Getting Back in Shape (2 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

“A little help?” Ginger turned, plaintively, to the crowd of on-lookers. Her only hope in getting Laurie up was that someone would help!

“Yeah, hold on,” said a muscle man, stepping forward. “Let me give you a hand.”

Ginger breathed a sigh of relief. This guy looked like he was built like a tank! If anyone was capable of lifting lardass Laurie, it would be him!

Ginger watched in amazement as this huge bodybuilder struggled to hoist Laurie up from the ground. The poor guy was not having an easy time! Laurie’s monumental ass raised maybe an inch off the floor, but she was nowhere near to getting up.

A second muscle man noticed the spectacle; it was hard not to notice this muscle-bound hulk straining himself to lift the nearly spherical Laurie. “Hey, bro, you need a hand?”

The first muscle man released his grip on Laurie’s hands and she plopped back to the ground, her gigantic rump pancaking against the hard gym floor. Laurie yelped in sudden surprise as she bounced in place, all that butter-soft booty blubber acting as a natural spring.

“Yeah, man… this is hard work.”

Laurie was so unbelievably massive that these gym bros didn’t feel any shame for not being able to lift her by themselves. Ginger watched as one muscle man took hold of her hands again, while the other positioned himself behind her, hands under her armpits, to help lift.

Gawd, it was ridiculous that Laurie should be this enormous that not even the strongest guys in the gym could get her up! How could a woman let herself get this impossibly, obscenely obese? She must literally stuff her face 24/7, thought Ginger, but… even then… it took special dedication to get THIS fat. Ginger usually couldn’t help but feel a twinge of disgust for clients who let themselves go, but Laurie was so far beyond anything that she’d ever seen or even imagined that… all she felt was awe! She was too stunned by every new development to think about all that quivering lard, barely contained within the overstretched, paper-thin confines of her leotard and how very very hot—I mean, gross! How very very gross it was. Why did she think hot? Ginger shook her head to clear her thoughts. Jesus! What was wrong with her!

She needed to get her head on her shoulders. She had a job to do after all! She had become a personal trainer to help people get in shape, after all! Right? It wasn’t like she had chosen this profession because she had some sort of weird, sublimated desire to gawk at fat women. It wasn’t like she had a deeply repressed urge to fondle and caress and bury her face in the soft warm folds of a fat woman’s flanks! It wasn’t as if, more than anything in the whole wide world, she just wanted a big woman to take her up in her fluffy arms and hug her tightly, her face in her cleavage, her body sinking into tender squishy lard until she was enveloped and safe and warm and oh so delicious…. No! No! No! Ginger couldn’t let herself get distracted. She had to stay on target!

“Thank you, sweeties,” said Laurie as the two muscle men finally heaved the behemoth beauty to her feet. “A lady does appreciate the attention. Why, if I wasn’t a married woman…”

The two muscle men exchanged worried glances. This zeppelin-sized cow thought that they had any interest in her? They didn’t want to stick around to hear any more.

“Er, glad to help, ma’am,” said the first muscle man as he backed away. The second one nodded politely and took off at a run.

“They were a little young for me anyway,” said Laurie, admiring her nails nonchalantly. “But still, it’s always flattering to get some attention from the young men now, isn’t it?”

“They were only giving you attention because you’re too big to ignore,” muttered Ginger.

“Absolutely! I am! Isn’t it wonderful?”

Ginger raised an eyebrow. “Wait, what? What was that?”

“I mean, oh of course you’re right! We really do need to get to work now, don’t we? Seriously, honey, what am I paying you for? I hired you to help me lose weight and I’ve barely even broken a sweat yet! I hardly feel like you’re earning your keep. I suppose I might just have to get a better trainer…”

“No, no! Give me another chance, Laurie, I’m sure I can help you!” Ginger wasn’t sure why she was so upset by Laurie’s idle threat. It wasn’t like Laurie would actually fire her. There wasn’t any other trainer in the city who would be willing to take on a big job problem client like Laurie! But there was a matter of pride. Not to mention… Ginger felt strangely invested in Laurie. She really wanted to see more of this huge woman. Gawd, why was she suddenly so excited at the sight of all that wobbling flesh? She stared at the leotard, its material pulled so thin that the rosy pink of Laurie’s gelatinous flesh showed through. She imagined what it might take to finally destroy that leotard. What would be the straw to break the camel’s back? Perhaps the next time that Laurie paused her work-out for one of her many, many overindulgent snack breaks, the bloated buxom bunny might actually eat one bite too many and the spandex would split, tearing right down the belly in a zipper tear. Or maybe she might simply inhale too deeply, thrusting her titanic tits out too far as her lungs inflated, and the material would give out? The way that Laurie wheezed after even the least strenuous workout definitely made that scenario a contender!

“We need to get you out of that leotard,” said Ginger dreamily.

“What’s that? Why, Ginger! How naughty! I don’t that it’s all professional to hit on a married woman like that!” Laurie smirked. “But I suppose I could talk to Frank and Abida and see what they think…”

“No! No! I mean… uh…. I mean we should probably get you into a more… appropriate workout outfit!” stammered Ginger quickly. Though part of her was sad to miss the opportunity. Was Laurie being serious? Did she actually have a shot of getting into the bedroom with this tubby diva and her other lovers? Ginger tried to tell herself: NO, you don’t want to see that! The last thing that you want to see is all that fat, free and unfettered, naked and glistening with sweat, rolls and rolls of delicate flab, as soft and sleek as velvet, creases where her over-padded hip met her chubby flank, creases that invited a curious tongue to lick, curious fingers to probe… No! Stop thinking about that! Think about the job! That’s what you’re here to do! You’re not some kind of weirdo freak who loves fat girls! You’re just… it’s the stress of dealing with this haughty, arrogant, mean girl bitch! This blob of a barbie doll is just getting under your skin! But once you get her on the road to reduction, then you won’t have to worry about her anymore… then you can move on and never think of her again!

But, Gawd, Ginger really WANTED to think about her.

“I think maybe the gym isn’t the right environment for you,” said Ginger, trying to be as diplomatic as possible. There were too many people here, all staring and giggling and trying to subtly snap cell phone pics of Laurie’s bloated dump truck ass. Not that Laurie seemed to mind. If Ginger didn’t know better, she would almost think that this fat bitch actually LIKED being such a spectacle! Maybe if she could bring Laurie to the park, away from the crowd, maybe then Laurie would stop wasting all her time preening and posing for an audience and actually buckle down for some exercise!

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“C’mon, Laurie, no pain, no gain!” Ginger was making excellent time, skipping along one of the park’s many trails. This was invigorating! A nice brisk jog through nature was exactly what she needed to really get her head on straight! Why, she wasn’t even thinking about Laurie’s supple, super-sized body at all anymore! She was totally fixated on exercise and fitness! Yes! Yes indeed! No weird intrusive thoughts in her head at all, no sir-ee!

Ginger stopped and looked back.

“I…. can’t… do…. This….too… too puffed…” gasped Laurie. She plodded along, dragging her feet like leaden weights and making the ground shake with every heavyweight footfall. Ginger had at least convinced her to swap out her spandex leotard for a nice grey sweatsuit. It wasn’t flattering since, at her size, the color grey just made her look like an elephant! But at least this sweatsuit was the right size, so she wasn’t going to have a wardrobe malfunction out here in public in front of God and everyone! She was jiggling wildly, her sweat top sliding up further and further over the arc of her tremendous belly with every step and exposing a growing slab of gelatinous ivory flesh. Ginger couldn’t stop staring at the overhang of Laurie’s massive paunch, how it swung against her chubby crotch with every step. Her deep, dark cavern of a belly button was smothered between two thick jelly rolls and Ginger wanted more than anything to plumb its secret depths with her tongue, like a lizard seeking prey. Gawd, what was wrong with her!? It was mesmerizing to see Laurie in motion, like watching the delicate water ballet of a walrus in its submarine flight. Her belly shook with every step, setting off a chain reaction of jiggles that caused her ponderous pontoons to bounce up and down in tandem. Laurie looked like she was in danger of knocking herself out if one of her bowling ball-heavy tits smacked her across the face on its downswing! Her track pants were sliding dangerously low under the force of her constant wobbling and any moment now Laurie’s underwear was going to come into view. Laurie either didn’t notice or didn’t care… It was more likely the former, since she was too busy whining and complaining and gasping to notice anything other than her own discomfort!

“Ughhh… Ginger… how much… longer… do we have to… do this…”

“Come on! You’re doing fine! Just a little further!”

Laurie moaned. She was REALLY having second thoughts about this whole plan! Sure, all the stares and jeers and giggles from shocked bystanders were exciting. Laurie filed every single instance away in her mental spank bank, a memory to be treasured the next time that she was alone with Frank and Abida and her lovers were pleasuring her to orgasm. But was it worth it? She felt like she was dying! And all the sexy times in the world would hardly be worth it if she had a heart attack!

Laurie huffed, dragging a fluffy arm across her forehead to mop up the sweat. Her track suit was drenched, big wet spots staining the straining grey fabric under her armpits and boobs and between her fat rolls. Her thighs were chafing and her crotch was sweaty as all hell from the friction!

Laurie also couldn’t help but notice that this jogging path was unusually busy this morning. Ginger didn’t seem to pick up on it, but Laurie knew exactly why. A small crowd of men were following in their wake. Ginger probably assumed that they were trapped behind them, that Laurie’s fat ass was just so wide that it was blocking anyone from passing. But Laurie could feel all their eyes glued on her backside, could fell their stares boring into her blimpish butt, drinking in the way that her chubby cheeks shifted inside her sweatpants, up and down, up and down, hypnotized by the strip of damp sweat marking where her crack was. Oh yeah, these guys could pass if they REALLY wanted to. They just didn’t want to. They were having too much fun ogling Laurie! And Laurie loved it!

Though, truth be told, all the stares of these strangers weren’t nearly as much fun as watching Ginger get flustered every time that she looked at Laurie. The slim trainer’s interest was so blindingly obvious. It was cute! Obviously, Ginger thought she was being subtle, but Laurie could always tell. Well now! This was a surprise. She didn’t know that her trainer would be interested in women, let alone interested in fat women. That made this whole venture even more fun.

“Sweetie, hold up, this track suit just is NOT fitting!” said Laurie, plodding to a stop so suddenly that the gaggle of men in her wake nearly collided with her plush derriere. She grabbed at the hem of her sweat top and made a big show of pulling it back down to cover her belly, but the moment her pudgy fingers released it simply snapped back up. The other joggers were forced to move around her and continue on their way, or else reveal that they were purposely lagging just to ogle Laurie’s monster booty. Laurie flashed a disarming smile and inhaled deeply as they passed, so that every jogger was treated to a spectacular view of her outrageous cleavage. For these men who had only seen Laurie from the backside, it was a huge surprise (as well as a treat) to see that this big ass babe was also a big titty babe!

In her thinner years, there was no missing Laurie’s monster melons even from the back. Her breasts were so large, splaying so far out to her sides, that even from the back you could catch glimpses of her knockers as she sloshed up and down, to and fro, with her movement. But at over 600 pounds, Laurie was far too wide for that anymore. Her enormity hid her breasts well these days.

“This… is not working. Honey, I need to rest.”

“We haven’t even been out for five minutes! Laurie, you’re going to have to take this much more seriously if you want to actually lose weight!”  
  
Laurie glared at her trainer, her eyes narrowed as if to warn her to back off. The enormous woman wasn’t playing around anymore. All this pretend exercise was amusing and all, a fun diversion as she watched her trainer flail against the current in all her pathetic attempts to get Laurie to move, but now she was exhausted. Laurie wasn’t pretending – all this jogging was hard work! For years, Laurie hadn’t done any exercise more strenuous than lugging her fat ass from her bed to her mobility scooter or from her mobility scooter to the toilet. And now suddenly she was supposed to jog? Ugh! She’d had enough of this for now.

“I’m going to rest,” announced Laurie. “Look, Ginger, you cannot keep pushing me like this. I’m not the spring chicken I once was. You’ll understand when you’re older, hun.”

Laurie dropped her ass onto a bench with a tremendous sigh so heavy that it sounded like the pistons of a locomotive coming to rest. Ginger watched as Laurie’s butt spread out to her sides, all that soft squishy blubber pressing against the seat of the bench harder and harder as Laurie slowly lowered herself down, down, down. For a moment, Ginger wondered if that ass would spread forever until it finally drooped over the sides of the bench. Almost but no. Behind her, the fat woman’s butt pressed between the wooden slats that made up the back of the bench, like playdough being squished through a pasta strainer. Gawd, her flesh must be SO soft, thought Ginger.

The bench creaked loudly, but Laurie didn’t seem to notice. Ginger held her breath. Oh Gawd, Laurie had already destroyed so much expensive exercise equipment today, she couldn’t actually be on her way to destroying a park bench too, could she? It was unthinkable! And yet-

CRACK!!! A loud splintering snap broke through the air and Ginger knew exactly what was happening. The wooden slats snapped, all at once, under the force of Laurie’s blubber butt and Ginger watched in horror as her colossal client tumbled to the ground with a shriek. Laurie lay in a big fat blubbery heap, kicking her flabby legs helplessly, and swearing up a storm.

“Ginger! Ginger! I’ve fallen! Sweetie, come help me!”

“Laurie, I don’t think I can!” said Ginger miserably. At the gym, luckily, there were convenient muscle bros always hanging around who could lend a hand in a situation like this. But in the park? There was nobody!

Well, that wasn’t true. Ginger noticed out of the corner of her eye that the gaggle of joggers who’d been conspicuously following them was now milling around, watching them with naked interest.

“What are you lot staring at?” snapped Ginger. But then she thought better of it. “Hey! Are you gonna stare or are you gonna help us out here?”

The joggers murmured amongst themselves but it was clear that they weren’t going to let this prime opportunity to touch Laurie’s magnificent body escape them. Almost every one of them immediately volunteered to help.

“Get me up! C’mon! Don’t be lazy!” yelled Laurie as the men tugged at her arms, her sides, her legs, her butt, slowly hoisting her colossally corpulent carcass to her feet. “I swear! You would think they weren’t even trying!”

“There’s, like, a dozen guys lifting you!” shrieked Ginger in shock and confusion. “How can you say that!?”

“Come now, Ginger, there’s no reason to shout.” Laurie dusted off the balcony of her tremendous tits as she finally lurched to her feet. “Clearly this whole jogging thing just isn’t for me. Really, letting you choose the activity has been nothing but a bust. I think it’s time that I took charge.”

“Oh and what are… hey! Shove off you lot!” yelled Ginger. The joggers were still hanging around, staring at Laurie with lustful intent.

“Hey, come on, lady, we just helped you up! Don’t be such a bitch!” said one jogger.

“Yeah, what’s the deal?!” said another.

“Get lost!” said Ginger.

“You hear the lady,” agreed Laurie. “You boys can run along now, we’re done with you. Us ladies are going to go have a lady’s lunch now.”

“A what!?”

“That’s enough exercise for one day,” said Laurie. She waved dismissively as the grumbling joggers filtered away. “It’s time to get some lunch.”

Laurie motioned at a restaurant across the street from the park, the flab of her fluffy arm dangling as she pointed.

“That’s… that’s a Chinese buffet, Laurie.”

“Yes? So?”

“So… I don’t think a buffet is… what you need right now? I mean, you’re trying to lose weight, right? Surely… surely you would agree that an all-you-can-eat buffet isn’t conducive…”

Ginger stopped. It was obvious that Laurie wasn’t listening, but more so… Ginger couldn’t even convince herself. The truth was that she kind of wanted to see what Laurie would do. She had spent all day watching this titanic bitch sweat her way through every kind of failed exercise, all the while lusting over her fat ass and bodacious boobs. Yes, it was true. She had to admit it to herself. There was something compelling about this huge heifer, something downright hypnotic about all that soft flesh unapologetically on display, something… something sexy about a fat woman so big that every little step was an ordeal. And now she was going to see this same sexy fat woman eat? Gawd, what would it be like to watch Laurie gorge her way through a buffet? Ginger knew, deep in her heart, that there was no way that Laurie would restrain herself. Nobody went to a buffet to be restrained. And a woman of Laurie’s size would definitely have to be even MORE unrestrained than most.

“It’s Chinese. That’s Asian. I read that Asian food is, in fact, actually really healthy.”

Ginger didn’t bother to argue. Sure, maybe some Asian food was healthier, but Ginger doubted that the greasy, fried dishes served in American Chinese restaurants really were among them. But Laurie had obviously made up her mind and wasn’t in any mood to argue.

They made their way to the restaurant with Ginger wondering what she was doing the whole way. Laurie waddled through the front doors, her hips nearly brushing the doorframe, and wobbled up to the maître d’s podium.

“Two for the lunch buffet,” huffed Laurie, holding up two sausage-like fingers. The woman behind the podium nodded briskly, carefully trying not to stare. Ginger could tell this poor woman was having a hard time. Who could blame her?

“Table or booth?”

“Table,” snorted Laurie. Of course. There was no way that she was gonna be able to squeeze her fat ass into a booth, but maybe she could settle her wide behind across two or three chairs. Ginger followed meekly in her student’s enormous wake as the waitress led them to an empty table.

“Bring me a plate of won tons, sweetie, and some sweet and sour pork.”

Laurie shoveled the pork into her mouth, slurping up the thick syrupy sauce like it was soda, and gobbled fried noodles by the handful. It was a sight to behold!

“More,” muttered Laurie, her mouth full of chow mein. She motioned for Ginger to get her another plate.

Plate followed plate followed plate and Laurie ate like a woman possessed. Her appetite was absolutely obscene and Ginger wondered if she would simply eat until the buffet ran out of food. The plates were piling up, but Laurie showed no signs of stopping. Why should she stop? Laurie loved to eat. Nothing in the world brought her as much pleasure as the feeling of a full belly, the delicious tight feeling she got every time that she gorged herself to her limits. And Laurie gorged herself to her limits at every meal. She never stopped eating until she was so sick that she was on the verge of puking and even then she was loathe to stop. She would eat until she was so obscenely bloated that her gargantuan belly puffed out like a boulder in front of her, swollen and round and oh-so-tight. She would eat until she was as full and tight as an over-inflated balloon, as big as a blimp, so tight that she could barely breathe and every bite was an agony. That was the point, of course, that she should stop eating. But Laurie simply couldn’t. Years and years of gluttony had left her self-control limp and atrophied, like a muscle that never got any exercise, and all she could think about, even when her skin was tightly quivering over a stomach pushed so far beyond its capacity that she must surely burst, was her next bite. She was too greedy to stop eating ever. Her own stomach’s capacity was never a consideration in her binges; she was happy to ignore any protests of pain she felt from her overstuffed gut, her mind racing with the ecstasy of the feast, her pussy burning with lust as her overstuffed belly flopped over her crotch and her lap and extended past her knees. She would eat until she physically couldn’t eat anymore, she would eat until she was so fat and heavy that she was forced to lean back in her chair just to breathe and her flabby arms could no longer reach the plates on the table in front of her. Even then, she would usually just bellow for Frank or Abida to keep feeding her. They would tease her, of course – Frank would call her his “fat sexy kitty” or Abida would call her “a darling plump little piggy” and the two of them would ask playfully whether she should really eat anymore, why, you’re so full that you’re ready to explode!! But always, they would relent and feed her more and she would eat and eat and EAT until…

Well. Until one of these days, she was definitely going to explode for real.

Ginger barely touched her own plate. She was mesmerized, unable to keep from staring as Laurie gorged herself like a ravenous beast. Plate after plate disappeared into her insatiable gullet! She was so intent on eating that the big woman was wheezing just from the effort of lifting dumplings and eggrolls into her mouth, winded from the hard work of chewing! Laurie’s fat face blushed red and sweat dribbled down her forehead. She was getting more exercise from eating than from actual exercise!

It's too bad she can’t burn more calories eating than exercising, thought Ginger in awe.

“Phew… sweetie, I think that… was a work out in itself…” Laurie leaned back in her chairs, resting her pudgy hands on the dome of her overstuffed belly, and belched loudly. “Ooof. Oh excuse me!”

Laurie was a mess. She was bigger than ever, her gut swollen like a hot-air balloon ready for take-off, her sweat top bunched right under her boobs to leave her big pink tummy exposed. Her chubby cheeks and flabby double cheek were stained with thick sticky sauce and the front of sweat top was covered in greasy hand prints. Her breath came in strained gasps as she struggled to pull air into lungs compressed by her obscenely full belly.

“I think… we’ve done enough… working out for one day… don’t you think, honey?”

“I guess?”

Laurie raised a plump hand to cover her mouth as she burped again. “Take me home, sweetie. I’m sure Frank is just dying to see all the progress we’ve made.”

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“Laurie? What the hell happened to you?”

At 650 pounds, Laurie was so big that the effects of one large meal, no matter how large, shouldn’t have been immediately obvious on her body. A thinner woman wouldn’t be able to hide her tummy bulge after such a sumptuously indulgent feast, but a cow like Laurie should have had no trouble – all those layers of blubber should have easily distracted from her food baby. It was a testament to her outrageous gluttony that Laurie was visibly distended. She looked huge, even bigger than when she’d left for the gym this morning, her belly sticking out round and proud and tight, so swollen that she looked like she had swallowed a fully inflated beach ball. Her sweat suit was soaked through with sweat and covered with food stains, and Laurie’s face was still flushed red.

“Nothing happened, Frank. We just – belch – stopped for lunch…”

Frank turned to Ginger. “This is what you call helping her reduce? We hired you to help my wife lose weight and instead you bring her back like this? She looks bigger than ever! She looks like she packed on 100 pounds in just a day!”

Laurie caught Frank’s eye and the two lovers shared a silent moment of understanding. Of course, Frank wasn’t really upset with Ginger at all. If anything, he was just thrilled to see his big bountiful wife return home even bigger and more bountiful. But he also knew that Laurie loved getting teased about her size and watching him pretend to be upset about her growing girth was just going to excite her even more…

“It… it’s not my fault!” squeaked Ginger. “I tried! I really did! We went to the gym and then we went jogging but then… Laurie wanted to go to a buffet! And she just… undid all her hard work!”

“My God, Laurie, you’re as big as a house. How much did you eat today? I cannot believe this personal trainer would just let you glut yourself like this.” He was trying his hardest to keep a straight face, but he wanted to laugh at the whole scene. Laurie had played Ginger like a fiddle!

“Mmm, Frank, don’t be TOO hard on her. After all, you know how I get when I’m hungry… I simply couldn’t control myself. This poor little dear… well, she tried her best, but who can say no to me? Sweetie, help me over to the couch, momma’s feeling a little bloated.”

Frank hoisted one of Laurie’s fluffy arms over her shoulder to help support her as his fat wifey waddled over to the couch. Laurie collapsed onto the sofa with a loud snort, the whole sofa trembling under her weight.

“I really think… BURP… that today was a pretty successful work out, actually. Ginger really helped me to… get moving…”

“Well, Ginger. I guess Laurie really liked you. Would you be willing to keep training her?”

Ginger gulped. On the one hand, she knew that Laurie was a lost cause. This hefty heifer simply did not have the willpower to lose weight! Ginger knew, deep in her heart, that every exercise session with Laurie would only be a litany of excuses and whining, followed by self-deluding binges, all of which would all but guarantee that Laurie would only grow bigger and rounder and more helpless. She was every trainer’s worst nightmare! But, on the other hand… taking on Laurie as a regular client meant that she would get to keep watching this hefty honey waddling around in her skin-tight spandex, ogling her massive breasts and bodacious belly. Ginger could feel herself getting excited despite herself. And if Laurie ended every exercise session with a dramatic descent into abject greed and gluttony like she had today? Why, Ginger felt faint just thinking about it! God, that would be SO hot.

“Sure… I’d be happy to! I think… I think Laurie’s got a lot of potential. We just need to… unlock it.”

“Excellent. Well then, Ginger, thanks for your help. I guess we’ll see you next week?”

Ginger nodded dumbly. She was numb as Frank wrote out a check and placed it in her hands and then led her back to the door. She was actually going to take on Laurie as a client? This was insane… it went against everything she believed in as a personal trainer! But, at the same time, the lure of seeing more of Laurie was too great to resist. Ginger wondered if she might even see MORE of Laurie the next time that they met! The idea was irresistible!

After Ginger left, Frank paused by the door as a plaintiff whine came from the living room. It was from Laurie, still sprawled out on the couch, trapped under the bulk of her monstrously overstuffed belly.

“Frank… Frank… Gawd, Frank, get your fat ass in here! What a fucking day! I was sweating like a hog at the gym and you should have SEEN how all the men there were simply LEERING at me, like they’d never seen a woman before! And then we went to the park and I could barely even get around… and then we went to eat… sweetie, I was SO hungry after all that exercise. Why, I don’t think I’ve eaten so much in years and, honey, I. AM. STUFFED.” She rubbed her chubby hands over the upper roll of her bloated belly, kneading the soft blubber that she could reach. She smirked at Frank. “I’m so incredibly full now… I probably shouldn’t have eaten so much after all that hard work, Frank, but, oh, how can I resist? You know what I am, Frank.”

“Yeah. You’re my fat sexy kitty, aren’t you?”

“Hmmm.”

“So? Too stuffed for a little more exercise?”

Laurie grinned. ”Never!”

Sitting in the across the room, Abida perked up at the mention of more exercise.

“What was that I heard?”

“We were just about to do a little extra work-out,” said Laurie, batting her eyelashes. “Care to join us?”

Abida grinned even wider. “I thought you’d never ask!”

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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,

Molly Coddles