Race in the Fat Lane 2
By Mollycoddles

It was a great day for a race. The stands around the race track were filled; every soldier in camp had come to watch this spectacle. Captain Natalie was going to run a race against a pair of privates. Everyone was curious how this would turn out, especially since it was common knowledge that Captain Natalie was the biggest fat ass in camp. In fact, she was such a lazy blob that many of the newer recruits had never even SEEN the Captain since she so rarely left her own room. A lot of people were showing up just to catch a glimpse of the legendarily fat, legendarily lazy woman who supposedly ran this camp.

Down on the field, Natalie waited impatiently.

“This is ridiculous,” muttered Natalie as she tugged at the hem of her tank top. It was more like a crop top on her. Seeing as she weighed over a quarter of a ton, Natalie had a lot of trouble finding clothes that fit her enormous body; even this new post-war army hadn’t gotten around to designing official outfits for women of her generous proportions. As such her tank top barely covered her ample chest. It kept riding up, exposing the bottom quarter of her fat tits encased in her straining black spandex sports bra. Gawd, that was uncomfortable! Natalie couldn’t wait for this whole stupid race to be over. Then she could finally just get back to her normal life. She could feel the snug sports bra cutting into her soft flesh, compressing her chest and already making it harder to breathe. Natalie grunted. The enormously fat soldier was in a bind. She couldn’t run WITHOUT a sports bra. She was too buxom! Her boobs would flop all over the place and she’s probably just smack herself in the face with her own titties if she wasn’t careful. But, at the same time, she couldn’t run WITH one. It was too constraining and she was already wheezing against the tight fabric even without having run a marathon.

And that didn’t even get into her other wardrobe issues! The blonde blimp was packed into an overmatched pair of blue track shorts, stretched beyond their limits by Natalie’s wide-load ass and tree-trunk thighs. Natalie’s bloated gut sagged over the fraying elastic waistband – there was absolutely no way that she was ever going to be able to tuck that belly into her shorts, not that it would do much to hide all her mass – and hung so long that you can barely even tell that she was wearing shorts. You had to view her from the side to see that she had anything on below the waist and even then her flabby lovehandles sagged over the sides.

“I hope these hold together,” muttered Natalie to herself, shifting from one plump foot to the other. She could feel the rear seam of her shorts tensing and straining as she moved. They were so tight on her that she honestly wasn’t sure that they wouldn’t immediately split apart when she started to jog. That was the last thing she needed. Jones would give her even more shit!

 She raised her soft flabby arms above her head to adjust her blonde ponytail, wincing as she could feel her tank top lift with the motion. Goddamnit! She quickly put her arms down and tried to nonchalantly tug her tank top back down. This was already embarrassing enough.

“This is such bullshit,” snarled Nicolette. The young black girl was only 400 pounds as opposed to Natalie’s 550, which gave her a distinct advantage in this race. She wasn’t carrying nearly the same poundage, Natalie thought, so it wasn’t fair to pit them against each other! It was REALLY going to embarrass Nicolette when Natalie beat her. In fact, Natalie was way ore worried about her shorts splitting during the race than she was about any possibility of losing. She honestly did not see any connection between the fact that she was way too fat for her track outfit and the possibility that she might be way too fat to run this race.

Nicolette was also severely overweight, but at least she was fit enough that she wasn’t breaking a sweat just by standing at attention. That would start when she actually had to start moving. Nicolette wore a black spandex sports top and black spandex biker shorts, but her outfit fit her slightly better. The spandex top billowed outward over Nicolette’s ridiculous breasts, tight enough that Natalie would see the twin intents of Nicolette’s fat nips through the fabric. While Natalie was fat all over with an enormous gut, thunder thighs, and love handles, Nicolette carried her extra pounds in a wildly exaggerated hourglass figure. Her plump brown tummy still tested the bounds of her spandex, but her voluminous tits and heart-breaking badonkadonk truly commanded attention. Nicolette was having trouble with her shorts, since the flimsy garment kept wedging between her shifting buns whenever she moved, causing more and more of her rotund buttocks to be exposed. “I don’t see why we even have to do this.”

“Just humor her,” whispered Natalie harshly. “It’ll be over soon.”

“I hope you don’t take it personally, Captain,” said Nicolette. She reached behind herself and yanked her black shorts out from her fat ass. “Damn shorts! They keep giivin’ me the worst wedgie. Anway, don’t take it personally, Captain, But I gotta win today. I don’t want Jones to cut off my canteen privileges.”

Natalie chuckled. Jeez, Nicolette thought that she actually had a chance? That was a laugh! Neither Nicolette nor Carla were in good shape. They were each so lazy and unfit that they would clearly be wheezing and winded long before they reached the finish line. But they were both substantially more svelte than Natalie but she was still positive that she would be able to beat either of them no matter how much they tried. She just HAD to beat them. Losing would mean that SHE would be the one to get her canteen privileges revoked! No more late night snacks, no more buffet dinners! Natalie wanted to cry at the prospect of a day without a big belly-busting meal. It was just not fair! She just could not face that possibility.

“Good luck with that,” said Carla. She was dressed in only a black sports bra and camo-pattern sweat pants, but her flaring hips and big bubble booty were impossible to hide. The pear-shaped Latina was the thinnest of the three porkers, but she was still soft and plump. “I’m the one who’s gotta win. Jones can’t cut off my canteen privileges! I’ll starve!”

Natalie and Nicolette stared at her skeptically.

“I…I mean, look at me!” said Carla defensively. “I’m practically skin and bones compared to you two. Er, no offense. How am I supposed to survive without three squares?”

Natalie chuckled again. She refused to face it, but the reality was that she was in dire straits. She NEEDED to win this race or she would lose her command! Unfortunately, she was way slower than either of her competitors and both of them were super motivated to win just to keep their canteen privileges. Not that Natalie realized that. She was convinced that she was way fitter and faster than either of these two. After all, she’d observed them for the past year as their commanding officer, noting how both of them had quickly started to balloon out of control as they relaxed their exercise habits and ramped up their snacking. They were completely out of their element now! Of course, Natalie had ALSO ballooned substantially… but she chose to ignore that inconvenient fact.

Briefly, a flicker of doubt crossed Natalie’s mind. Could it be possible that she might actually not be able to beat these two? Naw… that was impossible!

Natalie considered that maybe she could get Carla and Nicolette on her side if she just explained why it was important for her to win. If she lost the race and lost her command, who knew what hard-ass might they choose as her replacement? It might be even be someone who would revoke both of their privileges even if they did win! If only Natalie could signal this to them, but Jones was watching her like a hawk. The inspector wanted to make sure that Natalie didn’t have an opportunity to fix this race!

Not that Natalie needed to do that. She wasn’t sure why she was even worried. She absolutely had this whole thing in the bag!

“Okay,” barked Jones. “This is a simple operation. First one to complete three laps around the field is the winner. Oh, and just to make things interesting… let’s not forget that this is more than just a race. I’ve placed several obstacles in your path.”

Natalie squinted into the distance. She could see a few typical obstacle race standards down the track – a mud pit through which competitors would have to crawl, a low wall that they would have to scale, a cement pipe through which they would have to squeeze.

“Piece of cake,” said Natalie confidently.

“On your marks!” cried Jones.

Natalie groaned as she struggled to lower herself into starting position, wincing as her joints popped in protest and the stitches in her shorts squealed. She could hear the sounds of threads stretching and fabric pulling as the two other runners also got into position. Gawd, they were all bulging out of their gym clothes! It would be a miracle if all three of them managed to get through this ordeal without a major wardrobe malfunction! If even one of them managed to get to the finish line without splitting her pants or busting her tanktop, that would be damn impressive! When this was over, she would DEFINITELY have to make a trip to the base tailor because this outfit was just unacceptable these days!

“Get set!”

“Ugh,” Natalie grunted as she struggled to raise her ass into the air, appropriating a vague attempt at a ‘get set’ position. The other two soldiers followed suit, though neither of them had good form. From her vantage point on the sidelines, Jones could see all three women already struggling… and the race hadn’t even started yet!

“Go!”

And like that, the race was on! Carla took off like a shot… well,at least, she took off the most like a shot of any of the three. She jogged down the track, pumping her arms up and down as she ran, her chubby tummy bouncing wildly as she ran. It was an impressive start, but it was obvious that she wouldn’t be able to maintain that kind of speed for long.

Nicolette was in second place, already huffing as she jogged. Her bottom swayed back and forth with every footfall and her breasts bounced against her pooch of a belly despite her heavy duty sports bra. Her cheeks inflated and deflated rapidly as she gasped for breath.

Natalie lurched forward. She didn’t look like she was running so much as just falling forward, weighted down by the gravity of her tremendous breasts and belly. Somehow she caught herself just before she completely lost her balance, putting one massive tree trunk leg out to prevent her fall. She looked up to see Carla and Nicolette rounding the bend ahead. Damn it! How was it possible that those two chubbettes were already do far ahead? Sure, they were slimmer than Natalie but… they still shouldn’t be THAT much more fit!

“Goddamnit,” muttered Natalie. She placed one foot in front of her, then the other, gradually working up to a thick waddle. She had no hope of reaching anything resembling a sprint, so her only hope was that she could at least keep a slow but steady pace… then maybe she could overlap her competitors when those two ran out of breath.

Natalie was quite a sight! She could barely waddle, her soft, flesh-swaddled knees constantly bumping against the overhang of her monstrous sagging belly. Her sports bra could barely restrain her enormous bosom, so her breasts jostled and jiggled in time to her steps. Every footfall sent a cascade of ripples through her blubbery body, beginning in her lower belly and slowly working their way around back through her flabby lovehandles and into the bloated orbs of her gargantuan rump. The constant movement of her soft flesh caused her breasts to wobble and sway worst of all, so much that Natalie feared she might have to slow her pace even more so that she didn’t just completely rip through her sports bra and smack herself in the face with her boobs! How was it that Nicolette wasn’t having the same problem? That girl was almost as busty as Natalie!

Natalie was barely even halfway through her first lap and she was already faltering. She could see Carla and Nicolette further down the track; the two enlisted chubbettes were already slowing down but they had by no means stopped moving. Maybe Natalie actually COULD catch up to them? She had to try!

Already the sweat was pouring off her body, streaming down her face. Her bare sides were slick with perspiration and the intense wobbling of her overloaded gut causes sweat to fly in all directions. Her chubby cheeks were rosy and her breath rattled in her lungs as she struggled to draw enough air to feed her mammoth body.

The intense jiggle of her body was already causing problems for the obese officer’s inadequate wardrobe. The roll of her giant ass back and forth was slowly pushing her shorts down her thighs, more and more of her pillowy posterior oozing over the shredding elastic waistband like bread dough rising. At least half of her ass was on display, her crack visible above her rumpled shorts and panties. With a grunt, Natalie grabbed at her shorts and hoisted them back up. Damnit! She’d broken her stride and, at her size, it wasn’t easy to get back in the grove. But then again, at least she would lose with (relative) dignity. It was bad enough that Jones was making her participate in this ridiculous race, but it would be even worse for Jones to get a good look at Natalie’s fat naked butt as she waddled through the course!

“What the hell,” huffed Natalie under her breath. She couldn’t believe what was happening! How was it that she was already so far behind Carla and Nicolette? Sure, she was bigger than them but…. Well, Natalie knew for a fact that neither of those porkers had done any exercise in over a year! They should be totally out of shape! Natalie thundered along, the air rattling in her lungs as she strained to gulp enough breath to keep her tremendously fat body moving. Okay, so admittedly, she also hadn’t had any exercise in the past year but that shouldn’t matter! She should have still retained some of her old strength and stamina…

That wasn’t the end of her troubles by a long shot, Natalie realized, as a sudden POP! Caught her attention. She could feel her ample bust sloshing against the confines of her tank top with every step, smashing into the thin material with the force of a tsunami crashing against a sea wall. So Natalie wasn’t at all surprised when she felt the first stitches release. Her tank top would probably not survive the race. It was under far too much pressure from her colossal jugs desperate to spill out.

Another pop! And another thread busted in her tank top. Her seams were splitting apart right before her eyes. There was nothing to do but power through. If she pushed herself, she might be able to complete the race before she exposed herself. She inhaled deeply and bushed herself to speed up into a brisk waddle.

A few paces ahead, Nicolette was nearly completely puffed. The zaftig black girl wheezed and coughed, nearly overwhelmed by the bounce and recoil of her own overplump body. She glanced over her shoulder to get a glimpse of Natalie not too far behind.

“Oh hell no,” muttered Nicolette. Sputtering and coughing loudly, she pumped her legs and took off at a trot. She was desperate to win! She could once again feel the tight fabric of her spandex shorts slipping between her buns, but she didn’t have time to adjust herself. She needed to stay in front! Besides, she also had to catch up with Carla…

Carla was still in front, but not by far. She needed to maintain that lead if she intended to win! But Carla was just as winded as her fatter friends. She was sweating so much that her camo-pattern sweats were drenched and sticking to her legs, her thighs chafing under the soaked material. But she was determined! She was not going to give up! Just the thought of her unlimited canteen privileges disappearing was enough to keep her going.

Jones watched in disbelief from the sidelines. This was absolutely insane. A proper military woman would have already completed the second lap, but these three fatsos were still working on the first. And they were barely working! Just watching them, Jones suspected that she would probably have to call the race early and end it after one lap. There was just no way that these three lazy slobs would be able to do the full race without all dying of heart attacks!

Carla was slowing down, panting so loud that Jones could hear her from the sidelines. Nicolette was only a few paces behind, but she was also beginning to falter. Natalie was waaaaay in back and the obese officer looked ready to absolutely collapse into an exhausted, wheezing heap if only Jones wasn’t here to watch her.

Carla approached the first obstacle, the cement pipe. She flopped down on her belly and wriggled through, her hips and butt bumping into the sides of the pipe as she swayed her pelvis like a snake to scootch through. Then she was off and wobbling again.

Nicolette was next. The chubby black girl leaned against the pipe, doubled over, one hand on her knees, one hand on the top of the pipe, gasping and choking, sweating dribbling down her body.

“I’m…so…. Winded,” she gasped. “Gotta… catch… my breath…”

Jone watched in fascination as Nicolette puffed and panted. Natalie was not that far behind anymore, her flabby form wobbling and jiggling wildly with every step. Jones wondered if Natalie might actually catch up? That was unthinkable but it looked like Nicolette might actually lose her spot if she didn’t start running again soon!

“Ohh no…” Nicolette looked up to see Natalie shove herself ahead and squeeze into the pipe.

“Sorry, Nicolette!” came Natalie’s voice from within as the fat woman squeezed her enormous bulk into the confining pipe. “I gotta win this one… for the good of the camp!”

“Oh no you don’t!” said Nicolette, but there was nothing she could do. Natalie’s bulk filled the whole pipe, so that when Nicolette looked in, all she could see was Natalie’s enormous backside, barely clad in the remnants of her frayed running shorts. There was a whole lot of soft pink skin and overstrehced panties on display through the tearing rear seam!

Suddenly Natalie stopped moving. She could feel the sides of the pipe hugging her tightly, pressing in against her flanks. She grabbed at the floor and tried to claw herself forward, but it was no use. Natalie’s eyes went wide as she suddenly realized: She was stuck!

“Oh no! Oh no! Nicolette! You’ve got to help me! I’m stuck!”

“Oh are you? Gee, I wonder why!”

“This isn’t funny, Nicolette!” snapped Natalie. She struggled to free herself but she was stuck fast! From behind her, Nicolette could only watch Natalie’s broad rump shake and shimmy as Natalie tried futilely to free herself from the pipe. “If I don’t get out of here, Carla is going to win the race!”

“Ugh, we can’t have that,” said Nicolette. As much as she was loathe to help Natalie, she needed to get her corpulent commander out of there or Nicolette wouldn’t be able to advance in the race. And then Carla would win… and Nicolette would DEFINITELY lose all her canteen privileges!

“Okay, okay, hold still! I’m gonna give you a push,” said Nicolette. Grunting, she lowered herself to her hands and knees – her own spandex shorts and sports bra creaking as she did so – and crawled into the pipe after Natalie. With the full weight of gravity tugging at her tremendous tits, Nicolette felt like her jugs were going to burst her sports bra if she wasn’t careful – or at least spill out! She could feel her fat, overfed boobs swaying like a pendulum as she crawled. Her nipples were grazing the floor but, worse, so was her belly! She was dragging her gut along, her stomach scratching the ground everytime that she scooted forward! She sucked in her gut, causing her middle to rise slightly off the ground. Good. That meant slightly less friction.

“Thank you, thank you!” cried Natalie in gratitude as she felt Nicolette’s hands against her bum. Nicolette grunted loudly as she shoved her shoulder into the butter soft flesh of Natalie’s monumental keister, struggling to dislodge the fat commander. No movement! Natalie was stuck fast!

“I’m not moving!” said Natalie. “I’m still stuck! C’mon, give it another shot! Keep pushing! Put your back into it!”

“I am!” grumbled Nicolette as she heaved herself again against the impenetrable wall of blubber that was Natalie’s tushie. She sank deeply into that flesh but again nothing happened.

“Jeez, Natalie, I don’t think you’re gonna move,” said Nicolette. “You’re too big! They’re gonna have to cut you out of here.”

“No, no, no!” cried Natalie. She slapped her palms uselessly against the sides of the pipe and kicked her legs feebly. “I can’t lose! How is that even possible? Push me again, Nicolett! I..I order you too! You have to get me out! As your commanding officer, I insist!”

Nicolette rolled her eyes. “I’m sorry, Natalie, but you’re just too… uh… big..”

“C’mon! Just one more try!”

“Fine, fine.”

Nicolette’s only chance to get through this pipe and catch up with Carla would be to get it unplugged, so what choice did she have? She planted her hands against Natalie’s plump behind and, with all the leverage that she could manage while being half-stuck in the pipe herself, shoved forward. Natalie grabbed at the opening at the far end of the pipe, her plump fingers curling around the lip, and pulled as hard as her weak flabby arms could pull. She grit her teeth and squeezed her eyes shut, her round face turning red with the exertion. Gawd, she was stuck fast! How could she possibly be THIS fat? Okay, true, Natalie had given up exercise entirely and devoted herself only to eating… but still! When did she get so fat that she couldn’t even wedge herself through an obstacle course pipe?

But then… she budged!

Nicolette tumbled forward as she suddenly felt Natalie’s fluffy bottom scoot forward slightly.

“I moved! I moved!” cried Natalie, once again kicking her legs in excitement. From her vantage point, she could see Carla down the track. The pudgy Latina had a substantial lead, but luckily she was too slow to get THAT far… and Natalie was sure that she could catch up if she could just get out of this pipe!

“Okay, okay! I’m pushing!” Natalie felt those hands once again sinking into her blubber as Nicolette heaved again… and this time it worked! Natalie popped forward, tumbling from the pipe.

“Thanks, private,’ grunted Natalie as she lurched to her feet, her arms spread to steady herself. “Gawd, Carla is pretty far ahead. But I can still catch up!”

“Hey!” Nicolette’s voice came from the pipe. “Now I’M stuck!”

It was true. Nicolette was 100 pounds lighter than Natalie, but even that 100 pounds wasn’t enough to allow her easy access through the pipe. Her exaggerated hourglass figure and fat tummy had her plugged in tight.

“Sorry, Nicolette, I can’t stop to help,” said Natalie. “You’ll thank me when this is over, though!”

Ignoring Nicolette’s angry shouts, Natalie took off at a brisk waddle. She didn’t have time to explain herself, she needed to win! Natalie promised herself that, after she won, she would give Nicolette extra canteen privileges to make up for leaving her in the lurch like that, but right now she had to concentrate on winning or all three of them would be in big trouble!

Meanwhile, Carla was desperately trying to hoist herself over the low brick wall that constituted the next obstacle. The poor girl rarely worked out her meaty arms by doing anything more strenuous than lifting food to her mouth, so she had absolutely no upper body strength. She looked like a seal flopping around on the ice as she finally managed to get herself up on the wall, balancing on her tummy, her legs kicking in the air. With a startled shout, she flipped herself over the wall and landed with a plop! in the mud pit on the other side.

“Ughh! Gross!” huffed Carla, struggling to right herself in the slippery mud. Carla struggled to get her breathing under control, her ample chest rising and falling rapidly in time with her wheezing. God, she was out of shape! The wall was literally only waist high but even that little bit of exertion was enough to knock the wind out of her sails.

Watching from the sidelines, Jones could not believe her eyes. This was even more pathetic than she had imagined. Carla was rooting around in the mud like the pig she was; the girl should easily be able to get up and continue her run, but it looked like she had totally given up! Meanwhile, Nicolette had failed to even get through the first obstacle and was stuck with her ass tightly wedged into a pipe like some kind of overstuffed Winnie the pooh!

But the biggest surprise was that Natalie was STILL in the running! Natalie was pounding down the track, lurching toward the low wall that had knocked Carla out of commission. She was gasping, her heart pounding so hard that Jones could almost swear that SHE could hear it. Natalie’s entire rotund body quaked as she plodded along, her bouncing breasts and jiggling belly putting excessive strain on her already failing clothes. She could feel the seams in her shorts tearing apart as she pumped her uselessly fat legs, she could hear her tank top tearing as her colossal breasts dropped again on the down beat. She didn’t care. The only thing that she cared about was winning! Her head was throbbing, sweat pouring off of her in sheets. Her face wasn’t red anymore, it was slowly going white as she continued to push herself so far beyond the limits of her prodigiously porky body.

Natalie lumbered up to the wall and put out her hands to steady herself against it. Her knees nearly buckled the moment she stopped moving. Gawd, she was so tired! Her heart was pounding so hard that she couldn’t hear anything but the roar of her own pulse. All she wanted to do was slump against this wall and take a nap but she could feel Jones watching her. Jeez, Natalie thought, I can’t possibly be this out of shape. I must have just… got off to a bad start. Yeah, that’s the ticket!

Steeling her resolve, Natalie took a deep breath and attempted to hoist herself over the wall. It was a ridiculous sight. She was so fat that she could barely lift her enormous legs even slightly off the ground, so the area that she could just swing her leg over this wall was completely out of the question. Nevertheless, she tried. And she tried a second time. On the third time, she managed to get her foot high enough to plant it atop the wall. The next step was actually lifting the rest of her over now and that was MUCH harder. Natalie’s muscles had completely atrophied from months and months of disuse and she was incredibly weak as well as being incredibly heavy.

“There’s no way that blob is going to be able to get over the wall,” said Jones. “She might as well give up, seeing as it looks like her two competitors have given up. I guess no one wins at all, so everyone’s gonna lose access to the canteen. And Natalie’s gonna be busted right back down to private, haha!”

Jones chortled in satisfaction but her glee was short-lived. Natalie was still struggling, grunting and groaning as she strained to push herself over the low walls. Jones could hear the big woman puffing, could hear overloaded joints popping and cracking, could hear the continued pip pip pop of stitches blowing as Natalie stretched her meaty, elephantine legs far enough to not only reach over the wall but also to further tear the seat of her shorts.

And she was over!

Jones’ jaw dropped. She couldn’t believe it! Natalie had SOMEHOW managed to scale the wall and was on her way again, lurching and stumbling but still plowing through the mud. Carla blinked in confusion, surprised to see that her super-sized superior hadn’t actually given up yet. Sighing, she pushed herself to her feet, wiped her muddy hands against the bulging seat of her camo sweats and took off after Natalie. The sudden realization that Natalie for all her massively excessive poundage was now in the lead had lit a fire under the pudgy private’s plump posterior.

Natalie was barely aware that Carla was even still in the race. She felt like her lungs were on fire as she strained to inhale. Her vision was going blurry and her mind was fuzzy; she felt like she couldn’t get enough air to keep concentrating on the track. Natalie’s progress had slowed to barely a waddle but her heart was going mad, beating so fast and erratic that the overweight woman had to pause to steady herself. She grimaced, clutching at her chest, a grimace spread across her face. Oooof. For a split second, she felt like she was having a literal heart attack – pain spiked outward from her chest, stabbing into her limbs. She grit her teeth and willed herself back to calm. No! No! No! She was NOT going to end it like that. She heaved a sigh of relief, sweat dribbling down her pale, round pale as she felt her heartbeat return to normal. Phew! She would have to be careful. A girl of her size wasn’t used to shocks like that!

“I’m not done yet,” muttered Natalie as she heard the thundering footsteps behind her that announced Carla was catching up. Completely oblivious to how close a call she had just had, Natalie took off again. She was waddling as fast she could, the fear of losing propelling her forward. She felt like she must be running a hundred miles an hour! But an outside observer could have told you the truth, that she was barely even moving at all.

RIIIIIP! The constant slosh of Natalie’s enormous rear finally overcame her shorts as the seat finally completed tearing, the split reaching between her legs below and up to her waistband above. The defeated garment fell away and Natalie nearly tripped onto her big fat tummy as the falling shorts tangled around her legs.

“Shit shit shit!’ muttered Natalie as she kicked them away. This was really embarrassing! Now she was out here in her underwear, but what could she do? She couldn’t give up, she needed to complete this race. She kept running.

It didn’t take long before Natalie’s bouncing chest did the same to her tank top that her ass had done to her shorts. The tears at her sides finally completed their journey through the entire shirt and suddenly Natalie realized that she was running – er, waddling – in nothing but her sports bra and panties.

Jones blinked. At first she thought that Natalie was completely naked, but as she rounded the curve in the track Jones could just catch a glimpse of the big woman’s knickers visible beneath the thick roll of back flab that overlapped her waistband. God damn, that woman was beyond obese. Jones was sure that this race would show Natalie just as much about herself and that Natalie would have almost instantly given up rather than go through with this grueling, humiliating ordeal. But now Natalie was ACTUALLY on track to complete the race! What was more, it looked like she just might win!

Natalie kept running, her mind focused on the only thing that mattered: winning this race! The consequences of losing would be too much to bear, so she kept reminding herself that she needed to keep running! No matter how much her chest ached, no matter how much her feet hurt, no matter how exhausted she was… she needed to win! She was moving at a snail’s pace now, yet every step forward was absolute agony. She barely had the strength to lift her legs, her running further hampered by the fact that her knees couldn’t lift far before they hit the overhang of her belly. Yet she had to keep on!

She just had to!

And yet… she was sooooo tired.

Eventually, Natalie had to stop. Just for a second. She was so far in front that it probably didn’t matter, right? She was obviously winning, so she could just rest for a second, right? Slowly, slooooowly, she came to a stop; she had to do it slowly so that the inertia of her monstrous belly and boobs didn’t cause her to tip forward when she tried to stop. She doubled over, hands against her knees, gasping for breath. Damnnn it, why was she having so much trouble? This was ridiculous! There was no way that she was THIS out of shape! I mean, sure, okay, she was a little overweight but it should have been totally easy for her to win this race… Of course, she WAS winning! There was never any doubt of that. She was far ahead of both Carla and Nicolette and those two lazy out-of-shape fatsos would never be able to catch up. Natalie smirked, confident in the knowledge that she would DEFINITELY win. In fact, she was so confident that, like the proverbial hare in the story of the tortoise and the hare, she suspected that she could bed down right here for a nap while she waited for her competitors to catch up… and she’d STILL win!

But then… Nicolette lapped her!

How was it possible? How did that fat ass get herself unwedged from the pipe? But there was no mistaking that wide load ass as the pudgy private waddled past her. Holy crap! Natalie was absolutely stunned. In the bleachers, the soldiers went wild, whooping and hollering, as they realized that the race had entered its final round.

And then… Carla lapped her.

Natalie’s jaw dropped. WHAT THE HELL!?! She was in last place now?! How was this possible? She couldn’t believe it!

From the sidelines, Jones grinned. Now THIS was more like the race that she had expected.

Natalie groaned loudly as she hefted herself back to her feet. There was no time to lose. She had to get her rear in gear or she was toast! She inhaled deeply and took off like a shot… or as much as a shot as she could get. She was convinced that she must be running like a rabbit, but she was barely waddling and the constant motion of her flab, rolling and jiggling like the ocean in a storm, threatened to overwhelm her. She simply had to catch up! Her mouth hung open, her throat was dry, and her breath came in agonized pants. Her chest rose and fell wildly as she heaved. Sweat drained off her in sheets. Her round face was ghostly white. But it would all be worth it if… she could… just… catch up… and win!!

But it was too much. Her momentary lead was nothing more than a fluke. As much as Natalie had convinced herself of her own athletic prowess, it was nothing more than complete luck that had allowed her to get ahead of Carla and Nicolette for a few minutes. Now that they were in front again, they did not want to relinquish their lead! Both women were desperate to win, thinking of nothing but their own stomachs and how they might have to go hungry once in a while if they lost this race!

There was still another obstacle ahead, a long narrow ditch. Just great! Natalie inhaled deeply and pushed herself forward, hoping through sheer willpower to ignore the burning sensation in her lungs and the rubbery feeling in her legs.

Carla reached the ditch first and threw herself in with barely a second regard; from the sidelines, Jones thought that it looked more like Carla was just collapsing from exhaustion and happened to fall right into the ditch. Nicolette slowed down to clamor down safely, although the voluptuous girl’s excess weight made her too clumsy to do it gracefully. At the last moment, she lost her footing and tumbled down, her breasts slapping against the walls of the ditch as she well.

It was a tight squeeze, so Nicolette found it hard to turn around and get re-oriented in the right position without her ass and boobs scraping against the walls. She was almost too fat to fit! Even Carla was finding it a little claustrophobic.

Natalie felt a great wave of despair crash over her as she approached the ditch. She was way wider than either of her competitors, so what chance did she have of fitting? This was going to be worse than the pipe! Nevertheless, she had to try!

“Urgh!” Natalie grunted as she dropped heavily down the incline into the ditch, her flabby lovehandles catching against the dirt walls. Her eyes bulged as she felt herself slow before her feet even hit the ground. Damnit! She was too fat to fit! She kicked her legs and pumped her arms, straining to twist herself out of the wedge, but it was no use… she was stuck fast! This ditch was not built for a woman of her prodigious girth!

“Sorry, Natalie, looks like you’re just too big,” said Nicolette, giving her superior officer a quick apologetic look before she jogged off herself. But Natalie caught just a hint of a smirk. Served her right! Nicolette was probably still sore that Natalie had abandoned her in the pipe. But what could she do? She had to get loose and get moving again!

Natalie placed her hands flat against the ground and pushed as hard as she could, in the futile hopes that maybe she could dislodge herself, but what good would it do? She still had to run the entire length of the ditch and she definitely wasn’t going to fit any of that!

“Ugh! Ugh! C’mon!” whined Natalie petulantly. She kicked at the sides of the ditch, knocking down clumps of dirt and swearing. If only she could…. Maybe… if she could just…

The red-faced soldier was furious that she was stuck. She couldn’t believe that she was in this situation! She was livid that Jones had put her through this ordeal. She was livid at Carla and Nicolette were so effortlessly beating her! And she was livid that she had allowed herself to get so massively fat that now she stuck in a hole like Winnie the Pooh! This was the absolute worst!

But Natalie couldn’t Just give up! She swung her hip and pumped her arms harder than ever. Suddenly she was rewarded with a sudden drop! She had dislodged enough dirt that the rolls at her sides were no longer caught… and she plopped down to the bottom!

“Finally!” sighed Natalie. But her problems were far from over. She stood up and tried to waddle her way down the length of the ditch only to find that the walls were going to pinch her in the whole time.

“Ugh, why do they make this thing so narrow?” she muttered. The reason, of course, was that the army had never expected to have to accommodate a woman as fat and as unfit as Natalie. The only way that Natalie could advance was to suck in her gut as far as she could and turn sideways – even then, her protruding stomach scraped against the wall and her bubble butt sticking out behind her scraped the other. She couldn’t run while she was holding her breath, so she had to slowly sidle along like a sidewinder, carefully keeping her belly as tightly controlled as her atrophied stomach muscles would allow.

“Just…a… little… further,” muttered Natalie under her breath. This was even harder work than running and her round face clearly showed the strain of keeping her explosive belly reigned in. That was more of a work out than anything!

Finally, she bumped her hip into a wall of dirt. She had somehow reached the far end of the ditch. She heaved a sigh of relief, momentarily forgetting herself and allowing her belly to once again burst out to its full size. Her gut bumping into the wall in front of her almost knocked the wind out her again, but she couldn’t afford to wait to recover… she still had to catch up!

Natalie placed her hands against the ground and attempted to heave herself out of the pit. It was a pathetic sight. Straining and swearing, the corpulent captain had no hope of lifting her enormous bulk out of the hole with those flabby, toneless arms! She tried again, the noises of her desperation building as she pushed herself as hard as she could. C’mon! C’mon! You can do it! You HAVE to do it! Sweat stung her eyes but she ignored the pain, hoping against hope that she might be able to get herself back in the race. Ughhhh! Finally, she somehow managed to flop out of the hole, rolling around like a blubbery seal heaving itself out of the water and onto an ice floe. The crowd gasped in surprise and Natalie knew she was out!

Her arms ached SOOO bad and she was soooo tired. But she couldn’t stop! She couldn’t rest! Groaning, she slowly tottered to her feet. She was back in the running! She could definitely do it! This race was still winnable, right? All she had to do was--

“I win!” cried Carla as she crossed the finish line, immediately collapsing into a wheezing heap. The crowd went wild with applause. Their excitement was barely diminished when Nicolette crossed the finish line moments later.

“Oh no,” cried Natalie. She had lost!

The crowd probably would have cheered for Natalie too, but the enormous hoggette had given up all hope and dropped to the ground, lying on her face in the dirt, gasping and sputtering. She looked like a mountain heaving in a quake.

Natalie lay there, consciously trying to block the sounds of celebration from her mind. Everyone was excited for the two privates, but no one knew what that REALLY meant.

Jones walked over to the prone woman and squatted down next to her.

“So,” she said smugly, “what was that about this race being a piece of cake?”

Natalie didn’t answer. She felt miserable. How could it end like this? She’d lost the race… and her command!

Jones poked her in her side, her finger sinking deep into her flab. “Looks like you didn’t win after all. Looks like you actually came in LAST place, what a shame! What do you think about THAT, tubby?”

“I-I-I…”

“Relax,” said Jones, “I think you’re going to enjoy being a grunt again. Think of all the fun you’ll have now that you’ll be a private again! Running exercises and doing marches! I bet you can’t wait!”

Natalie moaned miserably. Ugh, she hated the idea! She was all sweaty and tired and gross now from the race… did Jones really need to rub it in?!

“And, of course, not eating,” continued Jones, “You’ll definitely be going on a diet now that your canteen privileges are curtailed. Why, I bet all these pounds will just melt off you!”

“Aw Jeez, this sucks,” sputtered Natalie. She was at a loss for words to describe how much she hated the idea of dieting!

“And the best part? You might just fit into your uniform by the time your next inspection is due!” Jones grinned widely, like the cat that had caught the canary.

Natalie grunted. Somehow, that was NOT making her feel better.

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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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