It is unfortunate that one of the few constants in life that everyone can count on (whether they’d like to admit it or not) is that regardless of how much they deserve it, the rich will almost *always* get richer.

And given the head start that she had been blessed with early on in life, it was almost harder to believe that Grace Sawyer could have found a way to wriggle her way out from underneath her father’s Golden Thumb and underneath an even more wealthy man. A man that she had been married to for eight years, three public scandals, and over three hundred pounds heaped onto an already not unsubstantial frame. But nevertheless, she was as kept of a woman as her temper and entitlement would allow; to say nothing of the expense that having a White Elephant of a wife entailed.

“What is the *point* of springing for designer brands if they’re just going to start *giving way* like this?” the dark-haired duplex of a woman tugged and sloshed and jostled impotently at the hem that clung over about three inches of exposed belly roll, “If those idiots at Yeng can make it happen, why can’t Gucci or Nordstrom?”

The small miracle of living in an age where women of her size had options at all was entirely lost on Grace—if she was a category or so removed from her current tax bracket, she would have been forced to endure ugly muumuus and circus-tent shirts without the tailored fit to her blobby physique, but because she had the foresight to be born into a rich family that set her up with an even richer husband, she felt that she had plenty of right to whine about the lacking elasticity of designer tracksuits made for women as full-figured as herself.

That is to say, women with figures so full that they could hardly stand up from the couch without aid from their beleaguered assistant.

“I’ll make sure to have the three other ones adjusted at the tailor’s.” the reedy woman said from behind the center island couch, “I’m sure your husband will understand.”

“He’d *better* understand.” Grace’s fat face rippled with vitriol as she spat out a puff of pure petulance, “After maxing out a credit card to get these stupid things, I expected them to *last longer…*”

Grace Tarraday—nee Sawyer, for nine years this October—had always been just as spoiled as she was fat. From the days when she was a chubby child crying until she got her way, waddling into her years acting as queen bee (complete with cronies!) during her stay at Buttercombe Preparatory Academy, and now as the trough-wide trophy wife of a hopelessly browbeaten senator. Spending the better part of a decade getting her way and throwing her weight around in the most literal sense hadn’t done wonders for her girlish figure, but it shouldn’t be overstated that Grace was always to some extent the exact same person that she wound up being before thirty.

There was no great shift in her personality, there was no incremental change that wriggled its way into her outlook; Grace had always been the biggest bitch in the room, and now that she was married to someone who could afford to indulge her as much as she felt like she deserved, she was simply taking that to its logical conclusion. Like a goldfish, growing to fill a bowl.

“Fuck it, I’m gonna be late if I don’t leave now.” Grace’s latest grievance rolled out with the most put-upon sigh that anyone could have heard, “Mindi, be a lamb and help me up.”

The aforementioned assistant doubted that, if they had been in public, her employer would have been quite as polite about it. But sticking her hands up and out in front of her, lurching forward as much as her pendulous chest and sandbag of a stomach would allow her to, Grace at least made an attempt to make it easier on the much smaller woman. Not that helping a more than quarter-ton heifer up to her feet was ever going to be truly *easy*—it was a good thing that the housekeeper hadn’t left yet, or Mindi might have thrown out her back before she ever got Grace up and moving.

“Ouuugghh… hfff… that… who was that one?” the quarter-tonnage of trophy wife rasped out as she struggled to catch her breath from the Herculean task of being stood up, “Is she new? I think she tried to cop a feel on me…”

“I’ll tell the agency not to send her over anymore, then.”

“Hfff…are we just gonna…hahh… leave her here while we go out?”

“We have cameras.” Mindi shrugged, “It’s not like she’s going to steal anything.”

“Other than a squeeze or two…”

Even just steadying Mrs. Tarraday on her own two feet was becoming increasingly difficult for Mindi to manage. As she continued to advance in size, mobility alternatives had to be made in order for her to keep her social life, but even getting her from the couch to the mobility scooter was getting to be a problem. Thank the lord that she had more faith in Yeng’s capabilities in scooter design than in fashion design, otherwise she might have had to try and haul herself all the way out to the car on foot!

Getting her settled into the wide carriage of her cart was even just barely a one-person job—her couch-cushion stomach sloshing thickly underneath tent-sized approximations of popular styles blocked Grace’s view of her feet, but the next foot or so in front of them. What wasn’t blocked by that stomach batting between her knees was invariably obscured by the sloping mammaries that had been holstered into industrial-strength shapewear to give them the illusion of perkiness. The more that Senator Tarraday’s show cow grazed her way through the latest sizeable scandal, the less likely it was that Mindi was going to be able to do this by herself anymore.

“Okay, let’s hit it I guess.” Grace was already smacking her lips as she reached into the small container nestled on the control panel of the scooter, sausage fingers deftly unwrapping a Mars bar that had been stored away for just such an occasion, “God knows Tiffani’s fat ass isn’t going to wait forever, so if we want appetizers we need to get there fast…”

“Of course, Mrs. Tarraday.”

\*\*\*

Much like everything else (and to a certain extent, every*one* else) in Grace’s life, the vehicle meant to house her impressive heft had to be just as reinforced as her husband’s bank account.

The shifting of gears and creaking of suspension as the Tarraday’s personal Overcompensator was all but lost on the hog-sized housewife as she sat and stewed in the backseat—the Texas heat bringing her enough mild discomfort from underneath the full force of the car’s A/C that she could only scowl tightly into the rearview mirror. Every time Mindi so much as hit the breaks, the waterbed that was Grace’s girlish physique would lurch and buck even from underneath the super-extended seatbelt. Sweat had begun to bead underneath her perfectly coiffed bangs, matting the dark hairs to her forehead slightly.

“I’m rolling around like a bowling ball back here!” Grace corrected from the row of back seats smothering underneath her back and ass fat, “What’s going *on* up there?”

“Just avoiding a pothole.” Mindi confessed in an even tone, “Everything’s alright—we should be there in just a few minutes.”

“We’d better be—I’m *starving.*”

Mindi knew that she didn’t have anything to worry about as far as job security went, but the way that Mrs. Tarraday phrased that just instinctively sounded like a threat. Less like Grace was going to fire her assistant of five years on a whim, and more like she might finally unhinge her jaw and eat the skinny woman alive before making a godawful joke about always liking Indian food or something. Her employer’s wife was all bark, of course, but if looks could kill Grace Tarraday’s impressive side-eye to everyone that passed by the car would have been the one to do it.

It might not have been the best look for a senator’s wife to weigh in at a whopping (and taxpayer-pampered) six hundred pounds of marshmallow while glowering out at anyone who dared to look inside, but no one was going to tell Grace that she ought to be any less herself.

Certainly not anyone that Grace would *listen* to, anyway.

“We brought my necklace, right?” the vast payload harrumphed as she tried to stay the tides of her jostled stomach, “I don’t want to look stupid and not show up with the fucking necklace that I spent two weeks hyping up.”

“You’re *wearing* it, Mrs. Tarraday.”

“Am I?”

Grace’s hammy bicep fought against her sloping right tit as she brought a hand to her chest, not feeling the necklace with the pads of her fingers but hearing it click against her manicure. The chain hung closely enough to the double chin that swaddled her jawline that it had worked its way underneath it. Something that would almost certainly happen again, once she ascertained how small the chain was.

“I *am*—thank *gawd*.” Grace rolled her eyes, her heavy shoulders slumping as though a great weight had been lifted off of her shoulders, “*What* would I do without you, Mindi?”

“Have felt very silly when you reached for that necklace.” The stoic assistant chuckled politely as she readjusted the rearview mirror, “Have you thought about what you want to order?”

“I’m just gonna wait and see what Michelle has—she always has good taste.”

To imply that Grace’s fellow wives off well-to-do men had a taste similar to her own was a disservice to how influential being in such close proximity to a senator could be. The longer that they indulged alongside Mrs. Tarraday in her flagrant displays of where most of his husband’s paychecks both over and under the table went, the more that they found themselves adopting the same indulgent mindset. Much like her days back at Buttercombe Academy, Grace had molded some perfectly good company out of the otherwise idle rich stock that came with her high social status.

If Michelle had any taste in the sorts of food that Grace had any interest in, it was only because Grace had shown her first-hand how much more delicious a triple-stacked burger could be over a quinoa salad.

“I’ll let you out at the gate and then park.” Mindi said as the car gradually slowed outside the country club, “Let me pull into the roundabout and get one of the clerks to help you into your scooter.”

“Don’t get that scrawny redhead this time.” Grace’s tone was already heavy at the thought of having to lug herself out of the car again, “I swear to God I thought I was gonna snap her in half…”

With the amount of money that Mrs. Tarraday was wont to throw around as she worked her way through the menu leant itself to the idea that she was validated in her expectations of hands-on service. The money that *Mindi* threw around with the clerks, rather than the chefs and wait staff, helped see to it that Grace’s calls for said service were both heard and met. The preliminary warning of Grace’s impending arrival even meant that they were there to meet her when they pulled up.

“Good afternoon Mrs. Taraday—”

“Sure, whatever. Don’t let anyone take any fucking pictures of me while I get out of this car or I’ll have you shot.”

Mindi could only sigh and shake her head, reveling in the silent relief that came with not having to help her employer’s wife out of the car. It really *was* a two-person job, at least if the two grown adults struggling to even get her through the threshold of the car door were anything to go by, and the small amount of validation that came with being able to sit out just this once was almost all the reward that Mindi needed…

\*\*\*

“About fucking time you showed up.”

“I had to stop her from eating a waitress.”

Michelle at least extended her arms as she waddled over to give Grace a half-hearted embrace. Little fake kisses on either side of her chunky cheeks before reeling her tonnage of top half back in. Tiffani was in enough of a mood that she didn’t want to extend the effort required to heave that big ass off of the chairs she was currently squashing—Grace couldn’t exactly say that she blamed her.

“Car trouble again, love?”

“Not since we upgraded to the bigger model.”

“Well if anyone needed it.”

Tiffani was still snippy from not getting to enjoy an appetizer to tide her over, and Grace knew it. Her soft little jawline flirted with a third chin as she shifted around on her big ass, fabric stretching to the point of transparency as her bowling-pin figure pressed against the wooden table. Michelle and Grace might have been a bit older than Tiffani, but the Karen-cut blonde was still old enough that she shouldn’t have been so petulant.

“Have we settled on an appetizer?”

“We were waiting for *you*.”

“Oh don’t be like that—we can splurge on the sampler platter.”

“For the *three* of us?” Michelle scoffed, her wide face bunching in disbelief, “Are you sure that’s enough?”

“Of course—” Grace chuckled hoarsely as she steered her scooter into the unoccupied area of the table, “One for each of us.”

In the years that the three of them had been friends (or at least, a close approximation of the term) there had probably been a full five hundred pounds gained between the them. While most of that heft settled right into turning Grace from an overindulged trophy wife to a walking hillside of heft, there was no denying that the other two spoiled housewives had undergone quite the transformation. Relative to the company that they kept, sure they were still skinny. But to everyone on the outside looking in, it was clear that the senator’s wife had rubbed off on them in more ways than just their husbands’ bank accounts. Having such easy access to the purse strings of the American taxpayer blessed Grace with plenty of opportunities to make an absolute hog out of herself in public—it was clear that Michelle and Tiffani were gripping onto those same purse strings for the ride.

And as Grace’s stomach bounced gently with the slight impact of her mobility scooter bumping against the edge of the table, eyes already wide with hoggish anticipation behind her sunglasses, nothing suggested to either of them that they would be kicked off of that ride any time soon.

By the time Mindi had parked the car and made her way into the country club so that she might further act as Mrs. Tarraday’s attendant, the first round had already been delivered by a small trio of servers—she had arrived just in time to see the heavy arm of her employer’s wife being lifted as she lowered appetizers greedily into a parted and panting pair of lips that were wet with anticipation. Three sets of soft, perfectly manicured hands were plucking wantingly from the spread that had been served to those that they belonged to, making idle chit-chat beneath the hoggishly heavy breathing and the sounds of piggish enthusiasm for the meal that they were about to devour.

“*There* you are—you didn’t have to park too far away, did you?”

“Not too terribly far.”

“Well it’s on you if you have to walk a mile and a half just to get back to the car.” Grace smacked her lips as she ripped apart a mozzarella speak with her teeth, “I saved you the cheesy mushroom caps.”

“You shouldn’t have.”

Like an overgrown child (and overgrown was an apt a word as any to describe Grace Tarraday) she had taken the sample of portabella mushroom caps loaded with cheese and sprinkled with pepper and slid them off onto a separate plate away from the conglomeration of food that had been set in front of her. With the proficiency and determination that her hands moved with, it was almost surprising that there had been enough of a pause in Grace’s grazing that she had been able to register that food she didn’t like was on the menu, but then Mindi *did* usually get a little nibble here and there in.

After all, if Senator Tarraday was splurging enough not just to keep his wife in such an engorged state but also her friends too, Mindi doubted that he would have noticed if she helped herself to an appetizer and a salad.

“I really shouldn’t have—lucky for you, I don’t listen to your thighs.” Grace sniffed, “I heard you coming before you beached yourself up here you cow.”

Grace’s palms slapped against one another as she pantomimed steps that were *far* too heavy to be Mindi’s.

“Here comes Mindi/Here comes Mindi.”

The two other idle rich satellites tittered to themselves over Grace’s biting commentary on the fifteen pounds that Mindi had gained in the past few months. As much as she liked to think that she was above Mrs. Tarraday’s influence, there was simply no denying that after so many years on the job, *something* had to give. And it really *was* difficult to keep track of what constituted a serving size when someone like Grace was around—egging everyone around her on for seconds just so she could make a comment to them about it a few pounds down the line.

“I’ll burn it off making the walk back to the car.” Mindi said in an unaffected sort of way as she took her first nibble of a portabella cap, “Is your scooter in park? I hear the suspension creaking and I’d hate for you to start rolling backwards.”

Admittedly, Mindi only talked back because she knew that she could get away with it. The look on Grace’s face was almost worth the pouting that was almost sure to follow.

But at the end of the day, sometimes it just felt good not to say “Of course, Mrs. Tarraday.”