[Full Tank.]

It wasn’t always easy—weighing as much as she did that just about everything was a sweat-drenched nightmare of bedframe-bending proportions—but for all of the difficulties that her size provided her with in this regard, Mackenzie at least attempted to maintain a sort of dainty, lady-like persona.

“BURAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

But these rare moments where she let herself go were becoming more and more frequent the further she sunk into this funk.

“Oohhhhh m’gawwwwwd…”

If Mackenzie had been a stomach on two legs before, lumbering her way through life as big as she was blonde, then this discourse between her and Tara was turning her into a full-blown feedbag. All it felt like she was doing these days was eating—between meals, after meals, during meals, and just grazing idly throughout the day. She was leaving early to get breakfast before work, sneaking bites off of people’s plates, and all but literally eating away at the steady stock of chips and cookies and all the other “easy” foods that were normally kept flush in the cupboards…

“Huhhh… hahhh*hhhhgghh*…”

Mackenzie’s blonde head rested on the back of the bowing couch, her pink tongue lolled out as she tried desperately to deal with the consequences of her actions. This latest lunch had been so big that she’d hardly been able to move her arms afterwards, let alone finish the damn thing in its entirety. But now that she had and the high of her favorite creature comfort had begun to fade, all that she could feel was the heft of her vast, sloping gut as it succumbed to gravity in the most uncomfortable way possible.

“Muh… m’belly huuuurts…”

Clutching at either end of her bifurcated stomach rolls, Mackenzie was red-faced and wheezing in the aftermath of her latest gastronomic endeavor. Sweat beaded down her round, fleshy face as she struggled with the weight that had settled in her gut.

“I’m on it, I’m on it…”

To say that Tara did a lot of the work in this friendship would have been an understatement. She was the one who reminded Mackenzie of when her half of the bills were due every month, she was the one who did most of the grocery shopping, and she honest-to-God carpooled with Mack just so it would be a little easier for her to get to work on time when they had shifts together.

But on top of all of that, she was *also* the only one who knew just how to make Mackenzie feel better after too big of a meal. And lately, those seemed to be happening almost every other day.

“Thuh… thank youuuu…”

Mackenzie mewled as she winced to Tara’s touch. Her arms hooked behind the sofa, Mack’s belly laid bare for Tara’s hands to run up and down across its thick slabs of surface. Hot beneath the many, *many* layers of insulation, Mackenzie’s stomach practically sizzled beneath Tara’s palm as she rubbed.

What? Just because Tara was *mad* at Mackenzie didn’t mean that she wanted to listen to her literally bellyache all night.

“Jesus, you’re so *tight*—”

“Nuh suh… not so rough…”

“Kinda hard to even *lift* this thing without hurting you…”

Tara’s plush body pressed against Mackenzie’s out of necessity. There just simply wasn’t room enough for the two of them on the couch, and hadn’t been since they moved in. In fact, the longer they lived together (and the longer Mackenzie continued to defer and dine on her feelings) the less room there seemed to be! It wasn’t like Tara was all that skinny these days, but her hippy gaining was far and away outclassed by the meaty manifest of Mackenzie’s middle.

“Ohh…hhho*hhhh*”

Tara couldn’t help but feel a little flustered by the sounds that her massive roommate was letting out. She must have really overdone it this time—Tara had returned from a night out with her friend from the Fish Camp to find poor Mack absolutely stuffed to the gills and surrounded by enough DoorDash that they were going to have a serious conversation about credit card use after this.

But she couldn’t just *leave* the poor thing. She *needed* her.

“Stop it.” Tara chuckled, “You’re making it *weird*.”

“I can’t… help it…” Mackenzie whimpered, “It feels *really* good…”

Even if she could be pretty stupid sometimes, Tara would admit that Mackenzie wasn’t *all* bad. She was just kind of a princess and didn’t always make the right decisions. And seeing her like this, all stuffed and whimpering after eating too much because her feelings were hurt, it really reminded Tara that there really *was* a big age gap between the two of them—five years didn’t always seem like a lot, but sometimes it was easy to see that Mackenzie was basically only just now getting to live out her early twenties out from underneath someone else’s roof.

All the more reason why hanging out with someone her own age for a change was kind of nice—if Mackenzie hadn’t been so *weird* about it, maybe she and her and Daisy could have gone out and gotten dinner *together* instead of Mackenzie stuffing herself stupid with enough food to cover her half of this and last month’s rent.

“A little more up here please…”

“You like that better?”

*“Gawd* yus…”

“Theeeere we goooo…”

Though, it wasn’t like Tara was perfect either. She was far too task-oriented for her own good.

Seeing Mackenzie all laid out like this had sprung her into action, accidentally leaving the front door open and the screen door shut; not to mention that she hadn’t heard Daisy’s tiny footsteps coming up the walkway before it was too late. She’d been too engrossed in giving Mackenzie a deep-tissue massage, down to the depths of her stomach. Watching all that flab squish and give underneath the spread of her fingers was mesmerizing in its own weird way. Her roommate was so soft and squishy—and kneading all these rolls always left Tara feeling accomplished. That’s accomplished among other things, if she were being honest with herself.

“Hey Tare? You left your leftovers in my car and—”

In that moment, as Tara whipped around beet-red, there were no words to describe how *quiet* the world fell as all three waitresses stopped breathing. Mackenzie looking at Daisy, Daisy looking at Tara, and Tara still almost wrist-deep in Mackenzie’s fleshy flank.

“*Oh.*”

“My.”

“*…gawd…”*

[Crying Wolf.]

If things had been awkward between Tara and Mackenzie before Daisy had walked in on the two of them pressed together on the couch like that, then the weeks following may as well have been indescribable.

For just shy of twenty days, Tara had hardly spoken a full sentence to her roommate—that’s at work and in their apartment. Every time they so much as looked at one another, Tara would get all red-faced and freeze. Locked like a deer in headlights before eventually finding an excuse to break away from the budding conversation. Mackenzie had seen more of Tara’s bubble-butt than she had of her friend’s face these days, and the longer that this went on the more distraught she became.

If Tara moved out, she’d have to move back in with her parents!

If Tara stopped talking to her, Mackenzie wouldn’t have any friends!

If Tara quit, she might have had to go back to waitressing duty!

None of these things sat right in the pit of the big bumpkin’s bulbous belly. The anxiety that she had felt before was being magnified tenfold—she was actually so nervous that she was *skipping meals* (y’know, occasionally. Between snacks.)*!* Between Tiffany on the weekends, Ryan and his stupid new girlfriend rubbing their relationship in her face on Facebook, and now Tara outright avoiding her, Mackenzie had to figure out *something* to get things back to some semblance of normalcy, didn’t she?

“Taraaaaaa, can you come help my tie this?”

And eventually, she did.

Tara’s heavy footfalls could be heard throughout their rented little mill house. Neither one of them was ever going to be so small that they could go undetected in a house this old and creaky. But coming up in sweats that audibly rubbed together along the inseam, Tara couldn’t exactly ignore Mackenzie when she was being called out to. Especially not when it sounded so important…

“Can you help me tie my apron?” Mackenzie asked in the most put-upon voice, flexing her squishy little arms behind her back in a pitiful display of girthiness gone wrong, “I can’t reach…”

“…yeah, sure thing.” Tara’s smile was bothered, but not disingenuous, “Lemme… *ooookay…*”

Mackenzie let her fat little arms hang uselessly at their normal angle, Tara’s knuckles scraping against her bulbous rolls of backfat as Mackenzie let her friend do what she did best. At least she wasn’t letting Mack fend for herself—Tara still *cared* about her, things were just getting more and more awkward between them. And as long as Mackenzie knew that Tara didn’t *hate* her or anything, she could get by with that… right?

At least she knew that she had a way to get Tara to pay her some attention.

“Taraaaaaa, I think this shirt is too small!”

“Taraaaaaa, will you help me into these pants?”

“Taraaaaaa, could you help me get up?”

The past three weeks might have been awkward, but at least Mackenzie still had an ace squished somewhere up her sleeve. And it might have sounded a little silly, but Tara’s help was one of the only ways that Mackenzie felt secure enough in their friendship to stop angsting over every little thing.

“Taraaaaaa, are you theeeeeeeere?”

And maybe, just maybe, that might have been the wrong decision.

Waddling down the hallway, lurching forward despite her every intention thanks to the barrel build of her bigness, Mackenzie Fogle had gotten so big that she and Tara could no longer walk down the hall at the same time. Granted, it had been like that for a while now, but there at least had been some wiggle room when they had moved in together—now that she was several months into stressing about each and every one of her relationships, there was no arguing; Mack was getting far, far too fat for her own good. And this increasing reliance on Tara for the better portion of the past month or so had only aided and abetted what had been the second installment of the truly meteoric growth that had propelled her from skinny high school athlete to the big, squishy blonde that was lumbering towards the living room.

“I hope she didn’t already leave for work…” Mackenzie puffed aloud as she struggled throughout the increasingly cramped hallway, “I really actually fuckin’ need her this time…”

Mackenzie doubling down on her neediness had worked in the short run. Most of the time, she had been able to corral Tara into conversation. Sometimes, even a good time! Maybe they’d go get something to eat, maybe they’d just talk shit, but either way, it was *something.* However, the more reliant Mackenzie had become on Tara, the more she seemed to be out of the house.

“Puh… prolly out with… pff… *Daaaaaisy.*” Mack sputtered, bracing herself against the threshold of the door that led into the living room with one sausage-fingered hand, “Gawd I hate her…”

Mackenzie had to be at work in an hour, and she couldn’t for the life of her find her “good” work shirt—an oft-shifting designation depending on which one didn’t ride up along the magnificent slope of her stomach. Tara was the one who did laundry last, and Mackenzie really did need it! One more uniform violation and Iris was gonna write her up!

“Taraaaaa?!”

A few fumbling steps forward, and Mackenzie felt a pinch; a sudden scraping pain along her sensitive lovehandles as they exploded outwards on either side. Mackenzie’s fat face winced as she brought her hands to the affected area, feeling only wood where her soft and supple flesh should have been.

And then, when she attempted to move forward…

“owwww!”

Mackenzie wriggled and writhed in the doorway but, alas, she had grown too tubby to make it all the way through! Her gut had bulged over the sides of the cheap rental house’s doorframe, and her soft, squishy side-stomach had done just the same behind it!

She was stuck!

“T…Taraaaa?” Mackenzie mewled in a quiet hopefulness, “I… I kinda really need you right now…”