

Lisa Aikawa loved her mother.

Despite how hard her mother made that sometimes.

Sarah Aikawa did her best to raise her daughter to a degree of excellence that would allow her to achieve whatever it was that she set out to do.

Extra classes, track and field meets, dance lessons, anything to give her an edge.

It was tough, after her father died when she was very young, but her mother persevered.

She didn't even begin dating again until her daughter was well into college.

It was coming home, after deciding to take the rest of her classes online, that Lisa saw just how much her absence changed her mother.

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much!"

Lisa was used to a quick hug and a stern yet warm smile from her mother.

She was also used to seeing her in horn rimmed glasses, and usually wearing some kind of pant suit.

She was not used to being given a long, deep hug, and her mother wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants.

Oh, and she was fat. Very. fat.

The same horn rimmed glasses that made her an imperious matron of the household now made her look soft and kindly on her moon shaped face.

Lisa entered the house she had called home, trying to not let the apprehension and confusion she felt show on her face.

"Come in! Gina will love to meet you!"

Lisa had heard that her mother had gotten a new girlfriend, but hadn't met her yet.

Following her waddling(!) mother into the kitchen, Lisa saw Gina was a plain clothed woman, with big blonde hair and a big white smile.

"Well hello darling! Why Sarah was right you are as cute as a button!"

Lisa wasn't sure how her mother managed to meet a southern Belle in upstate Michigan, but Gina was almost the picture perfect image.

"Nice to meet you too!"

Gina had prepared a small feast for her return dinner.

Lisa saw her mom load her plate, with ribs, two cobs of corn, and butter soaked broccoli, offering some clue as to her mother's recent uptick in pounds.

Gina made her plate light, and Lisa did the same.

Some conversation managed to happen in between Sarah scarfing down food.

After finishing most of what was on her plate, Lisa excused herself from the table, citing fatigue, and excused herself to her room.

As she was at the stairs, she decided she could not afford to dance around the topic any longer.

She marched her way back to the kitchen and was met by a strange sight.

"That's my good girl, you keep eating good for me, ya hear?"

Gina had her hands on either side of Sarah's roll covered stomach. And her mother was....
Blushing?

"You're getting nice and fat for me, yeah?"

Careful to not make a sound, Lisa turned around and went to her room.

"What. The. Fuck."

She needed to figure out what was going on. And how her mom was involved.

Some searches on the internet resulted in her learning about the fetish called "Feederism."

It was pretty obvious to her who exactly was the "feeder" and who was the "feedee."

She paced around her room for a bit.

Her mom seemed happy?

At least, happier than when it was just the two of them.

But what Gina was doing felt... wrong.

Fattening someone up like that.

Bet she wouldn't be a fan if the shoe was on the other foot.

She stopped.

That was it.

She knew exactly how to get Gina to leave her mom alone.

"Hope you like the taste of your own pudding, bitch."

Operation fatten Gina started a few days later.

"Hey I was hoping to get your opinion on some things I made in the oven today?"

Lisa approached her with a tray of cookies and a warm smile.

"Oh your mother would probably be a better taster than I am."

"Oh, she would never accurately critique my work."

(That was a lie. If anything the old Sarah would have been too honest)

"Oh sure thing! That sounds wonderful darlin!"

Gina took one of Lisa's cookies, blew on it a little to cool it a little, then popped it in her mouth.

"Oh, that is delightful. Would ya mind if I had another?"

"Sure!" Lisa said eagerly.

Lisa left, leaving the cookies to only be consumed by Gina.

Stage one was complete.

Stage two was underway.

"Lisa, have you seen my exercise wear?"

Lisa took off her headphones to answer.

“No, why?”

“Oh, just thought you might have seen them when you were doing the laundry earlier in the week.”

She looked up for a second, thinking.

“Nope. Can’t say I have.”

“Ah well. Probably buried in a drawer somewhere. Don’t you worry about it darlin.”

After Gina left her room, Lisa smiled slyly.

She opened one of her drawers, and underneath was Gina’s exercise outfit.

“No Gina. I won’t worry about it.”

It did not take long for Gina to begin looking much thicker.

She seemed to gain mostly in her thighs, as evidenced by how much her jeans looked painted on her.

Lisa waited for her to show frustration, to turn icy towards Sarah.

That didn’t happen.

“Oh, my favorite band! How did you get these!”

“Oh I know someone at the concert venue.”

Lisa just smiled, but she was confused for two reasons.

One: she never talked to her mom or Gina about what music she liked.

And two: that concert was sold out completely months ago.

She would have to have serious pull to get tickets.

Lisa kept smiling.

Despite her misgivings, it did seem kind of nice.

She could almost forgive Gina for fattening her mother up like a prized turkey.

Almost.

She would accept the gifts, and watched as Gina got up.

Her behind looked fat, more plump than it had been.

She resisted the urge to snicker to herself, yet she did feel proud that her plan was going so smoothly.

She was almost an evil genius, all things considered, except she wasn't doing this for her.

She was doing this for her mom.

Speaking of, her mom waddled in.

"Oh she gave you the tickets! It's been so awful keeping this a secret from you honey."

She gave her daughter a hug old hug, enveloping her in her newly formed fat.

It seemed that for every pound Gina gained, Sarah gained two.

She always seemed to be eating, from when she woke up to late night snacks that Lisa heard her lumber towards from bed.

She needed to act quick, or her mother wouldn't be able to get out of her own bed pretty soon.