Weight Training 3: Electric Boogalee (1 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

Tina gripped the steering wheel of her car, her knuckles white with the strain, as she glanced at the box in the passenger side seat. This was ridiculous. This was absolutely ridiculous. But at the same time… it was perfect. It was exactly what Laurie needed. And whatever Laurie needed, Tina was only too happy to provide.

Tina’s bodybuilding career was really taking off now that she’d been “inspired” by Laurie to really go big. It wasn’t that long ago, she reflected, that she had first met Laurie and her entourage by complete coincidence when Laurie’s boyfriend Frank had accidently signed her up to compete in a weight-lifting contest. The idea was absurd, one look at Laurie would assure anyone that she was not a girl who did much, if any, weight lifting: She was tremendously fat, a soft rolling blob of a girl, cresting 800 pounds of pure butter-soft blubber. But Laurie’s weight wasn’t even the most interesting thing about her. The most interesting thing is that she wanted to be bigger.

Tina couldn’t stop thinking about Laurie, about her soft quivering rolls of fat, about her tremendous belly that puffed out in front of her like a mountain, about her majestic watermelon-shaming breasts that settled atop her globular gut, about her round face smothered in fat, double chin so thick it pressed against her breastbone, cheeks so plump that they forced her adorable mouth into a pout and her eyes into a squint, just a massively fat sow of a girl, defiantly fat, absurdly fat. Tina could feel herself growing moist between her powerful thighs as she imagined what Laurie must be doing right now. Probably eating.

Laurie was Tina’s exact opposite in so many ways. Tina was a professional bodybuilder, a lean muscular woman with firm abs and thick ropey arms. She had dedicated her life to being fit and strong, but, when she saw Laurie, something about that billowing balloon of blubber just awakened something deep within Tina’s soul. Gawd, what would it be like to be so big, so huge? She watched how Laurie bossed around her boyfriend Frank and her girlfriend Abida, how the other members of Laurie’s little menage-a-troi were devoted heart and soul to meeting the demanding diva’s every whim, how all three of them were dedicated to feeding Laurie and making her bigger and bigger and bigger and… Shit, she needed to stop thinking like this or she was going to cum right here. Already she could sense she was soaking through her gym shorts.

Tina pulled her car up in front of Laurie’s house and struggled to pull herself out of the door. She was getting too big for her car these days, she thought with a sick, giddy thrill. Guess Laurie’s not the only one growing! Tina’s body was engorged with muscles, her arms and legs so absurdly ripped that she flexed as she walked. Her shoulders grazed the frames of the car door as she rose and she could feel her tank top stretching around her pumped-full implants as she inhaled deeply into her barrel chest. Tina was following in Laurie’s footsteps in her own way, hyping up her exercise regime until she had pumped into an ultra-muscled amazon too big for the normal world. She could barely fit through doorways now she was so buff and her muscles were starting to impede her mobility, making her walk arms held out at her sides with the hulking gait of a cartoon bulldog – she was literally too swole to control!

Laurie’s lust for growth was infectious! She felt things with Laurie that she didn’t feel with anyone else, it was like the fat girl was a kindred spirit on this journey that no one else could understand. Tina had given up on men by this point – all the boys that she dated were either jealous or intimidated by her immense size and strength and all the girls, with their slender waifish builds and diet-obsessed chatter, just could not understand this burning need Tina felt to grow, to expand, to take up more space. Now Laurie was the only person in her life, the only person who understood her, her obsession. Laurie understood her and it was only around Laurie and her lovers that Tina could let her true desires shine through.

She fetched the box through the passenger side window of the car and strode up to the front door, pressing the buzzer to ring the bell. She had to restrain herself from doing any damage, there was so much power behind her hands that she nearly stabbed her finger through the wall. Gotta be more careful, she reminded herself, you underestimate your own strength lately.

Abida answered the door, her eyes bulging as she took in the amazon’s full form. “Hey Tina, good to see you again. Damn, girl, did you get… even bigger?”

“Thanks for noticing,” rumbled Tina. She tried to enter but her shoulders clipped the doorframe. She turned sideways but her massive breasts blocked her entrance. Tina’s bust had naturally contracted into two absurdly ripped pecs, so Tina had to take drastic action to pump up her chest. Her breast implants were huge, as big as the surgeon would allow, two perfectly round hemispheres of silicone, as tight and firm as overinflated balloons and as rock-hard as the rest of her perfectly sculpted body.

Abida chuckled at the sight of Tina struggling with the doorway – how ironic that she was too muscular for doors while Laurie was growing too fat for doors! She raised an eyebrow at the sight of the box clutched in Tina’s hands. “What’s that you got there, Tina? A surprise for our goddess? A box of chocolates?”

“Something better. I found something I think is gonna help Laurie kickstart her gains again.”

Abida grinned. “Excellent! I’m tired of listening to Laurie complain about her plateau.”

Poor Laurie! She was reaching the point where it was physically impossible for her to keep gaining. She had to eat constantly just to main her incredible weight, so she seemed stuck at a mere half ton.

“Let’s get you inside,” continued Abida, taking the amazon by the arm and leading her forward as if she was a puppy. Tina followed obediently. She couldn’t say no to Abida any more than she could say no to Laurie. It was ironic that a girl as overpowered as Tina was so meek and subservient when it came to her lovers.

“Abidaaaaa!! Who iiiis iiiit!?” A husky, huffy voice blared from the sitting room. Tina’s knees went weak just at the sound, recognizing the voice by how it was punctuated by a peculiar wheezing gulp between the words as if the owner was out-of-breath simply from talking. It was definitely Laurie, but who else could it be? At her immense size, Laurie could barely move much less talk.

Laurie was frustrated. Her efforts to gain were running up against the physical limitations of reality. She simply couldn’t eat enough to pack any more pounds onto her body. She was huge, a living ocean of flesh. She gained so fast that her body barely had time to sag, so she looked like a pumped-up balloon of flesh, round and tight and ready to bust. The raven-haired beauty looked nothing like the svelte but buxom cheerleader who once led the Los Hermanos cheer squad; now she was a bulging mountain of flesh, so wide that she filled the couch, so heavy that she could barely stand up let alone waddle even a few feet without collapsing into a sweating, gasping mess, so fat that they couldn’t even find clothes to fit her anymore. Laurie lived her life in the nude, every bulging roll on display. She was too big to leave the house anymore, so what did it matter? For years, Laurie lounged around the house in just her bra and panties, steadily growing bigger and bigger as she gorged herself like a greedy pig, but now even underwear was useless to hide her obscene bulk. She sat naked in the living room, her enormous teats flopped atop her gargantuan belly. Her arms and legs were padded with so much blubber that they could barely bend anymore, sticking out like she was an overinflated sex doll, and her head was sinking between her padded shoulders. Laurie barely even looked human anymore she was so fat, she was basically just a ball of blubber, so round that she looked like you could roll her around the room if you could just tip her from her perch on the couch. She had even outgrown her equally fat friends – her ass was wider than her old friend Jen’s and her belly was bigger than Alice’s. She was absurdly huge.

It wasn’t enough. Every time that Laurie looked down at her enormous body - which blocked more and more of her view, every time that she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror (although now she was so big that she could never see her entirety in the mirror at once), she was filled with despair at the knowledge: She could still be mistaken for human. You could still parse out her arms and legs, her blubbery face. She wanted to be huge, bigger than big, so big that people would have to assume, from her sheer mass, that she wasn’t a person at all but possibly some giant hog, a hippopotamus, an elephant. She wanted to transcend size. It was her deepest desire, her most forbidden dream, and her fat snatch, buried deep under so many pounds of pillowy blubber, ached and dripped at the thought.

Laurie grunted as Tina entered the room, her plump cheeks quivering as she gnawed on a stick of butter. Laurie never stopped eating. Her insatiable lust for food, combined with her own love for her gloriously expanding body, meant that she always had her mouth full. Growing this big was a 24/7 job! Who could have imagined that the girl that once had trouble stopping herself from piling on more pounds now has trouble to maintain and not lose weight!

“Hey Tina, good to see you.” Frank sat at Laurie’s side, perched on the couch’s armrest, vigorously rubbing anti-cellulite cream into Laurie’s unfettered boobs. At her size, Laurie needed all the help she could get. Her old friend Jen, her pear-shaped co-captain back in their cheerleading days, used two jars of anti-cellulite cream every day to completely slather up her mammoth buttocks. Frank had lost track of how many jars he had used today to cover Laurie and he wasn’t even halfway done. Laurie the blimp needed her skin to be as stretchable as possible!

“What’s that you go there?” asked Laurie.

“I overheard some models at the gym talking about this,” said Tina, patting the top of the box. “It’s a new experimental drug that helps you… gain weight.”

Laurie’s piggy little eyes shot open as wide as they could go when she heard that. “Oh, is that so, darling? As if I’d need help!” Laurie moved her blubbery arm in an attempt to pat her belly as if to emphasize its massive size, but her arm was too swollen and turgid to make the trip and eventually she just let it drop to her side, bouncing against her spongy flesh. “No one can accuse Laurie Belmontes of using artificial help! I’ve grown myself this big the old-fashioned way…”

“Oh, come off it, Laurie, you know you’ve been complaining that your gains are slowing.” said Abida. “You’re already stuffed to your max 24/7 and you’re barely maintaining. If you even tried up to up your intake, you’d probably explode. Let Tina talk.”

Laurie raised an eyebrow. “Fine! For you, Abida. Let’s hear about this miracle drug of yours.”

Tina gulped, her sweaty fingers gripping the package. She was always a little nervous when she had Laurie’s full attention. The fat girl was so intense that Tina felt like she could melt under that gaze! Gawd, she was so turned on now, just being in the presence of all that divine blubber, watching how Laurie’s entire blubbery body would slosh and jiggle as the titanic beauty impatiently shifted in her seat. By now, Laurie’s ass filled the entirety of the three-seat couch, her thick love handles sagging over the armrests.

“It’s called Lipidex and it’s for helping undernourished people,” explained Tina. “It, er, ‘teaches’ the body how to produce enzymes to digest previously indigestible food to be transformed to fat. It’s supposedly really effective so patients actually have to be pretty careful to avoid gaining TOO much.”

Laurie didn’t need to know the full story, thought Tina. All the hoops she’d had to jump through, all the hours begging and pleading with skeptical doctors, all the phone calls, all the forms… how the doctor insisted that he didn’t need any more test subjects, how he’d taken one look at Tina’s bulging muscles and dismissively said she clearly wasn’t in need of any Lipidex at all but how she’d lied and cajoled until he’d relented. No one could avoid gaining too much weight, the doctor had said. I can resist, Tina had said, look at me. And the doctor had looked at her incredible muscles and lean, fat-free body and thought, yes, this is a woman with will power. Maybe she can prove this formula works under the right conditions. Tina never said that it wasn’t for her, that she had no intention of taking it, that it was actually for Laurie, a woman already so obscenely fat and greedy that there was no way she would have the restraint to avoid gaining like crazy. The doctor didn’t need to know that detail.

Tina grinned nervously, making Laurie chuckle deep in her throat. Tina was so like a puppy eager for approval, it was adorable!

Laurie didn’t need to hear anymore. She stretched her flabby arms out, wiggling her chubby sausage fingers. “Gimmie! Gimmie now!”

“Laurie, are you absolutely sure about this?” asked Frank. “You understand that there’s no going back? If this works, you’ll be on track to become the fattest person in history.”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Duh! Of course, that’s what I want, Frank! I wouldn’t have eaten myself to 1000 fucking pounds if I didn’t want to be… the fattest… person in history!” Her breathing quickened at the thought and Laurie could feel her pussy tingling. Gawd, she just wanted to inject that Lipidex right now and feel herself inflate with new fat!

“You realize, Laurie, that if you get any bigger, you’re not going to be able to take care of yourself AT ALL. You already rely on us for everything. You can barely even stand up for a few minutes. You’re going to have to give even that up. You’re going to need us for everything.”

“I… already need you for everything,” said Laurie quietly. As fat and helpless as she obviously was, Laurie still had trouble admitting that one fact of her situation out loud: She was a haughty girl who loved to be in control and the idea that she would be completely dependent on someone else was simultaneously thrilling and terrifying. “W-what are you saying, Frank? Are you saying that you’re… not…” A sudden flash of fear lit behind the massive diva’s eyes. Was this it? Were Frank and Abida not willing to take this final step? Without them feeding and pampering her and taking care of her every whim, Laurie would never be able to achieve her dream. Worse, she would probably start LOSING weight! What a nightmare!  
  
“Of course, I’m not saying that, Laurie. You know that I’d do anything for you. You’re my everything, Laurie, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you.” He held her pudgy hand to his mouth and kissed it while gazing deep into her eyes. There was a time when Frank was hesitant to commit to Laurie, knowing what an enormous burden her growing body would be as she outgrew cars, outgrew houses, outgrew the world. But that hesitation was gone now, all he could think about was committing himself, body and soul, to his gargantuan lover and her insane dream.

“Oh, Frank!” Laurie fluttered her eyelashes in ecstasy, her fear replaced with joy.

“And it’s not just me.” He turned to Tina and Abida. “I think we all want to see this through, right?”

Abida and Tina both murmured their agreement.

“We want to see you achieve your dream, Laurie,” said Abida. “We want to see you achieve, well, ALL our dreams. We’ll always be with you. We want you to be as fat as you want to be.”

“Absolutely!” agreed Tina. “There’s nothing that we want to see more. You’re living this dream for all of us, Laurie.”

Laurie sniffled, tears of joy welling up in her eyes and trickling down her chubby cheeks. She felt a sudden tender ache in her chest as she realized that her goal was within reach… and that her friends and lovers were with her for the whole journey. Together, they were going to do it!

“You guys… I don’t know what to say…” Laurie gulped. “I’ve never felt this before… I can’t believe we’re gonna do this… OMG I really AM going to be the biggest. Shit, I’m going to be the fattest woman in the world!”

“Enough of this mushy stuff,” said Frank, clearing his throat though the crack in his voice told them all he was just as affected by his blimpish girlfriend’s uncharacteristic tears. “Let’s see what this Lipidex stuff can do!”

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One injection was all it took and the experimental enzyme started its work, converting so many new calories into so much new fat. Laurie only had the briefest moment of hesitation, when Tina first produced the syringe from the box. And Laurie’s hesitation had little to do with any worries about how big she might get. It was more that she was already so big and round and bloated, her body so overpumped with blubber, that it was hard to think that just teeniest tiniest little prick from that needle might make her simply explode like a punctured balloon. But Laurie wasn’t one to let her fears hold her back. Onward, into oblivion! She was going to be the biggest or burst trying!

Lipidex was everything that Tina promised and more. After that injection, Laurie’s appetite never ceased -- she ate every moment that she was awake, from the second that Tina roused her from dreams of cake and ice cream in the morning to the moment that she collapsed into an overstuffed stupor at night. Tina, Abida, and Frank were running ragged catering to her ravenous gluttony. She had shown a moment of tender weakness when they all agreed to help her become the fattest woman alive, but now the old bitchy Laurie was back! If her mouth wasn’t full of food, she was bitching and moaning for more, throwing a tantrum every second that her belly wasn’t stuffed so absolutely full that her skin was tight and shiny and ready to split. Only a few days after the Lipidex injection, Laurie had started to gain again, her body visibly swelling to overflow the couch, her bloated belly spilling over her chubby feet and pancaking against the floor, her double chin expanding like the inflated wattle of a bullfrog until it started to force her to lean her head back to accommodate its new bulk.

But now there was a new problem. Laurie’s weight was impossible to guess at this point, she had surpassed a half ton, grown so luxuriously fat that she was little more than an immobile globe of blubber, so suspended in her own butter-soft lard that she could little more than wiggle her plump fingers and chubby toes. Or open her mouth for more food. But while Laurie’s body took to the new weight like it was her destiny, like she was always meant to be an absolute behemoth, the house was reaching its limits. Laurie’s home wasn’t built to hold a girl who weighed over 1000 pounds and Frank could feel the floor boards warp and see the walls crack under the unrelenting pressure of Laurie’s bulk.

“This isn’t going to last,” he said to Abida and Tina. “Laurie’s getting too big. She’s literally outgrowing the house.”

“You can’t be serious!” said Abida. Sweat dripped down her brow, her pulse quickening at the thought of Laurie’s immense body filling up the home. “We’re so close to what she’s dreamed of… what we’ve always dreamed of!” not yet grasping the size Laurie envisioned herself with in her dreams. “You can’t be thinking of quitting now!”

“I’m not talking about quitting. I’m talking about getting a bigger house.”

Luckily, Laurie’s branded clothing line and BBW website, still run almost entirely by Abida as Laurie descended into a life of pure hedonistic gluttony, were pulling in enough money that upgrading to a bigger house was an actual possibility. Laurie’s parents had long since disappeared into the far east, leaving the house in Laurie’s care when they joined a Buddhist monastery in Tibet (“Typical,” snorted Laurie, rolling her squinty little eyes at the thought of her embarrassing parents. “They’re always on some dumb spiritual journey or something!”), so the only thing that they needed was to find a house big enough for Laurie to grow into. They had to move soon, because Laurie’s gains were accelerating rapidly and if they didn’t get her through the reinforced double doors soon, they would have to knock down a wall. It was once again Tina who found an answer: an old factory in Santa Monica that had been converted into a loft. Together they decided that Tina would move in with the trio, since Laurie’s care required ever more hands; Tina jumped at the offer. She decided to halt her competitive career, so that she could devote herself full time to Laurie’s needs as the big girl’s third lover.

The set-up was perfect. Half the building would be used for Tina’s fitness studio, where she could train, record fitness videos and give classes, while the other half could be used, well, mostly to house Laurie. Everything was set up so that Laurie could live in comfort and splendor. The building even has a special remote controlled industrial crane so that Laurie could regain some of her mobility.

Everything was ready. The deed was signed, the freight was sent, Laurie’s cat Pumpkin was in her carrier and ready for the drive to her new home. The only trouble was actually moving Laurie.

“Whadya mean, I can’t eat?” howled Laurie, her double chin wobbling wildly with her frantic cries when she heard the bad news after waking up in the afternoon. “GAWD, I’m starving! I haven’t eaten in, like, forever! Look at me, I’m just wasting away!” She flailed her uselessly fat arms for emphasis, but the sight of her flabby bingo wings jiggling just made everyone laugh.

“Sorry, Laurie,” said Frank. “It’s a sacrifice you’ll just have to live with. When you’re full, we can’t fit you through the door. We need your stomach empty so you’re a little more squishy. Then maybe we can just squeeze you through.”

Laurie scowled, crossing her arms as best she could across her chest. She wasn’t happy, but she’d have to cooperate.

“That’s not the only problem,” said Abida. She motioned at the enormous girl. “We can’t take her outside like that! We’ll all get arrested for public indecency!”

It was true. Laurie had long since outgrown clothes, so she spent all her time in the nude. That was fine indoors, but they would have to transport her through the whole city to get to the new house. And Laurie’s massive mammaries were even bigger now, so they were definitely going to attract even more attention than ever.

“We can’t just throw a tarp over her?” asked Tina.

“We don’t have one big enough,” said Abida. “That’s just how fat she is now.”

“Hmm.” Laurie smirked, a warm feeling building in her loins at the thought that she was now literally so fat that she was impossible to hide. She thought back on those days, not so long ago, when she struggled to stuff her plump ass into a pair of designer jeans… then into brand-name sweat pants… then into big shapeless mumus… she outgrew them one by one, gradually ballooning to the size that no tailor could sew a garment capable of containing her exquisite fleshy majesty. Gawd, what a rush!

“What if we… what if we paint her!” said Tina.

“What?”  
  
“We could get some body paint and just paint her so she LOOKS like she’s got clothes on! And we’ll just be driving her quickly through town, it’s not like anyone would get a good look at her to know!”

Frank stroked his chin. “Ya know… that’s so crazy that it just might work!”

Together they went to the art store and bought its entire supply of body paint. After all, Laurie was a big girl and it would take A LOT of paint to cover her. The bloated beauty giggled and tittered as her three lovers coated her gargantuan body with paint, tickling her flanks and sides and under her breasts with the bristles of their brushes. When they were finished, Laurie looked like she was wearing a stylish combination, nice blue jeans and a white blouse. Or, rather, at her size, it looked like she was a massive overinflated blueberry topped with powdered sugar. How appropriate!

“Hmm,” said Abida. “Might as well! We shouldn’t let this opportunity go to waste! Instead let’s let this opportunity go to… waist!” Tina and Frank watched as the slender Indian girl quickly painted the address of their website across Laurie’s gargantuan middle, transforming the bloated diva into a living advertisement. “What do you think?”

“She looks like one of those giant inflatable advertising balloons they use at car dealerships,” said Frank.

Abida grinned. “Perfect!”

Moving Laurie proved its own share of problems. Each of Laurie’s tits was as big Abida and her belly dragged heavily on the floor; how was this poor girl, buried under a mountain of pure lard, supposed to move all that blubber with her poor weak atrophied muscles? The only solution was to support Laurie’s belly with a specialized rolling cart, so that she could at least waddle the short distance out the door to Frank’s truck. But that wouldn’t be easy.

“Good thing we have some real muscles to help us out,” said Frank, nodding at Tina.

Poor Tina! Her first attempt at lifting Laurie’s belly was doomed to failure; the amazon’s fake tits were too big, constantly getting in her way. Sadly, she had to drain them – her pride and joy! Tina loved them almost as much as she loved her muscles and she ached deep in her gut to see them go. She couldn’t wait to refill them again when this was all over, but she consoled herself thinking of Laurie’s tits. Those all-natural delights could never shrink.

“Okay, wish me luck,” said Tina, rubbing her hands together. This was it. She was about to REALLY prove her worth! The massive muscle mama squatted down in front of Laurie’s titanic belly, slipping her strong fingers beneath its bloated blubber bulk. She gulped, her arms trembled just a little. It wasn’t that she wasn’t strong enough to lift this weight, she was sure that she was. Probably. But she was nervous. She couldn’t fail Laurie, she needed this to work! She couldn’t disappoint this beautiful bountiful goddess of plenty! She held her breath, shut her eyes, and heaved with all her might. Slowly, slowly, Laurie’s gut began to rise. Abida and Frank cheered. From somewhere in the massive pile of quivering lard, Laurie grunted and groaned as she watched her mountain of a belly rise. Tina’s knees shook, her arms tensed, sweat poured down her face. Finally, she’d cleared enough flesh off the ground that Frank could shove the cart underneath. Tina dropped the belly with a moan and it hit the cart with a thunderous slap, jiggling wildly and making whole house creak.

“You did it, Tina! Amazing!” Frank clapped the amazon on the back. “Now comes the hard part.”

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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Best wishes,

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