

## Stacey's Fateful Encounter

Free from the dull grey walls and confined cubicles, the office workers of Haughtec Industries aimed to relieve their pent up stress as they wandered about the luxurious mansion. The extravagant décor, elegant furnishings, and spacious rooms belonged to the CEO of their company, Thomas Pendlebrook. After a record breaking year in terms of profits, he had seen fit to open up his home to properly congratulate his team and push them towards a brighter and better future. While most of the partygoers were more than happy to lose themselves in lively conversation, exquisite food, and expensive liquor, there was one person who was regretting ever coming in the first place.

Taking up the quietest corner of the main room, Stacey quietly nursed a glass of wine. Peeking over her glass, her bespectacled eyes glanced at her coworkers interacting and enjoying each other's company. Taking another sip, she brushed a dainty hand through her neck-length, blonde hair as a form of occupying herself. Tilting her head down, she wondered what had driven her to bother wearing her best lime green dress out to something like this. Tracing her finger along the rim of her glass, she contemplated leaving the party at the first chance she got. She didn't think anyone would notice, an advantage of her small size was that it made it easy for her to be ignored.

"Just where do you think you're going?"

Stacey stopped moving and turned around to see one of the few people she got along with in the office approaching her. "Hello Henry."

"Hey there Stacey," he said, approaching her with a drink in hand and an obnoxiously bright, orange polo shirt. "You doing alright?"

"I'm fine," she replied.

“Come on now. We’ve been friends long enough for me to know when you’re lying.”

“Then you also know why I don’t want to be here any longer,” Stacey replied, casting a quick glance at a group of people loudly talking over the music.

“I understand that you’re not the outgoing type, but you have to put yourself out there. These are the people you pass by every day in the office. You got a mingle a little bit and get to know them better. That’s how you make friends or meet Mr. Right.”

Stacey stared at Henry blankly.

“Sorry, figure of speech. Although, you haven’t made much effort to find a significant other. My wife keeps telling me about this woman in her pottery class who-“

“Henry, I appreciate it, really I do,” she said, holding up her hand. “However, I don’t think I’m cut out for the dating world. I’m destined to be by myself for eternity, blending into the background while other people socialize.”

“Stacey, you have to stop being such a downer. It’s a party.”

“All the more reason I should leave,” she mumbled.

Henry let out a deep sigh. “Okay, if you want to leave so badly you can go. I’m certainly not going to stop you.”

“Thank you.”

“On one condition,” he said, holding up a finger. “Just stick around for another ten minutes.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Helps keep up appearances for the boss. Plus, you never know. Could be just enough time to find the certain someone that meshes well with you.”

Stacey finished off the rest of her wine with a final swig and put down the empty glass on a nearby table. “I highly doubt that.”

“We shall see,” Henry said, starting to walk away. “Have a good evening Stacey.”

Left by herself again, Stacey considered booking it for the front door. However, she knew the kind of hell Henry would put her through if she went back on her word. Staring at her empty glass, she figured it wouldn’t hurt to get one last serving of wine before heading back home.

Wandering about the halls avoiding the throngs of people, Stacey found it difficult to recall where the kitchen was. The wait staff was nowhere to be seen, probably in the midst of preparing the dessert platters for the guests. As Stacey walked further away from the center of the house, she became lost in the maze-like corridors of the estate. While she attributed some of her poor sense of direction to her unfamiliarity with the house, the slight redness on her cheeks let her know the wine wasn’t helping her either.

She stopped as she reached a vacant corridor lined on both sides with stone busts. Looking at the stoic expressions of the silent statues, she couldn’t think of better company for herself. Leaning her back against a wall, she reached inside of her purse to pull out her phone. Scrolling down to Henry’s number, she pondered whether it was better to scold him before or after she asked him to come find her.

Stacey paused as she noticed a nearby bust shake. Lifting up her head, she watched the other statues copy the same movement. Her confusion only grew as she felt the entire room quake from something heavy stomping its way down the hall. As the noise drew closer, Stacey’s imagination went wild with thoughts of a raging elephant stampeding through the mansion.

From behind the corner peeked out a flabby belly encased in a tight, sequin black dress. As the owner of the jiggling gut made her debut, Stacey found herself mesmerized by the way

the numerous fat rolls shook with each step. The woman swayed back and forth on her feet, a red blush on her chubby cheeks hinting at the amount of alcohol she had drunk that evening.

Watching the woman's melon-like breasts repeatedly attempt to break free from the strapless dress, Stacey couldn't recall ever seeing anyone like her at the office.

The woman continued her drunken stumbling, her wide hips bouncing against the statues as she made her way down the hall. Putting her back to the wall, Stacy allowed the hefty woman to pass. Her eyes scanned over the woman's features, observing her wide-rimmed glasses and strands of black hair that reached down to her third chin. In the back of her mind, she couldn't help feeling she had seen the woman's full, red-colored lips and deep blue eyes before.

"Out of my way," the woman said, waddling past Stacey. Taking a few steps past the awestruck Stacey, the woman turned on her heels and nearly knocked over a statue with her hips. "Did you just grab my ass?"

"What? N-no," Stacey replied.

Letting out a huff, the woman stomped towards Stacey. "You did. I felt it."

"I assure you Miss, I-"

"You like making fun of fat women?" she asked, waddling ever closer to Stacey.

"Not at all, I just-"

Stacey let out a yelp as the woman placed her meaty hand on the wall behind her. "You have a lot of nerve doing that here," the woman said as she loomed over Stacey. "I know just the thing to put you in your place."

The world went black as Stacey was smothered by the woman's belly. Slammed against the wall, her lithe form could do little to push back the glacier of flab bearing down on her. She felt every pound getting pressed against her body, her stringy arms helpless to stop the onslaught

of flab wrapped up in expensive fabric. The distant noise of the party was completely muffled by thick blubber squeezed around her ears. A strong scent of fine wine and rose perfume clinging to her captor assaulted her sense of smell. Wriggling her face above the woman's gut only served to trap her between the grasp of the woman's bosom.

"What do you think of me now?" the woman asked, pushing her breasts together to entrap Stacey's head. "Still think it's fun to make fun of people for their weight? Or do you still find women with a little meat on their bones repulsive?"

"N-no, please" Stacey stammered out, a weak attempt to plead for mercy. "I think you look gorgeous."

"If that were the case, why did you pinch my..."

The woman trailed off as something clicked in her head. Her muscles relaxed, giving Stacey a bit more breathing room. As Stacey tilted her head up, she no longer saw fury in the woman's eyes. Instead, she saw a gleam of passion paired with a mischievous smile on the woman's plump lips.

"So that's how it is," the woman said. "You like this don't you?"

Stacey's eyes went wide. "What?"

"No need to hide it dear," she replied, running her plump fingers through Stacey's hair. "I understand. I'm actually quite happy I found you. This party has been rather dull and I could use some excitement."

"M-miss I'm telling you it's not like that."

The woman let out a soft chuckle. "You can say that as much as you want, but I can tell that's not really how you feel." Groping her breasts, the woman pushed them up against Stacey's chin. "Don't you want more? To feel my pillowy body envelop you? You long to feel my flesh

between your fingers as you unleash a passion you've been dying to let out. Go on," she added, her face mere inches from Stacey's, "just say it."

"M-maybe," Stacey replied, the words tumbling out before she even had a chance to think.

Letting out another laugh, the woman once more pressed her form up against Stacey. Stuck between the wall and hundreds of pounds of fat, Stacey tried to comprehend what she had just said. As her body was further pressed into the woman's belly rolls and her glasses were pushed aside by the mammoth mammaries, she felt something stir inside of her.

"No, it's not like that," Stacey whispered to herself as the woman pulled away.

Stacey's denial became weaker as the woman turned around to press her ample butt cheeks into her. The feeling of being crushed underneath the massive weight sent a mix of pleasure and pain through Stacey's body. Her breathing became labored, a combination of the rows of back flab being pressed against her chest and a rising desire that filled her head with urges she had never felt before.

Just before Stacey was about to pass out, the woman gently pulled away. Catching Stacy before she could fall to the floor, the woman helped her onto her feet. "What is your name?" the woman asked.

"S-Stacey," she replied, her entire body trembling.

"What an adorable name." Tilting her head down, the woman gave Stacy a kiss on her cheek. "My name is Gloria. I'm heading towards my room to relax and unwind. What you do with that information is up to you."

Releasing Stacey from her grasp, Gloria brushed away a few of her stray blonde strands before turning around. Gloria resumed waddling down the hall, each step causing her ass to

wobble up and down. The sight made Stacey bite her lips, her fingers twitching at the sudden need to bury themselves in all of Gloria's plush fat.

Stacey managed to keep control of herself as Gloria turned the corner. Taking a deep breath, she recited to herself all of the reasons she should just make a beeline for the front door. She had no idea who that woman was and she wasn't the type to go running off towards the first person that showed genuine attraction to her. Just as she had made up her mind to leave behind the alluring women without a second thought, she heard something buzzing.

Looking down, she found her phone lying on the floor, thankfully undamaged from her encounter. Picking it up, she saw a text from Henry. It was a simple message, telling her that her time limit at the party was up and she was free to leave. Amidst the playful jabs at her own antisocial tendencies, the last sentence is what hit her the hardest.

“Hope you had the chance to meet someone new.”

Stacey tapped her finger against the screen. She thought back to her time in the office and how little she knew about anyone other than Henry. Multiple invites to clubs, bars, and parties had been rejected, leading to her dating life being almost non-existent. As she put away her phone, she glanced at one of the stone busts left hanging mere inches from toppling over by Gloria. Several moments of deep thoughts and thousands of conflicting thoughts and emotions finally gave her a decision.

She began following in Gloria's footsteps, hurrying her pace before she could stop herself. “What am I doing, what am I doing,” she repeatedly muttered to herself as she turned the corner. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw the room at the end of the corridor with the door ajar. Approaching the entrance, she got a whiff of the same mix of rose petals and fine wine that had

clung to Gloria's dress. Tightly grasping the door knob, she once against asked herself what she was doing and stepped inside.

Opulent furniture and fine paintings decorated the spacious bedroom. Dim lighting from an above chandelier gave the room a feeling of intimacy and warmth that was completely different from the rest of the mansion. The center piece of the room was the deep purple curtains surrounding a king-sized bed. Upon the velvet, red bedsheets Gloria was sprawled out, the entirety of her nude body on display.

"There you are," Gloria said, crawling along the mattress, her heavy breasts dragging across the sheets. "I was worried you had changed your mind or gotten lost."

"I'm...not sure what I'm doing here to be honest," Stacey replied, gently locking the door behind her to prevent unwanted visitors and her own escape.

Gloria let out a hearty chuckle. "Well, I'm glad you're here nonetheless. Now why don't you slip out of that dress of yours? You'll be a lot more comfortable that way."

"O-okay," Stacey nervously replied.

Putting her glasses and purse on one of the dressers, Stacy began to strip. Free from her lime green dress, a blush of red spread across her face as she realized Gloria was watching her. Too far along to stop now, she proceeded to unhook the clasp of her bra to reveal her modest chest. Sliding down her underwear, she couldn't help comparing her small backside to Gloria's meaty butt cheeks. Taking off her panties and hanging it up with the rest of her clothes, she started walking towards the bed.

"Very nice," Gloria commented as Stacey got close. The sight of the lithe girl awkwardly covering up her nipples and womanhood brought a playful smile to her face. Heaving her body over the bed, she sat on the edge with her legs hanging off of the side.



“Would you mind starting things off?” Gloria asked, lifting up her flabby belly. “I worked up quite a lot of pent up energy from our earlier interaction.”

“Y-yeah,” Stacey replied, shuffling beneath Gloria’s shelf of fat.

Sinking between Gloria’s plush thighs, Stacey beheld the thick lips of the womanhood in front of her. She realized it was already too late to turn back as Gloria gently rested her gut upon her back. Left in the dark and surrounded on all sides by fat, Stacey threw caution to the wind as she opened her mouth and leaned forward.

Having been a long time since she had last touched another woman, Stacey slowly dragged her tongue across Gloria’s womanhood. Stopping at the clit, she circled around it to try and get a reaction. She felt the fleshy walls of her prison shake as a soft moan was heard from above. Motivated by the noise, she sunk back into Gloria’s groin to suck and lick everywhere she could. As she teased and swirled around Gloria’s sensitive points, the vibrations became frequent to coincide with the erotic cries becoming louder. Giving one last lick to Gloria’s clit was enough to send her over the edge, her legs clamping around Stacey’s body as her flab trembled from her orgasm.

On the verge of suffocating, Stacey pulled herself out from Gloria’s undercarriage and fell onto her back. Staring up at the ceiling, Stacey put her hand on her still beating chest. Slowly picking herself up off the ground, she observed the aftershocks of Gloria’s climax still rippling through her body.

“Not bad at all,” Gloria commented, fixing a stray lock of her hair. “Have you done this before?”

“Not recently,” Stacey admitted.

“Well don’t just stand there,” Gloria said, shuffling backwards on the mattress. “Come on up here and I’ll give you a turn.”

Legs trembling from a mix of anxiety and excitement, Stacey climbed onto the bed. Crawling along the mattress, she followed Gloria to the center. She let out a small yelp as she felt Gloria’s sausage-like fingers grab her shoulders.

“No need to be afraid dear,” Gloria said, easing Stacey down onto her back. “Just relax and let me show you what I can do.”

Stacey opened up her legs to accept Gloria, but the hefty woman had other plans. Climbing around to Stacey’s head, Gloria crawled over her body with her belly dragging against her face. Looming over the petite girl, Gloria gently lowered herself down to engulf her with her flab. Every pound of Gloria’s doughy form was felt, her belly doing the job of keeping Stacey in place as she shuffled about for the right position. An attempt was made to ask what Gloria was doing, but that gave way to a soft moan as Stacey felt a thick tongue slide across her vagina.

While Stacey had done her best, it only took a few moments for Gloria to show off the gap in experience. Each move was deliberate to force out more moans from Stacey as Gloria fully explored her nether region. Even muffled by Gloria’s fat, Stacey’s cries of ecstasy echoed throughout the room. Through a combination of Gloria’s expertise and the unique sensation of being crushed underneath the massive weight, it didn’t take long for Stacey to reach her own release.

Gloria rolled off and gave Stacey the room she needed to process what had just happened. Basking in the ecstasy of her release, she found herself unable to recall every experiencing that kind of pleasure. Blinded by her own post-orgasm bliss, she almost didn’t notice Gloria as she laid down beside her.

“I take it you enjoyed it?” Gloria asked, a smug smile on her face as she caressed Stacey’s cheek.

“Y-yeah,” Stacey replied.

“Do you want more?”

Stacey sat up, her body still shaking. “P-please, yes.”

Gloria let out a small giggle. “Alright. Just stay there for a moment and catch your breath. I have something special in mind.”

Left to stare up at the ceiling, Stacey slowly pieced her mind back together. The fear and anxiety from before was completely gone. She had never felt his excited before, her body yearning to continue exploring whatever Gloria had in store for her. It was only when she heard the telltale heavy steps of her plush partner approaching was she able to get back up.

Stacey’s jaw dropped as she looked at the device wrapped around Gloria’s hips. A harness made out of fine, black leather was sunken into her waistline. The attire’s main purpose was made clear by the girthy, pink dildo attached to Gloria’s groin.

“I might be getting a little ahead of myself,” Gloria said, lubing up her tool with a generous amount of lube, “but I went through all the trouble of bringing it with me and I’ve been dying to try it out. Do you think you can take it?”

Stacey’s eyes glanced back and forth between Gloria’s expectant smile and the sheer size of the strap-on. Egged on by Gloria’s presence and her own curiosity, Stacey nodded her head.

“Very well. Then please turn over and get into a, for lack of a more elegant term, doggy position.”

Stacey obeyed, lifting herself up off the mattress and crouching down to present her backside to Gloria. She shivered as she felt the dildo slide up against her womanhood. Her fingers dug

into the mattress as the member was slowly slid inside of her. Feeling Gloria's belly slap against her butt, she was amazed she had taken in the entirety of the toy.

Leaning her body against Stacy, Gloria got up close to her ear. "Are you ready?" she whispered.

"Y-yes," Stacey replied, bracing herself for what was to come.

"Very well," Gloria said, sitting upright. "Just let me know if it gets too much."

Grabbing hold of Stacey's sides, Gloria began to rock back and forth. The sensation of the dildo sliding in and out was a new feeling to Stacey, each movement bringing with it a new twinge of pleasure. Seeing little resistance to her movements, Gloria upped her speed to more rapid thrusting. Stacey's first moan coincided with the loud slap of Gloria's belly fat against her back. Similar noises were made as Gloria moved her hips faster and faster, her various fat rolls shaking as she put all of her effort into pleasuring Stacey. Stacey's arms began to waiver, her strength giving out as she was forced to contend with her nearing climax and having Gloria's body repeatedly bearing down on her. After several minutes of holding out, Stacey let go with one last erotic cry.

Drained of her strength, Stacey's limbs finally gave out. Crumpling onto the mattress, she found herself enveloped by a thick quilt made up of Gloria's belly fat. The once prideful woman was now slumped up against her, just as exhausted from the endeavor as her. Taking a deep breath and fixing her hair, Gloria sat back up in an attempt to retain her former dignity. While she tried to keep up her appearances, Stacey could see a bit of wetness leaking from behind Gloria's harness.

"I want a turn," Stacey said, pointing towards the straps of the harness.

Gloria paused, putting a finger to her multiple chins. “Are you sure? You seem pretty out of it.”

“Yes,” Stacey said, shuddering as she pulled away from the dildo. “You gave me a chance to experience things I’ve never felt before. I want the chance to return the favor.”

After a gentle nod, Gloria began unbuckling the harness. Handing over the device to Stacey, she helped her wrap it around her waist and adjust it to her daintier proportions. With everything tightened up, Gloria couldn’t let out a small chuckle upon looking at the size difference between Stacey and the dildo.

“I can’t believe a little thing like you could take this,” Gloria commented.

“I still don’t believe it myself,” Stacey added. “Now what position would you like? I’m not exactly sure what would be best.”

“Oh, I have the right one in mind,” Gloria said as she crawled up to Stacey’s waist. “However, I don’t think our toy is ready yet. It still needs the proper lubrication.”

“Okay, where did you put the bottle at?”

Gloria let out a laugh. Opening up her mouth, she wrapped her plump lips around the end of the dildo. Sliding up and down the toy, she managed to swallow it without any difficulty. Stacey sat in stunned silence as she watched the display, the sight revitalizing some of her lost energy. With a loud pop, Gloria released the tip of the dildo from her mouth. Licking her lips clean of excess saliva and Stacey’s leftover juices she rolled over onto her back and parted her legs.

“Go ahead,” Gloria said, lifting up her gut, “I’m ready for you.”

Shuffling towards Gloria, Stacey took a few attempts to fit the dildo inside. Finding her mark, she gradually slid the toy in. Stopping as her waist met Gloria’s foopah, she was given the

chance to survey the expanse of fat that had been playing with her the entire evening. The view still filled her with a desire to explore every inch of her obese partner.

“Let me know if you want me to stop,” Stacey said as she grabbed hold of Gloria’s raised knees.

“Don’t worry about me dear,” Gloria replied. “I’m sure I can take whatever you can give me. You may begin when ready.”

Taking a deep breath, Stacey began to gyrate her hips. Even at a slow speed, each thrust brought with it a ripple effect that spread through Gloria’s various cellulite-covered fat rolls. Her breasts jostled about with each movement, bouncing against her stomach. As Stacey gradually built up her speed, her eyes couldn’t stop staring at her partner’s plumped up nipples. Glancing up from Gloria’s deep belly button and impressive bust, Stacey saw Gloria’s smug smile falter a bit. Giving the large woman a particularly strong thrust was enough to make a soft moan purse her red lips and drive Stacey over the edge.

Stacey released her hold of Gloria’s knees and leaned forward. Diving her head into Gloria’s fat rolls, she doubled her efforts to bring her partner to her release. Sliding her face up Gloria’s belly, her mouth found its way to each of the nipples. She wrapped her lips around each teat, sucking on them as her hands groped and moved about her breasts as if they were sacks of meat. Hearing Gloria’s moans grow louder and more frequent, Stacey made one last trek across the multitude of chins to reach Gloria’s face. Just before Gloria reached her peak, Stacey dared to lock their lips together. Gloria’s moans were stifled as they twisted their tongues together, Stacey’s hands exploring what they could of her fat form. The stimulation finally gave way to an orgasm that had them both trembling in the wake of Gloria’s spasms.

Releasing Gloria from the kiss, Stacey's adrenaline finally gave out. Completely exhausted, she slumped down atop Gloria's body to rest her face against her chest. A set of pudgy fingers softly massaged her hair as her eyelids grew heavy. Just before she dozed off, she felt Gloria plant a tender kiss on her forehead.

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Stacey awoke to the sound of someone knocking at the door. Though she attempted to move, she found herself stuck against a very comfortable bed. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes and straining to see through her grogginess without her glasses, the blob of pink flesh before her gradually took shape. As she began to recognize the fat folds and lingering scent of perfume and passion clinging to Gloria, it was if someone had shot a syringe full of pure caffeine into her blood stream.

Though she tried to move, she found herself still wrapped up in Gloria's pudgy arms. Jostling about, she was horrified to discover the strap-on around her waist was still deep inside of Gloria. Staring at the serene expression of the still sleeping Gloria, Stacey debated if it was ruder to wake her up or keep the person at the door waiting.

Stacey's decision was made for her as she heard the lock click open. The door slowly creaked open, revealing the last person Stacey wanted to see her in her compromised state. A receding, grey hairline and portly body stuffed into a bathrobe identified him as the man responsible for the party and for keeping her employed.

"M-Mr. Pendlebrook," Stacey stammered out, "it's not what it looks like."

"Oh I think it's exactly what it looks like," he replied, watching Stacey try in vain to break free from the arms of her lover.

“You see last night I got lost in the halls and I ran into this woman and she came onto me and we were a little drunk and-“

Stacey stumbled back as Gloria arose from her slumber. Rolling over into a sitting position, Gloria let out a long yawn before she turned to address Mr. Pendlebrook. “Good morning, Thomas,” she casually said as she tried to put her hair into an acceptable state. “Is there any reason you decided to wake me up at his ungodly hour?”

“First off, it’s well past noon,” he explained. “Second, I got rather worried after you disappeared from the party last night.”

Gloria let out a huff. “That was no party, that was a business meeting hidden behind droll conversation. Thank goodness I found this adorable little thing to cure my boredom,” she said, pulling Stacey into a hug.

“You know inter-company dating is prohibited.”

“And you know the rules don’t apply to me. Besides, we just had some fun exploring each other last night. We’re not dating...at least, not yet,” she said with a wink to Stacey.

“Wait, you work for the company?” Stacey asked.

“No dear, it works for me,” Gloria replied. “I’m the major shareholder of the company. I just don’t like making that known other than at special gatherings. Gives me plenty of time to enjoy myself in the lap of luxury and find appreciable company such as yourself.”

Stacey’s mind clicked as she recalled seeing an article back at the office, featuring a full-page spread of the company’s hire ups. She nearly pulled out her hair as she finally remembered seeing Gloria squeezed in among the other board members. “M-Ms. Gloria I didn’t mean to be so forceful. I just got lost in heat of the moment and-“



Gloria put her finger to Stacey's lips. "There's nothing to be sorry for dear. I had a wonderful evening last night and I hope it's not the last time the two of us get to share some quality time together." Leaving a dumbfounded Stacey on the bed, Gloria walked over to the dresser and retrieved their phones. "Shall we exchange contact information?" she asked, handing Stacey her phone.

"Um, sure," Stacey replied, typing in Gloria's cell phone number.

"Are you quite done?" Thomas Pendlebrook asked. "There are a few things I wanted to discuss with you about the upcoming financial quarter."

"Yes, yes, could you at least let a girl get dressed first?" Gloria asked, squeezing herself into a bathrobe. "We will have to continue this another time dear." Waddling up to Stacey she gave her a kiss on the cheek before following after the impatient CEO.

Stacey took her sweet time getting dressed and getting her stuff together. Back in her dress, she walked through the empty halls of the mansion without any further trouble. Reaching the front porch, she stopped as she felt her phone buzz. Pulling it out she was met with a message from Henry.

"Are you doing alright? I didn't see you leave last night."

Just as she was about to respond, another message popped up on her phone from Gloria.

"Meet me at the Cozy Corner Café in an hour. It'll be my treat."

A warm smile spread across her face, Stacey replied to Henry. "Yes I'm fine. I was just busy meeting someone wonderful."