Getting Back in Shape (1 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

“Frank, honey, do you think I’m fat? Be honest.”

Frank put down his coffee and gazed across the table at his wife.

“Yes. Of course you’re fat. You’re my fat sexy kitty, aren’t you? Yes you are!”

Kitty corner at the table sat Abida, the couple’s third for their regular threesomes. Abida nearly dropped her spoon into cereal at Laurie’s question, because how could there be any question? Was Laurie fat? How could Laurie even wonder that?

Because Laurie was huge.

Laurie’s weight had been up and down for years – mostly up – but at the mature age of 40, her poundage had mostly stabilized around 650. She was absolutely massive, a big blubbery elephant who could barely waddle under her own bulk. The family had pulled a couch up to the kitchen table, since that was the only thing that could support Laurie’s weight these days. She filled the couch, her ass spread across three seats and her flanks pressing into the arm rests. When she wasn’t seated at the table for a meal (and these occasions were, indeed, rare), she used a mobility scooter to get around. Her 650 pounds were on the verge of overwhelming her old scooter, though, her flabby love handles sagging over the armrests to the point that she had to get them removed so that she could still fit without being pinched.

Frank was no lightweight himself. He was a good 400 pounds, big and bulky but somewhere along the line his weight had leveled out far before Laurie’s had. Probably because he didn’t share her commitment to gaining. He was more committed to her gaining.

And, of course, that wasn’t all. Laurie also had her other “helpers.” There was Abida, of course, who was more dedicated to feeding Laurie to and past her limits that anyone, but there was also Laurie’s personal assistant from her law firm Maddy, and occasionally even Laurie’s highscool cheerleading cohort Jen. Every one of them was eager to see Laurie blow up into the biggest, fattest blimp possible.

“I was thinking, sweetie, I might try to lose some weight,” said Laurie, hacking her bacon-and-egg loaded breakfast burrito into quarters with her fork. She grabbed a turine and dribbled molten queso over it. “I think it’s really become rather ridiculous, don’t you? Why, it’s got to the point where I either need to lose some weight or get a new scooter.”

“Hmm? So we’re getting a new scooter, huh?” said Frank with a grin. He instantly saw through Laurie’s ploy. Laurie smirked back at him.

“Yes, we are. But not right away. I’m getting a trainer first.”

“But why? Baby, why? You don’t need to lose a pound,” said Frank.

“Yeah, what the hell?” interjected Abida. “We worked so hard to get to this point… you most of all! And now you want to diet it all away? What gives? This isn’t like you, Laurie.”

“I don’t intend to lose a pound,” said Laurie, chewing her breakfast burrito so vigorously that her second chin jiggled. “I just want to… have a little fun.”

Laurie loved being fat. She loved to eat and she loved to gain. That was a deadly combination and the precise reason that she had gradually blimped up to ultra big beautiful woman status. Her figure was almost entirely round.

“Think about it. I’m bored being cooped up here in the house all day!” Laurie managed her own law firm, but, as her weight ballooned, she found it more and more tedious to actually commute to an office. These days, she mostly worked from home – but luckily, her domineering personality still allowed her to put the fear of god in her employees even when she was only yelling at them over Zoom calls. Frank managed his own construction company, so, between the two of them, the household had some spending money… enough spending money that they could blow some on a personal trainer for Laurie.

“I want to show off this beautiful, bountiful figure of mine. And who would appreciate it more than a trainer?” Laurie playfully rubbed her fingers on the back of Frank’s hand, a mischievous grin across her chubby face. “Why, any trainer worth her salt would be utterly horrified to see what I’ve done to my body, don’t you think? I bet they’d be SO scandalized! Wouldn’t you pay to see the expression on their face? Hmm, Frank? Abida?”

Frank chuckled. “So that’s your game, huh? You want to waste some money to watch a personal trainer fail to motivate your fat ass? Hmm, you think that would be hot, huh?”

“Super hot,” purred Laurie. “Don’t you agree, Abida?”

Abida grinned. “Couldn’t agree more.”

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Frank answered the door to see, standing on the doorstep, a svelte but curvy redhead, her flaming red hair pulled back into a long dangling ponytail, her muscular body encased in a yellow spandex catsuit.

“Hi, I’m Ginger. We spoke on the phone? You must be Frank. I’m here to see Laurie Belmontes?”

“Oh sure, come on in,” said Frank. He extended a hand for a handshake. “I’m Laurie’s husband, Frank. So you came pretty well recommended. You’ve had a lot of experience in helping people lose weight?”

“Oh yeah. I don’t think I’ve ever had a client who didn’t make their goal.”

“Good, good. So… uh… I should warn you. My Laurie might be a special challenge.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, Laurie doesn’t like to exercise. And she loves to eat. But also, she really doesn’t like to be told what to do. She’s a bit headstrong.”

“I’ve worked with clients like that before. Don’t worry, Frank, I know what I’m doing. I’m sure I’ll be able to help your wife reach her ideal size.”

“Okay. We’re really getting worried about her, you see. She’s really put on a lot of weight recently,” said Frank, faux concern across his face. He didn’t want Laurie to lose weight any more than Laurie did, but this was a fun game to play. “Come on in, let’s introduce you two.”

He led Ginger into the living room, where his wife and lover were waiting. Abida was sitting in her armchair, tapping out texts on her mobile phone, while Laurie sat on the couch. Or rather, she filled up the couch.

Laurie, meanwhile, was as big as a house. Ginger thought it might take a crane to lift that fat ass off the couch. She seriously wondered whether Laurie Belmontes could even still walk or if she required a mobility scooter to get around at all these days! She slumped on the sofa, her bulk sloshing over the cushions, as she gobbled down donuts and pastries from a cardboard take-out box.

“This is Abida. She’s our… well, I guess you could say that she’s our live-in caretaker?”

Abida nodded, trying her best not to grin. Frank’s description was partially true. As Laurie billowed and bloated, it became harder and harder for her to do anything. And when Frank was out of the house at work, Laurie as practically helpless. She spent most days lying flat on her back in bed, yelling for Abida to wait on her hand and foot. Not that Abida minded! The slender Indian woman had been obsessed with Laurie’s body since high school and welcomed the opportunity to pamper her idol. With Abida’s constant attention, Laurie’s mountainous belly grew more mountainous every day… and Frank often found his wife stuffed into a stupor, her straining belly bloated to the point that the skin was ready to rend, when he came home after work. Not that that would stop Laurie from demanding extra evening feedings from her husband too! She was a bottomless pit who always wanted more, more, MORE, to the point that Abida and Frank could barely keep her satisfied.

“Honey, this is Ginger. The trainer we talked about?”

Abida jumped from her chair and stalked out of the room, pausing only to whisper “Good luck!” to Ginger with a self-satisfied chuckle.

“Oh, sweetie, it’s about time you got here!” cooed Laurie, spitting crumbs down her cleavage as she waved her pudgy hand in an unconcerned greeting. “It’s about time you got here, I’ve just been itching to get started.”

“Uh…. Er…” Ginger stuttered, lost for a response. Was this for real? This woman filled up a whole couch just by herself… how could she possibly NOT see the problem? Ginger decided to change the subject. “So tell me, Laurie, what kind of exercise do you get right now?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Exercise? Sweetie, what a ridiculous question! I don’t get exercise at all these days. Unless you count eating. Pretty much I spend all my time eating right now. I know I shouldn’t, but, I swear, a girl just gets SO hungry.”

“I see.” Ginger watched in rapt fascination as Laurie plucked yet another cinnamon roll from the greasy cardboard box balanced on the summit of her mountainous belly and took a deceptively dainty little bite. “And so what makes you want to start now?”

“Sweetie, I think it’s about time that I did something for my figure. The truth is, this easy lifestyle may be making me rather chubby.”

Ginger nodded, her smile frozen on her face. Chubby? That was the big fat understatement of the century! Laurie was absolutely ginormous! Ginger had never seen a woman this big before. She wondered if she was really up for the challenge of helping this hippopotamus slim down. It was probably a lost cause, but she had to at least try!

“Well, that’s great, Laurie. Deciding to get fit is the first step to actually getting fit. So I think we should start with-“

“You’re going to take me to the gym, right?” interrupted Laurie before shoving another pastry between her lips.

“What?”

“That’s where we should go to work out, right, sweetie? It just seems like a smart thing to do.”

Ginger was confused. Usually her fatter clients took any excuse they could find to avoid visiting the gym and subjecting themselves to the stares of all the muscle-bound fitness buffs who hung out there. But Laurie… wanted to go there? Well, that was a good sign! It seemed like this woman was really serious about getting in shape!

“Yeah, that’s a great attitude, Laurie! I think that’s where we’ll start.”

“I need to change into my exercise outfit,” said Laurie haughtily.

“Oh. Your exercise outfit?” said Ginger weakly.

“Abida!!!! Honey! Come help!”

“Coming!”

Abida came back into the room, carrying what looked like a bedsheet over her shoulder. Only when she threw it down on the coffee table did Ginger realize it was actually a spandex catsuit. How much material did it take to cover this cow? Sure, spandex could stretch, but it could only stretch so far!

“Gawd, Laurie, you’re so frickin’ heavy!” grunted Abida as she tugged at Laurie’s arm. She looked at Ginger. “Um, a little help? It’s not easy getting this fat ass off the couch.”

“Abida! Jesus, that is no way to talk about me!” snapped Laurie. “Fat ass indeed!”

“Well, you ARE a fat ass,” laughed Abida. She sighed and yelled: “Fraaank! C’mere and give us a hand!”

Together, Ginger and Abida each grabbed one of Laurie’s arms and struggled to lift the quarter ton woman off the couch, with Frank pushing on Laurie’s padded shoulders from the back. It was a slow process with Laurie whining and complaining the entire time. Ginger tensed as she heard the big woman’s knees pop and snap as they took on the full load of Laurie’s poundage; the trainer was suddenly worried that Laurie’s elephantine legs might actually snap like toothpicks if they were forced to actually carry the enormously fat woman’s full poundage. Her breath caught in her throat. What was the liability on that? If Laurie broke her legs just from standing up, could she sue Ginger? Could she put Ginger out of business? This fat bitch seemed like she was exactly the sort of person who would do just that, never mind the fact that she would really have no one to blame for her predicament but herself! Luckily, Laurie’s legs did not break under her weight. The enormous woman wobbled, having to hold out her fat-laden arms in a T-pose to maintain her balance, but she didn’t collapse.

“Oh Gawd, it’s been so long since I last did this,” muttered Laurie. “Okay, sweetie, give mommy a hand. Baby, you know mommy’s too fat to do this alone.”

Ginger couldn’t figure this woman out. On the one hand, she seemed to have no illusions about how big she was… in fact, she almost seemed to revel in her size? There was always a slight note of pride in her voice when she described her own body. But, on the other hand, this woman seemed fiercely defensive if anyone else implied that she was even slightly chubby. What a paradox! Ginger realized that she would have to use a light touch; it would take all of her diplomacy to assuage this fragile ego!

 Laurie draped one arm across Frank’s shoulders and let her chunky husband support her weight as she lifted one leg off the floor. Abida bent down into a squat and started to tug the spandex garment up Laurie’s thick, thick calf. Laurie’s calf was as big as Ginger’s thigh! This really was just unbelievable!

Ginger once again found herself wondering what exercises she could possibly share with this super-sized sow that wouldn’t immediately give her a heart attack. She was clearly completely out of shape – by her own admission, Laurie rarely if ever moved from the couch and it was obvious from the way she was already gasping and panting that movement was not her forte.

“Hurry up, sweetie, I’m getting tired,” whined Laurie as she switched legs so that Abida could put her other leg through the leg hole on the spandex workout suit. “I can’t be expected to stand up forever!”

“I can’t do this alone,” said Abida. “Getting this outfit any higher up is a two man job.”

“Oh, here, I’ll help,” said Ginger.

Abida wasn’t kidding. It took all of their combined strength to stretch the spandex leotard over Laurie’s obscenely thick thighs, monstrously wide rear and gargantuan drooping belly. But the hardest part was still to come. Next they had to corral her colossal tits! Even as huge as Laurie was, it was obvious that she was top-heavy. Her breasts were so monumental that they had completely outpaced the alphabet and this bra looked like it had to be custom-made – yet it must have been old, because Laurie’s cleavage was welling up above the cups so severely that it looked like she might just pop the clasp on her brassiere before too long… if the weight on the shoulder straps didn’t tear the whole garment apart first!

“Come on, sweeties, don’t be afraid of my girls. They don’t bite!”

“We’re not afraid that they’re gonna bite,” said Abida. She sighed, looking away discretely as she manhandled one titanic tit with both hands in a futile effort to pull the spandex over its incredible expanse. Gawd, this was so hot… she couldn’t help but grow moist between the legs as she squeezed Laurie’s boobs. How could she resist?

Laurie, meanwhile, was more focused on Ginger’s response. She could sense the combination of feelings roiling through the trainer’s mind – awe, shock, disgust, maybe even a little fear? Ginger clearly had never encountered anyone or anyTHING like Laurie before and did not know what to make of her. Laurie bit her lip. Gawd, she loved it. Ever since high school, Laurie had first discovered her latent kink, she had loved these feelings. She loved to eat, she loved to be filled up with food until she was bursting, she loved her gigantic body, and she loved to watch her gigantic body grow ever bigger. It gave her a giddy thrill to know that she must by now be the biggest woman in town, in the state, in the country, possibly in the world? She ate constantly, stuffing her fat face with ravenous disregard for anything beyond her own insatiable hunger at every waking moment, relishing the deliciously painful sensations her belly sent out as it grew fuller and fuller and fuller until she was as firm and tightly packed as a ripe juicy apple. She knew that every mouthful she ate was fuel for further growth, every delicious bite, every tasty morsel, was just adding more weight to her frame, more inches to her waist, more jiggling blubber to a body already heaving under its own outrageous corpulence. Gawd, what a rush! It made her giddy to think that everyone was marveling at her size, at the space she occupied, at her vast tonnage… Frank and Abida, of course, were used to Laurie’s size, but Ginger was experiencing it for the first time. Laurie loved to see that expression of wonder and terror writ large across her face. Encountering Laurie was like seeing the face of god for the first time – wonderful and terrifying and completely life-changing. No one could gaze upon Laurie’s vast bulk and not be moved, not be shook to their very core. There’s no way that a woman can be that big, no way that a woman can be that joyful when she’s that big. But Laurie was. Gawd, she was already getting wet between the thighs just knowing that Ginger was staring. She wondered what was going through the trainer’s mind. Mmm… of course, it didn’t hurt that Abida and Ginger were currently trying to pull the leotard over her tits, accidentally brushing their fingers lightly over the soft, rounded surface of her magnificent melons so that goosebumps popped into existence over her bosom and her nipples stiffened violently. Shit, she’d better get herself under control. She willed herself back into calm, just for now, just until she could get out into the exercise arena with Ginger. She was sure that she would have a blast. She was sure that she would make MANY sexy memories that she could draw on during her next romp in the bedroom with Frank.

“And uhhhp!” Ginger heaved as she managed to pull the left spandex shoulder strap over Laurie’s meaty shoulder. She released the strap and it snapped into Laurie’s butter-soft shoulder flesh.

On the other side, Abida hitched the right shoulder strap over her lover’s right arm. With both straps secured, the spandex leotard helped to lift and separate Laurie’s monumental chest even more, the two quivering orbs threatening to erupt over the neckline.

Ginger took a step backwards to examine their handiwork. Laurie was dressed. Miracle of miracles, Laurie was dressed. She tried her best to ignore the yard of cleavage on display. She had more important things to worry about, after all!

Ginger took a good hard look at it for the first time. The leotard was a typical 80s exercise outfit, rainbow colored like the carpet of a video arcade. Pulled tightly over Laurie’s enormous bulk, it looked like a supernovae exploding. Laurie’s breasts threatened to pop out of the top (I better not have her do any squats or those boobs are definitely gonna blow out, thought Ginger) and her belly threatened to spill out of the leg holes. Then there was the problem of the seams! If the material itself didn’t simply stretch apart, there was the issue that the threads holding the seams together were under a ridiculous amount of pressure… and even more every time that Laurie inhaled. There was just no way that this outfit was going to survive even one exercise session!

Ginger gulped. All she could do now… was hope and pray.

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“Sweetie, you can’t expect a woman of my stature to do this kind of exercise! This is so far beneath me.”

Ginger ground her teeth. She knew that getting Laurie into shape (or, at least, any shape that wasn’t round!) was going to be an uphill battle. But Laurie wasn’t even trying!

“Besides, how am I supposed to fit?”

Ginger had to admit that Laurie had a point. The treadmill’s handrails were too narrowly spaced to accommodate Laurie’s bulk and if she even managed to cram herself into that space, she was probably going to get stuck!

“C’mon, Laurie, try it for me? We’ll just have you do a steady wad…er, walk.”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Ugh! Fine!”

Grunting and complaining, Laurie shuffled her way between the bars. Ginger couldn’t help but notice that even this extra wide treadmill was still a tight fit and that the metal handrails pressed against Laurie’s tender flanks, a roll of soft spandex-clad flab settling atop each handrail.

“We’re just gonna start with… a brisk walk. No. I mean… we’re gonna start with… a walk. A slow walk. Any walk.”

It was an absolute miracle that this hog could move at all when she was carrying all that extra poundage! This wasn’t going to be a walk… a waddle would better describe it! Ginger tentatively pressed the button to start the treadmill on its lowest setting and stood back, her heart in her mouth, as the machine started to power up. The treads started moving and Laurie started, ever so slowly, to walk, one plodding foot, in front of the other. Ginger have expected that Laurie would immediately have a heart attack from the unfamiliar exertion and topple to the floor, but miraculously the enormously fat milf remained upright. True, she had to grip the extra widely spaced handrails to maintain her balance… but at least she was moving!

One step, then another. One step, then another.

“You’re doing it! You’re moving! Good job, Laurie!”

“Ughhh… I hate this,” moaned Laurie. She had only been wobbling along for less than a minute but already her breathing was becoming labored, her colossal chest rising and falling with her gasps and straining her already overmatched leotard even more. Ginger prayed that the spandex would hold, but there was only so far even that miracle material could stretch! Laurie’s round face was turning red, sweat beading on her forehead. Perspiration ran down her neck and shoulders, pooling in her cleavage and dampening the armpits of her catsuit. “I can’t… do this… Gawd… this is… too much for… a fat girl like me…”

“No, no! You’re doing fine! You’re doing great!” Ginger was trying her best to encourage her charge, but the trainer felt nothing but despair. Laurie was so far gone into obesity that there was little chance that she could ever lose this weight. How was she going to melt off any pounds if she couldn’t even do the simplest exercises? This boded ill for this titanic babe! If she couldn’t exercise, then she was just destined to keep getting fatter and fatter.

“I’m so… fucking tired… I’m done… I’m done… I can’t do this anymore…” Laurie wheezed and panted, her elephant-sized legs wobbling beneath her. She felt like she was about to collapse from exhaustion, right onto the treadmill! Why did I ever think this was a good idea? Wondered Laurie. I’m way too fat to exercise! Why did I ever want to do this?

The answer came to her quickly as she realized that a small group of gawkers had already gathered to watch her. A typical collection of lift bros and gym rats, they had never seen someone as huge as Laurie in the gym… let alone actually trying to use the equipment! Laurie felt a sudden surge of pride welling up deep within her. Of course, this was why she wanted to do it! The stares, the whispers, the awed pointing… all these people who made the gym their life, who worshipped at the altar of fitness, now confronted with an absolute goddess of overindulgence in their midst. They were scandalized and shocked and disgusted to see Laurie’s massive form jiggling along, so plump and over-pampered that she was literally too lardy for her leotard. Their revulsion just filled Laurie with excitement! She loved being huge, she loved growing ever huger, and nothing got her more stimulated than knowing that her size was being recognized! Who could help but to recognize her, though? She was a near quarter ton of pure blubber, so fat that she could barely walk with assistance, so fat that they didn’t make workout clothes in her size, so fat that she really had no business at all even thinking about being at the gym… Gawd, her loins were on fire! She was SOOOO horny and her pussy was absolutely drenched! She was so wet that she half-feared that she might be soaking through her leotard! Her chubby thighs rubbed together, meeting almost to the knee, and the friction of her upper legs wobbling against her crotch only added to her fervor! Oh Gawd… she was gonna die right here!

“I gotta stop… it’s too much… I’m gonna explode!” gasped Laurie, putting a pudgy hand to her chest and gulping for air.

“Okay, okay! That’s enough… you did great, you did great!” Ginger rushed to shut off the machine before Laurie dropped dead from exhaustion.

“Water… water…” Laurie muttered as she stumbled from her perch atop the treadmill, hitting the ground with an earth-shattering thud. She wobbled over to the bench and dropped her tubby ass down so hard that Ginger held her breath for fear that the bench would break from the impact. It creaked loudly but it held. Laurie snatched the water bottle off the table and guzzled deeply.

“Okay… maybe that was a little intense,” said Ginger. “Let’s find something a little more… low impact.”

Laurie nodded, still slurping from the water bottle. She was extremely agitated right now, but not for the reasons that Ginger thought. Well, okay, it was partly for the reasons that Ginger thought. Laurie was definitely completely winded from her pathetic two-minute work out, but the fact that she had made such a spectacle of herself in front of the whole gym, that everyone in this room now knew what a helpless out-of-shape tub of lard she was… gawd, it was exhilarating! They were probably all astounded that she could even fit through the locker room doors!

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“Sweetie, give me a hand, would you?”

Ginger held Laurie’s hands as the massive woman lowered her colossal bottom down onto the yoga ball. Ginger gulped. This wasn’t easy! Laurie was so heavy that she felt like the bigger woman was going to drag her to the ground with her as she slowly, slowly, with agonizing slowness, seated herself on the inflatable ball. Ginger watched as the ball squashed under Laurie’s rump, the fat woman slowly dipping lower and lower as she applied more pressure to the ball. There was no way that yoga ball was going to last! Laurie was simply too big!

“Laurie… I don’t think… I don’t think this is a good idea…”

“Nonsense,” huffed Laurie. “I just need to get comfortable—”

She never finished the thought. Ginger only had time to idly think that Laurie herself was rounder than the yoga ball before suddenly – BANG! It happened so fast that Ginger barely had time to flinch before she was sprawling on the floor. The yoga ball burst into shreds under the force of Laurie’s weight, dropping the busty behemoth to the ground with a tremendous crash that shook the walls. Laurie’s butt hit the floor hard, the impact sending shock waves through her butter-soft blubber that looked like they would jiggle for minutes! When she fell, she pulled Ginger with her – so that when Laurie flopped backwards onto her back, now Ginger was sprawled out on top of her, the slender woman’s face buried in Laurie’s warm, dark cleavage. Mmm… Gawd, that felt good. For a brief moment, Ginger contemplated staying her… what would it be like to use Laurie like a human waterbed? To fall asleep on this big warm soft mattress of blubber, curled up between these big warm soft zeppelins? It must be nice. No! What was she thinking? Gawd, she needed to stay professional!

“Oh my goodness, sweetie, if that’s what you wanted, all you had to do was ask,” purred Laurie. The fat woman chuckled deep in her chest, so that ginger could feel the vibrations through her titanic tits.

“No, no! It’s just an accident! Jeez.. I’m… I’m sorry!” sputtered Ginger, scrambling to her feet. “I didn’t mean…”

Laurie snickered, struggling to raise herself up onto her elbows. She regarded Ginger with a smug stare. Jeez, did this Laurie know how… excited that sudden closeness had made her? Could she have figured it out…?

This is ridiculous, thought Ginger. The trainer was trying her best to maintain her composure, but the truth was that she was beyond flustered! Laurie’s body was so huge and soft and inviting. How could anyone resist all that sweet yielding blubber? Ginger just wanted to knead it until her hands sank deep into those folds. No, keep it together, thought Ginger. Laurie hired you for a reason. She hired you to help her lose weight! You’re not gonna lose the thread! You’d going to be professional and do exactly what Laurie hired you to do. Besides -- Ginger bit her lip – it’s not like there was ever a shot, right? This buxom cow was married, after all. She wouldn’t be interested in Ginger.

Ginger struggled to raise Laurie from the floor. It was no easy feat! Laurie was way too big to stand up on her own and Ginger, despite all her training, was barely up to the challenge of hoisting that titanic tub of lard to her feet without anyone else to help! Laurie draped one squishy, log-sized arm over Ginger’s shoulders and… that was about it. She did little to help herself, instead letting Ginger do most of the work. Ginger grunted and groaned, heaving with all her might. She couldn’t just leave her client sprawling all over the floor, after all!

“Laurie! Your leotard!”

“What’s that, sweetie?” Laurie looked down at herself, but, as usual, saw nothing but her own huge boobs filling her vision. But she could feel a breeze on her backside that told her exactly what was wrong. The sudden impact of hitting the floor was too much for the overstressed spandex to take, and Laurie’s vast rear had split the seat of her leotard on impact. The tear started at the small of her back, following the curve of her triumphant tushies along her crack, and then disappeared into the crevice between her legs. Shit.

“Oh my GAWD,” said Laurie, suddenly realizing her predicament. Her ass was hanging out of her leotard! She needed to get back to the locker room and fast or she was going to just moon the entire gym! “My ass split!? I cannot believe I split my ass! Ugh, this is the sort of thing that’s supposed to happen to Jen... not to me!”

All at once, Laurie’s smug sexy teasing evaporated. This wasn’t fun. This was an actual crisis! Even at her colossal size, Laurie liked to present a well-put-together image to the world. It was fun and sexy to have people gawking at her as she flopped around on the treadmill or busted a yoga ball with her sheer poundage, but a public wardrobe malfunction… that was a whole different thing!

Not that it wasn’t sexy in its own way… Laurie could already sense that the people who had gathered to gawk at her exercise failures were equally amused by her wardrobe failure; a snicker ran through the crowd, gradually building to chuckles and guffaws. Gawd, everyone would be talking about the fat tub of blubber who busted her leotard in front of God and everyone… they’d all be describing how absolutely huge her ass was, how that shelf of butt blubber just came barreling out when her leotard tore in half… hmmm… Gawd, okay, Laurie was still getting excited… but now was not the time. She had to get out of here! She had to get… someplace private before she… Gawd, she was going to cum just from the thought of all those people laughing and giggling at her enormous, helpless ass! She needed to get to the locker room quick before she orgasmed right out here in full view of everyone!

“I can’t do it,” puffed Ginger. “Laurie, you’re just too heavy!”

Laurie’s eyes rolled back in her head. Oh GAWD, why did Ginger have to talk like that?! Why now? Laurie’s knees felt ready to buckle, her stomach was full of butterflies… Gawd, she didn’t know how much more of this teasing she could take? But she was in a bind…. Her only hope was to waddle her fat ass to the locker room and squeeze herself into one of the toilet stalls, so that she could take care of herself before she got too crazy excited with lust that she did something stupid. But would that even help? She swore under her breath. Shit! She was too fat to masturbate. She knew that already, why hadn’t she prepared. If only she had thought to pack some toys in her gym bag, maybe then she could have pleasured herself to orgasm in the toilet stall and emerged satisfied and refreshed and no one would be the wiser. But without toys to help her, Laurie was going to just have to be frustrated and horny all day! She’d just have to wait until she got home and Frank could take the time to get her off.

Unless…. Well… maybe if Ginger could lug her fat ass back to the locker room and Laurie could excuse herself to use the shower… maybe she could angle one of those pulsating showerheads under her fupa and tickle her fat, throbbing pussy? It was a long shot, but what other choice did she have?

“Get me up… goddamnit, get me up!” whined Laurie, waving her flabby arms helplessly. She was way too big to get up by herself! She kicked her legs feebly, praying that her moist spot wasn’t soaking through her overstretched leotard and wincing every time that she heard another thread snap in her rapidly deteriorating leotard.

To be continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at mcoddles@hotmail.com . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Molly Coddles