



THE
STRANGE TALE
OF

Señorita
Olivia & MISS
HIGH

“THE STRANGE TALE OF SEÑORITA OLIVIA, AND MISS HIGH”

Therapy Session 1



“Is it okay if I... Smoke?”

Dr. Greta Dirigibel looked up from her notes, pen hovering. Her client, Olivia San-Martinez, was shifting nervously in her chair. In the small, cramped psychiatric office she kept at West Bend University. West Bend was the sister town to Sow's Bend, Washington, and the place was a raging college town most of the year—much to Greta's concern. Her clients were often over-worked, stressed and willing to indulge deeply to chase away the shadow of midterms or finals.

Take for instance her newest patient, Olivia. The girl was a legend on campus—head of the Student Council, a die-hard volunteer and public service fanatic. She was tall, slender except for a budding beer-belly under her black sweater, and had large, sensitive brown eyes. Every bit the complete package: beautiful—if a little chubby, yes—smart, on course to become a famous alumni when she graduated. But Olivia had problems... Certain behaviors held complete power over her.

“Cigarettes, or...?”

“You know which.” Olivia looked glum, which was understandable. You didn't consider addiction counseling unless you had a *serious* problem. And to Greta's surprise, the young woman wasn't hooked on nicotine at all. No, her vice was a bit more... herbal in nature.

Greta put down her pen. “Olivia, you know that to help you, I need to start drawing certain lines. Boundaries, and such.”

“Yeah, but... It'll just be a little bit. I promise.” She pulled a sizeable vape-pen from her cleavage, an expensive-looking model with a tiny LED screen. “It barely smells at all, I promise.” And when this didn't work, she tucked her long black hair behind her ear and fell back onto the refrain of addicts everywhere: “It just helps me relax, okay?”

Greta considered the angles. A reluctant client was useless to her: she used her “unusual” therapy methods to unlock the true self inside them, a balanced self, and Olivia was the most imbalanced person she'd ever seen. Sometimes, concessions had to be made.

“Fine. But if you cease to be lucid, we'll have to stop the session.”

“Th-thank you.” The vape pen was in her mouth faster than Greta's eyes could follow it: in no

time, Olivia was sucking warm vaporized THC particles down like candy, and her eyelids fluttered. Greta watched carefully, taking notes.

Client seems to return to marijuana both as a subject of conversation, and a physical habit... May need to consider CBT methods to help her.

Sighing out a small cloud of mist, Olivia shivered, her back going straight. “Oh, yeah... That's the good stuff. Don't worry, I'll stop in a bit. I don't want *her* to come out.”

Greta raised an eyebrow. “Who is 'her,' Olivia?”

The girl smirked, leaning back. The brief but deep hit was already affecting her, and as Greta watched, she spread her legs wide—she was wearing a small white latex skirt, which hugged her ample thighs tightly—and hit the vape again.

And again.

After some coughing and blinking, she pointed at herself. “It's me... she's *me*, but like... Not me. You know?”

Greta nodded. “A sort of... alternate personality.”

“Yeah. And she only comes out when I'm high. Boy, she *really* parties when she comes out, though.” She took a final hit, this one so strong she had to pound her chest to dislodge the hot vapor, and rubbed her forehead. “I just... Need to keep her under control. That's what I came here for. She is *ruining* my life, Doctor.”

“Sounds like it.” Greta put her pen away—this was going to take a while, and she didn't anticipate getting useful data out of Olivia for a while. “Before we start, I need you to tell me how this... person, came to be. This other self. And please, be detailed.”

“Okay. Alright. Woo, that was some good kush. I'm feeling... Mmm.” She blinked, eyelids drooping a little, and her gaze rested on Greta's chest. “Wow. Must be, um, hard for you to find bras, huh?”

“I'm... Let's not change the subject.” Unexpectedly, Greta found herself blushing. She was certainly a full-bodied woman, her chest the subject of many candid photographs taken by creeps on public transport, and a strain on her spinal cord. But she didn't tolerate clients shifting the focus, even if she... appreciated their comments. A sexual deviant in recovery herself, Greta had to struggle to keep her mind focused on her work. If she wavered for even a moment, she might once again breach patient-client confidentiality. And that couldn't happen again... not after the incident with those twin cheerleaders. That was a disaster. It was a miracle she still had her license, after that.

Ahem.

“I wasn't changing nothing. Just... You know. *Me gusta las tetas.*” Olivia snickered, her prim and well-to-do attitude slowly dissolving under a fog of cannabinoids. “Did you know I only know like... ten words of Spanish? Me. The head of the *Hispanic heritage club*. It's like, totally something I should be ashamed of. But... I can't be a genius at everything. Right?”

“The origins,” said Greta patiently, “of your other identity, please.”

“Right! Okay, so it all started when I was canvassing for the Stop Obesity campaign...”



“What do we want? More treadmills! Where do we want them? HERE!”

It was late November, a chilly day to be marching around carrying signs. But Olivia knew this particular protest was important. Campus administration wouldn't listen to them if they just sent emails and knocked on doors—they needed to make a display.

And although she was tired, and hungry, and didn't really care that the crazy levels of obesity in West Bend U. were higher than eighty percent of national colleges, she kept marching. Because this protest? This would look *very* good on her resume. It would make her look like the kind of person who cared about the appearances of her fellow students.

And Olivia was all about appearances.

Clad in the latest Ralph Lauren winter apparel and with her long, painstakingly straightened hair in a braid, she held the loudspeaker to her lips and chanted pro-fitness slogans. “We want wider health care options, not wider waistlines! Ban soda from the cafeteria, NOW!!”

A passing student, Benjamin Otanya, frowned at her. He was a tall, skinny Kenyan guy with small glasses and the fashion sense of an 80's thrift bin... and although he was *kind* of cute, the fact that he was a Statistics and Economics major helped to drive away any crush she might have had on him. “Didn't I see you drink soda at David Gerry's rager last night?”

“That was soda with vodka in it, it doesn't *count*.” She waved him off. “I'm trying to do *good* here, Benny! Get lost.”

He snorted. “The only thing you're doing is churning up the mud. Sow's Bend and West Bend have some of the highest obesity rates in the country, but the *lowest* heart disease and hypertension rates. Didn't you do any research for your protests?”

She fumed with frustration. Of course, she *knew* all this, and admittedly it seemed silly to campaign for fitness in an area where being fat didn't seem to actually kill anyone. Whether it was the mountain air or just something in the water, the crazy obesity rates of the area were harmless.

But *harmless* didn't look good on a protest sign—and Olivia wasn't about to let Benny take away her shot at the spotlight. Even as she turned to ignore him, she felt a small squirm of self-hatred in her belly.

You'd listen to him, if you were high.

That had only been one time—just one. Well, that and the three other times she'd gotten high with him. She tried not to use weed: it gave her the munchies, and well, she started acting *weird* while baked. Like a different person.

Man, I could use a joint right now, though...

Seeing a cluster of people at the corner of a nearby campus building, a telltale cloud of legal-weed smoke rising above them, she handed the loudspeaker to Jenni. Jenni was an education major who tutored kids in grammar at the local high school. She was pretty pudgy, but Olivia had brought her

along anyway. For a... visual aid, if you will.

“I need a break. Can you yell at people for me?”

“Uh... Sure.” The timid, mouselike woman took the loudspeaker. “Um... Freedom before french fries! Biceps before burgers!”

“That'll work.” Olivia hurried over to the gaggle of freshmen who were smoking by the athletic field, on the edge of the school grounds. They were just stubbing out their joints on the water-fountain when she told them she didn't want to get them in trouble—she wanted to *share*.

And share she did... Many, many times. Until the world was a hazy, dreamy illusion and her eyes were bloodshot and wandering. She stood by the fountain in the helpful, concealing shadow of a campus statue, toking up again and again... driving herself towards the edge of sobriety and beyond.

Man... What was I supposed to be doing today?

Puff puff, cough, cough.

... Oh right... The protest.

Yeahhh.

Suddenly, the thought entered her mind: *Man, fuck the protest. I want a burrito.*

Make that two burritos, said a naughty voice in the back of her mind. She knew that voice.

No, just one, she thought back with frustration. *I can't go on a binge again... not as the leader of the anti-obesity protests!*

But burritos are delicious, offered her other self. *And life is short.*

Well... It was a pretty convincing argument, all things told.

And so she found herself in a Boloco five minutes later, ordering around half the menu.



“I call her... Miss High.”

“Miss... Who?” Greta looked up from her notes—although they weren't really notes, not really. She'd just doodled a nude portrait of what she imagined Olivia looked like while naked. It was pretty good, as far as doodles went. All those smooth brown curves, under that tight-fitting, autumn-fashion getup... It practically made Greta squirm with curiosity. Damn it, why did all her clients have to be so darn *attractive*? Especially the curvy ones.

“Miss High. She's like, me when I'm high. Totally different person.” Olivia sucked on the vape-pen again before coughing. “You'll probably get to like... meet her soon if I keep this up. Which I will. I had a terrible day today—apparently Miss High fucked someone in my dorm floor, *and* ate all their fundraiser cookies. My alter ego is *such* a pig—it's humiliating!”

“I'm sure it is.” Greta was trying to imagine this well-preserved, well-spoken young woman

having anonymous sex, possibly while gobbling a cookie... and she needed to compose herself for a moment, fanning herself with the notebook. “Go on. You were saying, 'she' showed up after you got high during a protest?...”

“Yeah. And like, the problem with me is, most people just slow down, when they get high. Not Miss High—she gets dumber, sluttier and greedier as she smokes.” It seemed Olivia was halfway to being Miss High right now: her eyes were glazed, the vape pen dangling from her hand. And she was rubbing her own thigh in a very... interesting, smooth, caressing way.

Greta nodded. “Please do, continue.”

“Sure. Though can I ask you for some snacks first? I... I mean, *she* gets the munches real bad, real fast.”

“Of course. I have some sweets over in that cupboard, for clients. Eat as much as you like...”

A wry, opportunistic smile crossed Olivia's face, which was growing less serious and more mischievous. “Oh, don't worry, I... *She* will.”



“Mmf... Dude, like, gimme another empanada. I'm still starving.”

It was late at night. Miss High, formerly Olivia, was absolutely blasted and swaying in front of the counter at *another* Mexican restaurant. Or was it Dominican? Or maybe Cuban? There had been so many tonight, she couldn't tell.

“Are you sure?” the cashier said, raising his eyebrow. He was a skinny kid with a nose piercing, and normally she hated nose piercings, but tonight Olivia... er, *Miss High*, desperately wanted to fuck him.

She desperately wanted more food, too. Her stomach was a tight, round jutting ball of skin, packed with greasy and gas-inducing treats. *Grande* size burritos, a dozen churros, several bowls of rice and beans, and a significant amount of tequila.

Oh, and then there was the fact she'd been hitting a joint once every twenty minutes or so. When her supply of blunts ran out, she'd staggered down to the legal-weed shop outside the campus (God bless Washington's state policies) and come out with an armful of merchandise.

Where was she carrying all this, you might ask? Oh, inside the oversized coat she'd purchased next door in a thrift-shop. That, along with a saggy black skullcap and mussing up her hair on purpose, served her for a “disguise” as she fell deeper and deeper into weed-tinged greed.

“Yeah, fuckin' like... Gimme forty of those.” She pointed at the menu. “Or... four. Forty's a lot. I think I might explode.” Olivia giggled and burped, specks of sour-cream and guacamole flying onto the counter. “*Urrrrapp*. You know, yer kinda cute... When do you get *urrrp* off shift?”

The hapless taco-shop worker adjusted his red visor. “I... Uh... Let me get those *empanadas* going for you.” He hustled into the back, and she leaned on the counter, wondering whether she'd

scared him off.

“Pfft... He didn't deserve *this* pussy **URRRP** anyway.” Staggering over to the booths, she found herself blinking at a few of the same stoners she'd bought from earlier. “Oh *heyyy* guys. What are doing you... doing... here? **BRELCH.**”

The stoners were accompanied by a few dazed-looking, soda-slurping hipster girls, each of whom wore pins bearing the motto W.A. STATE PRO-CANNABIS GROUP. “Hey,” one of them said, winking at her. “You're feeling good, huh?”

“Ugh, her burps smell,” said one of the guys, snorting at her. “What a hot mess.”

A third narrowed his eyes at her. “Hey... Aren't you Olivia—”

“HIGH! High is what I am. As *fuck*, boys and girls.” She slipped into a booth, putting one arm around a hipster girl. “How you guys doing? I feel *great*, tonight. I feel like a goddamn... like a cloud. But a cloud full of weed. You know?” She hiccuped.

The gaggle of pot enthusiasts, all of them fairly well-baked too, glanced at each other. Then the chubbiest hipster squeezed her shoulder. “We *like* you,” she said, as if they'd all just decided it. “Wanna come back to the frat and watch some Cheech 'n' Chong?”

“Cheech and whuh?” She giggled as her empanadas arrived. “Hold on... First I gotta suck these bad boys down.” Practically salivating, she rolled back her baggy sleeves and began gobbling them as fast as she could. In the back of her mind, the normal Olivia cried out for escape, for control, but she was no longer in charge. Miss High was running the show now.

And Miss High was *hungry*.

“Mmf! Gllmf. Gllp. SLRRP.” She sucked one of the girls' sodas down in a single draught, pounding her chest and belching. “Whew! These are great, you should **urrrAAARP** try some.”

“Dude, nasty!” But they laughed and egged her on, and when those empanadas ran dry, they ordered Olivia some more. And some more. And then, more...



Greta sighed. Olivia was beginning to wander off-course. She'd eaten her way through the therapist's supply of sugar cookies, Girl Scout cookies, and then the Fig Newtons that *everyone* turned down. She seemed ravenous... and distracted.

And very, very high.

“Look at this! Look at all this.... FLAB!” She had pulled up her shirt and was shaking a large potbelly's worth of soft, rippling brown fat around, gasping as it flopped and smacked. “*This* is the weight I've gained since I started smoking, last summer! And it's only gotten worse as time goes on.” She slumped in the chair, miserably nibbling a Fig Newton. Her pristine, smooth brown cheeks were

smearred with crumbs and sugar, and her cherry-red lipstick was messed up.

“Miss High clearly has... appetites.” Greta watched the fat jiggling, oddly entranced. As a sex therapist, she had seen many strange things... but she'd also seen a *lot* of porn, and this girl could star in a niche video any day. Sometimes Greta even watched such videos with her clients, a fact she was not proud of. An avant-garde therapist, Greta often let a little *intimacy* into her experience with her patients—a completely outrageous and dangerous practice, and one which violated countless federal HIPAA laws and statutes. But it worked.

And her clients didn't seem to mind... at least, not with her gigantic tits in their field of view. It was true, she *had* fucked most of her clients into some sort of cure eventually, but she really *was* trying to change. Bit by bit.

Watching all of that seductive almond-colored blubber wiggle around, though, she was sorely tempted. Tempted to take this lazy, rich, greedy girl over one knee and paddle her fat little ass until she squealed like the pig she was...

She swallowed. *Focus, Greta. Not ALL clients can be fixed with sexual exertion therapy. Just... most of them. Pretty much all of them.*

God, look at those hips...

Olivia, meanwhile, continued to sulk. “And her appetites are *expensive*, too. Just last week she bought a fur scarf with MY credit card! And I'm supposed to hate fur!” She stuffed the last Fig Newton into her mouth, the button straining on her skirt, the latex creaking. “Are you sure this is all the food you have?”

“Finish the story, please.” Greta was, for her part, *sopping* wet. The naked displays of vulnerability her clients showed always excited her, but this girl was something else. The moment any pot entered her system at all, she'd disregarded common sense and social contracts entirely. She'd already made five comments about Greta's large breasts, and kept groping her *own* breasts whenever she thought Greta wasn't looking.

It would have been tedious... if it weren't so damn cute. Greta tapped her pen on the table, interrupting Olivia's yawn. “The story?”

“Right! Right. Sorry. I can feel her... taking control.” She smiled stupidly. “You're fucking gorgeous, did you know that? I'd fuck your *brains* out if you gave me a couple more tokes of... well, anything.”

“I appreciate your compliment.” Greta leaned forward, the aforementioned breasts swaying under her clothes. “You're not the first client to say so. But we *are* on a time budget here. I must...” She fumbled for an excuse. “I must get home and finish myse—er, finish the laundry off. I left it undone this morning.”

A naughty light entered Olivia's eyes... though they weren't Olivia's anymore, were they? She was Miss High now. “I bet you wash a *mean* load of 'laundry,' don't you? Heh...” But she continued, and Greta was glad she had.

It was getting just a bit too warm, in the therapist's office.



“Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like a stupid, blazed *slut!*”

The burliest of the stoner dudes was underneath her, some guy Olivia didn't know from Adam, except that he had a weed tattoo on his neck and he was pretty ripped. His pecs and biceps rippled as he clutched her chubby arms, ramming her up and down on his dick. Her crotch had been soaking wet for hours, and every thrust of his amply-sized member into her greedy, hungry pussy felt like heaven. It felt like release. It felt like...

Well, like *freedom*.

Olivia stayed inside rules and boxes her entire life. Getting high was her one vice—or so she liked to tell herself. Inside, all that stress and high-profile visibility had made her more and more desperate for some kind of escape... and Miss High was only too happy to provide.

There was one problem, though. She was still hungry—and the takeout pizza they'd ordered before stumbling into the old Bacchus House fraternity was *ten feet* away. There was a slice on the bureau, but it would be kind of unsexy if she just started eating during...

Nope, too late. She had the greasy, sloppy pizza slice in her hands already, cramming it into her mouth as Brent (his name *was* Brent, right? Or was this Steven? She'd fucked so many guys tonight she'd honestly forgotten) fucked her. Naturally, he wasn't too happy about the pizza.

“God dammit, you are one gross... *mmf*, bitch... But damn if you're not hot, for a fat girl...” He was close to cumming, now, having pounded her from behind and now taking the grinding of her hips like a champ. Sweaty and musky, he was jerking under her broad hips, preparing to empty himself into her... while wearing a condom, of course. Miss High was a greedy, disrespectful bitch, but she *always* wore protection.

“I'm not fat,” whined Olivia... and then Miss High took over again, swallowing the rest of the pizza while barely chewing. “Mmf! Okay, I'm *urrrp* getting kinda fat. But the fatter I get, the tighter I get...” She leaned over, whispering in his ear as she clawed at his chest, grease from her lips smearing on his earlobe. “Tighter, and tighter with every *urrrph* pound...”

And then she flexed, clenching her loins with a perfect Kegel technique, several times. It was all he needed—her lover exploded inside her, overflowing the condom and causing white stickiness to drip from her (yes, rather chubby) cunt.

Sighing, she rolled off him. “Dammit, man... Now you gotta like, buy a morning after pill or something.”

He was panting and exhausted. “I'm not... buying anything... you fat skank.”

“Oh, yeah?” Olivia would have been horrified at such insults, but Miss High took them in stride. She knew how to handle chauvinistic pricks—with her deadliest weapon of all. “Whatever you say, lover-boy. Just don't be sad when you get... *nnggh*, the consequences of that... Behavior.”

And for the first time in her life, Olivia passed gas on purpose, the pent-up product of hours of

overeating blasting in a rank cloud over the bed. Giggling like a naughty child, she heaved herself out of bed, swaying as the man gagged and coughed.

“Jesus Christ... that *stinks!*”

“So does your attitude, *muchacho.*” She burped, grabbed the pizza and wandered out into the frat hall naked, where another stoner was waiting. “Yo. I'm done with him. You wanna fuck me next?”

He glanced at her, raised an eyebrow at the swollen belly jutting out of her otherwise curvaceous frame, and shrugged. “Uh... Yeah, sure.”

“Fuck yeah.” She farted again, quietly this time, and nodded at the next bunk room. “Bed, or floor? Oh, I'm gonna need another hit first... Mama's sobering up, and we can't have that.”

“Sure... As much as you want.” He led her into his room, a cornucopia of weed-based culture, from the Bob Marley poster on the wall to the redundant LEGALIZE IT poster over the bed. And of course, he had a whole bureau just for his weed. Totally normal. Nothing weird about that.

By the time she was finished with *him* thirty minutes later, Miss High had finally reached her limit. Too stoned to function, she rolled off her snoring lover, slumped to the floor... and immediately began to masturbate.

When morning came, and the frat officials found her snoring naked on the floor, Olivia had a *lot* of explaining to do.



“And that was just one time. This happens constantly! I just can't like... you know. Control myself—control *her* when I'm high.” Olivia sighed, staring at the ceiling. “Wow. You have like... *a-maze-ing* wallpaper.”

“I'm sure I do.” Greta was struggling to stay dispassionate. Olivia had pulled up her skirt by now, and was casually stroking herself through her panties. “Well, I have a diagnosis.”

“You do?”

“Yes.” She read from her notes. “Miss High does not exist. She is a figment of your imagination, created to justify the actions you take when you're too lustful or hungry to restrain your worst self. She's a tulpa, an emotional boogeyman that has taken control of you because you give her power. You allow her to exist, and so she feeds on you—taking up more and more of your life, and your waistline. You'll need serious hypnotherapy or cognitive behavioral methods to control your needs... or you'll likely end up flunking school, getting an S.T.I., or growing *massively* obese.” She reconsidered. “Possibly, all three.”

Olivia blinked. “That was a *lot* of words, Doc. Really big words.” She tugged a rather ominous black beanie from her bag, and tugged it on. “Miss High isn't into big words. She's more into big dicks... Ya know what I mean?”

“Sure.” The client had ignored her opinion—it wasn't the first time. But Greta genuinely felt for

the girl. Like her other client, Jenni, Olivia was simply a victim of her own needs—ravenous, uncontrollable sexual greed that had burst its repressive chains and was hauling her around like a slutty, chubby puppet.

And *damn*, if that wasn't arousing. Greta wanted to see where all this went. Olivia's total belief in "Miss High" was certainly a case of manufactured identity, not a true schizoid condition, but it didn't hurt to explore the idea more... and see what Miss High was *really* capable of.

"Why don't we order some pizza," said the therapist, getting up and locking her office door, "and you tell me more about what Miss High likes? What kind of... *specific* trouble she gets you into. With boys, with food, with weight... maybe even sometimes, with therapists?"

Olivia nodded slowly, and as Miss High took her over, Greta watched her body language change. She slumped in her chair, her gutt sagged out, and she spread her legs, scratching the peach-fuzz on the bottom of her gut. "Yeah... Fuck yeah. That sounds like a good kind of—**URP!**--trouble to talk about."

They made *lots* of therapeutic progress, that night.