Race in the Fat Lane  
By Mollycoddles

Inspector Jones frowned. She was certainly happy to live in a time of peace, when the military was less called upon. There were some who even said that the army was completely obsolete in this new era of global harmony. But, as a life-long soldier, Jones couldn’t help but feel just a little twinge of nostalgia as she walked through the main barracks of this now largely abandoned outpost. There was a time when this building would have been FULL of soldiers, training and preparing. But today? There were only a few recruits. The military wasn’t an exciting, enticing career like it once had been!

Jones was a mature woman of 45, her blonde hair pulled back into a severe bun was starting to gray and her thin pinched face was starting to show the first hints of wrinkles, but she was by no means past her prime. She was a proud soldier, her gaze still as fierce as ever and her iron resolve forged on the combat battlefield. She was thick but muscular, and while she might have looked like a fancy fop in her military finery her uniform hid the thick ropy muscles that lined her arms and legs. She was the last of a dying breed of soldier. She was all too aware of that fact as she took in the lazy chubbettes who passed for soldiers today. None of the women on this base could possibly be over 30 and none of them were under 200 pounds. And it wasn’t muscle weight either.

Army discipline had suffered greatly in this new time of peace. With no need for military might anymore, the budget had been slashed and almost all army programs abandoned. The few remaining soldiers, especially in forgotten outposts like Camp Swampy, were mostly left to their own devices. Camp commanders were technically still supposed to enforce standard army discipline – daily exercise, healthy eating, regular marching drills – but too many no longer saw the point and had become lax in their enforcement. Even so, Inspector Jones didn’t think that she had ever encountered a camp as poorly run as Camp Swampy!

“At attention,” snapped Jones as she noticed a group of recruits clustered at the end of the hallway. As Jones approached them, she was dismayed to see that they were simply lounging around, eating ig submarine sandwiches and gossiping. One girl even had a gallon-sized soda cup clutched in her hand, a clear indication that these girls had been sneaking off base to grab food at surrounding restaurants. The women blinked in surprise at Jones’ order, apparently not used to commanding officers actually demanding the respect their ranks were due, but once they noticed the freshly pressed creases on Jones’ uniform pants and the shine of her newly polished medals, they realized she wasn’t kidding. Immediately, they tried to hide their food, shoving their half-eaten sandwiches behind their backs as they straightened up.

A lot of new recruits these days just joined for the promise of three square meals a day and no responsibilities. As the army grew lazier about enforcing mandatory exercise, these three square meals were starting to have more of an effect on soldiers’ waistlines. Every one of these girls had a visible tummy bulging over the belt of her combat fatigues.

“Is this what you soldiers are doing with your time?” snapped Jones. “Sitting around on your fat asses and wasting the day? Whatever happened to discipline in this woman’s army?”

“We’re on time out,” whined the girl at the end of the line. Then she hiccupped.

Jones’ eyes fell on the girl at the end of the line. All of these girls were soft, but this girl was the softest of the lot.

“What’s your name, soldier?”

“Private Carla -- hic! – Granger.”

“Private Carla Granger WHAT?” barked Jones.

“Uhhh….”

“Private Carla Granger, MA’AM,” said Jones. “That’s the correct way to address an officer.”

“Natalie doesn’t make us – hic! – use ranks,” said Carla.

Jones looked Carla up and down. Private Carla Granger was a dark Latina girl with a big frizzy mess of jet black hair tucked under her cap. Her khaki uniform hugged her thick figure tightly, revealing all her extra poundage riding on her hips, thighs, and rear. When she moved, you could see her blubbery paunch bounce up and down, slapping over her belt and jiggling so wildly that the buttons on her uniform looked ready to burst. But that was no surprise. Carla had refused to acknowledge her recent expansion by visiting the camp tailor, so her uniforms continued to grow tighter and tighter around her growing form to the point that now there were constantly big diamond-shaped gaps between her buttons through which you could spy her chubby brown middle.

“Sneaking off base, I see?” said Jones.

“No, ma’am!” said Carla.

Jones poked her in her gut. “Then how do you explain this spare tire? Spending some extra time in the mess hall, huh, Private?”

“What? No! I mean, no ma’am!” Carla instinctively sucked in her gut at Jones’ barb, the gaps between her buttons contracting as the pressure on them from Carla’s chubby middle suddenly decreased.

“Don’t try to hide it, chubby, I can see you’ve been skipping physical training and raiding the snack machines for too long. And now look at you! Where’s the lean mean fighting machine that the army needs? You’re as soft and squishy as a bag of marshmallows!”

The other soldiers started chuckling at the image, but Jones fixed them all with a dangerous stare. They quickly shut up, except for the tall black girl who couldn’t quite bite her lip enough to stifle a giggle. Jones narrowed her eyes.

“And WHO are you?”

“Me? Uhhhh…. Private Nicolette Prince, ma’am!” Nicolette sucked in her gut and puffed out her chest, making a poor attempt to stand at attention now that Jones was scrutinizing her. She was even chunkier than Carla, although her height and hour glass build helped to disguise it. Her flaring hips and bloated buttocks were obviously packed into camo pants that had not been updated to accommodate her recent gains, and, when she pushed out her chest, the buttons across her breasts gapped so wide that you could hear the threads groan and groan and… POP! Nicolette clearly hadn’t expected that! Her eyes went wide with sudden fear at the button over the summit of her ample breasts burst off with a loud PING! and hit Jones right in the face.

“Ow! What the—” Jones swore loudly, touching the welt on her forehead from the impact of the flying button.

“I-I-I—I’m sorry, ma’am! This uniform is, um, it’s really old and I haven’t had a chance…”

“Oh is it really? I think the real problem isn’t your uniform at all. It’s you! You’re even fatter than Private Granger. Don’t try to hide it, it’s obvious. How much do you weight, soldier?”

Nicolette sagged, her gut swelling out as she released it, her breasts slumping against the shelf of her middle. Her pearly white bra was visible through the gap left by the defeated button, an exciting contrast with her dark brown skin. “Um…. At last physical, I was… um… 300 pounds.”

“Jesus Christ,” said Jones, mopping her brow. These soldiers were absolutely unreal! How could anyone at an army camp balloon to 300 pounds? Did they do anything around here other than eat?

“Who’s in charge here?” asked Jones. “I can’t believe what I’m seeing. I need to have a long talk with your commanding officer.”

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“The army life is definitely the life for me,” sighed Natalie as she shoved yet another bon bon into her mouth. She chewed eagerly, savoring the rich taste of chocolate on her tongue, as her pudgy fingers groped into the box at her bedside for yet another tasty treat. Natalie could see sunlight streaming through the window. What time was it now? She yawned and stretched, catching sight of her pudgy pink toes over the arc of her tremendous belly. She wiggled her piggies and chuckled at the sight. She didn’t much care what time it was. Years ago, when the army was more rigorous, Natalie had risen everyday at dawn to do her exercises and inspect her troops. But now? Why bother? As discipline waned, Natalie had little by little lost interest in all the highly demanding exercises that used to make up the core of army life. Now she often slept past noon, rising only when her belly started grumbling for breakfast.

Once she was up, Natalie usually spent most of the day eating. At night, she might waddle down to the officer’s club for a drink or two or three or however many she wanted before stumbling drunkenly to bed.

The funny thing about all this? Natalie used to be a great soldier. She had a full drawer full of medals and accomodations from the big brass, all congratulating her on running such a strict, well-disciplined camp. But oh, how the soldiers hated her! She always overheard them grumbling when they thought she couldn’t hear, whining about what a slave-driver Captain Natalie McGillicuty was. There was an old photo on Natalie’s bedside table from those days, a picture of a young toned woman, her abs rock-hard, her arms and legs thick with ropey muscles, her blonde hair pulled into a severe bun and tucked under her camp cap, her slender face scowling. The expression said it all! She was SUCH a bitch back then! No wonder everyone hated her.

Natalie hated it. She didn’t want to be hated. But that was an officer’s job, wasn’t it? She had to make the hard decisions, the decisions that no one would appreciate! But then, when the brass stopped caring, Natalie found… she didn’t care either. When she announced that the daily wake-up call was going to be pushed back, to let everyone have an extra hour of sleep, the women cheered for her. And when she announced that physical training would be canceled because, well, what was the point? Everyone loved her then. Natalie realized that she LIKED being liked. Life was a lot better when you didn’t have to be a constant hard ass!

No one could accuse Natalie of being a hard ass these days. She had succumbed to the same sloth and indulgence as all of her soldiers. Her new sedentary lifestyle and love of good food meant that her toned body was soon lost under a new layer of womanly pudge. And that pudge just kept coming. Today, Natalie was huge. She had blimped to over 500 pounds, a vast doughy woman with an enormous belly made up of wobbling gelatinous rolls of blubber, ponderous breasts that sagged against her gut and challenged at bra to clasp, and a bloated rear that could fill a sofa. She rarely got dressed these days, spending most of her day lounging in her private captain’s quarters wearing nothing but her food-stained tank top and panties. None of her dress uniforms fit her anymore, though, if she really tried, she might be able to stuff her fat ass into some of her baggy camo khakis. Not that she cared enough to try.

There was a sudden urgent knock at the door.

“Ugh, goddamn it,” muttered Natalie, grabbing at her tight tank top and pulling it down to at least make sure her boobs were covered. “What’s this all about? Come in!”

The door cracked open and a worried face appeared in the gap. Natalie recognized Carla immediately, but the captain had never seen her looking so agitated.

“Oh, it’s you,” said Natalie. “What’s going on?”

“I, uh, I’m really sorry to bother you, Natalie… but… uh…well… there’s someone here to see you…”

“What? Who?”

“She says she’s an inspector.”

“Oh crap!” Natalie gulped, dropping her chocolate down her cleavage in her shock. “Stall her, Carla, I need to get dressed!”

Carla closed the door. Natalie swore under her breath as she grabbed for her uniform jacket, draped over her bunk headboard. This was a real pickle! She hadn’t actually worn her uniform in months, so she couldn’t hope to be able to actually fit anymore. Still, she didn’t have a choice. She didn’t know how long Carla could delay the inspector outside! Grunting and groaning, Natalie struggled to shove her fluffy arms through the jacket sleeves, threads ripping in her eagerness. Her arms filled the sleeves like plump sausages. The jacket was spread wide open by Natalie’s massive belly and boobs, but she grabbed at the buttons with her pudgy fingers and yanked as hard as she could to connect them with the button holes. The fabric pulled tight, the seams creaking loudly as she tugged with all her might. Ughhhhhh! The first button was tenuously in its hole. One down, only a million to go. Natalie grabbed the next one.

Eventually, she had her jacket buttoned… but there was no guarantee how long it was going to stay buttoned. The shiny brass buttons shivered with every inhale, forming big gaps that revealed her tubby tummy and plump pontoons. She felt like she was about to explode out of her uniform! Her heart was racing, both from the exertion and from the fear.

Next up – the pants. Jeez, those would be even worse! These dress uniform pants had no give in them, so she could already feel them pinching her thighs as she struggled to shimmy them up her legs and over her fat ass. The whole process was made even harder by the need to be careful; if she moved too quickly, she would surely blow all the buttons right off her jacket!

“And up!” Natalie grunted as she finally hoisted her pants over her ginormous ass, several threads in her seat popping. There was no way that she was going to get those buttoned and zipped, so she would just have to hope that her jacket would hide the gap of her open fly.

“I’m done waiting, out of my way!” came an unfamiliar voice from the other side of the door.

“Uh, I don’t think Natalie is ready for—"

Carla didn’t get any further, because someone behind her shoved her out of the way and flung the door open. Inspector Jones stomped in, her eyes flashing.

“Captain Natalie McGillicutty?! Is this the way you run a camp? OH MY LORD—” Inspector Jones froze in shock as she got her first glance of the camp commander in all her obese glory. “How on… you’re enormous!”

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Natalie grunted, shifting her bulk in her bunk. She swung her thick legs off the side of the bed and planted her chubby feet flat on the floor, the triple jelly rolls of her belly slopping over her lap.

“I’m Inspector Jones,” said Jones. “The High Command sent me to investigate reports of… poor performance at this camp. They were saying that soldiers here were getting lazy and unfit. And now I think I see why.”

Natalie Shifted her weight, grunting loudly as she bulk sloshed. The Captain was a big girl. Well, big wasn’t quite accurate. Massive was more like it. At one point, she had probably been a relatively fit new recruit, but that was the problem with peacetime. There weren’t a lot of opportunities for fieldwork when there wasn’t a war going on and the higher brass was too busy with its own affairs to enforce the usual exercise regiments. As a result, Natalie gradually did less and less exercise every day, spending more and more of her time in the officer’s mess.

Originally, she was a svelte girl – not skinny by any means but a healthy, sturdy weight with some noticeable thickness around her hips and bottom. As an officer, she was able to show some independence in her style, so she wore her long ginger hair in a waterfall over her back and shoulders. Her freckled cheeks and wide green eyes gave her an innocent look that might have lulled any enemy into complacency, but you let down you guard at your own peril around Natalie. She was definitely a tiger!

Natalie struggled to push herself into a standing position, her monstrous belly flopping down onto her tree-trunk sized legs and completely covering her lap. Her billowing breasts, each as big and bloated as a fully ripe watermelon and barely restrained by her overmatched jacket, rolled forward and slapping against the slope of her gigantic globular gut.

Joan deliberately looked away to avoid embarrassing the massive soldier, although the truth was that she was looking away more for her own sake than for Natalie’s. She was feeling embarrassed FOR Natalie! How did a soldier let herself go so badly that she couldn’t even fit in her uniform anymore and had to sleep in the nude?

“I wasn’t… informed of any… inspection,” said Natalie through clenched teeth, her chubby cheeks turning red with the exertion of standing up.

“Of course not! We didn’t want to give you a chance to hide the evidence of your…malfeasance. Though, looking at you, I don’t see how you could ever hope to hide THAT evidence! How much do you weigh, Captain?”

“550 pounds at last weigh-in, sir,” grunted Natalie. She grabbed at the metal rungs of her bedfame and tried desperately to use them as leverage to hoist herself to her feet. Damn. This fatso clearly never moved from her bunk these days, because she had absolutely no muscle tone. Any muscles that she may have once had were now buried under pounds and pounds of excessive blubber. Natalie tried to salute but had difficulty raising her fat-swaddled arm high enough to complete the gesture before giving up. She was so fat that she was nearly round, a big spherical blob.

“Absolutely pathetic,” sighed Jones. “How can you call yourself a captain? How can you call yourself a soldier? You can barely walk, you can barely even stand up! I was going to ask why you haven’t made any of your soldiers keep up with their exercises, but I think I see the reason now. You clearly haven’t been doing ANY exercise at all! You’re as big as a house!”

“I’m…sorry, sir,” grunted Natalie as she heaved herself forward. Her gut bulged forward, slopping over her knees and completely covering her lap. She placed her chubby palms against the surface of the bunk and heaved with all her might, gradually rising to her feet. Oof. Other than occasional trips to the mess hall, Natalie so rarely got out of bed these days that standing was a struggle for her. She grabbed at the hem of her uniform jacket and attempted to adjust herself, but it was a lost cause. It was difficult to look at all presentable when the shiny gold buttons were stretched so tight that one deep breath would be enough to blow them across the room.

“You’re more a pig than a woman,” said Jones. The older inspector grabbed at the overhanging flab of Natalie’s gut and gave it a sharp shake, watching in dismay as the fat woman’s flesh wobbled in response. “Disgraceful! You look like a cow fattened up for slaughter.”

“With all due respect, ma’am,” said Natalie, “I don’t think I’m THAT fat.” She tugged at her jacket. “I’m still pretty fit despite how I look.”

“Pretty fit!? You can barely move!”

Natalie smirked. “Oh no, I’m very fit! I could still run laps if I wanted to.” As if to demonstrate, she jogged in place… but within minutes she was doubled over in pain, winded and wheezing.

“Laps? Oh, you think you can still run? If you’re so sure, why don’t you give me a demonstration.”

“With pleasure,” said Natalie. She smiled widely. Sure, she was fat, but she still remembered her early days at the camp when she was known as a ferocious tiger in the army. Jones was shocked. It seemed like Natalie honestly believed that she could run laps. She was absolutely delusional if she thought she could run a single lap with that jelly belly!

“Oh you’re gonna do more than just run a few laps,” said Jones. “I’m going to make an example out of you for this whole camp.”

Natalie’s face went pale. “What—what do you mean?”

“So you haven’t been assigning your troops to do any exercise because you’re too lazy to enforce it,” said Jones. “Well, I’m going to assign you to some exercise. And we’re going to have the whole camp watch it! You’re going to run a race... no, an obstacle course.”

“What?!” Natalie snapped. “What a waste of time! Why would you need me to run a race? Of course, it’ll be a snap.”

“A snap?! Are you pulling my leg? You can barely waddle, how on earth do you expect to run?”

“Oh, it’ll be no sweat. I’m a natural athlete, after all!”

“Yeah, I can tell that from just looking at you, tubby,” jeered Jones. “Well, just to make it interesting, why don’t we make it a contest? Those two privates I saw in the hallway…”

“Who, Carla and Nicolette?”

Jones rolled her eyes. She couldn’t believe that military discipline in this camp had fallen so far that now the officers and the enlisted soldiers were on a first name basis!

“Yes, those two. Those two plumpers seem exactly the sort who need a lesson in military discipline. Why don’t we make it a race between the three of you? Winner gets to keep stuffing her face at the mess hall just like always, but the losers…” Jones stepped as close to Natalie as she could with Natalie’s belly in the way, a wicked grin on her face. “The losers have to go on a major diet.”

Natalie laughed, her whole body jiggling in time to her chuckles. “That’s no sweat! I’ll wipe the walls with those two! They’re totally out of shape!”

“And whose fault is that?!”

Natalie shrugged.

“Oh, and one more thing,” continued Jones. “I’m a sporting woman, so why don’t we make this game matter? Here’s another little incentive that we won’t tell the others. If you lose, you’ll be doing more than just dieting. You’ll give up your command.”

Natalie’s jaw dropped. “But… but… but…!”

“Hey, don’t complain. I could just strip you down right now for conduct unbecoming of an officer and no military judge in the country would disagree with that once they got a look at this pork!” Jones slapped Natalie’s gut for emphasis. “Besides, I thought you were so confident! At least I’m giving you a chance to prove yourself. Heh! Good luck, fatso. You’re gonna need it!”

To be Continued…

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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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