Hefty Consequences  
By Mollycoddles

Kristine was having similar issues getting Alice stuffed into her outfit. There was simply too much girl and not enough uniform to cover it all!

“Please… this is too much for me… just let me rest for a second…” gasped Alice, dropping her weight onto the bench. The bench creaked and groaned in response, loud enough that the girls all paused with their breath in their throats… was the bench about to break?? Luckily, it held.

“Alice… are you… feeling okay?” asked Kristine with concern in her voice. “You seem to be having… trouble.”

That was an understatement. Alice was so enormously fat that she was practically helpless, barely able to waddle let alone stand. Kristine also could tell that Alice was still rapidly gaining and, if she kept up at this rate, the poor girl would completely lose her mobility within a matter of months. Maybe even weeks. Kristine knew that Alice had recently been called into the school nurse’s office for a “check up”; she wondered why Nurse Hopkins’ hadn’t impressed upon this gluttonous piggy the true dangers of her situation!

“Gawd, my heart is racing,” whined Alice. Her heart was thumping so fast and loud that she could feel it in her ear drums. “I just need second… to rest.”

“You weren’t really doing anything,” said Kristine. “You were just… standing.”

Alice nodded, her double chin wobbling, but she didn’t seem to pick up on the implications of Kristine’s statement.

“I think maybe if that was hard for you, you might need to get some help,” said Kristine.

Alice nodded again. “Yeah. Thanks for that, by the way!” She smiled widely.

“No, I mean… with your weight.”

Alice’s smile faded. “Oh.”

“I mean, it’s a little extreme. I think your gaining might be out of control, Alice. I only say this as a friend cuz I’m worried about you.” And also about the cheer squad, she added mentally. It was absolutely embarrassing to cheer when half the squad was morbidly obese!

“I really don’t think it’s that bad,” said Alice, though the crack of anguish in her voice betrayed her true feelings. She knew that she was huge and getting bigger every day. Alice couldn’t help but worry about what the future held for her. Her weight was already causing her awful problems…. Her knees and joints ached constantly from lugging around all this extra poundage, she was always miserably hot and sweaty from all this extra insulation, and she could barely move without getting completely winded. More and more of her time was spent at home, in bed, just mindlessly snacking and watching TV, because, as everything in her life became harder and harder with her added weight, the one thing that never became harder, the one thing that never lost its luster, was eating. And that was dangerous for a greedy fatso like Alice. “Nurse Hopkins really isn’t a doctor, you know, so I don’t know how much we can trust what she says…”

“So Nurse Hopkins DID say something?”

Alice gulped. Uh oh! She didn’t want to admit the truth, that Nurse Hopkins had warned her quite clearly about the dangers of her ballooning waistline. Alice was desperate to deny the truth and she didn’t want to have to admit to Kristine that she was well aware of what was happening to her porcine body. “Um… maybe? She might have said something. I don’t think she really said anything that important. Oh gosh, you know what? I think I got my second wind! C’mon, let’s finish up!”

Alice lumbered to her feet and beckoned to Kristine to continue helping her with her clothes. Kristine sighed. It didn’t seem like there was any point in trying to get through to Alice about this! With a great deal of struggle, Kristine was able to pull Alice’s sweater down over her chest, although it was as tight as saran wrap around her corpulent body. The skirt only fastened under Alice’s gut, which sagged over the front to the extent that it almost looked like Alice was wearing nothing below the waist.

Laurie was even more of a disaster. She had an extra hundred pounds on her two fat friends, so Denise and Lizzie had an even harder time getting her dressed… and it didn’t help that Laurie was her usual demanding diva self, refusing to stand up to make things easier for her poor helpers!

“Ugh… come ON! You two lazy bums aren’t putting your backs into it!” snapped Laurie. Her bellows were momentarily muffled as the two girls shoved her head through the neck hole of her sweater. Her sweater was practically a scarf, since it was too small to even stretch over the vast expanse of Laurie’s bulbous boobs. She was simply too huge. Her spanky pants were spitting at the seams, new tears opening up in the stitching every time that Laurie shifted her weight in the seat of her mobility scooter, and eventually Lizzie and Denise simply gave up all hope of trying to cinch the skirt. Laurie didn’t notice.

“Out on the field, girls!” she barked, her blubbery jowls shaking. The squad obeyed automatically. Gloria, Lizzie, Denise, and Kristine trotted ahead, while Alice and Jen wobbled along behind them, rolling from side to side like a pair of overinflated bobo dolls they leaned heavily on their canes. Laurie powered after them, slowly, squeezing her scooter accelerator with a death grip that still failed to make the vehicle move any faster than a slow crawl. There was simply too much weight on the scooter for it to move at a faster pace!

The slimmer cheerleaders had grown used to seeing Alice, Jen and Laurie using their mobility scooters around school, yet they had all just assumed that the titanic trio used them mostly because they were too lazy to walk under their own power. They hadn’t thought that the three girls had actually become so fat that they NEEDED their scooters. But that was the truth, the girls were each so big that it was exceedingly difficult to walk, they were on the precipice of immobility. Somehow seeing Alice and Jen hobbling with the aid of canes really drove that home. Even when they wanted to get around without their scooters, they were now incapable of walking without help. Kristine slowly put two and two together in her head as she watched Alice wheezing and waddling along. How many times had she watched Alice waddle down the hallway leaning on her boyfriend Tyler for support? How often did she see Craig giving Jen a bracing arm around the back as they walked? It was so obvious! It wasn’t just typical teenage hormones that drove them to suddenly be so close with their boyfriends. It was because they literally couldn’t walk without their help!

“Hey… Alice… look what I go!” sighed Jen, barely able to get the words out. The short trek across the field was completely beyond her abilities and the big booty beauty was panting like a race horse. Her sweater slid up her gut as her stomach rapidly inflated and deflated with her labored breathing. Jen motioned to her cane, beaming at Alice. “See? Like, I told you… that you had… a good idea!”

Alice smiled weakly. “Yeah… I guess so.”

Typical Jen! She was so excited about finding a work-around that she didn’t pause to ponder what this meant. This was just like when Jen was so proud that she’d figured out that switching to exclusively wearing stretchy, elastic clothes would allow her to eat to her heart’s content at every meal. Alice was reluctant to say anything negative because Jen was always so proud of her “fat life” hacks. Though Jen should be less proud of herself for buying a cane and more worried about WHY she needed one!

“About face, girls!” called Laurie.

The cheerleaders stopped and turned to face the outrageously obese cheer captain. Laurie sat in her scooter, her breathing slow and ponderous, as if she was having trouble forcing enough air into lungs compressed by so many pounds of boob flesh, glaring at her underlings through piggy eyes. She looked like Jabba the Hutt.

“You slackers have been goofing off way too much lately,” said Laurie. “It’s time to get you all back in shape!”

The cheerleaders were aghast. Was she serious? It was hard to tell with Laurie. True, she had been in denial about her size for a very long time… but she couldn’t honestly believe that the cheerleaders were out of shape compared to her now, could she? Laurie smirked at their confusion. Gawd, she loved it. Honestly, it tickled her something awful to boss these skinny bitches around. It was sooo funny to think that an absolute blimp like her could get away with this! In fact, it was kinda hot. The absurd dichotomy between the normal cheerleaders and their colossal captain just made the situation all the hotter.

“Oh gawd…do we… have to?” gasped Alice, leaning against Jen for support. The two fatties already were ready to collapse. Laurie considered it. It would be awfully funny to make Jen and Alice participate in the cheer exercises, but she’d better not risk it. They were so tubby and out of shape that their butter-clogged hearts might just explode from the strain.

“No, you two sit it out,” said Laurie dismissively. Jen and Alice immediately collapse to the ground in two wheezing, sweaty heaps.

Practice was an absolute joke. It lasted probably ten minutes before Laurie was exhausted. She wasn’t even doing anything, but somehow just shouting at the team was enough to take the wind out of her sails. After putting the team through a few rounds of jumping jacks and somersaults, Laurie finally called it quits.

“That’s… enough for now,” she gasped. “That’s… good enough… team.”

“Thank gawd,” muttered Jen, struggling to her feet and ignoring the jagged tearing sound that accompanied the motion – the in-seam of her overstressed spanky pants had just split, allowing the creamy white fat of her thigh to bubble through the rip. “I’m totally pooped!”

“You literally didn’t do anything,” mumbled Kristine under her breath.

As Laurie puttered back toward the gym, her scooter still lurching under its heavy load, the other cheerleaders were whispering amongst themselves.

“Laurie is really looking bad,” said Lizzie. “I’m really worried about her. Every time she yells, I swear I think she’s gonna give herself a heart attack!”

“Not just her,” said Kristine. “Alice and Jen aren’t much better. They’ve always been chunky, but this is just getting out of hand. I think it’s time that someone did something. They’re eating themselves to death.”

Denise piped up. “Do you think we should stage an intervention?”

“We might have to,” said Kristine. “But maybe, if we’re lucky, we can help them without it coming to that. I know that Jen is friends with Mallory over at McKinley High. I don’t know if Jen will listen to us, but maybe she’ll listen to a fellow cheer captain.”

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“Just a sec, I gotta pee,” said Jen. She aimed her mobility scooter for the corner restrooms.

“Again? You just went!”

“I, like, drank a lot, okay?”

Mallory was quiet. It WAS true that Jen had been drinking a lot. The obscene fattypants had guzzled several liters worth of free soda refills since the friends had arrived at the mall, so maybe it wasn’t so strange that Jen had to keep excusing herself to the bathroom. It was almost plausible enough that Mallory didn’t think much of it, failing to connect Jen’s increasingly insatiable thirst and increasingly frequent restroom trips with her rising diabetes. Although Jen’s skin was taking on a certain jaundiced quality that was harder and harder to overlook.

Mallory leaned back in her seat and crossed her arms. She was annoyed that Jen’s need to be near both the bathrooms and the soda fountain meant that the pair hadn’t left the food court in the over an hour that they’d been here at the mall. Mallory was actually hoping to get some shopping done before she went home, but that hope was looking increasingly slim as the day wore on.

Kristine had contacted Mallory, asking her to meet with Jen and talk to her about her weight. Mallory had agreed, though she hadn’t been prepared for THIS. Mallory was good friends with Jen, but she often couldn’t help herself in mocking her fat friend’s size. Jen had been fat for as long as Mallory had known her and Mallory had grown used to the fact that all her scathing jabs about Jen’s inflating figure bounced right off of Jen’s empty skull. It was like Jen didn’t even care that she was fat! Mallory couldn’t fathom that mind set. But this! This beyond anything that Mallory could have imagined! When Jen first showed up, Mallory was ready with a catty remark about Jen’s scooter… but as soon as Jen tried to dismount and drop her ass onto one of the benches at Mallory’s food court table, Mallory’s quip died on her tongue. Jen was having legitimate trouble moving her phenomenally bloated body without help! Mallory couldn’t make fun of that…. The poor girl looked like she was in real trouble!

Eventually, Jen returned from the restroom, piloting her scooter like an expert racecourse driver. Mallory watched Jen maneuver the vehicle on the other side of the table and waited.

“So… Jen.”

“Yeah?”

“About this… scooter.”

“Oh yeah? Like, isn’t it great? It’s…. soooo useful? Like, I can use it to get almost anywhere. And when I can’t… then I guess…. I’ll just use my cane. That was… Alice’s idea, you know.”

“Uh huh. And it lets you get around without too much trouble?”

“Yeah… I, like… don’t even have to… do anything!”

“That’s interesting,” aid Mallory evenly. “Then Jen, if you don’t have to ‘do anything,’ why are you so out of breath now?”

Jen blinked dumbly.

“You’re panting like you just ran a marathon, Jen,” said Mallory. “But you haven’t done anything except ride your scooter. Why are you so out of breath?”

“Um…. Well… I had to work the… gas pedal…”

“I don’t think that should be enough to wind you like this,” said Mallory. “Jen, look, let’s not beat around the bush. I’m super worried about you. You’re seriously blowing up like a balloon these days… er, even more than usual. And it’s not just that you’re getting fatter, your health is clearly starting to suffer. C’mon, Jen, you can’t tell me it feels good to be so bloated.”

“Um… like… I’m fine!” said Jen. “Like… yeah… it’s a little harder to get around… but that’s why I’ve got my scooter and cane now!”

“It’s more than that,” said Mallory. “Jen, you’ve gone to the bathroom five times in the last half hour, that’s not normal! You can barely catch your breath even when you’re sitting down! And, well, just look at you!”

“Like, what’s wrong with the way I look?”

Mallory pulled a pocket mirror from her purse, flipped it open and aimed it at Jen to show her her own reflection. “You tell me.”

Jen shrugged. “Like, I don’t see the problem.”

Jen’s reflection showed off the fat girl’s puffy, bloated face, with her pouty lips squeezed between big plump chipmunk cheeks. You could see the oily sheen of her sallow skin reflected in the light and the burgeoning pimples on her forehead were hard to miss. Jen’s eyes looked bleary and unfocused and major dark bags marred her lower eyelids. Jen’s naturally chipper personality helped to distract from her increasingly wrecked appearance, but it was hard to deny that she was beginning to show definite signs of wear.

“Like, I think I look good,” huffed Jen. “Like, some boys like a little junk in the trunk, ya know?”

“This has nothing to do with junk in the trunk,” said Mallory. “Being a little thicc is one thing, but you’ve gone so far beyond that…”

Mallory sighed and rubbed her temples. How was she going to get through to this bimbo?

“Jen. You are obese. I can’t pretend that you’re not fucking huge. You’re the size of a baby hippopotamus. This is insane. You need to lose weight or you’re going to die.”

“Ugh, you sound like Nurse Hopkins,” grumbled Jen under her breath as she sucked on her refilled soda. Out loud she said: “Like, I KNOW I’m fat, Mallory. You, like, totally don’t have to rub it in.”

“I think I DO have to rub it in. You’re not just fat, Jen. You’re obese. Morbidly obese. Probably even beyond that if there is such a category. I’m saying this as your friend, you need to stop. I know you think that you’re ‘thick’ or ‘bootilicious’ or ‘voluptuous,’ but you are not. You’re just fat.”

“Like, wtf, Mallory? What are you trying to say?”

“I think it’s pretty obvious.”

“Are you, like, jealous?”

“What?!” Mallory was aghast. Was THAT the message that Jen was taking away from this conversation?

“Yeah! Are you, like, jealous of how good I look? Like, Mallory, you shouldn’t be jealous. You’re pretty too.”

“I know I’m – that’s not the issue!”

“Like, I think it is,” said Jen, placing her pudgy hands against the table and hoisting herself to her feet. She turned slightly to the side and dropped her thunder butt onto her scooter full force. It was a miracle that the little vehicle didn’t completely buckle under her excessive poundage. “Like, I don’t know if we should be hanging out anymore if you’re gonna be so negative! Like, I think this is, like, a toxic atmosphere for me!”

Mallory’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious? Jen, I’m trying to help you!”

“Like, I don’t think you’re helping me by being mean!” said Jen. “Like, I think maybe we should, like, totally not hang anymore until you stop being such a bitch—I mean, until you stop being… uh… opposed to body diversity!”

“What on earth… Jen, where did you learn those words?”

“Um…. I dunno?” Nurse Hopkins had joked darkly to one of Jen’s teachers that she didn’t want to step in too harshly against Jen’s weight gain for fear of creating “a toxic environment” or being “accused of opposing body diversity.” The comments were bitterly sarcastic, but Jen was too dense to pick up on it. By this point, she had overheard enough conversations between Nurse Hopkins and the teachers to be able to parrot some of the nurse’s ironic talking points. Except that Jen was such a dim bulb that she didn’t realize they were sarcastic.

Jen turned the handle on her scooter to power up the juice and the vehicle lurched forward, puttering away under the heavy load of Jen’s bulk. Mallory could only stare in astonishment as she watched the retreating form of Jen’s megalithic-sized bottom.

Jen tried not to show it, but she was fuming. She couldn’t believe that her friend Mallory would be so mean to her! Where did she get off telling her shit like that? Jen didn’t really understand the words that she had said to her friend, but she hoped that they were convincing and would make Mallory leave her alone! If Mallory kept insisting on being such a bitch… then fine! That would just have to be the end of that friendship! As much as it pained Jen, she couldn’t sit around and listen to that kind of language!

“Fine, fine!” called Mallory. “You be like that! If you want to eat yourself to death, be my guest! I’m just trying to help… but if you don’t want my help, then go off by yourself! Don’t say I didn’t warn you!”

Mallory slumped back down in her chair. She watched Jen as the fat girl tried to steer her scooter through the throng of mall patrons, nearly running down an oblivious mother dragging her child out of the toy barn. The woman glared at Jen, fire briefly on her eyes, a snarl on her lips… but the woman’s rage abated as she drank in the full picture in front of her. Her look of fury was replaced by one of pity and concern. Mallory could guess what she was thinking. Most people in this world were so judgmental of fat folks, so eager to mock and denigrate. Fat people were easy targets for abuse. But Jen was so absolutely elephantine, that she had passed beyond all normal conceptions of fatness. She had grown so enormous that people couldn’t laugh at her anymore… they could only view her with pity. A look of worry crossed the woman’s face as she realized that Jen was probably far too fat to walk. The poor thing! How ironic that this woman would have scorned a slightly less voluminous fat person but now she was nearly moved to tears by the sight of Jen’s unbelievable corpulence. Every lurching movement of the failing scooter reverberated in the melon-sized cheeks of Jen’s colossal caboose, her soft flesh vibrating through the thin thin fabric of her stretch pants. Watching that ass slosh was almost mesmerizing!

Mallory watched the whole scene with a mixture of morbid fascination and pure visceral frustration. She really wanted to help Jen! Jen was a dear friend. But she also couldn’t stand to watch Jen kill herself with food. If Jen refused to listen to reason, then maybe it was for the best that they ended their friendship now. She would, of course, always be ready to reconcile if Jen changed her ways… but what were the chances of that? Mallory’s heart fell into her stomach as she considered the possibility that this might be the last time that she ever saw Jen. But what alterative was there?

She hoped that Jen would reconsider. But she didn’t have a whole lot of hope.

Unlike Jen, Alice was not oblivious to the looks of pity that she received. Everywhere that Alice went, heads turned to stare. She had noticed a change in the way that people perceived her as she grew. People used to cringe in disgust as her massive size, clucking their tongues at her obvious lack of willpower. But now? Now people seemed more sympathetic to her. People apologized for being in her way and stepped aside when she pulled up in her mobility scooter. When she went shopping, they helped her reach items on the high shelves that she was too fat to stand up to grab and they helped her reach items on the low shelves that she was too fat to bend over to grab. It was almost as if everyone had collectively said: “The poor dear. She’s too fat to help herself! She deserves pity. There’s no way that anyone would ever grow THAT fat by choice. It couldn’t simply be the result of laziness and gluttony. It must be because of something beyond her control, the poor thing!” They were wrong, of course. Alice’s size was entirely her own fault, the result of years of hedonistic abandon, of gorging at every opportunity until she was seconds from bursting, but they didn’t know that.

And, of course, there was another unspoken assumption in the sudden pity people felt toward Alice: “The poor thing is so fat, she’s bound to explode soon. Let’s make her short remaining time less unpleasant.”

Alice was really feeling her size now. Her joints ached like the dickens, her fat-swaddled knees creaking and cracking whenever she hobbled around with her cane. Her lower back hurt from the effort of lugging around her beach ball of a belly. Her face was round as a pumpkin, her jelly roll of a double chin so thick that it settled against her chest. Her bloated double chin made Alice look like a bull frog or a frigate bird, and it also made it impossible for her to wear any of her favorite necklaces or chokers anymore. That wasn’t all! Her pudgy sausage-fingers were too swollen for rings, so the blonde blimpette had pretty much completely given up on wearing jewelry anymore. She still tried her best to not look a complete mess, so at least her failing health wasn’t as obvious as was Jen’s. Not that she was doing all that much better! She was constantly winded and wheezing, her heart and lungs barely keeping up with the burden of keeping her whale-sized body functioning.

Right now, she lay sprawled on the couch in the Sarovy’s basement, wearing only her white tank top and panties, gasping loudly. Her belly rose and fell like a giant mountain shaking in an earthquake. The air conditioner was turned up full blast, so cold that icicles were forming on its lip. But Alice was still sweltering! She was so insulated with blubber that she was sweating like a hog in heat, periodically wiping her flabby arm across her forehead to keep her salty perspiration from dripping into her piggy eyes. At first, she had hesitated to strip down while she was in someone else’s house, especially because she knew all too well how much trouble she would have trying to put her clothe back on, but she was just TOO HOT. She felt like she was in a sauna! The poor girl could never get relief from the heat. Even if she stripped totally naked, she couldn’t take off all those layers of thick blubber that kept her toasty warm even in the coldest weather, like an arctic seal.

Besides, what did it matter? She was here alone, right now. Jen was at the mall with her friend Mallory and Laurie was over at Frank’s house. Alice tried to spend as little time in her own home as possible, since her mother’s nagging always reminded her of the inescapable fact of her obesity. Alice’s mother tried her best to make Alice feel guilty about her overindulgence in hopes that it might encourage Alice to reduce. If anything, though, it only did the opposite. Alice drowned all her sorrows and misgivings in food.

Alice inhaled deeply. Mrs. Sarovy was cooking dinner and it smelled absolutely heavenly. Alice’s enormous belly gurgle urgently. She’d only glutted herself at lunch about an hour ago, the heavy load of the midday meal still weighing down her gut, but Alice was already fantasizing about a sumptuous evening feast. Mrs. Sarovy always cooked way too much and, given her old world attitudes about food, she always insisted that the girls take seconds and thirds and sometimes even fourths. It was no wonder that Alice and her friends had grown so hefty when they ate so many meals at Mrs. Sarovy’s table. Alice knew logically that she really shouldn’t spend so much time here, that the more time she spent in Jen’s household the more that she would be tempted to overeat. But she just loved food sooo much! And she liked being around a mom who approved of her “healthy” appetite rather than a mom who nagged her about her waistline. It just made it so much easier to ignore the uncomfortable truth.

“I wonder if dinner’s almost ready,” mumbled Alice. Mrs. Sarovy was never shy about calling the girls to the table when dinner was ready, but maybe…well, maybe she’d forgotten this time? Maybe there were some appetizers out? Surely Mrs. Sarovy had to have something that Alice could snack on while she waited for the main course to be finished?

“I should go… check,” huffed Alice as she rocked herself into a sitting position. It took a few heaves but she finally managed to throw herself forward until she was balanced on her wide bottom. Getting to her feet would be equally challenging! She planted her feet against the floor, her hands flat against the couch to either side of her, grit her teeth, and heaved. Ughhhhhhhh. She barely rose an inch off the couch. Again. Ughhhhhhhhhhhh. No good. Alice gasped with the strain. Somewhere in the back of her mind, an awful thought occurred to her. How can it be that I’m having so much trouble just standing up? This wasn’t normal! She knew that she often needed someone else to give her a hand, but, if she really put her mind to it, surely she could still stand up on her own? Surely? It just HAD to be the case! Alice couldn’t face the possibility that she was now genuinely too fat and round and helpless to do it on her own.

“I’ve just got to… but my mind to it,” Alice told herself. Huffing and puffing, she shoved her flabby arms against the couch cushions with as much force as she could muster. The strain was immense. Gravity was working against her, tugging at every inch of her flabby body. Alice could feel every one of her 560 pounds as she worked. 560 pounds! Ha! She was lucky if she still weighed only 560 pounds. Her appetite hadn’t decreased since the nurse had weighed her nor had her exercise increased; she’d probably piled on at least another 20 since that fateful day. She was a fattypants glutton doomed to balloon until she surpassed her limits.

“Ughhh!” Alice grunted a loud porcine squeal as she lurched to her feet. Finally! She was up! Alice blinked in confusion, her head swimming. The sudden movement caused the blood to rush from her brain, leaving the fat girl totally dizzy and light-headed.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Alice whispered to herself in sudden panic, afraid that she might legitimately faint. She wasn’t worried about hurting herself if she collapsed. She had more than enough natural padding to help her break any fall, but if she flopped down on the floor then she was DEFINITELY not getting back up without help. She would be trapped by her own corpulence until someone came down here to rescue her! She might be lying on the floor for hours, pinned by her own massive belly and boobs, a big blubbery slug unable to do anything but flop around feebly.

“Steady… steady… steady!” Alice reminded herself, holding out her arms to her sides to help balance herself. She looked like a hot air balloon readying for take-off. The sudden panic caused her to break out in a cold sweat and she could feel her heart suddenly twitch strangely. Her erratic heartbeat caused her eyes to bulge and her jaw to drop. What was that? The fat girl coughed loudly, wincing and blinking as she felt her heart beat faster. She was just too excited. That was the problem! She just needed to calm down. Alice squeezed her eyes shut, took a deep breath and exhaled. And again. And again. Gradually, her heart slowed back to its normal rhythm. Phew! She sighed in release. That was weird!

To be Continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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