Race in the Fat Lane 4: Paint Ball  
By Mollycoddles

“I’ll get them back later,” said Natalie, adjusting her paint-spattered shirt. “They think they’re so smart getting up into that sniper hut? Two can play at that game! I’ll just have to find some higher ground… er, higher than them at least!”

Natalie squinted. In the distance, she could spy an old abandoned building. An open concrete bunker, several stories high, rose out of the reedy field. Natalie grinned. She could tell from here that the building was definitely going to be a good hiding place, full of twisting hallways and tight tunnels. If she couldn’t hide out the rest of the game in the sniper hunt, maybe she could at least hide out in that building? She took off toward the building at a slow jog, her corpulent body bouncing with each step.

Carla watched her leave. The chubby Latina followed Natalie’s path with her gaze, trying to guess where she was headed. Then she saw the building in the distance.

“Check it out!” she said, poking Nicolette in the shoulder. Nicolette dragged herself over to the window, bumping her fleshy side into her slightly slimmer friend.

“Looks like Natalie thinks she’s gonna be safe in the abandoned barracks!” She grinned. “Yeah, boy, it would be a real shame if someone sussed her out…”

“Um, Nicolette? You don’t think…”

“C’mon, why not? She’s been riding our asses for so long, I think it’s only fair that she REALLY get some payback!” Nicolette winced, remembering some of the rude barbs that Natalie had thrown her way. She knew that she shouldn’t take Natalie seriously, no rational person would put any stock in Natalie’s claims that Nicolette was somehow in sorrier shape that Natalie. It was blatantly obvious just from a glance that Natalie outweighed Nicolette by several hundred pounds and they could see by the way that Natalie had to pause every few steps to catch her breath that she was in terrible physical shape! Still, Nicolette couldn’t help but wonder. Was Natalie right to criticize her weight? It made her worry that maybe she was too tubby to ever attract notice, made her worry that she was too tubby… for Carla. But was she? Ugh, her head was swimming with conflicting emotions! Right now, though, there was one thing that she was sure of: Natalie was going to pay dearly for her insults!

“We already shot her a whole bunch,” said Carla. “Are you sure we shouldn’t just wait out the game in hiding? What if we chase her down and…”

“And what? You really think Natalie’s in any condition to do anything? She’ll probably just lie there like a blob and let us blast her with paint until she looks like a big fat rainbow! What’s the risk?”

Carla smiled. It did sound tempting!

“Alright,” she said, “Let’s do it! But… uh… first we gotta find a way to get outta ths sniper hut! I think I’m stuck.”

Nicolette’s face fell as the realization suddenly hit her too. “Aw shit!”

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Natalie was completely winded by the time she reached the building, so puffed that she had to lean against the wall with her head down for several minutes to recover. Her breath came in wet, ragged pants that rattled in her chest, her massive bosom heaving wildly with her inhalations. Sweat poured down her chubby face, pooling in her bright red flushed cleavage. Her heart was beating like a jack hammer!

“Jeez… I shouldn’t be… so… tired…” she muttered. Dimly, somewhere in the cob-webbed backrooms of her mind, she wondered if possibly she WAS out of shape, maybe she was too fat… Maybe all of Inspector Jones’ insinuations about her fat ass were true in fact! She shook her head. She wasn’t gonna get anywhere with that kind of thinking. It was ridiculous! Carla and Nicolette, now those two were fat! But Natalie? Sure, okay, maybe she’d put on a little extra fluff over the years, but she couldn’t really be THAT much fatter than when she’d first joined the army.

She sighed heavily. Her thick, elephantine legs wobbled and for a moment she feared her knees would buckle, but she recovered. With a heavy sigh, she moved open the doors and waddled inside.

The inside of the building was a maze of corridors and stairwells, and Natalie grimaced as she realized that she was going to have to haul her hefty poundage up several flights of stairs if she was going to take full advantage of the higher ground. She half considered just hiding somewhere on the ground floor, but she knew she would be a sitting duck if any of the other soldiers blundered their way in here and decided to try to take her down.

The trek up the stairs was slow and laborious. The first few steps were tolerable, but the ache in her burning leg muscles – and she did TECHNICALLY have leg muscles, somewhere, buried under all that flab – warned her that she was in for some real torture. She lifted her left leg and placed it on the next higher step. Then her right leg. Left leg again. Right leg. Grunting, her plump hand sought the wall for support.

“Gawd, this shouldn’t be so hard,” she whined. Another step, another step. She was panting harder now, her heart once again speeding up as she wobbled her way up the steps ever so slowly. The constant jiggle of her blubbery body made her pants start to slip down, exposing the upper quarter of her broad gelatinous butt and the waistband of her gargantuan undies; she reached behind herself, grabbed her pants waist and yanked it back up, accidentally giving herself a wedgie in the process. Ugh! This was awful!

But when she happened to glance behind her, she saw something that made her instantly quicken her pace. Carla and Nicolette, paint guns clutched in their hands, were waddling across the field toward her building; they both sported ominous gleams in their eyes and sly smiles that told her exactly what they were planning! Even worse, Natalie could see that they weren’t alone. Other soldiers were appearing in the distance, possibly drawn by Natalie’s own elephantine bellows as she struggled to climb these damn stairs. Shit! All her troops were converging on this one spot! And that meant that they were probably all coming for a chance to blast their commander with paint! She should have known that the illicit thrill of shooting the boss with paint would be too much to resist. She needed to get to the top floor quick and hopefully she would be able to pick off all the other soldiers from there before they reached the safety of the building.

With a sudden burst of power, Natalie lunged forward. Every step was agony! She was so out of shape that her heart was pounding like a kettle drum. The immense gravity of her 500 plus pounds of pure buttery lard threatened to overwhelm her and drag her to the floor, but she persisted until she finally – finally! – reached the landing of the second floor. She was ready to collapse, but she needed to keep moving!

“Ugh… stupid… game… why did I ever… agree to this,” she hissed between clenched teeth as she shuffled down the hallway. Already she could hear the advancing steps of other players coming up the stairs. Luckily, she had one thing going for her; every soldier at Camp Swampy was fat, lazy and out of shape! And while Natalie might have been the fattest, at least she had a head start!

“Oh man, I can’t believe there’s stairs,” sighed Carla. “This is so bogus! I can’t believe now we gotta climb these…”

The bottom-heavy girl looked forlornly at the steps, sighing heavily and slumping her shoulders. But suddenly she felt a reassuring hand on her shoulder. She looked up to see Nicolette beaming down at her, a sight that filled her heart with glee. Nicolette winked.

“C’mon, Carla, you can’t give up yet! We can do it together… just think of how great it’ll be to really give Natalie a taste of vengeance! I know I’d like to see her humbled a little after all her insults. Imagine! She actually thinks that she’s fitter than us? I can’t get over it!”

Carla nodded. “Yeah… yeah, let’s do it!”

Nicolette’s encouragement gave her a burst of energy, but the two women still found mounting the steps to be a challenge. Even though they weren’t nearly as heavy as Natalie, it was a long climb. Even halfway up the stairs, both women were sweating heavily.

“Goddamn… these stairs… I can’t do it…” gasped Carla, doubling over and placing her hands firmly against her knees. “They’re just… too much… for a fat girl like me…”

“Don’t give up…Carla,” said Nicolette, though her skin was also streaked with perspiration and her chest was heaving with her rapid breaths. “We’re almost at the top. And besides, you know that I’m fatter than you…”

“Yeah but… you wear it well,” said Carla. Damnit! She could feel a heat in her cheeks, and instantly knew this was not something caused by physical exertion… she was blushing! Shit, could Nicolette see?

“You think so?” said Nicolette. “I dunno… I was always afraid I was… you know… too fat…” She straightened up and Carla wanted to bite her lip at the sight. Gawd, Nicolette was way too hot! Her overfull hourglass figure was just poured into that uniform so tightly that she looked like she could just flex her booty and bust right through her seat. And her ample breasts filled out her camo top without a wrinkle! Carla couldn’t stop staring. It was such an absolute crime that Natalie’s taunts had made Nicolette insecure about her size, because she was really a voluptuous goddess.

“Yeah… you really look good,” said Carla, gulping. It sounded like a toilet plunger. “I… like… I’ve always thought so…” Damnit, was she really gonna do it? Now? Of all the times to confess her secret love for Nicolette, was she really gonna do it in the middle of this stupid paint ball game, on this stupid staircase, while they were trying to catch their dumbass commander?

“Really? That’s… that’s sweet. I’ve always thought you were good looking too.”

Carla scratched the back of her head nervously. “So… uh… do you think…”

“Oh shit, hold that thought!” Nicolette yelped, pointing to the foot of the staircase. Another plump woman, dressed in overstretched camo and carrying her paint gun at the ready, had appeared. The newcomer grinned widely.

“Private Granger! Private Prince! How nice to see you two here!” she said with a grin. She aimed her gun. “Finally, I’m gonna get a kill! I’ve been running around this stupid field all day and I haven’t got a single shot!”

“Private Stirling, don’t you dare!” shouted Nicolette, leaping in front of Carla to block the shot. Luckily, Nicolette’s wide flaring hips and massive booty were good for blocking. Nicolette grunted as a splatter of yellow paint exploded against her chest, causing her plump bosom to bounce wildly from the impact. “Oh Jeez! That smarts!”

Private Stirling pumped her arm. “Direct hit! Nice!”

“C’mon, Nicolette! Let’s go!” cried Carla, grabbing Nicolette’s arm and dragging her up the stairs. Carla was too winded to even groan at the strain of all this exercise! “Let’s get out of here… we gotta… find the captain…”

At the foot of the stairs, Private Stirling smirked. “The captain’s up there? Damn, now there’s an even better target!”

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“Ugh, where are they all coming from?” huffed Natalie as she rounded a corner just in time to avoid another spray of paint ball projectiles. She had hoped that this building would give her some cover where she could sit out the rest of the game in safety, but it was crawling with “enemy” combatants! It seemed like every other player had made a beeline directly for this old barracks and now they were all after her specifically! She wobbled down the corridor as fast as her plump little trotters could carry her, her whole body jiggling like a violent ocean storm, her chubby face beet red. If she didn’t find a safe place to rest for a few minutes to catch her breath, she felt like she was about to have a heart attack!

“Ugh… they must have all…. Followed… Carla…and Nicolette… those two trouble makers led the rest of them… right to me! Oooo I am gonna give those two… fatasses… such a lecture… when this is done…. They’re gonna be on kitchen duty… for a month!”

Meanwhile, Carla and Nicolette found themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Their dreams of stalking their commander had quickly given away to the practicalities of survival; with all the players in the same building, the whole game was rapidly degenerating into a free for all! The two plumpers were sheltered behind a convenient stack of cardboard boxes, but the steady pop-pop-pop of paint guns in the distance alerted them that danger was never far away.

“Are you okay?” asked Carla with concern. “You took a direct hit in the chest! That’s got to hurt.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” said Nicolette. She frowned as she looked down, as usual only seeing her enormous hooters straining the bounds of her top – the only difference was this time they were soaked in yellow paint that made it look like she was smuggling grapefruits under her shirt. “My boobs sting a little and this shirt is ruined, but… could be worse.” Nicolette was mostly just annoyed that Private Stirling had interrupted their conversation just when it seemed like Carla might be about to confess her feelings. Nicolette wondered if Carla felt the same way about her that she did about Carla. Something in Carla’s voice when she started to complement Nicolette on the stairs made her suspect that they might be on the same wavelength….

But unfortunately, now was not the time to discuss that. Right now, they had to worry about getting through this game without getting splatted again!

“I’m gonna scout ahead, okay?” said Nicolette, picking up her gun. “Just to make sure the coast is clear; you stay here, okay? You’ll be save for now.”

Carla nodded.

Carla sighed as she watched Nicolette leave, watching the steady bounce of her friend’s broad badonk as she trotted away. How she wished she could just grab a handful of that soft warm flesh and just bury her face between those tender buns! It was so unfair that Stirling had ruined the moment for them…

“Hey, Private Granger.”

Carla froze at the sound of Private Stirling’s voice.

“Oh shit. Private Stirling?!”

Stirling walked around from the other side of the cardboard box wall a wide grin on her round freckled face. Stirling was a short plump girl with a heavy gut and wide thighs, her red hair pleated into a bun. Her camo shirt and pants were covered with paint splatters.

“Yeah, thought I’d find you here. You’re always hanging out with Prince, ain’t ya? Listen, Granger, let’s be honest here. You’re wasting your time with her. She’s the biggest fatass in camp, aside from the captain, so you’re not gonna win this game with her on your team. We gotta join up, then we’ll take them all down!”

“What are you saying?”

“What I’m saying is, drop that chunker! Join my team! Look, Carla, yeah, I know you’re a little thick around the middle, but if you join us, you’ll drop those extra pounds in a flash. Then you could really hang with the rest of us, instead of just being relegated to the fat ass brigade!”

Carla gulped and stuttered. For a moment, she wasn’t sure how to react. On the one hand, this was what she had hoped for. She had struggled for so long to fit in with the thinner (thinner being a relative term with this crew) girls and finally here was her opportunity! If she joined up, she wouldn’t just be seen as yet another fat girl who could only hang out with Nicolette and, shudder, Natalie. But, at the same time, Carla couldn’t just abandon her commitment to Nicolette! Especially not now, when her friend had all but confessed that she had some interest in Carla!

“No,” said Carla firmly.

“What!? You’re kidding… You can’t be telling me that you’d rather take Private Prince’s side!?”

“I am,” said Carla. “Nicolette is my friend and… well, okay, maybe you wouldn’t understand, but us fat girls gotta stick together! I don’t care if I am… if we are… bigger than the rest of you! That doesn’t give you any right to look down on us! And if you do, then why would I want to join your team at all? You’re just a bunch of bullies!”

“Jeez, what’s your loyalty to Prince? She your girlfriend or something?”

“Maybe!” snapped Carla hotly. “So what if she is?”

“Ha! Of course, you fatties would stick together then.” Private Stirling shook her head and clucked her tongue. “Well, suit yourself, Granger. But you’ve brough this on yourself!” Grinning, Private Stirling raised her gun and put her scope to her eye.

“You can’t be serious! You’re gonna shoot me point blank!?” Carla turned away, raising her hands in front of her face to protect herself, but she needn’t have bothered. The shot never came. Instead Private Stirling started howling as she herself came under fire from a barrage of paintballs.

“Jeez! Stop! Stop! I was just joking! Ow ow! Jeez!” she screamed, dropping her gun and jogging off.

Carla opened her eyes to see her savior. It was Nicolette.

“You okay?” she asked, extending a hand to her friend.

“Yeah, thanks,” said Carla. She gratefully took Nicolette’s proffered hand and hoisted herself to her feet.

“Did you really mean that stuff you said?”

“Oh shit, you heard that?” Carla blushed, absently pulling at the hem of her tight shirt. “I..uh… yeah, I guess so? I mean… look the truth is, I like you, Nicolette. I didn’t know how to say it before cuz… I was afraid that you wouldn’t like me… but I was just thinking… thinking…”

“Maybe we could go out sometime?” finished Nicolette.

“Yeah!”

Nicolette grinned, moving closer to her friend, so that Carla could once again feel the warmth radiating out from her plush, plump body. “I’d like that,” she purred, her voice suddenly husky with desire. “But first, let’s get out of here. I have a feeling that Stirling’s gonna come back with reinforcements and I don’t wanna have to deal with that!”

“Where are we going to go?”

“Anywhere but here!”

“There’s a trench out back,” said Carla. “I noticed it earlier, but you can barely see it through the tall grass. I bet none of the other players have noticed it. Maybe that’s where we can hide.”

Nicolette grinned widely. Now that she and Carla were on the same page, the idea of hiding out together for the rest of the game took on a whole new appeal…

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“Ugh!” Natalie grabbed at the sill of the open window and tried desperately to heave herself out. It took all her might to lift herself up so that her feet weren’t touching the ground anymore and then she tried to wriggle herself through. Her front half managed to get through the window, but then her enormous booty and hefty thighs wedged against the window frame.

“Shit! Shit!” groused Natalie. The poor blimpette was completely drenched in pain by now! She could feel additional paint pellets bouncing off of her blubbery backside, sending ripples through the butter soft flesh of her titanic buns and leaving new splotches of multi-colored paint all over her rump. She could hear the soldiers laughing it up behind her as they reloaded, preparing to blast yet another round into her cushiony posterior. Ugh, her ass was going to be SO sore after all this that she doubted that she would even be able to sit down!

Natalie’s plan to hide in the empty barracks had completely failed, so now her only option was to keep running. There wasn’t much time left on the clock, the game would be over in… 10? 15 minutes? She’d hoped to at least get away from the other players so that she wouldn’t have to spend the final minutes being completely humiliated, but her attempt to escape out the window had been thwarted by her own corpulence. She could see a ditch only a few yards away, if she could just pop her ass through the window, she MIGHT be able to get over there! The trench would give her some cover, though since the other soldiers could simply follow her… she was definitely in a “You can run, but you can’t hide” situation!

“Ow! Ow!” yelped Natalie as yet more paint balls exploded against her pillowy haunches. “You guys think this is sooo funny!? Ooooo I swear, just you wait! Just you wait til this game is over! Then I’ll—”

Natalie’s threats were cut short as another round of paint balls burst against her fat bum… But this time, they burst with such force that they actually helped to propel her forward and the soldiers inside the building were shocked to see Natalie pop out of the window—taking the entire frame with her!

“Ugh! Ooof!” Natalie sputtered as she hit the ground, the fall knocking the wind out of her. “Ugh… now I just gotta… get…” She gasped and spat as she wobbled to her feet and made a beeline for the trench, but she didn’t have the energy to do any talking now. Every breath was torture and only the shouts of the other players behind her gave her the motivation to keep running instead of simply crumpling into a quivering pile of lard. She reached the edge of the trench after what seemed like an eternity of running and dropped into it with an earth-shattering THUD.

“What the hell!?”

Natalie was surprised to find herself face to face with Carla and Nicolette. The two women sat in the trench, their limbs entwined, their hands pawing at their bodies, their lips together. They turned and stared at Natalie, wide-eyed.

“Oh I see how it is,” said Natalie. “Thought you two could come here and just make out after you’d let the other players blast my ass? Gawd, you two fatties are pathetic!”

“Hey… maybe you should lay off,” snapped Carla, standing up and hastily adjusting her camp top to hide her protruding gut. “You’re… you’re fatter than either of us!”

“Why you…!” Natalie snarled, her face suddenly a mask of fury. “I’ve had just about enough of your insubordination! A paint spattering is too good for you, chunky! I’ll put you in your place!”

Natalie rushed at Carla, knocking the smaller woman to the ground with the force of her belly bump.

“I’ll…flatten you!” shouted Natalie, dropping forward to crush Carla under the gigantic pink bulk of her monumental gut. Luckily, Carla was able to roll to the side quickly enough that she avoided the blow.

“Ugh! Stop it! No fair!” whined Natalie, puffing loudly as she rolled over herself. The enormous blob of a woman looked like a sea elephant flopping around on a beach, struggling to maintain foothold. She was simply too fat to right herself easily, but she refused to confront the truth about how her weight was thwarting her.

Carla stepped away, her protruding butt bumping into the trench wall. Shit! There was no escaping! Natalie’s bulk made her way too slow and sluggish to effectively fight, but Carla was reluctant to defend herself against a superior officer. What could she do?

“I’ll make you… into bacon, you piglet,” said Natalie as she finally managed to get one boot against the ground and begin the laborious process of rising to her feet. She was so round that she nearly lost her balance, her massive ass and bloated belly each threatening to pull her in opposite directions. Stitches popped loudly as Natalie moved, her (relatively) quick movements proving too much for her long-suffering clothes. The in-seam on her camo pants split instantly as she stood, the soft pale flesh of her sturdy legs bubbles through the tears, and the seat of her pants burst apart. Natalie was huffing and puffing so hard that her whole body looked like it was inflating with her breaths, and her clothes were not designed to take THAT additional strain! Carla and Nicolette watched in shock as their commander literally exploded out of her clothes like the Incredible Hulk… or, in her case, more like the Incredible Bulk!

“Natalie! Stand down!” shouted Nicolette. “Stop blaming Carla for your own problems!”

Natalie turned from Carla to face the other woman. By this point, Natalie had almost been reduced to just her underwear, her clean white bra and panties contrasting starkly with her sweaty, red-flushed flesh through the shreds of her disintegrating uniform.

“You’re always yelling at Carla and calling her fat, but the truth is YOU are way fatter than her! Or me! Or any of us! You’re the biggest, fattest hog on the whole base! What do you weigh, 500 pounds? You’re busting completely out of your extra-big triple XXX uniform and somehow you still think you’re the svelte one? Get real!”

“Me? Fat? You must be joking!” said Natalie, drawing herself up to her full height, her double chin quivering with rage. “I can’t believe you honestly think that! Why, I’m the fittest woman in camp! This bulk might be deceiving, cuz it’s all muscle! And I’ll use it for some real army discipline now!”

Natalie ran at Nicolette… at least, she tried. But her battle with Carla had left her even more winded that usual and she could barely manage a waddle. When she was within arm’s reach of Nicolette, something unexpected happened. Nicolette reached out and planted her hands against the globe of Natalie’s naked belly. And began to push. At first, her hands merely sank into Natalie’s soft flesh, flab squeezing between Nicolette’s plump fingers. Natalie was so heavy that, in theory, she should have been immovable. But while her gut and boobs carried most of her poundage, her butt was definitely massively bountiful as well… bountiful enough that with the right amount of force applied, it was enough to start pulling her backwards.

Natalie’s eyes bulged from her head as she realized that she was tipping over. Her pudgy arms flailed in useless, helpless windmills as she flopped over backwards, landing on her fat wobbly posterior with such force that the remnants of her uniform burst into ribbons.

“Why you…!” Natalie started to protest, but Nicolette planted her foot against Natalie’s chest and pushed her down, so that the fat woman was lying flat on her back. This time, there was no getting up! Natalie had been lucky earlier, but, in this position, she was helplessly pinned under her own belly! She struggled, kicking her thick legs and waving her turgid arms, but it was useless. She was stuck!

“Hey! Hey! Help! I’m stuck!” yelled Natalie.

“Oh, really?” Nicolette chuckled. “I thought you said you were the fittest woman in camp! How could it be that you’re stuck?” She poked a finger into Natalie’s exposed belly to test the depth of her flab, giggling to herself as her finger sank up to the second joint. “I think it’s about time you admitted the truth. You’re a fat tub, Natalie!”

“I…I…”

“Hmm, is that the other players coming? Gee, I think maybe Carla and I ought to get going. Have fun, though! I’m sure it’s not like any of the other players are gonna try taking advantage of you when you’re in this helpless situation!”

“No, no!” cried Natalie. She again tried to lift herself to a sitting position, but her monstrous gut was too big. It bunched up into rolls that acted as a recoil spring, pushing her back into a lying position. “Nicolette! Carla! Don’t leave me like this! Okay, okay, you’re right! I admit it! I AM fat!”

Nicolette smirked. “Wow, it’s about time you faced reality. Good for you, Natalie.”

“I know I’m huge! I’m the fattest woman in camp and… I can’t help it! You know I love to eat! I’ve just done nothing but eat since peace was declared, and I’m just getting fatter every day! I’m over 500 pounds now… but… I just couldn’t face it! I’m sorry I took it out on you two! Now help me up!”

Nicolette was already trying to climb out of the trench, but she was having trouble. Her boobs kept popping up in her face when she tried to lift herself and her fat ass was weighing her down. Finally, Carla came up behind her to give her a boost. Once she was out, she reached down and helped Carla out.

“You can’t leave me here!” shouted Natalie. Her belly shook with her words like a mountain of gelatin in an earthquake.

“Oh, don’t worry, you’ll be fine!” said Nicolette. She squinted into the distance, watching the other players waddling toward the trench. “There’s only two minutes left in the game, what are the chances all our fellow fat asses will be able to wobble their way over here before the buzzer rings? In the meantime, I think Carla and I have some catching up to do. Right, Carla?”

Carla grinned. This was the happiest day of her life! “Right, Nicolette! I think we have a date…” Carla gulped. A date! She couldn’t believe she was saying it! But it was true, wasn’t it? She really DID have a date now! “… at the mess hall.”

Nicolette grinned now. “I like the way you think, Carla. I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship… or maybe something more.”

The two women waddled away, hand in hand, as Natalie shouted abuses from the trench. But they couldn’t care less!

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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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