Weight Training  
By Mollycoddles

“And the winner is… Laurie Belmontes!”

The crowd applauded, politely at first, as if they weren’t entirely sure what to do. That was to be expected. Laurie’s appearance was so… startling that people sometimes didn’t know how to react when she won, even though, honestly, they should have been expecting it from the moment that they laid eyes upon her. After all, it would be absolutely foolish to believe that a 700 pound plus fat girl WOULDN’T win an eating contest? But as Laurie continued to eat, seemingly oblivious to her own victory, the crowd began to grow bolder. Yeah! Yeah! This was cool, actually! This massive blimp of a babe, nearly half a ton of pure overfed lard, was still gorging! There was something intoxicating about watching her wallow in her gluttony with complete abandon and the crowd could appreciate that. By the time the announcer had to physically move the plate away from her to put an end to her pig out (He’s already ruled out the possibility of actually trying to grab the food out of Laurie’s hands; she was definitely NOT going to relinquish that!), the audience was hooting and hollering wildly.

“Hmm?” mumbled Laurie, looking up from her plate, fat cheeks bulging and slathered with mustard, the nub of one last hot dog end dropping from her lips into her cleavage as she scanned the cheering audience with bleary eyes. Oh right. The contest! Laurie swallowed the last bite and burped loudly as the announcer grabbed her flabby arm and raised it over her head in triumph. She had been so far in the zone, so consumed with the joy of stuffing her face, that she had totally forgotten that there was a contest going on… so no wonder she had continued to gorge long after the last other contestant had dropped out!

With Frank and Abida at her sides to help steady her jiggling mass, Laurie waddled, belching and hiccupping, to the winner’s podium. The announcer frowned as he watched them futilely try to help Laurie lift herself onto the first place position. The whole structure creaked but miraculously held steady. Laurie was so obese that her flanks sagged over the sides of the number one position, blocking anyone from standing next to her on the second or third place spots. No matter! She had so thoroughly beaten all the competition that second and third place were meaningless designations. It wasn’t like they could even fit all of Laurie into the winner’s photo!

“I’m number – buuuurp—one!” huffed Laurie, feebly pumping her arms in victory and nearly toppling from her perch due to the immense weight of her overstuffed gut. Luckily, Frank and Abida moved quickly, rushing to steady her before she fell.

“Pretty impressive display, huh?” said Abida to the crowd. “Remember, if you want to see more of Laurie, you can always go to our website, [www.bigbustybabelaurie](http://www.bigbustybabelaurie).com. There’s plenty more to see there! I think you’ll find something to like…”

“Yeah! We love you, Laurie! You’re an inspiration!” shouted a pudgy young woman in the front of the audience. She was wearing a bigbustybabelaurie T-shirt. Laurie wondered where she had got that. Abida was probably selling them on the website now. Laurie was far from surprised. Abida had floated ideas about a branded line of plus size clothes and merchandise in Laurie’s name – stylish empire-sized sun dresses with the bigbustybabe logo on the lapel and XXX relax-fit jeans emblazoned with Laurie’s signature on the seat, as well as dialing wands, TV trays, and sex aids. Anything that a girl of Laurie’s size could desire – a demographic who put a lot of stock in Laurie’s endorsement! And these items were apparently selling well. After a solid month of eating contests, Laurie had gathered a small but devoted fanbase and, while most of the people in the crowd were just stunned or confused by the spectacle of Laurie gorging herself until she was ready to burst, there were always at least a couple of devoted fans now. Laurie wasn’t sure if the same ones were following her from contest to contest, because, honestly, Laurie didn’t care. She didn’t deign to bother with the fans, they were there to lavish attention on her after all –not the other way around!

“Could I get your autograph, Laurie?” gushed the woman in the Laurie-shirt as Frank and Abida helped guide Laurie off the podium and back to her mobility scooter. At her size, a scooter was an absolute must… she could barely waddle even 100 feet without being completely winded these days!

Laurie smiled through her annoyance. “Of course, sweetie.” Ooof. Truth be told, Laurie felt like she might have overdone it. She was absurdly full and her over-bloated gut churned and gurgled against its heavy load. Nevertheless, she quickly dashed off a signature for this devoted fan.

“C’mon, Laurie, let’s get you back to the car,” said Frank. “We still have one more stop today.”

“Shit. Another? Two contests in one day? You can’t be serious, Frank.”

Frank shrugged. “Babe, you were the one who insisted you could handle anything.” He patted her protruding paunch where it sagged over the front of her scooter; Laurie was so big now that she required a scooter with an armrest joystick, because she couldn’t lean forward without her mammoth belly dragging her to the ground.

“Oh right, of course. Well, if I said it, then it must be true.” She burped loudly. Ooof. Those hot dogs were NOT sitting right!

Abida collected their prize – another chintzy trophy! – and spent a few minutes passing out business cards to the crowd. Most of these people probably wouldn’t have any interest in Laurie’s sexy videos, but you never knew… there had to be at least a few FAs in a group like this! When she was done, she rejoined her friends.

“You gonna drive, Frank?” she asked. “I call shotgun!”

It was a joke, of course. Abida always rode shotgun, because Laurie didn’t ride in the car with them. She rode in the trailer hitched behind the car.

“You two better not be making plans up there without me,” snapped Laurie. Another belch exploded from her mouth, causing her plump cheeks and chubby double chin to wobble.

“Laurie, come on,” said Frank. “What would we be planning?”

Laurie scowled. “I’m just saying, sweetie, I don’t like to be out of the loop. I want to know where the next stop is.”

“We already told you, Laurie: It’s a surprise.”

“Come on, Laurie, you know you’re too big for the car.”

“Besides,” added Abida, “It’ll give you some time to digest.” She patted the monumental swell of Laurie’s gut; Laurie was so obscenely stuffed after this latest eating contest that you could feel the tightness of her stomach even under the thick carpet of insulating blubber. “We want that tummy of yours to be hungry again by the time we get to the next stop, don’t we?”

“You cannot expect me to just go hungry all the way to the next stop!” snarled Laurie. Truth be told, she was way past full… As usual, she had gorged herself like mad during this contest to the point that she was absolutely bursting at the seams.

“Good! Okay, piggy, let’s get you loaded up into your trailer.”

Abida and Frank opened up the trailer and Laurie waited impatiently as they set up the ramp for her. It had finally come to this. At nearly half a ton (How close? She wasn’t exactly sure…), Laurie was simply too wide and round to fit into Frank’s car. Last time they had tried, she’d got her fat ass stuck halfway through the door. They had a trailer, originally just so that they could bring Laurie’s scooter with them, but lately Laurie was forced to ride in it as well. How embarrassing was that? To be so incredibly fat that you couldn’t fit into a car, that you had to be transported in a trailer like livestock. For all her protesting and complaining, Laurie loved it. It was just one more telling indication of Laurie’s inflating girth. She loved when people gawked at her, she loved when people were shocked by the sheer enormity of her body. And she loved when she made her grand entrance, when Frank and Abida opened the trailer and all the people who had expected to see a prize-winning heifer or a corn-fed hog disembark instead watched Laurie roll out on her straining scooter. The shocked looks on their faces made her so incredibly excited that she could already feel her pussy growing wet and squishy in arousal. Gawd, what a rush!

Ever since graduation, Laurie had dedicated herself full time to the pursuit of pleasure. Her burgeoning career as a BBW web model was of secondary importance to her pure love of eating, but she was lucky that the latter enabled the former. Laurie’s star in the BBW community was definitely rising, though, but who would have been surprised by that? Known as Big Busty Babe Laurie in weight gain fetish circles, Laurie was already among the heavy weights of the field as she weighed nearly 700 pounds. 700 pounds! What an incredible number! Only a few years ago, she had been a zaftig high school cheerleader, a little thick around the middle perhaps but toned and trim and busty like nobody’s business. That was before she discovered herself, though, and both love of eating and her desire to grow. And with her obedient lovers Frank and Abida catering to her every desire, Laurie had quickly ballooned up to absolutely gargantuan proportions. She was massive, so hefty that she could barely walk a few feet without her heart racing and her lungs aching. She mostly relied on her mobility scooter to get around these days, but even that was lurching and heaving under her ever-escalating poundage and Laurie was annoyed at how her expanding ass sagged over both sides of the seat to the point where she barely got any support from it at all! She was a vast blubbery blob, breasts bigger than watermelons sagging to the sides of a boulder-sized belly that filled her lap and pushed her tree-trunk sized legs apart. Her face was lost in an ocean of flab, her mouth squeezed into a permanent pout between plump rosy chipmunk cheeks and her neck buried beneath the wobbling flab of her double chin. She kept her long raven tresses tied back while she ate, so that she didn’t accidentally suck down her own hair in the heat of the competition.

Unfortunately, despite her fame, Laurie’s website followers weren’t increasing as fast as her weight. She needed to do something big to really get some attention. She couldn’t remember who suggested it first – was it Frank or Abida? – but one of them suggested that Laurie could garner some extra attention if she put her extraordinary talent for eating to good use and enter some high-profile eating contests. After all, when a 700 plus pound behemoth rolled up to the local chili cook-off or boardwalk hot dog eating contest, she was sure to get some attention! And when she won? That was a guaranteed photo in the local paper and definitely some good viral publicity! Of course, more attention came with its price, but little did the trolls know that Laurie even relished the negative publicity and that every insult about her immense size only goaded her to eat more!

The first few contests were easy. Laurie hoovered down sausages at the speed eating championship and blueberry pie at the county fair. She easily won trophy after trophy, amassing a small trove of prize money, and rolled across the country in her trailer, while fans on the Internet eagerly speculated about where she would turn up next. And, of course, at every contest, Laurie arrived wider, rounder, heavier… and hungrier!! The onslaught of empty calories, huge even by Laurie’s already astronomical standards, was adding inches of blubber to her waistline and inches of boob to her bustline. The poor fat girl could barely fit into clothes before this journey started, but now even her biggest shift dresses were clinging to her rolls and her loosest track suits were splitting at the seams. But if Laurie one day simply exploded out of her clothes in front of a crowd, well… to her, that would be just a good excuse to show off her fabulously sexy fat body! Laurie was arrogant beyond belief and she was convinced that everyone should appreciate her incredible body as much as she did.

Maneuvering the joystick, Laurie rode her scooter up the creaking ramp and into the trailer. She waited as Frank and Abida boarded her up and then lurched in place as the car started up.

“They’d BETTER stop for lunch,” muttered Laurie under her breath.

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They did. The trio mostly ate at fast food restaurants and greasy spoon diners while they were on the road, and those choices suited Laurie just fine. She didn’t need any more lunch after her massive win at the hot dog eating contest this morning and a sensible girl would have avoided food in anticipation of the second contest this afternoon. But Laurie was not a sensible girl. She was an absolute piggish glutton, devoted to filling her belly at every opportunity. She was helplessly, hopelessly addicted to eating and to the near orgasmic feeling of a full, full, FULL belly. She wanted to live her life constantly on the very brink of exploding, keeping herself so obscenely full that even breathing should be dangerous. So, of course, she insisted that they pull through a drive through for lunch and of course she insisted that they order two number nines, one number nine (large), one number six (with extra dip), one number seven, one number 45, one number 45 (with cheese) AND a large soda and OF COURSE Laurie would gobble it all down until she was convinced that the seams in her over tight dress were splitting.

She was almost – not quite, but almost – regretting that decision as they arrived at their next destination. Her tummy was aching with exquisite fullness and every time that the trailer hit a bump n the road it jostled up the carbonation inside her gut, making her feel like an inflating hot air balloon. She wondered if she looked any bigger to Frank and Abida when they opened up the trailer, if she really was so bloated with fizz that she looked even fatter and rounder than this morning. Shit, she was getting all hot and bothered thinking about that… Now was not the time. Now was the time to concentrate on this next contest and….

Wait a second.

Something was wrong here.

“What the fuck,” said Laurie. She could tell by their expressions that Frank and Abida realized it too.

Usually eating contests drew a certain kind of crowd – fleshy pear-shaped women, thick dude with big guts, people who obviously liked to eat. But the people milling about the parking lot of this hotel (“It’s the right address,” insisted Frank, “I checked twice!”) looked markedly different. They looked… buff! These people were muscular with broad chests and sturdy, solid arms. A shapeless blob of lard like Laurie, tearing out of her shift dress, looked totally out of place!

“C’mon,” said Frank, “Let’s see what’s going on here.”

The answer became apparent as soon as they passed through the sliding glass doors into the lobby. A large banner hung displayed over the concierge desk read: “Welcome 15th Annual Ms. Heftyweight Weight-Lifting Competitors!”

“Weight LIFTING?!” snarled Laurie. “You dumbasses can’t even read, what a surprise indeed! I can’t believe you signed me up for a weight lifting contest? Did you misread the flier?”

“Er… I could have sworn it said weight gaining…” mumbled Abida. “I mean with a name like ‘Ms. Heftyweight,’ I think that’s an honest mistake…”

“Ugh!” Laurie rolled her eyes. “Whatever! This is what happens when I leave you in charge!” Sputtering in fury, Laurie shoved her scooter into reverse and started to back out of the doorway, nearly running over a pair of entering body builders.

“Now now,” said Frank, “This might not be a total waste. After all, we’ve already paid the entry fee, so, technically, that means they have to let you compete.”

“So!?” snapped Laurie. “How am I supposed to compete with all these amazons?” She raised her blubbery arms for emphasis, wiggling her sausage fingers. It was true. Laurie was so fat and out of shape these days that she could barely lift her own arms for more than a few seconds, let alone any actual weights!

“Just wait, I got an idea…”

In one corner of the lobby stood a folding table with a paper sign that said “sign ups.” A bored muscle man in a tank top sat behind it, holding a clipboard.

Frank sauntered over. “Hey, we’re here for the Ms. Heftyweight competition.”

“Sure,” said the muscle man. “What’s the entrant’s name?”

“Laurie Belmontes.”

The man scanned the list until his eyes fell upon the right name. His eyes widened and then he chuckled. “Alright, dude, she’s on the list, but looks like there’s a mistake with her weight class. This says she’s 700 pounds. What’s her actual weight?”

“That’s right. 700 pounds.”

“Haha, yeah right, dude. C’mon, stop joking around, I’m a busy man.”

“I’m not joking. See for yourself!” Frank gestured across the room. The muscle man craned his neck and nearly dropped his clipboard when he caught sight of Laurie, her enormous bulk perched ridiculously upon her overwhelmed scooter.

“Holy shit! I mean…” The muscle man struggled to regain his composure. “Uh… okay…. Well… dude, here’s the thing, though. If she’s 700 pounds, she’s gonna be the only person in her weight class.”

“And?”

“And? That means she’s gonna win by default.”

“Oh, really? Well, that’s interesting.”

The muscle man scowled, obviously not happy that Laurie was gaming the system so easily. But what could he do? He pushed the clipboard toward Frank. “Fine, dude. Sign your pet blimp in and we’ll get her set up for her… competition.”

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Laurie rolled her eyes as yet another group of weight lifters stepped down from the stage. How many rounds was this? Gawd, she was SO bored! And not just bored… she was getting hungry! Her enormous belly grumbled loudly, so loudly that several heads turned to look at her.

“What’re you staring at?” snapped Laurie, glaring with such fury that everyone immediately turned away. Laurie snarled under her breath and her gut gurgled even louder. Ughhhh, she was starting to ACTUALLY get hungry! It was rare for Laurie to get hungry for real – She ate almost constantly, so she might occasionally feel a dip in satiety if she waited a little while before snacks – but this was a growing genuine hunger in the pit of her huge stomach. She moved her pudgy hands to her front, rubbing what she could reach of her vast bulging belly in a futile bid to soothe its incessant rumbling. She hoped this whole thing wouldn’t last much longer!

There was nothing here for her… No one in this crowd gave a rat’s ass about her and, though people couldn’t help but stare at her for being so immensely fat, none of the stares betrayed anything but shock and disgust. And, sure, she LIKED that. She liked ANY attention and even negative responses to her vast obesity still got her excited… but she was annoyed that all these dorks wanted to watch a bunch of stupid muscle-heads lifting weights. Who cared about that? If a contest didn’t involve eating, it was stupid!

“And next up, we’ve got the… extreme… heavy weight division… so let’s welcome to the stage…Laurie Belmontes and… oh, I guess that’s it.”

“Laurie! That’s you! You’re up!”

“What? Oh right.” Laurie shoved a fleshy palm against the scooter’s joystick and the overburdened vehicle squealed forward, straining to climb the ramp onto the stage. Whispers of shock broke out in the audience. Everyone had assumed that this gigantic hog was just here as a spectator, but…. She was a contestant? How could she possibly hope to compete?

On stage, Laurie pulled her scooter up next to the gawping MC.

“What do I have to do?” she said, her chin quivering with her words.

“Oh… uh… well… you’ve got to lift more weight than anyone in your category,” said the MC. He motioned to a pair of barbells on the floor. “We usually start with 15 pound weights.”

“Take the weights off,” said Laurie.

“What?”

“You heard me. Take the weights off. I’m the only one in this category, so you’re lucky that I’m even bothering to lift anything at all. Technically, I’ve already won! Come on, snap to it!”

Frank and Abida could barely contain their laughter as the MC scrambled to unscrew the weights from the bar. Grunting, Laurie lowered herself from her scooter, her entire rotund body bouncing slightly as her padded feet hit the floor. She wobbled forward two steps, swinging her fat-swaddled arms to maintain her balance – the sheer size of her absurdly corpulent body threatened to overwhelm her—and squatted down, blubber-insulated joints creaking loudly, to snatch the empty bar off the ground. With a mighty heave, Laurie lifted the empty bar up, up, up, rounding the curve of her spectacular bosom and hoisting it over her head. She held it for a few seconds before her arms started to give, then she dropped it to the ground with a loud clatter.

“There,” she muttered, her billowing bustline heaving with her rapid breathing. Even this small amount of effort was way too much for the pampered porky princess! “I’ve…picked up your… stupid dumb bells… Now give me my… prize…”

“Er..I…”

“I said gimmie!” shouted Laurie as she dropped her wide ass back onto her scooter. In the crowd below, Frank and Abida started up a cheer. Pretty soon it spread through the audience as even the most reluctant viewer started to get swept away in the excitement of the moment.

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“Damn, I can’t believe that actually worked!” said Abida, counting the prize money as the trio exited the hotel. “That was some quick thinking, Frank!”

“Yeah, you do good sometimes, Frank,” agreed Laurie, “But there’s just one problem. There wasn’t any food here, so now I’m starved. You two better have some plan to rectify that.”

“What? Didn’t you get enough to eat this morning?”

Laurie grinned wickedly. “I never get enough to eat. You should know that by now, sweetie.”

All at once, Laurie lurched forward as a sudden BANG! ripped through the air. After months of abuse, the scooter had finally given up. Squeezed too hard under Laurie’s astronomical weight, the front tire blew out dramatically and the whole vehicle tilted wildly. Laurie shrieked, waving her pillowy arms desperately as she began to lilt like a might sequoia being felled. Frank and Abida leapt to her aid.

“Shit! Ughhhh!” Frank groaned as Laurie’s full weight hefted against his shoulders. Abida grabbed her arms and tried to hoist her up, but the slender Indian girl was too weak to lift Laurie’s immense weight. They really should have been planning for something like this to happen for a long, long time! Laurie had surpassed her scooter’s recommended weight limit at least 100 pounds ago, yet she never bothered to make the necessary upgrades even as she found it harder and harder every day to fit her colossal rear end on the scooter’s seat and she felt the wheels grate and strain more and more under her ballooning bulk. This had been a long time coming!

“Don’t drop me!” snapped Laurie. She was so round that any spectator might have expected that hitting the ground wouldn’t hurt much with all that padding – if anything, Laurie looked like she might just bounce like a basketball!

“Hup! Hold on there!” said a strange voice and firm hand grabbed Laurie by the scruff and yanked her back up, righting her on the seat of her now useless scooter. Another hand wrapped around Laurie’s side, sinking deep into her soft flesh to steady her.

“Thanks,” said Frank, wiping his brow. “That was a close one! We really owe you… uh…”

“The name’s Tina,” said the stranger. She was a young dark-skinned woman, probably only in her late 20s by the looks of her, though her sporty ponytail and muscular build gave her an air of maturity. She wore a tank top and boxer’s short, with ace bandages wrapped around her hands. She was clearly here for the competition; you didn’t even need to look at her rock-hard six-pack or the muscles bulging on her arms to know that.

“Thanks,” said Frank. “I’m Frank and this is Abida. And our champion here is Laurie.”

“You almost took a real spill there, girl! You gotta be careful,” said Tina.

“I’m fine,” said Laurie hotly. “I’m sure my entourage here had everything under control.”

“So you’re the 700 pound division champion, huh?” continued Tina, not bothering to acknowledge Laurie’s curt answer. “That took a lot of gumption to go up and just dominate like that! Pretty wild. I’ve never seen anything like that and I’ve been doing these contests for years. Wow! Just look at the size of ya!”

Laurie blinked in surprise as Tina crouched down to get eye-to-eye with her enormous belly where it sagged between her legs. “Jeeeez, you’ve got to be the biggest girl I’ve seen… ever! Look at the absolute size of this monster gut!” She reached out and experimentally hefted Laurie’s belly, lifting her paunch a few inches and then letting it drop so that she could watch it bounce in response.

“Shit, you did this on purpose, didn’t you? No way did you grow this big on accident.”

“I..I..” Laurie raised an eyebrow. This was intriguing. The rest of the crowd at this body-building event didn’t seem to appreciate her, but THIS GIRL sure did.

“It’s no accident,” said Abida, draping her arms around Laurie’s thick, puffy neck and shoulders. “It was hard work and A LOT of eating, isn’t that right, baby?”

Tina seemed to pick up on what was happening. “You all did this? Goddamn. That rules. You…uh… you got a website? You must have a website.”

Abida and Frank exchanged glances. “Yeah, it’s [www.bigbustybabelaurie.com](http://www.bigbustybabelaurie.com).”

“I knew it!” squealed Tina. “I knew when I looked at you, I knew you had to be a BBW model! You had to be with that incredible body! Gawd, you’re just so huge… You’re busting out all over! You look ready to pop!”

“And you’re seeing her when she hasn’t eaten since lunch,” said Abida, planting a kiss on Laurie’s plump cheek. “Our fat little piggy here just looooves to eat and when you let her go to town…. Oh, she just doesn’t know when to stop! She’ll just eat and eat and eat until she’s ready to explode and then she’ll eat some more. Isn’t that right, you greedy guts?”

“Stahhhp,” huffed Laurie. Goddamn, Abida was getting her all hot and bothered… but there were people here! Ooooff. Abida knew exactly what she was doing, too, she just loved to watch Laurie squirm.

“Oh man, I’d love to see that,” said Tina, biting her lip. “When you compete in strength training, you have to really watch your diet, you know? I never get to indulge like that, but, boy, I’d sure like to watch that….”

“Would you?” said Frank thoughtfully. “Well, Tina, we were just about to head out to dinner before Laurie’s accident here. But if you’d like to join us, we could sure use an extra hand to load Laurie back in her trailer.”

“Sure, that’s no trouble at all!” said Tina eagerly as she flexed her arms for emphasis. Her thick ropey muscles bulged. “I’ve lifted heavier! This’ll be no problem!”

Laurie frowned. “Oh, really? Well, hun, I wouldn’t be too sure of that. But I think it’ll be cute to see you try.”

Leaning on the handrest, Laurie pushed herself out of her seat and stumbled to her feet. Imediately, her colossal watermelon-sized breasts and massive belly pulled her forward and she started to falter but she held out her arms in a T-pose to steady herself. With her arms splayed out to her sides like that, she looked more than ever like an over-inflated balloon woman! Her sundress clung snugly to her folds and bulges, her belly so massive that it hung below the hem of a dress that now was more adequately described as a shirt. Luckily, Laurie’s sagging paunch blocked the view of her gargantuan panties and preserved her deceny.

“C’mon, get to it!” demanded Laurie, “I hope you don’t think that I’ll be walking all the way to the trailer!”

It was less than 50 feet, but Laurie was so far gone into monumental obesity that she refused to tire herself out like that. Tina was impressed. She was fascinated by this massive hog of a woman… Spending so much time on the weight lifting circuit, she saw lots and lots of buff, ripped, muscular bodies… but nothing like this! This exquisite softness, cultivated through easy living and hedonistic indulgence rather than through hard work and denial, was intoxicating to her. She couldn’t stop staring! This girl was so enormously fat that she barely even looked human – from a distance, you might have mistaken her for a Volkswagon! – and it looked like her friends were transporting her around in a livestock trailer because she had grown too damn fat to even fit in a car! This was absolutely incredible!

“Alright, princess, let’s get you to your trailer!” said Tina, heaving a shoulder against Laurie’s broad badonk. She felt a strange giddiness come over her as she felt her rock-hard biceps sink into Laurie’s butter soft blubber. Tina grunted with the exertion, her entire body aching with tension, as she struggled to lift this massive whale. Sweat poured off of her forehead and dampened the front of her shirt. Goddamn!! This girl was heavy! Maybe Tina had overestimated her strength… or underestimated Laurie’s weight! Because she was having way more trouble than she had anticipated. “C’mon… c’mon… I know I got this…”

“Having trouble, Hercules?” said Laurie smugly. “I can’t say I’m surprised! The very idea that ANYONE could move this precious load. You DO realize I’m 700 pounds, don’t you, sweetie?”

“700 pounds!? Shit…” Tina was worried now. If she wasn’t careful, she was going throw out her back or give herself a hernia or worse…! This was way too much weight for one person to lift, no matter how fit they were!

“Hold on, let’s give her a hand,” said Frank. He knelt down to wrap his arms around Laurie’s bulk and Abida followed suit. With the three of them working in unison, they managed to buy Laurie slightly off the ground.

“Okay… on three, let’s move for the trailer…” said Frank between gritted teeth. “One… two… three…”

The three of them crab-walked in unison to carry their heavyweight cargo across the parking lot, sweating and straining and swearing the whole way. Though Laurie was doing most of the swearing.

By the time that they dumped Laurie into her trailer, they were all spent. Abida barely had the strength to go back to retrieve the broken scooter and wheel it across the lot after them!

“Thanks for the help, Tina,” said Laurie. “I guess you did prove useful after all. Lord knows, these two weaklings wouldn’t have been able to handle all this lard without you!”

“T-thanks,” said Tina. She felt suddenly weak in the knees to hear that praise. What was wrong with her? Why was she so smitten with this hefty hoggette?

“There isn’t room for you back here, what a pity,” said Laurie loftily. Indeed, she was so wide that she nearly filled the trailer from side to side. “But I’m sure Abida and Frank wouldn’t mind you riding up from with them, if you care to join us for dinner. I know I’m certainly peckish.”

“Yes, yes!” At this moment, Tina couldn’t think of anything she’d want to see more than Laurie eating. She knew it must be a sight to behold!

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,

Mollycoddles