Serving the Doyenne 2

By Mollycoddles

Sarah had now officially beaten the prediction of the girl at the temp agency; she had been working at LaGrand Manor for more than two weeks.

Apparently, Bella LaGrand’s boisterous personality and demanding work ethic made most assistants quit really fast, but Sarah found something compelling about her enormous boss. She was a magnetic figure, a massive woman of extravagant appetites who wore her indulgences on her figure in the form of so much excess poundage. She was beautiful in her own way, majestic, a force of nature, a curvaceous mistress with an explosively pear-shaped figure who demanded the best.

At first, Sarah was nervous about taking the job as a personal assistant to such a woman, but Bella seemed to have taken a liking to her. At least, as much of a liking as a woman like Bella could take to an underling. She was the sort of woman who commanded respect and, as such, had very peculiar ways of showing affection.

“Sarah? Sarah, sweetie? You are taking notes, aren’t you? Not daydreaming again, are you?”

“What? Oh, uh, no, ma’am.”

“Hmm.” Bella leaned back in her industrially reenforced office chair. It creaked loudly under her vast bulk. She steepled her pudgy fingers and fixed Sarah with a suspicious stare that made the slender woman blush.

Sarah hoped that Bella didn’t know the truth: That one day, not too long ago, Sarah had returned to the estate after hours to retrieve her forgotten purse and had “accidentally” spied Bella and her… well, officially his title was major domo but Sarah had trouble thinking of John as anything more than Bella’s boy toy… in a steamy tryst. And, ever since, Sarah could think of nothing else. Gawd, it was so hot! She longed to be included in something like that… She’d been too hard up for months, she was practically burning away with desire, but what could she do? It wasn’t like she could just propose! “Hey, I say you and John fucking the other day…. Have you ever thought about adding a third?” That was ridiculous.

She needed to find some way to get THEM to include her. John was probably the easier mark. Bella’s major domo, he handled most of the daily affairs around the manor that didn’t involve Bella’s finances; that was the stuff that Sarah dealt with. He was an easy-going guy, always cheerful, always friendly, always subtly “screwing up” so that Bella had to “punish him.” Since that night that Sarah had caught them in bed together, though, Sarah realized that John’s mistakes served two purposes: They let Bella put the fear of God into the rest of the staff when she unceremoniously crushed him between her enormous ham-sized thighs and, more importantly, he got off on it. This major domo clearly enjoyed being majorly dommed.

Sarah could see the appeal. The one time that Bella had hip checked her, nearly knocking her off her feet with the force of her booty bump, Sarah felt herself come alive with sexual electricity.

The point was… John would probably be game to share his mammoth mistress with a second, but Bella, tryrannical diva that she was, would be harder to convince. Sarah suspected that Bella didn’t like any idea unless she came up with it. That just meant that Sarah would have to be subtle, she would have to make Bella think that it was her own idea to include Sarah.

“Well, see that you don’t space so much that you can’t keep up,” said Bella. “I m paying you to do a job, sweetie, and I expect you to do it.”

She paused, turning back to her desk as John wheeled in a gurney loaded with food for a business lunch – poke bowls, sushi, the typical fare for a high powered executive in this business-a-go-go world. Bella ate most of her meals at her desk, but, just because every lunch was a working lunch, she didn’t see any reason to skimp on quantity.

“Ah, excellent! Thank you, John, I’m glad to see you’re finally staying on your toes. It’s about time you took all those lessons to heart.”

“Yes, ma’am, I try my best,” said John, grinning widely at Bella and giving Sarah a friendly nod.

“You, uh, sure have a healthy appetite,” said Sarah. She watched in rapt fascination as Bella gorged herself, gobbling down poke bowl with sticky rice, mango chunks, and ahi tuna so fast that she dropped rice grains into her cleavage.

“A woman of my prodigious size needs a healthy appetite to maintain her figure,” said Bella simply, replacing the empty bowl and plucking the stray kernels from her top. She shifted in her chair. “A wisp of a girl like you couldn’t understand. I swear, Sarah, do you even eat? Look at her, John, she’s all skin and bones. Ever since we hired her, I’ve been so afraid that she might just dry up and blow away; a strong gust of wind could just pick her right up!”

Sarah’s cheeks were flushing. Gawd, why did she get like this when Bella teased her? She was embarrassed yet also… kind of flustered?

“Yeah, well, some of us like to maintain a different kind of figure,” said Sarah hotly. “The kind that fits through doors!”

Bella smiled coyly; Sarah was beginning to learn that her behemoth boss actually respected someone who could hold their own. “Oh, Sarah, my sweet little Sarah. How quaint! You know you’re never going to get ahead with that attitude. You know that to get anywhere in life a woman needs to be big and bold! He needs to absolutely dominate the conversation and the field of vision, she has to be so large that all eyes turn to her the instant that she comes into the room. But you? Are you really always going to be a little mouse? No wonder you’re having so much trouble with your love life, dearie, you just don’t have the spunk to grab life by the horns!”

“I do too!” said Sarah. “I might be smaller than you, but I… I bet I could hold my own! Just watch me!”

She grabbed one of the poke bowls off of the tea tray. John opened his mouth to say something, but Bella held up a plump finger for silence. She was interested to see where this would go!

Sarah awkwardly snatched up gobs of rice from the bowl with a pair of chopsticks and popped them into her mouth. Bella chuckled at the sight.

“Very impressive, Sarah! At that rate, you might just finish your bowl But please, sweetie, let a real woman show you how it’s done.”

Bella took a bowl and tipped it into her mouth. Sarah watched in awe as Bella slurped down the rice and toppings. Shit! Sarah wasn’t sure why, but she felt she needed to keep up. She had something to prove. Exactly what… she wasn’t sure. But she knew, deep in her heart, that she had to at least match Bella!

John watched as Sarah followed Bella’s example, tilting her bowl into her mouth and pouring the food into her. She lacked Bella’s finesse. Bella was an experience eater, not letting even a single grain of rice fall from her mouth, while Sarah was just spilling food everywhere in her desperation to keep up. Gawd, these bowls were huge! Not even halfway through and Sarah already felt stuffed. This rice was filling! But she couldn’t stop now… She kept eating, gobbling away at anything that came near her mouth, even as her belly felt more and more bloated with every bite. Ooooof. She was really started to feel full. She couldn’t help it. She was slowing down. But she wasn’t done yet! With a final burst of energy, Sarah powered through. She kept eating. She knew she had to do whatever it took!

“Oh Gawd,” huffed Sarah as she dropped the empty bowl. “Oh Gawd…”

“A nice showing,” said Bella. The fatter woman licked the bottom of her bowl cleaned and then delicately replaced it on the gurney. “You certainly surprised me, Sarah. Look at you, finishing up your food like that! Maybe you’re not such a string bean after all.”

Sarah felt like she was going to pop. Her tummy pooched out against the waistband of her pants with enough force that she was tempted to unbutton her fly, if she wasn’t in front of her boss. Sarah would have sucked in her bloated belly but she was too full. All she could do was sit there and gasp like a fish out of water.

“Those bowls… are huge….”

“I know, dearie, who do you think ordered them? A woman of my appetites needs a lot to satisfy her, so don’t feel bad that you can’t keep up. But I must say, you made a valiant effort. John! Take this poor little thing into the lounge and lay her down on the couch. I think our little Sarah needs to digest a little after that display.”

John gently tugged Sarah to her feet. “But… there’s work to do!” protested Sarah, but she was too stuffed and dazed to resist as John led her away.

“Later, sweetie. There’s always time later. For now, I want you rested and digested.”

John led her into another room and helped her lay down on a plush chaise longue. “Thanks,” said Sarah, stifling a hiccup. “I don’t know what – hic! – came over me… I just saw Bella eating and… I had to do it too…”

“Don’t worry about it, Sarah,” said John. “That happens a lot. There’s something about Bella that just stokes the fires of competition, ya know? I’ve seen a lot of women who fall victim to that.”

“A lot of… women?” Sarah tried to hide the concern in her voice. Oh no! She was afraid of that. She was desperate to get closer to John and Bella. Ever since she’d spied them making love, there was nothing more she wanted than to be part of that world. Maybe that’s why she foolishly tried to match Bella’s eating… maybe she thought that was another way that she could earn the massive matriarch’s respect? But it was all for nothing! They’d seen other women try the same gambit and that’s all they thought of her as now: Just another in a long succession of “other women.”

“Yeah, a lot of women who come to work here think that they can outtalk Bella or out-exercise Bella or any number of things. I’ve never seen anyone who tried to outeat her, though.”

Sarah perked up. She almost sat up, but her swollen tummy sent a twinge of pain through her body and she winced.

“Really? You haven’t?”

“Nope. I think Bella really took notice, though. Keep this up and you’re gonna make yourself her favorite person.”

He winked as he left the room. “Be careful, though! If that happens, you might find you’ve also made yourself into her favorite chair!”

His laughter lingered after he had left the room. Maybe it was a joke. But Sarah still couldn’t stop thinking about it.

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After that, Bella and Sarah always ate lunch together. John made sure to always serve lunch when they were together and Bella made sure to always insist that Sarah join her. Sarah tried her best to keep up, but the truth was that she didn’t have the appetite! Bella was over twice as big as Sarah, so it was no surprise. Sarah could barely finish even a third of the food that Bella gobbled down before she felt full and bloated and needed to lie down. Nevertheless, Sarah’s game attempts to keep up seemed to amuse the doyenne, even as she ate more at every meal. Sarah was certain of it. The meals were definitely getting bigger and the doyenne was eating more.

Bella was visibly wider too. Sarah hadn’t been working at LaGrand Manor for that long, but she could already see that Bella was gaining weight. The enormous blonde was bigger than ever, her mammoth hips no longer simply occasionally bumping the walls as she waddled the estate’s narrower hallways… now her hips constantly brushed along the walls as Bella grumbled that they just didn’t built homes to accommodate women of her esteemed grandeur. All those meals were adding up! Sarah wondered if Bella was consciously eating more to impress her, to keep her awed and humbled… the idea sent a naughty thrill through her to think that maybe Bella was trying to impress her just as much as she was trying to impress Bella!

Sarah still saw Bella use John as a chair all the time, even as her weight continued to increase. Bella was positively swelling with her own indulgence, the already overly plush diva gradually blossoming into a mountain of fat far beyond anything that Sarah could imagine. Sarah wondered if she had anything to do with that. Maybe Bella’s increased appetite really did stem from her desire to impress Sarah, in which case Sarah could count herself responsible for this growth spurt. Somehow, this large woman continued to become more fascinating the bigger she grew. Sarah couldn’t keep her eyes off of Bella, but… there was no denying that poor John was struggling!

He was being asked to carry increasingly high burdens of weight every time that Bella demanded he stretch out on the couch. Sarah could see the way that his arms and legs shook now when Bella rested her ginormous badonk across his back, her plump cheeks flowing over him so completely that the poor fellow was nearly completely hidden from sight. She could hear the way John’s breathing quivered slightly now with the effort, see the way sweat would bead on his forehead and veins pop out along his straining arms. He never complained, though. That was the most amazing thing! Sarah had to ask him about it.

“I notice Bella’s been putting on some weight,” said Sarah one day, after Bella had used her major domo as a footstool for a good hour. John was smiling now, but his face was still red from the exertion of the experience. “I would think that would make it harder for you.”

“It’s one of the hazards of the job,” said John brightly. “You never know when you might have to work a little harder.”

“I don’t know how you manage,” said Sarah slyly. “I feel like, if Bella gets any wider, you just won’t be able to support her by yourself. I mean, you might do some permanent damage to your back. I worry about you, John!”

“I appreciate your concern,” said John, “But you don’t need to worry, I’ve handled worse.”

“But still… don’t you think it would help if you had… like, someone to help relieve the burden? A second, maybe?”

John paused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean… look, Bella’s huge, alright? Let’s be frank, no one has an ass THAT big. She’s built like a massive freight ship! Like two massive freight ships, in fact! She’s got two giant butt cheeks, so maybe it would be better if she had two people to support her… one for each cheek!”

Sarah laughed. She wondered if John would figure out that she wasn’t entirely joking, though.

John looked at her thoughtfully. “That’s an interesting idea,” he said, “But it might be hard to find a volunteer. It would have to be someone very close to Bella, someone that she trusts.”

“Someone…. Like me?”

John stroked his chin. “Maybe. Are you volunteering, Sarah?”

“I’m just… thinking out loud.”

“Hmm.” John didn’t say anymore. Sarah worried that she might have blown it. Had she said too much? Been too eager? Too presumptuous? She thought, from their lunches together, that Bella must surely feel very close to her. But did Bella trust her enough to use her as furniture? Sarah wasn’t sure. All she knew was, she couldn’t stop thinking about what she had seen that one night, when she’d spied on John and Bella in the bedroom. She was desperate to become part of that and she was convinced that becoming a piece of Bella’s furniture was the first step toward making that dream into a reality.

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Bella arrived back in her office later that day. She was wearing a white shift dress that on another woman might have looked sloppy – but somehow on Bella it was the epitome of simple elegance. How did the woman do it? It clung tightly to her massive form, the thin fabric outlining every roll and fold of her soft flesh, stretched tightly across the broad expanse of her monumental buttocks. Was her ass even bigger now? Sarah couldn’t help but speculate. Yes, it was. Bella was clearly wider and fatter, you could see by the hefty swing of her backside as she moved, by the way her heavy footsteps echoed, by the slight catch of breath in her throat as she waddled – her weight was rising so fast that even her frequent work-outs couldn’t keep her fit enough to carry it all without a little bit of trouble. She was a giant, in body and in spirit.

Bella paused as she entered the doorway, scanning the room for a familiar face. John wasn’t there. Only Sarah was there, sitting on the couch, legs crossed, arms dangled over the back behind her. She was trying to look casual. She wasn’t sure if it was working.

“Where’s John?” huffed Bella.

“I told him to take a long lunch,” said Sarah.

“That was very presumptuous of you,” said Bella, a slight edge of annoyance in her voice. “Don’t get the wrong impression, Sarah. I like you, but you’re not in charge here. You’re n no position to tell John what his job is.”

Shit, thought Sarah. Had she overstepped? She hoped not. She hoped that she could still salvage this.

“I thought he needed a longer lunch,” continued Sarah, “To make up for all the extra work that he’s had to do lately.”

“And what is that supposed to mean, bean pole?”

Sarah gulped. She was getting flustered. It was hard to keep up this cool pretense when Bella called her names like that. It was… kind of exciting? When Bella reminded her what a twig Sarah was compared to her boss, well, it really drove home the difference between them… and that difference was strangely hot to Sarah. She couldn’t understand it herself, but UGH it was so sexy! She desperately needed to bury herself in Bella’s soft flab, but she had to play it cool.

“John’s had to work extra hard lately to support all your extra weight, you big ox,” said Sarah, teasing just the slightest hint of a smile. She hoped Bella would notice it, understand what she was doing… and be receptive. She was taking a big gamble being as forward as this, but she just couldn’t wait any longer! “It’s just not fair to him. You’ve really packed on the poundage, Bella, and it’s all my fault, I’m afraid. You’ve been eating more at our lunches and it’s really showing.”

Bella pulled herself up to her full height and strode over to the couch. She towered over Sarah and Sarah had to remind herself that, even if Bella was rounder and softer these days from all her extra meals, she was still absolutely formidable.

“Is that so? Well, then, Sarah, if it’s your fault, then really, YOU should be the one to pay for that. And since John isn’t around now, it looks like I don’t have any furniture. How do you expect me to do my work? Are you prepared to take responsibility?”

“I’m prepared to do anything that you require,” said Sarah. “I only live to serve the doyenne, of course.”

“Lean forward.”

Sarah dutifully leaned forward on the couch, placing her hands next to her against the cushions. She wasn’t sure what to expect.

Bella lifted the hem of her dress, revealing massive, cottage-cheese covered thighs that met all the way down to the knee. Sarah’s eyes bulged as she saw Bella’s enormous tree-trunk legs part. Bella wasn’t going to sit on her at all! Instead, she was going to smother Sarah between her gargantuan thighs!

“Put your head down. You know what to do. Let’s see what stuff you’re made of, you wispy little thing. We’ve had our fun, darling, but do you really have what it takes to satisfy my needs? Let’s see.”

“I…I…I…” Sarah was suddenly apprehensive. Those thighs were massive, each one as big around as Sarah’s whole body… even more so, perhaps! And while Bella’s slow waddle and recent growth had lulled Sarah into complacency, the truth was there was a lot of strength left in those legs. She could do some real damage!

“What’s the matter, little mousey? Frightened? I should have known…”

“N-no, no! I’m not frightened!” said Sarah, hoping her voice didn’t sound as squeaky as she thought it did. This was it. It was either put her head between Bella’s legs and take the consequences or get up and go home. This was the time of decision.

Sarah put her head down.

“Good girl!” purred Bella. Her legs clamped shut and Sarah found herself lost in an ocean of soft, squishy blubber. It was exactly what she’d dreamed of, yet so different! Bella’s thighs were strong, but so coated with layers of soft flab that luckily Sarah wasn’t crushed. The sensation was like being enveloped in a big soft feather bed. It was so soft and comfortable, Bella’s tender skin like velvet against her, that Sarah couldn’t help but feel relaxed and at peace. But, at the same time, she was in real danger! There was so much of Bella, her thighs went on for acres and acres, that even if she wasn’t choking the life from Sarah, the poor girl still struggled to breathe! Sarah squirmed as much as she could, her hands pressing against Bella’s body, struggling to pry those mighty legs apart but her fingers couldn’t get a firm grip on the larger woman’s gelatinous flesh. Sarah tried to call out but her cries were muffled by fat, and Bella only chuckled as Sarah’s muted protests reverberated through her flesh.

“Now, now, you said you were here to serve the doyenne,” said Bella, “And now you’re complaining? Tsk, I suppose I should have expected this. And I had such high hopes for you, Sarah!”

Sarah wasn’t sure what to do. On one hand, this experience was exhilarating… she was surrounded on all sides by the doughy, pillowy flesh that she had dreamt about for so long! On the other hand, she desperately needed air or she was going to pass out! She wanted to play it cool, but she couldn’t fill her body into submission. Against her own volition, her arms and legs were flailing, desperately trying to extricate herself from this situation. Gawd, this was awful! What would Bella think of her? What… did Bella want her to do? Should she calmly accept her fate? Should she fight it? What reaction was Bella hoping for? Sarah’s thoughts were racing and her dwindling oxygen was not helping her state of mind. This was it. She was dying. Surely her brain was running out of air, the circuits were going dead, her vision – not that she could see anything in the darkness between Bella’s thighs – was dimming. Goodbye, cruel world! What a fate! She was so close to achieving her ultimate goal and yet… she sort of had? What a way to go! To be smothered between these deliciously thick meaty legs, to be squashed into nothing by a goddess like Bella? It was incredible. Sarah’s heart was beating so hard that it felt like it would burst from her chest, but she was suddenly aware that it wasn’t just fear that was making her heart race… it was excitement! She was so incredibly aroused and agitated!! She hoped that Bella would release her soon, but she…also…. Hoped…. That Bella would keep her here forever!

“Well, well, well, that was quite the performance, wasn’t it?” said Bella, as she loosened her grip enough that Sarah could pull her head back to freedom.

Sarah was gasping and red-faced, her whole body drenched with sweat, her face drenched with her own saliva. She couldn’t respond.

“You were scared at first, I know, small stuff,” said Bella. She casually tucked the flowy hem of her dress between thighs to mop up the slobber that Sarah had left behind. “But not for long. I could sense the change as it came over you, even if you couldn’t. I remember when the same thing happened to John. So maybe you’re right, Sarah, maybe you COULD help John out. Lord knows, I put that poor boy through his paces. I suppose it would be good to have a spare.”

“Yes!” said Sarah. Gawd, she sounded so stupid. Way too eager. She blushed. Bella chuckled. She didn’t seem to mind Sarah’s eagerness.

“It sounds like you’re just chomping at the bit to get started,” said Bella. “My, my, I would think that you’d need some time to recover after that experience. But I guess I misjudged you, tiny little thing that you are. You have hidden strengths for such a tender little morsel.”

“John won’t be back for a little while,” said Sarah. “You could wait for him if you need to sit. Or, I dunno, if you’re tired now…”

“Sweetie, I do not wait for anyone or anything. Lie down on the couch.”

Sarah didn’t need to be told twice. She stretched out on the couch and waited, every fiber of her being vibrating with anticipation. Oh GAWD. This was it! Even more so than the smothering, this was IT! She was about to feel the full strength, the full weight, the full entirety of the doyenne bearing down on her and she. Could. Not. WAIT.

Bella eased herself down onto Sarah, the weight was slight at first, then increased, more and more, pushing Sarah deeper into the folds of the couch, pressing the air from her lungs. The weight was tremendous but not unbearable as Bella’s enormous rump spread out, the softness of her over-plumped caboose ensuring that no one part of Sarah’s body had to bear the full burden of the doyenne’s poundage. Sarah squirmed, not from fear, not trying to escape, but just from the excitement! She felt like she was wrapped up tightly in a soft, warm cocoon – so tight, so warm, so soft that she could never escape, let alone even move! She felt the swell of Bella’s rear gradually spreading until it spilled over her face, over her legs, until only the crown of her head and the tips of her feet were still visible. She could barely breathe, only drawing the faintest of breaths into her compressed lungs. She felt like she was slowly being crushed to death beneath a massive 100 ton marshmallow and nothing could be better!

“I hope you’re doing okay down there, sweetie,” said Bella, leaning back so that her monolithic ass bore down on her prey even harder. “After all, like you said, I have gained some extra weight recently and I wouldn’t want you to be TOO uncomfortable down there now, would I? Just how long is that extended lunch break that John’s taking, you said? I certainly hope you can last until he returns… because you’ll have to.”

Sarah could barely hear Bella’s voice through so many layers of insulating butt blubber, but she could sense the big woman’s words vibrating through her flesh. She couldn’t even mumble a response, her mouth was filled with butt… Sarah could feel the subtle difference in texture between the parts where Bella’s enormous cotton panties separated Sarah from the woman’s bare skin and the parts where Bella’s actual body was in contact with her, and that knowledge sent little paroxysms of pleasure through the crushed woman’s entire being. Gawd, this was magical! Sarah was so turned on that she almost regretted that she was so totally pinned that she couldn’t move her hand to her crotch, but at the same time that was probably for the best… That might actually be pushing it too far!

Time lost all meaning below Bella, and eventually Sarah’s entire world was consumed by the all-encompassing weight and softness of the doyenne diva’s colossal badonk. Her vast rolling, quivering tush was quite a sight to behold from afar, a thing of absolute beauty to admire, but it was even more intoxicating to touch it, to feel to, to experience it, to have to smushed against every inch of your body. What a rush!!

Sarah was almost disappointed when eventually she felt the weight start to lift, realizing that Bella was struggling to her feet.

“Thank you, Sarah, you’ve been quite the adequate seat for me,” said Bella. “But now I’m afraid I really must be off to my next appointment. John, you will see that she recovers adequately from her first experience? I wouldn’t want to lose her. Especially since you could use the extra help.”

Sarah slowly felt life returning to her and she found the willpower to move her fingers and toes and blink her eyes open. She has half-surprised that she hadn’t been crushed flat like a pancake, like a character in a cartoon, after enduring all that weight for so long. She noticed that John was helping Bella to her feet. How long had she been under Bella’s ass? It must have been at least an hour… assuming that John hadn’t lingered over lunch.

As Bella left, John turned to Sarah.

“How did you do it?” asked John, smiling warmly as he helped Sarah to sit up. “That was a lot of weight to take for your first time.”

“It was…” Sarah stopped. She wasn’t sure? It was incredible to think that not so long ago she had asked John how he could stand to be Bella’s furniture, now SHE was the furniture! “I just… I dunno… I lost myself in the moment, I guess…”

John grinned. “People often ask me how I do it. I usually tell them that it’s strong abs. But the truth is, Sarah, when you find something you love to do, it’s no work at all. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yes… I do…”

“Good.” John grinned again. “I’m glad. Because I think Bella’s right. I think I would like to have a little extra help around here.”

“With all things?” said Sarah eagerly. She remembered seeing Bella and John together in the bedroom.

John grinned again. “Well, you’ve proven your strength. I guess next you’ll have to prove your stamina…”

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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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