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Contains: Mind Control, Weight Gain, Sexual Acts

Taking Control

Valencia tried to ignore the cackling laughter coming from her mother's kitchen. Unfortunately the titters surrounding her in the living room were not much better. Keisha and the twins, Mandy and Mindy were not Valencia's

friends. Not really. Their mothers were her mother's friends, and so she was stuck hanging out with them while the moms gossiped and gabbed in the Kitchen over their classes of Chardonnay and posh cheese.

Valencia liked it better at their old house. Back when her *paapa* was still with them. But he had to go and get hit by a drunk driver. Between the insurance settlement from the asshole who killed him, and his own considerable life insurance policy, Valencia's mother finally had enough money to achieve her dream. They moved into an all brick mansion in the neighborhood with the country club. To Vallie it was a mansion, but her 'friends' just called it a house. A house with two stories and three bathrooms.

Val's mother's Indian-accented voice floated into the room.

"And then she said... she wanted to take a *'gap year!'*"

Four sets of middle-aged feminine voices rang out with laughter.

Valencia scowled.

"Are you thinkin' of not goin' to college, Vallie?" Keisha asked.

"I'm just weighing my options." Valencia replied with none of her mother's accent.

"Well if you're going to take a gap year, you need to get like a really good internship." Mindy admonished.

"Or do some like, really noteworthy volunteer work." Mandy added.

"That's the only way to impress admissions boards if you don't apply right away after high school ." Mindy finished.

Valencia hated it when the twins did that. Talking like they shared one brain under those blonde heads.

"Yeah yeah, whatever. Let's just start the show, alright?"

While the studio logos were spinning up, the dark skinned Keisha leaned her head on Val's soft shoulder.

"You know we're only tryin' to help, right? And your mom is too, in her own way..."

"Yeah yeah, I know. Pass me those chips, will ya?"

Keisha's dark brown eyes darted meaningfully down to Valencia's soft middle, but at a death glare from the olive-skinned girl she held her tongue.

"You might wanna go easy on those chips, Val..."

Mindy couldn't see Valencia's glare.

"Shut up, Mindy."

Her twin sister made an offended squeak, but the episode was starting.

After her friends were gone, taking their stuck-up daughters with them, Valencia's mother started in on one of her 'talks.'

"You know, Missus Williams said she already has her daughter in a private preschool."

"That's great, mom."

"Did Mindy tell you she got accepted to the pre-med program?"

"She mentioned that, yeah."

"And her sister already got into pre-law..."

"So you said."

“Even little Keisha is going to be an Engineer.”

“Mom, can we not do this tonight?”

Valencia crossed her arms under her pudgy chest.

“Not do what, *beta*?”

“Can we go one night without you harping on me? I’m eighteen now, you can’t control my life anymore.”

Her mother put hands on hips.

“I am not playing the harp on you Valencia, but you have to take responsibility for your life! Your father worked hard to give you opportunities we never had! And you’d rather sit around eating junk than do anything sensible or productive!”

“Oh, okay! So we’re going straight from school nagging to cracks about my weight, is that it??”

Her mother deflated, putting on a sincere tone.

“Valencia, *beta*, I’m not trying to be cruel, but you’ll never find a good husband if you are getting too fat...”

“You know what, mom? Fuck you.”

Valencia stormed out of the room and into the foyer.

“Valencia, language! Wait, where are you going?”

“For a walk.”

“Now? It’s the middle of the night!”

“It’s barely eight thirty.”

“But what will happen if yo–”

Valencia slammed the door, cutting off her mother’s words.

Valencia stalked down their drive and into the nearby woods that surrounded the subdivision. Her eyes were wet and her mind spun with frustration and anger.

Why can't she just let me live my life? Paapa never tried to control me like this! And my friends are no better, with their judgmental looks and their patronizing advice...

*I wonder how **they'd** like it if somebody tried to control **their** lives...*

Them and their bitchy mothers...

More focused on her thoughts than her footing, Valencia stepped on a chunk of loose deadfall and was sent careening forward down a small slope. She felt her head hit a low branch with a –*crack*– and then everything went dark.

Valencia staggered out of the woods in the pre–dawn light, dirty and with rips in her clothes. Brushing the dirt off her face sent flakes of dried blood to the sidewalk, but she couldn’t find any fresh blood on her head. Someone was jogging toward her on their morning run. It was Mandy and Mindy’s mother. The middle–aged blonde slowed her jog and popped her earbuds out.

“Valencia, is that you? What happened sweetheart?”

Valencia was not in the mood to deal with this ‘Karen’ right now.

“I’m fine Miss Morris.”

“Do you want me to call someone? You’re a mess...”

“No, I’m fine. Please leave me be.”

“Alright, dear.”

Mrs Morris put her earbuds back in and continued with her jog.

That was weird...

Stepping through the front door of her house, Valencia tried to sneak past the doorway to the kitchen. Her mother spotted her immediately and ended her phone call. It was clear that the older woman had not slept.

“Valencia, where have you been!?” Her voice was more panicked and shrill than Valencia had ever heard it.

“I fell in the woods mom, I’m fine.”

“You don’t look fine... you’re all dirty. And what happened to your clothes?”

Her mother was busy spotting every stain and rip in Valencia’s outfit.

“Oh Valencia... these jeans were practically new...”

“Stop it!”

Valencia’s mother took a step back, stunned.

“I’m sorry about the jeans. Now I’m going upstairs to shower and change and I don’t want to talk about what happened.”

“Alright, *beta*.”

Valencia had never seen her mom back down from her like that. She must have been more worried than Valencia thought.

Sliding a pair of loose sleep pants over her soft bottom, Valencia caught a whiff of her mother's aloo paratha drifting up from the kitchen. Stomach rumbling she pulled on a loose tee shirt and hurried downstairs. Her mother was sliding a second fried flatbread onto a plate, so Valencia helped herself with a curt "thanks mom."

Slathering the roti-wrapped potato cakes in butter, she practically inhaled them. Feeling extra hungry after her ordeal in the woods, she eyed the stack on the counter and dared to ask, "can I have some more?"

Valencia's mother scooped all three flatbread onto her plate with a faint smile.

This was truly unprecedented. Valencia's mother rarely let her have three paratha in one sitting, and she was now up to five. Not wanting to jinx her luck, Valencia dug into them quickly, grabbing a bowl of yogurt to dip the pieces in.

Using up the last of the dough, Valencia's mother made two more cakes for herself. But just as she was turning off the heat on the stove, Valencia's stomach growled again, somehow unsatisfied after a double portion of breakfast. Sensing that her mother was in a generous mood after last night, Valencia decided to risk it.

"Could I have those, mom?"

"Of course, dear."

Valencia chewed more slowly now, reaching her limit. Maybe it was just sympathy for her fall in the woods, but she'd been so rude to her mother last night. Something didn't add up.

The next few days followed a similar pattern. Every meal Valencia would ask for more and more food, and her mother always gave it to her. One night she'd gobbled down a whole pot of dal curry that was certainly supposed to last at least two meals for them both, while her mother only nibbled on dry naan.

A few times her mother tried to probe her about school or future plans, but a simple "I don't want to talk about it" always shut her right up. Valencia wasn't sure what had happened, but she wasn't going to think about it too hard. Not when she could eat her fill instead.

When Friday rolled around, Valencia's mother invited the other moms and their daughters over again. All except Mrs Williams whose daughter stayed home with the nanny. Keisha's mom was cooking for the group tonight, and had brought fried chicken with a bunch of sides. Valencia was familiar with the hearty southern food her friend's big curvy mom made, and the anticipation of a delicious filling meal almost made her forget her dread of another night of judgmental questioning.

Valencia found, however, that her friends were just as quick to drop any unpleasant subjects as her mom now was. After just a few days of stuffing herself at every meal, Valencia's pants were uncomfortably snug around her waist. She was still in her stretchy sleep pants when other women arrived.

"Hey Val, I didn't know this was a pajama party." Mindy barbed.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Okay!" Mindy said with a faint smile.

"Girl's, food's ready!"

At the table, Valencia snagged two drumsticks and a thigh, before mounding her plate with mashed potatoes.

"Geez girl, save some for the rest of us." Keisha joked.

"Shut up and pass me the cornbread."

Keisha's mouth clicked shut and she slid the pan to Valencia.

Her stomach stretched from weeks of her mom's excessive cooking, Valencia kept eating long after the rest of their guests had finished. The moms retired to the living room for another bottle of wine, while Keisha, Mandy, and Mindy sat and chatted while Valencia worked on the leftovers.

"Don't you think you've had enough, Val?" Mandy asked.

"Nope. Grab me those rolls."

Mandy did.

Later that night, Valencia laid supine in her bed, cradling her bloated stomach as it gurgled in a perfect combination of pain and pleasure. She replayed the night's events in her head with confusion. Even if *everyone* found out about her little accident in the woods, that wasn't enough to explain just how '*understanding*' this group of shrews were being. At some point the other shoe had to drop, and Valencia was already dreading it.

About a week later Valencia's mother was going out shopping and running errands on a Saturday. Valencia reclined on the couch watching TV, thoroughly bored. She was also hungry, but was entirely too lazy to cook, and her mother wouldn't be home for hours. She decided to do something drastic. She called Mandy.

"Hey, you should come over and hang out."

"Sure!"

"And pick up some food on your way."

"Okay!"

Mandy called in sick to work, and ordered pizza.

The two girls lounged and watched TV all afternoon. Mandy ate two slices of the extra large supreme pizza, while Valencia finished the rest. Her soft stomach pressed into her formerly baggy tee shirt, and a sliver of olive skin was showing between its hem and her waistband.

“You’re kinda letting yourself go there, Val...” Mandy began.

“Shut up.”

“Okay!”

Even without her sister to complete her personality, Mandy had backed off suspiciously quickly. Valencia decided to try pushing her luck again.

“I don’t want to hear any more criticism of my weight, okay?”

“Sure thing Val!”

This was so weird. She tried again.

“We should get more pizza.”

“What, delivery?”

“It’s faster if you go pick it up.”

“Alright!”

Mandy jumped up from the couch, blonde ponytail dancing, and started tapping an order into her phone while she grabbed her keys and put her shoes on.

This was all very weird.

A few days later Valencia was stuffing her face with dal curry again, and her mother started one of her typical nags.

“Missus Williams says there’s an intern program—“

“No.”

“Valencia?”

“I don’t want to talk about internships or jobs any more.”

“Okay *beta*.”

Valencia held out her bowl.

“More please.”

“That was the last of it.”

“Make more then.”

“Alright.”

Valencia’s mother rose from the table and pulled a clean pan from the cabinet. Every time Valencia pushed back on her or made increasingly selfish demands, her mother’s responses got less emotional and more mechanical.

Smearing the last bits of curry from the pan with a chunk of naan, Valencia nervously wondered how long she could keep this up.

Weeks went by and Valencia filled her days with eating and napping, smothering her paranoia with rice and naan. One Friday her mom and her friends went out for a girls night, so her friends planned a sleepover. Keisha brought chips and barbecue dip, while the twins hefted bags of candy, cheese and sausage, and various boxes of crackers.

They snacked their way through the first movie, the other three girls grabbing something every so often, while Valencia never stopped popping things into her mouth.

“Geez Val you’re going pretty hard on that dip.” Mindy teased, poking at the swell of Valencia’s gut.

“I already told your sister. No cracks about my weight.”

“Alright!”

“She’s got a point though girl. You’re really blowing up, those titties are even bigger than my mama’s.”

“Shut up. And hand me those chips.”

Keisha opened a fresh bag and handed it to her.

For the next hour Valencia tried to relax and enjoy the movie and her snacks, but could sense her friends’ eyes on her. They weren’t saying anything, but she could feel the judgment in their eyes. When the credits rolled, Mandy started browsing for the next movie.

“Cut up some more cheese, Mindy.”

“Okay Val.”

The annoyingly cheerful tone was fading from Mindy’s voice, and Valencia thought she could hear hesitation in her friend’s response.

“Listen to me you guys.”

Four blue eyes and two brown ones turned to Valencia, the three young women frozen and focussed fully on her. Her anxiety was hitting its peak.

“I’m happy with my life.” She lied. “And I don’t want you three judging me for my choices.”

Three sets of eyes softened, and three faces smiled at Valencia, almost convincingly.

“Okay!” Three voices said in unison.

Alright, *that* was definitely creepy. Valencia tried a different tack.

“Mindy, cut up that cheese. Mandy, pick a movie.”

The twins complied.

“And Keisha... bring the rest of that dip over here...”

Valencia made her boldest move yet.

“And feed it to me.”

The busty black girl lifted the cooling slow cooker onto the coffee table and sat beside Valencia. She scooped a big lump of barbecue dip onto a fresh tortilla chip and held it near Valencia’s mouth.

Valencia chewed while Keisha prepared another bite, and relaxed into the couch. Apparently she’d been worrying for nothing.

Each of Valencia’s friends took indefinite “gap years” and got part time jobs to support her eating habits. Every moment they weren’t working was spent at her house, feeding her or otherwise seeing to her every need.

Her mother's friends were over again, but Valencia didn't mind them so much anymore. Not now that she had gotten them all on her side.

"I made some more guac, girls." Mrs Morris said mechanically, walking into the living room with a large bowl of green dip and a pair of fresh bags of chips.

"Thanks mommy, we were getting a little low on snacks." Mindy said as she took the food from her mother with a glassy-eyed stare.

Valencia sat in the middle of the large couch, feet propped on the coffee table with a pillow under each ankle. Keisha sat beside her mistress, slowly massaging her dusky exposed belly. Her hands made slow sleepy gestures along the slopes of the mountainous gut, pressing gently to ease the mass of food within downward to make more room.

Mindy took her place opposite Keisha, and popped open the bag to scoop a large glob of guacamole onto a chip. When Valencia's mouth opened to accept the offering, a moan came out instead.

"Aaaaa, aaaaaahhhhh!!!!!"

The entire couch creaked and groaned as Valencia's body bucked and twitched. She'd put on at least eighty pounds – no one dared ask her to step onto a scale – since her mishap in the woods, and the posh piece of furniture was protesting its burden.

As Valencia's orgasm subsided, Mindy resumed her feeding. Mandy's head popped up between Valencia's knees, face red and blonde hair a tangled mess. Craning her neck to see Mandy past the generous swell of her bloated breasts and swollen stomach, Valencia simply ordered, "again."

Between bites of guac Valencia yelled toward the kitchen, "more snacks Miss Morris!"

"Right away dear."

Mrs Williams came into the room then, carrying a plate of cookies.

“Here you are Valencia, these should keep you busy while the next batch of curry is cooking.”

“Massage my stomach Miss Williams.”

“Of course dear.”

Keisha sat back to let the young mom kneel on the edge of the couch and take over. She looked at Valencia expectantly.

“Play with my tits.”

The former future engineer peeled the hem of Valencia’s inadequate tee up over a toffee-skinned breast the size of her head and began to squeeze and fondle the swollen globe. Valencia started to twitch again as Keisha’s attention to her nipples enhanced the sensation of Mindy’s mouth below, and she felt herself building to another orgasm.

Moaning in pleasure from every corner, Valencia caught Mandy’s expectant stare, and opened her mouth for another bite.