“You’ve been here a while now, Penny.” Emily remarked casually as she took away the discarded plates of her favorite redheaded booth squisher, “Trying to avoid going home again?”

“No, uh… just… enjoying the scenery is all!”

Penny self-consciously touched the uppermost tier of tum that bulged up high over her spare tire. Her sleeve-filling arms pinched the outer regions of her floppy tits as she tried to sit comfortably, but she was far too full to manage that. She’d been eating literally since the Stardrop Saloon opened, ordering course after course at a time so that she could stall and hide the fact that…

Well…

She was kind of stuck.

“Well, we’re certainly enjoying having you here.” the bluenette said with hardly an exaggeration as she hauled off plate after empty plate of demolished entrees, “Can I get you anything else?”

“Umm… can I get another Red Plate?” Penny asked sheepishly, “Aaaaand an order of fried sand fish?”

“Is that gonna be allllll?” Emily put her free hand on her hip, brazen in her familiarity to the point of flirtatiousness, “You know, Gus is whipping up another batch of Poppyseed Muffins, and I *know* they’re your favorite!”

“Oh, well… that’d… be alright.” Penny couldn’t help but lick her lips at the thought of biting into a fresh muffin, despite the fact that she was full-up as could be, “They *are* my favorite muffin…”

“You’re *my* favorite muffin.” Emily said, again in that playfully flirtatious banter between friends, “I’ll be right back—don’t go anywhere!”

“Hff… kayy…”

Not like she could, even if she tried.

Ever since this whole business with Maru and the Feeding Machine… not to mention Maru’s mom… Penny’s weight had been growing increasingly out of control—not that she’d had it *under* control any time soon. Her days were spent just mindlessly consuming whatever was put in front of her. Whether that be sucking down the food at home, suckling at the teat of her not-quite-girlfriend’s feeding tube, or coming here after all of that for dinner before going home after that for yet more food. Her whole life was slowly becoming consumed with her eating disorder.

To say nothing of her poor figure.

Penny was practically round these days; shuffling awkwardly while her thighs touched and chafed all the way down to her fat little knees! Her whole body jiggled and swayed in the most uncomfortable ways sometimes, and when it was hot she got all sweaty between her rolls… Penny had been trying to make a conscious effort to slim down, but it was so *hard* when everything in her life was pointing her towards food!

And now, here she was, stuffing herself because she was too embarrassed to admit that she’d gotten stuck in the booth.

“Ohhh… when is this gonna end?” Penny mournfully sloshed the pale freckled ocean of blubber as it beached itself on the booth in front of her, “Isn’t it enough that I’m the fattest girl in the Valley? Even Abigail isn’t as big as me anymore…”

That was a thought, wasn’t it? Abigail had been steadily blimping out for years, with rumors of it being on purpose to satisfy some sort of sexual thrill. And in half that time Penny had shot past her, not out of a *want* to be fat, but because it just felt so *good* to eat. When she was sad, when she was happy… when she was… feeling intimate…

“It’s never going to end, is it?” Penny bemoaned, “I’m just going to keep blowing up like a tick until I pop out of that trailer like a tube of biscuits!”

No doubt, Maru would enjoy seeing that. Why did she have to be so attracted to that heavy-hipped minx? Why did the feeding tube filling have to taste so good?! Oh, it was so hard for her to think about anything other than food and fat these days…

“Something bothering you, Penny?”

Emily’s voice ripped the stuffed, stuck sow out of her internal monologue, making her cheeks round and pink as she jumped in place. Sure enough, the perky waitress was waiting just around the corner, leaving Penny to ponder whether or not she had said any of that out loud…

“N-No, Emily, nothing’s wrong!” the sizeable yet skittish sow squeaked, “I-Is there something wrong with you because we can definitely talk about it if there is I swear!”

Emily fishhooked a blue eyebrow as she placed a muffin on a plate down in front of the feasting fatty. She’d been getting a good show out of Penny’s display of gluttony, even if she couldn’t help but feel like something was bothering her more than usual.

“Thinking about that Farmer again?” Emily teased, hip-checking her booth-filling customer in the well-padded bicep, “I don’t think Leah would like that very much.”

“N-No, I’m not!” Penny was already unwrapping the muffin’s liner, “Really there’s—ULP!—nuffin’ wron’!"

“Uh-huh.” Emily smiled, “Look, you don’t live with someone like Haley without picking up the telltale signs of someone trying to stuff themselves until they feel better.”

“…is it that obvious?”

“So obvious.”

Penny sighed, letting her stomach roll in about an inch further over the table as she finally relaxed. Her shoulders slumped and her triple chin creased as it laid against her fleshy chest. Her hands fell to either side of the now empty plate, a little look on her face that made her seem more pitiful than usual.

“I’ve been seeing Maru for a really long time now, and… I may have cheated on her with her mom.”

“*Penny what the hell.”*

“They’re both *super* into something called feederism? I-I’m not really sure what that means exactly, but they both like seeing me get fatter and fatter and I feel like I’m going to pop!”

“F-Feedism, huh?” Emily chuckled awkwardly, “That, uh…”

“And the worst part of it is that I’m not sure if I *like* getting fatter or just getting to *stuff* myself like a fat pig all day!”

“U-Uh—”

“But the *real* worst part of it is that I’m *stuck in this freaking booth* and I don’t know if it’s the food or if it’s the fact that I’m so fat but it’s making me *really* horny…”