Race in the Fat Lane 3: Paint Ball  
By Mollycoddles

“Who’s ready for paint ball??” shouted Natalie.

The soldiers groaned and grumbled, unmoved by their captain’s apparent enthusiasm. Not of them were looking forward to this work-out! Life in the army was generally pretty easy these days, since a new era of global peace meant that soldiers no longer had to be ready for combat at all times. And no place had taken to peacetime with as much gusto as Camp Swampy, a backwater army base under the command of Captain Natalie McGillicuty. Natalie had once been one of the army’s best soldiers, a lean mean fighting machine known throughout the service for her muscled physique, quick reflexes, and incredible strength. But that was a long time ago. Just as the painter Bob Ross realized how little he liked yelling at people as soon as he got out of the army, Natalie too realized how little she liked training when she got the chance to enjoy the, let’s just say, more relaxed attitude of the new army. It didn’t take long for Natalie to completely let herself go, replacing her daily exercise routine with daily trips to the canteen to gorge herself. Of course, it was no surprise that she soon started to gain weight. But probably not even Natalie herself realized how far it would go.

Today, Natalie was at an all time high, tipping the scales at a massive, stunning 575 pounds. She was closer to 600 now than to 500, but the blonde captain still refused to confront the true extent of her blimpage. She was a massive monstrous blob of a woman, a quivering blubber ball as plump and round and fully-backed to bursting as a ripe pumpkin on the vine. Her enormous breasts heaved against her gargantuan gut, which sagged so low that it hung before the hem of her over-stretched camo top, covering her crotch and nearly reaching her knees. Her hefty hips and flaring thighs tested the limits of her camp pants, and splits had already busted through the seams, revealing the pale white flesh beneath. Natalie’s face was swaddled in fat, her thick double chin and chubby cheeks giving her the look of a pudgy little chipmunk.

“Women, I know how you feel about this little exercise,” said Natalie, waddling down the row to inspect her troops. “Believe me, I’m not happy about it either. But Inspector Jones snuck it into our itinerary, so you better believe we have to go through with it or the army command will have my ass…. And yours too!” Natalie paused to wipe her brow with one thick arm. Gawd, it was hot out! Poor Natalie! At 575 pounds, she was way too fat to spend this much time on her feet… especially out here in the sun! It was torture! All she wanted to do was go back to her bunk, collapse into bed, and spend the rest of the day stuffing her face with bon bons… the way she usually did!

“Inspector Jones thinks that SOME of you are getting too fat and lazy to do your physical training,” said Natalie. “I guess we’re just gonna have to prove her wrong. I’ve got the official timer set for an hour…” She tapped the stop watch on her plump wrist. “…and at the end of that, we’ll really know who’s fit around here and who’s not!” The women in line exchanged glances. An hour was barely enough time for a paint ball game, but none of them were going to complain! They were all, truth be told, almost as lazy and out of shape as Natalie herself, so they were all too happy to play a shortened version of the game and the immediately get back to more important matters, like hanging out, snacking, napping, gossiping, and playing video games in their barracks. What else were soldiers supposed to do in peace time anyway?

Natalie fixed her gaze on the two women at the very end of the row, Private Carla Granger and Private Nicolette Prince. All the soldiers had grown soft and plump under Natalie’s lax command, but those two had really taken advantage of the easy Camp Swampy lifestyle. They were the fattest women in camp, other than Natalie herself.

At the time of Inspector Jones’ visit, Nicolette was a mere 300 pounds; she was at least 350 now. Nicolette was a tall black girl whose overfilled hour glass build helped to make her excessive weight look merely curvy or pneumatic. But if you could dare your eyes away from her ample bust, heaving against the thin fabric of her camo shirt such that her nipples looked ready to pop the seams, you would notice her bulging badonkadonk sticking out behind her and her chunky hips flaring to her sides… not to mention the pooch of a gut edging over her waistband that warned of things to come. So far, Nicolette had managed to avoid too much belly gaining, but it almost seemed as if her body was running out of space to store blubber on her boobs and booty and would soon resort to pumping her belly just as much as the rest of her.

At 270 pounds, Private Carla Granger could almost be considered svelte next to these other porkers but she was still a tub. A dark bootilicious Latina girl with a big frizzy mess of jet black hair, Carla couldn’t disguise all the extra meat that settled on to her hips, thighs, and rear, giving her such an exaggerated pear shape that she looked like a wobbling bobo doll when she waddled.

“For example,” said Natalie, leaning forward to fix Nicolette with her gaze. “You’re looking even more tubby than usual, Private. Been doing some between meal snacking, huh?”

“Uh, no m’am!” yelped Nicolette, instinctively sucking in her gut in the vain hope that it would make her look somewhat less blobby and out of shape. Ugh, she hated herself for letting Natalie get under her skin! But it was so hard… especially when Carla was right next to her. Nicolette tried to put Carla out of her mind, but it was impossible. The sad truth was that, despite her better judgement, Nicolette had developed a big crush on her colleague. Who could blame her? Carla was a cutie! But Carla was also almost 100 pounds lighter than Nicolette, and Nicolette despaired that Carla could ever love a fattie like her. The truth was that neither woman was anything approaching a normal weight, but somehow to Nicolette those extra 100 pounds really made a huge difference. She knew that she shouldn’t let Natalie’s taunts affect her, but it was just so hard!

“And what about you, Private Granger? You’re DEFINITELY softer these days. How much lard are you carrying around in that fat ass of yours?”

Carla gulped, instinctively sucking in her gut in response. Not that it did much good! Carla was distinctly bottom-heavy and it wasn’t like she could suck in her butt! She blushed despite herself. She was self-conscious about her colossal rear at the best of times and having Natalie point out her heavy heinie I front of the whole company was super embarrassing! Sometimes bottom-heavy beauties could forget that they were carrying extra junk in the trunk simply because their butts were behind them and the old adage “Out of sight, out of mind” was absolutely true. But Carla could never forget! She could feel her blubbery backside and hefty hips swing when she walked down the barracks hallway, she could feel it testing the stitching in her camo uniform when she got dressed in the morning, she could feel its weight threatening to drag her back down every time that she raised herself up out of a chair. And the worst part? She was afraid that Nicolette would notice!

Maybe it was no surprise that Carla had begun to develop feelings for her fellow soldier Nicolette. After all, the two women spent almost all of their time together and had bonded fast over the fact that they were the two heaviest soldiers at camp – not including their captain Natalie, that was! But Carla was too afraid to actually give voice to those feelings. What if Nicolette didn’t reciprocate? What If she… thought Carla was too fat to be attractive? Sure, Nicolette was technically bigger than Carla, but the voluptuous black woman evenly distributed her poundage all through her statuesque frame, giving her a knock-out hourglass figure that even the least charitable observer would be hard pressed to described as “overweight.” She had curves in all the right places! But poor Carla stored everything in her rump and, seeing as Carla’s appetite was allowed complete free reign at camp, it just kept getting bigger and bigger!

Carla noticed several of the slimmer girls watching her as she faced off with Natalie. Oh shit! As much as Carla was smitten with Nicolette, she always wanted to be accepted by the rest of the camp. She knew that a lot of the other soldiers were whispering about her and Nicolette… Not because any of them suspected Carla’s romantic intentions on her fellow soldier, but simply because she and Nicolette were the fattest enlisted women in the camp. Carla felt like she was still just slender enough that, if she could only lose a few pounds (ha! Like that was ever gonna happen), the others would see her as one of the girls. But if she kept gaining, she would forever join Nicolette and Natalie in the fat lane as an object of pity and ridicule to the other campers. Ugh! Carla was so conflicted!

“I…” Carla gulped again. She wasn’t sure how to respond! Her eyes quickly darted to Nicolette as a horrified thought flashed through her mind: would Nicolette agree? Would she be disgusted by Carla’s pudgy posterior? But Nicolette’s expression was reassuring; she was rolling her eyes and shaking her head as if to communicate to Carla that she was mostly amused by Natalie’s hypocrisy. After all, Natalie was far bigger than either of them!

Not that Natalie seemed to realize it! Ever since she had defeated Inspector Jones’ challenge, Natalie had grown ever more conceited and arrogant, puffing herself up with smug tales of her own leadership prowess. Even before Jones’ visit, she was a glutton who never limited herself at mealtime. But since that visit, she felt free to indulge even more! As a result, she had absolutely ballooned, to the point that she was bursting out of her uniform in front of them.

“Of course, as your captain I wouldn’t dream of making you do anything that I wouldn’t agree to do myself,” said Natalie, turning her back on Carla as she waddled down the row of soldiers. “So I’ll be participating as well. In fact, if anyone managed to hit me, that’s an automatic double point!” She smirked. “Not that any of you will be able to do that.”

Nicolette liked those odds. Not only was Natalie so out of shape that she was destined to get winded way faster than anyone else, Natalie’s wide ass made the perfect target. Shooting her would be as easy as shooting the broad side of a barn! Natalie was absolutely delusional if she didn’t think she was gonna get completely reamed within minutes!

Nicolette glanced over at Carla, watching the poor girl sweat. Poor Carla! Nicolette desperately wanted to reach over and squeeze Carla’s hand to reassure her a little after the dressing down she had just received from Natalie. Carla didn’t know it, but Nicolette had begun to also feel romantic feelings. How could she help it? They were close friends, of course, but also… Carla’s bodacious bubble booty was just sooo enticing. Nicolette found herself dreaming about it in her bunk at night, thinking about how those two luscious spheres of fat always seemed to be battling each other for dominance as Carla waddled her thick waddle. Nothing was better than when the troupe went through the charade of exercise – it was barely even that, the girls might run a single lap or do a couple stretches before they were all winded and ready to wobble off to the mess hall – and Carla bent over to attempt to touch her toes. Nicolette always sereptitiously stationed herself behind Carla, so that she could get an up-close view of that magnificent ass stretching the seams on Carla’s camo exercise pants. They were so tight that Nicolette could almost convince herself that she could see the outlines of Carla’s jumbo sized panties through the thin material and she entertained herself endlessly with fantasies about the inevitable day that Carla’s rear seam would finally give up the ghost. But how could she ever let Carla know how she felt? What if she confessed her love and Cara rejected her? No, she couldn’t take that chance! How could Carla ever love a fattie like her?

Even with her ample breasts and flaring hips, Nicolette couldn’t think of herself as “shapely” rather than fat. Natalie’s taunts didn’t help her at all! They just made her more self-conscious than ever.

“Alright, girls! Everyone to your marks! We’re gonna get started!”

As the soldiers dispersed to find their starting marks on the paint ball field, Carla tugged at Nicolette’s sleeve.

“Did you hear? Natalie’s gonna be in the game too!” said Carla.

“Hm? Oh yeah!” said Nicolette, jolted out of her thoughts. “That’s great! Getting double points is gonna be so easy! Not to mention, I’m really gonna enjoy taking that hog down a peg! I mean, who does she think she is, giving us guff for our weights? She’s bigger than any of us!”

“Ha ha, I know, right?” said Carla, cocking her paint gun. “I can’t wait to blast her a few times!”

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Natalie was NOT enjoying this game at all! First of all, she felt like ALL the other players were targeting her! They’d only been at play for several minutes and there was already a rainbow pattern of different colored paint splatter all across her voluminous ass! She tried to outrun her pursuers, but it was just too hard… Natalie was way too out of shape and she could barely even managed a slow jog for a few minutes before she was completely winded. She needed to find a hiding place where she could wait out the game! In the distance ahead, she could see a tree with a sniper hut in its upper branches. A smile crossed her chubby face. Perfect!! If she could get up there, she would be safe from harm AND it would give her the perfect vantage point to target her opponents. She just had to get there first. Her breath rattling in her lungs, the blubbery blimp wobbled her way toward the tree, her fat jiggling wildly as she picked up the pace.

“I used to climb trees all the time as a kid,” said Natalie to herself as she approached the tree. “But, phew, this one… sure looks taller than any of the ones I used to climb.” She mopped her sweaty brow and leaned a pudgy hand against the tree, wheezing as she struggled to catch her breath after the short run. “Jeez… I don’t know why… I’m so out of breath…” She gasped and sputtered, her swollen belly shaking with her ragged breath. “Just get it together, Natalie… remember, as soon as you get up to that sniper hut, you’re golden!”

She grabbed at the lowest branch and attempted to hoist herself up. Attempt being the key word. Her thick arms were so weak that she almost immediately tumbled back to the ground, grunting and groaning.

“Oww! Jeez!” Natalie whined, rubbing her palm over the bruised flesh of her fat-swaddled elbow. “Okay… that didn’t work. I’ll have to try another tactic. Maybe if I hoist my leg up, I can get my foot on the branch… and then I can sort of pull myself up…”

That proved to be even less fruitful. Natalie was way to fat to even raise her foot up to knee level, let alone above her head. She stood on one foot, trying to raise her other, but she almost instantly lost her balance and plopped down onto her well-padded buttocks.

“Goddamn it!” she snapped. “Okay, okay… one last time…”

She struggled to rise back to her feet, but she was simply far too big. Eventually, she had to roll over onto her stomach, prop herself up on her hands and knees before slowly staggering her way to a full standing position. Already she was out of breath! Nevertheless, she was determined. She wasn’t going to give up when success was so close! She wrapped her arms around a low-hanging branch and grunted loudly as she once again tried to leverage herself up into the tree. The soft flesh of her upper arms flapped as she flexed non-existent muscles with all her might, but her only reward was a loud cracking sound. Her eyes bulged from their sockets as she suddenly realized that the branch was slowly tilting downwards.

“Oh shit!” she cried. She braced herself as the branch separated from the tree with a labored creaking, cracking sound, crashing to the ground so hard that it rattled her teeth.

She rolled away from the branch and lay, gasping, on her back. Her mammoth belly rose and belly like a mountain in an earthquake as she wheezed for breath, her camouflage shirt tangled around her chest and leaving her vast pink gut nearly completely bare. She just needed a minute… to… catch her breath. Then she would be fine…

“Hey, did you hear something?”

Shit! Natalie froze as she heard voices in the distance. All the noise she’d made in trying to climb the tree had attracted undue attention. She needed to hide quick or she was about to get another round of paintballs splattered across her ass! With a rattling groan, she flopped over onto her stomach and crawled away into the tall brush. She hoped that the reeds would provide enough cover that no one would see her, although Natalie was so big that even stooped down on all fours the summit of her monumental butt cheeks still stuck up over the canopy of the ground cover. She held her breath.

Luckily, these soldiers weren’t very observant. Natalie peered between the reeds to see Carla and Nicolette wandering along. The two women were likewise covered in paint, apparently having had little luck in outrunning their pursuers.

“I didn’t hear anything,” said Nicolette. The hourglass-shaped hottie lowered the scope of her paint gun to inspect the surrounding area. She frowned as she picked her boot against the broken branch, sending ripples through her ample chest and bulbous booty. “Oh, check it out! This branch must have fallen out of the tree. That must be what you heard, Carla.” Her gaze wandered upwards along the tree trunk until she noticed the sniper hut in the upper branches. “Hey!” She elbowed Carla and pointed. “Look at that!”

“Oh neat!” said Carla.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” said Nicolette. “If we could get up there, we’d be able to see for miles! We’d be totally safe! Then we could just wait out the rest of the game and no one could touch us!”

“Um… are you sure we’d both fit?” asked Carla dubiously. She could tell from here that the sniper hut was barely the size of a cardboard box, built to comfortably accommodate one person. It could possibly accommodate two slender people, but two chubbettes like Carla and Nicolette? That was pushing it. Even if they managed to cram themselves inside that sniper hut, they would be as tightly packed as sardines. They would be lucky if the whole structure didn’t simply burst apart with them inside! Although… it would certainly be a good excuse to get up close and personal with Nicolette. A dreamy look appeared in Carla’s eyes as she imagined herself pressed close to Nicolette, the two pudgy plumpers united in an intimate embrace with their legs tangled together, Carla’s cheek pressed against the swell of Nicolette’s plush bosom. Carla could already imagine the soft, warm, yielding flesh of the black woman’s pneumatic bust. Carla gulped. Focus! She couldn’t afford to lose her concentration and do anything stupid.

“Of course we’ll fit,” said Nicolette, although her voice wavered just a bit. Would they really? She was having similar thoughts to Carla. “We just have to get up there.”

She grabbed at the tree trunk and attempted to shimmy her way up, but she immediately slipped down again. “Um…. This isn’t going to work. Hey, Carla, come give me a hand, will ya? Give me a boost and I’ll help pull you up once I’m at the top.”

“Um… okay… how am I supposed to boost you?”

Nicolette wiggled her fat ass playfully. “How do you think? C’mon, don’t be shy! Just give me a good solid push!”

“Um.. okay… if you say so…”

Carla shoved her hands against the bulk of Nicolette’s backside, her hands sinking deep in the soft spongy flesh as she heaved. There was a lot of booty blubber being displaced!

“Ugh! C’mon! Harder!” said Nicolette, grabbing at the bark of the tree trunk with her nails. “I can almost reach the branches!”

Carla shoved her shoulder against Nicolette’s rump and threw her whole body into the next push. Nicolette rose higher, yelping with excitement as her fingers closed around the closest branch that she could reach.

“I got it! I got it! Don’t stop!”

Nicolette was dangling from the branch like a ridiculously oversized, ripe pear, kicking her legs and swinging feebly. Carla grabbed her buns, one with each hand, and hefted the larger black woman up on to her shoulders. She didn’t want to say anything but, damn, this was exciting! She was actually getting to touch Nicolette’s butt and Nicolette wasn’t objecting! Then again, Nicolette was probably so focused on climbing that she didn’t noticed how Carla’s hands were possibly lingering a little too long, squeezing that plump ass between her fingers like a finicky shopper testing the firmness of a ripe melon in the grocery store produce aisle.

Little did Carla know, however, that Nicolette did notice.

“Is she fondling my ass?” muttered Nicolette to herself. The idea filled her with a sudden euphoria, to think that Carla might actually be interested in her… in that way. But no, that was ridiculous. Surely she was just imagining this! She didn’t have time to wonder, though, as Carla boosted her high enough that she was able to pull herself up into the top branches and reach the sniper hut.

“I made it! C’mon, Carla, we’re almost home free!” She reached down to offer her hand to her friend. “Here, I’ll pull you up!”

Carla gulped and grabbed Nicolette’s hand, her heart pounding faster in her chest to feel her hands connect with Nicolette’s. She shouldn’t be so nervous, she told herself, but how could she help it? Nicolette yanked and Carla propped her feet against the tree trunk, gradually working her way up into the branches. Finally, they were both up!

“I’m sure we can fit in the hut,” said Nicolette, wriggling her way inside. Her protruding shelf ass bumped against the top of the door as she squeezed her way through. “Come on! There’s plenty of room.”

“O..okay.”

Carla sucked in her breath and wedged herself through the narrow opening, wincing as she could feel her wide ass brush the sides of the door jamb. It was a tight fit! Once inside, it was an even tighter fit. The sniper hut was so small that the two women were practically forced to spoon together to both fit.

“S-sorry,” said Carla. She blushed hotly. She was the smaller of the two, so it made sense that Nicolette would play the big spoon. Not that they had agreed to anything like this, but they had sort of naturally assumed spooning positions when they found themselves inside the hut. “I guess it’s… a little snug in here…”

“It’s fine,” said Nicolette. She tried to steady herself, but she was having just as much trouble as Carla. She could feel the heat of the chubby Latina’s body against hers, feel the steady expansion and contraction of her lungs as she breathed. “I mean… we’re friends, right? It’s no big deal.”

“Yeah… that’s right… no big deal. Hey! Why don’t you check out the window and make sure that no one’s coming.” Carla hoped that she sounded casual, but she actually hoped that no one was coming because it would give them some time to relax together.

“I’ll Check.” Nicolette squirmed toward the window, her pudgy paunch sliding over the contours of Carla’s back as she moved and giving Carla serious goose pimples of excitement. “What the?!”

“What is it?”

“There’s someone out there, in the brush! I think it’s… yeah, its Natalie! I’d recognize that fat ass anywhere. No one else in camp is THAT huge!”

“What’s she doing?”

“It looks like she’s trying to sneak away!”

Indeed, Natalie was gingerly picking her way through the reeds, keeping low to the ground in hopes that she wouldn’t be spotted. But that was a hopeless cause! She was so big and unwieldy that she was leaving a wide trail of broken reeds in her wake.

“Can you hit her from here?” asked Carla hopefully. “Oh man, I’ve love to get a shot in at that whale! She thinks she’s so much better than the rest of us, I think it would really serve her right to get a paintball right in the tuchus!”

Nicolette paused. “I think so. You wanna do the honors, though?”

“M-me??”

“Yeah, why not? She deserves a little bit of humiliation and you deserve to get to be the one to dish it out!”

“I guess…” said Carla. “But there’s no way I’ll be able to get to the window. It’s too tight in here! I’d have to…squeeze…past you…”

Nicolette licked her lips nervously. “Oh, um, darn, well, that’s fine. I mean, like I said, we’re friends, right?”

It took quite a bit of wriggling and writhing, but eventually Carla had her paintball aimed out the window. She squinted through the sight, pointing the gun’s muzzle directly at Natalie’s gargantuan retreating posterior. She grinned. Truth be told, she was gonna enjoy this immensely! Natalie really shouldn’t have been so mean to them at instruction, cuz now she was going to get hers!

Carla squeezed the trigger and a paintball stain instantly exploded across the seat of Natalie’s camo pants. The obese blonde blimp howled, jumping to her feet as quickly as a woman of her size could and clutching at her wounded rear.

“Why you!?!” shouted Natalie. “Carla, Nicolette, I know you two are up there! You’re gonna be SO sorry!”

Carla responded by firing off another round, splattering green paint in a swathe across Natalie’s chest and bare belly. Natalie quickly realized that she was a prime target! Her only option was to get out of range as quickly as possible.

Both Carla and Nicolette couldn’t help but break into chuckles as they watched Natalie bound away across the field, her enormous blubbery body jiggling wildly with every thunderous footfall. Even funnier, though, was the fact that Natalie was so fat that she couldn’t help but make a huge commotion as she ran. She was crashing through the underbrush, gasping and panting and bellowing like a wounded elephant. She was so loud that she was gonna draw every player on the field!

“Everyone’s gonna be on her ass in a few minutes,” said Carla.

“Ha! Serves her right! I’d love to see her really get it!” agreed Nicolette.

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“Can’t believe those two shot at me like that,” muttered Natalie as she paused to catch her breath. She doubled over, resting her hands against her fat-swaddled knees as she sucked air loudly between her teeth. “Gawd, why am I so winded? I can’t be THAT out of shape, can I?” She was painfully aware of the trouble she’d had in her failed attempt to climb the tree, remembering how the large branch had cracked under her astronomical weight. The tree’s branches had, however, been able to hold Carla and Nicolette’s combined weight. How was that possible? Was she really heavier than both Carla and Nicolette combined? No way! That was absolutely ridiculous to even think. Yet the evidence was right there. Natalie shook her head. “No, no,” she told herself as she straightened up, her prominent belly bulging out in front of her. “That’s silly. Those two chubbers are way more out of shape than I am. There’s no way that I could be bigger than both of them put together.”

Natalie had, years prior, been a prime example of army fitness. When she first joined the force, her slender physique sported tight pert buttocks, thick muscular arms, and firm six-pack abs. But years of avoiding exercise and living a sedentary, gluttonous lifestyle dedicated to her own pleasure instead of to military readiness had ballooned her to her current enormous size, with her vast bowling ball-sized buns, her soft flabby arms, and bloated globular belly. Rationally, she could not deny that she had inflated into a complete lardass, but Natalie was anything but rational when it came to her own body image. She continued to think of herself as being just as trim and fit as she had been at her prime, comparing herself favorably to her fat fellow soldiers despite the fact that she was clearly larger.

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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,

Mollycoddles