



## A MOTHERLY TOUCH

By Z.O.B. Industries

“Mom, why did we have to move?” Norman was staggering under the load of half a dozen tall boxes, his spiky hair pressed to his scalp by a seventh box balanced on his head. His mom jiggled along ahead of him, toting his father’s golf clubs through the peeling white threshold of Pink Palace Apartments.

“Because your sister came back from college without a job, and we’re working on a... slightly reduced income, taking care of her.”

“Ugh.” Norman hobbled inside and dropped the boxes in the corner next to several others. “Fine...” He loved his family. He really did. But Pink Palace wasn’t exactly his idea of fun. They were an entire state away from Blithe Hollow now, an entire state away from his best friend Neil, from Mitch and Salma and the entire life he’d built. After he’d saved the city from the ghost of Agatha Prenderghast, things had been... okay. He’d felt normal.

He should have known that wouldn’t last.

The first ghost he met in the new house was outside, on the basement apartment steps. He was walking by when a translucent dog with angel wings floated up from the basement to sniff at his ankles. It was greenish-gray with rheumy eyes and it was soon followed by two old ladies, who introduced themselves as Spink and Forcible. They were happy he could see them, and even happier to tell his fortune, which he declined. He’d had enough prophecies for one lifetime.

But even though the local ghosts seemed friendly and his family seemed happy with the move—especially his sister Courtney, who was happy with everything as long as Mom and Dad kept serving her on bended knee—he couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease about the place. There was something he sensed in the back of his mind, something he didn’t like about Pink Palace.

Something evil.



Meanwhile, in the living room, Courtney was lounging on the couch. Courtney did a lot of lounging these days, ever since her attempt at being a “cheerleader major” in college had fallen through. Now she was twenty-one and a dropout, happy to move back in with her parents and live high on the fat of the land.

She was a blonde, blue-eyed bombshell, a teenage star on the way to big things... or at least, she had been. Now, after years of trying and failing to make the grade, she was an out-of-shape flannel-suited queen of the couch. At the moment she was scarfing down Bugles, chatting on the phone with one of her countless friends who had run into similar situations.

“Oh my god Becky, you would have *died* if you could see this new place. It’s so tacky.” She stuffed a handful of chips into her mouth. “Mmf. Yeah. Mom and Dad were like, all about it, but I was like, I’m the only one in this family that can rock pink and that *includes* the house.” She followed the

chips with a slug of Coke, belching softly as the color TV against the wall played an old zombie movie. “But they were like no, we need money...” She paused. “Hold on. I’ll call you back.”

Against the wall, there was a small gap where a dumbwaiter-sized door was set. In the door was a key. And as Courtney watched, the door opened on its own.

*Creeeak.*

The lamps hadn’t been unpacked yet, so the room was still fairly dark. Courtney couldn’t see what was behind the door, but when she tried to lean over and investigate, something got in the way. Namely, her stomach.

Courtney had always been a curvaceous girl. She got that from her mother, whose body was the shape of a rather over-ripe pear. Courtney had blasted past her in terms of ripeness, especially after leaving college, nothing but junk food entering her mouth twenty four hours a day. She’d become a bulky, wide-hipped, pot-bellied imitation of her former self, thighs thick and heavy, her breasts plump bulbs underneath her track suit. And when she tried to sit up to check out the mysterious door, her burgeoning gut got in the way.

“Rrgh!” Courtney fought to rise from the couch, and eventually was forced to swing her legs out, heaving herself off the couch. The sudden effort of standing made her head swim, and she staggered, burping softly. “Uch... Need more soda.” Another few slugs of her precious sugar-juice made the ex-cheerleader feel better, and she jiggled over to the corner, kneeling with difficulty under the burden of her extra weight. Any passerby in the hallway would have been treated to an elegant view of her plump ass-crack, where a pink lace thong was sunk deep into her wobbling butt-cleft.

“What the...?”

Behind the door, there were just bricks. She raised an eyebrow, grunted in pig-like confusion... and returned to the couch.



“Hey Courtney. Do you like this place?”

She was sitting in the four-poster bed that had come with the house, reading *Cosmo*, when her twerp little brother came in. He had turned into a tall, lanky young man since their witch-hunting escapades, and even a bit cute in his own way. Not that she was into her brother, *ew*, but he hadn’t turned out a total grody mess. “What are you talking about? It sucks. The shower, like, takes five whole minutes to get hot.”

“I’m not talking about that.” Norman sighed. “I’m talking about... Like, I can see ghosts. And it’s kind of cool.”

“Psh! Whatever.” She sipped her Dr. Pepper, which she’d spiked with vodka from her dad’s stash. It didn’t hurt to take the edge off, in a crappy place like this. “Cool is the *opposite* of what that is.”

“I know how you feel about it. But...” He peered around the small room Courtney had been given. His was smaller, of course: Mom and Dad always gave her the bigger one of everything: the bigger

servings at dinner, the bigger allowance. And it showed. His sister was getting fat, so lazy and dependant on their parents that she hardly ever bothered to even go outside. Why do so when his mom and dad brought her everything, and always had? “I can see the dead. But I can’t see other things. Weirder things.”

“What’s weirder than dead people?” This conversation was boring Courtney. She’d rather be on the phone, painting her nails, or maybe spending a little time with the custom vibrator she’d ordered. She was a creature of simple appetites... big ones.

“I don’t know yet. But I’m going to find out.” He frowned at a pile of rat droppings in the corner. “Just... Be careful, okay?”

“Whatever, dork.” Courtney flopped onto her back, texting, her pale stomach sloshing back and forth, full of takeout. “Close the door on your way out.”

Norman lingered in the doorway for a long time. Courtney ignored him, immersed in Twitter feeds and celebrity news. Eventually, he went downstairs and did the dishes while his father snored on the couch and his mother unpacked. He knew there was something wrong here... but you couldn’t lead a horse to water, and you couldn’t make Courtney understand things that were beyond her.

Besides, she was too busy eating these days.



That night, Courtney Babcock had a peculiar dream. She was in a field, surrounded by poppies—except at the center of every one of them, was a cookie. It was ridiculous at first, but then she plucked one off its stem and the sugar-cookie in the center just looked so damn good. She couldn’t help but reach out to take a bite...

And then she woke up.

“Rrgh... Stupid cookie flower. Now I’m hungry.” She oozed out of bed, pale belly sagging and flopping over her panties, and waddled to the door. Then she paused.

On the floor, in the hallway outside, was a cookie.

She squinted at it, still half asleep. In her rather one-sided worldview, the cookie couldn’t possibly be there—they hadn’t had time to go grocery shopping yet. But there it was. Just laying there, mocking her, sugar sprinkles glittering. There was a dyed design of a flower in the center.

She reached down, picked it up... and took a bite. It was still warm.

“What the...” Not one to waste food, she quickly devoured the rest of it, peering back and forth down the shadowy hall. Then she saw another, at the top of the stairs. She picked that one up too, and found there was an entire trail of them going down the stairs towards the living room.

“Norman! If this is one of your ghost-busting thingies...” She received no answer. Confused, but still hungry, she followed the trail like an hourglass pale E.T., gobbling them down one by one.

The trail ended at the tiny door in the living room. She paused, growing slightly nervous. She wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, but even her limited deductive skills were sharp enough to detect that something was wrong here. She checked the kitchen, but the oven wasn't on—it wasn't even hot. Courtney went back to the living room, still chewing on a cookie... and she pulled open the tiny door.

The cookie dropped out of her mouth. "Holy shit."

Inside the door was a tunnel of some beautiful, luminous blue material. Fabric, maybe, or gossamer. It wound in a wobbly sort of path through the inside of the house... except there was no way it could go in that direction. Because this wall was next to the boiler room, and that room was barely five feet across.

Fascinated, she poked her head inside, and saw yet another cookie on the floor of the mysterious tunnel. Crawling forward, she ran into trouble as her mammoth ass smacked the top of the tiny doorjamb. Determined to get at the precious sugar, however, Courtney pushed through.

There was another cookie after that one, and another. "Thish hash GOTTA be unsanitary," she mumbled through a mouthful of baked goods... but she kept crawling. Claustrophobia tickled at her fears as she went: what if it was some kind of secret passage? What if it collapsed on her? If it was a dead end, how the hell would she turn around?

But it wasn't a dead end. When she reached the other side there was an identical tiny door... and when she squeezed out of it, the wobbling mounds of her ass-meat smacking the wooden sides, she found herself in Pink Palace again.

"What? How..."

But this one was different. Warmer, somehow. Less gauche and gaudy, more well-appointed and elegant. Soft orange light spilled from the kitchen. She could hear someone humming... Against all her common sense, Courtney stood with a grunt of exertion and went into the kitchen.

"Dreaming... dreaming..."

The woman standing at the kitchen stove was a lookalike of her mother. At first, Courtney thought it *was* her mom. But then "Mom" turned around, blonde hair perfectly coiffed, elegant earrings on her ears and a lovely homespun dress on, and she knew it couldn't be her. Not just because Mom had no fashion sense... but because this Mom had buttons for eyes.

Courtney swallowed and stepped back as "Mom" pulled a turkey out of the oven, steaming with heat. "Hi there, honey. You're just in time for dinner."

"But... We already... Ate dinner." Courtney stared at the buttons, in shock. This had to be one of Norman's weird nerdy ghost situations. She should get him *right now*, and bust whatever ghost this was. But the turkey smelled so good...

"Silly girl. In here, we don't *wait* for our next meal. We have it whenever we want it." The other "Mom" set the table with fine silverware, adding cranberry sauce and gravy and a huge pot-pie. "Why don't you have some? I've been waiting for you. Sit down and let's dig in."

*Waiting for me...* Paralyzed, but hungry, she sat down and allowed herself to be served. "So, uh, you're totes not my mom. Who are you?"

“Smart little girl!” Her other-mom winked. “I’m your Other Mother. And I’m here to take care of you. Every possible need you might have, we can accommodate.” She stepped behind Courtney and began massaging her shoulders. It felt amazing... but those buttons! There was something wrong here.

She pulled away, standing up. “L-look, you’re real nice and all, but I need to get back to my real family. My real mom and dad... and my real, lame little brother.”

“Going already?” She knew that voice. But it wasn’t possible... Into the room stepped a red-haired, broad-shouldered bodybuilder with buttons for eyes. He was the spitting image of Mitch, her old high school crush. But Mitch had turned out to be gay.

“What are you doing here? Hold up. Everybody hold up!” She prodded his pectoral. Oh, he was real all right, and just as dreamy as she remembered. “You’re not *you*. Like, you’re not Mitch. What are you, some kind of body-snatcher?”

“He’s the Other Mitch. I made him just for you.” Other Mother patted the hunky teen on the shoulder, squeezing his biceps. “Mmm, isn’t he just delicious? And *this* Mitch likes girls. Especially girls with curves.”

“I do have plenty of those...” Courtney smirked. Maybe she could stay a little while, at least to drink in the cologne-fumes of this gorgeous mass of man-meat. Who knew, maybe she could bring back some supernatural tidbits for Norman, tell him about this mysterious Other House. He’d like that... and she would enjoy rubbing in his face that not *every* weird spooky creature in the world meant them harm. These guys seemed pretty nice.

She sat down, piled some turkey and gravy and mashed potatoes on her plate. Her stomach was still full of cookies, but Courtney Babcock didn’t stop for silly things like fullness. Her glossed lips opened, her artificially whitened teeth chomped into the turkey... and holy God, this woman could COOK! She gobbled down bite after steaming-hot bite, ignoring the other two.

“*Mmf slrrp... Gulp gllmph... Damn, thash good! Brrurp.*”

Other Mother reached down to squeeze Mitch’s toned rear through his jean shorts. “Mm. I think she likes it here, don’t you?”

Other Mitch stared ahead blankly as Other Mother snuck a hand into his shorts, Courtney oblivious to the both of them. “Yes, Mother. Yes she does.”



Norman couldn’t sleep. He tossed and turned, waiting for dreams to come, but they wouldn’t. Just a few minutes ago he’d heard Courtney waddling downstairs, probably to get another midnight snack. He was going to have to talk to his parents about her weight. She was an adult and could eat what she wanted, but it was unhealthy for her to keep gorging like that. She was going to end up jobless *and* morbidly obese before long, and that would be terrible for her. She was probably already in danger of getting diabetes or something.

He rolled over... and saw a ghostly tall man with a pot-belly standing over his bed.

“Yeagh!” He leapt out of bed and hid behind a chair. “I hate when the dead sneak up on me. You nearly gave me a heart attack!”

“Did I, little matroshka?” The mustached man cocked his head. He was wearing basketball shorts and a tank top, and was surrounded by tiny floating mice. “That would be very unfortunate, for your sister.”

“My... sister?”

“I am Bobinsky. Pleasing to meet you.” The old man stuck out a hand, then withdrew it. “Ah, right. Am dead! That is unfortunate also. They told me the Chernobyl, she would get me... but I did not listen.”

“What?” Norman stood up. “You were at Chernobyl?”

“Yes! I was hero. Helped lock up elephant’s foot.” He thumped his chest. “Then I became Jumping Mice Circus director! But that not important. What is important is... your chunky babushka of a sister. She is in danger.”

“Danger...” Norman shook his head. “I knew this house was trouble.”

Bobinsky nodded. “Oh, yes. There is nasty thing living here. Loves children, loves to mother them... but will take fat, stupid twenty-something in a pinch.”

“Hey. My sister’s not stupid!”

The dead man shrugged. “Maybe. But greedy... that she is.”

He couldn’t deny that. “Where is she?”

“In the lair. Through little door.” Bobinsky wagged his finger. “But be careful. The beldam, she is tricky customer. Don’t be being fooled, by her pretty lights and toys.”

“I... Okay then.” He could hardly understand the man through his thick Russian accent. But when ghosts came to him with a message, it was usually important. “She’s been such a crap-head lately. But I guess... if she’s in trouble, I should help her.”

The ghost began to sink. “Hurry... There is not much time.”

“Why?”

The man plunged into the floor up to his neck, phasing through the boards. “Because soon... she will be fat enough to eat.” Bobinsky’s head sank out of sight. Norman felt a chill run down his spine.

*Fat enough to eat.*



“More! Give me more!”

Courtney hauled a cassrole dish towards her, barely concerned about how it was burning her fingers. She dug a fork into it, spooning a heap of potatoes and spiced ground beef into her mouth. She was so entranced with the food that she barely noticed the discomfort in her stomach: she was finally home free, able to gobble and swallow everything and anything she wanted. It was, like, *so* liberating.

“Of course, dear.” The Other Mother smiled genially as she pushed more food towards her greedy “daughter.” Courtney noticed for the first time that her Other Mother wore a white-silk glove on one hand. *Weird*. But she was too busy eating to notice.

In the normal world, Courtney's laziness and gluttony were limited by her family's finances. The Babcocks had never been a rich clan, and they were even less rich when Courtney's dropping out of college put a strain on their bank accounts—especially since she didn't work. So her meals were fulsome, but never as much as she wanted. It was never enough, for the spoiled twenty-something fat-assed cheerleader brat.

“Gimme some gravy,” she announced through a mouthful of turkey and cranberry sauce. “This stuff is too... urrrph, dry.” The Other Mother obliged her by sending a gravy boat with tiny wings fluttering over the table. It tilted its spout over Courtney's mouth, and she obliged by opening wide. Warm gravy oozed past her lips and into her food-clogging throat.

“Gllk... Glrrrp. Mmm!”

“Glad you like it,” cooed the button-eyed woman across the table from Courtney. She was watching the girl with an avaricious, almost predatory, eye.

“It's amazing!” Courtney belched, chunks of turkey flying across the table, and blinked. “Scuze me.”

“No need to excuse yourself, dear. In this house, you're the boss.” Other Mother steepled her fingers as Other Mitch came in from the kitchen, bearing fresh rolls slathered with butter and a rack of cooked salmon.

“Then I hereby declare burping... HURRRP... To be legal!” Courtney grinned. She hadn't had so much fun in years—not since her jerk little brother became savior of the family. Now she was on top, in charge, just like she had always wanted. Goggling openly at Mitch's broad shoulders and powerful abs, Courtney licked her lips. “H-hey, Other Mom, do you mind if Mitch and I... uh, take some private time together?”

“Of course.” The mysterious entity snapped her fingers, and the door to the living room slid open, revealing a four-poster bed hung with silk curtains and surrounded by rose petals and pillows. The old fireplace, suddenly ornate and gilded, flamed to life and Courtney saw an actual bear-skin rug on the floor, just like in her romance novels. “Like I said. Your house, your rules.”

“Oh my god.” She giggled, blushing, turning to Mitch who'd begun to massage her shoulders again. “I... Wow. This is great. But you, uh, you may have to help me up.”

In her non-stop eating she'd managed to actually reach true fullness, her flabby potbelly inflated to near maximum storage. It sagged out onto her wide lap and weighed her down, her weak muscles too saturated in tryptophan from the turkey to let her move. “No problem,” said Other Mitch. Despite her weight, despite her rolls and phat booty and wobbling mass of food-stuffed cheerleader gut, he squatted down and lifted her clean out of her chair.

“Omigod! Omigod! You're so—HIC, so strong!” She wiped gravy stains off her mouth as her knight in shining short-shorts carried her into the boudoir. “Holy shit, this is the best place EVER!” The door slid closed, and for a long time there was nothing but squeals of delight and the occasionally rumbling belch from Courtney.

The Other Mother smiled... and took off her single glove. Underneath there was nothing but a stump. It had been hard to craft such a lovely home with most of her needles gone, but she had done it. And yet... there was a problem brewing. Something that demanded her attention.

The boy. The naughty, naughty boy was looking for his sister. She could see him preparing to fight her, as she gazed through the buttons in the kitchen drawer—in the human world, Norman was rummaging through the drawer looking for weapons. This could not be allowed.

Pulling out her spools of thread and a bag of sand, she plucked a plump pear from the table. Norman needed a little surprise to slow him down... and she knew just the thing.

Norman examined the tiny door in the living room with patient fascination. It was clearly non-necromantic in origin, and he couldn't hear any ghosts through it. But it was creepy all the same.

“Hmm...” But how to get inside? Obviously the easy way was to crawl through the passage. But if some kind of trap lay on the other side—which Courtney had fallen into—he'd be stupid to try it. A subtler approach was needed here.

“What you lookin' at there, nerd?”

He turned around... only to find Courtney standing behind him. Except she wasn't Courtney, she was Courtney squared. Her flabby body was smoothed over as if by months of physical training, the sagging fat resolved into a curvaceous hourglass figure. She was wearing her usual pink track suit, but instead of clinging to the unhealthy folds and furrows of her shape, it was draped elegantly over powerful thighs and ample, firm, supple breasts.

On top of that, she had buttons for eyes.

“H-h-hey, Courtney.” Norman had confusing feelings about his sister to start with, and this didn't help. Especially the buttons. The buttons were *super* weird. “You, uh, you look different.”

“Yeah? I'm like, trying out a new look. What do you think?” She tapped the buttons with her acrylic nails, and he shivered. No helpful ghosts were around, and he was just one high school graduate... with no real weapons.

“I think you, um, look good.” He backed up against the tiny door. Inside, he could hear the tinkle of strange, otherworldly music.



Other-Courtney advanced on him, her wide hips swinging. She stopped just in front of him, her breasts level with his eyes. It was very distracting. “Yeah? Why don't you test out my *other* set of buttons? I wanna make sure they're...” She licked her lips. “Attached right.”

“Jesus!” A mixture of scared and aroused, he glanced at the door. When he did, Other-Courtney reached for him, her pink nails shining.

“C'mon, nerd. Let's have some FUN!”

“Augh!” He bolted inside the tiny door, pulling it shut behind him. On the outside he could hear his not-sister hissing and battering on the wood.

“Come out! Norman, I'm so *lonely!*”

“Use the real Courtney's dildos, then,” he muttered, and used some duct tape from his monster hunting bag to seal the door shut. Then he crawled down the strange bright tunnel into the otherworldly land on the other side.



“Oh. My. *Gawd.*”

Courtney lay back on the silken pillow of her new bed, feeling like she needed a cigarette—and she didn't even smoke. Other Mitch lay beside her, cuddling her. The buttons still creeped her out, but Courtney was pretty adaptable... and also horny. And greedy. When a man of any calibre offered himself to her, she wasn't saying no.

And what a man! Other Mitch was so skilled she was having a hard time not just jumping on top of him again. But she was hungry now, and her stomach took priority over her clit... but only barely.

“Mmm, need some carbs...” She reached into a pile of butter-slathered croissants by the bed, their crispy surfaces overlaid with bacon, and gobbled one down with big, eager chomps. She was absolutely stuffed, but she was beyond caring at this point. Indulgence beyond her wildest dreams was now hers, and she had no conception of restraint. She was fucking her dream man, in her dream bed, with a dream pile of foods beside it. “This. Place. Is. The. BEST. **Urrrp.**”

Mitch nodded. “The Other Mother knows what you need... Always.”

Courtney shrugged. “She's okay, I—HURRP!--I guess.” She noticed with absent disinterest that her stomach was now sagging out onto the bed, far larger than it had been when she'd first arrived. “She's not exactly helping with my diet, though.”

“Diets are a dirty word here. Other Mother doesn't allow them.”

“My kinda gal.” Courtney grabbed a bottle of wine from among the sheets, where she'd been guzzling it while they'd been making love. *Gllk...gllk... GLRP.* “Ahhh. That hits the spot. BRLLCH.”

Mitch put his hand over hers as she lowered the bottle. “You don't have to stop, you know. There's no limits here.”

“Yeah, well... sorry, lover-boy. I'm feeling a bit... full.” She grunted, pig-like, as she struggled to sit up properly. The sagging heft of her stomach made it difficult, and she was dizzy from drink and the repeated food-comas she'd pushed her way through just to eat more. “I think I need to like, slow down?”

“Silly Courtney.” Mitch grabbed the bottle... and forced the lip of it into her mouth, pushing her back onto the bed. His button eyes bored into her. “We made this place for you. You don't want to be ungrateful, do you? Drink.”

“Mllf!” Courtney loved booze—she was always sneaking it from her parents' liquor cabinet. She thought of herself as classy, but really, she just enjoyed getting piss-drunk and masturbating to photos of football players. Now, though, her hidden pleasures were turned against her as Mitch easily held down her weak, flabby body. With the only alternative being to choke, Courtney guzzled the thick red wine frantically, panick widening her eyes.

Mitch held her down until she'd drained the entire bottle. When she was finished, she shoved him off, belching and swaying.

“Not cool, Other Mitch. Not... HUUURRRP. Not fucking cool!”

“What's wrong? You said you wanted *everything*.” He pulled a lever on the side of the bed, and loops of long, animated taffy burst from under the covers, wrapping around her. Her pink tracksuit was sliced off by scissors with spider legs, and the whole bed tilted forward, the four posters turning into long arms which began plucking food from around her with spindly claws.

“Eeeyaaugh! **URP!**”

“You wouldn't want to be a liar, would you?” Other Mitch patted her stomach, which was so swollen with booze and food she felt like she might pop. And those arms were bringing even *more* food towards her face... “Other Mother knows what you want. And what you really want, deep down, is to be a spoiled little brat. Forever.”

“N-no I don't!” She paused. “Okay, the sex was kind of nice, but... I c-can't stay here! I can't eat this stuff!” Tears brimmed in her eyes as she watched the four-poster bed-arms carrying piles of donuts and bonbons towards her waiting mouth. “I'll get... I'll get *f-f-faaat!*”

“Oh, sweetie.” The Other Mother, now looking a little taller and less kindly, a little more gaunt, stepped into the room. “I've got news for you.” She and Other Mitch nuzzled up to the ex-cheerleader's body, each one grabbing handfuls of fat, Other Mitch nibbling on her ear. “You already *are* fat. You're fucking huge, honey. And we're going to make you so big... that you never, ever leave.”

“Noooooo! ... Urpph.”



Norman emerged from the tiny passageway into a part of the house he didn't recognize. It was some kind of cellar, filled with complex machinery. Around him, huge furnaces roared and what looked like living chairs and tables carried garbage like bones and old snack wrappers onto conveyer belts. These were dumped into the furnaces... and what came out on the other side were cupcakes, French bread, roast game hens and countless other treats.

*What the hell?*

Norman crept up the stairs, watching as the animated furniture dumped the food into dumbwaiters, where it was ferried into the rest of the house. “Somebody's turning garbage... into food?”

“Well, she doesn't have anything else to work with, does she?”

He turned around. The ghost of a dead cat was floating there, staring him in the eye. He had never encountered a *talking* animal ghost before... but maybe the rules here were different. Everything felt wrong—the architecture, the smell of the place. It smelled like rotten meat. “Hey. Who are you? What is this place?”

“The beldam's lair. Where she puts the bad ones.” He nodded at the bones on the floor. Horrified, Norman saw many of them were child-sized. As he watched, one of them was tossed into a furnace and emerged as a link of steaming sausage.

“My sister... Courtney. Is she here?”

“Yes. Though you may not recognize her for much longer.” The cat licked its paws. “She's decided on a new way to keep her prisoners here. They can't run away from her affections... if they're too fat to walk.”

Norman shuddered. He was used to dealing with ghosts, but this was something else entirely. “She? Who is 'she'? The beldam?”

“Yes. The queen of this dark place. She lures in children... or those with the minds of children... to her lair. And here, she keeps them forever.” The cat nodded at the bones. “Or, at least until they become too fat to handle. And then it's on to the next one.”

“I have to stop this.” He put a hand on the basement door. “This... beldam. What's she afraid of? Everything has a weakness.”

“Games, mostly. And cats.”

“That's it? Games and cats?” He frowned. “I don't suppose your old body's hanging around.”

“Run over by a Peterbilt. Damn shame... I loved that body.” The cat eyed him. “But the Other Mother hasn't found a true foe in a long time. Many, many years. She will be itching for a game of wits... just be careful what you choose.

“I will.” Reluctantly, he set down his monster-hunting bag on the stairs—it was clear none of those tools would help him, in this hell-hole. “Thanks, Mr. Cat.” But the animal had disappeared. His body full of nervous energy, Norman opened the basement door into the hall.



“St-stop! Please! I'm going to... HIC, explode!!”

Courtney Babcock had never been so full in her life. She was so full it felt like food was coming out of her ears. Indeed, her gag reflex had kicked in several times, trying to vomit up the sheer amount of food stuffed into her agonized belly. But each time she gagged the Other Mother put her hand over Courtney's throat, preventing the vomit from rolling up and spilling out her mouth. Her long, red nails dug into the girl's skin, and the button eyes stared into her soul as Courtney whimpered, completely stuffed.

Within a few minutes of the force-feeding's start, she'd already gotten noticeably bigger. It seemed the Other Mother's "special" food was also extra-fattening: her pale, doughy body had gotten even more doughy and saggy under the influence of the treats being shoved into her face. Her stomach dangled and wobbled halfway down her thighs now, and her chins quivered in terror as Other Mitch cracked open another beer for her.

"Open wide, C-Babe! Got a brewski for ya!"

"N-no..." But when the Other Mother held her nose she was forced to drink, guzzling the beer like she was some stupid sorority girl at a party. Granted, the beer was delicious, malty and hoppy and expertly brewed. But having it forced into her already packed stomach made her squirm and whine with pain. Down below, a frightened fart squeaked out of her rear, her intestines so loaded with food that she could hardly control her bowels.

"Yes. That's it. Drink up, sweetie-pie." The Other Mother's legs had split into four, now, and her hair seemed to be moving on its own. She no longer resembled a prettier version of Courtney's own mom: now she looked a lot like an insect, or perhaps an arachnid that had finally caught its prey. "Drink up, and once you're too big and stupid to say no, we'll put buttons on your eyes... Then you'll be our little plaything forever."

"Mmmph! **BRAAAALPT.**" All Courtney could do was belch helplessly. She was more scared than she'd ever been in her life.

"Hey!" A familiar voice burst through the haze. "Get away from my sister!"

"N... Norman?" Courtney blinked, so drunk and stuffed she could hardly see straight. "Izzat you?"

It was. Norman Babcock stood resolute in the doorway, fists clenched. The Other Mother scuttled towards him, red nails outstretched.

"What are *you* doing here? Your Other Sister should have gotten into those pants by now..."

"Yeah, well, I'm not into that kind of stuff. I'm not a Lancaster." He backed away all the same as her clawed legs advanced on him. "I'm here for Courtney. Let her go."

"Mmmf... Dork, get outta here, she's gonna—" said Courtney, before Other Mitch mashed a huge reuben sandwich into her face, forcing her to chew it by manually moving her jaw.

"Out. OUT!" The Other Mother was livid. "You don't belong here!"

"Even if I came to... play a game?"

The beldam paused. "I have no time for games. I'm *busy*."

"It'll be a good one. One you've never played before. I promise."

She growled. "You have ten seconds."

Shit. He hadn't actually thought of a game yet... Then a flash of inspiration struck. There was one thing he could depend on here, one thing that might get them out of this. Courtney's piggishness.

He pointed at Courtney. "Look at her. She's huge from eating your creepy, garbage food. But she could probably eat more, right?"

“Go on...”

“I propose an eating contest. I'll be referee.” He grinned. “And if you beat Courtney, you get to keep her here. Do whatever... weird button-people things you want to do to her. And I'll leave.”

The Other Mother paused, shrinking down into her normal form again. Now she resembled Norman's mom—curvy, blonde, warm-faced but with long, eerie red claws. “I think your sister's had more than her share, already.”

“Is that a no?”

The creature's face twisted up. Behind them, Courtney shook her head frantically. There was no way she could eat any more—not a single bite, not without serious injury. But even as she had this thought she could feel the food settling in her, digesting, and her stomach oozed out several more inches. The food, it seemed, was magic... and not the good kind. She was slowly growing hungry again.

The Other Mother tore a strip of wallpaper from the wall. “Dammit. You meddling child! Very well. If we must. I will play.” She grinned, her mouth full of needle teeth. “And I will win.”



“Okay. The rules are simple.” Norman stood with a checkered flag Other Mitch had provided him, fully aware of how absurd this was... and how terrifying. The kitchen had been cleaned, and Courtney was tied to a chair across the dining table from the Other Mother, who crouched ready to eat. Countless fresh dishes were on the table between them: salmon, spaghetti, lobster, shepard's pie, and other delicacies. Courtney looked ready to puke just looking at it.

“Whoever stops eating first, is the loser.” He lifted the flag... and dropped it. “Go!”

Other Mother was first out the gates, reaching her long arms out... and then her long arms grew longer, claws stretching, as she shoveled food towards her lean face. Her jaw disengaged, mouth yawning wide, and she poured the food into her mouth like she was stuffing tree limbs into a wood-chipper. The high-calorie mass slid down her elastic throat and into her stomach, which bulged grotesquely out under her polka-dot dress.

Both Courtney and Norman stared, astonished.

“Whaff?” Other Mother said, swallowing the last of the food and licking her greasy lips with a long tongue. “I've always had a big appetite. It's not souls, but... It'll do. **Brullch.**”

Courtney hiccuped, still half-drunk. “I can't compete with that,” she hissed at Norman.

Norman shrugged... and as Other Mother reached for an entire pizza, rolling it into a mass of cheese and sauce and bread, he mouthed *You don't have to.*

Confused, Courtney nodded and dug in. She was looking fatter than ever, easily nearly three hundred pounds despite having just arrived in the house hours ago. Her cellulite-riddled rolls oozed and flopped out from under her track suit, which was stained with sauces and cheese splatters. She was growing hungry again, and found that disturbing... but what was more disturbing was how easily this

came to her. She was practically drowning in food, and yet despite the horror of her new body and the madness of what was happening, she couldn't get enough of it.

She gobbled down pizza rolls, weiners still steaming inside Pillsbury dough, mashed sweet potatoes and bowls of chili. Her insides gurgled and bubbled with indigestion as she forced the magical trash-food down her throat, fighting the urge to puke at the speed of her own consumption. Belches and the occasional exhausted fart burst out of her as she went She was eating faster than she ever had before... and still, the Other Mother was way ahead of her.

The monstrous child-snatcher was simply pouring entire toureens of gravy and soup down her throat, her neck extending and bulging with fluid as she dumped fattening chowder and gumbo into her slowly swelling body. Unlike Courtney , whose frame was bulging and drooping with flesh, the Other Mother simply blimped out like an enormous tick or parasite, her belly growing spherical and then sagging off her, lowering towards the ground as she ate. The animalistic sounds of her gluttony echoed through the beautiful, but empty house—a symphony of greed and avarice.

Courtney slowed down almost immediately. She was already stuffed, and piling more food into her weakening body wasn't making her feel any less uncomfortable. Tears trickled down her cheeks as another wet fart slipped out of her. She felt disgusting, a horrible pig, and she regretted ever following that idiotic cookie trail. *How could I have been so stupid?* “**HURRRPpppt.**” *I mean, they were really good cookies, but still.*

Norman, for his part, was watching the two of them carefully. Courtney was big... but her fat was squishy, malleable. Compressable. *Can we do it?*

He thought they could. The Other Mother was eating wildly, overjoyed to be winning so easily. Her stomach was spreading out across the floor, filling with pound after pound of meat, bread, fine wines and cheeses. It nudged against the table, faithfully massaged by Other Mitch, whose biceps bulged as he rubbed and soothed his queen's gorged gut.

But the speed of her eating was slowing down. The monster's stomach looked heavy... and it was big. So big, that even a creature as past and sneaky as her couldn't move easily with that thing holding her down.

Silently, he let the flag drop to the floor.

“Heheh... HUORRRP...” The Other Mother was ignoring them entirely, so focused on winning the “game” that she had almost forgotten about her victim. “Mmm, bring me more of those grapes, Mitch sweetie. Momma needs a—**hurrruppt**--a little fruit in her diet.” Other Mitch obliged, and when he went to lean over for a bunch of grapes on the floor, Norman grabbed Courtney's hand.

“Come on,” he hissed, jerking his head at the living room door.

“What?” she whispered back, her breath reeking of junk food.

“We're getting out of here!”

“Norman, I can barely **BRAPP** move...”

“So move, dammit,” he muttered, pinching one of her rolls. “For once in your life, *get... off... your... ass.*”

She squinted at him. Even through the fog of her drunken, bloated haze, her sibling rivalry still surfaced. “Bite me—*hic!* dork.” And she heaved herself up as quietly as she could, barely even able to stand, and wobbled-slash-staggered towards the living room.

The loud, meaty sound of her saddlebags smacking the sides of the doorframe alerted the Other Mother. Her head jerked up, button eyes staring wildly, and she saw the bloated ass of her newest victim squeezing through the door... towards escape. Furious, she leapt for the door.

And then she crashed down as dozens of pounds of heavy, saliva-coated food dragged her to the floor.

***KA-WHUMP!!***

“Courtney!” The beldam shrieked as her skinny arms flew out, dragging her across the floor. “Courtney, don't leave! We need you! Mitch—Mitch, get the stupid pig!”

“Yes, ma'am.” Other Mitch grabbed a beer bottle and broke it on the edge of the table. “Hey, guys! It's your old buddy Mitch...”

“Shit!” Norman tried to drag his sister along, but Courtney was too massive to be dragged. Her weight had all begun to settle into her lower half, leaving her with a colossal set of hips and ass that made her look like she had lipodema. Her gut flopped and swayed over her crotch, still bloated with food and heavy with flesh. She huffed and puffed, struggling to move as fast as she could.

“I'm t-too pretty to get all sweaty like this...”

Other Mitch appeared in the doorway, his shadow falling over them. “Hey, babe! Where you going?”

Norman yelped and rushed to shut the sliding doors to the living room—but Other Mitch's muscular arm got through first, grabbing for him. As Courtney opened the tiny door in the corner, Other Courtney's hand shot out and grabbed her by the throat.

*“You've really let yourself go, sister!”*

“Eyaugh!” She fell back, the floor shaking as her titanic rear smacked the floorboards. Luckily, her sheer size allowed her to get one up on Other Courtney, and she rolled over on her, masses of fat crushing the monster to the floor. “Norman, help me up!”

“I'm a little busy!” Norman flashed his cell phone light through the gap, blinding Other Mitch, and grabbed his sister's pudgy hands. It took maximum effort from both of them to get her off the floor, gas venting from both ends of her body.

***“BuhurrrrrpppPPP!” FRRRRUMMmpptff.***

Finally Norman was able to herd his obese whale of a sister to the tiny door in the wall. Leaning down, she squeezed in... and then her belly and hips smacked against the side of the small aperture. Courtney squealed like a pig as her fat wobbled and flopped, her track suit sliding down over her rear to expose a Grand Canyon of butt-flesh.

“Norman! Push me! Push me, *quick!*”

Seeing his sister trapped, Norman did the only thing he could: he rushed towards the broad white canvas of Courtney's rump, mashing his hands against both ass cheeks and shoving as hard as he could.

Courtney moaned and whined as she fought to get her immense posterior through the gap—her fat squashed and flattened, but it wasn't enough. Then Norman did something he never imagined he'd do: he spanked her.

“Go! Go, you huge *cow!*”

“Normaaaaan--” She kicked at him for the insult, and in her flailings she finally managed to pop through the opening. Norman tumbled after her—and then the Other Mother crashed through the door to the living room, belly dragging behind her like an enormous tumor.

*“Don't take my piggy away from me!”*

But if the door had been rough for Courtney, it was impassable for the mound of flesh and claws that currently clawed its way over the floor towards Norman. When she arrived at the door, *her* door she used to lure in prey, she could only squeeze her head through and wail helplessly as Norman and the jiggly, farting mess that was Courtney escaped.

“*Nooooo!* **BLURP..**”

As the other side of the door closed and her victim's blubbery buttocks disappeared forever, the Other Mother collapsed to the floor of her perfect home, weeping.

Other Mitch walked through the door, carrying a bottle of wine.

“Um... Wanna talk about it?”



Meanwhile, in the real world, Courtney collapsed on the hardwood floors, her chest heaving. She was morbidly overweight now, and she could feel her heart pumping and her ribs rising and falling too fast, way too fast. Wheezing, she tried to calm herself.

“You... called... me... a cow!”

“Yeah, well.” Norman was laying beside her, completely exhausted, his hair askew. “You sorta deserved it. A little bit.”

Courtney sighed. “It's not my fault. The cookies were so good!”

“What cookies?”

She swallowed. Belched once... and then realized she couldn't get up. She was simply too stuffed and obese to stand, as the Other Mother's calories soaked into her ass and legs. “It's a long—URRRP! Story.”

“Well, she's stuck in there, now. We've got time.”

Courtney sighed. Inside her guts, her food gurgled as it digested. “I love you, Norman... But you're still a dork.”

*Frrrrt.*





-END-