

Saran Nights

- Chapter 1 -

Saran Metro District, Saran City, Issa State
Friday 9:14pm

'Sky—*huc!*—I'm not sure this—*hic!*—is sush a great ideyu—*huc!*'

Swaying unsteadily, Fazia swung up a palm to cover her next hiccup and managed to smack herself on the nose with such force that she felt her toes lift off the ground. She squeaked in terror as she rocked back onto her pin-thin high heels, windmilling her arms desperately as she began to topple backwards.

Fortunately several strong fingers pressed into her back at the crucial moment.

Having saved Fazia from a nasty fall, those same fingers then took their reward, slithering across the soft groove of her spine and coiling greedily around her ample middle.

'Fazia, Fazia, Fazia...' Skyler sighed, punctuating each word with a comforting pat to her companion's plump belly, which sloshed chubbily in response. 'You worry too much. Look, just follow me and stick to the plan, okay?' Squeezing Fazia close so that their cheeks smushed together, Skyler waved a dismissive hand across the road.

'We'll breeze right in.'

Fazia squinted doubtfully at the imposing building across the road, and, even more doubtfully, at the tuxedoed doormen flanking its entrance. Giants of men even by Issan standards, the two men stood rigid with hands folded above the groin, elbows sticking out, a pose clearly intended to draw attention to their unnaturally muscular physiques. Square necks sat atop triangular torsos, and bulging biceps and triceps strained stretched their skin-tight suits, making their upper arms look almost circular.

Fazia gulped. She'd lived in Issa State long enough to know that you didn't get geometry like that just from lifting weights. No, it took multiple cycles of very potent, very expensive UltraShape.

Not that she'd expected anything less. Even here in Saran, a wealthy city in one of the richest states on Kane Alpha, the Sugar Lounge stood out as a lodestar of affluence and excess. Two gigantic golden Arabic swords crossed above the glowing entrance, out of which a thick purple carpet rolled like a tongue, falling down six shallow steps then turning to run along the side of the building. Shining golden bollards joined by sashes of

rich purple silk marked the queuing area, leaving no doubt that this was one of the city's hottest and most exclusive nightspots.

And that was the problem.

Because a small-time fitness coach and an immigrant worker on a Bronze Card visa were definitely among those it excluded.

'Maybe—*hic*—we should just go back to Chasers,' Fazia suggested, sobering up a little at the sight of the doormen. 'The waitress was kinda cute.' She licked her lips. 'And I could murder another mudcake.'

Smiling patiently, Skyler took her friend's elbow and steered it like a rudder. 'Fear not, my little stomach on legs,' she said, guiding Fazia further down the road. 'There'll be no shortage of rich treats for you to feast upon in the Sugar Lounge. And plenty of food too,' Skyler winked as they reached a canopied hoverboard stop at the side of the road. 'Let's rest up here a minute. Give you a chance to get over those hiccups.'

As Fazia lowered herself gratefully onto the bench, Skyler couldn't resist groping a meaty handful of her friend's swelling bottom. She brushed her lips against Fazia's earlobe. 'Although they do send the cutest ripples through this tubby little tushie.'

Back when she'd been a lowly shelf-stacker at the Shop 'N Save, Fazia would have flushed at such a remark. But here in Issa State she knew it was a compliment. Especially coming from Skyler. Fazia grinned drunkenly. She'd never met anyone so obsessed with fat asses as her new friend. It was fascinating and funny, the way Skyler's hazel eyes tracked every sizeable rump that bobbed past, the daily pictures she WhatsApped to Fazia of overpumped bubble butts candidly snapped at her gym, stretching the spandex mid-squat or wobbling haphazardly on a treadmill.

Not that Fazia was complaining. She could certainly appreciate a wide and well-fed rump herself. Especially when it was balanced out by a gorgeous globe of a belly and a supersize pair of tits.

Fazia smiled. Well, she'd come to the right state for all that. The aisle-spanning proportions of the air hostess on the plane that first delivered her into Saran Skyport had been impressive enough, and Fazia had goggled in undisguised lust at the bulging dolly birds behind the desks in passport control: glammed-up blondes and brunettes so fat that their bottoms hovered over the edges of their supersized stools and their huge bellies rested on their desks, long-lashed eyelids blinking with lazy boredom as they processed passports in between stuffing chocolates into their mouths and sucking poutily on milkshakes bigger than their heads.

But it wasn't until she'd travelled out to Echo County and met her sponsor, Miss Carla Stockton - a blonde corn-fed Tiberium heiress whose principal hobby was gorging on mountains of gourmet food prepared by a personal chef - that Fazia truly understood what her brother Alim had told her when they set off from home almost a year ago.

In Issa State, bigger was *always* better.

And my bum is definitely getting bigger, Fazia thought with a little flutter of pride. *Bigger and rounder... and denser...* And it wasn't just her bum, either. Looking down, the dark beauty admired the generous spread of her thighs, loving how wide they'd started to look while she was seated. She patted them fondly. Working at the Big Hat Ranch certainly had its advantages. Carla Stockton was a vain and demanding employer, but she rewarded good work, and Fazia had been able to supplement her meagre income by taking on various extra chores. Some were tiresome, like driving an extra hundred miles to pick up a dress, all because her mistress was too spoilt to wait even a single day for delivery. Others were delightful, like helping her mistress squeeze her enormously bloated body into said dress. Fazia licked her lips. Last week, after Miss Stockton had gorged herself to exhaustion on a marathon of exotic meats, pastas and pastries, Fazia even had the honour of massaging her mistress's vast, throbbing gut (there was a particularly sensitive area around the bellybutton, which Miss Stockton's own porky fingertips couldn't reach) to help ease the greedy heiress's indigestion.

The upshot was that Fazia had finally managed to save enough money to spend (her brother would say squander) on her first UltraShape cycle. The sight of the saleswoman at Making You Awesome had been worth it alone: a typical hot lazy-eyed blonde roughly Fazia's age and roughly four times her weight. The self-important blondie had taken some persuading (apparently immigrant workers did not present a good credit risk) and even then Fazia could only afford the cheapest, nastiest beginner cycle available, which probably explained why most of the plumpening effect hadn't gotten much further than the ass that it had been injected into. But Fazia didn't care. She was just thrilled to finally be putting on a bit of sizeL like a real Issan woman!

Fazia lifted her bottom a few inches off the plastic seat, enjoying the heavy drooping sensation of her expanded buttocks. Wiggling her hips a little, she tugged at her \$30 purple dress, wishing she could afford a wardrobe worthy of her new curves.

'My ass is getting big, isn't it,' she remarked smugly, starting to feel drunk again.

Skyler grinned. 'Not as big as hers.'

Fazia followed her friend's gaze across the road - and her big brown eyes bulged in awe.

'Oh my gawd!'

Emerging ponderously from the glowing entrance of the Sugar Lounge, supported by a doorman on one side and a man who had to be her husband on the other, was one of the most whoppingly obese women Fazia had ever seen. Vacuum packed into a sparkling thigh-skimming sapphire dress, with hair of mellow gold cascading over her shoulders in extravagant wavy layers, the girl looked like the Issan equivalent of fairytail princess. Skyler wasn't wrong about the ass either. The huge blonde had a boastful booty that rolled and swung behind her like a pair of sparkly blue moons, making the firm male bums either side of it look comically tiny.

Even with the two strong men supporting her, Fazia could see that the blonde, who had to be in her mid twenties, was struggling to manoeuvre her colossal bulk down the steps at the club's entrance. Each perilous landing of an expensive glass heel started a ripple that rose through her meaty body like a Mexican wave, beginning as a quiver in her

bulbous calves and gathering strength as it reverberated up through her sapphire-clad bulk all the way to her jowls. Wincing and squinting with every step, the bloated babe pressed her plump hands against her vast barrel-like flanks, her rose-pink cheeks puffing uncomfortably.

Looks like Cinderella got a little carried away at the buffet, Fazia thought. A familiar heat tingled between her legs as she imagined the feast the huge blonde must have gobbled down to be looking so incredibly flushed and stuffed. The greedy thing had probably devoured more calories in one meal in the Sugar Lounge than Fazia's entire family back in Sultan State ate in a week.

Come to think of it, the girl probably weighed more than Fazia's entire family too. No wonder she was struggling with those stairs.

'I think I saw her at the Skyport,' Fazia murmured in a faraway voice, a vague memory of immense spherical bulk and sleepy brown eyes coming to her.

'Looks like a case of overloaded mobility implants,' said Skyler, knowingly. 'You hear of it happening sometimes. A girl gets excited on her birthday or anniversary or whatever, and packs too much heavy food into her gut in one sitting. Then when she goes to stand up the motors can't adjust quickly enough to the extra weight and *bang!* they malfunction. Gonna cost a fair few bob to get that fixed.'

Fazia stared dreamily at the fat young blonde. She couldn't imagine Carla Stockton's mobility assist giving up after a big dinner. Then again, this couple didn't look as wealthy as Fazia's Tiberium heiress boss. Whoppingly fat and expensively dressed as Cinderella was, there was some mild but notable saggage around the great swell of her lower belly, and the jelly-like wobble of her ass contrasted starkly with the taut, wealthy jiggle of Carla Stockton's equally colossal caboose.

Still, she's one smokin' hot piece of pork, Fazia thought, swaying in unison with the huge woman as she descended the stairs. She tried to imagine how it would feel to be that big and heavy; glutted to the eyeballs, huge protruding stomach straining with an monstrous overload of buttery lobster, rare steak, cheesecake, wine and god knows what else.

Exhausted appeared to be the answer. Cinderella had descended three shallow steps with the aid of two burly men, but by the time the trio reached the bottom her majestic bosom was heaving up and down as if she'd just scaled a mountain. While the self-pitying princess panted and fanned herself with a fat hand, her boyfriend or husband tipped the doorman and tapped his phone.

A stylish hoverboard in the bay behind Fazia and Skyler responded, whirring to life and humming across the street. With much help from her gallant Prince Charming and the doorman, Cinderella eventually managed to haul her colossal, wobbling derriere aboard, waving her husband away haughtily as he made to join her. Fazia grinned. The hoverboard was a double seater, but Fat Cinderella clearly wanted the whole thing to herself, perhaps worrying that it too might break down under any more weight. At her size, that must have been a terrifying prospect: no hoverboard and malfunctioning mobility implants. The big porker would be completely stranded - marooned by her own greed and obesity!

Prince Charming bore up chivalrously, planting a kiss on his lover's plump pink cheek and giving her immense gut a reassuring pat as they set off, him walking alongside the hoverboard. Fazia gazed with dreamy eyes as it hummed off into the hazy, darkening distance, struggling under Cinderella's bulk, her buttocks practically drooping over the back. She was brought out of her trance by an elbow nudging her pudgy side.

'Looks like we've cured your hiccups,' Skyler teased.

As Cinderella and her husband left, the two tuxedoed doormen pulled the Sugar Lounge's great golden doors shut and resumed their earlier posture.

'They close for a few minutes just before ten,' Skyler explained, 'pack all the tables away, turn the place into a proper club, then they reopen.'

Sure enough, people soon began to arrive. First came a group of wealthy looking couples, their expensive-looking shoes and heels stepping onto that lush purple carpet. Cowboy boots of shiny leather marked out the tall, broad-shouldered men as middle-aged despite their youthfully smooth faces: a perfect advertisement for the rejuvenating powers of Prolong. Immaculately ironed suits clung to the contours of well-defined six packs. Their hands ran through hair that was coiffed and shiny, Rolexes flashing at their wrists.

But the real symbol of the men's wealth was their companions. Wrapped in searingly tight outfits that were a typical Saran mix of high class and slutty, the MILFS and cougars accompanying the cowboys were textbook Issan trophy wives, with proportions even more extreme and unnatural than those of the doormen.

Except that here one shape dominated.

Between the gleaming high heels and the lusciously extravagant hair, each wife was a fusion of oversized spheres. Calves as plump as pigs' underbellies rose into even plumper thighs that flexed the silk of their skintight gowns. Jewelled bracelets sank into fleshy wrists, and all manner of topazes, emeralds and diamonds glittered icily on porky fingers. Jutting buttocks, pompously fat, provided a welcome shelf for the arms of the husbands. Though Fazia noted, with a lusty tingle, that even the tallest men couldn't reach all the way around his wife's blimpish back. Out front the women's figures were even more exaggerated, their implausible bosoms buoyed upwards by paunches so vast and swollen that they defied gravity: proud monuments to the miracles of UltraShape and enormous appetites for rich food. Above their short wide necks, the wealthy MILFS were all tilted chins, glossy lips and imperious noses, radiating annoyance at having to wait in the queue, even if they were right at the front.

'Still want to go back to Chasers?'

Skyler chuckled at the lusty gargle Fazia managed in response.

Next to arrive were a pair of brunettes in relatively plain black and white dresses, obese by Sultan State standards, but slender compared to the sparkling Issan ultra blimps in

front of them. In Issa State, a woman's size was a good indicator of her wealth and social status, and Skyler marked these two new arrivals as middle-income professionals in their mid twenties who had only recently begun earning enough to upgrade their Ultrashape cycles and afford the huge quantities of food necessary to swell their way up the social ladder. It seemed the two girls were conscious of this themselves, for upon arriving they immediately began tugging at their dresses and adjusting the straps in a clear effort to maximise the swell of their cleavages and the curve of their potbellies, while glancing with nervous envy at the immense equators of the women in front, as if fearing that their own inferior size might be a barrier to entrance into the club.

No such concerns beset the next group to join the queue. A gaggle of sumo-bellied babes in their late teens waddled loudly and drunkenly onto the purple carpet, their bright designer dresses exposing a rude and ravishing abundance of thigh and bosom. Projecting that arrogant air of youth and inherited wealth, the glossy beauties reminded Skyler of the rich clique at her school, whose daddies had bought them hoverboards for their eighteenth birthdays and employed private chefs to serve up the mountains of fine food their rapidly expanding little darlings demanded. Obviously drunk, and apparently put out at being so far back in the queue, the leader of this group, a particularly bolshy looking redhead, rocked her hips back with a great sloshing movement and deliberately pumped her titanic tummy into the back of one of the two smaller girls in front, who duly cannoned forward, her own far more modest belly compressing into the vast cushion-like backside of one of the rich MILFS, who barely flinched from the impact but did manage to twist her fat neck far enough to fix her blushing assailant with a vicious scowl.

Giggling raucously, the redhead's cronies clutched their quivering bellies and rested their huge haunches against the wall, before digging greedily into glittering handbags for chocolates and sweets, stuffing great handfuls between glossy lips with their palms, while casting pompous glances at a trio of well-groomed young men who had just joined the queue behind them. Smirking coyly, the girls adjusted their posture and pushed out their gigantic, silk-clad tummies as they gorged. In response the youths tried to play it cool, puffing their chests and subtly flexing their biceps as they ran their hands through their thick quiffs, their eyes devouring the abundance of overfed eye candy on display.

'Yeouch!' Fazia was broken out of her heavenly observations by the sharp sensation of someone pinching her flank. She turned to Skyler indignantly. 'What gives?!'

Smiling, Skyler patted her friend's pudgy side faux-apologetically and nodded towards the back of the queue.

'Over there,' she said.

Fazia looked, and felt her jaw drop almost all the way to her knees.

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In fairness, hers wasn't the only one. The attention of the young men also turned towards the back of the queue (much to the pouting irritation of the girls who had

formerly been the object of their lust) and there was an audible *fwap* as at least one husband from the front received a reprimanding slap from the flabby palm of his spouse.

It wasn't just that the latest arrivals outweighed the largest woman there by a good fifty pounds. Nor was it their movie-star style of entrance, pulling up on the biggest, blingiest hoverboard Fazia had ever seen with their chins aloof and their outsized bottoms swelling over its edges. No, what set the newcomers apart was their outfits, which were so scanty and revealing that they made the other women in the queue, even the younger clique, look like nuns.

The girl on the side of the hoverboard closer to Skyler and Fazia was a bronzed blonde with long salon-shiny honeycomb hair that hung around her fierce looking face, giving her the air of an angry lioness. A backless red dress gripped her humongous belly and inflated thighs so lustily that it resembled metallic body paint more than actual clothing. Three straining slivers of red fabric held on for dear life across tits as large and formidable as nuclear torpedoes, and Fazia couldn't help imagining herself in miniature, crossing one of those perilous silk bridges like a tightrope and tumbling joyfully into the mighty chasm of cleavage beneath.

It was clear the two women had coordinated their outfits. For where the blonde's dress put the ravishing acreage of her broad bronzed back and the better part of her unblemished upper bottom on full show, her companion, clad in a silky violet number that perfectly suited her dark skin and darker hair, was almost entirely exposed at the front. It was as if, in its desperation to take centre stage, the girl's gigantic belly had ripped a huge hole in the front of her dress, announcing itself in one solid, thunderous bulge and bringing a large amount of underboob with it as a supporting act. A mesmerizingly bright purple gem glistened in the exotic girl's navel, like a jewel nestling at the centre of a vast desert of fat.

Skyler whistled in awe and Fazia gulped lustily. It was the biggest belly either of them had ever seen.

The glittering black hoverboard tilted almost vertical as these two queens of the ultra blimp age slid off, wobbling unsteadily for a moment as their mobility assist implants kicked in. The blonde then turned to lift a family sized bucket of Issa Fried Chicken that had been wedged unseen between her and her companion on the board. It was not an elegant manoeuvre. With a gut that stuck out beyond the maximum reach of her arms, the girl was forced to turn side-on and shuffle up alongside the sleek hoverboard and then squat down awkwardly, stretching for the huge bucket with her left hand.

This was simply too much for Skyler. Droplets of drool pattered onto her knees as she watched the blonde's enormous bottom swell wider and wider and rounder and rounder as it descended. Its northern hemisphere was already exposed in all its bronzed glory thanks to the scantiness of her backless red dress, and now the southern hemisphere was gradually appearing too, the girl's butt seeming to rotate upwards as she descended, inch by inch, stretching the shiny fabric to impossible tautness. With sweaty fingers Skyler fumbled for her smartphone, still staring ahead while desperately trying to load up the camera.

Just as it seemed her straps and seams would explode, the squatting behemoth acquired her target. Fazia and Skyler sighed in unison as she straightened up with a quiver of her

mammoth bottom and a toss of her golden hair, and then gawped in utter disbelief as the girl proceeded to mount the IFC bucket between her tits, fixing it in place between two of the straining dress straps that stretched horizontally across her bosom.

Mastering herself at last, Skyler bit her lip and wrapped an arm around Fazia.

'There.' she said, almost choking on the dryness of her own throat. 'That's our way in.'

To be continued...