I

Getting to know Aubrey was, in many ways, like cooking a piece of toast.

Reserved and somewhat plain, like white bread from the sleeve, she never stood out very much unless she was paired with someone else that provided more flavor to the setting. Getting to know her individually wasn’t *impossible*, but it involved putting her out of her comfort zone and applying a little heat. For those who knew how to let her adjust slowly to the high temperatures posed by socialization and the inevitable lulls of small-talk, it was a long process that ultimately resulted in a better experience for everyone involved.

Anyone who tried to *rush* this delicate procedure of easing her into the fire, either by overstepping the boundaries with which Aubrey felt comfortable talking about or by rushing into a sense of familiarity before the time was right, would wind up with a cold and uncooked Aubrey for the rest of the night or a burnt and scorned one who would pop out and retreat to the safety of her room.

For literally all of her life, her mother and sister had always been experts at coaxing out the latter response.

*“What, what did I say?”*

*“Jesus Christ mama, what did you expect when you started talking like that?”*

Stomping up the stairs, leaving the living room and her squabbling relations behind her, Aubrey rushed furiously to the relative safety of her bedroom and slammed the door behind her. She could still hear them discussing her—rather what they’d done wrong *this time,* andwith that ever present and heavy emphasis on the *this time*—through the walls and floor that separated them. She’d always been able to hear them growing up, but somehow she didn’t think that they’d care even if they knew.

Imagine, a grown woman having no other outlet from her belligerent family than being able to storm up to her bedroom and locking the door behind her before throwing herself on her bed and screaming into the pillow.

She felt so stupid doing all of this, but it was just how it had always been—especially whenever her mother brought up her weight…

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“You *still* haven’t told them?”

Aubrey shrunk into her shoulders and piddled around aimlessly on her plate. The Crepe Factory’s pancakes became horrendously soggy and inedible after only a few moments of inactivity, but Aubrey’s eyes had been much bigger than her stomach even before she stood in the face of such a question.

“Come on Aubrey, don’t do that.” Cara’s fork clinked against the plate, “I didn’t mean anything by it. I know that it’s got to be a weird thing to talk about, but…”

“But?”

“But, I mean, come on—” Cara’s couldn’t help but chuckle, “Your mom was fine with you *and* Riley both being gay. What’re the odds that she’ll have a problem with the fact that you want to get fat?”

Aubrey choked on her coffee at the sound of the words out loud. Hearing them come out of Cara like that, in public, where people could actually *hear* her, was enough to make Aubrey’s spine tingle in a mixture of revulsion and excitement.

“What the fuck, Aubrey.”

“What the fuck *you*!” Aubrey hacked, “You think you could have said that a little louder?!”

“You’re… literally the only one talking loudly right now.”

Aubrey ducked away from prying eyes as attention slowly turned towards their table. There weren’t many people who were in the restaurant, given its odd hours and niche appeal, but those that were couldn’t help but stare at the pair of rowdy lesbians making a scene behind the Pottery Barn partition that separated the halves of their conservative restaurant.

She made a conscious effort to correct her volume.

“Anyway, who gives a shit if your mom doesn’t approve of…” Cara wisely paused here to rethink her choice of verbiage, “*…what you want*… I mean it’s *your* body, right?”

“Ugh, it’s not…” Aubrey’s chest swelled with her deep bracing breath before letting it out in a sad sigh, “It’s not that simple, okay? I *live* with her.”

“So? What’s she gonna do if you start…” another pause, “…you know, just *doing* it?”

In a brief instant, Aubrey saw herself doing just that. Giving in to her desires and expanding before her own eyes. Eating enormous meals and sleeping late into the day, stuffing herself in front of the mirror, holding her rounding belly as it began to sag heavily into her open palms. Her ass widening, her breasts drooping over a gut that was squishy to the touch. Pressing down on her cushion of a tummy as she slowly fingered herself to—

“I-I can’t.” Aubrey squinched her eyes shut, “She’d… you know… she’d bitch at me about it, a-and then it’d come out and it’d be so weird and I just don’t think that I’m ready for—”

“Okay, jeez, slow down.” Cara held up her hands, “You’re not ready. That’s *okay*. Nobody’s making you do anything, I promise.”

Aubrey took another deep, melancholic sigh.

“But at the end of the day, you know… It is *your* body.” Cara clicked her tongue and wagged her finger playfully, “She put in like, what, nine months to making it? You’ve put in almost twenty-six more years than she has in making you *you*, Bree.

In the face of Cara’s unwavering support, Aubrey would always waffle. A small appreciative smile bloomed onto her face as she reached across the table to grip the back of her friend’s hand.

“Thanks, Cara.” Aubrey’s smile showed some teeth, “It’s nice to hear that once in a while.”

“No sweat, love.” Cara brought Aubrey’s hands to her lips for a platonic kiss on the knuckle, “We’re doin’ heckin’ big body positivity vibes in this mf’ing house.”

“You’re so fucking weird.”

“What do you say we get out of this place and get on to the main attraction?” Cara reached behind her chair to pull her wallet out of her backpack, “The antique store opens in like fifteen minutes, and I really need your help picking out something good.”

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“I still don’t know if I’m the right person to help you out with this.”

Aubrey never had much of an eye for things, be it decorating or pricing. Her college dorm room had been decorated sparsely, and even her room back at the house was more or less the way that she’d left it in high school. She had never felt much of a need to indulge in knick-knacks and the like, even if it *was* for a special reason.

“What, you’re not the *antiquing* type of lesbian?” Cara crossed her arms as she stood behind her friend, “Come on, it’s not that hard—just help me pick something out that *you* think looks good and I’m sure that Holly will like it too. You guys are *way* too similar.”

Aubrey chuckled awkwardly at the thought of buying something, inadvertently, for another woman. She’d never quite reached that stage in any of her ill-fated Tindr hookups… what kind of thing was appropriate for a one-year anniversary? Maybe something bright and shiny, like a ring or would that send the wrong message?

“Tell you what, I’ll go look over there.” Cara pointed towards the back left of the store, “And you check out what’s up here in the front. If you find anything, just holler okay?”

“Sure, I think that I can do that.”

*But could she though?*

Aubrey for sure had her doubts. As someone who in all honesty had never been much of a “gift-giver” in the first place, she felt *way* out of her depth shopping for her best friend’s girlfriend—someone who, despite having a common connection in Cara, she had barely even met. And frankly, making sure that Cara got to enjoy (quote) “the best possible sex of all short of makeup sex, anniversary sex” wasn’t exactly the most pressing matter on her mind.

Every time that she and her mother fought, it usually weighed heavily on her for at least a few days. But whenever she gained so much as a pound, if her mother knew about it, she’d ream her mercilessly for it. Then they’d get into it, sometimes Riley would be there to witness whatever spectacle that they’d make, and then Aubrey would have no choice but to bolt upstairs to her room so that she could blow off some steam. She’d dwell on it for a few days, idly fantasize about her fetish for a few weeks, and then weigh the pros and cons of actually going through with it.

Lather, rinse, repeat—it was somehow *more* traumatic than when she’d finally decided that she was going to come out to her mother.

What was so hard about this? What was so weird and awful about her desires that everything around every corner seemed to be doing everything within its power to make sure that she either felt like shit about going through with it or like she was a horrible person, or…

Ugh.

What was so wrong about wanting to be *fat*?

“Anything that I can help you with, ma’am?”

The woman behind the counter took Aubrey by surprise. She jumped back in surprise, her brown eyes wide with mild terror at the seemingly sudden appearance of the shopkeeper. Aubrey had been so caught up in her own problems that she hadn’t noticed that she’d been lingering near the center of the store, around the jewelry and other fine trinkets that had to be kept behind glass.

“Oh no, um…” Aubrey was still panting, her heart still beating fast, “…I’m just looking for something for my friend.”

“Are you sure, hun?” the woman piqued a rusty eyebrow, “You looked like you were havin’ a mighty tough time pickin’ between dust mites there.”

Aubrey laughed politely, wishing that this conversation could come to an end sooner rather than later.

“I’m fine, really. Just… you know, helping my friend pick something out for her girlfriend.”

*That* usually shut these southern shopkeepers up. Nothing brought out the Red State in people like casually mentioning homosexuality. But, much to Aubrey’s surprise (and chagrin, if in this moment only) the shop keeper merely smiled and laughed.

“Tell me about it—it’s hard enough shoppin’ for *your friends*, let alone people that you ain’t never really met before.”

It was hard to place, but Aubrey couldn’t help but feel like the woman behind the counter was *odd* somehow. She didn’t look repulsive or anything; your average, somewhat heavyset southern woman in her late forties (maybe early fifties) who had a head of rusty red hair and somewhat plain features. But something about the way those green eyes seemed to reflect in the sunlight… she was a little hard to look at.

“I, um… I’d better get back to my friend…”

Aubrey grabbed at the strap of her purse as it clung to her shoulder, resituating herself awkwardly away from the piercing green eyes of the shopkeeper. She hadn’t even finished the sentence before she’d started two steps toward the back of the store towards Cara, who was eyeballing a questionably tasteful top in the clothing section.

“Now wait a second, honey—” the shopkeeper took a step outside from the back of the jewelry counter, bent over, and popped back up, “I think you might’a dropped somethin’!”

Aubrey was sure that she hadn’t. She hadn’t brought anything in but her purse, her phone, and her keys. All of which were snugly *inside* of her purse. But she didn’t want to run the risk of having actually left something and needing to come back later for it—then she would have had to have *come back* to this store… possibly alone, without Cara for backup.

“Oh, thanks, I…” Aubrey furrowed her black brow as the woman pressed a large coin into her open palm, “…didn’t notice it?”

“Well, see to it that you take *good care* of it, honey.” The shopkeeper said with a smile, “That there’s a *real special* coin. I can tell.”

Aubrey closed her fingers around the silver dollar, shook her head, and hurried to the clothing section where Cara had squirreled away between some of the racks of clothes.

II

*Perfectus In Mundo.*

That’s what the latin phrasing that ran around the outside rim of the silver coin that she’d picked up in that antique shop read. Running the pads of her fingers along it, Aubrey could feel the embossed lettering scrape hard against her skin. The coin was inordinately thick with a surprising amount of heft to it. For such a small thing—no bigger than a silver dollar—she could feel its weight in the center of her palm.

Ever since she had been, rather aggressively, given ownership of the coin Aubrey had been lowkey obsessed with it. It helped that she was already the sort of person who would collect oddities and trinkets where she could, but this one little worn coin seemed somehow alien even to her other eclectic acquisitions.

A quick Google search had proven her right in that regard, at least. Of the small collection of foreign coins that she’d collected (several Francs, a Euro, and a 5 Jian coin from China) this one was distinct among all of them. The coin didn’t belong to any particular country or nation, and she couldn’t find anything even referencing the thing. Searching for the inscription written along the edges had yielded the translation to its Latin motto, at least:

*In a Perfect World*.

“What a weird thing to put on a coin.”

Aubrey had been running it between her fingers for a good bit now. Her hands had taken on a metallic scent from handling her mystery coin, and even now that she had solved the enigma of its inscription, she found herself oddly fixated by its design.

There was the outline of a vaguely androgynous profile on one side; sort of like how they used to chisel statues. It was beautifully done, but the features on whatever monarch had been carved into the side of this thing were frustratingly difficult to discern. Not that she particularly cared much, beyond identifying a potential commissar for this strange piece of currency and therefore pin down a point of origin.

The other side was equally vague in its design, in the sense that it took quite a while for Aubrey to discern just what exactly she was looking at. At first it had gone without notice, but there was a distinctive horizon line cut at a curving angle. She could feel the little cuts and engravings that gave the back side of the coin a distinct texture from the front, but it wasn’t until she’d held it directly under the overhead light of her room that she’d been able to make out just what—if anything—it was supposed to be.

“Oh, it’s a pasture!” she’d announced it to her uncaring and otherwise empty room, “Like greener pastures because—”

She flipped the coin over.

“It’s a *Perfect World*.”

Feeling suitably brilliant, she smiled with just a hint of smugness as she let the coin fall back into the center of her palm. Closing her fingers around it, she held it there in her hand for a moment before turning back to the rest of the world for the first time in about forty-five minutes.

And, unfortunately, her reflection had been the first thing that she’d seen.

Her sister, Riley, had always been the one who’d gotten attention for her looks. She had taken after her mother more and had inherited the beautiful Puerto Rican features that had helped her to stand out in the mostly white population of their upscale neighborhood. With her olive skin, luscious locks, and pert chest, was it any wonder that she had always been the pretty, popular sister? While neither of them had ever been particularly keen on the attention of boys (even back when they were little) Aubrey would admit to feeling a little jealous of the leers that she’d gotten after she hit puberty.

Unfortunately, Aubrey had taken more after their father—the Irish features ran so much stronger in her than they did in Riley.

Aubrey was taller than her sister, but much paler. Less “exotic” looking, to mitigate the “height advantage” that they’d jokingly talk about from time to time. She blended almost seamlessly into the crowd at just about any given moment, particularly back in school when they were just girls. Her hair was just as honey brown and her eyes just as green, but Aubrey had never been under any illusions that she was as pretty as her sister. Her face was more angular and her features more boring. Adding into the source of just one of her many idiosyncrasies and self-esteem issues, she had grown up into a lankier and somewhat birdier figure than Riley’s natural curves had granted her.

Without her sister’s athleticism, good looks, and ability to go *way* longer talking to people without getting anxious, that left Aubrey as a pale, skinny, awkward beanpole.

Was it any *wonder* that she’d grown up into such a wallflower? Who wouldn’t have with Riley overshadowing them?

But her plain-jane looks weren’t the *only* reason that she’d been so discomforted by what she’d seen in the mirror. They weren’t *really* why she’d been so upset with herself—at least, and increasingly, not lately.

Perhaps *because* of her issues with her uncanny ability to fade into the background, Aubrey had always had a fascination with the obese. Those that were much harder to ignore, the large and in charge beauty queens that had been heading the Body Positivity movement in the years as of late. Eventually, that fascination had led her to the revelation that she would like to become one of them.

But running a hand over her soft but flat stomach, Aubrey was filled with disappointment.

Of course, with her mother grilling her whenever she put on so much as a pound, that dream was never going to be realized. And the one time she *did* bring a girl home—an excessively plush Communications major back from her college days—all she had heard for weeks after was how she couldn’t understand how people could let themselves go so much. Unhealthy this, heart disease that, blah blah blah…

Aubrey had often tried to picture herself as a Big Beautiful Woman. But more often than not, the crushing weight of reality put a damper on even her idle fantasies. Long ramblings from Riley’s spiels as a Personal Trainer would chisel back her double chin, her mother’s shrill lectures about weight management would make her fat tummy suck in, and her thick thighs would positively shrivel at the idea of what they might have told her if she dared to speak her desires aloud to them.

But sometimes—just sometimes—she managed to paint a picture in her head. One that consisted of her coming down fifty… a hundred… two hundred pounds heavier, with her mother and sister down at the foot of the stairs. Their eyes wide with shock and their mouths agape in awe as Aubrey waddled down the steps one heavy footfall at a time. Her belly jiggling, her wide hips swaying, and her chest heaving as she worked herself down through the staircase. In her braver moments, she dared to picture her swelling saddlebag thighs bulging over the handrail with perhaps a little brush against the balusters.

And her Ideal Aubrey would just smile that round-faced, chubby-cheeked, double-chinned smile, positively beaming with the confidence that her real self had always wished she’d had.

*“*Aubrey honey, dinner!”

*Fuck*.

Aubrey hadn’t realized how hot she’d gotten. Her thoughts had drifted away from the coin and even the mirror as she’d indulged herself in the rare fantasy. One hand placed on her flat stomach pressing down so as to feel whatever squishy softness that clung to her modest frame while the other fiddled idly with her sex through the denim of her jeans.

“Aubrey?”

“I’m *coming*, mama!”

She had probably come across as terser than she really needed to. Her mother was a sensitive woman and no doubt wouldn’t hesitate to tell her if she’d “sassed” her when she went to go sit down. But this hadn’t been the first time that her mother had interrupted her fantasies, and it almost assuredly wouldn’t be the last.

“I *really* need to get my own place.”

Aubrey cursed as she tried to calm herself down. Taking deep breaths and doing awkward stretches, slapping her face lightly with both hands now safely removed from her more sensitive areas. All techniques that had proven at least a little distracting. If only she could have broken away for a quick cold shower. Or if only it was late enough for her to get the most out of a long, hot, steamy shower…

“If you don’t get down here in two-point-five seconds—"

“I’m almost there, mama!”

*Jesus, if only…*

Preparing herself for another awkward dinner with her mother and sister, Aubrey took the coin out of her pocket with the intention of putting it on the bedside table.

*Perfectus in Mundo*—In a Perfect World.

“If only, you stupid coin.” Aubrey sighed, “If only.”

Positioning the surprisingly heavy hunk of metal on the tip of her thumb, she prepared to flip it. She wasn’t sure why the urge had overcome her so suddenly, but she didn’t think too particularly hard about the innate desire of humans to want to flip coins. Plenty of her other coins had been flipped in the past… why shouldn’t this one?

It made a low, sharp ring against the nail of her thumb as it went soaring into the air. Stretching her palm out, it landed effortlessly in the center. She hadn’t needed to reposition her hand or even take her eyes off of the coin to know that it was going to land right there, where she wanted it to.

“Heads.” She said out loud, “Let’s hope that means dinner is going to go smoothly.”

Placing the coin on the bedside table, Aubrey braced herself for another awkward dinner. Taking a few steps forward, gripping the door handle, and passing through the threshold of the doorway had never seemed so difficult before, even when she was aroused and interrupted prematurely.

But taking one step out into the stairwell would change everything. Feeling the door close behind her, pressing hard against her rear, Aubrey couldn’t help but feel like she’d mis-stepped. The hall seemed… *so much smaller*.

Lifting one leg in front of the other was a challenge with the way that the stair railing dragged against her thigh. She tried leaning over to the left a bit, but that merely alleviated instead of solving the problem. Now there was a scraping against her *right* side, and it was just as hard to move.

*Something’s not right…*

It felt like she was wading in jell-o. Like two kids were coiled tightly around her legs. She couldn’t bring them up high enough to get a good step going. The sudden narrowness of the stairwell had meant that she was stepping awkwardly, trying not to trip and fall to her death. There was a certain tightness in her chest, one that was accompanied by the familiar poundings of an aroused and passionate heart.

*Fuck, did I fall asleep?* *Am I dreaming?*

She knew these sensations well. At least, she thought she did. They felt familiar and foreign at the same time, but Aubrey couldn’t quite place *why* she was having such a hard time doing something as simple as walking down the stairs for dinner.

She’d done it a million times before.

But as she looked down the seemingly endless stairwell, her breathing faint and her body heavy, Aubrey would soon brush cheek to cheek with the realization that something was very, *very* wrong…

III

Of the many talents that Aubrey’s mother could claim, cooking had never been one of them.

Despite having a veritable library of Puerto Rican recipes made available from relatives, and literally two countries to choose them from, Aubrey and her sister Riley had grown up on bland, meager meals that had no doubt been designed to help keep them slim.

So, among other things, descending the staircase to a smorgasbord of smells was a welcome if not jarring change from the norm.

It had helped Aubrey surmount the impossible blockade of her heavy thighs, and even helped her bear the unbearable squeezing sensation that gripped either side of her stomach as she struggled to make her way down the stairs and into the common area. Her stomach was roaring with a mighty hunger—she honestly didn’t think that she’d ever wanted to eat something so badly in her life!

“Come *on*, Aubrey!” Riley’s voice sounded impatiently from the kitchen, “You *know* mama won’t let us start until we’re all together—I’m *starving!*”

“Hold your horses, Riley… gosh.”

Aubrey huffed and puffed, wiping the sweat from her brow with a thick arm. The thick sloshing sensation that had hindered her all the way down the stairwell was now unencumbered by the handrail, seeming suddenly more immediate and jarring. It was as if her whole body had turned to jelly in the blink of an eye, and she was suddenly having to relearn how to walk. Her feet ached, her joints hurt, and she was *so* out of breath…

“There she is!” her mother called out, “Okay honey you come sit, and I’ll get a plate started for you and your sister.”

For a moment, however brief, Aubrey was so overtaken by the feast that awaited her that she hadn’t noticed the spectacular changes that were wobbling right in front of her face. The sights and smells of traditional Puerto Rican cooking, *lechón asado* sizzling on the kitchen counter with a pot full of rice and beans nearby, armies of *tostones* and fritters with a serving dish of *mofongo* to back it up—

This hadn’t been the kind of meal that Aubrey had grown up on as a child. She and Riley ate small homogenized meals similar to that of their classmates, albeit in more controlled capacity. This kind of food was only for when her more traditional relatives were going to be in town and her mother needed to impress them!

Aubrey had always *loved* when more traditional relatives were in town, and her mother needed to cook to impress them. Riley had too. They *never* got to eat like this, and looking at her favorite and not-often served meals from childhood was making her mouth water…

“Honey…you okay?”

Aubrey’s mother ripped her from her fantasies for the second time that evening with nothing but the power of her voice. But instead of the sexual frustration that had followed the first time, confusion and bewilderment were the only things that came to mind as she heard just *who* the voice had come from. A thick-set, heavy-chested woman had been the one beckoning her back to reality now, one that Aubrey could almost recognize as having some passing resemblance to her mother.

Behind the round cheeks and the soft double chin, she could definitely make out the features that she most easily identified with her mom. She had the same button nose, same brown eyes, same honey glazed skin and the same little cleft in her chin. But it had all been buried underneath fifty… no, at least *eighty* pounds of heavy Hispanic heftiness!

“Y…Yeah.”

“You don’t sound okay.” Her mother said with a matronly click of her tongue, “Come on. Bring me your head.”

Aubrey didn’t so much as comply as much as her mother worked ahead of her. Standing on her tippy toes, she was able to reach her daughter’s forehead with her lips. She could feel her mother’s heavy chest pressing against her, the sensation so *different* than when she had checked her temperature so many times before in the past…

“Just what I thought.” Her mother said definitively, “You’ve got a fever.”

“Wh—?”

“Dibs on her share.” Riley’s voice came from the olive-colored human marshmallow already seated at the table, “Sorry Bree.”

“R…iley?”

“There’ll be none of that. Come on, sit down.” Her mother bossed her from behind, urging her into a seat at the head of the dinner table, “No daughter of mine is going to try any of that Starve a Fever nonsense.”

In another moment, similarly brief but passing by in what felt like a lifetime of realization, Aubrey was overcome by the sensation of her own changed figure. Her hands had placed themselves idly on the swell of her stomach as it ballooned outwards from her waist, she could feel the fact that she was so much thicker and heavier. Her arms were so bloated and heavy that they were pinched by side rolls. And as her mother ushered her towards a seat at the head of the table, she could suddenly recognize just how heavy her legs, calves, and thighs felt.

As the chair creaked beneath her, Aubrey’s body seemed to already know what to do. She was making the necessary micro-adjustments that someone of her size would need in order to be comfortable sitting down, even though her mind was whirring at a thousand miles a minute.

As her mother piled up a plate of food to help make her apparently ailing daughter feel better, the only conscious thoughts that Aubrey could manage to string together were variants on the very simple, very understandable sentiment of *what the actual fuck was going on.*

“Hey Space Cadet—pass the sour cream?”

Riley, who had undergone a similarly miraculous shift in size seemingly in the time it had taken for Aubrey to come down the stairs, was just as nonplussed about it as their mother had been.

The fact that years of being a personal trainer, minding her own physical fitness, and a general sense of activity that had eluded Aubrey thus far in life had all been flushed down the drain in (almost quite literally) the blink of an eye didn’t seem to phase her! She was at least *twice* as big as their mother appeared to be, which had to put her in the neighborhood of well over three hundred pounds!

*But she’s still not as big as me…*

Where that little voice had come from in the back of her mind, Aubrey had no idea. In these few seconds stretched into an eternity, it was hard to describe just exactly *what* she was feeling. Confusion, fear, shock, awe, and…

Maybe just a hint of arousal?

“Yeah, sure…” she mumbled wide-eyed from behind fleshy cheeks, “You uh… you got it, Riley…”

Aubrey couldn’t help but marvel at how *heavy* her arms felt. They were like pillow cases full of jelly, swaying as they hung off of the bone of her arm. Leaning into the table with her stomach in the way was impossible—she couldn’t reach over her belly much further than the span of her arm anyway, and leaning forward not only proved strenuous on her hips and joints, but it sounded like she was killing the poor fucking chair.

This feeling of heaviness, of *bigness,* was something that she’d always dreamt of. Even something as simple as passing the fucking sour cream was hard to do just because of how *fat* she was! Squishing her mammoth thighs together, the strain on her muscles, it was almost just too much to bear!

“Way to go, Bree.” Riley snorted as she, too, struggled with her own bigness against the tyranny of the table, “You moved it like a whole half a foot.”

“S-Sorry…”

Oh God, she needed to get away. She needed to take advantage of this… *whatever* this was now. She was going to cum right here in the fucking dining room. She needed to feel this with her very own fingers, she needed to *know* what it was like to have to wrestle with her fat gut just to get her fingers inside.

But at the same time…

“Don’t apologize, baby—you don’t feel good.” Her mother coochey-cooed, planting another kiss on Aubrey’s forehead, “Gosh, you’re really burning up! Have some more rice and beans.”

Something about this new body that she’d found herself in… it wanted food *almost* as much as her brain wanted to wrestle with the stairwell so that she could get some private time. Maybe even more—with all of this laid out in front of her, Aubrey could barely think straight in the first place! But dealing with an overwhelming desire to go upstairs and explore how real *whatever* this was could be and another one that told her to sit her fat ass down and eat everything that her mama put in front of her… she was one woman torn!

*And big enough for both sides*.

“Ohhh.”

“Did you say something, honey?” her mother asked, having just barely sat down herself, “Do you want some more of anything? I knew I shouldn’t have sat down.”

“No, no mama…” Aubrey panted, her fat cheeks flush and red, “I-I’m fine. I don’t need any more.”

But even before the words had left her lips, Aubrey knew that that had been a lie. With everything spread out in front of her like this, her stomach was already crying out for more in a way that she couldn’t quite understand. She’d *never* felt a hunger like this before. Was it because of her body? The weird changes that had taken ahold of her and seemingly everyone else in her family? Being so big, she’d *naturally* require more food, right?

Further incensed by her arousal, Aubrey’s speed with a knife and a fork went from zero to one hundred in no time flat. She was shoveling food into her mouth, leaning in as far as her gut would allow her to over the table. In part, it was out of a desire to get done down here in the dining room so that she could head somewhere a little more private. But at least most of it was out of a new, strange desire that told her to stuff her face with as much food as possible and for as long as she could stand it.

God, this was so hot. Even the logistics of it were enough to get Aubrey hot and bothered. All of her adult life she’d wanted to be big. She’d fantasized about it, dreamt about it, and written it off as a complete impossibility! But this was the most realistic fucking wet dream she’d ever had in her life. Getting to live out her fantasies as not only *a* big beautiful woman, but *one of the biggest* women that she’d ever seen first-hand was something she might have paid a million dollars for.

Getting to live out her fantasy of being a big, food-obsessed fatty—and here she was, getting to do it all for free.

“Jesus Bree, save some food for the rest of us, why don’t you?” Riley scoffed at her sister’s hoggish display, thick roll of double chin creasing in sassback, “It’s not like it’s going anywhere.”

“Even if it were, I don’t think she’d run after it.” Her mother laughed gently at her daughter’s expense, “She’d rather have her mama work herself to the bone for another go ‘round, wouldn’t you?”

“Mrrm?”

Aubrey was, well and truly, in hog heaven. And after dinner (the long, *long* dinner) she would go upstairs and root the sheets around like the hog she was. Like the one that whatever strange twist of fate had turned her into.

And after an *intimately* satisfying night, she woke up—filled with that same shock, awe, and lip-biting bliss to find that everything was still the same as when she’d fallen asleep.

IV

After Aubrey had woken up to the labored groans of a bowing bed and the view from behind her hillside of a stomach as it towered high beneath the blankets, it had still taken her a moment to realize that last night hadn’t been a dream.

She had fallen asleep with the back of her shoulders to the headboard, propped up by pillows, and her hands placed firmly on top of her stomach. She had stayed up late into the night, exploring every crevice that she could reach of her new enormous shape. Her poor flabby muscles ached in places where she’d struggled to bend and flex in ways that this body simply wasn’t meant to do, she was still sore from her hours-long exploration of this big beautiful body…

Her own body—she reaffirmed that with a quick glance to the mirror positioned so that she could see herself jiggle and quake.

It was still *her*. She hadn’t woken up into a family of suspiciously similar substitutes or anything. What she had seen of the house, barring some slight changes, was still very much her house as she remembered it. Her room was still her room, mostly plain with little décor, right down to the sheets that she’d cum all over last night.

She had assumed that this was a world where she, and apparently her mother and older sister, had always been fat. Scratch that, where *she* had always been *huge*, and her mother and sister had been fat.

But the reality of it all was a far sight more complicated than that.

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It had been her hunger that had coaxed her out of bed. Despite the vigor with which she felt, fondled, and fingered her suddenly super-sized shape, she was quickly overpowered by said shape’s innate desire to eat.

It was unlike anything she’d ever felt in her life, this newfound desire to eat. She had never been much of a big eater (even in her braver moments where she contemplated giving in to her desires) and had pretty much always had to force herself to finish much more than a plate. Now, she was absolutely consumed with the idea of what breakfast was, how far away she was from it, and why she hadn’t already eaten.

After last night, she wouldn’t have thought it was possible to eat any more than she already had! She alone had cleared enough food from the table to feed a small family—all of it had been such a blur that it had almost helped satisfy her logical desire to claim all of this as a dream. But now that she was awake, rational, and getting her body moving, Aubrey couldn’t think of much anything other than satisfying this new appetite.

Coming down the stairs had been just as much of a slog as it had been last night. She was too fucking wide to fit down the stairwell between the railings, at least comfortably. Now that she knew *why* she had suddenly been having so much trouble with it, she was immensely more comfortable with the problem than she had been before. It was annoying, and a little uncomfortable, but she’d be willing to deal with it… for now.

“Good morning, Aubrey.” Her mother wrapped an arm around her daughter’s meaty shoulders and planted a kiss on her forehead, “How are you feeling?”

“*Hungry*.” The words had escaped her before she even knew, consciously, what she’d responded with.

“That’s my girl.” Her mother smiled, “Go get yourself some breakfast; I made plenty, so try not to fight with your sister.”

Even at a hastened pace, driven by a desire to indulge herself in breakfast, Aubrey could manage barely more than a lumbering trot towards the dining room. Her waist-thick thighs wrestled against one another beneath her sleep pants, colliding and squishing without ever fully parting as her stomach bobbed and weaved ahead of her by a good two feet. The sensation would have been exhausting to anyone else, and to Aubrey this foreign feeling would have otherwise been oddly arousing. But as of right now, there was only one thing going through Aubrey’s big fat brain…

“Jesus Tapdancing Christ.”

It had been said breathlessly, so that one might have thought it was out of sheer exhaustion from having to haul herself from one end of the room to the other. And, at least in part, it was. But the sheer *amount* of food staring her down from the dinner table was enough to make her do a double take. Serving bowls full of scrambled eggs, a brushwood of bacon, loaves of toast, and thick slices of ham had been spread out over the tablecloth, seemingly for only herself and Riley to enjoy.

The latter of which was already underway—her own plate had been piled high, presumably by their mother. It was difficult, even now in the face of everything that had suddenly changed, for Aubrey to think that her sister would have willingly stacked so much food onto her plate first thing in the morning.

Though, given the speed with which she mindlessly chewed through her helping, staring at her phone with one hand while the other shoveled food into her mouth, it suddenly didn’t seem all that unbelievable.

“Yeah, that walk seems to get longer every other day.” Riley laughed, not taking her eyes off of her phone, “You still want to go shopping after breakfast, or do you wanna push it off until lunch?”

“Sh…shopping?” Aubrey could barely process the word, “Like, what, at a store?”

“…yeah?” Aubrey made a face, “You said that you needed to pick up some new clothes, right?”

Aubrey blinked. She did, vaguely, remember having a conversation with her sister about needing cuter outfits. But that was back before reality had been turned on its head, and they were still both unfortunately thin. She hadn’t *needed* new clothes so much as she wanted them, to look cute and hopefully get out of her dating slump. But apparently, over the course of the many things that had changed, her wardrobe needs had been one of them.

Brushing over the breadth of her belly with one hand, Aubrey felt a tickle between her thighs at the idea of having outgrown everything in her closet. And she didn’t doubt it either—after all, just *look* at her!

“You think they’ll have clothes that fit me?” she tried her best to subdue her arousal, “I’m so big.”

“I mean yeah, why wouldn’t they?” Aubrey dipped some French toast in maple syrup before taking a big, gooey bite, “Are you *sure* you’re feeling okay? You’ve been acting weird since last night.”

“I’m fine.” Aubrey beamed, squatting down into the unfortunate chair at her usual space, “I guess I’m just… you know… *hungry*…”

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Upon venturing into the outside world, it had become almost immediately apparent that Aubrey and her family weren’t the only ones who had been affected by whatever strange turn of fate had flipped reality onto its head.

As soon as she’d checked her phone, having been too preoccupied to do so with the revelations of reality and whatnot, Aubrey had immediately been assaulted with scores of parade float parodies impersonating her Friends List on Facebook. Her Instagram was more or less the same—with close-up shots of old faces with new chins or lingering body shots of fleshy tums and shelf asses. Humongous chests and bulging arms were all the rage amidst her female friends, while fat guts and squishy moobs were the amidst the males.

But it wasn’t just the people she knew personally either; even the *ads* contained people of surprisingly large sizes. Not so many of them were quite as big as she had found herself to be, but plenty of rolls, folds, and bulges were on display in ways that previously would have been absolutely unmarketable beforehand.

Even the celebrities were changed—poor Taylor Swift had absolutely ballooned as of the ad for her latest album!

*No wonder Riley didn’t think I’d have any trouble finding clothes that fit me…*

Aubrey hadn’t been to their local mall in ages, with the exception of the Red Bowl in the food court for cheap sushi dates with Cara. The fact that they went deeper in than the rotunda was downright odd, even discounting the scores of fat men and women that had cropped up seemingly overnight, but it was *outside* of her house that some of the changes had become more apparent…

“Moving sidewalks?” she said out loud, “Like in airports?”

“Yeah, you fucking weirdo, *moving sidewalks*.”

Riley had said it like it was the most obvious answer in the world. Like it had been as simple as “what, we’re breathing *oxygen?*”. Nobody, aside from Aubrey seemed to understand the novelty of the innovation as they piled into the crowded mechanisms staring idly at their phones and going from one end of the mall to the next. But at her size, and having walked far longer than she would have liked, given the almost hypnotic pull of the Sbarro and Chic fil A urging her backwards, the relief of not having to exert herself was *greatly* appreciated. Even if she still didn’t understand just what was going on.

Riley stepped in behind Aubrey—they were both far too big to ride side by side together. She could feel her sister’s fat gut brush against the deep seat of her sundress’s frock, her sensitive rear end tickling at the touch. She gripped the handrails with her chubby little fingers in order to alleviate the pressure on her joints, and the long ride to Torrid meant that she had plenty of time to ogle the scenery.

It was so strange that the biggest take away, even after seeing a literal mall’s worth of population having porked out in front of her, that Aubrey was among the biggest out of all of them.

Fuck, she was still probably the biggest person she’d ever actually seen in real life. She’d spent far too long getting ready this morning, absolutely mesmerized by the transformation that had taken place at some point last night.

Laying one hand on the great droop of her stomach, giving it some idle rubs and gentle squeezes beneath the breathable floral pattern that she’d draped herself in. Her chubby face beamed in ecstasy of her own touch, she welcomed the tubby tips of her fingers as they engaged in some light exploration and adoration of her own gloriously fat body.

And she wasn’t the only one.

On the other side of the mall, having come from (by the looks of their bags) H&M, Hot Topic, and American Cookie, two particularly belly-heavy women watched with a similar fascination as Aubrey made her slow crawl across the mall floor’s tram. They watched her with beady blue eyes, one biting her bottom lip and venturing a coy little wave, as they slowly moved just out of each other’s line of sight.

*They like me.*

It was such an odd concept to Aubrey, who had had *plenty* of experiences with the proverbial bottom of the dating barrel. Not only did they *like* her, they liked her… *like this*.

“Hey, Riley, did you see that?”

Aubrey struggled to turn back to her sister, her great gut pressing hard against the clear plastic that held up the railing. Riley’s gaze barely ventured up from her phone, and she could only muster up a small modicum of interest in whatever her sister was asking about.

“See what?”

“Those girls—the blonde ones, going the other direction.” Aubrey quickly clarified with a point of her sausage finger, “I… I think that they were checking me out.”

Again, Aubrey scoffed. This time, though, it seemed less rooted in an amusement found in her sister’s (apparently) odd behavior, and more in dismissal. The corner of her lip tugging into a little smile, she went back to looking at her phone.

“So? You get stared at all the time.”

“I do?”

Here, Aubrey’s consternation reached a peak. Her brown brow furrowed and she shifted awkwardly on her feet. In her repositioning, her great gut pressed harder into the back of her Aubrey’s gigantic ass.

“Are you *sure* that you’re feeling okay?” she asked, one hand on her sister’s puffy shoulder, “You’ve been acting really weird lately.”

“I’m… I’m fine.”

Aubrey turned to face the back of the man’s head in front of her, squinching her fat little toes as far as they would go as she struggled to understand the reality of just what her sister had meant.

“I’m feeling really, *really* good, actually.”

Her lips parted into a big, toothy grin as the next junction arrived, and they took the next tram to the right towards Torrid.

V

Over the coming weeks, Aubrey would learn a lot about how things were different for her now, if not necessarily *why*.

The basics, she more or less already understood. Here, her mother coddled her and her sister and fed them until they were *beyond* full. Here, she was a big fat dynamo who gathered stares of admiration and was considered a solid eight on the dating scene. Here, the world had catered to her fantasy of being a big, beautiful woman in almost every conceivable way! Here there were moving sidewalks and wide doorways and stretchy clothes and people who *appreciated* the fact that she weighed more than six hundred pounds.

This was, without an exaggeration, a dream come true for her.

It had taken some getting used to, for sure. Her appetite alone was an entire crash course in living with the downsides of her weight. She thought about food almost *constantly*—where it came from, when it was gonna be there, what it would pair well with, and how much of it she thought that she could eat before she barfed. Every meal in her house was a spectacular display of gastronomic daring, and for once she had a mother who would not only enable her to eat as much as she wanted, but encourage her to go further.

“Here you go baby, have a little more.”

“Thank you, mama~”

Here, instead of feeling like the sheltered wallflower and coming short to her sister Riley, Aubrey felt like the favorite child. She was downright spoiled with the way her mother doted on her constantly, making sure that she always had plenty to eat and always offering to cook up her favorite meals. Even with her own higher weight, she always made sure to do the footwork for both her and her sister so that they never had to leave the table if they didn’t want to.

“Hey Bree, you want my plate?”

“Sure thing, load me up!”

And whereas Riley had been the stunning head-turner before the switch, now it was all but obvious that Aubrey was the looker in the family! With her adorably chubby face and pinchable chins, plus her enormous amounts of T&A (not to mention an adorably squishy gut) her phone had been blowing up almost nonstop since she had woken up in this strange reality. Her various inboxes over social media were full of messages from people from high school, people from college, and plenty of people that she didn’t actually know sending her messages, asking her out, some lewd pics…

Which was kind of gross, but the attention was nice!

Here, Aubrey was getting to live out her fantasy of being the biggest, most beautiful woman. And it had showed in the way that she had started to attack life—going out on dates, meeting up with friends, and actually *enjoying* her big fat fabulous life.

For once, everything was coming up Aubrey!

“I think I’m gonna head upstairs.” She said with a contented, cheerful smile, “You mind helping me up?”

“Oh yeah, sure—” Riley pushed herself back from the table with an angry scrape against the wood floor, “Here, lemme…”

In the weeks that she had spent in this strange world, Aubrey had gained more than twenty pounds. On top of her already ample frame, it didn’t seem like much. But with the constant eating that she did, and the little movement that this world actually facilitated, it wasn’t much of a surprise.

Her stomach hung a little lower, her breasts a little heavier, and her ass a little wider. It didn’t seem like much when she was already so huge to begin with, but she had been intimately aware of almost every pound that she’d gained since she’d crossed over into this weird world, and she’d been loving every single one of them.

Nobody judged her for her desires, and nobody made her feel like she was weird. In fact, most people reacted quite positively to the now six hundred and twenty *plus* pounds of Aubrey that would waddle down the sidewalks and take up entire booths in restaurants. Everyone absolutely encouraged her to do what she saw fit and eat what she wanted, and that kind of attitude was so contagious that she had started to forget what it had ever been like back when she was a skinny little wallflower.

Although, getting up the stairs was an absolute nightmare.

“I think I’m gonna ask mama if I can move into the guest bedroom downstairs.”

Come to think of it, why hadn’t she? If this world was as perfect as it seemed, shouldn’t she have already moved into the room where it was the least amount of trouble for her to get to place to place? Maybe it was because that her room was already upstairs when the change had happened, and that reality was changed from there?

Honestly, she didn’t claim to understand the whole process of whatever had happened. She was just happy that she got to live out the life that she’d always wanted, and didn’t see fit to question a good thing.

But that being said, she *would* look into seriously asking her mother about moving downstairs.

Hauling one leg after the other had become an exhausting effort that, honestly, just took her from staying in her room all of the time to staying in the living and dining rooms all the time. She had started returning to her bedroom almost exclusively to sleep—what with her new booming social life and her hounding eating schedule, it would be hard to actually blame her.

But more importantly, it was getting harder and harder to actually *fit* into her bedroom.

Aubrey had never noticed, at least not since she had first awoken in this strange reality, that her lovehandles and saddlebag thighs brushed so coarsely against the doorframe. Even turning sideways (difficult, considering that her room was directly at the top of the staircase) meant that the crest of her gut and the breadth of her ass were the ones brushing against the frame, rather than her impossibly wide hips and meaty flanks.

She would enter her room, and any other, belly first. Her spare tire lead the way with its solid droop and thick heft, rolling over the crease that used to be her belly button and then leading into the great spread of her lower tier of tummy. Then her chest, and then the bulge of her thighs. And after two Big Girl steps inside, her ass would crest the doorway and she would (finally) be inside in full.

It hadn’t dawned on her just how small her room had seemed—when they had been kids, she had always assumed that her room was better than Riley’s because it was on the top floor. But weighing in at more than six hundred (and twenty!) pounds, she had come to see that perhaps the room wasn’t as glamorous as she had thought.

Barely a few steps in, and she was already at her bed. With her fat gut and wide hips, she barely had enough room to turn without knocking something over.

If she didn’t move bedrooms, she was for sure going to have to rearrange things. Or have her mama help her. Just thinking about it made her tired. But the extra room would certainly pay off if her dating life kept going as swimmingly as it had been…

Actually, with that in mind, she’d probably need a sturdier bedframe.

As she lowered her incredible bulk onto the mattress, the poor thing had only grown more and more against supporting her weight. She was, honest to God, so fat that she was making this thing creak and groan just by laying on it. And whenever she dared to try and venture to masturbation (the top drawer on her nightstand now filled with tools necessary to do so at her size, courtesy of Amazon) she could swear that the whole house could hear it.

But honestly… she didn’t care.

Aubrey was having the absolute time of her life, and couldn’t think of a time that she’d been happier. Her mother fawned over her. Her sister *was jealous of her*. Ladies loved her. And more importantly… she was literally the biggest, fattest woman in town. Everyone stared at her, gawking at her size or ogling her for her apparent beauty. People would constantly come up to her and tell her how gorgeous she was, all while she stuffed her face with so much food that she could barely see straight.

Life was, for the first time in a very, very long time… really, really good.

“*Perfectam In Mundo.*” She said out loud with a contented smile, her hands pressed tightly into the flanks of her stomach as she gave it a wobble, “That’s what that stupid coin said, right?”

She hadn’t thought much about her coin collection since all of this had started. Truthfully, she didn’t think much about it until she acquired a new coin. But in replacing it to the bottom shelf of her nightstand (now that her top shelf had more *carnal* emergency) she had started to think about it here and there. More specifically, that strange coin that she had come across with Cara that night in the pawn shop.

*I haven’t seen Cara since I got here…* Aubrey wondered idly as she struggled to reach the second drawer, *I wonder what she looks like now?*

There it was—the little gold coin had never had any trouble standing out from the rest of the others that littered the bottom of her drawer. Picking it up, she could still feel its heft and weight.

*Coming from me, that’s really saying something~*

Aubrey purred as she fingered the coin idly with one hand, fondling her fat belly with the other. Every now and then she thought about the day that she’d found this thing. The day that everything had changed for her. The day that her life finally started to turn in her favor… if not rather abruptly.

“I should really…*hurk*…” Aubrey struggled to haul one elephantine leg onto the mattress, and then the other, “*phew…* I should really give Cara a call.”

Even in reaching for her cell phone, Aubrey kept one eye on the coin as it travelled from one finger to the next. She had forgotten how pretty this thing was. The reason that she’d kept it in the first place was because it was such an odd little thing with so much heft behind it…

And, like most times when presented with a coin, Aubrey idly positioned it on the nail of her thumb. Placing it in a position to be flipped, she flicked her short, stubby appendage and launched the coin surprisingly high into the air. Opening her palm with that same sense of recognizance that had guided her hand to catch the coin before, she laid her hand flat so that the small piece of metal could land heads-up on the outstretch of her palm.

And in the blink of an eye, everything was back to normal.