Kobayashi Sequel

*This story is a direct continuation of my story Miss Kobayashi’s Immobile Dragons. I think it's one of my best, so make sure to check it out so you are caught up!*

--- Negotiating Space ---

 THUD. THWUMP. Large thuds, like furniture being dropped, resounded through Elma’s apartment building. Yet, there was something soft about the thuds. While obviously heavy, they were missing the sharpness of a point striking the floor. It was more like immense loads of laundry or pillows landing. The apartment shook under the weight, and the floors below Elma’s room noticed a curious bending in the floor. Above, in the room proper, lay Elma. Yet, it was not her who was making the noise. It was Tohru, her rival and Kobayashi’s maid, whose body and movements were creating the noise.

 Weeks had passed since Kobayashi had made her fateful trip over to Elma’s in order to discover what had happened to her missing coworker. She had found an apartment overcome by gluttony. Boxes of food up to her ankles, mess stretching through all corners of the house, and one immobile dragon at the center of it. Elma had gorged herself into complete blobdom. Her fat body taking up most of the floor space. Kobayashi, with a lot of eye rolling and phone calls to the other chubby dragons, had tried to help Elma. Yet, it was hard for Kobayashi to help. . .given that she was almost as far down the same path that Elma was. 800 or 900 pounds of gluttonous programmer does not move easily. While the others helped to clean Elma’s apartment, Kobayashi was finally forced to sit her massive ass down. To return her strength, Tohru was quick to find snacks and food to give to Kobayashi. However, she found later that she could not get back up. Kobayashi had finally reached immobility. The redhead had sighed and said that she would stay at Elma’s until they could figure out how best to move her back to the apartment. Ever her stalwart caretaker, Tohru volunteered to stay behind and take care of the two immobile women. Yet, Tohru did not find the exact success she was looking for. . .

“Just. . a second. . .uggghh. . .Kobayashiii. . .'' Tohru huffed, trying to strain her massive body up. Somehow, through all of her folds and fat, she had managed to get her feet somewhat under herself. The blonde, twintail haired dragon strained all of her enchanted muscles to force herself up. Even her tail, now thick and fat, was straining to push her mass upwards. Tohru sweated furiously, gritting her teeth. Her bulk wobbled from side to side, refusing to cooperate. She, a dragon who could level a city with her raw strength, could now no longer even push herself to her feet. Her breasts, naked and exposed, flopped over her stomach. They were larger than most people now, fat and heavy but still retaining their perky nature; a dragoness such a Tohru never loses her perkiness. Her stomach flexed and rolled, two massive rolls fighting for space. Her belly button had long since been deepened into a chasm between the two plateaus of fat. Finally, her ass spread wide across the ground; large enough to flatten most small and midsized cars. Tohru was at least approaching a ton in weight. “ The constant snacking and indulging that the two other blobs did had rubbed off on her in the worst way. “I’ll be. . .ooofff. . .up in. . . a. . .second.” Tohru said as she gave her body one last, final push upwards. Almost immediately, she came crashing back down and thudded against the warped floor of the apartment. In sum total, she had risen an inch or two off of the floor. “Well. .. haah-haah. . .Kobayashi. . .I wasn’t. . .whew. . .able to get any snacks.” Tohru’s chest heaved up and down as she panted. “Next . .time.” She had gone from dedicated but delusional caretaker to delusional and in need of caretaking.

“Well, you tried at least. . .” Kobayashi said, trying to pretend that she didn’t enjoy the sight of Tohru’s jiggling ass and body; at least what she could see past her own fat. Tohru’s landing had sent deep ripples through all three. Kobayashi and Elma’s fat had slapped against each others’, making them blush. All three women were forced by their size and lack of mobility, to sit next to each other. Elma on the far left, Kobayashi in the middle, and Tohru on the right. Their fat bounced and rolled off of each other, sensitive and sensual fat tingling with excitement. Even Kobayashi, who tried to bury any romantic feelings under deep sarcasm and apathy, had a hard time covering up her enjoyment of the situation. Elma had openly moaned a couple times. A blush was plastered across all three of the womens’ faces. Since their bodies took up the majority of the room, they had spent days and weeks staring at naked, womanly folds. . .it was beginning to wear down what defenses they had. “But I don’t think there’s going to be a next time, not for a while at least.” Kobayashi said, leaning her head on Tohru’s pillowy shoulder. Her upper fat slid across to lay on Tohru’s, while her left buttcheek rose slightly to lay on Elma’s thigh and love handle folds. It wasn’t movement, moreso manipulation of gravity, but it was fun.

“I at least made it further than Elma would have!” Tohru boasted, taking a second to push herself ahead of her rival.

“That. . .that’s not fair! You don’t know that!” Elma cried, eyes filling with tears. She was still sensitive about being the one who had gotten the friend group in the current, weighty predicament. “I. . .I could totally get something if I wanted!” She sniffled, trying to force herself up. She succeeded in making her fat slap and dance into Kobayashi and the wall behind her. Her short cut hair swished back and forth as she tried to heave her body into a standing position.

“Elma. . .oooh. . .Elma!” Kobayashi said, trying to pull herself out of the rampant physical attraction she was feeling. Each thrust and jiggle of Elma’s body pushed Kobayashi further on top of Tohru, her face squishing into the wall of breast fat. Her voice was muffled as her lips were pressed into Tohru’s breasts further. “Isch. . .ok . .we can. . .cawl. . .Luh-coa.” She said, seeming to kiss Tohru’s blobby breasts more than speak. Elma finally calmed herself, finally running out of strength. She settled back down into her own immensity. Her physical tantrum had succeeded only in changing the landscape of how the three blobs sat. Kobayashi had been pushed further into Tohru, her own belly and breast fat riding on top of Tohru’s. Meanwhile, her ass had been pushed more onto Elma, slopping onto the other woman. Kobayashi sloshed back and forth, her body feeding off of the energy that Elma’s body had slapped into it. “Hey. . .Toh-wu. . .isch my phone. . .near you?” Kobayashi said, trying to speak despite her face pressing into both her and Tohru’s bulk.

 “Oh, Kobayashiiii! You should have told me you needed some togetherness!” Tohru said, politely and pointedly ignoring her mistress’s request. She scooped up Kobayashi, having just enough muscle mass to pull her lover into a deep hug. They squished together, rolls squelching. Both Tohru and Kobayashi’s hearts sped up, pushed along by the romantic connection. Yet, Kobayashi was not one to forget a job that needed to be done. There would be plenty of time for cuddling. She pushed herself out of Tohru’s pudgy embrace. Her chins rested on top of Tohru’s and she stared up into the vibrant eyes of her maid.

 “Tohru have you seen my phone?” she asked, trying to pull the dragon maid back into reality.

 “. . .No! I bet Elma sat on it. She’s always so clumsy with her fat.”

 “That’s not trueeeee! Don’t believe her, Kobayashiiii! I would never hurt your property!” Elma fought the allegations by crying more and hugging what she could reach of Kobayashi’s mammoth ass. She poured all the love she could into her hug, her chins and jowls rubbing against the voluminous buttcheek that had found its way onto Elma’s own mass. Tohru, triggered further by Elma’s interaction with her beloved, tried to hug Kobayashi again. The red head was pulled into a headlock masquerading as an embrace. Kobayahi’s cheeks were pushed up by her breasts flood upwards because of Tohru’s hug. The programmer turned glutton’s face was too scrunched to even roll her eyes. She sighed laboriously, not quite willing to give up on her adopted mission.

 “Toh-rruu. . .phone. . .” She pleaded, though it fell on deaf ears.

--- Snack Delivery ---

 “Oh. . .well. . .they said the door would be unlocked.” Lucoa mused as she approached Elma’s apartment door. The busty dragoness had come to check up on her friend after weeks apart. . .and show her how much she had grown. Lucoa tried to fiddle with the lock and door handle, but struggled to reach past her breasts. Lucoa had done her best to try and size up to the rest of the group. She had discovered the wonders of fat initially, though the others had run with it in ways she could never have imagined. The busty dragoness had taken it upon herself to try and reach at least Kobayashi’s size. The poor programmer, when last Lucoa had spied her, was coming to the end of her mobility but had managed to retain some of it. Snacks and meals galore had poured into Lucoa, blimping her up fast. Her breasts, true to form, had surged outwards with the excess poundage. The wobbled and bounced heavily, almost fully exposed. Her traditional black t-shirt was now little more than a stretched out bra. All but her nipples were bared for the world to see, reaching to either side of her monumental gut. Lucoa’s belly was also something to behold, flopping down onto her low thighs. Her short-shorts were all but invisible from the font, and little more than a thong when seen from behind. She tried to adjust her clothes, but that caused more problems than it solved, accidentally exposing parts of her 800 pound body. “Elmaaa, Kobayashi. . .may I come in?” The playful airhead said, knocking on the door. Sacks of snacks shook as she knocked with a chubby fist. “I brought some food for you, like you asskkeeeddd.”

 Lucoa would have continued knocking, had not one of the bags of snacks slipped. “Oh! Come back, you!” Her dazed expression twinged with a little bit of fear. It had taken many, many attempts to get the snacks over to Elma’s apartment. Every trip to the convenience store ended with Lucoa getting hungry and eating the food that she had procured. She couldn’t fail again, it was unlikely that she had the willpower to complete the task from scratch. Thankfully, the bag was pinned between one of her fat, excessively curvaceous, couch crushing hips. She slowly reached down, her stomach and breasts flowing forwards. She was intent on grabbing the back before it fell to the ground or blew away. Such was her focus on her task that she did not notice her fat crushing against the door. While strong, the poor door had little defense against 800 pounds of dragon. It curved inward, holding on by its deadbolt alone. Finally, it shattered, flying into the inner wall. Lucoa, now with extra range of motion, was able to snag the snack bag from between her hips and the wall. “Ah! So the door was unlocked.” She grinned, unknowing and uncaring of how the door had truly opened.

 “Ladies, I brought snacks.” Lucoa called, waddling through the apartment. When she finally turned the corner, a curious sight awaited her. Kobayashi, sandwiched between Tohru and Elma. All three had grown to massive proportions (This was Lucoa’s first sight of them after weeks) and fondling each other? In truth, it was mostly Elma and Tohru doing the fondling; each trying to prove who loved Kobayashi more. Kobayashi was stuck in the middle, reaching the end of her romantic defenses. Her eyes had dilated, filled with too much pleasure. Drool ran from the corner of her mouth and she was mumbling something to herself. Her flabby arms would press against Tohru, but it was impossible to tell if she was trying to push herself away. . .or grab a little of her girlfriend and maid’s luscious blubber. Lucoa watched it all in awe, trying to make sense of the sizes. The snack bags dropped from her meaty hands. “Oh. . .my. . .” She said quietly. “I. . .uh. . .can come back. . .later.” She said, her thick and pillar shaped legs moving her forward all the same. “Maybe not though. . .'' She said, pressing herself into the dragoness and human pile, adding her blubber to the mess.