



*Burnett, Texas, 4 September 2005. George W Bush had started his second term as president; Cowboys Stadium had just been opened and the Astros were on their way to their first national championship.*

*And in the Hill household, the family were preparing for a sporting event of even greater importance.*

Grunting with concentration, Debbie Hill shuffled her petite feet to the edge of the narrow kitchen stool. Thighs anchored against the front of the sink, she stretched slowly onto her tiptoes, reaching up to open the high cupboard door.

"Moooom. Come on!"

"Just *ugh* a second sweetie."

Debbie stretched her short legs to their limit as her manicured fingertips delved deeper into the cupboard, silently cursing her husband as she pushed aside boxes of cereal, tins of baked beans, bags of sugar and packets of spaghetti. Dammit Hank; why the hell did he put things away so high?!

"Moooom. C'mon! We'll miss the first race!"

"Just a *minute* Danielle!" Debbie snapped, and immediately regretted it. The struggle to keep her balance on the stool was proving an unwelcome reminder of just how long it had been since her cheerleading days; and her mood wasn't helped by the fact that her dumb ass husband had chosen to use the highest cupboard in the kitchen, even though his wife had been five foot four every single day of the eight years they'd been married.

Yet these were but minor annoyances that paled into nothing when set next to the real cause of the blonde supermilf's rapidly deteriorating temper.

Debbie Hill was hungry.

With a sigh, she poked her head out from the cupboard and gave her small daughter an apologetic smile.

"Look. We'll get there, okay sweetie? I promise," she returned to her tiptoes and resumed rummaging, "Mommy's had a very busy day, with no lunch. Just *grunt* just need a little snack before we go okay? Mommy's *ugh* really starving."

Even before those last words had emerged from her mouth, Debbie had begun to kick herself. But it was too late. She closed her eyes.

"*Starving?*" Danielle's gasp of shock hung in the air for a few moments - before being replaced by the relieved sigh of someone who has just remembered something important.

"No mom," she shook her small head reassuringly, "you're not starving," Danielle continued with the tolerating patience of a kindly doctor dealing with a particularly slow patient. "Mr Donnell, last week he showed us a picture of a starving woman from...uh... from Semolina!" Gaining confidence, the seven-year-old put her hands to her cheeks: "Her face was all thin and her legs were like sticks - she was, like, really skinny," Danielle sucked in her tiny middle to illustrate, "you could see her tummy bones. Your tummy is-"

"Okay Danielle!" Debbie cut in, a little more sharply than she'd meant to. "I haven't...I mean...you shouldn't...It's not..." Debbie poked her head out of the cupboard to see her daughter gazing up at her, pure innocence in her brown eyes.

She sighed.

"Thanks sweetie. You're right. Mommy's not starving. Look, I'll only be a moment, okay?"

Returning her attention the cupboard, Debbie had to smile at her daughter's naivety. Danielle was a really sweet kid.

Regrettably, the same could not be said for her little sister.

Prancing extravagantly into the kitchen, waving a fairy stick in one hand, Savannah Hill squealed in contemptuous disbelief. "That's soooooo *silly* Mooom!" she lilted, blonde curls bouncing as she began to dance around the stool. "The Africanos are a-starving and they have

nooo food. They hav'a-ta eat dung beetles and...and caterpillars!" Savannah screwed up her nose at the thought, then stopped beside her mother and lifted a small hand, splaying out fingers and thumb.

"You had three toasts and FIVE pancakes for breakfast!"

Delighting in her newfound numerical prowess, the cheeky youngster resumed skipping round the stool on which her mother was perched, chanting like an native American squall.

"Five! Five! Five! FIVE!"

"SavanAAAAAAAH!"

Debbie's rebuke morphed into a yelp of fear as Savannah punctuated her final "FIVE" by plunging the fairy stick into her mother's soft, unsuspecting midriff. Toppling backwards, Debbie grabbed desperately for the sideboard as the stool shot out from beneath her feet.

Danielle winced as her mom thudded butt-first onto the stone kitchen floor.

"Ohhhhh!" Groaning, Debbie slowly began to push herself up onto her elbows. A tube of Oreo cookies rolled casually out of the highest reaches of the cupboard, turned over in the air, and landed end-first on her bare bellybutton.

"Ooof!"

The blonde mom collapsed back again, the aerial assault on her now-exposed midriff knocking the wind out of her.

"Uh-ohhhh." Savannah gulped and glanced towards the door. But with her dad upstairs there was little use running. She'd have to brazen it out.

"S-Sorrrrry mom" the naughty girl drew circles in the floor with her foot, pouting sorrowfully and glancing up with puppy-dog eyes in a desperate attempt to appear remorseful, as Danielle helped their now panting and pruce-faced mother struggle to her feet.

Debbie wasn't buying it. As her butt hit the floor her anger levels had gone through the roof, taking her from irritable and hungry to positively fulminating - and still hungry.

Besides, deploying cuteness to dodge punishment had been her own speciality at the same age.

"You *puff* are in -" Debbie paused to catch her breath, wheezing and seething in equal measure as she steadied herself against the sideboard and tugged down her blouse - "You are - *gasp* - in serious *huff* trouble missy!"

In truth little more than Debbie's pride had been bruised - her ample rear end having absorbed the brunt of the fall. But she was through with her younger daughter's bad behaviour. Hank was way too soft on that girl. This time she'd gone too far.

"S-sorry mom," Savannah repeated, sheepishly lowering her eyes. She spotted the pack of Oreos, which had by now rolled to her feet, and, in a moment of inspiration, picked it up and timidly held it out at arm's length towards her mother.

If she'd learnt one thing from watching her dad, it was that a tasty snack was usually the surest way to curb Mama Hill's temper.

Still wheezing heavily Debbie snatched the packet from her wayward daughter and ripped it

apart with hunger and fury, shoving a cookie into her mouth whole.

For a few moments the angry milf munched aggressively, glaring at her daughter but too ravenous and winded to concoct a suitable punishment. Savannah took a timid step backwards, like a villager who had just made an offering to appease an angry volcano goddess and was nervously waiting to see whether she would still erupt.

It was Danielle who came to the rescue.

"Uhh mom? I know you're mad but, if we don't go now we'll miss the first race." She tugged gently on Debbie's blouse. "I gotta see if the new kid's any good. Pleeese can we go?"

Debbie sighed inwardly. Danielle was right. If they didn't leave now, they'd definitely be late for sports day. As much as she wanted to punish Savannah, she really didn't want her daughters to fall out over this (even though a part of her would've loved to see Danielle chase her smaller sibling around the house after that latest stunt).

Besides, Dani lived for sports. Last year she'd won all three events she'd competed in, smashing the school record in the parent-child egg-and-spoon relay. If they got there late, she'd be devastated.

Slipping her feet into a pair of flats and another cookie into her mouth, Debbie couldn't resist a private smirk of pride at the memory. It hadn't hurt that Danielle's co-runner in the final event happened to be a superfit former Dallas Cowboy. Behind her D&G sunglasses Debbie had smugly enjoyed the looks of awe from the spectating men and longing from the women directed at her husband as he took his place at the starting line alongside their own portly partners. Sure, there'd been a couple of parents who looked in decent shape, but for the most part the starting line had been dominated by the protruding middles of dads who'd enjoyed too much home cooking, and the chunky underused legs of young moms whose most intense form of exercise was a midnight raid on the fridge. They hadn't stood a chance of beating Hank, especially after Danielle won her own leg of the race.

Her breathing finally back to normal, Debbie grabbed her keys from the sideboard and wagged a final reproving finger at Savannah.

"Don't think you've gotten away with this missy. You're in a world of trouble. You sit at that table until your dad comes down. And don't even THINK about turning on the TV!"

It was unimaginative, but Debbie saw with satisfaction that it had worked. Savannah took her seat dejectedly. Hank had been way too easy on that girl lately. High time she learned some respect.

Feeling a sense of satisfaction – in part from Savannah's reaction and in part from the sugary cookies - Debbie allowed herself to be dragged out of the kitchen by Danielle.

"Uh, Mom..."

Stopping in the doorway, Debbie swung round to glare at Savannah, as if daring her to speak out of turn.

"Yes?"

"Can..uh..can..." kicking her legs under the table, Savannah looked up imploringly with those deep brown eyes that so resembled mini-versions of her mother's, and fixed an angelically innocent smile on her face.

"Can I have maybe just one cookie?"

Debbie Hill almost exploded with rage. "The HELL?! After that stunt you just pulled?! NO! I mean...I can't *believe* - you can't have candy a half hour before going to the dentist! Candy's why you need to go there in the first place!" Debbie was so furious she could hardly get her words out. But after a pause she blurted the killer line:

"No candy for a week!"

This was simply too much for the spoilt six year old to take. Slumping her shoulders exaggeratedly, Savannah drew in a great breath.

"No FAAAAAAAAAIR!" She screamed at a pitch that threatened to crack windowpanes. "You just want them all for yourSELF!" Her small fist slammed the table with a bang. "You're aaaalways stuffing your face. With cookies, and cupcakes, and pizza, and pancakes...and... and I have to sit here n' starve!"

With that, Savannah folded her arms furiously and kicked the table leg with a small foot.

"SAVANNAH!" Debbie purpled with rage.

"Moom, pleeeeeease!" Danielle interjected. Fearing the situation was getting desperate she tugged on her mom's blouse as Debbie began to remonstrate with Savannah, who responded by shouting insults and banging her fist.

"The HELL is goin' on down here?!"

Hank Hill appeared in the kitchen doorway.

His eyes widened at the scene before him. An upturned stool, packets of rice on the floor, his wife and one daughter screaming the snot out of each other while his other daughter tried to pull her mother towards the door - a mother who was shouting, pointing and purpling so hard that she looked ready to burst a blood vessel...

The six foot four, muscle-bound ex-Dallas Cowboys quarterback turned and scurried back upstairs unnoticed, quietly closing the door to his study and breathing a sigh of relief.

Back downstairs, Savannah's tantrum had finally subsided and Debbie had freed herself from Danielle's grip. Grabbing the packet of Oreos from the counter she slammed the kitchen door shut behind her as hard as possible.

"HANK!" she yelled up the staircase.

Hank popped his head sheepishly out from the study and held up his phone with his hand, covering the mouthpiece.

"Just on a call, sugar."

"*Ugh!*" Debbie was furious, but she couldn't bother her husband with Savannah's misbehaviour now - he might be about to close a big deal.

"Just don't be late for the dentist, okay?" She started off towards the front door, calling back: "And meet the school as fast as possible: egg and spoon race is at four, okay!"

"Sure thing, honey."

"Don't be late!"

Returning to his study, Hank tossed the phone down on his desk and leaned back in his office chair, putting a hand to his forehead.

Boys. Why the hell couldn't they have had boys?

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As Danielle clambered into the front seat of the family SUV, Debbie popped the trunk and tossed her daughter's sports bag into the back. It landed next to her own gym kit.

For a moment, Debbie's rage gave way to a twinge of guilt. With Savannah's insult about "always stuffing her face" echoing in her head, the blonde milf's mind slid back to last Christmas.

Easing back into the sofa after a particularly delicious festive dinner, Debbie had been horrified to see the button fly off her brand new cowgirl jeans, a present from Hank that same day. Luckily no-one else noticed, and Debbie had been able to tug her Christmas jumper down over the gap, but she had thereupon resolved to return to the gym in the new year. That very evening she'd ordered a stylish Nike sports bra with a pink trim and matching lycra training pants with pink stripes. Pumped by the prospect of showing off her new gear, she'd even signed up for a series of one-on-one classes at a local fitness centre, with a view to running a half-marathon six months down the line.

It hadn't quiet worked out... or rather, Debbie hadn't. With the stresses of looking after two kids while holding down a part-time job at the bank, even the glistening biceps of a hunky personal trainer couldn't induce her to keep up her tiring workouts, and after a fifth cancelled session in February, Hank had pulled the plug on her membership.

Debbie's expensive kit had been in the trunk of her car ever since, near enough brand new. She looked guiltily at the bright pink uber-chunky Nike Air trainers she'd bought to match the rest of her outfit. It had taken ages to find those. In fact, she'd spent way longer choosing the perfect gym gear than she'd spent in the gym.

Savannah's words echoed again in her mind. "Aalways stuffing your face."

"Don't be mad mom," said Danielle "I think you're awesome."

"Thanks sweetie."

Next week it starts, thought Debbie, slamming the trunk shut with determination. Just a gentle jog or two to keep the pounds at bay. And no more cookies! Realising the pack of Oreos was still in her hand, she pulled one out and shoved it into her mouth, tossing the rest of the packet into the nearest bush. Then, hauling herself into the driver's seat, she slammed the door and slipped the gear lever into drive. Gunning the gas she spun the tires, heading out onto the street.

In the kitchen, a second packet of Oreos teetered on the edge of the top cupboard, then tumbled to the floor.

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Ignoring the geeky school prefect who was desperately trying to wave her towards the far end of the parking lot, Debbie spun the wheel of her SUV and slid into a narrow spot right

alongside the sports field, the Tahoe's right tires rolling to a stop on the grass. Though she'd arrived at the grounds considerably calmer - helped by the happy discover of a Hershey's bar in the glove compartment - Debbie had absolutely no intention of parking in one of the distant bays. Hank's business had been doing well lately, and the vain supermilf was keen to flaunt (and exaggerate) the new symbols of her wealth in front of the school's more snobbish parents.

Besides, no way was she walking across the entire parking lot.

The car was Debbie's most recent and obvious success symbol. A bright white Chevrolet Tahoe LTZ SUV, clean as a whistle, with massively upsized tyres whose chrome hubcaps gleamed in the Texas sun. It was the ultimate milf mobile, completed by a private plate, "DEB 30", which not only radiated importance but politely understated its owner's age (the fact that Hank had won the plate off an old football buddy with the same initials in poker match two years ago was not a detail the rest of the town needed to know).

Smugly aware that heads were turning towards her, Debbie slipped out of her flats and into her high-heeled Justin cowboy boots, adjusted her D&G sunglasses, and swung open the car door.

And cursed her husband for the second time that afternoon.

In her eagerness to make an entrance, the five-foot-four milf had forgotten just how far it was from the Chevy's seats to the ground.

Debbie gulped. Why the hell had Hank insisted on those giant tires?!

Of course, back in her cheerleading days this would've posed no problem at all. With a flick of her bouncing blonde curls Debbie would've been down in a jiffy, kicking the door shut and sashaying assuredly towards the field. But it had now been over 10 years since the young mom had lifted a pom-pom in earnest; and her once-prized Cowboys cheerleading top had met an untimely demise when, underestimating how much her bust had burgeoned over the past decade, Debbie had tried to force her figure back into it as a treat for Hank's 30th birthday. It still kinda had ended up being a treat for him, just not in the way she'd meant.

Factor in the stresses of having two young daughters, a secure marriage, and a healthy appetite for unhealthy food (Debbie guzzled milkshakes like her new car guzzled gas) and it was fair to say that at 32 the blonde ex-cheerleader was not quite the athlete of her college days.

"Oh gawd," Debbie murmured with a sigh of resignation. It seemed there was nothing for it but to turn and lower herself inelegantly to the ground. With everyone staring at her ass.

"Uh, m-ma'am?"

Debbie groaned again. Great. As if an undignified descent from her car wasn't bad enough, here was that dorky kid to tell her off for parking in the wrong place.

Yet when Debbie turned to face him, she found that, far from reprimanding her, the prefect was holding out a nervous hand.

She considered the offer for a moment. Skinny, nerdy (who else volunteers for extra-curricular parking lot duties) and with flecks of acne splattering his chin, the young man reminded Debbie of so many high-school geeks she'd seduced into doing her homework or buying her candy back in the day. He was certainly a far cry from the jocks and hunks she'd dated.

Still, this was no time to be picky, and it was kinda cute to see a bit of chivalry in this day and age. And so, beaming with all her ultra-white teeth, Debbie daintily accepted the boy's hand.

*Sheesh this kid really needs to hit the protein shakes*, she thought, feeling the prefect's arm tremble as he steadied her descent. But she was down elegantly enough and grateful for the help.

"Thanks sugar," Debbie purred, smugly noting the boy's poorly disguised goggling at her enhanced cleavage as it bounced lightly from her soft landing. With a cheeky wink, she strutted off towards the field, smiling happily to herself.

Yup, still got it!

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"Wooooooh!" jumping out of her seat, Debbie pumped the air as Danielle charged home to her first win of the afternoon.

Old habits died hard, and Debbie had found herself slipping back into cheerleader mode as her daughter sprinted ahead of the competition in the last leg of the 300 metres. Luckily many other parents were similarly enthused.

Draining her glass, the beaming mom stood applauding for a few moments as Danielle accepted her red winner's ribbon from an adjudicating teacher. Then Debbie turned and descended the stairs of the stand - temporarily erected for sports day - and headed towards the school's sports centre building.

It was a sunny day, and in the course of her enthusiastic cheering Debbie had guzzled four or five large glasses of lemonade to keep herself cool. Danielle's next race wasn't for nearly an hour, so it was the perfect time for a bathroom break.

As she strode across the field, she could feel her thighs rub together just slightly and there was the very beginnings of a waddle in her wiggling walk. Debbie felt relieved that her daughter had won the 300. Last year Danielle had dominated all three events she'd competed in, but today a new kid - a skinny-looking Mexican or South American - was in danger of stealing the show. He'd pipped Danni to the post in the 100 metres and Debbie felt particularly proud of her daughter for having the character to come back and win the following event. In doing so, she'd also surely guaranteed being the overall victor: Debbie severely doubted the other kid's dad would be any match for Hank in the egg-and-spoon race.

She grinned smugly as the automatic door for the sports centre slid open. Leniency on wayward daughters and dumb use of cupboards aside, there were plenty of benefits to her hunky husband.

It was rumoured throughout town that the school had blown its budget on a new state-of-the-art sports facility, which figured. In Burnett, Texas school sports way out ranked academics. As Debbie walked into the foyer she whistled in admiration. High ceilings, the school crest emblazoned on the floor, tall glass walls: it certainly lived up to its billing.

There was nobody at the reception desk, so Debbie followed the signs to the bathrooms, down the main corridor, past large sports halls encased in tall glass walls.

"I wonder if they do membership," she mused, remembering her earlier promise to get in shape as she passed a gym with a line of shiny new exercise bikes, treadmills and workout machines. The signs took her round a corner and up a flight of stairs.



As she neared the summit of the staircase, Debbie's nostrils quickly filled with a tantalizing smell.

"Mmmm. The place must have its own canteen up here," she thought to herself. "In fact - ah, that must be where he buffet will be later!"

Debbie's stomach gave a modest grumble, reminding her of her missed lunch. The top-up from those Oreos and Hershey's bar was rapidly wearing off. Running a soothing hand over her middle, she turned left at the top of the stairs and towards the ladies' room.

When Debbie emerged from the bathroom, having touched up her makeup and plumped her hair, the aroma wafting from the canteen seemed to have grown even stronger - and even more pleasant. Pausing at the top of the stairs, she stared wistfully down the corridor.

Last year, the sports centre hadn't existed, and the buffet the school had put on had really sucked. The only thing worth eating had been the pizza, and Debbie had only managed to get two meagre slices, amid the hubbub of pushy, hungry parents.

Another grumble emanated from her stomach, this one slightly longer. She drummed her fingers on the bannister.

All that cheering had really worked up an appetite. Debbie glanced down the stairs, listening to the silence. There didn't seem to be anyone around at all.

Perhaps...Perhaps she should just go and have a teensy glance in the canteen: check there was going to be enough food for later... Yeah.

Turning away from the stairs, her feet started down the corridor.

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As she entered the canteen, Debbie's big brown eyes widened in awe.

Well, that settled one thing. The school hadn't blown its whole budget on the sports centre after all: there had clearly been plenty kept aside for catering! (Food was, after all, most of the town's second priority after sports.) Gleaming servery counters surrounded the edges of a large, modern room, boasting trays and platters brimming with a vast variety of brightly coloured foods - hot and cold, of all origins Debbie could think of: Chinese noodles, Indian curries, Italian spaghetti, Mexican tortillas. There was even a glistening honey-roasted ham and massive joint of beef on a counter in the centre of the room, surrounded by trays of crispy-looking roast potatoes, warming cosily under the heated lights of the counter. Along another wall was a long table covered from edge to edge in delicious-looking desserts: dozens of mini-trifles, a big cheese soufflé, countless cupcakes with strawberries on top, transparent jellos of green, yellow and blue, a vast pan of neatly sliced chocolate brownies, chunky Victoria sponges oozing jam, delightfully cute little cheesecake slices...

Debbie couldn't help it. Her mouth was watering. It all looked so good. No one would notice if she just took a teensy little something now, would they? Just to tide her tummy over. Then she wouldn't have to deal with the squeeze later, and could take a more modest portion in front of the other parents.

And Hank.

A pang of insecurity momentarily overcame Debbie's hunger. Savannah's comments about her eating too much were still raw, and for all her vanity the blonde barbie could hardly deny that

there was some truth in them. With two kids under her belt, she knew she'd accumulated a couple of extra pounds above it too - not to mention a little added padding on the thighs and butt.

Nervously, Debbie ran a soft manicured hand over her middle, gulping a little as her palm curved outwards.

Was...was she getting a little... plump? A sudden thought made the yummy mommy gasp out loud. Was that why Hank had put the cookies away so high up?

Debbie's poochy belly rumbled its objections. She shook her head with resignation. It was definitely best to eat something now while no-one was looking. Yes, that would make it a lot easier to show restraint later on. And then the diet could, no, *would* start properly after the weekend.

And so, with the air of one stoically accepting an unavoidable fate, Debbie Hill wiggled over to the cutlery shelf and picked up a tray.

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Piling up her plates as she moved along the counters, Debbie was careful to conceal any evidence of her thievery.

"No, it's not stealing," she told herself, scooping up a ladleful of onion rings. "I'm just getting my share a little early, that's all."

With such reassurances, the hungry hottie continued methodically across the room. A fan arrangement of cinnamon rolls were neatly re-spaced so that no one would realise three were missing. One of each type of sandwich - ham, chicken salad, BLT and cheese - was taken, keeping the platters even. Nothing could possibly be missed from the huge help-yourself vats of hot food, so Debbie ladled liberal quantities of rice, Thai green curry and sweet potato wedges onto a separate plate, being careful not to spill anything and replacing the ladles exactly as they had been set out.

Reaching the final counter with a tray that was by now hurting her arms, Debbie could feel her mouth beginning to water. She scanned for a place to sit. Somewhere near the far corner of the room would be best, she thought, reaching for a final cinnamon roll.

"Gotta have one for the road," she giggled to herself. With a toss of her blonde hair she popped the whole roll between smiling pink lips and turned for her seat.

"Uh, m-ma'am?"

Debbie froze at the sound of the voice behind her, almost choking on her mouthful. Swearing to herself, she glanced down nervously at her tray, trying desperately to think of an explanation of how it had found its way into her hand. And how it had come to be loaded with three full plates of buffet food. And how a cinnamon roll had found its way into her cheeks... A bead of sweat somehow squeezed out of the blonde buffet burglar's heavily botoxed forehead. She was busted for sure. How would she ever live this one down!

But wait - it was a male voice, wasn't it? And that meant there was a chance. Survival instinct kicking in, Debbie quickly composed herself, and spun round.

In front of her stood the spotty student from the car park.

Had her mouth not been so full, Debbie would've sighed with relief. Sheesh, was that kid followin' her around on something?

"*Mmph urf*, oh hey there sugar!" the blonde milf managed a very full-cheeked smile before hurriedly gulping down her barely-chewed cinnamon roll in a rather unladylike fashion. Sliding her overloaded tray onto a counter, she smiled coyly and started towards him, running her hands down her generously-swishing hips to dust off the cinnamon crumbs as she advanced.

"What a *loovvvely* surprise to see you again."

The unconvincing prefect shuffled his feet uneasily, desperately trying not to gawk at the busty intruder's bouncing cleavage or the intimidatingly casual sway of her advancing hips. "Uhhh. I'm uhh. You're not s'pposed to be in here m-ma'am..." He began, scratching the back of his head and making a weak effort to clear his throat as she continued to glide towards him, designer heels clicking expensively across the canteen floor.

"A-And that food, it's f-f- for l-later..."

Halting abruptly just a few inches in front of the stuttering youth, Debbie lifted her perfectly manicured fingers to her mouth. "Oh! Really?" she gasped. Then she lowered her eyes seductively. "Well, what a *naaaughty* girl I am then," she cooed, closing the gap between them by another inch.

The trembling pupil gulped. To date, the closest female contact he'd experienced was being healed by an elven sorceress in Azeroth. Yet for all his inexperience with the fairer sex, he was well aware that the blonde standing before him, despite her glowing aura and ensorcelling eyelashes, was no sorceress.

No. This was a far more dangerous creature entirely. A Level 80 Cheerleader: just like the ones at school, who laughed cruelly as they barged past him in the corridors, sugared him into giving them his math homework, and sniggered at his asthmatic efforts in gym class.

Well, almost like them. This was a slightly older and, um - stouter specimen than those he was used to encountering. He gulped hard as she moved closer: tightly wrapped light-blue Levis accentuated thighs whose thickness gave her advancing wiggle an exaggerated sway; honey-gold Jessica Simpson curls bobbed with each footfall, cascading over soft exposed shoulders; and though the sleeveless pink designer blouse tapered in slightly at the sides - pinching the waist between her sizeable chest and ample hips - its middle button curved forward notably, betraying the healthy plumpness of the tummy behind. Yet somehow these things only made the diminutive queen bee even more intimidating. And she still had a full complement of the cheerleader armoury: the swaying hips, the jutting chest, the smooth Texas tan, the sugar-sweet smile on the lips that didn't quite distract from the separate and very different sort of grin in the eyes.

*How cheerfully she seems to grin, how neatly spreads her claws.* The words of Lewis Carroll rose unbidden in his mind

"Whatsya name sugar?" Debbie drawled seductively, leaning forward almost as if drunk.

*And welcomes little fishes in with gently smiling jaws.*

"Uh, D-David." The words came out a whole lot squeakier than he'd hoped.

"Listen, David," the blonde's smooth purring drawl was a stark contrast to his nervous squeak. Revealing perfectly white teeth, she ran her hands down her sides, edging ever closer. "Thing is, suagarpie," she raised her thumb and forefinger to indicate a small quantity, "I just came in here for a teensy little snack." A deep growl from her stomach threatened to undermine this

statement, but Debbie recovered with a girly giggle. "Oh, how embarrassing!" She placed a manicured hand on her middle and pouted, "You see, I kinda missed breakfast. In fact," she paused for effect, "I haven't had a thing to eat aaaaall day." Inching closer still, the blonde predator swiftly took David's hand and lifted it to her forehead dramatically. "I'm..feeling a little faint, David. And I just *know* a *handsome* gentleman like y'all wouldn't let a gal die of hunger now," she widened her brown eyes imploringly, edging even closer so that her surging bosoms were almost touching his chest.

"Would ya?"

The poor boy gulped drily, a bead of sweat slithering down his spine as Debbie's stomach rumbled again like a volcano. Ignoring it altogether this time, she once again lifted her thumb and forefinger to indicate a tiny quantity. "Just a teensy-weensy little snack to tide me over, hmm? Technically it wouldn't be stealing, I'm just getting my share a bit earlier than everyone else." She took a step back and spread her hands. "And, hey, I'm only little! I don't eat a lot."

Glancing dubiously from the stacked plates on the tray to the stacked blonde milf's ample proportions, David wondered if this could possibly be true. That tubby potbelly was growling like a mountain ogre.

This was turning into a nightmare of a day for the 18-year-old. All he'd wanted was a bit of extra credit - something other than academic success to put on his Resume. Instead he'd been cornered by a hungry blonde ex-cheerleader, with dangerous eyes and an even more dangerous rumbling in her rounded belly, who was seducing him into granting her early access to the canteen. And he highly doubted her promise to take an unnoticeably small serving. The woman might've been a major-league hottie in her time, and still boasted some stunning angles, but it didn't take much of his 140 IQ to deduce that blondie had been tucking heartily into the Tex-Mex since her cheerleading days.

"If...if someone walks in, I-" he broke off feebly.

Debbie gasped, covering her mouth in mock shock. "You're so right sugar! Brainy and cute, huh?" she giggled, batting her eyelids shyly before placing a finger to her lips. "Hmm. I guess...I guess what I really need is a handsome hero to keep lookout for me." She raised her eyes to the side thoughtfully, releasing her finger from her lips and placing it gently on the unfortunate prefect's skinny chest, tracing a slow path towards his bellybutton. "Now where I could find one of tho-"

"Ahhh.. Oh-Okay!" David took a step backwards. "I Umm...From the balcony I can see over the door downstairs - I can holler if anyone comes."

Debbie clapped her hands together softly, almost melting in delight. "Oh, would ya? For little old me? Awwwh my hero!" she pecked the lacklustre lad on a cheek which promptly turned bright purple.

*Yup, definitely still got it!* thought Debbie, giggling smugly as her unlikely knight hurried off to his post. That interruption dealt with, she returned her attention to more important matters. Blondie licked her lips. The delay had only increased her appetite, making the food look and smell even more delicious. Still, she'd have to be quick. Seducing a student was one thing, but if a member of staff came along... Debbie shuddered. She'd never live it down.

Wasting no more time, the blonde supermilf wiggled eagerly over to a table in the corner of the canteen and pulled out one of the small plastic chairs. "Sheesh, all that money spent on a sports center and they couldn't even get adult sizes," she thought irritably, shifting her round rump in the narrow seat.

Eventually achieving a position of acceptable comfort, Debbie surveyed the feast before her

with a hungry excitement.

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With a delicate clink, Debbie's dessert fork touched down amidst the crumbly remnants of what had proved a very agreeable slice of glazed banana caramel cake. Sighing contentedly, the blonde babe brought a napkin lightly to her lips and placed a hand on her fully-fed middle, leaning back as far as her plastic seat and blouse buttons would allow. She glanced at the vast clock above the dining hall entrance. Twenty to four. Perfect. Hank and Savannah would be arriving just about now, and she had ample time to amble back to the track and give her meal a few minutes to settle before the competitors lined up.

Still, Debbie Hill didn't *quite* feel like moving just yet. Stifling a yawn, she reached into her Mulberry handbag and pulled out a small mirror. Dabbing a speck of cream from her chin, she assessed her makeup.

*Smokin* was the inevitable verdict.

Smiling admiringly at her own immaculate reflection, the full bellied blonde felt her eyelids begin to droop. Letting out a long yawn, she gazed down mistily at the pile of empty plates and bowls stacked and strewn across her tray. In her desire to leave the crime scene as soon as possible - and goaded on by a gnawing hunger and the superb quality of the food - Debbie had wolfed her huge meal even faster than her usual eager pace. Now the full, comforting weight of her bumper buffet feast was hitting home all at once, softly leading the stuffed young mom into a soothing, food-induced snooze.

Vaguely aware of the soft pattering of distant feet, Debbie felt her eyelids close.

Just as her head nodded forward, a loud, urgent hammering jolted the sleepy ex-cheerbabe awake with a grunt. After a few moments of groggy disorientation, her eyes widened in shock.

Someone was running up the stairs!

With surprisingly alacrity for a girl who'd just devoured three belly-swelling plateloads of buffet food, the curvy blonde snapped shut her mirror and dived under the table, eyes fixated on the canteen door.

It swung open moments later, a pair of impeccably polished shoes coming into view.

"Ma'am? Uh ma'am?"

Debbie exhaled in relief. It was only the prefect. But... something in the tone of his voice made her blood freeze.

"Over here sugar!" she whispered urgently, crawling out awkwardly from beneath the table.

Still panting from dashing up the stairs so quickly, David swivelled in the direction of the voice.

His jaw nearly slammed the polished floor.

"What is it?!" Debbie hissed worriedly.

"Huh? Oh!" He shook his head, chin quickly retracting. "The three crones - catering staff," he

added when this elicited a frown. "They just came through the door."

Debbie swore under her breath. "There's gotta be another way out! Round the back?"

"Always locked" David muttered, looking around frantically. The tables provided inadequate cover, and the counters were all pushed up against the wall - there was nowhere to hide. Unless...

"Quick! Over here!" With uncharacteristic assertiveness, the panicking prefect seized Debbie's hand and pulled her in the direction of the kitchens across the hall.

This took some doing. Puffing with exertion and fear, blonde clearly wasn't built for speed at the best of times; and having transferring the entire contents of all those piled-high plates into her belly in such a short time, it was a wonder she could move at all.

As they struggled across the room, David cast a quick sideways glance down at his weighty charge. Cheeks flushed and with her free hand steadying a notably rounder midsection, blonde's earlier sultry bravado had been replaced by a puffing, wiggling panic. That middle blouse button was facing the sternest test of its short life, and the scampering scholar could hardly believe how tight the fabric was pulled around her poochy belly. How on earth had she eaten so much so quickly?!

After what seemed like an aeon, they made it to the kitchen hatches, which - David found to his relief - were unlocked. Applying gentle pressure to his companion's shoulder, he managed to get her ducked out of view behind the counter, just as the canteen door swung open and several freely conversing voices entered the room.

"And I said to 'em, do you kno-"

Willing her heart to stop beating so loudly, Debbie heard the discussion and the feet come to an abrupt halt. The faint smell of something particularly tasty drifted up her nostrils, but she couldn't quite put her finger on what it was.

"Well I'll be!" said the first voice, in an elderly, leathery southern drawl. "If it 'aint David Lee Rutherford!" Debbie tried to get a measure of the tone. It wasn't unkind, but there was certainly a measure of suspicion there. The question was inevitable.

"What choo doin' up here?"

"Sneakin' food, if'n I be any judge," croaked crone the second, oozing perverse delight at finding yet another sure example of humanity's sinfulness and depravity. "See how scrawny he is? Your mama not feed you at home, child?"

The first voice snorted dismissively: "Indeed Doreen?! Well I say that's foolishness! Why, did you not hear me tell that this here is David Lee Rutherford? A singular child, who has been a-comin' up to this very canteen for lunch nigh on thirteen years?" There was a pause, in which Debbie imagined the three women staring at a singularly shaking David. The voice continued: "And why, every day of those thirteen years he might be th'only child what has *never* forgot to say said a-please or a-thank you ma'am. No, not once!"

"Miss Marjorie. Miss Doreen. Mrs Roberta. Ma'ams." said David, enumerating the crones in a tone that, though clearly nervous, was slightly emboldened by this positive review. Debbie thought it was as good sign too, but she bit her lip nonetheless. It was clear from the pause after David's greeting that he was stalling for time: trying to think of some reason for being in the canteen.

He was saved by Miss Roberta's gregarious nature. A natural raconteur, the old lady was keen

to show off her knowledge and expand on her earlier comments: "Why I recall when young David here was no more than a-

"Aww hell!" interrupted Miss Doreen. "You do talk Roberta Morris! I don't right give two damn hoots why he's up here, and I don't wanna listen none to your babbling on neither-

"Quit hollerin' you two!" Miss Marjorie's voice was much like the others, elderly and leathery. "Dooo Jezus! Here I am gaspin' for a smoke, and you two a-hollerin' like Sundays? And standin' all foolish with these here trays?!" There was a pause, and Debbie pictured the women squinting round for a spare counter.

The hidden blonde felt her stomach drop suddenly. Her empty tray! The plates! They were still over on the table in the corner!

Fortunately it seemed David had remembered this too. "Oh, allow me ma'am," he said - a little hastily perhaps, but a few moments later Debbie heard his steps approaching and the sound of several articles being set gently down on the counter just above her head. A strong, spicy waft swept into her nostrils, and Debbie realised what she'd smelt earlier.

Stuffed full as she was, she couldn't help licking her lips.

Pizza!

"Ah fine young gentleman!" crowed Miss Roberta, looking triumphantly at Miss Doreen, clearly pleased that her earlier theory on the boy's nature been definitively proved - and all the more so for being proved at the expense of her associate's own pronunciations. "You know, manners like them's a rare thing. Why I recall-

"Oh you dooo talk Roberta!" Miss Doreen stamped her foot. "If 'n I hear one more word, why I'll taper your tongue with these here serving tongs-

"Will you n' hell! Why I'll scupper this ladle over your hide if my name aint-

"Will you two quit hollerin! I can't find my smokes! Which one of yew!-

David took a tentative step backwards as the crones began to spar - first with cusswords and then with kitchen utensils - in a rapidly escalating war of the most authentically southern kind. He wasn't complaining: it had gotten him out of a tricky question. With the trio's attention now entirely self-contained he glanced nervously across the room, at the kitchen counters and the line of three pepperoni pizzas he'd just placed along-

The prefect blinked. Then stared. And then, still unable to believe the evidence of his eyes, he scrunched them shut and shook his head several times, as if trying to discard a migraine.

It was no use. When his eyes reopened the scene remained unchanged. There, sticking out of the rightmost pizza he'd just deposited, was a huge gaping slice-shaped gap!

A snake of sweat trickled down David's spine. He looked back nervously at the three warring caterers. Finding them still remonstrating furiously with one another, he looked back again at the pizzas.

Just in time to see a disembodied manicured hand crawl up from beneath the counter and purloined another slice.

David's eyes bulged in horror. If just one of the three angry caterers glanced in the wrong direction, or spotted movement out of the corner of an old but keen eye, he was finished. Harvard, Oxford, all his prospects would vanish as fast and permanently as the pizza. He had

to think fast.

But he was good at that. In a matter of seconds he was stepping forward.

"Uhh, ladies... Ladies!" Moving timidly towards the trio, trying to catch their attention, the uncertain scholar raised a hand. "Ladies?"

It was no use. His feeble interruption might as well have been directed at a ten-inch thick wall. David realised that for once thinking wouldn't be enough. He'd have to act fast too. Summoning all his courage, he drew in a deep breath.

"LADIES!"

Debbie almost choked on a chunk of stuffed crust as the voice thundered out - a little squeakily still, but loud and sharp enough to bring the squabbling trio to silence.

"I, uh..." David put a hand behind his head. At that moment he'd rather have stood butt-naked in the centre of a cheer convention than there, with those three sets of eyes glaring at him, partly in wonderment at his raised voice, but sharp as polished razors.

"I uh...I saw some earlier, down behind the keyboard in reception," he mumbled humbly. "Two packs, I think. Benson's Gold. Miss Haverash confiscated them from Johnny Rider yesterday morn-"

The sentence stood no hope of completion. With a crescendo of hollering, cussing and shoving, the catering crones sprang towards the stairs with astonishing speed and strength in their leathery old limbs. In what seemed like seconds their voices - now hooting in triumph - had migrated outside the building.

David crept to the side of the window and peeked out, watching their short figures proceed across the field: each brandishing a golden pack of fags in one hand, and using the other to wrestle over a single lighter.

"Okay," he breathed heavily in relief. "They're gone."

*Mmph munch gulp urff*

David walked over to the side of the counter and looked down. Sitting cross-legged, munching intently and with a glob of tomato ketchup hanging from her chin and a half-eaten slice of pizza hanging flaccidly in her hand, the chubby, ctooss-legged blonde smiled up at him with angelic innocence.

Whether it was courage born from seeing off the crones or because, with tomato sauce on her face, her cheeks bulging with cheesy dough and her swollen middle protruding rather porkily in her lap, the ex-cheerleader seemed not nearly so intimidating as before - David couldn't help asking the obvious question.

"What were you thinking, grabbing that pizza?!"

"Hey *oof*," retorted Debbie, attempting to struggle to her feet - and gratefully accepting David's hand for the second time that day. "*Mmph* Thanks. Look, I eat when I get nervous okay!" she said a little defensively, brushing crumbs off her jeans. "And like I said I missed.....Hey, what are you doing!"

David halted, tray in hand. "Chucking the rest of this in the trash: we can't leave a half-eaten pizza on display."



"Nooooo!" Moving with a speed to match the crones, and one that belied her soft exterior, Debbie swiped the platter from his hand in a flash.

"I mean - ahah - no, David," she laughed nervously, regaining her composure. "We, uh - what if someone looks in the trash?" Without waiting for a response, she handed him a slice and took one for herself. Biting into it, she nodded in a way that clearly instructed him to do the same.

After a few moments of dutiful consumption - in which the only sound was a muffled munching and the unlikely pair looked to be engaged in a solemn task rather than an enjoyable fast-food fix - Debbie broke the silence.

"Hey that was pretty smart telling them there were only two packs, n'all." Winking approvingly, she pushed the final fragment of pizza into her mouth. Despite having already eaten a ton, the greedy blonde had put away three of the remaining five slices to David's two.

"Thanks," David glanced over sheepishly, swallowing his own slice and wiping his lips with a paper napkin. "Say, uh, Deb- I mean, may I call you Debbie, ma'am?"

Blondie's eyebrows rose in surprise. "How'd y'all know my name?"

Must've heard about Hank, she thought with a flush of smugness. Guess there aren't many ex-pro footballers in this town.

"Uh, well..."

Frowning, Debbie followed the direction of David's finger. He seemed to be pointing directly at her tits.

Seeming to anticipate that this might give the wrong impression, David muttered quickly: "Your, uh, your necklace."

"Huh?" Confused, Debbie looked down. And blushed richly. "Ohhh" chuckling, she fidgeted sheepishly with the chain that circled her neck and announced her name in great gold lettering, like a highly stylish collar:

"Riiight..."

After a moment's silence, the poindexter and the ditzy blonde both burst out laughing.

Amidst the friendly tittering, David eyed his unlikely companion with unexpected affection. That was the first time he'd received a genuine compliment from a cheerleader. Hell, it was the first time he'd received a sneering jibe or a callous glance from a cheerleader! It wasn't as if Debbie needed to praise his plan: they were safe now, for sure. And it had occurred to him that, had she wanted too, she could quite easily have stood her ground when the caterers had arrived - claimed she'd heard a noise while in the bathroom, and come upstairs to find him stealing food - or worse. She might've been a ditz, but he could tell she wasn't dumb. It was what others would've done.

In fact, for a cheerleader, she really wasn't so bad. Especially now she had a full stomach. David thought of all the snotty perfumed princesses who ruled the school corridors with upturned noses. Perhaps all they needed was a decent meal.

"C'mon," said Debbie, "will ya help me clear these plates away?"

David was only too glad to oblige.

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"By the way, David," said Debbie as they loaded the last of the plates into one of the kitchen's great industrial-strength dishwashers.

"Yeah?"

She eyed him coolly.

"Why were y'all up here?"

Now it was David's turn to blush. His blonde partner in crime was certainly sharper than she looked. After a moment's hesitation, his free hand fidgeted its way to his pocket. Who better to ask, really?

"Well," he began, "There's uh, this girl," he scratched the back of his head. "And she really likes...I thought..."

Debbie chuckled, but good-naturedly. "Thought you'd impress her with a little snack straight from the buffet, huh? You lil' sweetheart," the blonde gave him a playful nudge as David shrugged sheepishly and produced from his pocket a polythene bag with three sizeable cinnamon buns.

"Well, take it from me sugar," Debbie stopped and raised her arms to stretch out a yawn - a process which caused her blouse to ride up, revealing the slightest bottom bulge of soft, tanned tummy. Failing to notice, she grinned as her arms dropped, patting her now re-covered midsection lightly.

"The surest way to a girl's heart is definitely through her stomach!"

Reaching forward, she pecked her unlikely hero on the cheek. "Now, if you'll excuse me, a mom's got a race to catch."

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Making languid progress over the field, Debbie ran a soft, manicured hand across her middle. The smiling blonde couldn't help feeling pleased with herself. The sun was warm, the sky was blue, and her belly was full. What's more, in the process of enjoying one of the best buffet lunches in her life (and that was saying something) she'd made friends with a shy but chivalrous young scholar. It was kinda nice to think there might be boys like that at the school for Danielle and Savannah to grow up with. Even with such matters far in the future, Debbie worried that the latter in particular might be more inclined to the kind of losers she herself had pursued.

As the stands, podium, flags and race track came into view, Debbie smiled smugly at the gathered spectators. In just under an hour, they'd be rushing, pushing and queuing hungrily in the canteen, holding loaded plates close as they cautiously navigating a sea of bodies, scanning for a free chair or corner to weigh anchor and enjoy their tasty treasure.

And there, leaning gently against a wall with serene disinterest, would be Debbie Hill: a moral lighthouse of restraint and modest eating amidst an ocean of hungering parents. Perhaps she'd sample a single spring roll when the crowds abated, or pronounce on the quality of a small bowl of strawberries, before delicately but firmly declining anything further, and declaring herself full.

It'd be the truth too, she huffed smugly, lifting her free hand to stifle a satisfied burp as the other continued to caress her swollen midsection. Debbie hadn't felt this stuffed since Thanksgiving.

And yet she still couldn't help casting a wistful thought back to those dessert counters. That chocolate fudge cake had looked sooooo good. But it would have been way too obvious to cut off a corner. Besides, she'd had more than enough risk for one day - and couldn't have asked David to keep watch again, even though he probably would have.

Absentmindedly running her smooth fingers over her belly, Debbie smiled. There was always later.

A buzzing from her handbag brought the buffet reminiscences to an abrupt end. Debbie fished out her cellphone and looked at the incoming caller.

And gulped.

"Hey Hank," she chirped as cheerfully as she could manage, "Are they getting ready to start? I'll be there in ten seconds, just had ta visit the little girl's room, y'know - haha."

Debbie held her breath, hoping she hadn't sounded *too* casual. An ex-pro footballer turned car salesman, Hank Hill was no Sherlock Holmes, but after almost a decade of marriage he'd developed a knack for sussing when his wife wasn't being entirely honest. She remembered the time when, hiding a tub of Ben and Jerry's behind her back, she'd denied sneaking downstairs for a midnight snack - only for her husband to raise his eyebrows and produce an incriminating chocolate-coated scoop from the sink. It wasn't as if he'd been angry, but Debbie hated the thought that she'd let him down.

This time, however, all the guilt was it was Hank's voice.

"Debra darlin'," he paused. "Now don't get mad. I'm at the doctor's-"

"Oh gawd," Debbie interrupted with a gasp, "Are y'okay? Is it Savannah?"

"Fine, it is Savannah - nuthin' serious," Hank added quickly. "Somehow she got hold of the Oreos. Ate a whole damn packet." He paused nervously. "Debs, I'm sorry. I swear I put them away in the top cupboard so she couldn't get 'em; she must've climbed or sumthin."

Debbie bit her lip, "Ummmm, she okay?"

"Still a little woozy, but she'll be fine. I don't think she'll be raiding the cookie-jar again any time soon."

Relieved, Debbie sighed. "That's good. Listen, I gotta go. Danielle's ra-"

The blonde beauty froze.

"Umm, Hank... are you still at the doctor's?"

"Yeah Debs, sheesh I just said ... Ahhh shiiiiit!"

There was a moment of silence as Hank reached the same realisation as his wife. Still in town, there was no way he'd make it in time for the parent-child relay with Danielle.

"Shit," repeated Hank. "Look I'll call your mom and get her to come watch over Savannah. Can you stall 'em or sumthin?"

Debbie looked at the throng of excited spectators. It just wasn't possible. The relay was the final event, with a brief presentation and then the buffet to follow. Everything was timed so the food wouldn't be out too long, and there were nearly a hundred people there. No way would they agree to wait.

Besides, she didn't really want her mom finding out that Savannah had managed to get hold of too many sweets. She was already critical enough of their parenting.

Whirling around, Debbie looked desperately for any sign of David at the tracks or in the stand; if anyone could think of a solution it was her clever new friend. But she couldn't see him. Probably smooching away behind the bike shed, she reasoned, with a twinge of pride despite her own predicament.

There was only one thing for it. But it was too awful to even think about. Or at least, it was for Debbie.

"Debs," said Hank gravely, "you'll have to do it."

"Whaaat?! I can't run! I just ate a whole... uh, a whole Hershey's bar, yeah, and I haven't exercised since, uh..."

Debbie trailed off, a little embarrassed that she couldn't remember the last time she'd worked out, though relieved she'd managed to narrowly avoid revealing her enormous buffet chow-down; that had been a close one!

"You don't have to run," said Hank encouragingly, "Look, Danni'll win her leg easy. You just gotta keep the egg on the spoon and power walk to the end. I believe in you babe," he added when this met with silence. "You gotta do it for Danni."

Groaning with despair Debbie knew he was right. It was bad enough Hank couldn't make it, but she couldn't let her daughter down even more. She placed a hand experimentally on her still-stuffed middle. Oh, why the hell had she eaten so much?!

There was worse to come. Glancing up from her phone at the sound of approaching steps, Debbie saw Danielle jogging across the field to meet her.

"Mom? What's wrong? Where's dad? I can't find him! The race starts in five minutes!"

There was no time to explain. With a solemn sigh, Debbie fished out her car keys and held them to her daughter.

"Sweetie, go get mommy's kit from the trunk."

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Danielle's eyebrows arched in confusion - and then rose in horrified understanding. Her mouth opened, but before forming even the first vowel it shut again. With a nod of determination, she turned for the parking lot.

"Sheesh, don't use up all your energy!" Debbie cupped her mouth and hollered as her daughter charged across the field.

Secretly, though, the blonde mom was bursting with pride. For a girl who lived for sporting glory, that had been a gutsy response to a catastrophic twist of fortune. Debbie knew it wasn't really about winning, either. Danielle adored her dad. She'd sit with him for hours on end in wide-eyed wonder as they leafed through photo albums and newspaper cuttings of Hank's footballing exploits, listening raptly to his play-by-play tales of touchdowns and tackles (the same stories Debbie now fought to stay awake through) and then peppering her father with a stream of awe-struck questions, which the ego-stoked ex-Cowboy was only too happy to answer.

Danni had been counting down the weeks to "sports day with dad". The athletic duo had run sprints in the garden and even practised egg-balancing technique at the breakfast table. Debbie had swept up more broken shells than she could count.

Now, minutes before the race, the poor girl had discovered that not only was her dad unable to compete, he wouldn't even be there to watch. Most seven-year-olds would've stamped their feet, or whined that it wasn't fair, or at least burst into tears.

Not Danni. Danni just got on with things.

Inspired with a renewed determination not to let her daughter down, Debbie turned grimly to the stands. It was not an encouraging sight. The volume of spectators seemed to have doubled in the space of a few moments, and they looked more excited and restless than ever - which kinda mad sense, given that this was the final, climatic event of the day.

"LADIES A-Y-ND GENTLEME-*EEEERRRKKKK*-"

Principal Gordon's deep, courteous southern syllables were cut short by a high-pitched electrical yelp, which made the rows of children in front of the pavilion speakers cover their ears, and brought a murmur of laughter from the stands. "Sorry folks - just a minor technical difficulty!" the principal shouted through cupped hands, as a lanky senior pupil bounded up the steps and unclipped the microphone from his jacket. After few moments during which intermittent tapping, shuffling, thudding, and muttering emerged through the speakers at various volumes ("*Electrics ... the heat ... FFSSSSSSH ... just flips OFF and on ... VRRRMM ... HAVE TO hold it there ...*") the mike was reattached, and the Principal, now clasping the device between two fingers, cleared his throat.

"Thank you. I think we're back on." He paused and grinned. "Y' know with all the cash they blew on that sports center, you'd think they coulda gotten me a decent mike!" Parents and pupils relaxed into a friendly laugh.

"Our final event," he went on "Is the one you've all been waiting for - and which I suspect some of your parents would be happily wait a little longer for!" A murmur of laughter from the stands. "It is of course the parent-child egg and spoon relay!" At this, adult applause was overwhelmed by the joyful cheer that erupted from the benches of children alongside the track. The principal chuckled into his mike. "Changing facilities are available in our new sports center. The race begins in fifteen minutes. Thank you!"

Beneath her soothing fingers, Debbie's overfilled belly glorped and burbled, as if aware that some sort of physical activity was forthcoming, and raising its distressed objections in advance. At the speaker's direction, a dozen or so apprehensive-looking parents had risen from the stands and begun wandering towards the sports centre. Debbie gulped. A few short minutes ago, she'd been feeling smug about being the only one amongst them with a bellyload of buffet goodies. Now how she wished it was the other way around!

Oh well, the blonde supermilf sighed to herself, fixing on a fraudulent smile as Danni sprinted towards her, triumphantly brandishing her gleaming pink gym kit. At least her daughter's pace was some consolation: damn that girl could run!

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Whispering should be illegal, decided Debbie as she wiggled past the stands with the other competing parents. Despite the general cheering and applause, the full-bellied blonde was uncomfortably conscious of many a muffled gasp and muttered remark among from the assembled spectators.

It was a surreal experience - and not just because she was clutching a spoon. For over a decade, Debbie had lapped up lusty male leers and envious female glares in equal measure as she'd swished through life, flaunting her incredible curves in all manner of tight, short and revealing outfits.

Now, for perhaps the first time ever, she regretted being the centre of attention, and felt that far too many scrutinising eyes were glued to her scantily clad figure.

As well they might be. True to character, the vain blonde had purchased the most stylish gym attire she could afford in the smallest size she could squeeze into. At the time it had made perfect sense - or at least it had to Debbie, who figured that the tight fit would serve as an incentive to shed some poundage, and also mean she'd not need to buy another new outfit the moment she slimmed down a little. It also made her boobs look humongous.

Six months, several workouts and several hundred glazed doughnuts later, the decision was looking rather less prescient. Stuffed and squeezed into a second skin of bright pink spandex that would've been skimpy even if it hadn't been several sizes too small, Debbie wiggled towards the start line feeling like a mobile marshmallow. Swollen bosoms bulged over the brim of her pink sports bra, its mesh straps stretching dangerously pale as the outsized orbs quivered and wobbled with every step. Tanned lovehandles oozed uncomfortably over a grey waistband which, though designed to cover the bellybutton, had been forced down beneath it by blondie's buffet-enhanced paunch, and now cradled the swell of her full middle rather than concealing it.

This forward bulge was more than balanced out by Debbie's rear. Behind her, the supposedly streamlining pink stripes of her skintight spandex workout shorts clung mercilessly to each ample buttcheek, outlining and emphasising the jiggle of the young mom's plump caboose. Lower down, the grey rims of the shorts squeezed Debbie's chunky legs half way between hip and knee, edging up an extra few milimeters with each footfall to gradually reveal the ever-thicker heights of her chunky thighs.

"At least these sneakers still fit," Debbie reflected with a mournful sigh, grasping desperately for positives. It wasn't easy with her thighs rubbing and the tight fabric constricting a food-bloated tummy that was whining in overindulged distress at its uncomfortable confinement and the prospect of exercise. Blondie's huge hooters mercifully concealed her lower half from her view now, but the full tubby truth had been unavoidable in the changing room's mirrored walls. It had been a shock. Debbie had expected the bottoms to be a squeeze and knew she'd put on a few pounds lately, but she really hadn't realised she'd gotten quite so...

Even thinking the word made her wince. But a far worse thought was how much the other moms would be loving it - grinning smugly and exchanging knowing looks at the sight of the once super-hot cheerleader, little miss has-it-all, out of condition and running to plump. It probably hadn't helped that she'd rolled up in a spanking new car and strutted across the field in designer sunglasses...

"Ugh, this heat is killing me!" Running a hand across her botoxed brow, Debbie was alarmed when it came back slightly damp. Gawd, I really needed to hit the gym, she thought. Her full gut felt like a cannonball and she'd begun to huff and puff before the race had even started. "Oh, I never shoulda ate that pizza!" she moaned internally.

As Debbie passed the stands, her concerns certainly weren't assuaged by certain elements in the crowd.

"Hey, Cynthia." a familiar voice sneered loudly.

"*Sluuuurp* Whut?"

"Imagine if that singer, uh, dammit, what's her name? Blonde ... big hair ... the new Daisy Duke?"

"Uuh Jessica Simpson?"

"Yeah! Imagine she gained, like, fifty pounds. Or, aha, don't bother: just look over there!"

"*Sluuuurp* Oh - my - gawd! Check out at that bumper!"

"You think Hank has her in the showroom? Make his Chevys look more streamline?"

Crimsoning rapidly, Debbie fought down the urge to see red too. Nothing would've felt better than firing a one-finger salute at the gaggle of loudly sniggering wives. She knew their leader's hauty, horsey laughter all too well. Stephanie Richardson. Burnet's meanest bitch: a wealthy lady of leisure in her late twenties, key member of the church committee, school governor, and four-times lawn of the year champion. Oh, and by coincidence married to a millionaire property mogul around forty years her senior. With a start, Debbie realised that with Stephanie in the stands, her ancient husband must be participating in the race. "Christ, she trying to bump him off for his money?!" Debbie wouldn't have put it past her. Then again, Miss Priss would never deign to line up with the hoi polloi, or risk any infraction of her expensively layered and highlighted summer-blonde mane. Debbie shook her head. One part of her wanted to jump into the crowd and whoop Mrs Richardson's ass.

The other part wanted to run and hide.

"Gotta keep goin', gotta do this for Danni," Debbie muttered to herself. As fate would have it, she glanced up at that moment to see her daughter heading over to the other end of the track. Though some distance away, she could make out Danni giving her an encouraging wave. That was all Debbie needed. Throwing back her blonde locks and imperiously pushing out her chest (despite a screech of protest from her sports bra) the blonde supermilf strutted towards the starting line, her chunky rear jiggling defiantly.

The spectating eyes goggled, and the whispering intensified to the point where Debbie decided it should be punishable by death. But she knew this was the only way to play it.

Besides, there was no shortage of wolf-whistles either. Keenly attuned to these primitive mating calls through years of experience, the blonde ex-cheerbabe could tell they were genuine. Also familiar (and welcome) was the way in which a number of the spectating men had casually donned their sunglasses as she walked past. All the better to furtively drink in her bouncing boobs and wiggling caboose without their wives clocking on.

Debbie grinned. The town bitches might be enjoying the view but so, it seemed, were their husbands. "Screw you Stephanie Bitchardson," she thought, flashing an crystal smile and waving at the stands - an act which prompted several more whoops and whistles, broadening her smile further - "Even stuffed to the max, I'm still the hottest mom in Burnet!"

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Reaching the starting line, Debbie put all thoughts of spectators and appearances behind her, and focused on the task ahead. She almost groaned aloud. The track looked huge, Danielle a distant dark-haired speck on the horizon. Hoping for a more encouraging view, Debbie glanced nervously to her side, sizing up the competition.

This was slightly more promising. A line of male paunches of varying prominence stretched out to her left, the largest being the property of Bob Lander, the hot-shot surveyor. A former minor-league ball player - and a little too pleased with himself for it - Bob had been considered a quite a catch when he'd first moved to the town as a bachelor. Until he'd been caught by a woman who baked pies for a living. Now, standing with his gut overhanging the start line, the overfed surveyor didn't look pleased with himself at all, and was gazing forlornly at his empty spoon as if he wished it was piled up with his wife's award-winning caramel soufflé.

Immediately to Debbie's right was Doug Phoeler. Scrawny, sharp-nosed and closing on forty, he kept firing unsubtle sidelong glances at her bulging bustline. "Skipped breakfast for the race huh?" he leered in response to a particularly loud gurgle from Debbie's gut. "Good plan Hill. Wish I'd thoughta that." Debbie could only blush and force out a sheepish laugh.

Beside him was poor Nathan Richardson, grey hair still strong but running to white. In fairness he looked in good shape for his 70-odd years, if unsurprisingly a little gaunt after spending seven of them chained to Burnet's most demanding young superbitch. Next to him was ...

Debbie blinked.

Morgan Chesler?! A double take confirmed it. It seemed like years since Debbie had seen the tall young businesswoman without her sharp white blouses, Jimmy Choo heels and designer pencil skirts. But it was definitely her; and judging by look of terror on her attractive, perfectly made-up face, Miss Chesler was just as perplexed by her own presence there as Debbie, and some way short of her usually superconfident self.

It wasn't too hard to see why. Shorn of her crisp Armani blouses and tailored pencil skirts, Morgan's burgeoning power paunch was on full display, pushing forward a stylish black sports top that was clearly brand new, a bulge of pale underbelly popping out periodically beneath the bottom edge, which several perfectly manicured fingers would anxiously tug down. A wide office ass and long, thick legs completed the look of a rich thirty-something businessbabe who'd sacrificed her figure for her figures. Six-day weeks planted on cushy office chairs, broken up only by lengthy working lunches at top-end restaurants and endless board meetings that stretched into the night with multiple rounds of greasy takeout, coupled with heavy dinners and rich desserts at home to relieve the stresses of a multi-million dollar turnover, had transformed a tall and slender intern first into a curvy sales manager, and then into a respectably paunchy executive.

Though Morgan had a much more flattering outfit, the sight made Debbie feel a little better about her own figure. The real surprise was that the well-fed business babe was competing at all. Recently divorced, Morgan had signed up for the gym on the same day as Debbie, no doubt in a bid to slim down and attract a new mate; and though the first objective clearly hadn't been achieved, she had successfully fallen in love with one of the personal trainers. Debbie scanned the crowd for the conspicuous figure of Cliff, and soon found the 6ft muscular gym coach in the front row of the stands, triceps bulging as he whistled encouragingly at his wife (she managed a weak smile in response). A pair of crutches resting against his right knee. That explained it then. As the de-facto stepdad of Morgan's daughter, Cliff would easily have qualified to compete in the race. It might even have given the pair a chance of winning. But with Morgan running in his place, and Hailie being more academic than athletic anyway (no doubt her mom's influence), Debbie doubted they'd make much impact.

That left four other parents in the line to the right. And among them Debbie found what was undeniably her most serious competitor.



Though not in the sense she was expecting.

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Of similar height and age to Debbie (well, no more than a year or two younger - and perhaps half a head shorter, now that she looked more closely) the olive-skinned Latina was a genuine stunner. Luscious raven-black hair streaked with lighter browns meandered down to her smooth shoulders, perfectly framing a sultry face of high rosy cheekbones and shining hazel-green eyes - and crimson lips that curved into a range of seductive smiles as the dark-haired diva nattered amiably to a drooling Trent Chapman beside her. Shortish but shapely legs were encased in three-quarter length white spandex gym leggings with a sharp black lightning-bolt stripe down the side. Debbie noted with some consolation that the curvy mamacita's torso, though busty enough beneath a white sports bra and black tank top combo, had nothing on her own huge hooters.

But on the other side of the curvage coin, the sexy Latina had blondie beat all ends up - quite literally.

As if posing for a photoshoot, Debbie's rival for milf of the year shifted slightly, tossing back her gleaming hair and casually resting her hands (one clutching the all-important spoon) against a set of very curvy hips. One leg stuck forward slightly, giving the blonde a full side-on view of her Latina competitor's left ass cheek.

Debbie gaped. She'd never seen a booty-to-body ratio like it. It was the kind of shelf-like rear end you could serve dinner off - except that it was so perfectly round the cups and plates would've immediately slid smoothly off. Laced up behind her, the young mom's risqué black tank top enhanced the effect, exaggerating the classically sexy forward curve of her exposed lower back. But it was only when she turned on her heel and discreetly hoisted her leggings up a fraction that the true fulsome size and width of the mamacita's quivering caboose became evident, both cheeks jutting out high, firm and proud, pressing roundly against each other in the middle like a pair of cannonballs. Gravity seemed to be acting on the Latina's rump in reverse: as if some great sky magnet was pulling it upwards, so that the top of her butt was raised just above the small of her back. Debbie had always been pleased to have a round and shapely ass of her own, but this was something else: it made even JLo look pancake flat.

Aside from gravity, the Latina mama's backside was attracting a considerable amount of male attention. Half the sunglasses-shaded eyes behind the starting line seemed to be glued to the outsize caboose. Debbie even spotted two of the teachers flanking the benches of children exchanging a nudge and whispered word, nodding in the direction.

Suppressing a twinge of envy, Debbie tried to consider the implications for the race. As she saw it, this could go one of two ways. Either those big buttcheeks were gonna pump the Latina's legs like a pair of steam pistons, or they were going to prove a heavy load to lug around, compromising her balance and impeding her speed. Debbie tilted her head slightly, trying to get a measure of it. The sultry young mom looked in good shape, but that was probably thanks more to her natural curviness than any sort of serious exercise. Her posture and demeanour exuded a relaxed, almost sleepy sexiness rather than a honed hard-won physique. There was meat enough on her thighs and calves. And as the Latina leaned back into a playful laugh - no doubt at one of Trent's lame Cowboys jokes - Debbie spied the swell of a slight potbelly beneath her stylish tank top, the outline of a petite naval pushing against the dark fabric, and even the faintest sliver of soft, tanned underbelly creeping out beneath.

"Enjoyin' the Texan diet huh darlin'," muttered Debbie, a little more snidely than she'd meant to. "It won't all go to your ass, y'know" she sighed, running a hand across her waist and

wishing her own top concealed more of her tummy.

*\*BANG!!!\**

The sudden crack of the starter's pistol jolted Debbie back to more immediate matters. In an instant, Stephanie's jibe, Morgan's paunch, the mysterious Latina's ass, even her own full belly evaporated from her mind: and Debbie Hill was in full-on mom mode, cheering and whooping for all she was worth.

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"That poindexter deserves a damn Medal of Honour," muttered Trent Gordon, glancing down in terror at the microphone as the last word left his mouth. Seeing that it was still switched off, he breathed again and returned his eyes to the track.

Eight weeks. For eight agonising weeks he'd scoured his mind for a way to show the parents his glorious new sports centre - without making it obvious that he was flaunting the damn thing solely to promote its numerous after-school classes and hireable facilities, by which he hope to recoup some of the massive construction cost. Holding the buffet in the upstairs canteen was well and good, but it would only give them a glimpse of a couple of multi-gyms; and knowing the people of Burnet, Trent reckoned they'd be way too excited about the food to appreciate even those. He'd toyed with the possibility of a full guided tour - squash courts, swimming pool, gymnastics studio, the works - but that was way too obvious, and it would've taken too long to get all the parents round. Holding one of the races in the vast sports hall had been a better idea: fully air conditioned and easily big enough, with an indoor balcony for spectators, it would have worked... Except the no-one in their right mind would want to be herded indoors with the haze and blaze of a Texas summer outside. And again, it was too damned obvious.

Out of ideas, and with the invitation letters due to go out, there had only been one thing for it.

*\*Would David Lee Rutherford please report to the junior principal's office. David Lee Rutherford.\**

The youngest principal in Burnet's history, and the only PE teacher in Texas ever to reach such heights, 36-year old Trent Gordon knew his success wasn't down to ballsy charisma alone. No, he'd learned early in his career to use all the available resources.

And as resources went, David Rutherford was pure Sacramento gold.

"Sports kit," he had said simply, no more than 30 seconds after Trent had unfurled his predicament. "Get the competing parents to wear proper workout gear. They'll have to use the centre to change. While they're changing, have a video playing on the screens, showing the facilities; perhaps even advertise a few special offers," David had continued with growing enthusiasm, pushing up his reading glasses up his nose. "Then when they're wheezing and panting after the race, feeling guilty and wishing they looked as good as the winners, those classes and facilities will be fresh in their minds. Only the dozen who compete will see it," he raised his hand, pre-empting Trent's question, "but that's actually good: they won't think you've put on the hard sell. And word will spread just as fast. You could say in the letter that having parents in proper sportsgear is for health and safety reasons, or even that it makes it more fun for the pupils - which would probably be true anyway."

The perceptive poindexter hadn't been wrong. From the pavilion alongside the track and stands, Trent had already overheard murmurings of polished ceilings, gleaming lockers, three-months free membership, personal trainers. Everything in the video. Moreover, just as David

had predicted, the kids were jubilant at the sight of their moms and dads properly kitted out.

As was the principal.

Trent grinned. Genius though he was, David Lee Rutherford hadn't counted on his plan having a third advantage. The parents had seen the awesome sports centre - check. The kids were having a great time - double check.

And he, Principal Trent Gordon, got to spend the afternoon ogling several insanely sexy young milfs wiggling around in sports bras and skintight leggings - check, double check, and check mate. Best of all, there was nothing his spitefully jealous "girlfriend" could say about it. He was just adjudicating the race: doing his job. Sure, it had been a touch disappointing to count only three female contestants in the line up. But the lack of quantity was more than made up for in ... well, a different *type* of quantity.

Trent grinned. Fair to say, competitive athletics was not a particular passion amongst the glamorous young milfs of Burnet, whose most strenuous physical contests were generally over the cookies and cupcakes at their prolonged cocktail lunches. When it came to competitive *beauty*, however, Burnet's young moms were serious contenders for the world championship. Every year it seemed as if the new intake of kindergarten moms were pulling out all the stops to outmatch their predecessors in botoxed sleekness, lavish hair and designer blouses - not to mention swollen tits and stuck-out asses.

Perhaps, pondered Trent, it was thanks to their pursuit of those last two goals that every new iteration of kindergarten milfs arrived at induction evening looking that little bit plumper than their predecessors, too. Whatever the reason, the phenomenon had an amusing domino effect. Seeing the new kindergarten moms arriving to pick up their kids after school looking so lavishly-dressed, busty and curvy, the glaring first-grade milfs would be spurred to new levels of self-improvement, and would parade their enhanced appearances at the next parents' evening: finer dresses, sparklier jewellery, and bigger bosoms - along with an extra layer of pudge accumulated in their quest for the latter (or perhaps accrued over too many long evenings bitching about their rivals over chocolates and wine). In turn, second-grade moms would look back at their improved first-grade antagonists and strive to outdo them in the same way - and so on, all the way up the year groups, so that by the time of their little darlings' lower-school graduation ceremony, several rows of plastic chairs would be sardine-packed with the massive thighs and severely spandexed bellies of bloated fifth grade milfs, swollen by six years of competitive overindulgence and squirming in expensive designer dresses, soft arms jiggling as they fanned their botoxed faces with plump manicured fingers, whitened teeth gleaming as tears of pride rolled down their chubby cheeks and they secretly wished for wider seats.

Of course, it didn't happen to every mom in Burnet. There were the cliques of fitness freaks looking on disapprovingly, and the mousey housemoms whose scrawny frames never clung to a pound. But oh how giddily Trent looked forward to those parents evenings and graduation ceremonies, and the chance to assess and enjoy the steadily increasing curvage of the school's amply-assed milf contingent.

But this right here ... This hit parents evening for a home run. It was arguably even better than graduation.

The pervy principal drank in the trio of hotties on the start line.

Closest to him was the jaw-flooringly hot Jackie Guerra, her outsized spandex asscheeks bulging like a pair of minor planets as she squatted down to holler encouragement to her skinny son Jayden, who was advancing erratically but rapidly across the freshly trimmed field, egg bouncing in spoon. Next to admire was the evidently unathletic Morgan Chesler who, having stood in cold terror before the race began, was now channelling all her competitive

boardroom-drive into sports. Shouting assertively at her bookish daughter's far slower progress across the field, the brunette business babe was bouncing on her heels, causing her plump calves to quiver and her bulky paunch to gradually wobble its way free from underneath her tank top, until with one particularly enthusiastic bounce the garment slid up smoothly and the whole pale dome flopped out heavily, round and exposed in the Texas sun.

But fate had saved the best for last.

Naturally expecting Hank Hill to sweep all before him again, Trent had felt his heart leap at the unexpected sight of Debbie's unmistakable Jessica-Simpson blonde locks bobbing across the field from the sports center. As she grew closer, his eyes had almost burst out of his skull. Blondie had clearly been called on at the last minute to compete: her well-fed curves were overflowing an outfit that had either been purchased many months ago or been shrunk several sizes in the wash. Either way, it was clear Mrs Hill had recently gained weight. Thighs, boobs and belly were the primary beneficiaries, but her whole figure looked deliciously hefty. "Damn, I can see her asscrack!" Trent gaped openly as Debbie leaned forward to holler at her daughter. He grinned at the sight. It was as if the stunning blonde was leaning across the border between plump and fat, and was only saved from toppling over by the genetically generous distribution of her new pounds. The overtight outfit exposed all blondie's greedy little indulgences. And despite her bellows of encouragement to Savannah, who was gliding across the turf with her spoon held steady, Debbie's discomfort was clear from her frequent grimaces and winces, at which she'd tug her pinching waistband or pester her absurdly overburdened sports bra.

*"DAMN I'D LOVE TO HELP HER OUT OF THAT!"*

Trent froze rigid as his muttered remark boomed across the field. "*PREDICAMENT!*" he added hastily, pinching the mike and forcing a look of concern as a hundred quizzical eyes turned towards the pavilion, "*Help her out of that predicament,*" he repeated, restoring his courteous confidence with a cough. "*Sorry folks,*" he tapped the mike, "*sound issues again. I was sayin' Kaylee Smith needs helping out of that predicament. Can we get a physio on?*"

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As one of the PE staff scampered across the track with a first-aid kit, the perspiring principal whistled under his breath and turned the mike off, almost crushing it between his fingers. That had been a close one, but it seemed the watchers had accepted the reasoning of his remark - or been too confused figure out what he was really referring to. Trent exhaled heavily. He was damn lucky Kaylee Smith had taken a tumble at the right moment!

Once the girl was back on her feet (to encouraging applause), Trent chanced a nervous glance toward the spectators. With the leading first-grade runners over halfway to their parents, the benches of watching kids were cheering wildly and completely focused on the race. Scanning the stands, he found to his relief that the adults were likewise occupied - waving, shouting, some even pumping their fists. His misspoken words seemed to have been forgotten.

And as they panned across the spectators in growing relief, his eyes halted abruptly on an even more welcome sight.

If Trent could've picked one girl in the crowd, squeezed her into spandex workout gear and added her to the starting line up, it would without a doubt have been Cynthia Heller. A stunning little sugar-lipped minx in her mid or perhaps even early twenties, Cynthia had elbowed aside lesser bitches to become Stephanie Richardson's second in command; and though she didn't have kids of her own she followed her leader everywhere.

Not that Trent was complaining. It gave him plenty of opportunities to enjoy the view.

For a few moments he gazed wistfully at a side-on profile of Cynthia's short highlighted blonde locks, the back flicked up in its usual stylish messiness, the front curling in just below an impossible cute chin, framing pouty lips that were pursed around a gigantic pink straw, on which the rapid hollowing and bulging of Cynthia's rosy cheeks indicated that she was sucking greedily.

Trent wondered for the thousandth time if he could coax her away from Stephanie later and try it on. Despite the near-suicidal riskiness, he was sorely tempted. Standing there casually, her enticing blonde softness on show in a skimpy, sleeveless white tank top, the little minx looked sexier than ever. Principal Gordon found himself strangely besotted with her exposed upper arm, of which he had a clean side-on view. Bent at the elbow, it was in bicep-curl position, but it was clear from its tanned smoothness that the heaviest thing Cynthia ever curled were strawberry milkshakes like the one currently in her hand. Though neither fat nor even plump, the limb in question possessed no muscle tone whatsoever (despite the colossal size of the milkshakes its owner loved to guzzle). Just an inviting softness. Trent grinned. As an overall description, that two-word expression summed Cynthia up perfectly. Naturally slender, her youthful figure had that under-exerted but incredibly sexy softness to it. Enhanced by a healthy freshman fifteen, which had hung around long after her hairdressing course finished and invited along five or six friends, the soft blonde babe had acquired a slight, slouching potbelly that pushed gently at the patterned gaps in her lacy summer top, and slender but juicy thighs emerged from her tiny cut-off denim shorts.

Just as Trent, had resolved once and for all to go for it - and to hell with the consequences - he was near-blinded by a sudden glint of brilliant white light. Blinking a few times, he made out its source: the perfect smile of Stephanie Richardson, who was (inevitably) standing next to the object of his lusty gaze.

The perving principal swore inwardly. Stephanie's smile was as serene as a May morning - and as cold as January frost. And though her eyes were hidden by giant sunglasses, he knew she'd caught him looking. Trent managed a sheepish grin in her general direction, before turning hurriedly back to the track. Damn, that hawk bitch didn't miss anything. He was certain she'd deliberately reflected the sun at him ... And with rising fear he realised it was quite possible she'd caught onto the real meaning of his his earlier involuntary announcement. Trent cursed again under his breath, this time taking no heed of the microphone. He was in major trouble if she had. Even David Lee Rutherford wouldn't be able to think of a way out of that one.

In fairness, Trent reflected grimly, women were not the David's specialty. Even if they had been, it probably would've been rather overstepping the pupil-principal boundaries for him to have disclosed his ... well, how would David have described it: intimate and unwise involvement with an espoused female of the parental persuasion?

Aka secretly banging a married parent. Trent's smile was bitter. The description made no odds. He could see no way out of his, aha, predicament. Even if he'd been sure he wanted out.

Besides, for all David's mastery of participles, percentages and devious marketing, there had never been a lad of 17 more inept and terrified of the fairer sex. And that was saying something. The principal cast around the students for his lanky prefect, and soon found him, standing rigidly upright near the track. Trent snorted. As ever, David was as still and straight as a stiff-assed British grenadier: hands clasped behind him, eyes front and center.

But just as he was musing over the ridiculously rigid geekiness of the kid, Trent noticed with a glimmer of surprise that David's head was tilted - ever so slightly - to the left. Following his gaze, the principal's eyes grew round, and he chuckled.

Subtly, but undeniably, David Lee Rutherford was staring at Debbie Hill's bra-straining tits. Trent's smirk morphed into a wide grin. "Perhaps the kid isn't as frigidly British-dicked as I thought," he mumbled, glancing at the mike again with another spasm of terror. His relief at

finding it off was quickly replaced with a shiver of realisation.

Perhaps David *had* thought of the third sports-kit advantage...

"Sly dog," thought Trent. Maybe the kid would be a match for Stephanie Richardson after all.

As the first egg was passed from pupil to parent, the principal stroked his chin, making a mental note to collar David once the race was over.

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"C'mooooon Danni!" With her daughter's grimace of concentration getting close, Debbie Hill glanced to her right. All the other competing pupils were way behind.

All but one.

Having been neck and neck with Danni for most of the race, that scrawny Cuban/Mexican kid had pelted across the last 50 meters and was now passing his egg on to...

Debbie gulped, as her stunning raven-haired milf rival raised her spoon to accept the transfer. "Figures," the blonde muttered grimly, turning back just as Danielle was upon her.

The changeover went smoother than Debbie could've possibly hoped. "Guess cookin' with eggs every morning was good training," thought the blonde, glancing to the side. Thanks to a more cumbersome egg-exchange, the race-leader's bulging spandex rump was only five or six paces ahead. Gritting her teeth, Debbie speed-wiggled off in hot pursuit.

Hot was right. After no more than twenty paces, Debbie's woefully underexercised body was feeling the burn in every sense. Her forehead burned. Her lungs burned. Her calves burned. Her forearms burned. Her thighs burned. Most of all, her belly burned. Grunting out a pepperoni burp and following it with a sickly groan, the blonde hottie fought to keep her mammoth lunch down. It wasn't easy. Long accustomed to following a heavy midday meal with a lazy afternoon leaning back in a plush leather chair at the bank, Debbie's pampered paunch was thoroughly disturbed by the jostle and bounce of after-feast exertion.

The only consolation was that, despite all Debbie's own problems, the round-rumped race leader didn't seem to be increasing her lead. That was something, at least. When the Mexico-Cuban cutie had set off at a brisk canter, Debbie had feared the worst. But it wasn't long before she'd started to falter. From the way her backside was quivering and her spoon flailing from side to side, it looked as though the olive beauty had burnt herself out - probably having underestimated the imbalancing effect of that prodigious posterior.

And Debbie couldn't help noticing that the only thing wobbling more than the the girl's ass was her egg. Though a kind person at heart, a small part of her couldn't help willing the bobbling oval to bounce free. However much her own body ached, Debbie knew she stood a chance if that happened. Her own spoon remained steady, and the sweat was dripping off before it could reach her fingers.

A bead of perspiration rolled down the determined blonde's back and slipped into her exposed asscrack. If she could - just - keep - moving. There was no one else withi-

Debbie frowned. Though concentrating way too hard on balancing her egg to risk looking around, she swore she could hear a faint rustling sound over her right shoulder. Must be the wind, she thought. But the sound didn't go away. In fact ... it seemed to be getting louder - and louder. And louder.

A few waddling steps later, Debbie gasped in shock as, in the corner of her eye, a blurred silver

tsunami whirled past up in the outside lane.

"No - *puff* - freakin' - *oof* - way!" Were it not for her egg, the dumbstruck blonde would've stopped dead and rubbed her eyes in disbelief at the pair of pale, stick-like calves in pulled-up white Armani socks that had sprinted out in front of her. Debbie had already been feeling faintly queasy; now she knew the heat had gotten to her. Or perhaps it was all the cheese from that pizza. Either way, she was definitely hallucinating. No way had Old Man Richardson just stormed past her into second place.

Looking up, Debbie noticed that her rival seemed to be having the same hallucination too: just ahead, the Cuban cutie glanced over her left shoulder and picked up her pace.

That was when the egg fell.

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A groan of compassion rolled slowly across the stands as - like an unlikely Olympic diver - the wantaway egg took two tentative practice bounces and then bounded up into the sky, evading the flailing spoon with an ungainly quadruple somersault before thudding to the turf.

Plodding on heavily through a haze of heat and sweat, Debbie's eyes bulged at the sight of her curvy competitor's wide behind surging up towards the heavens, as its owner bent forward to locate her fallen cargo.

*Riiiiip*

As if someone had slammed an emergency stop button, the stooping Cuban's sizeable caboose halted its skyward ascent with an abrupt jiggle. Her raven head jolted upwards

Stomach dropping in terror, Jackie Guerra felt the warm Texas sun spread across the middle of her butt.

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A moan of misery escaped Jackie's perfect scarlet lips. In her desperate eagerness to retrieve her egg, the Cuban cutie had stooped too quickly, stretched too suddenly, and sundered her supertight spandex leggings right at the centre.

Seven or eight waddles behind, Debbie gasped as a line of purple thong suddenly appeared in the middle of her rival's prodigious rear end, squeezed between two slivers of plump olive flesh. She could tell her fellow milf had sensed it too - for though the body remained rigid and bent low at the waist, the back of her raven head had immediately shot up.

Slowing her already ponderous progress - perhaps out of subconscious concern that the same fate befall her own overtight clothing - Debbie was well placed to assess the damage. Although it had looked bad at first, the gap was mercifully slender (well, at least relative to the size of the girl's ass) and the stand of spectators behind the runners was now far enough back that only an eagle could possibly have seen what had happened.

...For now, at least. The closer Debbie drew, the more dangerously tight the flimsy fabric looked around those pompously plump buttocks. The faintest false move and the Cuban cutie's prize-winning booty would be on full display.

The highlighted streaks in Jackie's thick raven hair glinted like burnished gold in the sun as she cast around desperately for assistance. For a second, her beautiful imploring hazel eyes met

Debbie's own. But there was little the blonde could do beyond offering a sympathetic look. Any movement to help would only have drawn the crowd's attention.

Anyway, Debbie had problems enough of her own, the immediate one being whether she could reach her hand down to soothe the cramp that was spreading across the back of her thigh without losing control of her egg - or causing her boobs to pop out.

Still, from the corner of her eye she watched as her rival glanced from the spectator-filled stand ahead to the upcoming competitors behind, who would soon be within viewing range of her exposed rump. With no other options, the compromised Cuban began slowly and cautiously to lower herself to the ground.

Debbie sighed sympathetically. Though a tiny part of her felt it served her curvy competitor right for being such a poser on the start line, she would never have wished a wardrobe malfunction like that on anyone. Well... except perhaps Stephanie Richardson - but even then not in front of a crowd. Besides, ever a fan of close-fitting fabrics, Debbie was no stranger to such struggles herself. They just tended to menace her upper half rather than her

CRAAACCK...

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Sitting dumbly in the middle of the field, with cheering, shouting, heat, exhaustion and fear all thudding heavily against her head, Jackie Guerra was on the verge of despair. That conclusive crunch could mean only one thing.

"Great." The sultry mamacita sighed as a stream of sticky yellow yoke began to seep out from beneath her thigh. "Now I have egg on my ass as well as my face."

For the first time since highschool, the former beauty-queen cursed her overly curvaceous behind. For the hundredth time since highschool, she stored up several harsh words for her husband, who'd cheerfully piled that second trio of chimichangas onto her plate last night, muttering about how she needed to build up her strength for the race. She was sure her leggings fitted a little tighter this morning as a result. And hadn't it been Marco's sweet-talking that had persuaded her to compete in the first place? "The men will adore you," he'd cooed, patting her ample rump as she struck a sexy pose for him in her stylish new spandex. "Just think how many customers this will bring to the restaurant!"

Well, they'd be coming all right, though Jackie with a grim sigh. Coming to jeer and sneer at their humiliated hostess: little Miss Split-pants, the show-off beauty queen who'd let her ass get too fat. She could hear the whispered taunts now. "Oh they don't use frying pans here: she cooks all the eggs on that butt of hers in the yard out back." "You know she used to be a pageant princess?! Unbelievable huh?"

Jackie moaned sorrowfully. How had this happened? Once she had strutted up and down the Florida catwalk as a serious contender for Miss Cuba. Now she was sitting in the middle of a school sports field, sweating and gasping for breath, her pants split and her prize-winning posterior coated in egg yoke. A beauty queen who'd honed her lean curves through several gruelling hours of cardio a day, defeated in a test of fitness by a decrepit pensioner - her eyes widened as Debbie's pink-clad bubble butt bobbed slowly past - and now by an overfed ex-cheerleader as well!

The Cuban superbeauty sighed. Who was she kidding? Her last pageant had been nearly eight years ago. She remembered it well: lying in a hotel bed the night before, trying to quell her nerves and ignore the painful rumblings of her underfed belly... And then almost having a heart attack at the sudden knocking at her hotel window - where, having finally mustered the courage to tiptoe over, she'd been startled to find the geeky young sous chef from her local



eatery, wobbling unsteadily atop a ladder, with a rucksack full of tasty treats on his back.

She'd pretty much loved Marco from that moment. Since then they'd moved to Texas, married, had a kid, and opened a restaurant at which she'd become the official hostess and unofficial taste tester. No wonder her spandex had been getting tight lately. Freed from the austere diet of her contest days, Jackie had spent several years revelling in a sub-hedonistic Texan lifestyle. Marco hadn't been rich, but they'd done well enough. He'd made her laugh, and he sure as hell knew the way to her heart, wielding that incredible Cuban cuisine as a devastating weapon of seduction. And she'd surrendered completely. Jackie ran a hand across her thigh. Truth be told, it was probably just as thick as the one her waddling blonde adversary was now reaching awkwardly to rub the back of.

The sight gave Jackie a sudden idea. What if she feigned an injury herself? They may even bring a stretcher on, and she might just be able to slip onto it without anyone seeing her ass! Even as she reached for her thigh and began to wince exaggeratedly, she realised it was a long shot. Besides, her big exposed butt would probably be visible through the bottom of the stretcher. Still, it was better than -

Wait... what was this? Squinting through the glare of the sun, Jackie vaguely made out a brightly illuminated human-shaped form bounding towards her, surrounded in white light. Like some strange silver angel, striding through her nightmare.

"Marco?" she mouthed.

No. The apparition was too... old?

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This time, I'm hallucinating for sure, concluded Debbie, blinking through a haze of sun and sweat, her brown eyes bulging ever wider at the apparent figure of Nathaniel Richardson speeding back towards her. For a moment she thought the old man had gone senile and was going to knock her over; but in a flash the gallant pensioner had swept past and was within moments stooping next to their mutual Cuban opponent, trying to coax the reluctant girl to her feet.

Naturally, the sitting beauty was resisting, pointing to her leg - after all, standing would've meant certain exposure. Debbie gulped. Richardson was clearly unaware of her predicament, and was continuing, albeit gently, to insist that he could help.

But things were about to get a whole lot worse. For, not to be out chivalried, who should arrive on the scene moments later but none other than David Lee Rutherford? Gasping asthmatically having sprinted over from the pavilion, he held out his school sports hoody to the still-sitting Cuban milf, clearly indicating that she use it to wipe off the egg.

The damsel in increasing distress accepted with a weak smile, and Debbie groaned. Noble and well-meaning as it was, David's misplaced chivalry had sealed the poor Latina's fate: for it was quite clear his next move would be to help old man Richardson lift her to her feet. "Injured" or not, how could she refuse? She'd be forced to hobble off past the stand of spectators and the benches of watching children with her ass hanging out. It was a voluptuous hottie's worst nightmare.

As the unfortunate milf slowly wiped her leg and discreetly dabbed the side of her butt, Debbie managed to catch David's eye. But though she raised her brows in warning, there was no way she could communicate the situation. The doomed Cuban held out the egg-stained hoody with the grim resignation of a prisoner about to make the final walk from death row.

Then Debbie frowned. For despite staring at the proffered garment, David was making no

move to reclaim it, his hands rigid by his side. Her Latino competitor, apparently equally confused, lifted her hand higher - and then Debbie saw the most complete wave of understanding and relief flood across the girl's stunning face. Retracting her hand quickly, she knotted the hoodie firmly around her waist. Lifted under one arm by old man Richardson and the other by young David, she rose slowly to her feet.

Thundering applause from parents and pupils morphed into a cheer, as Richardson perfected the act of dual gallantry by handed Jackie his own egg and spoon, bowing away with a flourish.

It was only after smiling at the scene for a few moments that Debbie realised she'd stopped running. Somehow all the other competitors seemed to have either lost their own eggs or to be still some way behind. As if in a dream, she looked round to the now-silent crowd, and the big red finish ribbon. Then she turned back at her Cuban adversary, who was standing dumbly with her egg and spoon held out front.

For a moment, the two supermilfs stared one at the other, blinking and panting.

And then, to the sound of an almighty cheer, they began to run.

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Though the red winners' ribbons for the relay were by unanimous decision awarded to Oliver and Nathaniel Richardson, there was sober and consequential academic debate about which of the two ubermilfs crossed the line first.

But in the end, though certain pedantic observers maintained (in whispers amongst themselves) that the blonde's tits had in fact crossed the finish line some time before either girl broke the ribbon, the result was declared a dead heat.

Despite their competitive natures, this suited both women. Puffing like a bellows, with her hands on her knees, Debbie certainly felt she would've collapsed if forced to take a single extra step. A glance across at her curvaceous competitor, whose perfect olive skin and rosey cheeks were now merging with a deep purple hue, revealed that the feeling was mutual.

"Jeez *puff* she's nearly as *oof* outta shape as me," thought Debbie, rising and wincing as a sharp cramp shot across her flank, but managing to return the friendly smile of her beautiful adversary.

Standing on the pavilion, Trent Gordon was having similar thoughts. Damn, those chicks were in way worse shape than they looked. He could only marvel at the pampered lifestyles Debbie and Jackie must've lived to have become so unfit. The blonde was soft and plump, for sure, and the brunette had way too much out back to move quickly, but he hadn't expected them to be exhausted by a mere 500 meters of moderately fast walking.

"Girls just can't run," he chuckled sagely, almost having a heart attack when David glanced over at him from the side of the podium. Thankfully he seemed to be the only one who'd heard: the mike was still off.

But those two portly princesses weren't the worst of the bunch. A green-faced Bob Lander had hobbled off with his wife's assistance without making it half way, holding his stomach and moaning about a muscle strain which Trent suspected was pie-related. And after what seemed like an age, Morgan Chesler had shuffled home in eighth place as the last finisher. Her competitive nature had caused her to set off at a breakneck pace, which her overfed and underexercised body managed to maintain for a full four seconds. Still, that same determination had also carried her bravely over the finish line, whereupon she'd immediately collapsed into her husband's arms. Now panting furiously and leaning back on a bench, the business bombshell looked considerably less immaculate than she had on the start line. That

once sharply straightened dark hair resembled an abandoned bird's nest, and her pale potbelly was slouched bulkily in her lap, rising and falling with each heavy breath as a doting Cliff coaxed periodical sips of water between her panting lips.

Trent grinned, wishing he thought to hire a camera crew and video the whole event.

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Just as she was starting to get her breath back, Debbie felt a pair of strong arms wrap round her stomach from behind.

"You were so awesome mom!"

"Thanks bab-ooooof!" Danielle released her grip at her mom's gasp. Debbie turned, managing to half-smile through the pain. "Thanks honey. Just *uff* go easy on the squeezin', okay?" She rubbed her middle tenderly. "Mommy doesn't feel so *hu-uurp* good."

Danielle obediently took a step back. "I'll get you some water."

Debbie grinned, gently massaging her tummy. Three gruelling events down and yet somehow Dani was still bursting with enough energy to hug her mom half to death and then sprint off in search of water. Could anyone there match her daughter for fitness?

Well, the blonde, looked over at the podium. There was *one* person who might.

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"Whooo-hooo! Way ta go Mister R! *Sluuuurrrp*." Cynthia whooped, nudging her friend playfully as she watched the old man shake hands graciously with the principal, accepting his winner's ribbon. "Guess there's life in the old dog yet, huh Stephie? *Sluuurp*"

"*Sluuurp* Whassat Stephie? Didn't catch whatya *sluuuurp* said there."

Cynthia gulped (partly from milkshake and partly with fear) as her tall friend swivelled on her suddenly.

"Cyn-thia," Stephanie's words oozed far too much sweetness for their own good; she levelled the shorter blonde with her piercing green eyes.

"Do you ever stop guzzling those *damn* milkshakes?!"

This time the gulp was one-hundred percent fear. Standing over six feet high in heels, boasting a bustily robust build that was neither fat nor muscular, with her long subtly-shaded summer blonde locks flashing golden in the sun and her expensive blouse rippling lightly in the light wind, Stephanie Richardson cut a formidable figure. Her firey hazel eyes bore into her cheerful ally, whose lips opened wordlessly in shock, fully abandoning the straw for what seemed like the first time that afternoon.

"Do you know how many calories are in those things?!"

"Uhh, like, a million?" Cynthia mumbled, eyes sliding sideways to avert her leader's reprovng gaze as she sheepishly inhaled the dregs of her drink. *Sluuur-guulp*.

Her interrogator arched a cruel eyebrow. "Where did you get them, anyway?"

A trembling pink-nailed finger pointed in the direction of a makeshift stall, behind which stood some small pupils and a big lopsided banner bearing a crude image of a strawberry and the

scrawled words: *Charitee milksakes! Any doenation welcome!*

"You getting another?"

Apparently concluding that even Stephanie's withering disapproval was worth enduring for another dose of sugary strawberry goodness, Cynthia nodded once, her eyes fixed on the floor.

Leaning back so that her impressive bosom jutted up well above the shorter girl's head, Stephanie delved with manicured fingers into her silver-rimmed Gucci purse. After much clinking and rustling, she extracted a shiny one-cent coin, which she tossed to her friend.

"Get me one too. Double cream... And make sure it's Demerara sugar!" Stephanie called as her lackey scampered off, smiling with silent disdain at the departing underside of Cynthia's buttocks, quivering chubbily below her immodestly tiny daisy dukes.

"Too many milkshakes, my greedy little Cynthia," she sneered to herself. "Better be careful, or you'll end up looking like a junior Debbie Hill."

The thought caused Stephanie to laugh openly. Despite her disapproval, she was secretly quite smug about Cynthia's expanding backside: the girl was way too young and attractive for her own good. Indeed, earlier that day, in an act of characteristic kindness, Stephanie had offered encouragement as her friend jumped up and down in front of a mirror, squirming and tugging the aforementioned overtight shorts over her jiggling thighs, nodding approvingly (and trying not to show her surprise) when they finally popped up over that chunky rear end.

The devious blonde's private laughter was interrupted by the biggest cheer of the afternoon. Turning to its source, Stephanie narrowed her eyes at the sight of Danielle Hill and Jayden Guerra beaming with joy as they raised the winners cup between them. She snorted derisively. The draw between those two bulky bimbos had robbed both their children of outright overall victory. As for her own idiot husband... well, he'd nearly cost Oliver the race, selfishly running back to flirt with that fat-assed Latina.

But she'd deal with him later. For now Stephanie focused her attention on the two spandex-stuffed milfs, still breathing heavily as they applauded their jubilant offspring. She shook her head slowly. What a painful sight. For a pair of major-league hotties to have let themselves go like that. It just showed such a lack of discipline. Sure, Debbie Hill's manicured fingers had always been a little too greedy for the snacks and drinks at the parties they'd both attended, but looking at the blonde bank clerk now, Stephanie realised she had clearly underestimated the extent her indulgences. The girl looked genuinely plump and woefully unfit: the race had finished over five minutes ago, yet her protruding gut was still swelling in and out roundly with each laboured breath. As for Guerra... Stephanie's eyes narrowed and her lip curled into a nasty grin.

That strategically placed hoody might be hiding it now, but she knew the big-butted beauty queen had ripped her pants apart. The reaction had revealed it.

Still staring downwards, the meanest bitch in Burnet wordlessly accepted a tall plastic cup held out by Cynthia and daintily clenched the straw between her beige-glossed lips.

The sugar would sharpen her barbs for the buffet.

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"Another cannoli, Jackie?"

Eyelashes rising eagerly, the sultry Cuban gazed at the proffered tray of chocolate-drizzled

treats, her crimson fingernails fluttering to her bosom.

"Mmmm. I really shouldn't..."

Fixing on his winning quarterback smile, Hank Hill lifted the platter higher.

"Go on - grab one before Debra gets back."

The indecisive Latina inhaled sensuously, feeling the tempting sugary scent warm her nostrils. "Wellll. Maybe just a little one." After a moment of hesitant hovering, Jackie's manicured fingers fell like a striking eagle and snatched up the widest and fattest remaining roll on the platter, popping the entire thing between her scarlet lips in one go.

And why not? reflected the lustily chewing Cuban. She'd had a damn stressful day!

"Mmmmm, soooo good."

Hank could only marvel at how Jackie managed to sound even more seductive with pastry-swollen cheeks, as she rolled her eyes in enjoyment and reached for another cannoli.

"Just *ufff* one *fmore*," muttered the munching *mamacita* very unconvincingly. "You know, y'all really should *mmph* try one yourself."

Hank leaned back into a short laugh. "Hah! And leave only one for Debra? She'd bust my balls!"

"Hahah - *mmff* - aww what a lucky gal," cooed Jackie, gulping the better part of her snack and popping in the remaining fragment. Glancing coolly across the room at the dessert counter to ensure her husband was paying close attention, she leaned forward and gave Hank's muscular shoulder a squeeze.

"To have such a strong *and* generous man taking care of her."

The normally confident ex-jock laughed nervously, eyes darting towards the dessert counters as he ran a hand through his short, thick hair. Marco Guerra had his back turned and was stabbing a serving knife with considerable force into a gigantic key lime pie - the treat his beautiful wife had dismissively dispatched him to retrieve for her a few moments earlier.

Flashing a lopsided grin at Jackie, who was twiddling her straw in a champagne spritzer, Hank Hill took a long swig of beer. For the second time in one day, he had walked into a situation way beyond his understanding. And there was no escaping this one.

Opening just over four months ago, the Guerras' new Latin Kitchen had already caused quite a stir in Burnet. But, despite Debbie's constantly pesterings, the Hill family had yet to make their *début*, and this was the first time Hank had met the owners. He was pretty sure it was the first time Debbie had met them too - though the way she and Jackie had been gassing, you'd think they'd been friends for life.

Either way, he could tell the two women were up to something. The fact that his wife hadn't turned her bowlful of lasagne over Jackie's head when the Latina had started brazenly flirting with him confirmed it. But, beyond winding up Marco up something rotten, Hank couldn't figure out the girls' game. He guessed it had something to do with the race, most of which he'd missed.

Smirking awkwardly at Jackie, who fluttered her dark eyelashes at him over her tall golden flute of champagne, Hank took another gulp of beer. Whatever they were plotting, he hoped it wasn't a form of punishment for his mistakes that day. Dammit, he was *sure* he'd put those

cookies away too high for the kids to get at! And it wasn't his fault Debra's mom had taken forty minutes to haul her scrawny ass round to watch over the now-sleeping Savannah - and then spent twenty more berating him for parental incompetence before permitting him to leave. He'd burnt the tyres on the fastest Chevy in his dealership to get to the school quick as possible. Sure, the race had been near as dammit over when he'd arrived, but Danni had won hadn't she? ... Sort of.

"So, Debbie tells me you played quarterback for the Cowboys." Jackie's admiring voice cut through Hank's morbid musings like a carving knife. "Did ya ever know, ummm ... Troy Aikman?"

"Knew him?! Hell yes! Why when I was..."

And with that, Hank charged off into the world of football, all his thoughts and worries instantly evaporating into oblivion at the chance to hold court on his favourite topic.

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"Hmm, I'll have to learn that trick," mused Debbie. Popping a mini churo between her lips and placing two more onto her plate, the buxom blonde watched from across the room as her husband regaled Jackie Guerra with tales of his glory days.

She could tell from the hand actions alone that Hank was talking football - and it was one of the subjects she'd suggested Jackie bring up. But where Debbie's own eyes now tended to glaze over after a few minutes of touchdowns and Troy Aikmans, Jackie's drooping lids somehow only made her look all the more sultry and intriguing. The girl was clearly close to a coma, but you'd never have known it.

Debbie smiled. At any other time, the sight of Hank talking so enthusiastically to the flirtiest and second sexiest girl in the room would've made her burn with jealousy. Jackie Guerra was all kinds of hot. From the thick waves of gold-streaked raven hair, through the generous pair of olive bosoms pushed forwards by a sexily curved back. And that was just the top half. The bootilicious Cuban babe was arguably even more impressive below the waist - as Debbie had discovered at close range during the race. Little wonder those super-snug dark jeans were clinging to her thick legs and butt like a second skin: Jackie possessed the juiciest thighs Debbie had seen since ... well, since the turkey counter.

Which reminded her. Turning back to the ranks of desserts lined up on the polished tabletop, Debbie daintily selected two sizeable chocolate eclairs and slipped them onto the edge of her plate, carefully balancing their ends atop the raspberry trifle and small pile of sugar-crust ed mini churos already present.

Just for a second, a guilty blush crossed the blonde hottie's immaculately beautiful face. After filling herself so full earlier - not to mention almost hurling during the race - Debbie really hadn't expected to feel quite so famished on arriving in the buffet for the second time that afternoon.

"Must be because I burned so many calories," she reasoned, casting a wistful eye at the long line of whipped cream raspberry cupcakes. Or perhaps it was just relief at being back in some reasonably well-fitting clothes. Anyway, hadn't she read that a good helping of protein and sugar soon after exercise was important for rebuilding muscle mass?

Equipped with a planeload of copiously creamy cakes - and several somewhat less-convincing excuses - Debbie turned and began to wiggle back in the direction of her table, next to which stood her husband and cannoli-munching Jackie.

At least she wasn't eating as much as her new friend, thought the blonde, watching her olive

fingers dive yet again for the tray hank was holding out. What was that, her eighth cannoli?

As a parent passed just in front of her, Debbie halted abruptly, the jello on her precariously balanced trifle wobbling dangerously close to the edge of her plate. A deft twist of the hand averted disaster. She grinned. She'd mustered the concentration to stop a measly egg from tripping off a spoon for a long half hour - preserving such a comparatively rich cargo over such a comparatively short distance was child's play.

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"Let me guess: the Epic of Troy Aikaman?"

Feeling his wife's arm slide around his waist, Hank Hill grinned with the excitement of a storyteller whose audience has just doubled.

"Babe, I was just telling Jackie here about that time we-"

"Ooh, is that for me?" Debbie cut in excitedly.

"Huh? ... Oh, yeah," Hank held forth the platter, looking doubtfully from the lonely last cannoli to to the mound of colourful desserts on his wife's own plate.

Accepting with a smile, the blonde popped the last of the cannolis into her mouth and turned seamlessly to engage Jackie in a conversation about handbags.

A little miffed that his story had been cut short, but grateful to be out of the female firing line for a few moments, Hank turned to place the now-empty cannoli tray on the table. Finding no space, he balanced it atop one of many grease-stained platters cluttering the surface.

For a moment, the ex-footballer turned successful Chevrolet salesman looked over the plate-ridden remains of what had until recently been a vast array of buffet goodies. He gave a wry smile. The race had finished almost two hours ago, but Debbie and Jackie seemed to be continuing their contest in a new arena - one which was obviously a much more natural home to them than the sports field. Hank counted seven empty plates on the table, only two of which he and Marco were responsible for. The contents of the rest had found their way, pretty evenly, into their curvaceous wives. Apparently all that exercise had worked up quite a hunger in the two hot young ladies.

Not that Hank was in any way complaining - far from it! Watching Debbie indulge her ample appetite was one of his secret passions. Every inch she added over the years thrilled him more than he dared let on. To see her locked in a friendly contest of consumption with a seriously curvy Cuban stunner (who was at that very moment eagerly accepting an enormous chunk of key lime pie from her returning husband) in some strange unspoken battle of the buffet ... Well, it was pretty much a fantasy come true.

He just had to make sure Marco didn't catch him oogling his wife!

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"Here they are!"

The whole group turned in the direction of the smoothly familiar Texan tones.

"What a race," Trent Gordon applauded as he strode toward them, beaming massively.

"What - a - race."

Sidling over to the group, the junior principal was in full-on charm mode. The buffet food and drink were flowing, everyone guzzling and nattering happily, and Trent was making sure to cosy up to as many groups of parents as possible, enquiring about their children, slipping in the occasional casual mention of gym membership and after-school classes. So far, eleven guys and a handful of women had added their names to the list, and a whole load more had seemed genuinely interested. Murmurings of how impressive the new building was were rife.

All in all, it was going well. Added to which, no one had mentioned his, ah, microphone malfunction earlier. Fixing his whitest smile, the principal approached one of the most important groups in the room.

"Reckon Debra woulda put you to shame" he winked, shaking hands warmly with Hank Hill, "That was one hell of a run out there Miss Hill. And you too Jackie," he added, turning to the stunning Cuban milf, "wonderful effort!"

"Oh yes. And so fortunate someone was there to help her out of her *predicament*."

Trent froze cold at the venomously sweet voice, far too close to his ear.

Heels clicking sharply as sauntered into the circle of parents, Stephanie Richardson brought a finger to her brow and casually swept aside a stray strand of golden hair. The six silver bracelets on her wrist tingled expensively in the silence.

"Oh, wait," she laughed daintily. "Silly me. I'm getting *all* confused. It was Kaylee, wasn't it, who had the predicament?" Trent reached for his collar as the icy blonde tilted her head towards him. "But, you know, it's the funniest thing -" Stephanie paused with a frown - "I could've sworn she fell over *after* you mentioned it."

The eternity of silence that followed was interrupted only by the soft *sluuuurp* that heralded Cynthia Heller's arrival at her leader's side. Glaring her follower into taking a heavy gulp, Stephanie returned her gaze to Trent, throwing back her blonde locks with a sharp laugh.

"Which would make it a predicted predicament! Fancy that!"

Reduced to a grin of pure terror, the Trent Gordon was blushing furiously. He was busted and he knew it. But Stephanie was just getting started. Shifting her eyes to the curvy Latina standing silently next to him, she added, in voice ever so slightly slower and lower:

"But I wonder. Did you predict Jackie's *predicament* too?"

Perhaps it was the way she said it, or the hint of evil gleaming behind those piercing hazel eyes, but somehow Jackie felt suddenly sure this blonde queen bitch (whoever she was) wasn't just referring to her sitting on her egg. Which could only mean...

The Cuban bombshell felt her cannoli-loaded stomach plummet in horror.

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After a moment of silence - in which Trent and Jackie stood in numb terror and Hank and Marco exchanged a glance of pure bafflement - Stephanie's serene beige lips parted.

But another voice spoke first.

"Can it sugar!"



Debbie Hill had heard more than enough. The only other witness to Jackie's wardrobe malfunction, she knew exactly what Stephanie was referring to and that cruel intentions lay behind her silky innocence.

But after raising her finger and stepping forward purposefully, Debbie halted.

What could she say - let alone do? To everyone watching, Stephanie was the picture of sweetness, just as she always was in public. Debbie could already see the confusion on Marco's face at her aggressive move towards this apparently angelic blonde. Hank knew better of course, having endured many rants from his wife about Lady Richardson's bitchy ways; but unless Debbie revealed the truth - which would embarrass poor Jackie just as much as if Stephanie herself revealed it - even Hank would have no grounds for supporting any aggression (physical or verbal) on his wife's part.

With a defeated sigh, Debbie lowered her finger and looked pleadingly at her opponent, hoping against hope that buried somewhere deep within the ice queen's heart was some sleeping sliver of compassion.

The corner of Stephanie's benign smile twitched in malevolent delight.

"Ahhh, darling, there you are!"

The briefest flash of annoyance swept across Stephanie's cool exterior, but her white smile was quickly back in place.

"Darling," she cooed in response, kissing her arriving husband chastely on the cheek. "How nice of you to join us. And such perfect timing, as usual."

Ignoring the frosty menace in the latter part of his wife's greeting, Nathan Richardson proceeded to introduce himself with a warm handshake to every member of the group. Disarming as his charm was, though, it could not induce Debbie to lay down her glare, nor Stephanie to soften her weaponised smile.

"Um - are... are those apple dumplings?" enquired Jackie quietly, looking with interest at the plate Nathan Richardson had introduced to the group.

In truth, the last thing she wanted was more dessert. Having already feasted on several deep-fried camembert cheeseballs, a huge pork steak, a pile of fries, countless cannolis and a big portion of key lime pie, the curvy Latina could feel her full belly pushing restlessly against her jeans. But at this point she'd have scarfed rancid horsemeat if it diverted the conversation away from Stephanie's original course.

Smiling amiably, Nathan held the plate forward. And as Cynthia and Jackie reached out to seize the plump dumplings, Stephanie seized her chance.

"My my Guerra!" she laughed, placing a hand dramatically to her chest with such an exaggerated intake of breath that her impressive bosom seemed to inflate beneath the loose designer linen of her blouse. "Are you *quite sure* you should be having dumplings on top of all that pie - and so soon after exercise?" Stephanie tutted sharply, wagging a finger. "You wouldn't want to find yourself in another *predicament*, now, would you?"

Stephanie lapped up the silence that followed, her angelic smile masking the excitement that was bubbling within as a deep cherry-red blush spread across her Cuban target's olive cheeks. Equally rewarding was the wince from Trent Gordon at her pointed enunciation of the word *predicament*.

Perfect, she thought. She could bring that show-off raven beauty down a few pegs and punish

the perving principal into the bargain. Extracting the verbal knife from Gordon with a twist, Stephanie lowered her eyebrows.

"It would be just awful if you ruined *another* pair of-

"PROFITEROLES!"

An already tense Jackie almost jumped out of her skin at the loud yet shrill and panic-stricken voice that thundered from some nearby origin. Debbie, equally astonished, had to execute an unlikely circus contortion to avoid losing the contents of her plate, and even Hank, Marco and Nathan stepped back in surprise.

Cynthia, who had chosen that moment to swallow more dumpling than her slender throat could contend with, began to cough awkwardly.

Only Stephanie remained unstartled. Teeth clicking together in quiet fury at the interruption, she spun ethereally on her Jimmy Choo heels and smiled down at the owner of the small, hurried voice.

Who promptly whitened like a glacier.

"Uh, I ... s-sorry to interrupt, ma'am. But I, uh ... there are only four left, and..."

The intimidated server trailed off feebly under the tall blonde's piercing green stare, which singed his retinas with a such hypnotic intensity that he barely noticed the semi-chewed chunk of dough fly through the small gap between them, as Nathan Richardson performed a successful Heimlich manoeuvre on the choking Cynthia. It was a gaze that seemed to make his brain freeze and melt at the same time.

David gulped drily. He was an avid reader of George RR Martin, but those eyes - burning and chilling his soul in turns - gave a whole new meaning to "*A Song of Ice and Fire*". Glancing to his nervously around, he found only gaping silence on all sides - the sort that came before an earthquake or volcano.

But just as the ill-fated student was bracing himself for a monumental eruption, an the tiniest crack appeared in the farthest corner of Stephanie's icy visage, just above her right eyebrow.

Almost imperceptibly, the towering blonde's eyes inched down to the proffered chocolate desserts.

"OOOooh profiter - *yeouch!!* Hey!!!!" Cynthia's dainty fingers darted toward the tray, only to be quickly retracted on receiving a sharp cat-quick slap. Rubbing her hand, pouted up at her assailant. "What gives!"

"Oh Cynthia," Stephanie laughed casually, examining the perfectly filed nails of her hand she had used to intercept her friend's questing fingers, while deftly wrenching the platter from David with the other. "It's for your own good darling," the imperious blonde intoned, lifting a profiterole to the light. Examining it intently she took a casual step back from the group that moved the tray out of everyone else's reach. "You've had four milkshakes, three full plates of pad Thai noodles and two excessively large slices of chocolate cheesecake." Stephanie pointed her profiterole at Cynthia's belly, bulging guilty as charged against the gaps of her laced top.

"And I saw that eclair you swiped from under Morgan Chesler's nose. I'm only thinking of you, darling," Stephanie continued through a mouthful of cream, chocolate and pastry, "One more *mmph* treat and - aha - well, those cut-off shorts will be cutting off your circulation."

Cynthia gaped in shock at her friend. "But... but it was you who told me to wear -" her lower

lip started to quiver as Stephanie seemed to rise even taller, looking down on her with casual superiority and daintily popping a second chocolate delicacy between her lips.

But just when everyone thought Cynthia would burst into tears, the petite blonde did something so out of character, and so utterly unexpectedly incredible, that it would live in Debbie's memory for decades to come.

"AaaaiieeeeEEEEK!!!"

A collective gasp rose from the group as the profiterole plate crashed to fragments against the hard floor and Stephanie Richardson leapt backwards, shrieking in terror.

"Why... You..." All composure evaporating, the tall blonde's eyes bulged in shock as she held her hands out in to her sides, panting in fury as half a pint of cold sticky pink liquid dripped down her impossibly expensive linen blouse.

"That... was a two THOUSAND dollar top you impudent little!!!!" Words failing her, the no-longer-so-angelic blonde cast around wildly, and for a moment it looked to Debbie as though Stephanie was going to swing her six-thousand dollar handbag at poor Cynthia, who was still frozen in position with her mouth agape at what she'd just done, the tall pink milkshake cup hanging limp her hand.

But in the end, Stephanie's menacing eyes settled firmly on her husband.

"Nathan! You are going sue this *fat* little bitch from here to-"

"Umm, Stephe?"

The raging Mrs Richardson wheeled round in the direction of the interruption. She narrowed her eyes, pink-splattered bosom heaving with fury.

"Stay out of this, Hill, you overfed-"

"See that's just the attitude I'm talkin' bout sugar," Debbie interrupted smoothly again, taking a casual but purposeful step forward. Stephanie tightened her grip on her handbag. "And, you know, I'm only thinking of you," Debbie drawled on politely, echoing her enemy's words from earlier. "I'd just *hate* for ya to say something you regret in light of you're, um - well, how should I put this." She paused as if in thought, then narrowed her own eyelids and nodding in the direction of Stephanie's pink splattered front.

"*Predicament.*"

Stephanie's lip curled contemptuously. "Oh, so I'm covered in strawberry milkshake," she spread her arms, "Big deal, Hill. I can always afford another dress. What's that got to with-" The tall blonde stopped and squinted closely at Debbie through slitted eyes. "What *are* you staring at Hill?" she said, following her enemy's gaze downwards. "You know staring is such a typical rude redneck hillbilly thing to - *Whaaaaa!?!?*"

The imperious blonde gasped in horror, staggering backwards. For although a few flecks of pink had found their way to Stephanie's impressive chest and even sullied some of the soft tips of her summer blonde hair, the main payload of the projectile milkshake had (Cynthia being over a head shorter than her friend) inevitably splatted thickly across the leggy blonde's midriff, causing the thin, expensive linen to cling tightly to...

Sucking in for all she was worth, Stephanie frantically tugged and pinched at the fine top, trying desperately to free the now-transparent material from her skin. But it was no use. The blouse was too damp and the belly too plump.

Debbie's smirk was so wide it seemed to hang over the sides of her face. "Lookin a little soft around the centre there, Stephanie. What happened? Personal chef puttin' too much caviar on your cupcakes?" The blonde bombshell reached forward and gently patted the sticky, yielding swell of Stephanie's rounded tummy. As good as naked beneath the now-transparent blouse, it bulged back into potbellied fullness each time Debbie's hand left its surface, the slightly sunken bellybutton acting as a suction device on the soaked fabric.

"All those expensive restaurants and rich desserts," continued Debbie wistfully, ignoring the grinding of Stephanie's teeth. "Gotta be careful callin' other people out on their eating, if ya can't keep off the creamcakes and crème brulee yourself, y'know? I really had no idea that fancy stuff was so fattening."

By this point, Stephanie Richardson was breathing and seething so intensely that she looked ready to burst a blood vessel. Clenching and unclenching her handbag until her knuckles were bone white, she lifted the six-thousand dollar accessory up a fraction as if testing its heft. There was a serious weight of makeup and jewellery in there, and with any luck the bag's gold rim would put a dent in Debbie Hill's smirking face - and then knock out that giggling idiot Cynthia on the backhand.

But... Stephanie's murderously beautiful eyes darted across the room. The crash of the plate had brought silence. All attention seemed to be fixed on her. There was no way she'd get away with it.

And so, grinding silent threats at Debbie through gritted teeth, the tall, potbellied blonde gave a furious harrumph and threw back her impressive golden locks (now with a flecked with strawberry blonde ends). Slapping her Gucci handbag defensively against her tubby abdomen, Stephanie Richardson then stomped imperiously towards the door, making several further and equally futile attempts to separate her sticky blouse from her jiggling lovehandles as she departed.

Nodding courteously to the group and thanking Trent for hosting the day's events with a swift handshake, her husband followed at a safe distance.

"Spanx is a real saviour!" Debbie yelled after them helpfully, Nathan Richardson barely avoiding the violently speeding canteen door as its handle crashed shudderingly against the wall.

A few moments of stillness followed his exit, in which the only sound was the light swing-swish of hinges.

Then the whole hall burst into laughter.

Smiling happily, Debbie casually selected the last mini churo from her plate and popped it deftly between her lips. "Hank?" she wiggled her empty glass, "Can y'all get me another champagne spritzer?"

"Uh, please allow me." Trent Gordon reached out and purloined a glass from a passing waiter's tray. Grin returning in stages, he glanced from the broken porcelain on the floor to Debbie's now-empty plate.

"Y'know, I think we got some more profiteroles out back." He reached for the back of his head, looking from Debbie to Jackie. "If you girls still want some?"

Their amply curvy figures filled to contentment, the two stunning young milfs exchanged a glance. Comfortably stuffed with multiple heaped plateloads buffet goodies, both blonde and brunette could tell from the look on each other's face that the feeling of jeans-testing fullness

was very much mutual.

Debbie smiled, accepting the proffered glass of champagne.

"Can we have two each?"

After all, it was their second victory of the day.

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"F - for me?"

Sniffing away a tear, Cynthia Heller looked longingly at the tall strawberry shake. Then, turning her eyes away she looked down forlornly at her thighs, shuffled sideways in her seat as if trying to retreat further into the secluded corner of the dining hall where she'd been sitting alone for the past fifteen minutes.

"No *sniff*-" she wiped away a tear - "Am getting *sniff* too f-f- f-"

"Full ma'am?" the offerer finished with quiet kindness. "Uh, well that's okay. I'll just leave it here." He placed the shake down on the table.

Cynthia glanced down the inviting treat. Had she been alone she'd probably have guzzled about a dozen, along with several big tubs of Ben and Jerry's. It was just what she needed to comfort her after all that drama earlier, and her so-called friend's remarks. Besides, she'd lost most of her last shake on Stephie's dress.

Cynthia sighed. She hadn't meant to do that. But Stephie could be so mean sometimes. She kinda admired Debbie Hill for standing up to her - but that only made her feel even worse for making fun of Debbie earlier.

Suddenly something seemed to click in Cynthia's ditzzy sugar-addled brain.

"I thought the stall had closed?"

At this, the student waiter's pigeon chest swelled slightly. "Well, yeah, they'd shut up shop. But Joe Borderman owed me a favour. I did his algebra homework last Friday, so I got him to make another for... uh ..." He trailed off, looking down at his feet.

Sniffing again, the pretty blonde gently pushed back her fringe.

"For me?" she said softly.

The unlikely lad nodded at his shoes, wishing his powers of seduction were even half as smooth as the milkshakes. "I, uh, saw that earlier... and just, uh, thought you needed cheering up."

With a small smile, Cynthia considered the male specimen before her. Though young herself, the pretty blonde's exquisite sexiness had won her a fleet of dashing boyfriends - each an even bigger jerk than the one before. Not one of them had ever done something so nice for her. Genuinely nice: with no hope of reward.

With a small half-smile, Cynthia took a lazy slurp of milkshake. "Whass ya name, sugar?"

As David told her, she considered him afresh. He was really skinny. Cynthia glanced again at

her own ample thighs, pushing together plumply in the small plastic seat. But he was taller than her, and not *bad* looking - once you got past the spots.

"You're good at math huh?"

He nodded.

"Mister Andrews said I had marshmallow between my ears."

"Mr Andrews should know," replied David, wincing at how damn corny and weak that sounded. But it got a giggle from ditzy Cynthia. After a moment of silence, his eyes shot up in revelation.

"Wait... Mr Andrews? He only got here three years ago. So you're only twenty o-" David's stomach fell at the horror on the blonde's face. "I mean, uhh-" he stammered desperately "Not that you look... that is...what I meant is..."

David sighed in immense relief as Cynthia's look of shocked offence subsided into an impossible cute giggle.

"Gotcha there smarty pants," she winked.

Flicking her cheek length hair, the pretty blonde patted the vacant seat next to her.

"Wanna pull up a chair?"

~~~ THE END ~~~