Back to the Office  
By Mollycoddles

Marion grumbled as she slammed her car door shut, juggling her purse and her morning latte. “Can’t believe Annika is making us all come back to the office! What a hassle!”

After over a year of quarantine, Marion had grown used to working from home. She quite preferred it, in fact! As the social media manager for Annika’s Closet, a trendy womens clothing boutique, she felt like she got a lot more done when she wasn’t constantly getting distracted by office gossip and, more to the point, micromanaged by Annika herself. Marion rolled her eyes. Ugh! Annika wasn’t a bad person… Marion had certainly dealt with her share of absolute monster bosses… but the woman clearly had no idea what she was doing when it came to running a company. Annika’s Closet was a pure vanity project, bankrolled by Annika’s wealthy parents who just wanted a project to keep their spoiled daughter occupied.

Marion could already imagine the sort of stupid directives she would receive today from her boss.

Marion remembered all too well, even after a good year and a half, that spoiled rotten, overly primped executive ditz. Annika was a young Indian woman in her late 20s, fairly attractive with full lips, big almond shaped eyes and dark caramel skin, with long raven-black hair that she constantly changed to chase the latest styles; Annika was ALWAYS trying so desperately to be trendy that it was something of a joke among the office staff. She was slightly thick around the middle and bottom, as not even her fashionable clothing could disguise the results of her natural tendency toward laziness. She was a daddy’s girl who liked to come up with big ideas and then let other people do the hard work to make them happen. Of course, most of her ideas were terrible, but when other people were doing the heavy lifting of implementing them it meant that she always had someone else to blame when they failed.

Marion suspected that the real reason that Annika was insisting that everyone come back to work was just because of her need for control. She wanted to have people around so that she could boss them around.

As she primly strutted across the parking lot toward the office entrance, Marion noticed another woman approaching from the side. Marion narrowed her eyes, trying to remember who this woman was. It had been 15 months since the start of the global pandemic that had forced Marion and the rest of the Annika’s Closet staff to abandon the firm’s office park headquarters and work exclusively from home. My memory can’t be that bad, thought Marion, surely I haven’t forgotten my co-workers’ faces? She was positive this woman must be someone that she knew; Annika was far too cheap to hire additional help, but, besides, there was something SO familiar about this tubby woman.

Wait… no…

Marion’s eyes bulged as suddenly recognition dawned on her. This wasn’t just anyone! It was Annika!

She was… huge!

Far from being slightly thick, she was downright obese! Annika looked like she had packed on over 200 pounds since the last time that Marion had seen her. Her face was rounder with chipmunk cheeks and a burgeoning double chin and her white button-down blouse pinched at her sides, the buttons gapping slightly at her bust and belly. Annika must not be aware, thought Marion, there’s no way that the fashion-conscious diva would have ever left the house with her buttons on the verge of bursting if she had any inkling! Her suit jacket was unbuttoned, probably because she was now too big in the belly to get the buttons fastened. Yet the pampered little daddy’s girl was lifting a large Starbucks frappacino to her lips for a deep chug – Marion remembered how much Annika had always loved those sugar bombs – as if she had no clue how those calories would doubtless add more pounds and inches to her already overloaded frame! She must weigh at least 350 pounds, most of it concentrated in her belly, butt, and thighs. The young Indian woman moved with a thick, pronounced waddle that made her nylon-clad legs zip loudly with every step. Her skirt hugged her new curves, revealing that her slight bubble butt had ballooned into a massive ass shelf that protruded a foot behind her and tested the seams of her blue pencil skirt. Marion snickered to herself. She had always suspected, from the way that Annika’s bottom pooched even in her slimmer days, that the woman was a natural pear. It seemed she was right! She was severely bottom-heavy, so much that Marion imagined her wobbling around like an inflatable bobo doll if you shoved her.

Annika was at the side door to the office, keys in one hand, a box of donuts in her other. Say what you wanted about Annika’s leadership style, at least she always brought a few treats for the whole office. Of course, Annika was also the sort of person who wasn’t above taking most of those treats for herself. She always reasoned that, well, as the boss, she was the one who made the big decisions and did all the hardest work (not true) so she really deserved the most treats, right? It was part of the reason that she was just a hint chubby before quarantine. And Marion guessed that same greed for sweets was a big part of the reason that Annika had ballooned into such a blimp in the months since they’d last met!

“Miss Annika? Is that you?” asked Marion as she approached her bloated boss. Marion couldn’t help but smile. Of course she knew it was Annika! But she couldn’t resist playing this game. Annika looked up from her keys, a frown tugging at her plump lips.

Annika looked up in surprise, her big wide eyes blinking rapidly. Looking at her straight on, Marion could see that Annika’s long raven bangs failed to disguise how round her face was now. A slight crease under her jawline marked the beginning of a second chin. Marion wondered what was going through the Indian prima donna’s head right now. Was she embarrassed to be seen with so much extra weight? Had she been rehearsing in her head how she would react when her stunned employees finally saw her again?

“Oh, hi Marion,” said Annika, regaining her composure. “"Hi Marion, I hope you’re ready to get back to work after your long vacation.”

Marion winced. Of course, Annika would think that they were all just on vacation these last few months! Marion had been hard at work, updating the company’s Facebook and Twitter accounts with daily reports and constantly sending messages to aggrieved clients demanding to know when their orders would be ready. Other than the occasional email berating the employees for “laziness,” Annika had been basically AWOL for the past 15 months. What was she doing that entire time? By the looks of it, she’d spent way too much of that time eating and lazing about! That wasn’t surprising at all.

“Actually, I’ve been working hard to keep in contact with our clients and-“

“Oh yeah, I’m sure you were.” Annika cut her off, tossing her long glossy hair. It was a move that the prissy young executive often used when she wanted to assert her dominance, but it hit different when this former beauty was now a heavyweight cow. “But I don’t think we’re gonna need you to do that anymore. We’re gonna have a whole new client list.”

“Uh… what?”

Annika grinned, her smile truncated by her puffy cheeks. “I’ve decided that we’re going to pivot entirely to hats. That’s the big thing!”

Marion’s jaw dropped. “What?!”

“Oh yeah, see, over the last few months, I was thinking… do women really want to wear fancy clothes anymore? I mean, I think it’s important for an executive to model the company product, right? And I just don’t… feel like modeling those clothes anymore.”

Yeah, I bet I know why, thought Marion. It was because Annika was clearly too fat to look good in those clothes anymore! The only part of her that hadn’t gained weight was her head, so no wonder she was suddenly so smitten with the idea of hats!

“I’ll tell you more at the morning meeting!” said Annika as she unlocked the side door and bustled inside. Marion followed, her eyes drawn to Annika’s wide buttocks. It was impossible not to stare! Her hips were so wide that they barely cleared the doorway and her hefty haunches seemed to roll and sway like the ocean tide as the hefty Indian hottie wobbled into the office. Annika moved like a skinny woman who hadn’t yet learned that she was no longer skinny, pushing her larger body to move briskly when she should have proceeded at a stately waddle. As such, you could see the strain that the constant motion of her blubber-bloated booty put on that poor pencil skirt! It was a miracle that the oblivious executive had managed to zip it up this morning and Marion wondered what kind of drama that must have entailed. A tight leather belt was cinched around Annika’s waist, her gut sagging over it slightly and wobbling with every footfall. Marion surmised that Annika probably decided to wear a belt with her skirt today in a vain effort to hide how tight that waistband was; no one could see just how pushed out her pleats were with the belt covering the evidence.

Annika’s backside jiggled and swayed wildly as she sauntered, her thick nylon-clad thighs rubbing so loudly that Marion half feared the friction might set Annika’s underwear on fire! Because it wasn’t like Marion couldn’t see that as well. Annika’s backside wasn’t just wide, it was jiggly as two water balloons filled with gelatin. Marion guessed that this lazy lass probably hadn’t lifted a finger for the past year and the complete lack of exercise had left her with a serious case of the ass wobbles! Marion knew that she’s gained a few pounds over the past year, but she had at least tried to stay active… so her bottom might also be bigger but it was still firm. Annika’s buns sloshed as she moved. Her panties – which must have been absolutely gigantic to cradle a rump that plump – were clearly outlined through the fabric of her skirt. The extra layer of material helped to reduce the jiggle a little bit, but unfortunately that only made the excessive bounce of her non-panty clad areas all the more obvious by comparison.

Annika dropped the box of donuts onto the conference room table and wobbled her way over to her office, pausing briefly to turn sideways to slip through the door. Marion noticed that. Was Annika actually too wide to fit her hips through the doorway? Still, her ass shelf stuck out so far behind her that Marion had a hard time believing that even turning sideways would help her all that much. Marion could see through the interior office window that Annika was just sitting at her desk, staring at her cell phone. In addition to everything else, the woman was a consummate social media addict! She wasted most of her day scrolling Twitter and Tik Tok, but she still threw a conniption fit if she caught anyone else goofing off. Lazy cow, thought Marion. She stationed herself in the break room and waited. She had to watch the reactions of the other employees as they arrived. This was going to be golden!

One by one, the other women arrived at the office. It was a small team, only about ten of them in all, but every one of them was similarly astonished to see Annika’s new size. Sure, everyone had gained a few pounds during quarantine, but no one had exploded like Annika! It was all they could do to keep from gasping out loud when they saw her. Marion had to admit to taking a certain amount of pleasure from watching the reactions whenever someone walked into the office and realized that this strange fat woman wasn’t a new employee at all but rather their old familiar boss grown huge!

Cherie the accountant cornered Marion in the breakroom. It was obvious from the way that Cherie kept stealing glances over her shoulder at their boss in her office next door what she wanted to talk about.

“Marion! Did you see…?”

“Of course I saw,” said Marion. She stole a glance across the office, watching in disbelief as their mammoth-sized supervisor roused herself from her chair and slowly began the laborious waddle out to the conference room. It looked like Annika was about ready to call the morning meeting, but first she helped herself to a donut from her box she’d left on the conference table. Marion chuckled.

“We’re gone for 15 months and it looks like our prissy little princess just blew up!” said Marion. “Makes me feel better about my own quarantine weight.”

“She’s as big as a house! I guess yelling at us was the only exercise that she got,” Cherie giggled. “Wow, I bet she spent the whole quarantine just sitting at home on her dad’s couch, watching soaps and eating bon bons!”

Marion nodded. She could absolutely picture that scene in her head; she knew from the way that Annika blathered about her soaps whenever she got a chance that the woman just loved to veg in front of the TV.

“I bet her dad probably got sick of her and forced her to reopen,” continued Cherie, “Just so that he could get rid of her before she got so big he’d need a forklift to get her off the couch! And look how she’s dressed!”

“Gawd, you’re not kidding. She’s really packed into that outfit. Doesn’t she know that she’s too fat to dress like that? Surely she can’t think she looks good?”

“I never thought I’d see the day when an Indian girl grew such a huge ghetto booty!”

“Cherie! Really! That’s hardly appropriate.” Marion didn’t care for Cherie’s vulgar language, but I was hard to ignore that Annika’s gain was definitely out of proportion.

“I think she must be in denial. She’s got to be. There’s no other explanation!”

“Well, if she stays in denial much longer, she’s going to bust out of her clothes. You can hear the stitches straining every time that she moves! A couple more donuts and she’ll split her skirt… if she doesn’t pop a button first!”

“Well, maybe that’s the wake-up call that she needs!”

Annika’s sing-song voice piped out of the conference room. “Hey, ladies! Let’s all gather round… company meeting!”

Cherie rolled her eyes. Everyone dreaded these “meetings.” They were mostly just excuses for the boss to puff up her own ego. However, as the women gathered around the table, they found a reason to actually look forward to this meeting. The chairs round the conference room table were designed for small, narrow, “normal” butts. Annika’s extreme weight gain put her well over the line. How was she going to fit all that badonk onto one chair?

As they all sat down, all eyes were on Annika. What was she going to do?

Cherie scribbled on a scrap of paper and slid it over to Marion. Marion picked it up and read:

>She’s gonna need TWO chairs!!  
  
Marion smirked, added her own observation and passed the note back.

>She’d never admit to it. Her ego is bigger than her ass!

The women watched as Annika slowly pulled out her chair and stared at the narrow seat. Clearly the same thoughts were occurring to her. How was she going to pull this off? Annika slowly lowered herself onto the office chair, her plush tushie spilling over its sides. The chair creaked loudly as her full weight came to bear on it and everywoman in the office held her breath. Ooh! Was this it? They couldn’t dare to hope that Annika might actually collapse her chair with her new weight! It would serve that pudgy princess right for all her attitude! But, to their disappointment, the chair held. She pushed the box of donuts into the center of the table, indicating with a wave of her chubby hand that the assembled ladies should help themselves. Not that there were many left. By the empty space, Marion judged that the donut that Annika was currently gnawing must have been her fourth. How could one girl stand to gobble down that many lard-laden treats without getting a major bellyache? Then again, Annika had SO much belly these days that it would take a lot of donuts to upset her…

The large woman was perched forward on her chair, obviously unable to slide comfortably into the bucket seat because the overly plump spheres of her buns pressed against the back of the seat and forced her to sit forward. Her chubby feet were planted firmly on the ground to help steady her and Marion could see her belly spilling into her lap. Annika’s soft gut eased in and out with her breathing and, when she reached forward for another donut, Marion could see a glimpse of wobbling brown belly blubber peak between the lower buttons of her blouse. How tight was that top?

“Welcome back, ladies! I hope you all had a restful vacation…”

“We… weren’t on vacation,” said Marion. Once again, Annika seemed completely oblivious to the fact that her staff had continued to work hard to keep her business going even as their boss was sitting on her growing ass like a beached whale.

“My dad said that I should get you all back to the office for some real work,” said Annika, shifting in her seat. “He said that we’re not gonna get anywhere just being lazy and he’s right!”

Marion and Cherie looked across the table at each other. Looked like Cherie’s guess was right! They could imagine why Annika’s father was so insistent that she bring everyone back to work! He was probably just tired of his daughter lazing around the house all day, making demands on his time and wallet. Ultimately, it was probably worth the money to prop up Annika’s vanity business just to keep her out of his hair.

“That’s why I came up with this brilliant new direction for our company!”

Annika slurped at her coffee, the pearl buttons down the front of her white blouse tensing and puckering as her swollen tummy puffed out slightly. Marion could see creamy caramel-colored skin through the gaps. A couple more gulps and this chunky honey was going to blow right out of her shirt!

“So I think that, in these times, there’s a real hunger for hats,” said Annika, spinning her laptop around to display the first slide of a power point presentation. “I heard this really good TED talk that said hats are gonna be so in this year.”

Marion and Cherie exchanged more exasperated glances across the table. Of course. Annika was always changing course. The young executive wasn’t even vaguely aware of how much of the company’s money she constantly blew with her wild schemes. She jumped from project to project on a whim, demanding that her employees drop one thing and pick up another without any regard for the company’s good. But what could you expect? If the company lost too much money (as it invariably did every quarter), Annika could just pick up the phone and cajole her rich father into making another “investment” into his darling daughter’s dream. Annika’s ten person team was all too aware that the entire business was floundering, but, as long as her father’s money made sure that their paychecks didn’t bounce, they were along for the ride.

Annika plucked yet another donut from the box between two stubby fingers and took a big bite, crumbs dropping into her cleavage. She brushed them off her chest before continuing, talking with a mouth full of glazed pastry. At this rate, she was going to finish the box in no time!

“I’ve asked my dad what he thinks about this new direction and he said, quote, ‘I think whatever you want is just fine, sweetie,’ so I really think that we’re on to something big here! I think this is the year that Trendywear really takes the world by storm!” She took another bite, chewing vigorously, and swallowing hard. The chair groaned beneath her, a noise louder than the extremely subtle creak of her clothes stretching to accommodate her swollen bulk.

“I…uh… definitely think we’re gonna penetrate a whole new market!” said Annika, nearly choking on her donut as her face went bright red. The hefty Indian honey was trying her best to ignore her situation – in fact, she was making it worse with every donut that she gulped down – but she was having a hard time when her chair and her clothing kept protesting! She grabbed at the hem of her skirt with her pudgy fingers, pretending that she was absently smoothing her skirt when it was obvious that she was testing to make sure that her seams were all intact. She shifted her weight, her enormous buttocks rolling like an ocean wave, and made a laughable attempt to cross her legs casually. Her thick, meaty thighs rubbed against one another, her nylons swishing loudly. She paused. She almost seemed confused now that she was too fat and unwieldy to easily cross her legs anymore. How oblivious was she? Had she really spent all those months in quarantine gorging herself and never looking in a mirror? Surely the tightness of her clothes must have given her SOME clue that she was absolutely ballooning up. But Annika perpetually deluded herself into believing nothing was THAT different. Quietly, she replaced her feet against the floor, hoping that no one had noticed her abortive leg crossing attempt. How ridiculous! It wasn’t like they could NOT notice. Annika always demanded all attention be on herself and that was proving to be a little bit of an issue now that there were certain… aspects of herself that she would rather hide.

“Sounds great, we’re excited to get started,” said Marion, even though she wasn’t at all. But she was fascinated watching Annika gulp down donuts and sugary coffee. Annika didn’t seem to notice that everyone at the table was staring at her, shocked to watch her stuff herself with abandon.

Cherie passed another note:  
  
>Look at her eat! She must have got used to gorging like that in quarantine!

Marion wrote back:  
  
>I bet she’s gonna mow her way through that entire box if no one stops her!

Indeed, Annika was already reaching for yet another donut. How many had she eaten already this morning? Five? Six? The box looked half empty and Marion didn’t think anyone else had even taken one pastry.

“Perfect! I’m so glad that you’re all excited to give this 110%! Okay, so… uhhhh… you can all get back to work. I’ll be in my office if you need me. Remember: my door is always open!”

Annika grunted loudly as she hefted herself to her feet; she could only stand up by placing both hands flat against the table in front of her and shoving herself up. Her flabby arms wobbled, testing the sleeves of her blouse, and her belly and boobs bounced wildly to the point that Marion caught her breath in her throat so certain was she that this would be the moment that Annika’s tortured buttons finally gave up the ghost. No such luck! That blouse was expertly tailored, there was no other explanation for how those buttons managed to withstand the constant force of Annika’s overstuffed body. Slowly, ponderously, Annika spun in place until she was faced away from the women and toward her office. Everyone looked down at her wide bottom. Come on, what else could they do? Annika had grown so marvelously, gloriously bottom-heavy over her time at home that she looked like a plumped juicy pear, her rear so sweet and ripe that it might just burst if you bit into it. She wobbled toward her office, her fat buns tensing and shifting with her movements. Marion marvelled at those stunning ass dimensions. Which dimension was bigger? Was Annika wider than she was deep or deeper than she was wide? Her flaring hips were impressive but then so was her protruding ass shelf!

Annika paused as she squeezed though the doorway of her office, the office which she hadn’t visited in nearly two years. This time, though, she made a fatal mistake: she forgot to turn sideways.

The other women stared.

Annika’s hips weren’t just brushing the sides of the doorframe; they were wedged in tightly. Annika squirmed, her plump rear writhing and jiggling under the thin fabric of her overstretched skirt. The other women collectively scooched backwards, away from their trapped boss, as if they were subconsciously preparing for the inevitable moment that the rear seam of that overtaxed skirt finally blew open. Annika’s chubby buns were perfectly outlined by the tight cotton fabric, her panty lines standing out in stark relief through the material and a noticeable divot up the rear of the skirt betraying where the tubby Indian diva’s deep ass crack must be.

Marion nearly guffawed out loud. Her earlier assessment that Annika would find the doorway an equally tight squeeze whether she took it head-on or sideways was, it seemed, incorrect.

“Oh shit,” muttered Annika. “Shit, shit, shit!”

“Do you need a hand, Miss Annika?”

“I’m fine!” snapped Annika, her temper quickly rising as the full weight of her predicament came into view. Gawd, she was stuck tight! She’d been gaining weight for months. How could she avoid it? Months of doing nothing but sitting around on her backside and snacking had led to this! She was wedged tight and her big butt was to blame! She clenched her butt cheeks together in hopes that would help reduce her size enough to squeeze through, but the only result was to wrinkle her skirt. “That’s the problem with these old office buildings! They make everything so tight, you know? I really don’t think this place was ever up to code, honestly!”

Marion had to giggle at the sight. She could see from the movement of Annika’s skirt that the pear-shaped porker was clenching her backside. As if that would help her at all! There was no denying the truth… Annika was simply too fat to fit! Her rant about building codes was pure bunk, but the women said nothing. They didn’t need to antagonize Annika any further. Maybe this would be the incident that finally made Annika face reality and realize that she wasn’t the relatively slender woman that she was 15 months ago!

“Oh yeah, I’m sure you’re right,” said Marion. “Um, maybe we could give you a push?”

“Better to grease her up with butter, so she’ll pop out like a greased pig,” mumbled Cherie under her breath and the other women laugh. Annika, oblivious to the comments at her expense, pumped her legs and flailed her arms.

“No, of course not!” snapped Annika, though she couldn’t keep a crack of anguish out of her voice. She must know how pathetic she looked now, grown so wide and fat with her own indulgence that she was getting her wide load rear stuck in doorways! She squirmed and struggled, her backside churning with the effort. The other women watched in silence. “I don’t need any help! I’m perfectly capable of… getting out of… this doorway… myself!”

She placed her palms against the walls of her office and pushed, grunting with the exertion. The other women could only watch, afraid to offer any help for fear of inciting their boss’s wrath.

Gawd, it was getting sad! Marion thought it was funny at first, but the longer that Annika struggled the worse she felt for her bloated boss. They couldn’t just leave her stuck all day! Marion had a sudden vision of Annika still trapped in her doorway at the end of the day as all the other workers departed for home, leaving Annika tightly wedged overnight. It would be funny…. But just too mean!

“Miss Annika, I really think… maybe you could use some help?” ventured Marion.

There was a pause and finally Annika heaved a heavy sigh. “Fine! I… I guess… if it would make you happy to help…”

Marion rolled her eyes. Of course, Annika wasn’t going to be gracious about it!

Cautiously, nervously, Marion approached her boss’s wiggling backside. She grimaced. She was not all excited about touching Annika’s monster backside and the way that the Indian diva’s flesh rippled and shook with her every movement was making her less enthusiastic every minute. Ugh, but there was nothing to do about it! Marion placed her palms flat against the swell of Annika’s enormous rump, one hand on each colossal cheek, and shoved. She felt her hands sinking deep into that spongy flesh, like she was trying to grab handfuls of oatmeal. It didn’t help that Annika wouldn’t sit still! All her squirming was just making her ass jiggle all the more – and Marion was having trouble keeping her grip!

“C’mon, push harder! You really aren’t even trying, are you?” said Annika.

“I… am… trying!” wheezed Marion as she pushed with all her might. Ugh, this ungrateful bitch was REALLY trying her patience! She couldn’t believe that, even in this situation, Annika was still behaving like a spoiled brat! The whole reason that she was trapped was because she was a greedy spoiled hog and yet she still had the audacity to pretend that the problem was Marion wasn’t doing enough to free her.

Marion heaved again, but it did little more than splay Annika’s ass cheeks. With a sigh, Marion released her hold and stepped back, watching as Annika’s billowing buns sagged down. They almost seemed to bounce slightly.

“What are you doing?” asked Annika was a sudden worried quiver in her voice. “You’re… you’re not going to leave me, are you?”

Was she actually afraid for once? Good, it served her right! But Marion couldn’t in good conscience leave her, no matter how tempted she was.

“No, Annika, I’m not gonna leave you.” Marion nodded to her co-workers. “C’mon, give me a hand…”

“What do you want us to do? Push on her butt?” asked Cherie.

“Unless you have a better idea, then yeah! I guess we gotta. So, c’mon, gather round and give her a good shove. Lord knows there’s plenty of space for everyone to get a hand on her. Let’s get this over with fast!”

Annika was silent as she felt ten pairs of hands squish into the pliable blubber of her monumental rear. She tried to act dignified but that wasn’t easy when all your underlings are manhandling your ass! She felt them pushing her forward.

“C’mon, c’mon! I think she budged!” said Marion. “Put your backs into it, gals!”

“I…I think it’s working! I’m moving!” cried Annika. “Don’t stop! Keep pushing! Keep it up! C’mon, don’t be lazy!”

Marion rolled her eyes.

“Ughhhhhhh!!!” Annika grunted, shoving against the wall with all her might. The women watched as slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, her enormous rump began to move under their collective force… and then, all at once, she popped free, lurching forward and nearly losing her balance. The workers tumbled forward in her wake, falling all over each other into a pile.

“Now then,” said Annika, adjusting her top in an exaggerated show of dignity. She looked down at the heap of abused workers who had just helped her out of her predicament. “That’s better! I’ll thank you all to get back to work. Don’t just be lazing around down there, huh, ladies?”

Marion sighed. She couldn’t believe it, but that was par for the course with Annika. It looked like today was not going to be the day that Annika faced reality, after all.

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles