[Coin Flip—Avery Anderson.]

Avery Anderson really couldn’t have given less of a shit about what had been written on the back of that coin—it could have said “Avery Sucks Toes” for all she cared.

“Perfect Us in Mumbo”? That sounded right. Or whatever, close enough. Some magic trigger phrase? Latin bullshit, Avery could hardly remember it now. It had been so long since she’d found that coin in her dresser—it had been so long since she’d flipped it.

But the results spoke for themselves. With the flip of a coin, the whole world had changed around her. She and her roommates weren’t fighting anymore. No one was pressuring her to go to the gym. She was eighty pounds lighter. And she could eat *as much takeout* as she wanted without heartburn. It was like she’d been transported to some kind of weird alternate dimension where everything was *perfect*.

“Mmph… pash the chips.”

“Your chip stinginess is *ruining* Roomie Night.”

“Goblins. Both of you are goblins.”

Avery was still getting used to the fact that she was back to the size she was just after high school. Still plump, but just as pretty as ever and extra curvy with her fully-developed body. Her phone was blowing up with boys that she only *vaguely* remembered having crushes on. Her Instagram account was loaded with thousands of followers. And best of all, Cheyenne had never…

Ugh, it made her sound like such a bitch when she said this, even to herself.

Cheyenne never got all into fitness and junk. All of the fights, all of the yelling and screaming and crying, it just… never happened. Avery had never been given any reason to feel jealous of Cheyenne here because she had never lost the weight. In fact, now that Avery was so much skinnier than her and Brooke… that made her the *skinny friend*, didn’t it?

And she hadn’t expected that to be such a *good* feeling.

“Oh *yeahhhh…*” Cheyenne’s neck apron folded greedily as Avery drizzled cheese over the bowl of nachos, “You’re the fuckin *best* Avery…”

“Literally best roommate ever.” Brooke’s chubby cheeks dimpled, blue eyes glimmering with a little manic hunger, “I *love* Roomie Nights.”

“Fuckin’ same.” Cheyenne snorted, taking a gulp of beer to wash down her salty appetizer, “And to think some people are at the *gym* right now.”

“Yeah, sad people.” Brooke rolled her eyes, grunting as she resituated her double-wide self on the L-shaped couch, “People without friends to give them chips and beer.”

“Losers.”

Okay, it was a little… hollow. But it had been so long since things had been like this. Would anyone blame her for staying her a little longer? She missed this. Back when she, Brooke, and Cheyenne were fun. Back before that stupid gym bunny had gotten Cheye’s head all turned around. Before the fights and before all the drama and the scheming had started…

There were just moments like this, where everyone was happy.

Do you really blame Avery for not *looking* for that dumb coin again?

[Coin Flip—Keeley.]

“Hey babe—you’re lookin’ kinda worn out after a long day at work.” He strained his arm to reach low, under his gut as he hefted up his landslide figure, “I hope you’re up for some heavy lifting.”

Keeley had already been coming to terms with the fact that there were a *lot* of questions that she needed to ask herself after the recent developments in her life. She and Caleb had been buddies for years before any of this other shit had gotten in the way. She hadn’t been jealous before, when he had been dating those other chicks, so why…

It wasn’t like Cat was, like, the worst person in the world for him to be engaged to. She’d been telling herself that ever since she maybe, sorta-kinda, accidentally erased her from existence with the flip of a coin.

Which was a *very* weird sentence to say out loud, but not an inaccurate summation of what had happened.

Keeley had found a coin. Flipped it, and had been transported to a world where…

Where…

“Come on, I know I didn’t shave, but you don’t have to look so upset.”

“N-No way! Y-You just… I-I’m surprised is all…”

Keeley felt her face grow flush as she watched her big bear of a boyfriend rub a sensual stripe down his pale furry gut. Dark brown chest hair carpeted his squishy boy boobs and ran up the hillside of his stomach as it pooled temptingly in front of him on top of the comforter. His ivory white skin glistened in the candlelight, Keeley’s favorite scents wafting through the apartment that…

Well it *used* to be the one that she had been visiting Caleb and Cat in. But now that Cat wasn’t around and Keeley was Caleb’s boyfriend… it was theirs.

And he was hers.

*All of him* was hers.

Keeley had felt so guilty about not flipping back right away. It made her such a horrible friend. She’d been pushing for him and Cat to get together for so long, but it… it got so much more complicated. The more time that they spent together hanging out and gaming and talking comics and… and the bigger he got, the more conflicted Keeley began to feel. The more time that they all spent together, the more that Keeley felt…

You know, why couldn’t she have a boy like Caleb?

And now she did.

As she stepped up to the bed, planting her knees on the edge, Keeley let herself fall into the warm and welcoming embrace of her best friend. Her boyfriend. Pressing her lips against his, the scratch of his beard and his mustache was so much at odds with just how soft the rest of his body was. There were handfuls of him that she could grab. She could literally feel his flesh bulging between her fingertips. The swell of his gut pressed against her lean physique even as she laid him down on his back, thick arms spreading wide as his big, beautiful gut towered high into the air above him. He spread across the bed like a pad of butter, just melting at the sight of her. He was so *excited* to see her come home. For them to… to…

To finally…

“D-Do you… u-um… d-do you—”

“You can do whatever you want, baby.” Caleb’s voice was thick, and heavy, and *sultry*. She’d never heard him talk like that before, “We talked about this. I’m all yours.”

Keeley’s face burned bright pink at the words that he purred into her ear. She’d never imagined that she’d get to hear that from him of all people. She’d never thought that she would have wanted to. But something about Caleb… something about his body, his heart and… and just *Caleb*. Had she really been wanting him for so long that just hearing him come onto her was enough to make her want to…

Keeley began to kiss down his hairy slope of chest. She nestled her face between his fleshy man tits. Her mouth open as she allowed her teeth to scrape across his flesh. She bit him softly, tenderly over the heart as her hands rubbed up and down either side of his flabby flanks. She kissed him down, down his happy trail while she caressed his beautiful billowing belly, shuddering excitedly the closer she got to his smothered manhood.

“God your fupa’s so…”

Squishy? Hairy? Grabbable?

“*Warm*…”

“Glad you think so.” Caleb’s voice came from behind his mountain of middle as it rose high into the stratosphere of their bedroom, “It’s not too fat is it? You can still—”

“Oh it’s… it’s there…” Keeley found herself grinning ear to ear as she came face to face with Caleb’s fat-smothered cock, “You’re so excited to see me.”

“Well yeah.” He chuckled, “I love you.”

And that… that had filled her with such a rush of emotions that she didn’t quite understand. Had she really wanted him to say that this whole time? The warm feeling that spread from her chest outwards, to the tips of her fingers and to the pads of her toes, Keeley just… *melted*.

“I love you too.” The blue-haired cashier said in a low, sensual voice of her own as she began to lean into his crotch, “Uh… let me… Let me *show you*…”

The taste of his manhood was something indescribable. His soft moans filling the room as she sucked her boyfriend off. He was too tubby to do it himself. She needed him, and that made Keeley feel so needed and appreciated. Having to heft up that big, sexy belly of his was such a turn-on. As she closed her eyes and pressed her nose into his carpeted crotch, his thick hog going down her throat as easily as takeout went down his, she couldn’t help but feel like this was *so* right.

She didn’t need to find that stupid coin. She’d never look for it again.

This was *perfect.*

[Coin Flip—Shelby Sullivan.]

“There we are girls, all nice and comfy!”

The huffing and puffing of fat-burdened chests and the grunting of hippo-hipped moms as they struggled to fit together on the Sullivan family’s various living room fixtures filled the air around them. Squishy bellies rolling over themselves in tiers of two or three while humongous thighs rubbed against one another while fighting for space. There wasn’t an angle to be had on the figures of her flabby friends as they wedged themselves as tight as they could in hopes of getting comfortable.

All the while, skinny ol’ Shelby was just as happy as a pig in a pen to see these wide whales wobble in their rightful place at the bottom of the totem pole.

“Shelby… sug… could you gimme…” Flo’s third chin rolled out as she turned her puddling face towards her perfect hostess, “Summore’a them… *mmm*… them li’l ham biscuits?”

“Me too, darlin’?”

“Ooh that sounds *good*…”

“Coming right up.” Shelby hadn’t been in the room for more than five seconds before they were already asking for more, “I’ll be *riiiiight* back.”

She wasn’t sure how it had happened. Honestly, she didn’t quite care much to ask. But one day, all them nasty pounds she’d put on over the years had melted off clean as could be—and it seemed like each and every one of her friends had picked them up for her! She hadn’t been this thin since before she’d had Summer! So one l’il ol’ coin flip had left her with the body of a thirty year old, and it had left her friends…

“Thank gawd…” Dillon fanned her fat face with a chubby hand whose wrist was buried by bicep blubber, “I’d kill to know these recipes, Shel.”

“Family secret, hun.” Shelby shushed the big brunette blimp as her tummy swayed off the side of the couch with her slight movements, “I’ll never tell.”

Mostly because they had already been made when she’d entered this fantasy land where she was skinny. They didn’t taste like her biscuits… they were *better.* All the better to fatten up her friends with, she reckoned.

“Prolly good that you don’t.” Carrie’s cheeks dimpled as she struggled to lean forward over her enormous belly, “Dillon’d get stuck in her house if she could cook half as good as you do.”

“I would not!” Dillon huffed, crumbs dotting the corners of her mouth, “You take that back you double-wide divorcee!”

“Honey you’ve eaten so many’a them cupcakes for your little after-school club you’re shaped like one!”

“Ladies ladies, come on… please.” Shelby smiled with all of the glamour and charm of a TV mother, “If you can’t get along, I’m gonna have to give all of the leftovers to Flo.”

“Hmm?” the shortest, roundest member of their trio snorted, looking up, “There’s more?”

“Only if you two can stop cluckin’ like hens at each other.” Shelby put her hands akimbo, “Friends?”

“…friends.”

“…but only if it means a few more’a them biscuits.”

“Of course.” Shelby moved one hand down to pat Carrie on the football-sized bicep, “Y’all just sit *riiiiight* here and let me take care of it.”