

“Senorita Olivia and Miss High”

Session 2: Reinforcements

By Z.O.B. Industries



Olivia woke from a haze of dry-mouthed, bleary confusion to stagger upright in the ruins of her dorm room. The whole place was a wreck—furniture was tipped over, bedsheets were scattered, and there were takeout bags and boxes *everywhere*. There was practically no telling what had happened in this room... or who had been in it, last night.

A pair of boxers was slung over the edge of the bed, and what looked like a three-foot-long bong lay on the ground beside her. The smell of reefer, beef jerky and cheap junk food permeated the air.

“*Dios mio...* Not again!” Furious, Olivia leaned against the bed as she struggled to get her bearings. She was nude, except for crude text in lipstick scrawled across her stomach. The graffiti, in her own handwriting, read: ***SEX MACHINE FUEL TANK.***

“God *dammit!*”

She kicked the leg of her dorm bed in frustration, and resented how her belly jiggled as she did so. Olivia had been forced to face a few facts lately: one, she'd developed a serious weed problem. Two, she was getting a little... porky.

The normally svelte college girl, president of the Hispanic Heritage Club and leader of local environmentalism protests, had let herself go. Her obsession... scratch that, her *alter ego's* obsession to smoking weed had given her the munchies enough times to pack nearly thirty pounds onto her, in a single semester!

And of course, it was Miss High who was the addicted one, not Olivia herself. Miss High was... well, Olivia wasn't even really sure what she was. Some kind of alternate personality, developed by repression, according to her therapist. Miss High always came out even after the mildest of joint hits—hell, she suspected the bitch would come out if she ate too many poppyseeds or something. Her pesky alternate-identity *loved* weed, and junk food, and...

Male company. Lots of it.

Olivia sighed, and checked her phone. Dozens of text messages crowded her alerts, each one

from a mystery number and each one thanking her for a “great time last night.”

“Oh, come on! Miss High, you *slut!*”

Olivia groaned and thumped her head on the wall, black hair swaying, as she realized she'd *once again* fucked her way through most of the university's scant population of twenty-something attractive men. From the massive CVS condom-rack receipt on her desk, she'd at least taken precautions... Expensive precautions.

“Three boxes' worth of Magnums? *Jesu cristo*. No wonder I'm so tired...”

This couldn't go on. Her life was falling apart. She needed help... She needed an intervention. Hell, she might need an *exorcism*. Miss High was a tenacious and crafty enemy, a THC-soaked royal slut-queen whose *tatas* were always on display and whose attitude towards calories was “more, please.” She couldn't be reasoned with or controlled.

Which meant Olivia needed reinforcements. She pulled up her family contacts... and with a moment of embarrassed hesitation, dialled her sister.

“Maria? Hey, it's me...”

“Olivia! *Como estas?*” Maria sounded happy to hear from her, which was nice. Their relationship as sisters hadn't always been... positive.

“I'm good, I'm good...” Olivia swallowed. “So, uh. What are you doing this weekend?”

Maria made that sucking sound with her lips, the one that always annoyed the hell out of Olivia, and sighed. “Well... I've got a meeting with my rowing club, and I was going to volunteer for Unesco, but I could find some free time. What's up?”

Olivia rolled her eyes. Maria was a law student and aspiring human rights lawyer, currently finishing up her Master's. Yet somehow Maria *also* made time for charitable activities, outstripping Olivia's public service record easily and making it look effortless. As someone who was currently majoring in political communication, with her focus on someday getting a grad degree in nonprofit work, Olivia had... mixed feelings about her sister. And about telling her sister her problems.

But... She needed help. She was smart enough to admit that to herself. Miss High was encroaching further and further on her “real” life, and Olivia refused to cede any more territory to her lascivious, shameless alternate personality.

“I've got... some problems I need help with.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. I'm developing some... bad habits.” It ashamed her to even admit it—and of course, even as she stared down at her swollen midsection with its bellybutton ring (which she didn't remember getting) Olivia shifted the blame back onto Miss High. It wasn't *her* fault she was eating so much. It was her darn schizophrenic other half! Obviously.

“Say no more.” Maria sounded so concerned, that for a moment Olivia thought maybe she wouldn't become another one of her sister's charity projects. But then... “I know, living away from Mom and Dad is hard for you. Don't stress—I'll come this Friday, and spend the whole weekend. We'll get you back on track!”

They chatted amicably for a while, and Olivia hung up the phone feeling less guilty... but just as worried. Miss High would surely try and sabotage her sister's attempts to improve Olivia's lifestyle. In fact, she would probably smoke up a storm right before Maria showed up. That would be *just* like High, to cut her off at the knees like that.

Which meant... she had to get rid of Miss High's many stashes before then.

Heart heavy, Olivia jiggled around her bedroom, struggling to clean it up before Maria arrived. Friday was tomorrow, and she refused to allow her sister to see her shame. The boxers she tossed in the trash, the many bongs and pipes she gathered and stuffed into her underwear drawer. Her bras would smell like weed, sure, but she could wash them.

And of course, the stashes. Olivia found the first one inside a tampon box, its outside held shut with Scotch tape. The box was entirely full of weed—musky, thick, skunky bud. Wrinkling her nose but subconsciously licking her lips, Olivia began to gather all the weed she could find onto her bed. She nibbled on ice-cream from the mini-fridge Miss High had gotten last week as she did so; a warrior of self-discipline needed a little encouragement, after all.

She didn't even notice herself finishing the entire pint until it was already in the trash.

“Shit... URP.” Olivia groaned and held her stomach, gassy and uncomfortable. Miss High might be okay with belching and farting like some sort of frat boy, but *Olivia* was a proper and upstanding young woman. She couldn't just go around snacking like that. She made a note to get rid of the mini-fridge.

Can't do anything about the ice cream... But at least I've got her weed.

The 'collection' was massive. A dozen jars of different types of kush, all meticulously labelled (Miss High's perfectionism, unlike Olivia's, only applied to drugs) plus four chocolate bars laced with THC, a cookie-sheet covered in weed brownies... There was topical CBD/THC cream, little “lozenges” full of THC, and a concerning glass-like amber substance High had simply labelled “Shatter.”

Jesus, that's like... five hundred dollars of weed. No wonder my ATM had so many withdrawals this month...

Now, to get rid of it. But she couldn't just throw away the weed, or flush it down the toilet—the hoard of dope was too huge, and trying to dispose of *that* much ganja was bound to attract attention.

No, the only way to get rid of it without a trace... was to use it.

The conclusion seemed obvious to her, and it never occurred to Olivia that “Miss High” might have suggested it, from her subconscious. A single day of blazed-out stupidity wouldn't hurt much—she had already skipped class a dozen times recovering from her alter ego's parties, and her professors were already beginning to write her off.

“Well, don't count me out yet, *putas*.” Olivia had never been a foul-mouthed girl, but High was driving her up the wall. “I'm gonna bounce back this week. Maria will help me. She might be a bitch, but she's *urrrp*, smart.” She swallowed. “Now, uh... time to get rid of the evidence. Yeah.”

She coughed, the silence palpable in her tiny room.

“This is... definitely the best idea.” She glanced at herself in the mirror, chubby-cheeked, sunken-eyed and disheveled. Her belly oozed over her sweatpants waistband, pooching out under her WORLD PEACE 2020 sweatshirt, a sliver of pale-brown blobbish meat quivering every time she moved.

Try and make me fat and stupid, will you? Joke's on you, bitch. I'm going to wipe out your whole stash... and then you'll have NOTHING for the week. And you'll be too damn high to shop for more—even you can't stay vertical after this much weed.

She swallowed heavily, tasting stale ice-cream on her lips.

I hope.



Ben Otanya arrived outside Olivia's room at quarter to three, spinning his R.A. key on his finger. The well-dressed, slender Economics major was enjoying the power of his new position—he liked telling other students what to do, and especially enjoyed shutting down illicit activities on campus. Sow's Bend University should be a fortress of good behavior—young minds, learning and growing, teaching each other. Not some kind of... anarchic free-for-all.

If he could have had his say, the tall Kenyan student would've happily kicked every Sow's Bend fraternity off campus. And the sororities too. They were hedonistic idiots, brain-rotting engines of peer pressure. The biggest fraternity, Gammo-Lipos-Choirous, were a bunch of moronic jocks who enjoyed taking selfies with passed-out freshmen and posting them online. Not to mention they had gotten into a hazing practice called “hogging,” which... well, Ben didn't even like to think about it. He'd Googled it once, and almost puked. They were a mess.

And the head sorority wasn't much better. Etan-Gro-Phetta was a mysterious, almost clandestine group. They had a bad reputation around campus, mostly because girls who joined them came out... different. More promiscuous, more. Less restrained. Not to mention, their alcohol abuse was even worse than the fraternities' and there were... certain rumors. Rumors of rituals in sorority-house basements, odd stories of worship in the dark... on nights which corresponded with enormous pizza deliveries.

But that was for campus security to deal with. Ben's job was to make sure that all the students in the dorm stayed safe, sober and chaste—and he was relentless about it.

But today, he was about to meet his match.

He passed by Olivia's dorm without a thought, first. Olivia lived in a single, and was notoriously polite and kind, always willing to assist a lost freshman. In fact, she had been in the running for the R.A. position, but then she'd stopped going to class.

Ben personally suspected a sophomore slump. Olivia was a hard-working girl, even if she was kind of a bitch at times. But when he smelled weed-smoke coming from under her door, he sighed.

That'll be the tenth time this week...

He'd let it slide previously, since Olivia never bothered anyone. But it was broad daylight, and today there would be parents touring the building, trying to decide if their children should attend the school. He couldn't turn a blind eye today.

Knocking on the door, Ben cleared his throat. “Olivia! Open up. R.A., just doing my duty.” No answer—so he knocked again. “Olivia...”

The door creaked open. A billow of smoke issued forth, and for a second, Ben almost panicked.

A fire drill on his watch would be disastrous. Especially with *weed* as the cause.

But then Olivia's hand reached out, and pulled him inside by his shirt collar. A voice that wasn't entirely familiar—husky and sensuous, sounding like Olivia's but somehow *other*—murmured through the haze of bong-vapor.

“Benny, Benny, buddy... Pal. Come on in. Come into my parlour, heh-heh!”

“What the...” The smoke cleared as he coughed, waving his hand, and he saw Olivia swaying back and forth in the middle of the room. At least... it *sort* of looked like Olivia.

She'd gained weight, he could see that right away. Her thick sweatshirt and sweatpants did nothing to disguise her figure, and the yellow-green-and-red *rasta* skullcap she wore didn't hide her plumper cheeks, double chin and red-rimmed eyes. Somewhere in the smoke, her speakers were bouncing out a Lizzo track, and she was bobbing happily along to the music. *Christ. She's high as a kite!*

“Olivia! You, uh...” He pointed uselessly at the smoke around them, eyes watering. “This is a violation! I'm going to have to report you. Since when did you become a...”

“Stoner?” She giggled, staggering over to the door and bumping it shut with her rear. Ben noticed as she did that her ass had inflated as well... and deep down, something stirred in him. His heart began to pound inside his starchy, collared shirt, and his tight-fitted slacks were suddenly uncomfortable.

“Yeah, Benny buddy, I'm a stoner... but I'm also not Olivia, right now. Well, not quite. I'm like... a quasi-Olivia, you know? A little to the left. *Urrrrp.*” She covered her mouth a moment too late as the stench of beer wafted towards him.

He was aghast with horror. “Olivia! Are you *drinking*? It's three in the afternoon!”

“Afternoon, schmafternoon.” She waved off his concern and leaned over, plucking a fresh beer from the mini-fridge. It was a craft beer, mango-flavored, with a picture of a canoe on the front. He noticed with terror that two empties already sat in the fridge, seemingly hidden there by the *very* blazed Olivia.

“This is... this is flagrant disrespect for University rules!” But his eyes were fixed on the wide expanse of her rear, which was bobbing to and fro, her panty-lines clearly visible under the thin fabric. God, that ass was... well, it was chubby, for sure. But there was muscle under there. She had thick, powerful legs and broad, sturdy thighs—which had recently grown plump and jiggly. Ben discovered to his frustration that she was *arousing* him.

“Miss High doesn't do rules.” She whirled around, staggering, and grinned as a lock of curly brown hair fell in her eyes. “She *does*, however, 'boss up' and get tattoos wherever she wants.” Olivia (if it really *was* Olivia) winked at him. “Wanna see? **BRULCH.**”

He averted his face as she belched again. “No, I don't want to see your tattoos. I'm going to speak to the head of housing right now. This is... This is totally unlike you!”

His hand was on the doorknob when Olivia's body, all two hundred pounds plus of her, slammed him into the wall. Her Rastafarian hat came off as she pressed herself against him, warm and soft and gently writhing as she grabbed both his wrists.

“You're not going *anywhere*, you big tall bar of chocolate.” He struggled, but it was useless—she was bigger than him, and had spent years doing lacrosse to get her scholarship to Sow's Bend Uni.

“That's, uh, that's kinda racist...”

“I’m *Latina*, Ben. Or Latin-X, or something... We can't be racist, if we're like, a non-white race. That's how it works.” She hiccuped, grinding her broad hips against him. “Now show me your *real* chocolate bar, skinny stuff...”

“Woah, hold on—Mmf!” He tried to twist away as she kissed his neck, lips tracing a path of moist hunger up his jugular and onto the underside of his chin. Her lipstick left behind little splotches of color as she went. “You're... You're not in your right mind. You can't consent. N-not that I want to... not that I would... I mean, you're very attractive, but...”

She laughed, one hand releasing his wrist to unbutton his shirt, clumsy and disoriented. He didn't fight her off, instead just squirming with mingled panic and arousal as she began pulling away his shirt, kissing his chest.

“Ben, don't make this weird for me, mm'kay? Olivia really likes you... and so do I. She wouldn't want to embruch... Embarrass you.” Her eyes were watery and pinkish, capillaries distended with dozens of milligrams of pure THC. “Like Lizzo says... I don't need you... I just need to *freak* you. Get me?”

He couldn't follow her deranged, stoned anti-logic, but a hot thick woman was undressing him and that had *never* happened before. “Well, even if we... if I was to... Your pot, it's going to set off the um, hallway smoke detectors. We'll get interrupted.”

She tugged off his undershirt for him and began working on his belt. “Ben. *Urrp*. You sweet summer child.” She kissed him on the lips, even as she tapped an app on her phone, ordering a massive amount of Dominos pizza and greasy, cheap apps. “I disabled the smoke detectors *weeks* ago. You never even noticed... and neither did Olivia.”

“My God.” Ben swallowed, his throat dry as she tugged down his pants, burping softly as she knelt to pry open the front of his boxers. “You're... you're a public menace. You're... You're not Olivia at all.”

“Damn straight, *hombre*. And the next time you try and report Miss High...” She reached inside the gap, stroking his manhood until it burst out of his underwear, a myopic shaft of need. “Just remember... Instead of filling out a *boring urrrrp* report... You could be jizzing down the back of my throat.”

And with that, she slurped down his cock like a veteran circus sword-swallower, choking herself on its girth and drooling around it as her red-tinged eyes rolled back.

Ben's back arched and he leaned against the wall as “Miss High” introduced herself to him *properly*, sucking and jerking and sucking until his self-control melted away and he blasted spunk down her throat, filling Miss High's belly with jizz.

She trapped him in that room, plying him with weed and beer, for the better part of the day. By the time he staggered out grinning at seven o'clock, most of the weed was gone—just like Olivia had planned.

Of course, her plan had casualties... like the six pizzas she'd ordered. And the local dispensary order she'd put in, as Miss High, delivered by an online courier service. By midnight, Miss High had doubled her original stash size, wiping out Olivia's savings in the process and making herself the weed queen of her dorm again.

And so the cycle continued.



“This is how you've been living?” Maria clicked her tongue at the piles of garbage around her, nudging a pile of Ho-Ho wrappers and empty Goya soda cans. “Olivia, *bebe*, this is not okay. I always knew you were a little messy, but a clean life makes for clean grades, right? We've got a lot of work to do. I'm going to stay in town a few weeks—I've already picked out a nice rental apartment. You need an *intervention*, girl, and I'm just the one to deliver it. Now, let's get cleaning!”

Her joking tone belied her seriousness. In her salmon-colored, ruffled sun dress and block-helled Raffia sandals, Maria cut a stark contrast to Olivia's schlubby appearance. Her rose-colored sunglasses, perched on the end of her rhinoplasted button-nose, made Maria look like a big insect as she stepped carefully over the rubble of Olivia's life. An insect with a two-hundred-dollar-value, perfectly straightened hairdo.

Olivia grunted, blinking in the sudden light as Maria pulled up her shades. She had been so stoned, for so many days, she'd almost forgotten about Maria's visit. Miss High's control of her life had finally lifted that morning—hours before her sister arrived. Now, she stood behind her with her stomach sagging out of her sweatpants, still a little buzzed... and very annoyed.

Look at that skinny bitch pushing you around, whispered Miss High's sultry voice, from the back of her mind. *Calling you names, intruding on your life. Messing with your stuff. You gonna take that?*

Olivia rubbed her forehead, struggling to resist the voice in her head. Her alternate personality had grown stronger and stronger in the last few days... more capable of guiding Olivia's actions even when she wasn't blazed. And even worse, Olivia had actually started agreeing with her.

Especially when Maria made... less than kind comments about her weight.

“Sunlight, yes, more sunlight, that's what we need...” Her sister opened another shade, and Olivia almost hissed in self-defense as the UV light blazed through the window. “And I'll get you a gym membership, too. Don't worry, sis, I'll take care of *everything*. We'll get you back to the top of the school pecking order in no time—once we work off that big belly, of course! Hah!”

She winked and pinched Olivia's swollen gut, which had grown dimpled with cellulite over the last few days. Smoldering with annoyance, Olivia tried to remember her sister was *helping* her. She had a substance abuse problem. She *needed* this kind of tough-talk, to... to get...

What you NEED, roared Miss High's voice, *is a big fat doobie. A nice fat blunt, and some cookies, and more pizza. And a big hard cock to ride. Don't you like those things? Haven't I given you a good time? You deserve better than diet-foods, and this arrogant bitch bossing you around...*

Just let me handle things... and everything will be perfect.

For a moment, Olivia fought back. Maria was her *sister*; dammit, and her sister was just trying to fix things. Maybe she needed to go back to therapy... maybe missing her last few sessions with Dr. Dirigibel had been a bad idea. She was certainly spiralling out of control—that much was obvious.

The problem was... she kind of liked spiralling out of control. It felt good.

It felt like *freedom*.

“And you'll move in with me, obviously...”

Olivia's ears perked up; she'd been munching casually on a Toblerone candy she'd plucked from the gathered garbage in her dorm. “Whuh?”

“Yes, of course.” Maria snatched the Toblerone away and tossed it in the garbage can, shaking her head. “No, no more of that! I think you've had *plenty* of sweets.”

She patted Olivia's belly, smiling sweetly as her little sister blushed and glowered. “I already talked to the campus housing department,” she said, plucking an industrial garbage-bag from her purse and beginning to clean the room. “You'll move in with me off-campus, and we'll get you back to your old self. Smart, popular... back at a *healthy* size. Just trust me, and everything will be cool.”

Olivia burned with frustration as her sister's pert bottom waggled in front of her, toned into ultimate muscle-tone by countless personal trainers. How *dare* she just assume Olivia would move in with her? And where did she get off, going behind her own sister's back to uproot her life, force her off campus? This was her *home*, dammit. This was where her friends were... at least, the friends she had left, after Miss High had desolated her life.

And this is where all my weed customers are, she thought with panic as Maria pulled a bong from under her bed, and tossed that in the trash as well. *Well... Miss High's customers. But right now, they're the only thing keeping me afloat. I need to keep selling, so I can get back on my feet...*

Exactly, agreed Miss High, looking out from Olivia's bloodshot eyes at her meddlesome sister. Maria had found their favorite Rasta hat, and was wadding it up to toss it in the trash. The moment she did, Olivia silently fished it out and put it in her pocket.

For once, the two identities were in agreement: Maria had to be stopped.

And for that to happen... they were going to need reinforcements.



Devon Philander was a student wellness counselor. He liked his job, he liked Sow's Bend University, and he liked his quiet life in town. He was a solitary young man, still working on his Master's in education, and he was normally happy to see *any* student, during his shift or afterward.

But there was one exception.

“Oh God. Oh, shit.” He saw Olivia coming down the hall and ducked inside his office, his heart hammering under the fluorescent lights. “Not again, dammit. Not again!”

Olivia had begun stalking him a few days ago. Well, “stalking” wasn't the right word. She would come in for “counseling” sessions, but the sessions always ended with her trying to get in his pants. She'd been escorted away by campus security twice. Olivia had once been a star student, the pride of Sow's Bend. But now she was oversexed, perpetually drunk or stoned... she even sounded different. It was as if she was transforming into someone else.

Or *something* else.

By the time Devon figured out what was going on, it was too late. The “new” Olivia had *everyone* in her pocket, including campus security. Selling weed to every dorm at a fraction of local dispensary costs, she was getting quite popular—and when he tried to report her to the R.A., Ben Otanya, he found even the power structure of the campus had bent to her will.

He supposed he couldn't blame her for being interested in her counselor. Devon was passably attractive, in a bookish way: he had a nice body, which he honed at the YMCA every weekend, and he kept himself well-comported at school. But he also had a secret. A very *big* secret, one that he'd successfully kept from the administration... and one Olivia constantly threatened to expose.

“Dev! Dev, buddy, open up... *Urrrp...*”

Devon heard the knocking at his office door, and then a quiet clicking sound as Olivia fiddled with the handle. Then he heard a murmured conversation... that she was having *with herself*.

“Aw, leave him alone, High... He's a *burrrp*, nice guy. There's gotta be some other way...”

“I told you, Liv. He's—**HORRP**—he's our only chance. Now use what I taught you, 'n' get that door open...”

Devon was both terrified and aroused. Olivia was clearly batshit crazy, on a level he as a counselor was not equipped to handle. But she was also *extremely* attracted to him, and he to her.

Devon's “little secret” was that he liked fat girls—a lot. Specifically, he liked lazy, slovenly, *greedy* fat girls. The kind who might think nothing of demolishing a whole buffet, or passing gas in public. The kind of girl you could never bring home to your mother. They thrilled him... enticed him. Consumed him with lust.

Hell, one of the reasons he'd come to Sow's Bend in the first place was its high obesity rate, a huge anomaly in the area. And at first he'd enjoyed ogling the plumper students on campus... watching them gorge themselves in the cafeteria, taking advantage of the university's all-you-can-eat “Sow's

Bender” meal cards.

But then Olivia had come into his life. And everything had gone to hell.

With a small click and a pop, his office door swung open. She had *picked the lock*, he realized with terror... but he was still in-control enough to slide behind his desk, straightening his keyboard and turning on his computer. He had to look like he was still in charge. That was the key to dealing with her.

When she was drunk or high, Olivia almost seemed able to *smell* fear. And arousal. And if she tried to give him another hand-job, he would almost certainly get fired... or worse. She was a menace to his very existence, a perfect flabby little smart-bomb, delivering a payload of career-ruining humiliation every time she dropped by.

But Devon could deal with her. He was a *professional*, dammit.

Olivia, having broken in, now made her big entrance. She staggered into the doorway, leaning on the frame, her swollen potbelly dangling and swaying in the glow of the lighting strips. Her chubby chin and round cheeks were rosy and flushed; she'd come here in a hurry. Her Rasta hat was perched on her head, tilted to one side, long curly hair spilling out of it and falling halfway over her face. Her sweatpants looked ready to *explode* off her—she'd gained at least ten pounds since he last saw her, and that was a generous under-estimate. To his shame, Devon could already feel an erection building in his pants.

“Hey there, handsome,” she purred.

The seductive line was ruined by a loud *bwfrrrrt* from her backside, which made Devon squirm in his chair. She was just so *dirty*... So foul and depraved and bloated. What a hog.

“Olivia,” he said, coughing and crossing his arms. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“I need a *burrrp*, a prescription.” She stumbled up to his desk, leaning on it, her V-necked T-shirt exposing roughly half a mile of plump Latina cleavage. “For weed. Like, today. A big one.”

He swallowed. “I already told you—I'm a counselor, not a doctor. I can't give you that.”

Olivia sighed, her glazed eyes looking him up and down. In that moment, he knew what it was like to be prey—she had all the lazy sinuous energy of a tiger, sizing him up for consumption. A very *fat* tiger, but still. “Oh come *onnnn*, Dev buddy. I know you got connections. You hooked up Jenni with those appetite stimulants...”

“Well... Yes, but she said she needed to lose weight...”

“Don't bullshit me, Dev.” She waddled behind his desk and planted her ass on it, knocking over his Newton's Cradle and shaking his framed Botero painting on the wall. “I know you're running a pharmacy out of here. That's why all the students, *burrrp*, love you.” She picked *enchilada* chunks out of her teeth as she batted her eyebrows at him. “I'll make it worth your while...”

“Olivia...” But she was already getting off his desk, hovering over him, her breath smelling of

black beans and guacamole. Her body odor was palpable at this range, a pheromone-loaded musk barely covered by Juicy No. 5 perfume.

“I’ll make it *very* worth your while. Promise.” And she dropped her bloated rump into his lap, grinding on him like a two-dollar stripper. “Come *onnnn*, Dev... Be a pal...”

“I’ll call... campus security...” But when he reached for the phone, she caught him halfway, guiding his hand around to touch her stomach instead. Its soft, warm mass, loaded with food and THC edibles, made him nearly cream his pants.

“I know what you *like*, Dev. Nobody puts up Rubens and Botero on the same wall, not unless they have specific... interests.” She twerked on his lap, her flabby broad ass slapping against his workplace slacks. “I’ve seen the way you look at me... at the other fat girls on campus. But none of them can do what *I* do for you. None of them can thrill you like I do... Like *we* do.”

She was high again, referring to herself as multiple people. Not exactly a thumbs-up emoji, in terms of mental health.

Devon gritted his teeth. At any moment, someone could walk through that door... which made what was happening even more exciting. She was playing him like a damn fiddle, and even while he resented her, he was enjoying it.

“And what... exactly are you going to do for me?”

She leaned over, her hot breath in his ear, the smell of her filling his nostrils... and her hand squeezing his thigh. “I can get *fat* for you. I can eat and eat until I’m the size of a fucking Buick... Wouldn’t you like that? Hmm?”

“This is... a flagrant violation of campus ethics rules...”

“Answer the question, fuckboy.” Her hand moved from his thigh to his crotch, stroking and teasing relentlessly. “If you want me to get the munchies and blow up like a parade float... I need my herbs. My special little *treats*. Mama wants her candy, and she’s not taking ‘no’ for an answer.” Her grip suddenly tightened on his crotch. “Now reach down in your desk where you keep all the fake prescriptions, before I show you how *serious* I am about my... ‘medical’ needs.”

Helpless in the face of such full-frontal sexual assault, Devon did as he was asked. He had gotten into the bad habit of forging prescriptions for students—and he used his own therapist’s paperwork and signature. Greta Dirigibel was well-known around town, and it had been easy for him to “borrow” several of her prescription sheets during each of his visits. He’d done it from the goodness of his heart, trying to help students who needed Ritalin or Adderrall.

But now, his back-door dealings had come home to roost. Olivia watched him fill out the prescription, her lips hovering over his ear, and when he was done she kissed him on the cheek... and rose to her feet, unsteadily.

“Thanks, stud. This’ll keep me for... at least a few days. And your reward...”

And grinning like an idiot, she tugged down her pants and flashed her ass at him, twin globes of

flabby brown meat visible for only an instant. Her Skullcandy panties were stained with sweat—she clearly hadn't washed them in days.

God, she's so hot...

“Just a free sample,” she slurred. “If you want **urrrp** more... Keep those prescriptions coming. Understand?”

Furious but too bewildered to argue, Devon nodded.

“Good. I'll be back in a few days... and I then want another one of those slips. Until next time...” She blew him a kiss and jiggled out of the room, her muffin-top flopping and bouncing under her loose clothing. “See you around, Dev honey. Dream of me...”

With his glasses askew and precum staining the inside of his pants, Devon sighed.

Just another day at Sow's Bend University, he thought, and shut the door.



Maria's flat on the edge of town was, indeed, quite nice. The lease was month-to-month, so they didn't have to worry about committing. Maria had moved in a few days after her arrival, and reluctantly, Olivia followed her.

Naturally, she was forced to bring Miss High along for the ride.

At first, she thought maybe she'd been wrong. Maybe Maria was right—she *did* have a problem, and she did need help. She agreed on that part. Maybe she should listen to Maria and try to kick this ugly habit.

And for a while, she did try. But the methods Maria used to “cure” her... Power-walks at six in the morning. Disposing of every ounce of weed she could find. Snatching beers out of Olivia's hand and reminding her that “beer is just liquid bread, honey” over and *over* again. Turning off Netflix at night and nagging Olivia until she started finally doing her course-work again.

Olivia had allowed Miss High to extort Devon, in the hopes she wouldn't *really* have to go through with her secret plot against Maria. The plan she and Miss High had come up with, together, in secret. She had never intended to do it—it was too crazy, she thought. Too cruel.

And Olivia did want to get better, she really did. But the harder Maria pushed her, the more Olivia's *other* side came out... foul-mouthed, depraved, naughty, willing to say and do anything to get

her snacks and lazy lifestyle back. Soon enough, Miss High was in the driver's seat once more. And the plan was in motion.

Sipping an iced tea on a sunny Saturday morning, Maria smacked her perfect lips and frowned. “Olivia... What kind of tea is this?”

Olivia paused, right in the middle of slipping more dissolvable THC pills into the next pitcher of tea. Hidden by the flat's huge refrigerator (the one feature of living with Maria she enjoyed) Olivia swallowed nervously.

“It's a... homeopathic tea. Holistic, you know? Gets your... lymph nodes re-aligned.”

Maria snorted. “I didn't know you believed in that stuff. Homeopathy is all hippie crap, you know. It's not even real science. Still...” She took another sip. “It's pretty good. Kind of bitter, but it grows on you.”

“Yeah... Yeah, it really does.” Olivia rose, shutting the fridge door and waddling over to re-fill Maria's glass. Her sister was halfway through a legal textbook—a studying machine, she never stopped working, even on her days off. “More?”

“Sure.” The liquid gurgling of the glass being filled was repeated again... and again.

By that afternoon, all of Maria's big plans for the day had disappeared.

“I just want to... help *you* help yourself. Know what I mean?” Maria was sprawled on the couch, staring at the ceiling. Olivia was sitting in front of the flat's large TV, playing the Switch she'd traded for a platter of pot brownies the previous week.

“Yeah, I get ya.” Olivia raised the pitcher again. “More tea?”

Maria squinted at the pitcher. “That's... strong stuff. What's in that stuff, like... Ginseng, or something?”

“Yep. Lots and lots of... ginseng.” She re-filled the cup before Maria could elaborate on her ginseng question, and smirked as her older sister slurped it down.

Let's see how bossy you are, when everything in the house is spiked with enough weed to make Genghis Khan relax. She hated to do this, she really did... but Maria was a menace. Nothing could endanger Olivia's lifestyle, nothing at all. Or Miss High's. Which one was she, right now? She was a little too buzzed to remember...

Maria stared at the screen as Olivia stabbed and rode her way through *Breath of the Wild*, her eyes limpid and curious. “That's... a very pretty game. You know, video games are bad for your... physical... fitness.” She wagged a finger, still trying to lecture even under the influence of drugs.

“Yeah, I know. Don't worry, I'll get off soon.” She opened a bag of potato chips, offering it to Maria. “Chips?”

Maria hadn't eaten a potato chip in years, Olivia knew that for a fact. This was the ultimate

test... the final push. If she was ready to eat junk food, Maria was finally under her spell. If not... she might catch on. Get upset, and then the whole thing would be ruined.

“You know what... Usually I'd say no, but like... I'm just so *hungry* today.” Maria's hand plunged into the bag, her elegant Azalea cuff bracelet smeared with grease as she pulled out a handful of chips. “Mmf... Oh *fuck* these are good. W-we can't eat all of these, though. That would be, like... bad for us.”

Olivia watched with detached, cruel pleasure as her sister—a brilliant woman who had meant to become a District Attorney someday—gobbled down chips like a greedy little child. “Yeah. We won't do that, obviously. That would be a *terrible* idea. **HORP.**”

“Yeah, definitely. **Urrrph...**”

Thirty minutes later, three empty bags of chips lay on the floor... and Maria was sound asleep, Olivia's heavy Indica strain sending her right into slumberland. Her empty cup of tea was on the floor, spilled droplets staining the nice carpet.

That's it... Sleep nice and peaceful, while I get your new life ready for you. Olivia/Miss High rose, waddling to the kitchen... and started her master-plan.

Maria had few vices, living mostly on health-food. Luckily, every kind of health-food could be matched up with Olivia's drugs. Her sister's protein powder got a hefty dose of THC/CBD powder, as she broke open a dozen capsules and shook the identically white and powdery contents into the jar...

Next, Maria's “meal bars,” whole-grain chunks of tasteless artificial plant matter. These were a bit trickier. Olivia had to get her tinctures out, heavy THC-laced liquids designed for sleep aid. And then she mixed the tinctures with a little lemon juice, as the bars were meant to be lemon-flavored.

Finally, she put the whole mixture into a syringe she'd ordered specially for this purpose, and injected the bars in several places, puncturing the wrapper under the folding indent of the packaging—somewhere Maria would never think to look. If anything, she would find opening the meal bars a little easier, as the tiny holes would make the wrapping come off faster.

Which was exactly what Olivia wanted. *She eats faster, she gets high faster. The higher she gets, the hungrier she gets. And then...*

She's mine.

After tainting every food product in the house with weed, Olivia slugged back three Coronas she'd been hiding in the linen closet, and watched her sister sleep. She could feel Miss High growing stronger inside her... and she knew she had to fight back. She couldn't let that greedy idiot ruin *all* her relationships. This was just a temporary thing, until Maria gave up and left town.

Yeah, that was it. This was just a patch-job. Olivia would keep slipping Maria weed as long as her sister insisted on staying... and eventually, befuddled and confused, Maria would give up on her quest to make Olivia skinny. Eventually she would leave.

And if she didn't...

Well.

Olivia reached into her sister's bag and got out her platinum MasterCard, slipping it into her own sweat-pants pocket. She dimly remembered wearing other pants at some point, having other outfits. But these were just so *comfy*.

Speaking of comfy... it was time to order some takeout, on her sister's dime.

Olivia smiled as Maria snored and farted softly in her sleep, a belly full of fried potato wedges turning slowly into fat as she slept. Soon... soon Maria would see things *her* way. Miss High's way.

And then... Everything would be perfect.

TO BE CONTINUED...

