

The Ghost of Flabby Tabby  
By Haxcall

It was Halloween night as a group of five college girls broke into a condemned mansion on the edge of town.

Leading the group was Susan, the affluent daughter of a wealthy real estate salesman taking fashion design classes. After her was Bridgette, an athlete who was attending college on a sports scholarship. There was also Geraldine, a streetwise city girl who excelled in cultural studies. And finally there was Cassie, a tubby girl who was studying computer design.

The five had been friends ever since elementary school. At a Halloween party, they took a dare from to explore a supposedly haunted mansion that was due for demolition in the coming weeks.

“Okay, this is the place.” Geraldine said as they looked around the foyer. “Thirty years ago, a bullied girl named “Flabby Tabby” ran into this abandoned mansion and took her life. The police reports never gave details about the suicide, but it’s believed that she killed herself in either the bedroom, the kitchens, the gymnasium or the empty yard that used to be used as a pig pen.”

“The bet is that we have to go through this place and find the places where she killed herself.” Susan remarked.

“Are you sure it’s safe?” Cassie said, looking at the dilapidated state of the building.

“Yeah, I can’t risk the floor giving way or getting mauled by a raccoon or something.” Bridgette said, worried about her sports career.

“Relax guys.” Susan said. “We just need to get four selfies of us in the rooms Geraldine said and then we can bail.”

And so the five separated, unaware of the dark and petty presence that had been observing them from the moment they set foot in the building.

Cassie went upstairs into the bedroom. It was a dank and dusty place that looked like it hadn’t been touched in years. As she started to walk around the room and she felt an odd, cold breeze though she didn’t pay it any mind. She sat on the canopy bed, took out her phone and took a selfie of herself. Once she finished taking the picture, a thick fog surrounded her and she felt incredibly tired and quickly passed out on the grimy mattress. As she slumbered, the fog cloud took the shape of a rubenesque woman, grabbed her phone and went downstairs with it.

Susan wandered around until she came to the kitchens. Quickly taking her selfie, she prepared to go back to the foyer and wait for the others when she heard a loud noise coming from a

connected room. When she walked through the door, she was shocked to see a polished and brightly lit dining room filled with servants preparing a large feast.

“Hello madam, we’ve been expecting you.” The maitre d said, ushering her to a seat at the head of the table.

Susan should have been shocked or confused by this turn of events, but there was an odd presence on her mind. Something suppressing her instincts and encouraging her to follow along with the maitre d’s request. So she sat down as instructed and within minutes, servants placed a large turkey in front of her. She ate about one-fifth of it before leaning back in the chair and patting her belly.

“Whew, I’m stuffed!” She declared

“That’s no good.” The maitre d said. “You’re not even done with the appetizer.”

Susan suddenly felt an odd sensation. Her body suddenly increased in weight, especially her backside. As if someone else was controlling her, she grabbed the rest of the turkey and began tearing into it like an animal.

“Ah so, the lady has found her appetite.” The maitre d said pleased. “Time to bring in the first course!”

The brightly lit dining room dimmed. The immaculate scenery faded into covered in dust and cobwebs. The cheerful looking servants rotted into walking skeletons engulfed in dark, supernatural energy.

They ghostly servants all approached Susan with large dishes of rotten foods and started hand feeding her. Susan protested and screamed in her mind but obediently chewed and swallowed whatever morsel was put in her mouth. With every bite her waistline increased more and more, with her butt cheeks getting the lion size of the poundage. Her fashionable clothes grew and changed with her, turning into a shabby t-shirt and a pair of raggedy sweatpants with the words “Wide Load” written in brightly colored cursive. She tried to resist, but whatever was controlling her was too strong. And even if she could move, her ever growing ass was now firmly stuck in her seat.

By the time the ghosts had finished feeding her the ten course, she was 400 pounds heavier and too stuffed to move. Tired and confused, her only thought and desire was to try and soothe her aching and overfilled stomach, absently mindly rubbing her belly while belching and farting continuously. The barely conscious girl barely reacted as the chair she was sitting in collapsed under her increased bulk, her wide and heavily padded booty cushioning her fall. As she laid there among the rubble, still rubbing her upset belly, the fog spectre came near and took a picture of her with Sara’s phone.

While Susan's feast was happening, Bridgette had made her way to the gymnasium. It was an old and antiquated area filled with outdated equipment that hadn't been touched in decades. She picked up a dusty dumbbell and took a picture of herself flexing next to an old timey vibrating belt machine.

"Hello there miss. Are you here to participate in our exercise contest today?" The voice of a dude bro said to her.

She looked around to find that the gymnasium had been transformed into a modern gym and was filled with people. Bridgette herself was now wearing her favorite sports clothes, an athletic top and tight gym shorts combo that displayed her toned body and left her midsection exposed to show off her sculpted abs.

Similarly to Susan, something affected Bridgette's mind and prevented her from taking note of the strangeness of the situation. She happily accepted and joined the rest of the competitors.

"The first event is the jumping jack competition! Last one to keep jumping wins." The dude bro host said.

"Child's play." Bridgette said as she and the rest of the competitors stretched and started jumping. However, as she started the exercise, her weight began to skyrocket. Her stomach in particular started increasing in size, with a large pot belly soon developing. She continued jumping, her stomach comically flopping up and down and her sweat sprinkling those nearby, but she quickly became so exhausted that she had to stop after less than two minutes. Everyone sniggered at her as she gasped for breath while rest of the competitors continued and eventually finished far ahead of her.

"The second event is pull ups."

Bridgette recently set a local record of pull ups, so she was confident in her chance of winning this round. She grabbed the bar and pulled herself up, her increasing girth and weakening, flabby arms barely able to get her off the ground. She started to kick her legs and cursed as she tried and failed to lift herself higher than two feet, her belly swaying and jiggling as she struggled to pull herself up, much to the onlooking entertainment. But before her arms could give out, the metal support broke against her weight, sending her tumbling to the floor as everyone continued to laugh.

"While your down there, we can do the third event: push ups!"

"Everyone gathered around as Bridgette got onto her hands. However, by this point not only were her arms super weak but her stomach and fat rolls had grown to a massive size. She tried and failed to maintain a proper push up position, but her arms couldn't fully extend themselves

against her massive weight and her gut constantly touched the floor. Her attempt at a push up was just her wobbling up and down against her girth like an oversized, stationary slug.

"I'm afraid I can't really count that as a push up." The dude bro host said with a chuckle. "Maybe you'll do better in the last event: sit ups!"

Bridgette refused to accept the reality of her situation and got onto her back to perform a sit up. It was just this morning that she did a hundred of them without breaking a sweat. However, with her new fat body and her super fat gut, she couldn't raise her chubby head more than two inches. This finally broke her and she tried to get up to run away in shame, only to find that her weight, particularly the mass in her midsection, weighed her down and she was trapped on the floor like a turtle on its back.

The gymnasium faded back into its abandoned and antiquated state and the mocking crowd turned into laughing skeletons who continued to point and jeer at the crying, immobile Bridgette. The spectre appeared once more and took another photo of the poor girl.

While all this was happening, Miranda went out back to the yard. The mansion's original owners turned what was originally a large garden into a small pig sty to raise their own swine as both pets and livestock. The untended ground was dry and covered in half dead weeds.

As she took her picture next to an empty trough, she noticed that she was sinking into moist ground. She looked down to she was now standing in over a foot of smelly mud. Out of the Earth arose ghost pigs that looked like green, translucent spirits, but clearly had physical mass as they crawled and wallowed in the mud. Suddenly she heard a loud "Shoo E!" pig call and, out of the darkness of night, came a spectral farmer, a green, glowing skeleton dressed in rotting overalls and flimsy straw hat.

She began to scream out and tried to run away, but that's when she was overwhelmed by the same presence that affected both Susan and Bridgette. She no longer had any control over her actions and just stood there silent and motionless.

"It seems we got us one those pet city pigs here." The undead farmer remarked. "So skinny! Don't worry, we'll fatten you into a blue ribbon hog in no time!"

Miranda felt overwhelmed as the thing possessing her caused her body to move against her will. Unlike the other girls, Miranda left was fully cognizant of her horrible situation as her body forced itself onto all fours and allowed the ghost farmer undress her, like a good, docile pet piggy.

"Now your all set to eat and wallow!"

The farmer stuck out point his finger at the empty trough Miranda took a picture. It was magically filled with foul smelling swill and half eaten food food that looked decades old. Despite her disgust, her body crawled over and began eating face first. It tasted awful but the spirit possessing her increased her hunger and stunted her gag reflex. Like Susan and Bridgette, Miranda quickly grew flabby and obese, particularly in her breasts They bloated to the size of watermelons and were painfully swollen with milk, to the point that the fluid began leaking from her nipples. Ghost piglets emerged from the mud and began licking and sucking at her mammaries.

As she continued eating, she began to fart heavily thanks to how full she was and the foul contents being stuffed into her. Her gas smelled worse than a corpse and at one point, she momentarily pulled her head from the moldy slop, sat in the mud and let out a massive shart that cause watery soil around her to bubble.

By the time she had licked the trough clean, Miranda was now as big and fat as an actual farm pig. She crawled away a short distance before her nearly immobile body collapsed into the sty, belching, farting and sharting into the mud around her. The hungry ghost piglets and the dark force controlling Miranda forced the overstuffed pig girl onto her side, allowing the ghost piglets to take turns suckling off of her overflowing teats.

“See? A blue ribbon mama hog if I ever saw one!” The ghost farmer said.

The fog spectre returned for a third time, and took a picture of the dirty swine that was Miranda.

As dawn neared, Cassie finally awoke. She panic about how long she had been sleeping and rushed downstairs. As she ran into the foyer, she saw her three friends piled together and was taken aback by what had become of them. They were obese to the point where they were almost unrecognizable. They were covered in sweat, grease and filth and stunk of rotten food, B.O. and gas. They were barely awake, half heartedly rubbing their stretched stomachs while moaning in shame and discomfort as tears flowed from their half open eyes.

“My God... what happened to you?!” Cassie said.

Fog suddenly filled the room and condensed into humanoid form before taking the appearance of an overweight, acne covered young woman wearing a “Full House” t-shirt and gaudy leg warmers.

“Hello there. I’m Tabitha, or “Flabby Tabby”. I’m the ghost you came here to search for.” It said. “You have me to thank for turning these harlots into super fat freaks.”

“You did this? Why?” Cassie asked.

“Back in the 1980s, when I was still alive, I was morbidly obese with bad skin and an intestinal disorder and was bullied and ostracized my entire life for it. One day, right before graduation, the hottest guy in school signed my yearbook. It meant nothing, he was signing everyone’s books, but I still felt special and loved. I immediately ran to the girls room and started masturbating to the thought of him. The force of my climax was so strong that as I came I also let out an echoing belch and a fart so strong that the back of my pants were stained all the way through. Little did I know at the time, three skinny girls who I thought was my friends saw me and betrayed me. They had told the entire school about my incident and I was turned into a laughingstock. I was so ashamed I came here and took my own life.”

The ghost gave Cassie back her phone with the photo gallery open. Cassie could see all the embarrassment her friends had suffered since entering the mansion.

“My gift to you. Not only are they now fatter than you but now you can shame them further by showing everyone these images of the humiliations I put them through tonight.

“They’ve never treated me bad. They’re my friends!” Cassie said angrily.

“It makes no difference. They reminded me of the girls who ruined me and this was my last opportunity for something of vengeance before this mansion is demolished and my soul is forced into the next life. Farewell, fellow fat girl! Know that it was only your already considerable girth that saved you from suffering the same fate as these three.”

The ghost disappeared and Cassie went to her now obese and helpless friends, comforting them and deleting the pictures from her phone before calling for help.

About a month later, the mansion was demolished and the four girls were released from the hospital. They sat together in the back of a local all-you-can-eat restaurant as they discussed their future.

“We should get go get estimates on liposuctions and fat removal surgery. My dad said he’s willing to pony up the cash.” Susan said, wearing designer jeans custom sized for her huge hindquarters.

“We should lose weight the old fashioned way. Through hard exercise!” Bridgette said, wearing a girdle under her shirt.

Knowing no one would believe their ghost story, the girls were forced to come up with a false story, claiming that they just gained all their weight overnight with no understanding of why it happened. This caused the girls to be quarantined for a few weeks to determine that their mysterious affliction wasn’t contagious, but it also allowed Bridgette keep her scholarship out of sympathy for whatever unknown condition she now had.

“We should do one of the weird diets from the internet. I know a guy from my neighborhood who lost 200 pounds in three months from eating nothing but iced tea and blueberries.” Miranda said, wearing an extra padded panties and bra, absorbing the milk from her leaking breasts and muffling the sound and smell of her frequent gas.

“Maybe we should wait a few months before trying to lose weight. Relax and calm our nerves and make losing weight our New Year’s Resolution.” Cassie said, and the rest of the girls quickly agreed. She loved her friends and would do everything she could to help them. But at the same time, it was nice not being the fattest girl in the group for once.

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