

Mom Business

"Dear. . .will you. . .bring me. . .another platter." Ala wheezed as she stretched out in front of her desk. Her desk, a lavish and imposing structure made of sturdy and aged oak, was all but completely buried under the avalanche of tawny brown deer blubber. Further up lay her breasts, smaller than her stomach but imposing piles of fat in their own right. They undulated slowly, moving at the behest of her labored breaths. A cascading mountain of chins lay upon the summit of her breasts, soft and doughy. She was a resplendent pile of aristocratic wealth and blubber. Made massive by her willingness to exploit her company's profits for her own pleasure. Her company, her money, her uses.

Her daughter returned, bearing a plate of greens lathered in a rich and decadent sauce. It took a lot to get this fat on nothing but veggies, but Ala had managed it. The fawn was nothing but dedicated; at first to her work and then, as time passed, to her indulgence. "Thank. . .you. . .dear." she wheezed, shifting her bulk to reach down and grab the platter. Her fat finger struggled to reach the platter. She was impeded both by the walls of stomach and breast fat as well as by how her arms had become piles of fat in their own right. She soon gave up, knowing her daughter would complete the job. She always did.

Fae, her daughter, struggled upwards, placing the platter of food just under her mother's second smallest chin. It would rest comfortably there, as many before it has, so that Ala could munch and graze on it, sloppily and without the use of her nearly useless arms. The young doe, 19 and completing her summer internship, stretched as far up as she could reach. She sank deeply into her mother's fat folds, which were only slightly covered by a layer of office clothing. Ala was dressed, she hadn't regressed that far into a gluttonous haze. . .yet. but those clothes held on for dear life. The pantsuit that had been dutifully draped on by her favorite pair of "assistants" (twin Asian cranes with a penchant for pole dancing rather than business). Fae finally dropped the platter and started to extricate herself from her mother's fat. It was a laborious process.

Ala's bulk was far too welcoming, easily dragging in smaller bodies and hardly letting go. Fae had found herself trapped numerous times in those warm, jiggling folds. The enormous, immobile bulk of her mother began to wobble and jiggle violently as she started to feed herself. She ignored any sort of common decency. Far too fat and wealthy to care about social convention. She ate, ate well, ate noisily, and ate sloppily. Soon Ala's face, jowls, and chins were covered in sauce and green remnants. "Fae. . .dish. . .Issch. . .mmghmph. . .Amafing." She belched and continued to devour the huge platter. Her comments were mentally noted down by Fae, who would be transferring them to the chef later.

The gorging was decidedly short, Ala was too practiced to have it be anything but. Soon she was lacking her red lips, savoring the last bits of food left there. "Uuurrpppp. Thank you, Fae." Ala shifted her bulk as much as possible to look down at her daughter. "If you would be so kind as to call Kiyoko and Kae in. . . And give mommy some alone time." She wheezed, smiling lustily already. "We. . .have a little. . .business." she smirked.

Fae nodded and backed out of the room. She motioned, as she reached the hallway, and soon the two cranes came sauntering in. They were thick and well curved in exactly the way that Ala desired. They were dressed in the shortest business skirts possible, with tight shirts that only accentuated their large breasts. Twin examples of perfection. "Fae is such a sweet girl." Kiyoko said in her thick accent. "Nothing like her puddle of a mother!" She cackled. She pushed her hands deeply into Ala's stomach fat. All of Ala shifted back and forth in oceanic fashion.

"Yeah, she's much too sweet to be related to you." Kae teased, sliding up onto Ala's fat broadened shoulders.

"You. . .say. . .that. . .now." Ala laughed and wheezed the words out, a button popping somewhere down far below. "I. . .used. . . To be. . .smaller. Give her time. . .and money." Ala laughed, thinking about how she had been before her company had taken off. A small, spry doe with hardly any fat on her. A sweet lass who lived only to make a name and bring value to the company. That had changed after money had come rolling in in droves. With money came temptation and, as Ala could attest, her bloodline were nothing but susceptible. She toyed with the idea of a massive, corrupt Fae as Kiyoko and Kae began to do their lustful work. She enjoyed it, knowing that her daughter would one day be her equal. . . Though hopefully not soon. Ala needed more work out of her.