neckline. Other nights it came easier. And then again, sometimes it was Quinn in the chair. Kierra, Marley, sometimes even Angie or Walela. More than a few times, all of them had been the ones who got fat. Sharing his desire to see themselves and each other eat and grow bigger, and bigger. Until they were so big that they could hardly move.

“I’m gonna make you so fat.”

*Fat. Fat! FAT!*

Quinn squeezed Frankie’s waterbed belly with one hand while she wriggled her way into laying on top of her pig. She kissed the dome of her stomach, caressing the upper handfuls of fat that poured seamlessly down into two thick, meaty rolls, all while Frankie squealed and jiggled her belly with her fat, useless hands…

*Fuckfuckfuckfuuuuck—*

“Owen’s not going to recognize you by the time he gets back.”

*Fuuuuuuuck*…

~

Warm sticky cum shot, and then dribbled out of his cock with the force of about two weeks behind it. The slick, white goo slid into the cracks and wrinkles of his still-clenched fist. The sound of his masturbating softened as lubricant slowly applied itself to the high friction areas.

He had finally climaxed.

And as his toes still twitched and the muscles in his legs began to instinctively relax, the familiar feeling of shame washed over him wholesale.

*Well… you proud of yourself?*

The warmth of his ejaculate had quickly turned cold. It sat on his hairy thigh, it pooled in the crevice of his crotch, and it clung to the motel bedsheets like some immersive Jackson Pollock experience that would drip slowly onto his stomach the longer that he waited to clean himself up.

*Fuck*.

Owen wiped his offending pecker jack slowly on the top sheet of his mattress. Then once more for good measure.

Reaching over with a still-sticky hand, he turned the motel’s veneered analog clock towards him. The bright red letters may as well have been the sun itself, casting light on his shame and burning his corneas.

*2:35*

He flopped backwards into the bricks that passed for pillows in this place. His naked torso was sweaty and clammy. Laying spread-eagle out, he tried to calm his breathing. The bedsprings had been squeaking a little during his session; he hoped that whomever was in the next room hadn’t heard him. Or at least, that they hadn’t woken up.

*Are you kidding? You’re in the middle of nowhere, who’s gonna be in the next room?*

That at least brought him some measure of comfort. The sparse need for places like this went away the closer he got to his home town. It wasn’t like in Daven’s Port, where there were a lot of tourists and college kids coming for the beach. This was probably the last motel before he hit Pin Oak, and despite the late check-in, he hadn’t seen a car in the parking lot.

As far as tonight was concerned, the only things that might have heard him making the bed rock would have been a late-night maid, the cute girl with the gap teeth at the check-in counter, and *maybe* the cicadas.

*It’s not like Becca’s here—calm down.*

Christ, Becca.

The fact that his fiancée’s face hadn’t shown up in yet another masturbatory fantasy probably spoke volumes about him. But it was hard to picture her… like that. Crudely cutting and pasting his friends’ and ex-girlfriends’ faces over models and drawings with his mind was bad enough, but doing it to someone he *loved* just felt so much worse.

Like maybe that would somehow defile their relationship without her knowing. That it would turn their time together into something cheap and tawdry. He hadn’t seen his friends in years. So that somehow -made it less wrong. At least, to him.

And plus, he wasn’t going to *marry* any of them.

*Like they’d have you anyway*.

Throwing the heavy, out-of-season quilt off of his lower body, Owen kicked his feet out from underneath and walked to the bathroom. The floor beneath him was uncomfortably empty—again the concern of waking up the neighbors came into his mind, and he made a conscious effort to soften his stepping.

Flipping on the light, he stepped into the dirty bathroom to grab a washcloth. Running it under ice-cold water, Owen lazily wiped his excitement off as best he could. The intended effect of his masturbatory session was coming through, as was the lateness of the hour.

Tossing the used washcloth back into the sink, he flipped the lights back off and returned to the joyless beige of his motel room. The single street lamp flickered through the blinds, illuminating his way back to bed.

He fumbled his way underneath the top sheet and layered the blanket back on top of it. He could still feel a slight dampness through the cover, but it was preferable to not sleeping underneath anything at all. Of course, compared to getting to sleep in his bed back home would have been preferrable. Hell, sleeping in his childhood bed back in Pin Oak Pointe would have better than this…

*I hope Becca’s having a better night than I am.*

With how stiff the pillows were here; she almost undoubtedly was.

**I**

At exactly twelve thirty in the afternoon, Owen had pulled up in what he would have called his parents’ house, once upon a time.

For the past three years, he called it Emily’s.

No sooner had the wheels started crunching against the leaves in the driveway than Becca had poked her head out onto the porch. Letting the screen door fall behind her, she bounced zealously towards the silver CR-Z that looked so out of place in this quiet, mountain town.

“*Baby*!!” she raised both of her arms up high, her grin wide and ecstatic with his arrival, “Welcome home~!!”

Owen threw the car door back and jumped to his feet. Wingtip shoes probably hadn’t touched ground in his driveway since he had taken Marley to prom.

“Hey B—" Owen threw his arms around his little wife-to-be and picked her up off of the ground, the tips of her long brown hair tickling the back of his hand “—happy to be here.”

Becca was a small woman standing at just over five feet and four inches tall. She had often joked that, what she lacked in height, she made up for in tenacity. And Owen was inclined to agree with her.

For as long as they had known each other, coming up on just over a year and a half, there had been a spark between the two of them. Whether it be a good spark, like staring curiously at one another from across the office floor, or a bad spark like getting into heated arguments that ended in threatening to throw one another out the window, had largely depended on the day.

Becca was a loud, passionate, beautiful woman who wouldn’t have known the word shy if she’d seen it in a dictionary. And as her fiancée kissed her up the neck, Becca’s girlish squealing and the kicking of her little feet would have fooled anyone into believing that she was anything short of a force to be reckoned with.

“Put me down,” she squeaked in utter joy as her toes curled inches above the dirt driveway, “Put me dowwwwwn!”

Owen obliged. Eventually. After a few more kisses and pecks up her neck, he was happy to let his girlfriend and aspiring wife stand on her own two feet. Only for her to come back for another hug. Despite it having only been a few days since he’d seen her last, it somehow felt like so much longer had passed; he didn’t want to let her go.

“I see your drive up left you all frisky.” Becca brought him back down for a big, wet, kiss on the lips, “How’d you sleep, baby?”

“Like shit.” Owen said matter-of-factly as he closed the car door behind her, “You know I hate sleeping alone.”

“You mean that you don’t like sleeping away from *me*—your designated cuddle bug.”

“Something like that.” Owen snickered a little, “Emily been treating you okay?”

“Uh, I’ll say. Your sister’s such a peach!” Becca stood back while Owen lifted his suitcases out of the trunk, “You know she got up early to make me breakfast this morning?”

“That sounds like Em.” He grunted as he lifted the heavy one, the one with his wedding suit, and placed it upright on the rocky ground, “Always playing hostess.”

The outside of the house hadn’t changed much since it had become Emily’s. The paint job had faded a little and the kudzu had become a little more untamed, but more or less it was the same old post and beam house that Owen had grown up in—two stories, barn red outside the logs, white porch fencing with a black roof.

It felt strange, having his fiancée here. Not quite that she was intruding, so much as that he was having difficulty reconciling the fact that his past and his future were intermingling. Despite her enthusiasm towards the town and for him to come home again, it was difficult for Owen to think that a city girl like her could be truly stimulated in a boring old town like this. Especially since they had come here for something as important as their wedding.

Why hadn’t she wanted to do it in Daven’s Port? Or her own home town? Literally anywhere other than boring old Pin Oak Pointe, where nothing ever changes?

“Is that you, Owen?”

Where almost nothing ever changes.

Rounding the corner belly-first was a fat, round-faced woman who toddled with enough weight to make the floorboards boom beneath her. Her fat stomach sloshed visibly beneath her orange Clemson hoodie, her belly bulge prominent, outlined, and painted plaid beneath her half-length pajama pants. The soft, supple shape of her stomach bounced visibly with every step, and audibly against her thighs as she waddled up with her arms held out for a hug. The heft of her arms sagged in the sleeves as her moon pie face creased along the double chin line, her smile wide and earnest.

It was his half-sister, Emily.

“Oh my God it issssss~!!”

Emily’s ball-round body kicked it into high gear as she thundered toward her baby brother. Batting her sandbag stomach back and forth with her doughy dimpled knees, Emily threw herself onto the unsuspecting Owen, who was almost too dumbstruck to lay his hands on his sister’s back to complete the hug!

*She’s gotten so… so…*

Emily pressed Owen into her softness with a surprising amount of strength, given the overall squishiness of her body. She held him tight, nestling her buried neck and double chin on the crook of his shoulder while she squeezed him close with those melon-sized arms of hers.

“Oh my God it’s so good to see youuuuuu!”

In her wriggling, Emily’s belly pressed itself against his crotch just as his member started to move.

“GoodtoseeyoutooEmily!”

Owen had broken away from the hug before he could consider just what that twitch of his dick had meant. He held his sister at arm’s length and gripped her shoulders tightly in hopes of substituting the reciprocity of affection and getting her far enough away that anything like *that* never happened again.

*Holy fuck. Holy fucking shit my sister’s fat.*

“Well I see that living in the city’s made you weirder than you already were.” Emily chuckled, her round face jiggling ever so slightly, “How’d you score a huggy-bug like Becca over there?”

“He’s just lucky.” Becca snaked her arm underneath his and held it close, “Don’t mind him, I’m sure he’s just tired.”

Of course Becca wouldn’t see that anything was strange about this. About Emily. About his sister having gained more than a hundred pounds since the last time that he’d seen her. Becca had never *seen* Emily, so it only made sense, right? But still, the fact that he was the only one freaked out by this made it feel all the more worse than it actually was…

“If you ain’t careful, I’m gonna steal this one from you.” Emily chuckled, steering her belly-heavy barrel of a body back into the kitchen, “She already might leave you too—*she’s done told me storiesssss*!”

“She’s kidding.” Becca gave Owen a firm slap across the butt, “I wouldn’t leave you for the world.”

“But I *might* leave you for more of Emily’s cooking—is it ready yet, or what?”

“Just about done!” Emily’s voice came from the unfamiliar obese vessel, “Why don’t you lovebirds go sit at the table, and I’ll get washed up?”

Becca was happy to oblige, and Owen stumbled behind her.

It had only been three years since Owen had last seen Emily with his own two eyes. But in the photos that she posted online, there had never been anything to suggest that she had been putting on weight at all. In fact, he had just looked at her social media profile before he started the drive down from Daven’s Port. Her profile picture was about a year old at that point, but she still looked more or less like she always had.

Nothing at all like the bottom-heavy bombshell toddling around the kitchen, who had to be weighing in at around two hundred and fifty pounds.

As Owen and his fiancée cleared the threshold that led into the dining room, the how of Emily’s weight gain became a lot clearer. The large oaken table was filled to the brim with just about every sort of food that Owen could imagine. Things that he hadn’t eaten in years—at least, not with the authenticity of an actual southerner cooking it.

Sure, he could have fried chicken anywhere. But his mom’s recipe was one-of-a-kind, and only available to anyone who knew the recipe. The same with Gramma Jo’s mashed potatoes, made extra lumpy just the way that he liked it. Homemade five-cheese macaroni and collard greens and…

“Is that Aunt Esther’s cornbread?” Owen hollered out in disbelief of a more pleasant sort, “Emily, how did you get that recipe?”

“I found the family cookbook!”

Emily’s heavy footsteps sounded as she rounded the corner belly-first. Running thickened fingers in a circle over the fattest point of her stomach, she squished it slightly to one side.

“Obviously, right?”

Owen breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that he could rest easy now that someone else had brought up the elephant in the room. He laughed brusquely and pulled out Becca’s chair for her. Once she’d sat down, he reached at one for himself.

“I didn’t want to say anything.” A chuckle still on his lips as he took a seat next to Becca

“You didn’t have to, I saw it as soon as you walked in.” Emily rolled her eyes, “That bad, huh?”

“I mean it’s not *bad…”*

It wasn’t bad at all. Owen thought that she looked good with the extra weight. He thought *most* women looked good with a little extra weight. Or a lot of extra weight. But putting that and his initial shock aside, the extra weight made her look *different*, but most certainly not bad.

Her curly blonde locks came down to her neck, resting in a stylish ‘do around the hood of her sweatshirt. It had been cut in a way that wasn’t necessarily flattering to the newfound roundness of her cheeks, framing the fatness of her face in a way that most women would have liked to avoid rather than accentuate. From there, the soft double chin that only creased into being when she spoke, and then lower down were her—

*Sister, sister, she’s your sister.*

“Well, thank you for not barging in and announcing to your fiancée that her soon-to-be Sister-in-Law used to be a lot less of a hog than the one whose squeezing into that bridesmaid dress.”

If Becca had thoughts on the matter, she had been keeping them to herself with a little help from Aunt Esther’s cornbread. Becca’s plate had been loaded full of country cooking as soon as her skinny butt had hit the seat of her chair.

“Speaking of, do you wanna go ahead and get that done today?” Emily deferred to Owen’s better half as she grabbed a serving spoon full of macaroni and cheese, “The boutique closes at five, and we’ve only got a week to get everything ready.”

“Mm—” Becca swallowed, “Sure thing. You wanna go after lunch?”

“Sure, I can try on my dress while I’m there.”

Another depreciative pat of her stomach as it rolled out into her doughy lap. Emily looked to her brother and smirked slyly, as if she could *see* the frustration building inside of him. Owen did his best to avert his gaze and control a growing chub.

*What the hell is wrong with you?*

“Owen?”

*How hard up are you that your sister turns you on?*

“Would you mind if I borrowed your fiancée for the afternoon?”

*Just because she’s fat doesn’t mean that you have the right to—*

“Of course!”

He smiled as he poured himself a glass of tea, stopping just below the brim.

“You guys go and have a good time.”

Becca gripped Owen’s hand appreciatively and gave him a big, crumb-covered kiss. She tasted like mashed potatoes.

“Thank you baby.” She said with a soft smile, “I promise we’ll spend some time together while we’re up here, okay?”

He stroked the back of her palm with his thumb, trying his hardest to focus on the woman that it was *okay* to be attracted to. Despite the fact that she was—

*No.*

“I got it.” He smiled back, “Wedding comes first, right?”

“Right.” Emily said as she leaned into the table to grab a leg of fried chicken from the basket, “Besides, what good is having a sister-in-law if it means we can’t talk shit about you behind your back?”

The table tittered in laughter at Owen’s expense, Emily’s stomach rippling with delight. Her whole fleshy body looked so soft, even buried underneath that stupid orange hoodie. He could only imagine what she looked like in a t-shirt these days…

*You’re sick.*

~

Despite taking up a little less than an hour, lunch with his sister had felt like it had lasted an eternity.

In the few hours difference between her and Owen’s arrival, Becca seemed to have hit it off with Emily like they were old friends. They already had inside jokes and oblique references that Owen knew nothing about. The praises that they sang on one another almost made him a little jealous—he had never been that close with Emily in the first place, especially after the accident.

“You know if you’d come down with me instead of going to work, you wouldn’t have missed out on last night’s dinner *or* breakfast.” Becca had told him as they helped clean up the table, “Why didn’t you tell me that your sister was such a good cook?”

Because, frankly, he hadn’t known.

But having someone like that in the family wouldn’t be all that bad, right? Especially with the older relatives that held the secrets to artery-clogging, waist-thickening recipes from generations passed dying off, Emily having a few ready and on-hand could prove useful for after the—

*Stop it.*

Owen gripped the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles whitened. His jaw clenched and his forehead wrinkled as he tried in vain to rope in his deviant thoughts.

*What is it with you lately?*

He sighed, came to a stop at the light, and put his head in his hands.

Owen had never told Becca about his fetish. About what he was attracted to most in a woman. About the kinds of things that he had secretly been hoping would happen throughout their relationship, or that he had been holding back since before he had even known her.

A honk broke his concentration. Lord knows how long the light had been green, but it certainly hadn’t been for long. The impatient truck behind him cut into the other lane as the driver flipped him the bird. Owen hastily corrected his course and took a right.

*Pay attention, Christ.*

Becca and Emily were going to pick up the bridesmaid dresses for their wedding. When his fiancée had extended the offer to have his sister in the wedding, it had been pretty obvious that it was just a courtesy to Owen. They had never met before that point, and would have had no knowledge of just how well they apparently would hit it off. How Becca would have known Emily’s size was another matter, especially if his sister’s expansion was as recent as she made it sound…

In the meantime, he had the afternoon all to himself. A chance to get reacquainted with the town and some of the people that he hadn’t seen since the funeral.

And he had known just the way to kill a couple of hours…

~

Growing up, Gena’s Diner had been one of the only places to hang out in Pin Oak Pointe.

There weren’t enough youths in town to really consider the adverse effects of not having places for them to come together. It was either Gena’s or some abandoned lot or construction site. And Owen had always had an affinity towards the sorts of people that tended to hang around at Gena’s.

“Get you a cup of coffee, sir?”

A plump, chesty brunette had come up to take his order. Fresh out of high school by the looks of her, and at least a trimester in. Owen had seen women like her come and go over the course of his patronage here, but she cut a fine figure in the white and blue waitress’s uniform.

“Strong and black, please.”

“Just the way I like ‘em.”

Owen smirked at the waitress’s joke and stole a glance as she walked away. What she was packing in the front, she could most definitely match with the back. Owen had seen that waitress’s uniform filled out a number of ways, from ‘loose’ to ‘painted on’ and he had to say that the staff tonight had a certain way about wearing it.

*You’re a real creep, you know that?*

Owen had always used this place as a sort of oasis to indulge his fetish for fat women. They had always been in abundant supply, depending on the time of day. He had occasionally mulled over whether Gena’s cooking had anything to do with steadily plumping up skinny patrons or if the wide booths and hearty menu just attracted people of a certain substantiality.

Regardless of the answer, fat people flocked to Gena’s like sheep in a pen. Invariably, most of the people who wound up working behind the counter tended to blow up in a similar fashion. Owen could still remember the feeling of forbidden lust that had come with Nash Lynch’s steadily inflating waistline after she’d graduated. Two years older than him and, by the time he’d graduated, at least twice as heavy.

What a time to be alive.

At the sound of the door chime, Owen looked instinctively towards the entrance. It wasn’t Quinn. He checked his phone just to make sure that he had the right time. 3:10 on the dot, which meant that she was officially running late.

*Some things never change, I suppose*.

Owen had known Quinn for as long as he could remember. They’d gone to kindergarten together and just sort of remained friends ever since. When they were younger, their parents used to make jokes about the two of them being “to be married”, but Quinn’s budding sexuality and an incompatible orientation had put a stop to any of that talk. Her parents were cool. Eventually Owen had learned to live with it.

Hindsight being what it was, it would have been weird for them to have hooked up. In a lot of ways, she was more of a sister than Emily ever was.

Which made the sight of a blimp-chested heifer walking through the glass doors at Gena’s a particularly conflicting subject for him.

“Owen?”

He had been floored by the sudden reemergence of his friend in such a state. So much that he hadn’t gotten up to greet her, even as she approached him chest-first from the entrance. He just stared at her, gawking in disbelief.

“…Owen?”

The frailty in her voice shook him. It was almost like she was wounded by him not recognizing her. He made sure to correct his behavior as quickly as he could.

“Quinn!” he put on his best face, standing to give his friend a hug, “How the heck are ya?”

In an instant, Quinn’s expression melted as she took a few titty-shaking steps towards her oldest friend in the world and wrapped him in a hug. She pulled him close into her meaty bosom and wrapped her plump sausage arms around his back. She squeezed him so tightly that he could feel the softness of her stomach beneath her butter yellow sweater.

“Oh my God it’s really you~!!”

Owen’s thighs pressed against the soft landing pad of Quinn’s thick waist. His member twitched uncontrollably, thickening rapidly at the sights and sensations that his fattened friend had to offer. If she had felt it, she hadn’t said anything.

“It’s been so long.” She said softly as her hug melted into a soft, but warm embrace, “I missed you.”

Owen was having trouble bringing the words to life. They danced on the tip of his tongue, even as his synapses flared and his vision sparkled.

“I missed you too, Quinn.”

He brought his arms around her meaty back for a more genuine hug. Bringing her in close and tight for a quick, but affectionate embrace between old friends. It had been so long since he had seen Quinn that, fat or not, it really was nice to see her…

“Oh my God are you hard?”

Owen felt like he could have pushed her across the room.

“Holy fuck you’re hard!” Quinn laughed, “Jesus Christ, Owen you never change!”

For the second time on his first day back in town, there was laughter at Owen’s expense. Quinn’s enormous knockers shimmied and shook underneath her sweater just as her belly quivered in time with her laughter. Her round face reddened all the way down to the double chin. Owen stewed in a mixture of sweat, shame, and a familiar sense of belonging.

“Oh my God you weirdo give me another hug.”

He and Quinn embraced again. This time, his arms weren’t as stiff, and he brought himself gladly into his friend’s expanded embrace.

The two of them parted and sat down, Quinn sounding with a little ‘oof’ as she plopped into the booth on the other side. The sight of her top-heavy body bouncing was enough for Owen to steal another glance. Something that didn’t go unnoticed.

“I guess that answers my question of *Notice Anything Different About Me*” she rolled her eyes, “Seriously bud, pick your jaw up off the table; you’re getting drool everywhere.”

“I mean… do you blame me though?” Owen offered his usual excuse, “Quinn, you’re…”

“Fat?”

*So fucking fat.*

“Tell me something I don’t know.” She laughed, “But with you in town, at least *someone* is here to tell me that I look good with the extra weight.”

It was Owen’s turn to laugh at his own expense. Times like this made him regret that he had ever told Quinn much of anything, the least of which was his budding fetish for fat women. She knew very little just to the depths of which his taste for super-sized women could go, but even little comments like this were enough to make him rethink how open he had been with her during their sexually formative years. In a way, it was only fair; she’d come out to him first about the fact that she liked girls… it seemed only fair that she knew about him almost exclusively liking fat ones.

“Well… you do.” Owen shrugged as he slid back into the booth, still erect but less uncomfortably so, “How—”

“You are *not* gonna ask me how I got fat like there’s a reason.” Quinn snorted incredulously, “This isn’t like your kinky stories on DeviantArt where there’s a *reason* that I got fat. I’m not like some secret foodie or whatever; *I just got fat*.”

Owen couldn’t help but laugh. Quinn’s frankness had been something he hadn’t known he’d missed in the years since he had left Pin Oak Pointe.

“But, uh… you know… as long as we’re talking about this kind of thing…” Quinn’s beady brown eyes flitted back and forth behind her glasses, looking across the diner mischievously, “Wait until you see Frankie.”

Owen’s blood ran cold, his heart beating loudly in his chest. His member grew hot and hard beneath his pant leg.

“Y-Yeah?” he gulped, trying in vain to maintain his composure, “Frankie, huh?”

“Oh yeah. Big time.” Quinn purred in a low, sultry voice, “You have *no* idea how hard it’s been not to spoil the surprise for you.”

Owen’s hands pressed themselves hard on the diner table between them as his toes clenched inside of his wingtips. His cock throbbed at this torturous teasing. With the way that Quinn’s eyelids lowered, almost seductively so as she leaned in heavy on the table, it was almost like something out of one of his fantasies.

And then she said the five words he had never expected to hear, out loud, from anyone:

“I’ve made her *so* fat.”