VI

“So… you were in another reality… and then you got really fat… and then you flipped a coin… and now you’re back here.”

When Cara said it, it sounded totally stupid. No matter how clearly she could have tried to explain it, Aubrey was totally unable to get across just what *exactly* had happened to her over the past few weeks. Probably because she herself barely understood it—she had just been so happy to have been transported to a world where her desire to be this enormous woman was not only tolerated, but *encouraged* that she hadn’t stopped to think too terribly much about the logistics of it all.

And now, when she had to explain to her best friend why her mama and her sister was worried about her, and why she was suddenly eating everything in sight, she just sounded like a crazy person.

“No, Cara, I was *already* fat in the other… *reality*… or whatever you want to call it. I didn’t *get* fat, I already *was* fat—almost *everybody* was fat.”

“Was *I* fat?”

“I… I don’t know, probably.”

Aubrey hung her head in her hands as she succumbed to the realization that the *one* person that she had decided to tell about this strange dream come true thought that she was absolutely fucking insane.

“I… don’t think I actually got to see you while I was over there.”

“Rude.”

She had tried to explain it as clearly and rationally as possible, and even Aubrey had to admit that she sounded way off of her rocker. There was simply no way for her to make her friend believe that what she had experienced—for *weeks*—had actually happened to her. That she really *had* been living life as this enormous, beautiful babe who had been eating everything she wanted and getting tons of attention from other girls and…

And it was so *hard* for her to go back to the way that things were “supposed” to be.

“So is that why you’re…?”

Cara pointed to the massive amount of food that Aubrey had piled in front of herself. Since she’d “come back”, all she had wanted to do was *eat*. In three days, she had felt like she’d done nothing but go through drive-thru windows and park herself at the dinner table. Just when she had started to feel like she’d gotten used to the amount of food she’d need to eat while she was in that perfect reality, she had been ripped back into her stupid, skinny body…

After only three days, Aubrey had grown disheveled and visibly out of sorts. Cara’s eyes had gone wide when she’d seen her for the first time since her trip across space and time, because she just looked so *distraught…*

No wonder her mother and sister were worried about her.

“Yeah, that’s why I look like a fucking slob.” Aubrey’s head rose into a scowl as she skewered her pile of pancakes, “It’s just… I had *everything* I’ve ever wanted in life, Cara. And all of the sudden… *poof!* It’s gone!”

“I know, sweetie.” Cara’s tone was sympathetic, with just a touch of restraint, “But maybe we could talk about this when you’re *not* violently stabbing plates with silverware, huh?”

“I’m sorry, just…” Aubrey sighed, “I get so hangry lately.”

“I really, *really* don’t see how you could be hungry enough to get hangry.” Cara ventured with a small smile, “You’ve been stuffing your face pretty much since you sat down.”

Easily the most frustrating part of all this. Now that she had the *mindset* of being super-sized, her stupid body didn’t have the ability to keep up! She’d been eating so much that she hadn’t been able to keep it all down! Her stomach was so stuffed and taut, even now, that getting through this meal was a horrible chore. But her brain told her that she was hungry. That she had untold amounts of storage space in a tankard of a gut that was no longer attached to her body.

 “Yeah.”

The words left her wistfully, like the fleeting memories of what it had been like to have been really *happy* for the first time in her life…

There was a long, awkward pause between the two of them.

“Hey.” Cara finally said, “It’s gonna be okay, okay?”

And what else could Aubrey do in that situation except let her friend grip her hand and smile? Of course it was going to be okay—she didn’t have much of a choice but to *let* it be okay. She didn’t understand what had happened or why, so how was there going to be any other alternative than for her to just roll over and let it pass her by?

“I know.” Aubrey nodded, “Thanks, Cara.”

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Getting through dinners with her family had always been something of a chore.

With her mother and sister breathing down her neck about one thing or the other, Aubrey had always preferred to stay quiet. It was so much easier than trying to force conversation with either of the more extroverted members of the family. In another life, they would often just talk amongst themselves while leaving Aubrey (thankfully) out of most of their conversations. But after having gotten so used to *being* that person who could dominate the small talk, someone who could talk to her mother, and someone who could so easily relate to how Riley had felt, it felt so jarring to having to go back to hiding who she really felt that she was.

Equally jarring for the other people at the dinner table, was the fact that Aubrey was doing her best to wolf down everything in sight.

“Are you sure you’re okay, honey?” her mother inquired, “You never eat this much…”

“I’m fine, okay?” Aubrey snarled, “Just… let me eat my dinner. Talk to Riley or… whatever.”

“What did *I* do?” Riley asked, “We’re both just worried about you, Bree—”

“I know you are and it’s fine. I’m *fine*.”

Despite the fact that there was still a lot of food left on her plate, Aubrey couldn’t bear to sit at the table for any longer than she absolutely had to. She couldn’t have finished it all anyway, Aubrey told herself as she stood up in a huff, pushed the chair back, and stormed upstairs.

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For the longest time, her room had been her only solace against the world.

Any time things got tough, it had been her first instinct to go stomping up the steps. For the weeks that she had spent in her own perfect world, she’d hardly had to do it. There had been no reason, with how her mother doted over her and the way that she could dominate conversation. Her weight alone had made the nightly climb up the stairs unbearable, and her appetite was so all-consuming that she’d spend much longer downstairs than she had in her native timeline. Between her blossoming dating life, the improved relationship with her mother and sister, and the various other improvements that had been made with the flip of a coin, Aubrey had barely actually *seen* her room in the time between transitions between reality.

And now that she was back upstairs, stewing and sobbing over what could have been, she couldn’t even find comfort there.

The subtle differences between the world when she was fat and the world as she’d always known it had spoiled her for the old layout of her bedroom. The small changes like photographs detailing her climbing weight throughout the years, the bowing bedframe just on the brink of shattering, and even the slightly shifted mirror so as to allow Aubrey to see herself while she masturbated had felt so insurmountable upon her return that she’d actually tried to mimic them where she could. Photoshop, interior decorating, even jumping up and down on the fucking bed to get that pathetic squeak from the stupid thing…

Unfortunately there was simply no coming back from this, it seemed.

Aubrey’s perfect world had come crashing down around her—and she wasn’t quite sure how she was ever going to get used to living life the way that she was “supposed” to.

Laying on her bed, arms spread wide, she could feel the phantom weight of her ideal body rolling and folding around her. If she closed her eyes and focused hard enough, really tried to remember what life had been like for those blessed few weeks, she could *just barely*…

“UghHHHHH!!”

Aubrey picked up her pillow and threw it against the door. Then she picked up another one. And another one.

She floundered and she thrashed over the sheets, tossing and turning and groaning and whining. Everyone in the house could hear her as she had yet another breakdown over the loss of everything that she’d ever wanted.

Was it more the fantastic circumstances around her return and departure that had bothered her?

If she had just *understood* what had happened and why it had, would she have been able to let this go?

In her rage, Aubrey had slung the comforter off of the top of her bed. A loud PLUNK had sounded against the wall as *something* collided with the door. Something small, but heavy. Something indiscriminate enough to have slipped between the sheets without her knowing.

The sound alarmed Aubrey enough that she paused her tantrum, however momentarily, to look over at the entryway into her room.

She saw a small gold disk, laying at the crack of the door.

*Perfectus in Mundo*—the words automatically came to her now. The words embossed onto the coin’s outer edge, framing the greener pastures for which Aubrey yearned. It had been the last thing that Aubrey had seen before she had been ripped away from her perfect reality, and she hadn’t seen it since.

How it could have gotten between the sheets, much less stayed there despite her almost nightly outbursts, was beyond her concern. What it had been doing or why it hadn’t fallen back behind the bed, Aubrey didn’t care.

But something in her mind clicked. A realization that the coin had something to do with slipping between realities.

Suddenly, she remembered that she had flipped the coin the first time too. All those weeks ago, just after she’d gotten back from the antique shop with Cara. She’d flipped the coin then, and as soon as she’d stepped through the doorway things had changed. She’d ballooned into that big, perfect woman that she’d always dreamed that she could be. And it had all started with a flip of that coin…

Without so much as a pause, Aubrey lunged for her prize. Colliding with the floor and facing some serious rugburn across her arms, she now held the coin in her hands.

Sitting up, she held it in the light.

It was very much the coin that she had picked up that day in the antique shop. It was very much the last thing that she had seen when she was big. And it was, she suspected, the very piece missing in putting the puzzle together that was her perfect world.

Positioning it on her thumb once more, Aubrey primed the coin on the tip of her nail.

With one quick flick of her thumb, the coin launched high into the air and landed on her outstretched palm—much the same as it had before. She took a deep breath, rose to her feet (while she still could, given the projected size increase she was expecting) and waited for a sign.

A sensation. A feeling. Some strange jolt of electricity that would signal to her brain that all of her dreams were on the verge of coming true once more—that she was to be transported back into that reality where she was bigger, bolder, and more beautiful than anyone else…

In a strange, sudden bout of lightheadedness, Aubrey got her answer.

Collapsing onto the bed, she welcomed sleep for the first time in days—and when next she woke, she would greet the day with a smile

VII

“We’re so happy to see that you’re feeling better, Aubrey.”

Her mother had said it while piling her plate high with breakfast. Eggs and toast and bacon and grits and tritip and pancakes—everything that Aubrey had wanted for breakfast for every day that she had been stuck in that puny old body that she’d left behind. Outgrown.

“You’ve even got your appetite back and everything!”

To say as much would have been an understatement, but Aubrey didn’t care to correct her mother. Not as she spoiled and doted over her in the manner that she had grown accustomed to. She hadn’t quite bothered to think about what sort of melancholy had afflicted her in this reality; what her obsession with coming back here had been equated to now that reality had become twisted again. Come to think of it, what possibly could have? This world was perfect, and Aubrey had never been happier in her entire life!

“That’s right, mama.” Aubrey panted as she struggled against the meat of her stomach, “I’m *right* back where I belong.”

And neither her mother nor her sister understood what she had meant by that. But it had been such a relief that Aubrey was back to “normal” that neither of them cared enough to dwell on the matter.

No longer restricted by the body that she had known naturally, Aubrey had been free to indulge herself for as long as possible. The upper limits on her appetite were incredible, only exceeded by her affinity for stuffing her face. The obsession with food that had come with this body, lost in the translation between realities, had come back in full force as soon as she’d woken up.

The deep, cavernous rumblings that emanated from far inside of her stomach had been the catalyst for her waking up. She had been so overjoyed with the fact that she’d awoken in a world where everything was right again that she’d almost made an attempt at jumping out of bed, despite it being an utter impossibility for her to do so.

Aubrey was enormous again—six hundred plus pounds of big, beautiful brunette with a presence and appetite to match.

And she had a lot of catching up to do to make up for the time that she had been away…

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“Why the fuck are you throwing things out of your bedroom window?”

In the rare instances where Riley had ventured outside (their mother had asked her to take out the trash) she had heard her sister struggling with the window-sill. Then she’d seen her chuck something far out into the woods near their neighborhood; whatever it was had caught the sunlight and twinkled on its way crashing back down to Earth.

She hadn’t mentioned it until they were in the car together. Getting a word in edgewise when it came to conversations during mealtime wasn’t exactly easy for either of them, but Aubrey could be especially difficult to navigate while she was eating.

“Why the fuck were you watching me?” had been Aubrey’s best attempt at deflection; peppered with a little scoff that had creased the second of her third chins as she strapped herself into the back seat of their mama’s minivan.

It had seemed like a bad idea to explain, in any world, that she had gathered that the little gold coin that she’d found on the floor of an antique shop had the ability to transport her between (at least two) realities. She doubted that Riley would have believed her in either of them, but she especially didn’t want to risk wrecking the perfect life that had fallen into her big squishy lap here by getting committed to, like, a mental institution or something.

Riley just sighed and rolled her eyes, content in letting her sister ogle celebrities on her phone while she waddled up to the front seat.

Aubrey knew that she might have come across as a little bitchy when it came to Riley. But, even if she didn’t know it, Riley had been acting high and mighty to her for years. Always this perfect little personal trainer, going from gym to gym and being popular with just about everyone. Meanwhile Aubrey had been stuck as this milquetoast little wallflower, stringy and plain despite her ambitions towards a superior size…

She’d make it up to her, somehow. Probably at lunch. It was nice, the two of them getting to go out and stuff their faces together.

The car groaned as it struggled to support more than half a ton of woman as Riley and Aubrey puttered along down the road, towards downtown where some of their favorite eateries were located in both realities.

At home, the Crepe Factory was this shitty little pancake place that was almost going out of business.

But *here*, it was a veritable breakfast bar assembly line, where two people like Aubrey and Riley could really stuff themselves until they were retaining maple syrup!

It had been a favorite of theirs then, and it was a favorite of theirs now—Riley had practically jumped at the change to enjoy a little breakfast-time indulgence just as eagerly as she would have back when she was a wiry little gym rat.

Even her relationship with her sister was better here; why would she ever want to go back to the way things were “supposed” to be?

“Taylor sounds so much better now that she’s fat.” Aubrey said from the backseat, “Like, you can really hear it in her voice you know?”

“Yeah, I guess she has been packing it on lately, huh?” Riley paused, “I don’t know—I kind of liked her better when she was skinny.”

“You… remember when she was skinny?”

“Yeah, back when she was a country music singer… I don’t know, I just liked her better.”

*Leave it to Riley to like somebody better when they were skinny*…

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Despite the passion with which the two of them had entered the Crepe Factory, only one of them had eyes that weren’t bigger than their stomach.

Of course, whose eyes (whose *anything*) could have matched the sheer size of Aubrey’s gastronomic abilities? In a world full of overweight men, women, and children and a society that enabled them so, Aubrey could turn heads from the moment that she burst through the double doors, all the way until she wobbled back through them.

The latter moment hadn’t come for some time.

Now, all that isn’t to say that Riley hadn’t put in an honest effort at keeping pace with her sister’s. She weighed almost four hundred pounds by herself in this reality, and she clearly hadn’t gotten that way through modesty. The way with which she attacked the breakfast bar, toppling towers of pancakes, and nearly drowned in the syrup and butter had been very reminiscent of her younger sister’s feats of strength. However, by the end of it all, she had hit her ceiling much sooner than Aubrey would—she was left a stuffed, gasping mess while the other end of the table steadily filled and refilled.

“Come on, you’re not done *yet* are you?”

Aubrey was having the time of her life. Days of not being able to indulge herself in the manner with which she had become accustomed to had been absolute hell for her. Now that she had a body that could keep up with it, she was intent on using it.

“You’ve barely eaten a thing!”

Riley sighed dismissively, obviously uncomfortable with the subject.

“I’m just… not hungry, okay?”

“But you’ve *got* to be hungry—look, they’ve got your favorite out!”

She pointed, with effort, to the pink strawberry waffles with chocolate syrup being placed out onto the serving area. Aubrey had been talking about them through the entire drive up to the restaurant, and had been crestfallen when she had seen that they weren’t being served upon their arrival.

“Why don’t you go grab another plate, huh?”

Riley clicked her tongue and glared at her sister—a holdover from between realities, Aubrey supposed. She had often done this whenever she was angry at someone (her, their mother), but Aubrey couldn’t quite understand just what it was that had set her off so much.

“Look, I’m not hungry, okay?” Riley said tersely, “Stop trying to make me eat.”

“Whatever, okay, gosh…”

Aubrey had no such issues with continuing to stuff her face. It was what she’d dreamed about doing for so many years, she wasn’t going to let Riley’s comparatively tiny appetite do her in for the day! If she’d have still been able to get up from the table without exhausting herself, she might have finished sooner, but as stuffed as she was, she was more or less dependent on her sister to refill her plate.

“Look, I just don’t want to get back up and… you know…”

She glared back at the self-service station, already awash in similarly sized and shaped fatties looking to pile their plates high. It was a good sample size of the population of this new world. Hardly anyone in the restaurant weighed less than two hundred pounds, and almost all of them were similarly stomach-minded. In Aubrey’s ideal world, where weight was beauty and her ambitions to be big and beautiful were the mainstream, Riley’s reluctance was seen as a sharp deviation from the norm.

“You know I’m trying to lose weight.”

The words had come as such a shock to Aubrey—the fact that, in *this reality* of all places that there were people who were worried about their weights—that she couldn’t do much of anything other than laugh. Not a big, boisterous number but an awkward little chuckle. Something to help lighten the mood between them, as Riley seemed rather upset by the presumed pressure that her sister had placed on her to conform.

It hadn’t done much good at lightening anything. Riley’s pretty brown brow furrowed angrily at the perceived slight as her face hardened.

“God, don’t fucking laugh…” she hissed, “I know it’s weird, but could you at least *pretend* that you’re my loving, supportive sister who wants me to be happy?”

“No, it’s just…” Aubrey bit her tongue as best she could manage, trying to reel her shock back in “I mean *yes* I can, it’s just… I mean… *why*?”

“I just… I don’t know…”

This route of conversation should have been familiar to Aubrey. In retrospect it would be; her reflection on their time together at the Crepe Factory would give her a little more insight into how things between *these* versions of them worked. The way that Riley, normally so confident and bubbly, shrunk into herself at the mention of changing her body was not that unlike how Aubrey had felt about herself—that is, before the flip of a magical coin had turned existence on its head.

But even in the moment, she could tell that her sister had been uncomfortable with moving forward under this banner. Aubrey had been enjoying herself for as long as she’d been placed in this perfect world, but it had mostly been *because* of her ability to overpower the normally perfect Riley in conversation.

This had been the first time that it *hadn’t* brought her joy, and that Riley’s status as the seemingly more meek sister had left her feeling a touch uncomfortable.

“Whatever, okay, just… I’ll get you some of the stupid waffles if you’ll drop it.”

“Deal.” Aubrey agreed with a smile, “Sorry for being such a bitch.”

Riley was happy to oblige her sister, pushing back from the table and waddling towards the service station. Aubrey had been left scratching her head in the moment, unable to understand why anyone would want to lose weight in a world where big was beautiful.

Fortunately by the time Riley returned with the promised plates of waffles, Aubrey had long lost interest in the topic.

VIII

“You’re such a good fatty.”

“You… know it…”

Aubrey hadn’t been shocked when she’d met up with Cara in this new reality and seen that she was fat. A more approachable, infinitely more attainable sort of fat than the sort that had become commonplace in her ideal world (she proudly advertised herself as a positively plump two hundred and thirty-five pounds) but still quite hefty when compared to her “real” self—a bird chested blonde with a physique so lanky that only Aubrey’s could have put her to shame.

“You think you’ve got some room in there, chubby?”

“Mmm… so much room…”

It had been the other, more imperceptible changes that had shocked her the most. While Aubrey had been distracted by her friend’s now round face and prominent chest, she’d been unable to see that her green eyes went alight at the sight of Aubrey in all of her beautiful bigness. Like most people in this world, Cara had developed a lust for largeness—and Aubrey was easily one of the largest lesbians in the state.

Tossing and turning with her best friend between the sheets had been a lot *less* weird for Aubrey than it probably should have been.

“Oh *God* I just want to squeeze you and stuff your face until you pop!”

Cara punctuated her enthusiasm by sinking her fingertips into the meaty roll of stomach that lapped over Aubrey’s sex, gripping between her fingers and squeezing just a touch too roughly. Aubrey winced and moaned in a masochistic sort of pleasure.

“Why do I have to go to work?”

“Don’t…” Aubrey panted, “Stay… feed me… and fuck me… all day.”

“*I* *wish*.”

It wouldn’t have been the first time that such a proposition had been put forward. Aubrey and Cara got along famously; perhaps even better now that they both now shared a common goal of seeing Aubrey growing larger and more rotund. Rather than merely being supportive, Cara was downright instrumental in making sure that the already obese Aubrey became that much moreso.

“Promise you’ll order lots and lots of takeout?” Cara coochey-cooed the larger woman as she wriggled herself back up, “And that you won’t burn any precious empty calories while I’m gone?”

“Promise.”

Aubrey had said it through a thick, wet glob of whipped cream. One of the last of many morsels that had gone into her mouth during this most recent sexual encounter. It bubbled out the sides of her mouth as she spoke, swallowing heavily as Cara struggled to wiggle her way out of the overcrowded bed. With Aubrey’s enormous shape and impractical size, even Cara’s comparatively teensy frame could barely navigate a bed that was *mostly* covered by her immense lover’s body fat.

“You… having some trouble there?” Aubrey panted, enjoying the new curves that had been added to Cara’s figure, “A little… out of shape?”

“Ha ha, like you’re one to talk.”

Cara pushed against the heavy slope of Aubrey’s stomach, which sloshed back and forth like a waterbed.

“God, it’s like you’re *meant* to be this huge, fuckable fun bag.”

In the short time that Cara and Aubrey had become reacquainted in this reality, the latter had put on an astonishing amount of weight thanks in part to the former’s passion and coaching. The two of them would meet frequently throughout the weeks and months since Aubrey had thrown her coin away, stuffing her full of food and drink while exploring the sensual rolls and folds of her increasingly enormous body.

Sixty pounds in just under three months should have been impossible—it would have been downright unthinkable in the world that Aubrey had left behind.

But laying in bed all day, being fucked and fed by her best friend whenever she ventured out of the house and being spoiled and doted over by her mother whenever she stayed in, not to mention the booming social life she’d found as a stunning but sizeable head turner in this world, Aubrey could (and often did) lose track of the fact that she was eating almost *constantly*, and in huge amounts.

The fact that she was rapidly approaching seven hundred pounds had only incentivized Aubrey into leaning further into the hedonism that had brought her to this point. So, in reality, she really *was* eating more than ever… just in either reality.

“Want some help up?”

“Please.”

At her size, Aubrey required help doing the most basic of tasks. Even in a world more suited to people of the size she’d fantasized about for so long, the human body still could only take so much. It had taken Cara pulling on one arm to help raise her to a seated position, and then both of them to drag her to the edge of the bed where she could put her legs down the side. That had left them both breathless from the effort, but getting her standing meant that both Aubrey and her chunky lover were exhausted from a what should have been an effortless job.

Getting her standing was officially going to be a three-person affair from then on out, it seemed.

“You’re such a fucking fatass.” Cara stroked the downward slope of Aubrey’s gut as it sagged low over her knees, “We still on for dinner tonight?”

“I’m *always* on for dinner—you sure you can put up with my mama?”

“I *love* your mom. She’s the only one more dedicated to fattening you up than I am.”

The two of them shared a sensual, heavy-lidded laugh as Cara’s rubbing became more sensual, pressing her naked sex against the soft flesh of Aubrey’s immensity. Her chins folding into matching smiles, she placed one plump hand on Cara’s back and pulled her closer by the waist.

“I like us *so* much better than when we were just friends.”

“I mean, same.” Cara tittered, “Watching you get fat up close is *way* better than watching it from afar.”

Cara fingered the skin around the fold of Aubrey’s smothered naval. Her chubby toes curled in pleasure at the delicate sensation before her hand opened to palm the roll and squeezed it gently.

“Especially when I get to play a more *direct* hand in it…”

A more direct hand, Cara most definitely had.

Of the many things that had been altered in the grand scheme of things, Aubrey’s dating life had apparently been one of them—though that wasn’t entirely unexpected. And while her history with Cara was definitely shorter than it had been back on the other side of the coin, it was undeniable that she had had the most effect (out of Aubrey’s many short-term dates since then) in helping to heft her up into further sizes.

A perennial dateless loser back where she came from, Aubrey had apparently enjoyed a long string of lovers not unlike her sister Riley. Her mother, just as comfortable with her daughters’ homosexuality in this reality as she was in the other, had facilitated meeting these women with gusto. And gusto, to the plump homemaker that had constituted her mother here, meant with a grand meal that had taken a few days’ notice to prepare.

But only one evening to be consumed in (almost) its entirety.

Rather than any of the usual routine reserved for when a daughter brought home a new flame, Aubrey’s mother doubled down on making sure that everyone had enough to eat. The entire kitchen was transformed into an assembly line of consumption, with a good portion of it designed to keep Aubrey satisfied. Her passionate, unhinged glee when attacking the dinner table had meant that any and all conversation that *had* occurred was underscored by the sounds of her manic binging.

In another world, those seated at the dinner table would have been aghast at the display of gluttony that Aubrey put on—but here, it was tolerated if not silently encouraged.

While Aubrey ate, they did the best that they could to get to know one another.

“So, you’re Aubrey’s sister, right?” Cara smiled pleasantly at the chubby little wallflower that had been desperately avoiding conversation throughout the night, “She talks about you all the time.”

“Oh yeah?” Riley scoffed, “Does she say good things?”

“She says that you’re just as much of a lady killer as she is.” Cara laughed, “She said something about a girlfriend… Stephanie, right?”

And it had clearly meant to be an innocuous comment—a little ice breaker between two people seated at the table who had nothing in common except for the gorging hog at the other side. But Riley visibly clammed up and retreated into herself at the mention of her professed status as a successful dater, or anything close to resembling what Aubrey had claimed for herself in this reality. The name Stephanie in particular seemed to upset her in particular; this was where her brown eyes shot away from the table, and she started to retreat back into the remains of the dinner she’d been unable to finish.

“Mama…” Aubrey panted, hot and stupid after having gorged herself on enough food to feed any other family on the block, “Mooooore…”

Her mother clicked her tongue in that matronly way that she did, wiggle-waddling over and kissing her daughter on the forehead. She was stuffed and delirious, beached at the dinner table yet again after having eaten far more than she ought to have.

“You’re making a little piggy out of yourself in front of your girlfriend.” Her mother chided gently, “Cara, please, would *you* like some more?”

“Oh no ma’am.” Cara turned away from Riley, lust evident on her face as she watched Aubrey huff and puff at the head of the table, “I’m feeling just fine—Aubrey can have whatever she wants.”

A quick addendum, equal parts in the name of being a gracious guest and hoping to get riley to get out of her shell.

“O-Or Riley, if you want to—”

“No fank you.” Riley said with a mouth full of food, swallowing her mouthful nervously, “I’m… trying to lose weight.”

The whole table seemed to go quiet at that, with the notable exception of Aubrey’s wheezing. Their normally supportive and jovial mother shirked ever so slightly, patting Aubrey on her fluffy shoulder; no doubt a polite way of steering the conversation away from such a topic.

“Why?” Cara couldn’t help but ask, “I mean, Aubrey talks all the time about how pretty you are.”

“She’s just a little… *different* is all.”

“It’s not… I mean, I don’t think it’s *that* weird.”

The tension between the four of them grew steadily, to the point where even Aubrey couldn’t help but take notice of the non-edible issue growing at the dinner table. It wasn’t often that matters could get her to peel herself away from whatever had been place in front of her, but Riley’s reluctance to adopt the culture that had cropped up with the flip of the coin had been of a particular interest to Aubrey.

“How about we all have some dessert, huh?”

Their mother did her level best to break the tension as much as possible, but it had just left Riley crestfallen.

“None for me.” She said sadly, pushing herself back from the table, “I’m going to my room.”

“Riley, honey—”

The heavy-bellied Latina wriggled her way through the tight space left between the wall and the chairs, maneuvering clumsily as she fought back tears on the way back to her room on the other side of the house. Her footsteps could be heard by all at the table, as well as some gentle sniffling as she made a dramatic exit that had left everyone either scratching their heads, uncomfortable, or both.

“What did *I* do?”

“What did you expect, talking about her weight like that?” Aubrey rolled her eyes at her mother’s innocently insensitive question, “She just said she wanted to lose weight and you asked if we all wanted dessert!”

And Aubrey *did* want dessert. She still did, despite the unpleasantness that had just occurred. And after a few slices of lemon meringue pie, any and all thoughts of how familiar that conversation she’d had with her mother sounded were long forgotten…

IX

After a while, the weeks and months that Aubrey spent on the other side blurred into each other.

Her days weren’t all that different from one another. Eat, sleep, and get humped. With Cara taking a more active role in taking care of her, the differentiation lessened even from there. For most of the day, Aubrey ran on auto-pilot. Now that she had someone to do the legwork for her as far as getting up and getting more food, Aubrey was free to be served like a queen—with the unfortunate side effect of things becoming more monotonous.

Her mother spoiled her. Cara fed her. Even Riley had to take a more active role in making sure that she could get things done. As she got bigger and bigger, Aubrey was getting quite used to being the center of everyone’s attention. And it wasn’t all that bad, as far as she was concerned.

Her days would begin in her bedroom—now moved from the top of the stairs to the guest bedroom to the right of the entryway. She would roll herself out of bed (sometimes Cara would help if she’d slept over) and lumber through the doorway if she didn’t get caught by the sides of her fleshy flanks. Her great tankard of stomach, the vast apron of fat that swung from side to side with her heavy steps, would squish and roll and wobble with her gait as she jiggled haphazardly from one part of the house to the other.

“Jesus Christ—“ Riley winced and recoiled, “Mama, Aubrey’s walkin’ around naked again!”

And Aubrey would chuckle huskily at that. Her awkward halting laughter having changed as she’d become heavier into more of a gruff chortle. Sometimes she’d take a few steps forward and brush her belly against her sister, taunting her innocently by wiggling her weight up against her smaller shape.

But yes, Aubrey had come to *love* walking around naked.

Whenever she was home alone (or after her mama had gone to bed) she’d taken to doing it quite frequently! It was so *hard* being so big and trying to contain it all. And as she’d gotten bigger, it had only gotten harder and harder! Seven hundred had yielded to seven hundred and fifty pounds—even in this weird world that she found herself in, that was still pretty fucking big. They just plum stopped making clothes that would fit her comfortably! At least, fit her comfortably and still look good…

Maybe that was part of her “perfect world” too—not being able to hold back on being so big and beautiful…

“What? Don’t… tell me… you’re jealous?” Aubrey puffed, her knees aching and her joints sore as she struggled to heave herself into the kitchen, “You… *phew*… you know it looks… looks good…”

“You’re such a bitch.” Riley rolled her eyes, “Come on, let me help you to the table…”

It was necessary, now, for someone to walk Aubrey wherever she went. Not because she didn’t know where she was going, and not because she wouldn’t *eventually* get there, but because it was the most efficient way of making sure that she got to the table, or to the car, or even to the couch or her own bedroom, without knocking everything over that just so happened to stand in her way. They were less *walking* Aubrey, and more *steering* her—a task that more often than not fell down to the responsibility of her poor beleaguered sister.

For her part, Aubrey had stopped feeling bad about it almost as soon as she had realized that it was necessary. It meant that she got to feel people pressed against her ample form, and jiggle and sway with that much less forethought as to where she was going.

It meant she could focus more on the food—the *real* reason why she would get up every morning.

“Okay… pull my chair out…” Aubrey huffed and puffed, “Hurry hurry hurry…”

Riley did it, and braced herself for the meteoric impact of her sister’s ass against the wide bench seating. She was about the only woman in the house who could do it without too much trouble. Given the (unfortunate) similarities in their weight, Riley was the only one who could put enough heft behind herself to make sure that she didn’t just scoot backwards with the chair.

Scooting her forward was still a bitch though.

“Mmm…thanks…”

Aubrey hadn’t been seated for longer than a few seconds before she dug into her breakfast. Grabbing the knife and fork with her stubby little fingers, leaning hard into the edge of the table while her belly rolled over the top, her tits splayed out in either direction over the slope of her gut while her chins rolled and folded for her open mouth…

“You know the rule, Aubrey—“ her mother chided her from behind the oven, “No breakfast until you put those things away!”

“Hff… fine…” Aubrey spat breathlessly, “Riley…?”

“Ugghhhh.” Her older sister’s head rolled across her shoulders, “Do you even *have* a shirt that fits you anymore?”

“Yeah… s’on my bed…” Aubrey burbled, looking at the food laid out in front of her, “Hurry, okay?”

“I’m hurrying, I’m hurrying…”

Finding it hadn’t been too hard—she was the only woman in the house whose clothes were styled to be a circus tent. But even one of her biggest tops had more or less become a belly shirt. After all of the trouble of getting it on (having to lift her arms, keep them there, and then wriggle them through the too-tight sleeves, all of which left her exhausted) Aubrey was almost too damn fat to wear it! About six inches of stomach spilled out from underneath the hem of her shirt, a pale inner tube of belly flesh on display for anyone and everyone to see...

For anyone and everyone to ogle…

For Aubrey herself to fondle, grope, and squeeze…

Aubrey’s life had become more and more charmed the longer she spent away from what was supposed to be. For the want of a flip of a coin, she had nearly everything that she could have ever desired. The body of her dreams (and then some!) all the food she could eat, no need for a job, a steady relationship and the eye of nearly every woman in town… Aubrey was literally living her best life, and it hadn’t come about until she’d picked up some stupid coin on the stupid floor of a stupid antique shop.

Who would have guessed, right?

“There we go…”

Riley had strained herself getting the shirt over her sister’s head, almost as much as Aubrey had just lifting her arms and letting Riley dress her. She puffed, breathless from the continued movement, as she waddled over to the seat opposite her sister at the other end of the table. Sitting down, her own bulk forced out agonized groans from the chair that bowed beneath her bottom. She eased herself back into her breakfast, and after a strenuous start like that it couldn’t have come soon enough.

It was clear that, despite her lofty goals of slimming down, weight loss was not coming easy to her.

Her face was rounder than ever, with a new chin rolling up out of a lower neck roll. In just a few dozens of pounds or so, she’d probably be sporting a third chin like her little sister. Her waist had widened and her stomach thickened, pouring itself outwards like a slab of thick Puerto Rican meat. Her arms had ballooned further outwards into jiggling hams that squeezed out of every sleeve and hole she forced them through.

If Aubrey tried hard enough, she could still remember what her sister was “supposed” to look like—the athletic personal trainer and a honey-skinned head turner who had loomed over Aubrey like a high bar.

Seeing her stuff her face day in and day out, Aubrey wouldn’t have believed any of it if she hadn’t known better.

“Thought you were tryin’ to lose weight?”

The question was innocent enough—Aubrey hadn’t meant anything by it, at least. She was just genuinely curious as to why her sister was diving head-first back into breakfast with the gusto of someone who hadn’t eaten in weeks. Regardless of her intention though, it was clear that the question had rubbed Riley the wrong way.

“Hey, come on.” Aubrey put down her silverware softly, “I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“I know…” she sighed, her mouth full, “It’s just… you know…”

“Personally, I’m *glad* you’re giving up on those silly diets, Riley.”

Their mother had ventured back into the dining room, more food in hand and held out to either side. She had put on some weight too, putting her closer to two hundred and fifty—her flaring hips and wide rump had spread into saddlebag thighs and a fatter belly that pressed hard against her apron.

“You look good with the extra weight, honey.”

In show of her support, Riley’s plate was piled high. Topped off from the dent she’d made in the monolithic meal she’d served herself, with a little extra on the side, Riley’s expression turned from miffed to defeated as she slowly began to shovel through the replenished meal.

“I know, mama…”

“It’s silly for you to want to starve yourself.”

“*I know mama…*”

Their mother watched, hands on her hips, as if to make sure that Aubrey was actually eating her food. Standing over her daughters, it was the most “real” her mother had seemed in quite a while—though Aubrey hadn’t noticed that the habit stayed between worlds, she’d been doing it the entire time.

On the other side of the coin, she would watch to make sure that Aubrey wasn’t eating too much, while here she was watching to make sure that Riley ate enough…

It wasn’t until Riley had kept eating for a few minutes before she backed away into the kitchen, off to make something else for her daughters to snack on. Riley’s expression hadn’t changed, even as she continued to eat.

She wasn’t in pain, and she wasn’t uncomfortable, there was just a certain sadness to her eyes that Aubrey—even as accustomed as she was to this by-now familiar reality—couldn’t help but empathize with.

“Hey Riley?”

Aubrey piqued her question softly, just loud enough that she’d been able to be heard over the sound of her sister’s gorging. At the sound of her name, her sister looked up, that same sadness now more placeable in her eyes.

“You okay?”

Riley teared up a little, diving back into her food with a bit more fervor. Instead of eating it, she was skewering and stabbing. Batting the food back and forth, instead of chewing. Suffering through it instead of enjoying it. Any of it.

“No…” she finally said, her voice low and somber, “It’… fuck you wouldn’t understand.”

“Hey, come on…” Aubrey sloshed forward, “Don’t… don’t be like that.”

“It’s just… look, I don’t expect *you* to understand, alright?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing, just… I mean *look at you*.” Riley held up a hand and ran it up and down in gesticulation, “You’re, like, perfect or whatever. Everyone loves you, mom doesn’t have to bitch at you for cleaning your plate. You’ve got a girlfriend and you’re *gorgeous*.”

“You’re pretty too though.” Aubrey offered, unable to miss the irony of having this conversation with her older sister, “You’re not, like *ugly* or anything. I don’t understand why you think that you need to—”

“You wouldn’t understand because… because it’s a kink, okay?” Riley said it sternly, putting an end to the conversation, “I want to be skinny—and I know that makes me a *freak* to you and mama, but…”

She took a deep breath.

“You don’t know what it’s like to *want* to look different… like different from everyone else… and know that deep down inside, it’s stupid and crazy and you *know* it’s crazy…”

And here, she sighed sadly.

“But you just know it would make you so happy.”

X

“I’ve been a real bitch, haven’t I?”

Aubrey had said it out loud, to the empty bedroom. Her voice bounced off of the four walls, plain and uncaring, as she squashed the bed beneath her. The frame had been replaced around the time she’d moved from upstairs—its heavy metal shape was sturdy enough to hold her extensive weight, but not sturdy enough to keep from whining beneath it.

“This whole time… living it up in my own perfect world…”

Aubrey sighed and shifted as much as she could. She was pinned down by her naked mass, even in a seated position. Her huge stomach rolling over either side of her and far down between her legs, her humongous ass plopped on a defeated mattress and spreading like butter over its king-sized throne.

Her mother had offered to upgrade the size of her bed, and Aubrey had thought to take the offer. Why not? At the rate she was going, she was going to need as much space as possible to grow in. The thought of getting even bigger, becoming so fat that she couldn’t walk around, it had excited her. More than anything in the world, she had wanted to become as big as possible—something that had carried over from one reality to the next.

If it was attainable, why *wouldn’t* she want to weigh a thousand pounds?

Two thousand.

Was there even an upper weight limit here?

Aubrey had been keen on finding out, until she had seen what living in this perfect world meant for people all over. The kind of people who weren’t going to be happy in this kind of reality. People like her sister Riley who, no matter what, were always going to *want* to be in shape. To be skinny and lithe and athletic. The kind of people who would gladly run and exercise and jog, and… and…

*Not* be at home with anything that this reality could throw at them.

In living in this reality, she was just forcing a whole bunch of people who *may* have been happy with themselves into bodies—into a lifestyle—that made them just as unhappy as she had been back before she’d flipped the coin.

In seeing Riley give up on her dreams of ever being skinny, comfort eating through the pile of food that their mother had placed in front of her while coming clean to her sister about her desire to lose weight, Aubrey had realized that.

It had been one thing to have fun, and get to live out her dreams of being bigger than big. Being so heavy and fat, and having a world that appreciated and encouraged her desires to become even larger, had been a dream come true. But she was being selfish, keeping the world like this. Even if nobody knew—even if, to them, things were as normal as they’d ever been—Aubrey knew what she was doing. And as much as she *loved* her life here, she couldn’t knowingly cause that many people that much heartache.

She couldn’t do that to Riley.

At first, she had toyed with the idea of how she was going to get into the woods. She could barely walk out of her bedroom without getting out of breath. Cara wasn’t in any shape to do it either, and neither was her sister. That was forgoing having to explain *why* she was going to ask them to go into the woods to find a little gold coin that may or may not have been there, which wouldn’t have been easy…

Thankfully, it had appeared just as suddenly as it had before.

On her nightstand, when the time was right.

It made her feel a bit better about giving up everything that she’d ever wanted, knowing that it had decided to come right when she needed some reassurance. Right when she was ready to make the right decision.

“I’m going to miss all this.”

Aubrey used one hand to heft up a roll, feeling the immense weight of her stomach as it held heavy in her palm. It was warm, and soft. So fun to touch and squeeze. So much of her time in this world had been spent getting to know what it was like to be this titanic beauty queen, but so often she’d just held herself. Touched her body. Stroked and petted her fat flesh as it hung heavily off of her frame.

But thinking of how her sister—in any reality—would react to being such a size… (and make no mistake, Riley was well on her way here) it somehow made it all seem not worth it.

“But it’s just so long for a little while.” Aubrey said to her belly, “I think we’ll see each other again.”

Aubrey smiled sadly and gave her gut a proud pat.

“It’s not like I can’t grow another one of you… the *right* way… I guess you’d call it.”

Balancing the heavy coin on the nail of her thumb, Aubrey primed the small golden disk to be flipped. With one impossibly thick thumb, stubby and squat from the extra weight, she flicked it as high into the air as she could manage. A low dull ringing filled the room as all sound seemed to fade out from the world; Aubrey focused hard on that sound as she closed her eyes, held out her palm, and let it land square in the middle of her outstretched hand.

Closing her fat fingers over the coin, Aubrey took a hopeful breath into her chest.

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For what it was worth, Aubrey didn’t lose *all* of the weight she’d packed on during the months she’d spent in her Perfect World—just most of it.

When she’d awoken, most of the changes that she’d seen through on the other side of the coin had stuck. She had still moved bedrooms so that now the room upstairs was empty, and she had taken up in the guest room near the kitchen. Her bed was no longer built for bariatric patients, but it *was* big and cozy. She and her sister had had a heart to heart about size, but it had been the other way around—she had finally come clean to Riley about wanting to gain weight, and she hadn’t even been there for it…

And there was now about forty extra pounds of padding that stuck to her waist, hips, and thighs.

“So you just… gave it all up?”

Seeing Cara again had been weird, at first. Going from best friend to fuck buddies had been a stretch that had taken some getting used to. Hearing all of the naughty things that Cara would tell her while she mounted her was… *tingling*. But at the end of the day, Aubrey had been able to keep those feelings separate.

After all, it hadn’t *really* been Cara.

“I had to.” Aubrey shrugged, wolfing down a mouthful of crepe, “I couldn’t make Riley and a whole bunch of people uncomfortable just because I wanted to be selfish.”

The spread of food in front of her wasn’t anything like the buffet version of the Crepe Factory that she’d left behind, but it had been larger than anything she would have ordered before all this. Something that would stick to her ribs—extra bacon, lots of eggs and syrup—but not something that was going to make her sick.

Walking around in this world was like gliding on a cloud, without all those hundreds of pounds weighing her down. Aubrey could move so much more easily now, at the cost of stumbling a little. Even with the added weight, she was still much lighter, and wasn’t used to it anymore.

“Living in a fantasy world was fun for a while, but… you know, what’s the point if I don’t take anything that I learned back here?”

“Back here, she says.” Cara rolled her eyes, “Like you haven’t been pigging out for months at a time.”

She rolled up her hoodie, showing off the bit of belly chub that now rolled over the waistband to her jeans. She pinched it with her skinny fingers, getting a good inch of tummy out of it.

“You see what you’re doing to me?” she joked, “Hanging out with you is making me so fat, Bree!”

“Mm, you looked pretty cute all chubbed up back there you know.” Aubrey winked salaciously, “You had titties, at least.”

“Yeah, and probably like three chins and an ass the size of Charleston.” Cara snorted, “You just like fat chicks.”

“No no, you were… pretty hot, actually.”

Aubrey backed away cautiously from the subject. It was still weird seeing Cara skinny again, let alone in a non-sexual context. For months, she’d gotten to know the ins and outs of her friend’s body… well, her body over there. She wasn’t sure if Cara and her girlfriend were still *dating* or if they’d broken up during the months and months she’d been away in her fantasy land…

“I’ll bet.” Cara snorted, “God, I wish I could have seen it. It all sounds so *weird*—what was it like seeing everyone you know like, really really fat?”

“It was… pretty surreal.”

“Do you still have the coin?” Cara piqued, “Like, if I flipped the coin, would I—”

“Not unless *your* perfect world is one where everyone is fat too.” Aubrey cocked an eyebrow, a daring and flirtatious move that was very much out of the ordinary for a shy wallflower like her, “Are you trying to *tell me something, Cara*?”

The birdy blonde grew flush and flustered at the insinuation. Whether that was a confirmation or rebuttal of Aubrey’s teasing, she wasn’t sure. But it was pretty cute.

“W-Whatever, you know.” She laughed hoarsely, “I, uh… I just thought you know…”

“It’s okay, Cara, I’m teasing you.” Aubrey smiled, taking a sip of coffee, “But you know… you don’t *need* a magic coin or whatever to make your world perfect. I learned that over there.”

“Oh barf, what an Aesop.” Cara gagged, “That was so corny.”

“What*ever*, you dork—maybe now I won’t tell you about what it was like over there.”

“Oh come on, don’t be such a meanie!”

The two of them laughed together. A long, lilting laugh that went on for just a bit too long. Cara’s hand lingered over Aubrey’s fingers as they brushed against one another. A palpable silence came between them as the laughter stopped and cheeks grew rosy.

“Well…” Aubrey cleared her throat, “Maybe I could tell you more about it… over dinner?”

“Yeah?” Cara smiled, “You gonna tease me about how fat I was some more?”

“I mean… only if you tease me about how fat I got while I was away.”

A sudden realization between the two of them, a spark of something new and familiar, urged them to break eye contact in embarrassment.

“So… like… it’s a date?”

Another long pause, but this one punctuated by a hopeful silence.

“Yeah, it’s a date.”

And from there, Aubrey took the first steps forward into making her own Perfect World out of the one that she was given. Without the help of a mysterious coin, Aubrey was left to her own devices. Balancing her desire to gain weight, to be big and beautiful and confident, with the way that things were here in their rightful place… it wasn’t going to be easy. She’d known that after feeling full and stuffed, seeing the once-again judgmental gaze of her mother as she served her daughters breakfast in the morning while Riley cheered her on silently from the other end of the table.

But, for now, dinner was a great first step forward.

And for now, that was enough.