*Chapter Nine—*

Despite the suggestions of her advisors and the seasoned politicians that she employed to help her run their country, Valeria did not believe that she should ever marry—at least, not while she was the Presidente.

General Pequeño, after all, had never been married. He was a notorious womanizer who would throw lavish parties and enter a room with a woman on each arm. Whether or not he had been faced with the same criticism, or if this was a unique display of sexism that only Valeria could have been subjected to, she wasn’t clear on. But her predecessor had lived a single man and died a single man without anyone complaining about it.

“Yes… yes…”

However, her responsibility to lead her country as a singular and confident leader did not extend to the needs that she felt as a woman.

In her life, living in such close quarters with so many men, Valeria had enjoyed sex with a decent number of them—though none of them were as good at it as they would have had her believe. She had a healthy enough attitude towards it, never craving it but welcoming it warmly when the opportunity presented itself, but the celibacy that had followed her entrance into the presidential office was something that she hadn’t realized had been frustrating her so much.

Luckily, Tijo was just the sort of lean and muscular cure to what ailed her.

He was a younger man—she supposed that alone might have been kindling for a scandal had he come wrapped around her arm instead of in her sheets—who had been hired on as a part of the presidential mansion’s gardening staff. He had broad shoulders and big hands, and he very much reminded Valeria of a boy she had known when she was much younger and less cynical.

It wasn’t any great emotional affair, mind you. Just the occasional vigorous lovemaking session, and always behind closed doors. She would see him when he was on-duty, and when she had a night free of diplomatic duties she would see if his schedule was similarly clear. Then they would both stumble through their daily duties until such a time when they could be alone together, and…

“Harder… fuck you Tijo, *harder*!”

One of his big hands held back his presidente’s sagging stomach as it bounced against his bushy crotch with every thrust while the other steadied him from the back like a tripod. Her whole body was set in motion, timed with his pelvic rhythms. Her fleshy brown belly wobbled at every rounded corner as he worked the shorter, considerably rounder woman over. Sweat dripped from his brow—after a long day in the gardens, now he had to tend to another bush.

“I… I’m… I’m almost… almost…”

Her breathing was haggard and rough, her head still swimming from her afternoon glass of rum. A lifetime of smoking hadn’t left her with much wind to begin with, but whatever stamina that she’d built up over a lifetime of being a soldier had been whittled away by her time at a desk and a penchant for food and drink. A small part of her couldn’t help but think that she could have given this young buck a run for his money in her younger, slimmer days. But with things as they were now, she supposed that the privilege of getting to carry on a torrid affair with the Madame Presidente made up for having to do a little more work than he would have with a thinner, younger woman.

“Ha… *haaaaaa*—”

The round woman bucked and twitched, thrusting for the first time in a little more than fifteen minutes in effort to further force the budding orgasm to come to a head. Her chubby fingers gripped the sheets hard enough to pull them from the lower left edge of the mattress. With her fat face misted lightly in coital sweat, Valeria’s eyes clenched tightly shut as she allowed the waves of pleasure to radiate from her satisfied womanhood. In a blissful ticking of seconds, it passed, and she collapsed on the bed as a sweaty heap. Soon after, Tijo did very much the same.

“Good… good…” the presidente rasped out, her mouth dry and her voice rough, “You… ah… you’re very good.”

“As are you, Madame Presidente.” Valeria wasn’t quite sure if Tijo was lying, but she suspected it, “Did you… ah…”

“Yes.” Valeria corrected, “*God* yes…”

What a fit young man like Tijo saw in a washed-up former soldier, Valeria could never guess. Let alone one who had gotten so fat that she was too worn out after achieving just one orgasm to continue. During her prime, she could have made love for hours—and in a tent, on the ground, for that matter! She didn’t want to believe that it was *just* because she was the Presidente, but she couldn’t find much reason for him to be enamored with her.

Although, he had certainly remained hard throughout the entire session. That couldn’t have been a coincidence.

“If we keep this up, I might sweat off all of this weight.” She puffed out in self deprecation, a smile forming on her round face, “You could be the reason I become the first Presidente to slip out of her clothes.”

“Because they don’t fit, or because you’d rather be in the bed with me?” Tijo whispered cooly into her ear, one hand laid flat on the deepening crease where her stomach parted into its dominant folds, “I certainly wouldn’t complain if it were the latter…”

And there were moments where, despite her lacking stamina, she felt the urge to continue their sessions for just a bit longer.

“You are a flirt, Tijo.” Valeria chuckled in a low, husky voice, “Nothing more than a young man enjoying the experience of an older woman.”

“I seem to recall doing most of the work, ma’am.” Tijo ventured a laugh, “Not that I’m complaining.”

“I tend to the duties of my country all day, every day” Valeria yawned, placing her hand over Tijo’s as it still laid on the swell of her belly, “It is nice to have someone to attend to *mine* now and again...”

*Chapter Ten—*

Getting drunk in the middle of the day had become a very real danger for Valeria.

As someone with as stressful and thankless of a job as her own, it shouldn’t be very surprising to know that she frequently sought comfort in the form of a bottle. Occasionally a cigar still, yes. But other vices had risen to fill the void left by a negligent smoking habit—ones that were much more acceptable for women to enjoy in the culture of her country, and one that was much easier to hide from prying eyes.

It was customary to have a drink with dignitaries and foreigners who visited the mansion, and it was very much a given that she could enjoy a drink at lunch or dinner. Perhaps it was fighting in the rebellion, where supplies were limited and minds needed to be sharp, that had warded her away from a taste for alcohol. Now that she could afford to let her hair down and relax, something that many aware of the country’s dire debt to a paramilitary group felt she’d been doing a bit too much lately, she had been drinking like she’d been making up for lost time.

But the real motivating factor towards an unhealthy fascination with liquor had come from the stress of a one-two punch from her official and private life—the pressure put on her by Mateo Morales to repay the Liberation Army’s debt to his company of mercenaries, and more recently, the death of her good friend Raul.

“More.” The slammed the empty glass down on her desk before expounding on her meaning with more insistence, “Pour me another glass.”

Out of respect for her loss, mourning not only a fallen friend but a comrade laid to rest, many of those she was to meet with today had been happy to reschedule. As had they the day before, and the day before that. Leading his eulogy had hit her all over again, and it was as if she were feeling his loss for the first time even now.

“Madame Presidente, it is…” Marta, the portly old maid, measured her words carefully, “There is still much of the day left. Perhaps you should take a nap. It might—”

“Dis…This was Raul’s… *favorite* brand of rum. He used to have to drink himself to sleep in his tent before we won our rebellion again General Pequeño.” Valeria cut her maid off sharply, “Today… I do not drink for myself today. I drink for Raul. So pour him another glass.”

“…as you wish, ma’am.” Marta sighed, “And the food? Are you finished?”

Valeria glanced down at the remains of what had been her lunch, supplemented by the many gifts that had been given to her by her former comrades. They had all known how much his guidance had meant to the young rebel emergent, and his grandson—Raul’s sole surviving family member—had been kind enough to send her home with much of the food given to him by mourners. He was too depressed to eat.

Valeria, with a wry and drunken chuckle at an observation that was only funny after half a bottle deep, supposed that she was eating for him just as she was drinking for his grandfather.

“For now.” Her voice was low and husky, the pressure on her stomach felt even through the hollow bliss that came with midday drunkenness, “I should… prolly… not eat so much.”

*You should probably not do many things.*

Valeria’s glass came and went in short order, with her throwing her double chin back as the dark rum dribbled down into her cavernous cleavage. She slammed the glass down again on the desk, her fat arm pooling against her saggy breast as it bulged from the sleeve of her fatigues.

“’nother one.”

“That was the last drop, I’m afraid.” Marta was exaggerating—there were *at least* enough drops for a half of a shot—but Valeria could hardly see straight, let alone evaluate the paltry amount of rum left in the bottle, “I am afraid that was last call.”

“Nooooo…” the presidente sounded more dismayed than angry as she sunk into the desk, “…that can’t be all…”

“It is, unfortunately.” Marta sighed, “Come, come… it’s time for bed.”

Valeria’s rising weight had become something of a hot topic among the people of her country; and from all walks of life. But only Marta, and perhaps a few other key members of her staff, could attest to just how *heavy* she was. The remaining muscle underneath the excess fat that weighed her down had to have accounted for much of it. It was like wrestling with dough as the president laid dead-weight, unable to even hold herself upright. Marta had been forced to throw the woman’s arm over her shoulder and hoist her up. Hopefully nobody would see them—the presidential bedroom was all the way across the hall…

“I can… walk…” Valeria protested weakly, “I’m not… so fat that I can’t…”

“Your *weight* isn’t the problem ma’am.” Marta grumbled, “At least… not the most *pressing* one…”

The two women struggled to make it to the bedroom, with Marta leading the leader of her country towards the bed and allowing her to collapse with some grace and dignity. The round, brown woman laid belly-up on top of the sheets and comforter, her stuffed stomach rising high in the air as she breathed shallow breaths that reeked of rum.

“There we go.” Marta grumbled as she hoisted up Valeria’s fat feet, “Come on. All the way, now…”

The presidente’s dull, unfocused eyes stared up at the ceiling through half-slitted lids as memories both good and bad danced through her skull. She was beyond words now, thankfully. Just sort of mumbling half-sentences to herself.

Marta did what she could to ease the Madame Presidente’s discomfort—but it wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that she never would have expected to do for Valeria what she had often done for the General.