Off the Force 3  
By Mollycoddles

“I’m telling you, I need the right man for this job! We’re so close, Chief!” Detective Smith pounded his fist against the desk. “We’ve almost got the Berlatsky Brothers dead to rights! We know they’re bringing all that black market caviar into town… we just gotta catch them in the act…”

“And I told you, we can’t spare the extra men!” snapped Chief Tang. “We’re up to our eyeballs in cases and I don’t have a single extra officer. You don’t think anyone on your team can pull off this undercover assignment? Well, that’s too bad because—”

The two hardened cops paused as a sudden noise at the office door drew their attention. They turned to see a young woman the size of a baby hippopotamus filling out the frame, panting with the exertion of standing as she leaned her hefty weight against the wall.

It was Gloria Reyes, back from mandatory physical training and fatter than ever.

“Well, well, well…” said Chief Tang, smiling broadly. “I thought this day would never come. Here to turn in your badge, huh, Officer Reyes? Or should I say… ex-officer Reyes?”

“Ugh, whatever,” snorted Gloria. She placed her plump hands against the sides of the door frame and struggled to shove her bulk into the office. It was no easy task. Before her stint at mandatory physical training, Gloria had merely been a disgrace to her overstretched uniform. Now she was an abomination. With an extra 50 pounds packed onto her short frame, the lard-assed Latina could barely even waddle. Her thick, elephantine legs struggled to carry her prodigious bulk. She weaved drunkenly from side to side as she moved because her waddle was so incredibly pronounced. And her belly! It entered the office a full three feet before she did, so amazingly large and round that the porky police woman looked like a hot air balloon readying for take-off. Her blue spandex-kevlar blend bodysuit was stretched to be practically transparent, the deep chasm of her fat-swaddled belly button plainly visible through the taut fabric. Her face was pooled with fat, her eyes squinting and her mouth pursed because of her chubby cheeks and her double chin puffed out against her chest so much that she didn’t seem to have any neck anymore. She was so fat that Chief Tang wasn’t sure how this woman could even dress herself anymore, let alone style her long raven hair into a uniform-standard bun.

She grabbed at the badge on her chest with a meaty paw and slapped it down on the chief’s desk. “Here’s your stupid badge!” said Gloria miserably.

“Ha! I never thought I’d see the day that someone came back from physical training even fatter than when they left, but, if anyone could do it, it would be you.”

Gloria glared. She had been a good, trim cop once, but years of sitting on her ass in her squad car and accepting too many donut bribes had ballooned her up to 400 pounds of prime pork. The Chief’s attempt to shame her back into shape by sending her to boot camp had failed when she instead spent her entire time in camp eating out the contraband closet. Now she was halfway to 500 pounds and every pound showed in this figure-hugging spandex outfit.

“Officer Reyes? Is that you?” asked Detective Smith in surprise. He hadn’t seen Gloria since academy and he was astounded to see the changes that a life of easy gluttony had wrought on Gloria’s overloaded body.

“Not any more,” muttered Gloria. “I’m off the force.”

“That’s right,” said Chief Tang gleefully. “I’ve been trying to get rid of this disgraceful butterball for far too long and it’s about—”

“Just a second, Chief! Let’s not be hasty! I think Officer Reyes is exactly what we need!”

Chief Tang’s jaw dropped. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“I’m not. We need a cop to go undercover to blow the lid off this black market caviar ring. We know that they’ve been operating out of some restaurant in the old Russian district and we need some officer to go undercover as a restaurant critic to sniff them out. The local paper has already agreed to “hire” our man on, to help make the cover story stick. But you said it yourself, chief, all the other officers are too busy… besides, who would ever buy any of them as anything other than cops? Their mustaches give it right away! But this…” He motioned at Gloria’s voluminous gut, gently throbbing with her every labored inhale. “This is perfect! She’s huge! No one would think she was a cop with a belly like that! She looks exactly like you’d expect a restaurant critic to look!”

“Ugh! I’ve finally figured out a way to get rid of this hog and you want to bring her back!?”

“C’mon, chief, it’s for the good of the force!”

Chief Tang scowled. Then she turned to Gloria. “Alright, Officer Reyes, it seems that you’ve been granted a reprieve. Since Smith wants you for this ridiculous undercover operation of us, I guess you’re NOT off the force…yet.”

“Well,” said Smith, “That depends. Do you think you could pose as a restaurant critic? There might be a lot of eating involved.”

“Eating?” Gloria’s piggy squinty eyes lit up with renewed greed and her tongue popped unbidden out of her mouth to lick her lips. “Hell yeah, I could do that!” She pumped her fist eagerly, the sudden motion of her plump arm finally proving too much for her overburdened bodysuit – the suit finally tore apart down the front with a loud RIIIIP and her brown belly spilled out like a fleshy avalanche.

“Aw no!” she cried.

Chief Tang laughed bitterly. “You’re gonna see a lot more shit like that with Officer Chubbybuns here on your team,” she said. “Get your fat ass down to the wardrobe department, Reyes, and let them outfit you for a disguise… and try not to get too much fatter before the end of this! We can’t afford to keeping making bigger sizes to cover your fat ass!”

“Do I get my badge back?” asked Gloria with a smug smirk.

Chief Tang scowled.

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“C’mon! Hurry it up or I’m gonna be late! You know the Jade Dragon Buffet is expecting me and I can’t be late!” howled Gloria, pounding her fists against the sides of the squad car.

“I’m working as fast a I can!” snapped Detective Smith. At first he wasn’t sure how to handle this situation. He’ never encountered anything like it before. And sure, knowing Gloria’s immense size, he probably should have expected something like this to happen eventually. But still!

Gloria had been undercover as a food critic for sever weeks now, long enough that most of the city’s restaurants and bistros had bought her as legitimate. Her gargantuan girth certainly helped to sell the idea that this was a woman who liked to eat! But what sold it even more was, well, the simple fact that Gloria liked to eat! She had thrown herself into the role with almost frightening vigor, dedicating herself to “reviewing” every restaurant in town in an effort to fabricate a convincing cover. Or at least that’s what Gloria claimed when Detective Smith started to grumble about the sky high expense reports that Gloria’s meals were generating! The woman was absolutely insatiable, glutting herself to the utmost limit at every meal and leaving the department to foot the bill. If they didn’t get this investigation wrapped up soon, Gloria’s bottomless pit of a stomach was going to bankrupt the whole department!

With her appetite, it was also no surprise that Gloria’s already vast waistline was continuing to grow. It couldn’t be helped. Gloria loved to eat and she was taking full advantage of this opportunity… even though she was no so fat that her wide ass was too big to fit through the door of her unmarked police car!

“Get me out!” howled Gloria. What a site she was! She was stuck half in her car, her bloated rear bumping the sides of the door whenever she tried to lift herself out of her seat. Detective Smith, who was riding shotgun, finally made a decision. At first, he was reluctant to grab onto that ass – it wasn’t proper workplace etiquette to manhandle a co-worker’s butt, after all – but he had to get Gloria free fast or people would start to notice. He planted his palms flat against the broad expanse of Gloria’s balloon booty, one hand pressed deep into each soft squishy bun, and shoved as hard as he could. Gloria grunted as she felt her body compress against the sides of the car and then… Pop! She burst forward, popping from the confines of the car like a slippery watermelon seed squeezed between two fingers.

“Ugh! Finally!” she sighed as she lurched to her feet. Detective Smith looked her over as he stepped from the car. Gloria was huge. There was no way to sugarcoat it. Weeks of overindulgence at every restaurant in town had caused her to blow up; she must have hit the big 500 by now!

She was absolutely round, so rotund that she could barely waddle. Her belly was so big that Gloria had to lean backwards when she shuffled along, her chubby hands pressed against the small of her back to act as a counterbalance; she walked like a pregnant woman, a woman who was pregnant with quintuplets! The wardrobe department had outfitted her with a fashionable ensemble – a white button down blouse, grey jacket, grey pencil skirt, conservative nylons – just the right thing to make her look like a professional newspaper woman. Finding stylish clothes to fit Gloria’s 450 pound bulk was a nearly impossible task, but somehow they’d done it! And what had Gloria done to repay their efforts? She promptly gained another 50 pounds, all that new weight making the wardrobe department’s efforts completely futile. She couldn’t button her jacket anymore, leaving it open so that her monster belly could hang out. The blouse was pushed to its limits with huge gaps between every straining button that revealed the softness of her olive-colored belly beneath. The buttons quivered whenever Gloria inhaled. Her nylons were bursting at the seams, long runs appearing in the delicate fabric. Her skirt hugged her voluminous thighs and wide badonkadonk so tightly that she was certain to split her seat or bust her zipper soon if she wasn’t careful.

“Let’s go,” said Gloria. Her little piggy eyes were gleaming with fresh greed and her quivering belly gurgled urgently. “It’s almost time for lunch and I’m starved!”

“You need to calm down,” said Smith. “You’ve packed on some major poundage on this assignment, officer, and that outfit isn’t gonna last much longer if you keep ballooning like that! You’ve already outgrown the car and there’s no way we can get a bigger one of those!”

Gloria snorted. “What? I’m just playing the role you wanted me to! You do want me to be convincing, don’t you?”

“Yeah, but…”

“You wanna catch the Berlatsky Brothers, don’t ya?”

“Yeah, but…”

“Good! Then let me do my work!”

“Okay, okay… just be careful not to overdo it. We’re waiting on word that the Berlatsky Brothers are on the move and it could come at any—"

Gloria turned her back on Smith as gracefully as she could, her entire behemoth bulk wobbling and shifting, and wobbled her way into the restaurant – pausing only to turn slightly so that her wide hips could find through the double door.

Detective Smith sighed ad followed her inside. He was beginning to see why Chief Tang had been against this assignment!

Hours later, Gloria emerged. She was even fatter, even wider, and even more bloated than ever. She had already been almost a perfect sphere before this latest meal, so it was hard to argue that she was rounder… but somehow she looked it!

She belched softly, her plump hands caressing the lower roll of her overstuffed middle… She had to lace her fingers together to form a cradle to support her enormously bloated belly so that the pull of gravity on its swollen, tender bulk didn’t cause her overfed porker TOO much extra pain.

“Oof… now that… burp!... was a decent meal,” huffed Gloria as she laboriously waddled back toward the car.

“That was more than a meal,” said Detective Smith, following in her wake. He was getting seriously annoyed! This entire venture was wasting way too much time! He was eager to get things rolling on the sting against the Berlatsky Brothers, but Gloria just kept wasting time!

“Look, we gotta move fast, Officer Reyes,” said the detective. “While you were in there stuffing your face, we got word that the Berlatsky Brothers just received a fresh shipment of black market caviar through the backdoor of the Little Mama Russia deli. We’ve got to move fast if we’re gonna catch them in the act!”

“Move fast? Ugh… I can’t… burp!... move any faster than this.”

“I warned you not to overdo it!” snapped Detective Smith. “Come on, move that fat ass!”

He shoved his shoulder against her enormous buttocks in hopes of pushing her quickly into the car, but Gloria’s bulk was too much. With her wide rear behind her and her enormous belly in front, her voluminous body resisted fitting into the compact car from any angle. Smith threw caution to the wind, ignoring propriety and grabbing at her buttery soft flesh to force her inside. They needed to get moving immediately!

“Stop! Stop!” whined Gloria, burps exploding from her mouth as the compactness of the car pressed on her swollen stomach. “I’m too full!”

“I never thought I’d hear that!” said Detective Smith, slamming the door shut with all his might. He was half afraid that Gloria’s right hip would be prevent the door from latching, but luckily she just fit. Thank God for small miracles! He hopped in the driver’s side, noting grimly that the car was definitely leaning to the side under Gloria’s behemoth weight, and slammed on the gas. The car lurched to life, sputtering as the muffler ground against the asphalt with Gloria’s tremendous blimpish weight weighing the car down.

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“Okay, you know the plan?”

“Of course I… burp!... know the plan.”

“Try to control your gas in there. They might start to suspect something’s up if you’re burping up a storm through the whole meal.”

“What else am I supposed to do?” snapped Gloria. “I’m so bloated…”

“And whose fault is that?” Detective Smith adjusted Gloria’s straining blouse and took a step back to admire his handiwork. She was wearing a wire and, while that normally wouldn’t be any big problem to conceal, Gloria’s mammoth bulk made it stand out in sharp reveal against her tight blouse. If she wobbled around too much, he wire might become visible through the gaps between her buttons.

“You need to be extra careful in there, you understand, Officer Reyes? If you’re not careful, they’ll notice you’re wearing a wire…”

“I’ll be fine!” said Gloria. She belched again, louder this time, her bloated gut rippling in response. Detective Smith instinctively took a step backwards. Gloria was so obscenely overstuffed from her binge at the buffet (on top of everything else that she’d eaten today) that she felt ready to explode. In fact, she didn’t just feel it… she looked it too! Her heavy belly was drum-tight, so overfilled that it didn’t sag at all. Every square inch of her insides were packed with her latest massive meal, overpacked. She was so full that her belly was fully puffed out as big as it could get, swollen into a perfect sphere of over-stretched flesh, her skin shiny and red from the strain, her blouse and skirt barely holding together over her taut form. She had to move slowly, deliberately, every plodding footstep landing with the force of a stampeding elephant herd, threads popping in her nylons at every movement. Even the barest breeze against the exposed skin of her belly felt like a hurricane, it was so sensitive! Her stomach ached with a deep pain that she had never felt before, something that cut her to the very core of her being. She was so overstuffed, so over-fed and overblown, that she felt sick. She might just throw up if she wasn’t afraid that the muscle spasms involved might be too much for her overloaded gut to bear. She had to hold everything together.

“Shit,” she mumbled as she approached the doors of the Little Mama Russia deli. “Shit…”

She had miscalculated. She really HAD overdone it. Way worse than she had ever overdone it before. She could almost feel her skin tense and strain with every movement, like the overstretched rubber of a balloon approaching detonation. Her stubby fingers desperately massaged her vast middle, in hopes that their light touch might help to soothe this awful, lingering pain. No such luck!

Worse yet, Gloria suddenly realized that she wasn’t done eating. She was gonna have to eat yet ANOTHER meal once she entered the deli, to keep her cover. In fact, if it took too long to get the Berlatsky Brothers to incriminate themselves on film, she might have to eat… multiple meals.

She was really in a bind! She cursed herself for her own greed.

“I knew I shoulda stopped eating,” mumbled Gloria, even though that was an absolute lie. She had ignored her own limits for too long and now it seemed like she was facing them all at once!

“Just get in there and act natural,” said Smith. Gloria stifled a belch. That was easier said than done! How could anyone “act normal” when they were as stuffed beyond belief as she was?

But Gloria was a professional. So she was going to try!

Inside the deli, Igor Berlatsky was behind the counter. You wouldn’t think to look at this weaselly kid in his powder blue track suit and his gold chains that he was a powerful figure in the city’s Russian mafia. But that’s because he was so good at his work!

He looked up in shock as Gloria’s rotund figure squeezed through the door, blocking the sunlight from the room. But recognition soon dawned on him. Of course! This was obviously that infamously fat food critic that was eating her way through town. Who else could it be? No one else could be that ridiculously fat!

“Oh! You must be food critic from paper, da?” he said. “Please to be taking seat, we have many nice dishes, da?”

“Thanks,” huffed Gloria, wobbling her way toward a table and dumping her massive wide load ass across two chairs. She was way too enormous to fit all of her vast bulk onto one seat… as if a single chair could even support her weight without collapsing! She sat, leaning as far back as she could without tipping, so that her globular gut didn’t press against her lungs. She was still having trouble breathing due to her obscene fullness and Igor could hear her long, drawn-out gasps clear across the room, her bulbous belly easing in and out with her pants, the buttons visibly pulling tighter across her middle with every inhale.

“Yes… I’m the food critic… from the paper,” said Gloria. “I’ve come to try… I’m here… I…” Gawd, she was so full that she was having trouble talking, having trouble thinking! She just wanted to lie down and drop into a fitful slumber, maybe let some of this massive gutload digest… But she had a job to do!

But the smells in the deli were just too delectable! There were dozens of exotic treats behind the counter. Gloria had never had Russian food before! Her bloated belly gurgled urgently, whining as if to warn her away from eating anymore. She was absolutely crammed full, the shiny skin on her stomach pushed to the point that it was ready to tear and let her guts spill out… She wasn’t hungry, of course, she was so full that she was almost sick…. BUT… how could she resist? This was something new! She really ought to get right down to business…. But maybe she could justify just having a tiny little nibble? Just to convincingly play the part of a food critic? Her gut burbled ominously, but Gloria’s mind was already made up.

She was definitely going to order something!

“Gimmie a… slice of…” She peered at the cakes and confections under glass, too bloated and lazy to get up from her seat for a better look. “…Gimmie a… slice of medovik…also… I’d like to see some… off the menu items…”

Igor froze. The only sound in the room was the steady, rattling gasps of Gloria’s breathing.

After a moment, the young man regained his composure. He calmly sliced off a section of medovik honey cake, plopped it onto a plate and carried it to Gloria’s table.

“Of course, please enjoy,” he said, stepping back. He wasn’t sure how this overfed cow was going to eat the medovik. Her belly was so huge that it pushed her away from the table and her thick, fleshy arms were too stubby to reach. Nevertheless, he watched in rapt fascination as Gloria helplessly flailed her arms for a solid minute.

“Could you... just… hand it to me…”

“Da.”

He picked up the plate and held it up to Gloria. She snatched it away with her pudgy little hands and Igor watched as she placed it on her protruding bosom as if it was a table. Then she set to work, gobbling it all down!

Igor stepped backward as she gorged, his eyes never leaving her. She was eating like a pig, shoving the cake into her chubby cheeks with abandon and dropping crumbs into her cleavage even as her visibly reddening gut grew redder. Gloria felt like she was so full and tight that she might just explode, but not even that vague fear – which was becoming less vague by the second – was enough to dissuade her from her obscene gluttony. She had come this far, why stop now?

If Gloria hadn’t been so intent on stuffing herself one last time, she might have noticed Igor nodding to someone through the archway that separated the dining area from the kitchen. If she had, she wouldn’t have been caught off guard when Igor’s older brother Sergei barged into the room.

“So this is food critic?” said Sergei. He was a big beefy man with a shaved head and a scar down his jowly left cheek; like Igor, he also wore a powder blue tracksuit and gold chains. “This is food critic who wants off the menu items? I think very strange! How we know you are not police, eh?”

“Hmmmpf,” Gloria tried to say something but her mouth was full of medovik. She swallowed. That was the straw that broke the camel’s back!

Instantly, her guts started to rumble and quiver. Gloria’s eyes went wide. Both Igor and Sergei stepped backwards, their eyes drawn to Gloria’s monstrously round midsection, which was churning and roiling like a boiling kettle. Gloria dropped her plate to the floor, her fat little hands flying to massage as much of her porky paunch as she could reach. Oh shit! Oh no! Oh Gawd! She had finally done it! There was not a doubt in her mind that she had finally eaten that single teeny tiny bite too many and now it was going to happen… she was literally going to explode! It was too late to do anything about it, the die was cast, the bite was eaten… all she could do was wait for the inevitable! Oh why oh why did she had to be so greedy? She could feel something building in her gut, building higher and higher and then…

“BUUUUUUUUURP!!!!” An enormous belch blew from her mouth just as her blouse finally gave up the ghost. Pop! Pop! Pop! Gloria could feel the sweet release of every button suddenly letting go, her over-bloated belly spilling out more and more as each button blasted away, richocheting around the room. Finally, the final button popped under the pressure and Gloria’s awe-inspiring blimp of a belly sloshed out to its full size, flopping past her knees and slapping against the surface of the table. It was almost a relief – it certainly was a relief to realize that it was only her shirt exploding and not her – but it was also embarrassing to have a public wardrobe malfunction on this scale and be left wearing nothing but a bra, the shreds of a blouse… and the wire!

“Food critic wear wire!” shouted Igor, pointing.

“Is cops!” said Sergei. “Shit!” He tore the wire from Gloria’s chest, threw it to the ground, and stomped on it. “Cops try to catch Berlatsky Brothers red-handed with black market caviar, no? You think we stupid?!”

Gloria couldn’t respond. She was even fuller than before now that she also had a slice of medovik in her belly along with her earlier massive meal.

“Sergei, what we do? Cops are coming and we have 100 pounds illegal caviar in back!”

“We get rid of it!” said Sergei. “No evidence, no crime, eh? And I know just the way, eh?” He turned, grinning, to Gloria. “This American pig think she take down Berlatsky Brothers? You big fat one, like to eat, no?”

“Er… no?” hiccupped Gloria. She had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach that she knew where this was leading. Oh no! They couldn’t possibly! She was already way too full!

“Bring the caviar, Igor. We will dispose of evidence!”

“Shit!” muttered Gloria to herself. Sergei laughed as the enormous woman attempted to stand; she was far too big and bloated! Without her blouse helping to somewhat restrain her titanic tummy, the gravity of her gut was keeping her pinned in her seat! She waved her turgid arms, kicked her stubby leg, but accomplished nothing except to send ripples through her acres of butter-soft blubber. It was kind of mesmerizing!

“You better not… try anything!” huffed Gloria. “Reinforcements will be… here…. Any… minute…”

She trailed off as she watched Igor wheel a massive keg into the room. It was FULL of black market caviar, the proof that she needed to send these criminals up river! And they were about to pump it all into her! Gloria was livid! He couldn’t believe that she was so close to actually catching these guys, but now she’d been thwarted by her own gluttony… and if they succeeded in stuffing her, they would get away scott fee! But worse… what if they didn’t succeed? Gloria was so beyond full already that she couldn’t imagine that she could eat another bite… If she exploded and sprayed the room with caviar, it would be easy to add a murder charge to the smuggling charges! But Gloria didn’t like to think about that.

“Open wide, American pig! We will see how hungry you are! A tasty treat after your medovik, da?” said Sergei as he shoved a tap into the keg, fixed a hose, and then advanced on Gloria with the nozzle.

“No! Stop it! I… I can’t do it! Look at me, I’m… I’m way too full! If you make me eat it, I swear I’ll burst!” Gloria whined, barely able to get the words out between pants. The hose loomed ominously, promising nothing but pain and destruction. But, at the same time…. GAWDDDDDD, Gloria did love caviar. Even no, in her hour of direst need, her overloaded belly throbbing with absurd fullness, she still couldn’t stop thinking about food.

It was inevitable, really. A greedy girl like Gloria was destined to explode someday. Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow. But definitely someday. She put up a token struggle as Sergei pinched her chubby cheeks between his thumb and forefinger, forcing her mouth open so that he could shove the nozzle between her teeth. Her eyes bulged as the flow of caviar began.

It was rich and salty, the sort of taste that tempts the palate in small amounts but which rapidly overwhelms the senses. Luckily, the hose was blasting caviar down her throat so fast that she barely had time to taste it before it was in her belly. She could feel her already overstretched tummy blimping up and out, inflating like a hot air balloon being readied for flight. Her cheeks bulged as she struggled to keep up with the flow, gulping and guzzling as fast as she could. She was so incredibly, incredibly full that she could barely stand it… Even for Gloria, this was beyond the pale! The shreds of her blouse were tearing apart as she grew, her skirt split up the back as her ass burst through the seat, her nylons ripped and tore under the force of her elephantine legs, and still she swelled. Bigger and bigger and BIGGER… she was literally inflating like a balloon now, so bloated beyond belief that her belly felt like it would rupture if someone so much as scratched her! Gloria couldn’t resist now. It would be dangerous! She was too volatile, her body pushed too far toward the brink, she was teetering on the very precipice of detonation… She might accidentally trigger her own explosion with a movement or a breath if she wasn’t careful… She held her fat swaddled arms out at her sides in a T-position, partly because she was too bloated and fat to put them down but also out of fear that she might pop if she accidently touched her own tummy! She was at the end of her rope. This was it! She could feel the chairs buckling underneath her, the metal legs bending as they failed to support her increasing heft… If she didn’t absolutely explode from the impact when the chairs finally broke and dropped her to the floor, it would only be a temporary reprieve. She was a goner! Today would be the day. Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later. She was, after all, so greedy that she would have definitely eaten herself to death at some point. Might as well go out with a bang!

The Berlatsky Brothers stepped back, suddenly concerned that their plan might very soon go wrong. Gloria was bigger than ever, her globe-like belly rising higher and higher, angry red stretchmarks spiraling outwards in concentric circles from her belly button, like the photo negative of a spiral galaxy suddenly imprinted on her swollen middle. Her belly shook suddenly, bubbling and pulsating, as if something was about to happen… the pressure was reaching astronomical levels, there was no way that her tummy was going to hold! Bang! The whole building shuddered as Gloria’s navel suddenly burst into an outie, like a pregnant woman holding too many babies.

But the funniest thing? It was that Sergei was no longer holding the hose in her mouth. No one was. She could have spit it out at any time, but she just. Didn’t. Want. To. She was an incorrigible glutton and she would eat and eat and eat as long as food was available no matter what! She was slurping up this caviar of her own accord, completely ignoring the warnings of her overloaded gut, ignoring the pain that shouted to her caviar-addled mind the inevitable consequences that were coming… sooner and sooner! She was reaching her limits, blown up into a massive wobbling sphere, so fat and full that SURELY she must be ready to blow apart at the seams and then…

The hose made a hollow sucking sound as the last of caviar disappeared into Gloria’s cavernous body. At the same time, the chair legs finally snapped. Gloria dropped, howling, to the floor, landing on her flabby bottom with such force that her whole body bounced and she spat the hose across the room.

Miraculously, though, she was still in one piece!

“Police, freeze!” shouted Smith, bursting through the doors with a host of back-up. “You’re under arrest for caviar smuggling! Sorry to leave you in the lurch like that, Officer Reyes, we had to wait until we had enough… uh….”

Smith stared at the gigantic orb of brown flesh that was Gloria. She was lying on he floor, her round belly towering above her, as big as a planet, unable to move. He wouldn’t have believed there was a human trapped somewhere under that tum, except that he could hear the occasional burp or hiccup coming from the blob.

“It’s fine… all in a day’s work… burrrp!”

“Well, Chief Tang is going to be thrilled that we finally caught these crooks,” said Smith as he slapped handcuffs on Igor and Sergei. “Who knows? She might even put you back on your old beat.”

Gloria belched again. She somehow doubted that she was in any condition to walk her old beat now! Maybe a desk job back at the station was more her speed now…

“Hic! Detective Smith?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m gonna – burp! – need some help getting back into my car again…”

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

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Best wishes,

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