Cultural Exchange 2: Big in Japan  
By Mollycoddles

Shinji squinted through the crack in the door, hoping to catch a glimpse of his family’s new guest in all her unclothed splendor. He was not disappointed! Jen had just exited the shower and was standing in front of the bathroom mirror, singing the chorus to some insipid American pop song as she pull a towel off the rack to rub against her glistening wet skin. Gawd, she was sooo hot! Shinji could feel his blood pressure rising as he stared at this incredible vision.

Jen was like no one that Shinji had ever seen before. She was an American exchange student, having come to Japan on a cheerleader exchange program when one of Shinji’s older sisters went to stay in America. Prior to Jen’s arrival, Shinji only knew about Americans from television, though he gathered that they were all fat, loud, and obnoxious. Jen was definitely all three… but nothing could have prepared him for JUST how fat, loud, and obnoxious she was!

Jen was well over 500 pounds, a mountain of pure lard so vast that she could barely waddle around the apartment that Shinji shared with his family without causing damage. Not a day passed when Jen didn’t accidentally bust a zabuton with her enormous weight or knock one of Shinji’s mother’s vases off a shfaelf with her prodigious bubble butt. That was definitely Jen’s most conspicuous feature, thought Shinji, and he gulped loudly as he watched Jen drop the wet towel onto the floor and reach for her clothes, giving him an uninterrupted view of her massive, rotund booty. It was like two full grown watermelons and Shinji couldn’t get enough of it.

Shinji’s older sister Ryoko had been tasked with managing this fat American heifer and helping her get through her time in Japan without completely embarrassing herself. It was a full-time job that left Ryoko tired and frustrated, because Jen, while well-meaning, was such a complete bubble-headed ditz that she could always be counted on to do the exact wrong thing in any social situation. Add to that the fact that Jen’s enormous girth and boulder-sized ass always attracted the wrong kind of attention and you had a recipe for disaster!

Ryoko was always cross with Jen. Shinji, however, thought that Jen was absolutely fabulous. He had given up on trying to be subtle and now spent most of his free time peeping on the yankee blimpette.

“Shinji! Get away from there!”

“I wasn’t doing anything!” snapped Shinji, snapping away from the doorway and trying to look innocent. “You can’t prove anything!”

“You little pervert! I can’t believe you were spying on Jen again. Don’t you have any shame?”

The door flew open, steam from the hot shower pouring out into the hallway, and Jen popped her head out. “Like, what’s going on out here?” she said, her voice chipper. She was still naked, though luckily the sag of her gargantuan belly hid her privates from view. Jen’s large breasts, flopping against the swell of her gut as she moved, were completely on display, though, and Ryoko had to look away to avoid blushing from second hand embarrassment.

“N-nothing!” said Ryoko. Proper Japanese etiquette prevented her telling the truth, that she had caught Shinji being a voyeaur. Shinji grinned widely knowing that he’d just won. “I was just… just here to tell you that breakfast is almost ready, so, uh, just come down when you’re ready.”

“Oh, like, I’m totally ready now!” gushed Jen, hopping in place and clapping her pudgy hands in excitement. Her fat breasts slapped wetly against the shelf of her gut and her giant ass sloshed to and fro behind her.

“Don’t you think… you should finish getting dressed?” asked Ryoko. She was REALLY trying her best not to stare but it was SO hard! There was so much to stare at. Jen had to weigh as much as a full grown hog and she was so wide and round that her naked body looked like the glowing full moon. Or she would, if she wasn’t so absurdly pear-shaped. Ryoko tried not to think about it.

Jen looked down at herself, suddenly noticing for the first time that she was completely naked. “Oh… right! Haha what a ditz I am! Like, gimmie a second to get dressed and I’ll be right down!” She retreated back into the bathroom, her footfalls thundering loudly through the house.

Ryoko fixed Shinji with a glare. “Are you coming down for breakfast, little brother?”

Shinji grinned widely. “I’ll be right there. But I better wait for our guest. Wouldn’t want her to get lost trying to find the dining room.”

“Ugh, perv,” said Ryoko, rolling her eyes. “I know exactly why you want to wait! You want to perv on that huge ass! Not even Jen is dumb enough to actually get lost on the way to the dining room!”

After saying it out loud, though, Ryoko actually wasn’t so sure. Jen was EXTREMELY dumb. Ryoko wouldn’t actually put it past her to get lost in the house. But whatever! Ryoko didn’t have time to keep arguing! She threw up her hands in frustration and stomped off, leaving Shinji to wait by the door until Jen emerged.

Eventually, the door opened again.

“Like, I’m ready for school!” chirped Jen, wobbling into the hallway. Jen’s school uniform was designed for a much smaller girl. Jen was absolutely bursting at the seams, her top barely covering half of her belly and leaving a big spare tire of bare blubber all around her middle. Her monster thighs and wide hips meant that her skirt was practically useless, the material so stretched trying to circle her middle that it seemed much shorter than it was intended to fall. The skirt SHOULD, in theory, cover all of one’s butt… but Jen’s skirt left the lower half of her twin globes uncovered. Shinji watched the beach-ball sized orbs slide past one another as Jen wobbled past, so mesmerized that it took him a minute to realize that something was missing… Jen wasn’t wearing any underwear!

That’s right! This bloated bimbo was such an airhead that she had actually forgotten to wear knickers under her skirt! When she walked, her short skirt flipped up to reveal the full expanse of her bare white bottom.

Shinji couldn’t help but think about how insanely sexy it would be for Jen to strut through the town sans underwear, completely oblivious as her big pink buns swayed with her footfalls, peeking out from beneath her inadequate skirt and scandalizing all passers-by. Shinji would love to see that, all that blubbery ass, all that plump pussy, but not even he could let Jen embarrass herself THAT badly. He had to say something!

“Ummm, Miss Jen? I think you’re missing something.”

“Um, like, what are you talking about, Shinji?”

Poor Shinji was so incredibly horny from the sight that he couldn’t talk; anything he tried to say just came out as a strangled squeak. He pointed. Jen cocked a quizzical eyebrow then looked over her shoulder. Her jaw dropped.

“O! M! G! I, like, can’t believe I almost forgot my panties! Like, what a ditz I am! I totally thought I felt a draft. Like, Shinji, gimmie a hand, okay?”

“M-me?!” Shinji was sure he was going to die of a heart attack. Shinji liked to pretend that he was pretty smooth with the girls, but, truth me told, he was a pretty average inexperienced 13 year old. He spent a lot of time ogling, but this would be the first time that he’d actually…. Been this close to a girl!

Jen lifted her skirt, sticking out her ginormous booty. Shinji couldn’t believe this wall of booty blubber was right in his face! So close he could touch it!

Jen’s panties were absolutely colossal; Shinji couldn’t help but compare them to circus tents in his mind and that comparison was act. They were so big that Shinji was having a hard time stretching his arms wide enough to fan them out.

He got them up Jen’s tree-trunk thighs without much problem, but they started to resist as he attempted to yank them over the widest, fattest, deepest section of Jen’s bulbous behind. He blinked. How could this be? These panties were gigantic! You would be able to fit an elephant into these, how could it be possible that Jen didn’t fit? He yanked hard, pulling at the waistband to snap it over her cheeks, but was rewarded with nothing more than the loud RIIP of stitches popping.

“Um, like, these should fit,” said Jen, perhaps sensing Shinji’s difficulties. Absently, she moved from foot to foot, a movement that caused her voluminous rump to sway hypnotically. She looked like a circus elephant in a parade! “Um, like maybe I’ve been eating a little too much ramen lately on this trip…. I mean, like, I don’t think I’ve been eating THAT much, but these undies are, like, feeling a little tight. OMG, Shinji, I hope I, like, haven’t gained too much extra weight. You know, like, they gave me soooo much guff when I was coming over on the plane, ya know? Like, they said that I was, like, too big to fit in one of those tiny seats in those little Japanese planes! Like, I had to buy two seats! I mean, it was waaaay more comfortable flying when you’ve got a little bit of room for my booty to breathe, but, like, I don’t really think it’s necessary. It’s not my fault that Japanese planes are so small! But, like, if I put on more than a few on this trip, they might make me buy three seats for the trip back!”

Shinji wasn’t paying attention to Jen’s inane chatter, he was too busy trying to force her wide load rear into these uncooperative panties! He yanked again, grimacing as he heard more seams tear. Jen yelped as the tight panties wedged up her ass crack in back and threaded the lips of her pussy in front.

“Oof! Like, be careful, Shinji!”

“I’m so sorry, Miss Jen!” said Shinji quickly. The last thing he wanted was to injure the object of his affection.

“Like, good job, Shinji!” said Jen, admiring her reflection in the mirror. She looked ridiculous, but apparently she didn’t notice. She was a billowing, bloated pear-shaped porker, so fat that she couldn’t take a step without busting threads in her overmatched fuku, her skirt completely failing to cover her huge heifer heiney. She adjusted her skirt, trying to pull it down to cover her cheeks, but failed miserably. She shrugged. “Ummmm, I guess I ought do some shopping later,” she said. “But, like, at least this lets me show off my best feature a little. Like, don’t you think, Shinji?”

Jen turned around and aimed her big fat ass at Shinji. The younger boy nearly fainted.

“Like, could you grab my skirt and pull that down? I totally don’t know why it keeps riding up like that.”

The reason, of course, was obviously because Jen’s backside was too voluminous to cover, but Shinji didn’t object to having another excuse to press himself against that monster badonkadonk. Wordlessly, he grabbed at the pleats on Jen’s skirt and tugged them down. The only way to cover even part of her bum was to pull down the waistband, which in turn exposed the waistband of Jen’s panties and a slight hint of butt cleavage above that.

“Thanks, Shinji! Like, that’s perfect!” said Jen, patting the younger boy on the top of his head. Shinji nearly fainted from the excitement. OMG he could not believe that Jen was touching him!

Jen bustled past, intent on getting to breakfast, but she didn’t get far. She got as far as the door to the bathroom. She must have been more careful when she first entered the bathroom, carefully turning her body to an angle so that her wide hips wouldn’t wedge themselves in to the doorframe, because there was no other explanation for what happened next. It couldn’t be that Jen had gained more weight and added more excess padding to her hips in just the half an hour that she had been in this bathroom? That was just absurd to think! But as Jen tried to exit the room, her hips hit the doorframe. Jen didn’t stop soon enough and now…

“Ohhhh shit, I’m stuck!” moaned Jen. She was completely wedged into the doorway by her hefty hips and wide thighs. From inside the bathroom, Shinji could only stare at the titanic tushie now plugging the doorway, marveling as Jen’s panties wedged themselves further and further up her ass crack as she struggled to free herself. “These doors are way too small and I am, like, way too big! Shinji, like, I need your help again? Could you, ummm, like, give me a little push?”

Shinji felt like he had died and gone to heaven! This was it! The perfect excuse to actually TOUCH Jen’s massive rump! His fingers trembled as he approached those two divine orbs and he gasped as he placed his palms flat against the curve of Jen’s backside. He could feel her body heat radiating off her like a sauna, his hands sinking deep into that soft, buttery flesh. But he couldn’t lose sight of his goal! Grunting, Shinji pushed with all his might. His hands sank deeper and deeper into Jen’s pillowy posterior… but she didn’t budge!

“C’mon! Push harder!” whined Jen. “Don’t be shy!”

Shinji threw his whole body against Jen’s pillowy tush, squishing against her blubber so completely that he felt like he was sinking into warm, soft quicksand.

Suddenly, all at once, something gave way… Jen started to move, slowly then quickly, popping from the confines of the doorway like a cork popping from a bottle of champagne an tumbling out into the hallway. No longer pressed together by the sides of the doorway, the cheeks of Jen’s mammoth badonk spread apart and Shinji fell forward, suddenly finding himself surrounded by warm, soft flesh.

“Um, like, Shinji? Are you, like, okay?” asked Jen, her voice full of concern, as she slowly wobbled back to her feet and tried to see behind herself. As she stood, she reflexively clenched her cheeks together. Shinji was trapped between the blubbery boulders of Jen’s planet-sized buttocks, his protests muffled by too much sweaty fat.

“Um, like, where did he go?” asked Jen. She was such a dimbulb that she legit didn’t seem to realize that Shinji was still behind her! She shrugged, then scratched at her backside… she was vaguely aware of an uncomfortable sensation, like something stuck in her bottom. “Um, like, I totally think I’m, like, getting hemeroids or something!” muttered Jen in annoyance. “What a pain!”  
  
“Well, like at least I’m alone now!” said Jen happily. “Then like I guess I don’t have to hold it all in anymore!” With a sigh, she relaxed… releasing a massive fart. Poor Shinji groaned, his eyes watering. Luckily, the force of Jen’s release was enough to pop Shinji from his confines and he tumbled down the hallway with a yelp.

“What? Oh, Shinji! Like, you’re back! Where did you go?”

Shinji grimaced. “I was… nowhere.”

“Well, like, let’s not wait around, huh? I bet your sister’s almost done with breakfast!” Jen giggled, sweeping up the younger boy in her arms and shoving him ahead of her as she wobbled her way toward the family’s dining room. Shinji was vaguely disappointed to be walking in front of Jen; he preferred to be behind her, where he could keep a watchful eye on that big full rear. Of course, up here he was safe if Jen should have to fart again. That was something to be thankful for.

“Good morning, Jen,” said Ryoko politely as Jen wobbled into the room. She frowned as she saw Shinji and gave her little brother a stern look that said: You better not be bothering out guest. Shinji did his best to ignore it.

Ryoko tried her best to make Jen feel at home and the truth was that Ryoko didn’t DISLIKE Jen; it was hard not to like this bubbly, good-natured American heifer. But Jen was so oblivious to EVERYTHING, most of all her own size and appetite, that cleaning up after her constant messes was just exhausting. Not to mention the fact that whenever they went out in public Jen attracted so many stares! Any American would have been an object of interest, but the fact that Jen was over 500 pounds made her an even more bizarre freak in the eyes of most Japanese people. They couldn’t turn away when they saw this enormous hog of a girl, so wide that she took up the entire sidewalk by herself, waddling down the street. Add to that the fact that Jen simply could not find clothes to fit her! They didn’t make school uniforms big enough to cover that much flesh, so Jen was constantly bursting out of her clothes. Her blouse let her gut hang free and her skirt could not reach the lower half of her ginormous rear. Jen’s unique pear shape meant that her ass was ALWAYS on display. Every pervert with a penchant for panties would follow her around, eyes glued to that magnificent behind, eagerly drooling as Jen’s bulbous butt cheeks slid past each other with every step, her circus-tent-sized panties slowly wedging themselves deeper and deeper into her crack.

“Like, hey Ryoko! What’s for breakfast?”

“Steamed rice, miso soup, and grilled fish,” said Ryoko.

“That’s so weird,” said Jen. “Like, one of these days, you should, like, let me cook! I’ll make you a traditional American breakfast.” Jen licked her lips eagerly as she reminisced about the cooking back home. “Ham and eggs… bacon… buttered toast…. Mmmmm…” Her belly, sagging out from her blouse, burbled in hunger. “Oops!” Jen put a hand to her middle. “Sorry about that! Like, I should stop talking and start eating!”

Jen paused as she noticed that there was only one chair set at her place at the table.

“Oh… umm…”

“Oh. Right. Sorry, I forgot. One second.”

Ryoko sighed, pushing two chairs together so that Jen could have a surface wide enough to support her monster butt. Jen was, of course, absurdly fat, way fatter than anyone Ryoko had ever seen. But since Jen was also extremely pear-shaped, it meant that Jen’s ass was wider than a church choir. A woman of the same weight who distributed her weight more evenly could probably fit onto one chair. But when Jen tried to sit on one chair, her ass drooped to either side --- so much butt blubber hang over the sides that Jen simply couldn’t find comfortable purchase with just one chair! She needed at least two and, if her butt got any wider, she would probably need three before she left to return to America.

Watching Jen scarf down her breakfast, Ryoko couldn’t help but think it was inevitable that Jen was going to graduate to three chairs very soon. The feminine fatso leaned forward to grab another helping of fish off the table, both chairs creaking loudly as she shifted her weight.

Ryoko shook her head. Jen might complain about how strange Japanese cooking was, but that didn’t stop her from stuffing her face at every opportunity. She was eating Ryoko’s family out of house and home with her monster appetite!

“Mmmmm… so good,” bubbled Jen through a mouthful of rice, sticky white grains clinging to her chubby chipmunk cheeks and soft double chin. “Like, you are a really good cook, Ryoko!”

Shinji stood behind Jen, watching the scene. Gawd, he could not get enough of her! Sometimes he felt like he could actually SEE that unbelievable booty growing right before his eyes. He imagined Jen’s billowing booty swelling with fat as she ate, slowly pushing out further and further to either side, sagging over the sides of the double chairs until it was necessary to add a third, swallowing up her panties and pushing up her skirt until there was nothing to obstruct his view of all that delicious, soft, warm pillowy flesh, just two perfectly round plump orbs of rosy American butt blubber.

He could feel his member stirring inside his pants. Gawd, she was so hot…. How could he help himself? He hoped that no one could see his boner.

“Oops!” Jen yelped as she dropped a scoop of rice and fish down her front. Most of the rice gathered in her cleavage but the fish chunk bounced off her left tit, rolled down her belly and fell to the floor.

“Don’t worry, Miss Jen!” said Shinji quickly. “I’ll get it!”

Shinji crouched down on the floor and slid under Jen’s chairs to reach the fish. Or pretend to reach for the fish. He really just wanted an excuse to be under Jen.

“Shinji, what are you doing? Get off the floor!” said Ryoko, scandalized by her little brother’s uncouth behavior.

“Jen dropped something,” said Shinji. “I’m helping!”

“What did Jen drop?” said Ryoko. She wasn’t falling for this line.

“…some… something,” repeated Shinji defiantly. He turned to look up, grinning at the expanse of white booty he could see from this vantage point. He could hear the chairs above him creaking ominously, but the danger of collapse only added to his growing excitement. Shinji felt like his crotch was on fire and he was so incredibly aroused that he desperately wanted to pull out his dick and start jerking off right now.

Shinji’s eyes bulged as he watched Jen’s enormous buns quiver. He knew exactly what was coming! Jen was about to fart again. Shinji grinned eagerly. At first he thought it was gross, but somehow… nothing this big American cow did could be gross in his eyes! It was just another sign of the bloated bimbo’s complete obliviousness to everything and something that just made her cuter and sexier to Shinji! Jen grunted, a pig-like sound from a pig of a girl, and her rump jiggled with the release. A new burst of flatulence exploded from her volumninous backside.

“Jen! You…” Ryoko clapped a hand over her mouth. It wasn’t at all polite to point out a guest’s failings, even if that included a massive fart at the dinner table. She had to pretend that she didn’t hear anything.

“Oh lol, sorry for all the butt blasts,” said Jen, waving her pudgy hands to part the miasma. “Like, something about the food here just, like, gives me the worst gas, ya know? I’ve been, like, farting allll morning. LOL that happened to me once back home, when I was practicing for this, like pie eating contest? I guess I was, like, not eatng right cuz I got, like, SO FARTY. My boyfriend was, like, soooo mad at me cuz I just could not stop!” Jen laughed, her laughter momentarily making her lose her concentration enough that enough fart blew from her over-stuffed rump.

“I’m… I’m so sorry,” said Ryoko, turning bright red. “I shouldn’t have… I shouldn’t have embarrassed you!”

“Huh?” said Jen. “Like, you didn’t embarrass me. It’s, like, no big deal.”

Ryoko remembed all at once that Shinji was still beneath Jen.

“Shinji! Get out from under there!” cried Ryoko, scandalized. “You’re embarrassing our guest!”

“Why? It’s fine,” said Shinji. Shinji positively reveled in the warm air blasted on him; he was so excited to think that this fart had only seconds before been INSIDE the sexy bottom-heavy blimp and now it was on him. Heavenly!

“Ummmm, are you okay back there?” asked Jen innocently. She turned around, trying to get a glance at Shinji once again wedged between her cheeks, but only ended up spinning around in circles. It was like watching a dog try to catch its own tail. “Like, I’m totally sorry for farting on you! I didn’t realize you were down there!”

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” said Shinji. The young boy could not contain his excitement, a huge grin on his face as he thought about the precious sight he had just witnessed. To be right under that dangerously heavy mountain of flesh, nothing but two flimsy little chairs between him and certain doom! He had no doubt that if Jen’s absolutely stuffed-to-bursting backside had come down upon him with the force of two boulders falling in an avalanche, he would have been absolutely crushed. But he had survived. Jen’s butt was as big as a mountain… or rather, Shinji thought smugly, a volcano since it did have a tendency to spurt hot gases.

Shinji took his place at the table to eat breakfast, his eyes constantly straying back over to Jen. Jen continued to chatter like the airhead she was, dribbling food down her chin as she didn’t even stop talking to stuff her fat face.

“Well, like, I guess it’s time for us to get to school!” said Jen finally.

Shinji jumped to his feet, eager to escort their ginormous guest to her classes. Ryoko sighed. She remembered what had happened the last time that they tried to take Jen on the subway, how her massive buttocks had gotten stuck in the train door and everyone in the car needed to help pushing her out. Ryoko wasn’t sure how it was possible, but she was pretty sure that Jen had actually gained weight since that incident… If nothing else, it was obvious that Jen’s planetoid rump was visibly wider and her sailor fuku was visibly tighter.

And that meant that Ryoko was going to have to deal with Jen’s size issues more than ever….

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“OMG, I can’t believe… they don’t… like… put an elevator in here,” puffed Jen.

“It’s only the third floor,” said Ryoko, straining to keep the sarcasm out of her voice. She turned to look back at Jen, who was a whole flight of stairs below her. The massively fat America girl was leaning against the wall, clutching at the railing, panting wildly. Her chest rose and fell with her breaths, her breasts straining the buttons on her fuku blouse as she gasped like a fish out of water. Jen’s plump cheeks were bright red and Jen was flailing so badly that Ryoko was half afraid that the chubby brunette was about to have a heart attack!

“Three… floors…. Ugh!... In America, we’d…like…. Totally put an elevator in…”

Ryoko thought that installing an elevator in a three floor building just because you were to fat to climb stairs was overkill. “Do you need help, Jen?”

“Like… that would be great…”

“Let me help, Miss Jen!” cried Shinji from behind Jen. Although he had no trouble climbing the stairs, he was deliberately hanging back so that he could spend more time closer to Jen.

“Aw, thanks…. You’re so sweet, Shinji…”

Ryoko rolled her eyes. But she backtracked down the stairs to give Jen a hand.

“Okay, let’s get you upstairs,” said Ryoko. She grabbed Jen’s thick left arm and threw it over her shoulders. “Lean on me now and – NOT ALL YOUR WEIGHT!” Ryoko yelled as Jen immediately shifted the burden of her full 500 pounds onto Ryoko’s slender shoulders. The slimmer girl felt like her knees were going to buckle!

“Oh… like, sorry!”

“I’ll help back here,” said Shinji, placing his hands against the broad expanse of Jen’s billowing badonkadonk and pushing. The younger boy, of course, couldn’t resist an excuse to grope this tremendous fatty; he pressed his whole body against Jen’s with the excuse that he was trying to get better leverage but the truth was that he just wanted to feel her tender flesh against his. One hand slipped down to quickly feel between Jen’s legs, but Shinji was so quick and subtle about it that Jen didn’t even notice.

Ryoko frowned and fumed about her brother’s outrageous behavior. But there wasn’t much that she could do short of calling him out! And that would just be rude.

Together, Ryoko and Shinji gradually maneauvered Jen to the top of the stairs. Even with all that extra help, Jen was completely winded. She doubled over, placing her hands against her knees, her gut sagging between her legs, as she wheezed so loudly that fellow students making their way down the hall had to turn and stare.

“Like… I’m fine… I’m fine…” mumbled Jen. She inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with air and pushing out her chest enough that the top-most button on her blouse suddenly burst from its moorings and clattered against the hallway floor. “Oh… shit… like I’m gonna get in trouble now for… like… being out of uniform…”

You’re already practically out of uniform, thought Ryoko. The only reason that the teachers weren’t already sending Jen to the principal’s office constantly for her butt hanging out of her skirt was because they honestly didn’t expect any better from a foreigner. If Jen was lucky, they would just chalk up her missing button to yet more foreign sloppiness.

Shinji stared at the gap left by the missing button, straining to see down Jen’s blouse. Ryoko cleared her throat. “Don’t YOU have to get to class?” she asked.

“Oh…. Yeah, sure,” Shinji mumbled crossly. He really did not want to leave Jen’s side, but he couldn’t think of a good excuse to stay without Ryoko lecturing him. With one final lovelorn look at the bulging, billow object of his obsession, Shinji slunk off to his class in the middle school wing of the building.

“Let’s get you to class, Jen,” said Ryoko, leading her fat classmate to their classroom. If Jen turned at exactly the right angle, then she shouldn’t have any trouble squeezing through the door. But Jen didn’t. Ryoko rolled her eyes as Jen lodged herself again in the doorway.

“Um…like, I don’t know why this keeps… happening…” whined Jen as Ryoko was once again forced to push her from behind. Ryoko, of course, knew exactly why Jen kept getting stuck; it was because she was too dang fat! But Jen obliviously just kept eating and growing, never pausing to wonder if maybe there was a connection.

“Oof!” Jen barked as she suddenly came loose and lurched into the classroom. All eyes turned and focused on her. The teacher frowned.

“Ryoko, Jen… you’re late.”

Ryoko bowed politely. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Hashimoto, it could not be avoided.”

“Yeah, like, we came as fast as we could! There are, like, totally too many stairs in this building!”

Mr. Hashimoto raised an eyebrow disdainfully. Ryoko wished that she could just shrink into nothing and disappear as she heard her classmates titter…

This was going to be a LONG day!

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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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