

Thicc And Alone On Thanksgiving  
By Haxcall

Michelle Hills sighed as she sat on her couch watching a rerun of this year's socially distanced Thanksgiving Day Parade. She was alone for the holiday this year, far from her friends and loved ones.

Michelle was a young black woman of considerable girth, her size the result of a doting chef mother and a well paid businessman husband with a feeding fetish. On her body was a thick layer of plush, soft and heavy flesh that even the strongest of furniture creaked and shuddered under. She had a plump face with chubby cheeks that begged to be pinched and squeezed, melon sized breasts, doughy limbs and an ass that took up almost two couch cushions. Her most notable aspect, however, was her belly, which was huge and bulging, hanging almost all the way down to her knees and needed two-thirds of a bottle of stretch mark cream daily to keep its surface creamy and unflawed. She wore a tight t-shirt that failed to cover her giant muffintop and a pair of pink sweatpants with the word "Spoiled" written on its overstretched seat. Her fluffy black hair was messy, having gone unstyled for months.

Her husband Eddie worked out of town at a medical supply production company and with the pandemic he was often away for weeks at a time, with him even having to stay away from home during the holidays this year. She was used to having him hire a catering crew to prepare a massive feast and having him hand feed it to her one delicious morsel at a time until she was too stuffed to move followed by her showing how thankful she was to have a husband like him by letting him spend the rest of the night doing whatever he wanted to her immobile form. But this year sating her appetites for food and pleasure would have to be solo acts.

She was also used to going home for the holidays and having her mother make her so much delicious home cooked food that she couldn't get up from her chair and would pass out at the dinner table. She would even be happy with visiting her mother-in-law. The old battleaxe was a chore to be around but she could cook at least, even if she got ruder with every additional serving Michelle ate. However, traveling was irresponsible right now and she refused to put herself and others at risk

As she got ready to warm up her Thanksgiving meal of a dozen cheap frozen dinners, she heard a knock at the front door. Donning her face mask, she opened the door and saw a mask wearing delivery man standing beside a food cart full of large bags and trays.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Hi, I'm from Fast Feast Deliveries and I have a meal sent to Michelle Hills from Eddie Hills."

Michelle was surprised. She knew that Eddie was incredibly busy at work and they both knew that getting catering this year would be far more difficult, time consuming and costly thanks to the pandemic and the massive increase of other people ordering catered dinners. She had told

him not to worry about her and that she would be fine but clearly he was too devoted to her to leave her hanging and hungry on Thanksgiving.

“He found the time to order all this food for me?” She asked. “

“It’s an large turkey with an extra large serving of stuffing, an extra large serving of mashed potatoes and gravy, an extra large serving of cranberry sauce, a whole honey glazed ham, a dozen dinner rolls, three sweet potato pies, three cherry pies and a gallon of sweet tea with extra sugar.” The delivery guy said, reading from a tablet.

“He remembered all of my favorites!” Michelle

“He also sent a message for you.” The delivery man said, still reading off the tablet. “Ahem, ‘Sorry, I can’t be here in person today babe. I know you said not to worry about it but I couldn’t just let you go hungry during your favorite holiday.’”

“He’s such a saint!” Michelle said swooning.

“They also wanted me to give you this.” He handed her a large bottle of Gas X. “He says that you need to take this so that you don’t ‘blow up the house’ after eating.”

Michelle immediately got flustered.

“Oh, he’s just kidding.” Michelle quickly said. “He likes to have a bit of fun by trying to embarrass me.”

“Uh huh.” The delivery guy said restraining a snicker. He could tell by her reaction that she absolutely needed the medication to keep her post-meal flatulence in check.

Inviting the delivery guy inside, she brought him to the house’s dining room and had him set the table with the large feast while she tossed the Gas X away in a nearby corner table drawer. Michelle was ecstatic that Eddie had taken time out of his tiresome schedule to see to her and her happiness. What a great husband! She would have to remember to give him an extra fun “thank you” when he finally came back home. And then she would give him an extra strict chewing out for telling food delivery people about her gas issues.

After seeing the man out, she sat down to eat, placing the whole turkey in front of her and cutting off a piece when the door rang again before she could take a bite. She opened the door again to find another masked food delivery man with another cart full of food.

“Hello, I’m from Fast Feast deliveries. I have a Thanksgiving dinner to a Ms. Michelle Turner from Mrs. Jenny Turner. Is this the right address? I just saw another company driver pull out of this house and I need to make sure there hasn’t been a mistake on our end.”

"No there hasn't been a mix up. That's my mom's name."

"So you were sent two Thanksgiving dinners?" The delivery man said surprised.

"I guess so. Hey, did she send a message along with the meal?"

"Oh right." The delivery guy pulled out his tablet and a small container of fiber pills. "'To my little dumpling, I know you must be sad and lonely this Thanksgiving so I bought you this meal to brighten things up. I bought extra large servings of all your favorites. I also got you some fiber pills. You know I usually put this into your meals myself so that you don't have a rough potty break after eating too much."

Michelle just laughed nervously again.

"Oh, you know how moms are." She said as she tried to blow off the issue. "I don't need those, she's just worrying too much and being a little overbearing."

"Uh huh." The delivery guy said, experienced enough to not be fazed by weirdo customers anymore.

She quickly signed for the delivery and he brought the food inside. Despite the table already being set, she directed him to squeeze all the food onto whatever space that remained on it. Meanwhile, she stuck the fiber pills in the drawer alongside the Gas X when he wasn't looking.

After seeing him out, Michelle was awash with happiness again. Her mom had the difficult and likely expensive task of having a full dinner delivered to her just to make sure she had a happy Thanksgiving. She would have to remember to put extra effort in picking out a Christmas present for her this year. She would also have to remember to have a talk with both her and Eddie about not giving delivery companies info on her bathroom habits. She sat down at the table once more and prepared to dig in but as she brought a forkful of meat to almost to her lips the doorbell rang a third time.

Annoyed and hungry, she answered once more and was surprised to see a third delivery woman holding a large aluminum tray.

"Another one?"

"Another...? Wait, I saw a couple of my co-workers from Fast Feast pass me as I drove into the neighborhood. Did they deliver here too?" The woman asked puzzled.

"Yep. So are you here with another Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Well not a full dinner, just one large turducken, a chicken stuffed into a duck which is stuffed into a turkey." The delivery woman explained. "It was sent by Mrs. Jill Hills and supposed to go to a Michelle Turner. Is that you?"

"Yes it is." Michelle said. Jill Hills was her mother-in-law. What was she doing sending her a turducken.

"I also have a message for you." She said, handing Michelle the food tray, pulling out her tablet and reading from it.

"I know you should be working on your diet, like I suggested you do everytime we talk, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to splurge this once since I've heard you'll be spending the holiday alone. I doubt you've ever had a turducken before so this should be a new experience for you."

"Aww, she really does care!" Michelle said with a warmed heart.

"Also," The delivery woman continued to read. "I have included a can of extra strength air freshener. Considering the state you leave my bathroom in every time you come over for a holiday dinner I think it's safe to say you'll be needing this."

Michelle felt her heart chill as she gritted her teeth as she struggled not to show her anger and frustration at her third humiliation that day and most passive aggressive one yet. Too annoyed to even bother with trying to make an excuse for the air freshener, she signed for the roasted triple fowl brought it inside, there being just enough extra room on her full table for it, and threw the freshener in the drawer with the other embarrassing items she received.

Hoping that her mother-in-law's surprise delivery was the last one, Michelle finally sat down and took her first bite of the large feast that had been gifted to her.

Twelve hours later...

\*BUUUURRRRRPPPP\* \*FRRRRRRRRRRBLLLLLTTT\*

Michelle let out a powerful belch and a painfully strained fart at the same while laid naked the the littered dining room floor, having stripped herself nude early into her gluttonous feast due to her clothes becoming too confining on her swollen frame. She felt the rays of the sunrise beam onto her bare obese, sweaty, greasy body and she realized that she had spent the entire night stuffing herself with enough food to feed fifty people. All three of her delivered meals now churned inside of her belly as her stomach struggled to properly digest such a huge amount. Michelle herself was baffled at how she managed to make it all fit inside of her. She just kept stuffing her face, long after she became full, long after each bite and swallow became actively painful on her overfilled intestines. She just couldn't help herself, as long as there was food in front of her it had to go down her gullet. She wished that her husband, her mother, or even her

mother-in-law had been present. They would have been capable of keeping her from going whole hog.

She let out another fart, with it leaving a burning sensation as it exited her behind and the rancid scent hanging in the air, intensifying the lingering, offensive odor caused by all her many previous gassy emissions. She wished she had taken the Gas X her husband had sent to her or had kept the air freshener her mother-in-law had given her on hand, but both were still in the table drawer. Most of all she wished she had listened to her mother and had taken the fiber pills. She knew that she would remain stuffed and immobile until the mass of food inside of her had significantly digested, at which point she would have to undergo what would no doubt be the longest and roughest potty break of her life, then she would truly wish that she had been more thankful for the embarrassing gifts her loved ones had sent to her.

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