Rubber Maid  
By Mollycoddles

“Welcome to the Adult Emporium, how can I help you?”

Monica’s words trailed off in surprise. Monica was usually on autopilot when she greeted customers, but her eyes bulged from her head as a girl the size of a hippopotamus squeezed her bulk through the doorway. As a cashier at an adult store, she saw all kinds of customers – couples looking to spice up their sex lives, curious teens who just wanted to giggle at the merch, weird old perverts… but this was a new one!

Monica looked this plump young woman up and down. Well, plump hardly described her. She was huge! Jen Sarovy was a massive pear-shaped porker, carrying over 500 pounds of wobbling blubber on her young frame.

“Like, hi!!!” gushed the girl.

“Are you old enough to be here?” asked Monica, raising an eyebrow. The girl’s sheer size made it hard to guess her age, but she looked young.

“Oh yeah! Like, see?” The girl rummaged through her purse and pulled out an ID card, flashing it in Monica’s face. “Like, I’m totally old enough! I’m, like, super mature.”

“Hmm.” Monica scanned the ID card and pushed it back toward the girl. “Okay, feel free to look around. The Adult Emporium has a full selection of adult merchandise, anything you need to spice it up. My name’s Monica, just let me know if you need any help.”

“Like, thanks! My name’s Jen.”

Monica nodded. She didn’t really need to know the girl’s name, but this chubby chicklette seemed like a real bubble head. Monica watched as she wobbled her way between the aisles of porno DVDs, her colossal rump swaying back and forth so wildly with every waddling step that Monica half expected that she would knock merchandise off of the shelves if she wasn’t careful. Gawd, she was huge! Monica wondered how a girl could possibly eat enough to grow that vast. She was way more than a bubble-head… she was a bubble-butt too! It was a slow day, and Monica was alone in the store so she didn’t have to worry that anyone would catch her staring at that ass.

Well, other than the sub. But she didn’t count.

The centerpiece of the store, amongst all the racks of fetish nurse and cop costumes and all the shelves of dildoes and vibrators, was a queening chair. It was a veritable throne with a hole cut into the seat. The sub – Monica knew her name, but she preferred to only ever be referred to as the sub – was leased and bound underneath the chair, her face sticking through the hole… ready for eager dommy customers to sit on her! She whimpered and mumbled, but otherwise she was silent… She wouldn’t ever talk while she was in sub-space! She spent so much time in here that Monica sometimes wondered whether she wasn’t paid by the store owner… or whether she was just THAT dedicated to helping customers figure out how much they liked domming.

Monica struggled to tear her eyes away from that prodigious posterior. How could she help herself? Monica had always known that she liked girls and that what she liked about girls was their curves… but this was ridiculous! She had never seen a girl so incredibly wide. She found her mind wandering to kinky place – oh, what she would do if she could get her hands around those big squishy butt cheeks! Oh, what she would do if she could just snake her tongue down that deep dark ass crack! Monica snapped back to reality, shaking her head to clear her thoughts. Focus! She couldn’t just perv out over customers! She had a job to do! Besides… this girl was probably here to shop for something to wear for her boyfriend, almost every girl that came in by herself was always looking for something to impress a no-account boyfriend!

The tubby teen stared in uncomprehending confusion at the wide selection of sex toys and kinky outfits, her brow knitted, a pained expression on her dopey round face. She pushed a strand of brunette hair out of her eyes and behind her ear as she turned to Monica for help.

“Like, there’s SO much stuff here! I totally don’t know what to get! So, like, my friend Laurie recommended you guys. Um, she said that she gets all sorts of sexy stuff to wear for her boyfriend. And her girlfriend. Like, I guess I want something like that! Like, my boyfriend? Craig? He is totally a booty lover, right? So, like, I totally need to get something that shows off my booty, right?”

Monica nodded. She struggled to keep herself from literally drooling, but it was SO hard when this fat little minx kept drawing attention to her outrageously ample, deliciously supple tushie! Monica cursed her bad luck that this girl already had a boyfriend. Whatever! It wasn’t like she would have had a shot anyway… in any case, she needed to keep her mind on her work!

Of course, as soon as this bimbo started talking, the words just spilled right out of her! This girl was lucky that her boyfriend was apparently a booty lover, because this girl had A LOT to love! Her ass stuck out behind her like a shelf, with enough surface space that a guy could rest a proverbial beer on the table of her buttocks… they were two enormous quivering orbs of fat, pushing the girl’s fraying stretch pants to the very limits. Monica could see those titanic cheeks flex and clench with every plodding step that Jen took. The stitching in her seat was already coming lose under the onslaught of those magnificent cheeks, so that Monica could see the barest glimpse of Jen’s mega-sized XXX green-and-white striped panties through a burgeoning tear.

“Like, what do you think of this?” Jen pulled a plastic-wrapped French maid outfit off the shelf and held it up. “I bet I’d look SUPER cute in this! And, like, look how short the skirt is! I bet Craig would go crazy to see me in this!”

“It’s nice… but I don’t know that we carry it in your size.”

Jen’s face fell so rapidly that Monica couldn’t help but feel bad. But the truth was that there simply was no way that a tub like Jen could cram her wide load ass into that outfit without completely blowing it to shreds! There was no way that this girl was going to fit into anything they had in stock! They didn’t have anything designed for a girl built like this!

Or did they…?

“How do you feel about rubber?” asked Monica.

“Oooo!” squealed Jen, clapping her pudgy little hands in delight. “Rubber! Like, that sounds SO kinky!”

“Many of our customers report that a rubber outfit really shows off their curves perfectly,” said Monica. It also stretches, thought Monica to herself. A rubber catsuit was probably going to be the only item in the whole store capable of stretching enough to accommodate that monster dump truck ass!

Monica pulled a rubber catsuit off the rack and held it up for Jen to inspect. Jen cooed to herlsef, rubbing the slick shiny material between her thumb and forefinger.

“This looks totally hot!” said Jen. “I bet Craig is totally gonna lose his mind when he sees me in this! Like, should I take my clothes off?”

“Um. Yeah. Most people prefer not to wear their catsuit over their clothes.”

“Okay!” To Monica’s surprise, Jen immediately started to strip. Most people preferred the privacy of the changing room, but this girl was too ditzy to feel shame! Luckily, there was no one else in the store besides the two of them… well, other than the sub in the queening chair but she hardly counted! She was more like furniture. In fact, that was the way that she liked people to think of her.

Jen wriggled her stretch pants down her thighs, her voluminous ass mushrooming over the top as it expanded to its full size. Her panties, already torn and splitting at the seams, came down next and then she pulled her baby doll T up and over her head. She grunted as she fumbled with her bra clasp. She was too porky to get her stubby little fingers around the buckle, so Monica finally stepped forward to lend a hand. The merest touch and the brassiere popped open, nearly flinging across the room with its release as Jen’s breasts flopped free against her sternum.

Naked, Jen looked even bigger. Without the minimal restraint of her stretch pants and baby doll T-shirt, Jen’s body billowed even more. Her tender skin was tanned to a light bronze, indicating that nudity wasn’t unusual for her. She wobbled toward Monica without a shred of embarrassment, her butt jiggling so wildly that Monica was honestly surprised her cheeks didn’t clap with her movement. Monica felt herself getting wet as she stared at this magnificent body, so round and firm and resplendent that she looked like a full moon or a fertility goddess in full bloom.

“So before you put on the suit, we need to get you powdered.” Monica held up a bottle of talcum powder. Jen stared in confusion.

“Like, what’s that for?”

“It keeps the rubber from sticking to your skin. But with a little powder, it’ll slip right on and off! Trust me, you’ll love it.”

“Okay! Like, let’s do it!”

“Let’s get you powdered up,” said Monica. She unscrewed the stopper on the talcum powder and started sprinkling it all over Jen’s body. Within minutes, the bloated blimpette was completely covered, head to toe, in a heavy dusting of white baby powder

Jen giggled. “Like, I look like a snowman!” She shifted on her feet, scratching at her bottom.

“Hmm.” Considering the usual shape of snowmen, Monica had to agree.

“Um… like, it’s between my cheeks too? Is that okay? Like, that’s not a problem, right?”

“No, Jen, that’s fine. Now hold still and let me help you get this on!”

Monica held out the catsuit for Jen to step into it. Giggling, the bloated brunette bimbo stepped into the suit with surprising daintiness for her size. Monica started to tug it up Jen’s calves and then legs. It wasn’t easy! Jen grabbed the hem from her as she neared Jen’s waist and attempted to yank it up herself.

“Ughhh, it’s, like, soooo tight! I dunno if I can do it!” whined Jen. She wiggled her bottom, desperately struggling to stretch the shiny rubber fabric over her enormously ample caboose. After a few minutes of pulling and tugging, the suit suddenly popped over her ass with an almost audible fwoomp!! Jen beamed. “Yay! I did it!”

The next step was getting the rest of her packed in. Jen struggled to push her arms through the sleeves and pull the suit over her shoulders. Every step was an eternity and Monica was mesmerized by the subtle bounce and sway of those bodacious curves! But nothing compared to that ass… whenever Jen moved, her rear shimmied and sparkled in the light, reflecting like a big black orb. The rubber helped to shape Jen’s already preternaturally round bottom into two flawless spheres, smooth and slippery.

Finally, the suit was on! Jen was completely encased in rubber, from her toes to her neck… only her head was visible! Well, almost encased… The zipper down the front of the cat suit was still down, all the way at the bottom, between Jen’s tree trunk legs, so her whole front – boobs and belly – poured out of the gap.

“Like, I can’t reach the zipper! I need some help!”

Jen hadn’t even tried. She was fat enough to instinctively know her limits, and she knew that her arms were too short and stubby and her belly too big and bloated for her to bend over to reach her own zipper. Back home, she relied on her boyfriend to help her with more and more mundane tasks as she grew ever fatter, so Jen wasn’t at all embarrassed to ask for Monica to take charge of her zip.

“Er, okay.” Monica blushed slightly as she reached between Jen’s legs to grab the zipper toggle. She did her best to avoid brushing the fat girl’s plump pussy. That was maddening! It was right there, so ripe and tender and inviting that Monica couldn’t help but salivate at the sight. But no! She had to stay professional! She tugged at the zipper, hoping against hope that the zip wouldn’t snag in Jen’s pubic hair. Miraculously, the zipper moved! It slid up and over the porky princess’s pudgy pussy. As it moved up, Monica had to admire the view. The tight shiny rubber conformed to Jen’s body, perfectly showing off the chubby mounds of her labia and the slight depression of her camel tour – the zipper nestled into the crevice of her pussy so perfectly!

But getting the zipper any higher was hard work! Jen’s fat tummy blocked the way, the toggle bumping against the overhang of her gut whenever Monica tried to raise it higher.

“Hold on! We’ll get you zipped up!”

“It’s too tight! Like, I’m gonna bust it! Oh Gawddddd…”

“No, you won’t. Just help me out… suck in a little and we’ll get you zipped, I promise!”

Jen wailed, but she did as she was told. She sucked in her breath and pulled in her belly. It wasn’t much, but it was enough. Grunting with the effort, Monica tugged the zipper toggle over the arc of Jen’s gut, higher, higher, in one smooth long pull, until it hit the underside of her boobs. Unfortunately, Jen couldn’t suck in her boobs.

“Um, like I dunno if it’s gonna work,” said Jen. She frowned at herself in the mirror. Then her face broke into a smile. “Though, I dunno? Maybe it kinda works? Like, I don’t like so bad wit my titties hanging out like that? I mean, I think maybe it kinda looks good? I bet Craig wouldn’t complain.”

Jen sighed, releasing her belly. Big mistake. The zipper immediately slipped down, tearing all the way back to her crotch and between her legs, allowing her fat tummy to bulge out free. Monica watched every second of its descent with rapt attention, her breath catching in her throat as Jen’s deep dark navel came back into view and nearly fainting dead away when the curls of her chestnut brown pubic hair popping over the edge.

“Ahhh, poop!” said Jen crossly, stamping her chubby foot in such frustration that her whole body jiggled. “Like, we almost had it too! Like, I think I might just be too fat for this!”

“Don’t give up yet! I said we’d get you into this and I meant it!” Monica gulped. She didn’t want to say it out loud, but goddamn… she REALLY wanted to see what Jen looked like when she was fully suited up! She just knew that this bottom-heavy bimbo would be an absolute rotund rubber goddess!

“Suck it in! Suck it in as hard as you can!” Jen sucked in as she was told. Monica grabbed the tab, so determined to see this through that she didn’t have the presence of mind to feel shy about her hand brushing against Jen’s pubic hair, and yanked. She had to build up enough momentum to get the zipper up and over both Jen’s belly and breasts, so she put all she had into it! The zipper flew up, up, up… and miraculously, it went over her chest all the way to touch Jen’s neck!

“It worked! It worked!” said Monica, amazed at her own success.

“Like, it really did! That’s totally cool!” gushed Jen. She slowly released her gut, the rubber creaking but the zipper miraculously holding. She turned around slowly, like a planet rotating, the rubber catsuit creaking and squeaking the entire time. It was making so much noise that Monica was afraid that it might indeed burst apart at the seams! She knew rubber was stretchy but she’d never had to stretch it THIS much before! Jen was so round and plump that she looked like a big shiny black balloon in her rubber outfit – and her butt looked like two big shiny rubber balloons jiggling around behind her!

“Like, what do you think? How do I look?”

“You look great! Whoops, one sec, let me adjust you a little…” Monica reached forward and pressed her hands against Jen’s bottom, one hand on each cheek, reveling in the slick slippery feel of the rubber, the warmth and softness of the flesh beneath. Mmmm… Jen was oblivious to the fact that Monica was totally feeling her up, too busy admiring her own reflection to ponder that Monica’s attention was no longer strictly professional.

“Pretty sexy, huh? Like, I bet Craig is gonna, like, get SUCH a boner when he sees me in this!” Jen shook her rump playfully, giggling as the rubber responded with high-pitched squeaks. “You were totally right! This makes my booty look absolutely amazing! Like, I think it might actually make it look even bigger? What do you think?”

Monica didn’t think it was possible for that ass to look even bigger, but she nodded.

“Like, what’s that?” asked Jen suddenly, pointing at the queening chair.

“That’s a queening chair.”

“Like, that sounds perfect to me!” said Jen brightly. “Like, my friend Laurie is always going on about how she deserves the queen’s treatment… but, like, I think I deserve a little bit too? Besides, I’ve been on my feet all morning and, like, I am soooo beat!”

Before Monica could stop her, Jen dumped her fat ass into the chair… right on top of the sub’s face.

The sub’s eyes went wide for a split second before her entire world went dark. She saw Jen’s ass looming above her, two planet-sized orbs of fat hovering over her face and eclipsing all light. Her ears were greeted with a cacophony of squeaks and creaks and she had only a moment to wonder if that rubber was about to split. If Jen split her seat, the sub’s face would be positioned right under the rip, smushed into the bare flesh of her booty and squished deep into her ass crack. What a vision! The sub could almost see it now and the idea of worming her tongue through that tear and deep into Jen’s puckered asshole… that was the sort of thing that a sub lived for! But it didn’t happen. The rubber held. Uh oh! If that rubber held, then the sub wasn’t going to be able to breathe once Jen was on top of her. Maybe she intended to say something to warn Jen, but she didn’t have a chance. The fat girl slammed her butt down hard… so hard that Monica gasped for fear that Jen might have actually broken the sub’s neck with that impact!

“Jen! Careful! Not so rough! That’s a delicate item!”

Jen looked at her in confusion. “Like, what’s the problem?” Then she frowned. “Gawd! Like, this chair isn’t, like, even comfortable! It feels like there’s something wedged in my butt!” She squirmed in her seat, obliviously grinding the sub’s face deeper between her rubber-clad ass cheeks. Jen’s bottom was so wide that it spilled over the sides of the chair, the armrests pressing deep into her well-padded hips. Her butt overflowed the back of the chair, plopping out through the opening at the bottom of the back rest.

The sub flailed and squirmed under the chair, but she was so tightly bound, her arms tied to her sides, that she couldn’t escape. She desperately wanted to beat her hands against the underside of the chair or tear herself out of her harness, but she was stuck. If she was trying to break her vow of silence, her words were muffled by the buttery blubber of Jen’s bloated backside. The poor woman was mute and blind now, unable to see anything but a darkness of overstretched black rubber. Her entire world was rubber, pressing in on her face with the crushing force of 500 plus pounds of fat girl lard. It was only because of the preternatural softness of Jen’s flesh that she wasn’t completely squashed into jelly!

“There’s a person there!”

“Like, what? What are you talking about? Why would there… whaaaa??!?” Jen yelped as she looked down and noticed, for the first time, the prone body of the sub sticking out from under the chair. “There’s, like, a person down there! Like, why didn’t you say so?”

“It’s a queening chair!” Monica tried to collect her thoughts, realizing that Jen had no idea what that term meant. “It’s for BDSM play! You get your sub to stick their face through the hole in the chair and the dom sits on it…”

“Like, why would they do that!?” Jen struggled to rise from her seat, but she was too fat! Her hips were firmly wedged between the armrests and she was stuck fast!

Monica blinked. Was Jen really such a dimbulb that she couldn’t figure out what the chair was for? “It’s so they can eat you out,” said Monica.

“What?! Oh….” Jen nodded sagely. Of course that’s what it was for! But it wasn’t like this sub could do ANYTHING when Jen was smothered her with her rubber-covered butt. The sub couldn’t probe her tongue into ANYTHING with that thick layer of rubber in the way! Worse, the rubber formed a seal around their face, snuggly ensconced between Jen’s bulging buns. She was going to suffocate if they didn’t get Jen off of her face and fast!

“Quick! Stand up!”

“I can’t! I’m, like, stuck!” Jen waved her thick arms futilely and kicked her legs. She was helplessly stuck, her tushie cruelly trapped! She wriggled and writhed, twisting her corpulent torso so severely that Monica was afraid she was going to pop her catsuit wide open like a bratwurst popping on a grill. It was a miracle that the overstretched material had managed to hold on this long!

Monica grabbed hold of Jen’s arms and pulled with all her might. Jen yelped.

“Ow! Ow! That’s, like, not working! I’m totally stuck! You’re, like, just gonna pull my arms outta their sockets! You’ve got to try something else!”

Monica screwed up her face in thought. Then it hit her. “Of course! Lube! We’ve got lube! I’ll just put some on your hips and you should be able to wiggle free!”

“OMG, that’s a great idea! Let’s do it!”

Monica grabbed a pump bottle of gel and squirted lube all over Jen’s hips. Then she stood back, heart in her mouth, hoping it would reduce the friction enough that Jen could pop herself free.

The rubber-bound blimp rocked back and forth in her seat, her catsuit squeaking more than ever, but all she managed to do was to press the sub’s face even deeper into her ass canyon.

“It’s not working!” whined Jen. “OMG, I don’t think she’s, like, gonna last down there? Oh shit, like, what if I kill her? I’m gonna be in soooo much trouble! Like, you’re probably gonna, like, ban me from the shop right?”

Monica was too flustered to listen to Jen’s ditzy ranting. She had to do something before that sub literally did asphyxiate! Of course, the straps and loops holding the sub in place were designed with a release mechanism for just such a situation… it would be simply foolhardy to build such a contraption without one! But Monica was too panicked to remember. Instead a crazy idea hit her. “Wait! I got it! Jen, can you slide back in your seat?”

“Um, yeah? But what good will that do?”

“Don’t argue! Just do it!”

Jen shrugged her shoulders, but she did as she was told. She slid backwards until her the top of her butt slammed into the back rest, the lower quarter of her booty squishing out through hthe backrest opening. The sub’s face emerged from between her cheeks, but she wasn’t free yet. Now the sub was trapped under Jen’s rubber-clad crotch.

“Can you go any further?”

“No! I’m trying! But, like, I can’t!” Jen swiveled her arms and tried to rock herself free, but she was still stuck fast.

“Okay, sub! You know what to do! Use that tongue!”

The sub extended her tongue, pushing into Jen’s rubber pussy with all her might. It was impossible to eat out the fat girl’s pussy with all that rubber in the way, but the sub was desperate. She would try anything! If she worked hard enough, she just might, just might, be able to get a response. She didn’t need much…. Just a little!

“Like, what are you even doing? That is… oh!!” Jen’s spine straightened and she sat up ram-rod straight. “Oh! Oh shit! Like, I can feel that… oh! Oh wow!”

“Keep going! Harder! Deeper! Eat like your life depends on it!”

“Ohhh…” A dreamy expression came over Jen’s face, her mouth going slack and her eyes rolling back in her head. Unconsciously, she started to grind her crotch against the sub’s face – harder and harder.

“No! Don’t do that! She’ll suffocate!” cried Monica.

But Jen was all in a world of her own, completely unconcerned with anything but her own pleasure. She placed her chubby hands firmly on the armrests and barrelled down, her butt spreading even wider as she shoved herself deeper into the chair’s cushioning. The poor sub squeaked, her voice muffled by so many acres of billowing butt blubber. OMG, this was amazing! Even though all that rubber, she could still feel that tongue tickling her clit… it made her think of Craig. Gawd, she wished he was here right now! She wondered idly if Craig would be down for something like this. Hmm, she’d love to strap him into this chair and plop her fat ass on his face and let him just totally eat her out…

“Don’t worry, it’s fine,” muttered Jen dreamily, her mind clearly far away.

Monica was terrified. What was going to happen? The sub was used to being under people’s butts, but… this was different! It wasn’t just that the rubber formed an air-tight seal, it was also that Jen was just so colossally fat! No one could survive an encounter with an ass THAT huge! Monica had horrifying visions of what might happen… could Jen break the sub’s neck with her sheer bulk? Could she choke the sub to death with her monumental derriere? The sub’s only hope was that she could pleasure Jen enough that…

“Oh! Oh! Oh Gawd!!!” cried Jen, perking up suddenly. “Ohhhhhh my gawwwwd!!!”

Monica was shocked that the sub was actually having success in tonguing Jen through all that rubber! Of course, Monica had no way of knowing just how sensitive Jen was… or that Jen had gradually been growing hornier and hornier, until she practically had a hair trigger, as her weight ballooned. That’s what happened when you grew too wide to pleasure yourself enough!

“Oh GAWD!” screamed Jen again and she popped out of the seat like a watermelon seed squeezed between two fingers, tearing the armrests off as she flew. The splintered armrests fell to the floor. Jen leaped to her feet, gasping and panting and nearly stumbling to the ground. Monica had to jump forward to catch her, straining to hold Jen’s massive bulk upright.

The sudden movement also proved too much for the rubber catsuit. With a loud jagged RIIIPPPP, the shiny outfit split right along the zipper from her sternum to her crotch. Soft pink blubber instantly bubbled out through the tear, an exciting contrast to the ebony rubber. But the moment that some flesh popped out, it only put increasing pressure on the suit and the tear started to grow… and grow… and grow… and then… Bang!!! The rubber catsuit burst into shreds. The shock threw Jen off balance and the gargantuan girl tumbled forward, nearly crushing Monica beneath her girth.

“Ooofff!! Careful!” cried Monica, struggling not to collapse. She couldn’t help but get excited, though, as her hands sank into Jen’s bare flesh. The fat girl was completely naked now, wearing nothing but the tattered remains of the rubber suit.

“Um, sorry? Gawd, I guess this booty really was just too much for this suit!” said Jen. She righted herself, turning to see that the seat of her catsuit had also blown open during the fracas. The eternal chasm of her ass crack was on full display, bulging through the spreading tear. “Like, I’m really sorry! I guess, like, I gotta pay for this?”

Then suddenly her face got serious as she remembered the seriousness of the predicament. “Oh no! Like, did I kill your sub? Is she okay?!”

The two women turned to look. The sub was still in position, her eyes crossed, a dopey smile scrawled across her face.

“S’good,” she slurred, finally breaking her vow of silence.

Both Jen and Monica sighed in relief.

That was crazy, thought Monica. Thank God the sub was into this sort of thing! She a little dazed, but none the worse for wear. Honestly, this was probably the experience of a lifetime for her. Monica thought about what it would be like to have Jen sit on her face, to feel all those soft quaking pounds of pillowy pudding drape over your face and completely fill your reality. Hmmm, Gawd, it seemed like bliss!! Monica would have given anything to experience that… She almost envied the sub. I wonder if I can get her to share the chair in the future, thought Monica. I’m sure it’d be okay if I got my face in there once in a while…

Monica had never thought about that before! But then, most of the people who use dthe dom chair just didn’t measure up to Jen. That butt was one in a million!

“Thank Gawd she’s okay!” said Jen. “Like, sometimes I forget the power of this booty, ya know?” She smiled sheepishly as she rubbed her hands over the expanse of her mammoth bum. Then her smile turned decidedly devilish.

“Ya know, I think Craig and I could have a lot of fun with this? Like, I’ll take it! Um, you have another one around, right? Like, I guess I kinda busted this one.”

“We do have more in stock,” said Monica, so relieved that the sub wasn’t dead that she didn’t even care that Jen had literally just destroyed store property.

“Oh, and, like, one more question…”

“Yes?”

“How much is that chair?”

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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