Good-Bye, Lenin! Hello, Lard Ass!  
By Mollycoddles

Gisela Weber is a fat Fraulein of deliciously thick German stock – The straw-blonde hair which she used to wear in childish braids is now tied back in a more mature ponytail, her bangs framing a round smiling face with chubby cherubic cheeks and a wobbling double chin. You can see some streaks of gray starting to show in this Teutonic Milf’s hair and a few laugh lines around her eyes, but you would hardly guess that she’s old enough to remember when Germany was still divided into two countries. How does she stay looking so young? Of course, we have our theories here at the magazine: A woman with a good, solid figure never looks her full years we always say. And Gisela definitely has a solid figure! This hefty milky maid weighs over 550 pounds, a massively endowed lardy liebchen who, given a breastplate and a helmet, would look right at home as a valkyre in a Wagnerian opera. If you could find a dirdel big enough that this hefty honey hun wouldn’t instantly snap her laces, she might make a perfect Gretel for a reimagining of the classic Grimm’s fairy tale. As we speak, she is constantly snacking of lebkuchen and Mozart kugels – so it’s not at all hard to imagine this naughty little fatty nibbling the trim of a witch’s gingerbread cottage deep in the Black Forest! But instead, we’re in her West Berlin flat, chatting over afternoon tea. She normally eschews publicity – too many reporters just want to lament that this once rising star of the gymnastics world has instead devoted herself to a sedentary life of indulgence – but she agreed to talk to me once I explained that my magazine was devoted to a very particular niche interest.

Q: You were one of East Germany’s premier gymnasts in the waning days of the Soviet bloc. Our readers may even have seen a few of your award-winning performances on old news reels, when you used to compete in gym meets across Eastern Europe. I rather think that they might have. Those old reels depict a petite but muscular girl, slender but for her thick firm backside, the thong of her spandex unitard clenched between two muscular butt cheeks. That’s quite interesting, I think. Even when you were slender, you still had a famously noticeable rear.

A: Oh wow, you’re getting right to the point, aren’t you? Your magazine really must have a different readership than most. But yes, you’re correct, I think I was quite famous for it. I had to work out everyday to keep in shape for competitions and I grew a very firm, as the Americans call it, “muscle butt.” It used to embarrass me when the cartoonists in the Neues Deutschland newspaper would caricature me with such a prominent backside! Nowadays, though, I don’t mind anymore if people notice that I’ve become quite the pear. I’ve filled out all over, of course, but my bum has grown the most. I had to move out of my old apartment in East Berlin to find a larger one in the west; I believe the doors and hallways here are a little wider for exactly this reason. I don’t know how anyone can live on an American-style diet and still fit their hips through doorways!

Q: Let’s talk about that. You’ve changed a lot since your days as an athlete. In your youth, you were totally dedicated to physical fitness. Do you remember when that started to change?

A: Yes, it was when I discovered how delicious food could be! I was young when the wall first fell – too young to really understand the implications of a reunified Germany but not too young to enjoy the new fruits of Capitalism. My father was a loyal party member and he didn’t like this new development at all. All through my childhood, he had been very clear that Capitalism was not to be trusted. He believed that Socialism was the way to make sure that everyone received an equal share and he thought it was just disgusting some of the images that were coming out of America and the west – all these ads for Coca Cola and McDonalds!

Q: And what did you think of it?

A: I thought it was incredible! But my father was very disapproving. “These kids today! They don’t know what it was like in the old days! In my day, we couldn’t just sit around eating fast food all day!” but many of us young people, we were eager to go over to the west and to see what it was like.

Q: So how did Capitalism compare?

A: Well, growing up in East Berlin, we had a simple life. We ate good wholesome German food, solyanka soup and grilled Schaschlik. Of course, I was a gymnast on the East German Olympic team, so my diet was very tightly controlled. As was my exercise. We didn’t go hungry, but the variety of tastes that were available… well, there were limits. But once the wall fell, I found out that there were no limits in the west! Almost immediately, we were able to visit the west and see all the American restaurants. Some friends and I went took the U-Bahn to Steglitz to try this McDonalds restaurant that we had heard so much about. Ach du Lieber, it was heavenly! I had never had these American, wie sagt man, chicken McNuggets?

Q: They’re not really well regarded in the States, to be honest.  
  
A: Maybe not if you’re used to them, but to me… I had never had something like that! All those delicious fried foods, so greasy, so tasty! It was delicious and I was instantly hooked! I remember the first time that I returned home, carrying take-out from some western restaurant. Oh, my father was furious! “Papi, get with the times!” I said. Probably through a mouthful of french-fries. I remember I defiantly plucked another crispy golden fry from the red paper packet and trailed it through a splotch of ketchup on her plate before shoving it into my mouth. “This is 1990! The wall is ancient history. This is the new world, a world of plenty! And I intend to enjoy it!”

Q: Oh, I bet he didn’t like that.

A: Not at all all! He was certain that western food was going to be my downfall. “I can’t believe you, Gisela,” he said. “You used to be our star gymnast, the pride of the eastern bloc! And now look at you… eating the foods of our capitalist oppresors! Mark my words, you follow down this path and you’ll grow soft and fat, just like one of those capitalist pigs from America!”

Q: You have to admit, though, he wasn’t entirely wrong.

A: What can I say? I’m a woman of many pleasures. I spent so much of my youth sacrificing for the dream of an Olympic medal and then suddenly I learn that such incredible, decadent treats exist? At the time, I scoffed at my father’s warning. I was certain that I could enjoy these fatty American foods of which I was growing so fond and not need to worry about my weight. After all, I was exercising so much for my gymnastics team that I figured I could keep my figure trim! But of course, that was around the time that the East German gymnastics team disbanded…  
  
Q: Must have been much harder to keep the pounds off then, I’d wager.

A: Yes, but luckily I didn’t care all that much, truth be told. There were rumors of so many other exotic American restaurants coming to our land, setting up shop in all the old buildings where the Stasi used to have their offices. Kentucky Fried Chicken, Taco Bell, Burger King… how could I not try all of them? I was soon eating all my meals at these fast food restaurants. So naturally, I started to really blow up. My father would always taunt me about my thickening figure, especially my bum. All the muscles I’d built in my backside started to melt away, replaced by pure fat. And, my goodness, I just exploded! After only a couple years, my hips and bum just grew enormous, to the point that I noticed that I was starting to even waddle!

Q: It must have been very difficult living with someone who would make fun of your figure like that.

A: Oh yes, he would always say “You’ll never do gymnastics again with that fat ass weighing you down!”

“I could still do gymnastics if I wanted to,” I said quite hotly. Of course, I was in the middle of a meal at the time and I remember quite clearly that the remnants of a half-eaten fry fell from my lips into my cleavage as I spoke. It was very embarrassing and very much seemed to punctuate my father’s accusations!

“Still do gymnastics! Ha! What a laugh!” he said derisively as I fished the fry out from between my boobs. “The only way you’ll ever compete again is if eating becomes an Olympic sport!”

But the sad fact is that it was true! Only a few short years ago, I had been a fit young woman and a testament to my country’s commitment to physical excellence. People all over the Communist world had seen me outperform all my competitors on televised sports programs. My tight, slender body – muscular abs, ropey arms, flat stomach and small chest – made me the perfect athlete and my spandex unitard, striped with the black, red, and yellow colors of the east German flag, showed off my slim figure to great effect. But once I started experimenting with western food, I became completely and helplessly addicted! It wasn’t just that I was eating more, I was replacing wholesome bratwurst and spaetzle with decadent American food like hamburgers and hot dogs. My figure was filling out, slowly at first, but then faster and faster as I succumbed to the siren call of delicious fried foods. My belly swelled, my hips flared, my flat bustline increased – all in all, I was expanding so fast that I could be mistaken for a Luftwaffezeppelin being inflated for flight. I had to buy a whole new wardrobe, because I was simply too thick. My new closet is filled entirely with tracksuits now because I am too huge to fit into anything else!

Q: Is that a problem for you? You seem quite content.

A: Not at all! I’ve made my choice about what matters in life. I still had some cache from my days as a famous athlete, so when an American manufacturer realized that their tracksuits were my favorite new item, I was able to get a sponsorship deal. That’s allowed me to live comfortably on my own since I moved out of my father’s home.

Q: I imagine he continued to be unhappy with your choices?  
  
A: Oh yes, he was always lamenting “America has ruined my daughter! All she cares about is gorging herself on American food! Why, she can’t even fit in her dirdel anymore! It’s such a shame that she’s lost her heritage!”

What quatsch! At that point, I only weighed about 300 pounds, most of it concentrated in my hips, belly, and rear. I had turned into an over-ripe pear, my butt sticking out so far behind me that it almost resembled a shelf. In fact,my disapproving father could probably balance a beer stein on the platform created by my over-stuffed ass cheeks if he wanted to make a point! My rear was so big now that I could barely pull my old pants over my backside, the over-stressed material was starting to rip at the seams. That was pretty much the only thing that I could wear at that point, but luckily I could now go on shopping trips in the west, so I bought a whole new wardrobe of stretchy, space-age fabrics as well! On the rare occasions that I managed to lurch to my feet and leave the couch – in defiance of the immense gravitational pull of my oversized rump – my thick new waddle would cause my sweat pants to gradually slide down, revealing the waistband of my oversized panties as well as the top inch of my chubby butt crack. It was quite comical to see, I am sure! I had to keep grabbing at my pants to hoist them back up! What an inglorious fate for a once great athlete! I could barely make my way from the couch to the refrigerator – which I always kept stocked with processed meats and heavy potato salads – without breaking a sweat, so the idea that a porker like me would ever again be fit enough to swing from the balance beams was an absolute joke! Yes, I had completely embraced the soft, easy western life!

My grandfather, who was very old fashioned, had a birthday about a year after that, and we were all to dress in our traditional outfits to visit him. My father put on his tracht and I was supposed to wear my old dirndel. But I didn’t realize how much weight I had gained since I last wore it! I could barely fit it around my waist! Even with the laces loosened as far as they would go, it was still so binding around my middle and it made my big new boobs just pop out over it! It looked like I was going to burst out of my top if I breathed too deep! However, we never got to see my grandfather.

Q: Why was that?

A: Before we left the home, I accidently sneezed… and I completely blew out of my outfit! After that, I knew that I wasn’t safe to wear anything except stretchy track suits. That was a disappointment! There were so many exciting new fashions being imported from America, all these designer jeans and blouses! But they just weren’t built for a girl like me. I don’t know how the Americans wore them, since surely they must be even bigger than I was!

A: Well, some of us…  
  
Q: What was more embarrassing, though, was when I finally outgrew my old uniform! Of course, I knew early on that I was too wide in the bottom to squeeze into it anymore, but one often likes to deceive oneself until you’re forced to confront the truth. I heard that the new unified nation was going to start a new gymnastics team. “Just because the East German team is kaput doesn’t mean I’m out of the game! I thought I would try out for the new gymnastics team that they were assembling for the unified Germany. But what a joke that was! My father just laughed when I told him my plan. He said that I was simply way too fat. He said that if I even tried to hang from the bars I would probably pull them down with my weight! Oh, that made me so livid! Even then, true, I knew that I was quite a bit heavier than I was in my prime. The incident with the dirndel was still fresh in my mind, so I was afraid that I wouldn’t even be able to fit into my old uniform… but I thought, I have to try! But… it turned out that my fears were correct. I couldn’t even squeeze the old spandex unitard over my thighs. I spent a whole afternoon struggling but as soon as I thought I might finally be able to wriggle them over my behind, I hear this loud rip! And, of course, I realize that I’ve completely blown them out. My father was laughing so hard. “You see what happens?” he said. “This is what you get for being such an absolute pig! All this heavy food has made you too fat to even fit into your uniform! I hope this teaches you a lesson.”

Q: And did it?  
  
A: It did, I suppose! But not the lesson that Father hoped I would learn. He hoped that it would encourage me to stay away from American food and lose some weight. But instead, I thought: Well, clearly, I’m never going to be slim enough to compete again, so why bother? Why should I deny myself everything that I want? I decided to really indulge. I had already started down this path to total hedonism and now I was determined to see it through.

Q: I imagine that, once you’ve tasted the good life, it’s very hard to go back to self denial. One might even wonder why anyone would!

A: Absolutely! Soon I found that I couldn’t stop myself, even if I wanted to. And the truth was, I didn’t want to! I love to eat and I love good food. Naturally, the pounds really started to pile on. Luckily, that was around the time that I got my sponsorship deal, so I was able to move away from home. I knew then that I would never have to listen to anyone give me grief about my weight ever again! I decided I would move to the West, so that I could be close to all the foods that I had grown to love so much. And I’ve lived here ever since!

Q: So that’s when you really started to enjoy the western lifestyle?

A: Yes, my friends and I would go to the newest American restaurants every day and we would party at the nightclubs at Hackescher Markt and Oranienburger Straße every night. For a while, I even dated an American service man… That was the 90s, you see, and I was told that it was the “decade of the butt” in the US. There were many men who were taken with Jennifer Lopez and they even made that song… the one about the man who likes big butts and cannot lie about it?

Q: Baby Got Back?

A: Yes, I was told that was the new anthem in America! So naturally, many service men were quite homesick for American women with their large posteriors. So when they saw me in the nightclubs with my own growing curves, I was very popular! My American boyfriend even brought me onto the US army base in Berlin sometimes, so that I could try some of the special army brands like Anthony’s Pizza and Frank’s Franks. He even took me to the AAFES club so that I could try some genuine American beer!

Q: Er… how was it?

A: Honestly? I think beer might be the one thing that they do not do better in America! Now I usually drink Berliner Kindl, but when I was younger I was just excited to try anything! Of course, I was quite the party girl, eager to try anything new from the capitalist west, so I drank way too much American beer. Unfortunately, American beer has far too many calories for far too little alcohol, so I rarely got drunk but I certainly did put on pounds! I was already gaining weight way too fast and that didn’t help at all. I’ve always been very bottom-heavy, but my drinking really started to give me a real beer belly too.

[An old photo of Gisela from her early days of exploring West Berlin really shows the damage that all that American beer did to her waistline. She’s much smaller than she is now, a mere 300 or so pounds by my estimate, but the younger Gisela is wearing a string bikini that does little to hide all her new blubber. It’s from a summer excursion that she made with her then-boyfriend to the beach on the Großer Wannsee and the bikini was one that her boyfriend purchased for her from the PX. The bikini top is blue, decorated with white stars, and the panties, nearly hidden under the curve of her plumpening gut, are emblazoned with red and white vertical stripes – it’s obviously meant to recall the pattern of the American flag, an interesting contrast to her old gymnastic uniform colored after the East German flag and a testament to Gisela’s new obsession with all things American. She is smiling, leaning against her American boyfriend, nearly smothering him with all her exposed flesh, one hand clutching the traditional red plastic cup that shows that the pair is day drinking at the shore. Gisela’s face is already ringed with new chub, her arms fluffy, her thighs thick and rubbing together. Her boyfriend’s hand is around her waist, his fingers squeezing into the soft and tender flesh of her love handle as it slops over the straining strings of her bikini bottom. Perhaps it is his attention that has her so excited -- Her breasts are threatening to spill from the top and her stiff nipples tent the fabric of her cups, poking right through the oh so patriotic white stars. From this angle, it’s hard to see her famous bottom, although her hips are certainly wide enough to hint at the bounty that Gisela carries behind her. The mind reels at how her perfect pear must look in this bikini, her bikini bottoms too small to contain her, the Stars and Stripes clenched between her deliciously chubby cheeks. But one can see her belly -- her cavernous belly button a thick line across her middle, sandwiched between jelly rolls of fat – and imagine how it would wobble and sway when it was so unrestrained!]

Q: Did you date long?

A: Not long, we were only together while he was on tour in Berlin. But that was fine! He wasn’t the only American that I dated. I had a long line of suiters in those days, and every one of them wanted to indulge my lust for American foods. Doubtless, many of them hoped that I would continue to grow until I had a rear that could rival the biggest of the American booties. It took some time, but I think I might have finally achieved it by now! [Gisela shifts on her couch, the overloaded sofa springs groaning beneath her bulk as she squirms. It’s hard not to think about that monumental rump and all the hard work that she put in to grow it so large!]

Q: [sweating] So… uh… changing subjects… you were how old when the wall fell?  
  
A: I was 25 then, so I just turned 53 this year. Many of my girlfriends say that I look quite fit for my age. It’s probably because I never smoked. That was one habit that I never picked up in the west. Many of the West Berlin girls I knew used to smoke cigarettes to suppress their appetites. But why would I ever want to do such a thing? I intended to enjoy every bite and I did!

Q: What’s your favorite thing to eat?  
  
A: I enjoy a good schnitzel like any good German girl and, of course, I can’t pass an imbiss without stopping by some pommes mit mayo. And, of course, Berlin has the world’s best donner kebabs. But my favorite thing? Oh, the last time that I went to the Oktoberfest they had a booth that sold the newest American delicacy – do you know that you can get pizza with corndogs baked into the crust? Amazing! The innovations that one sees under your American capitalism are truly astounding! To live in a land where you can eat corndog pizza everyday… what a dream!

Q: That’s… not really a normal thing that we eat in America.

A: It should be! It was the best thing about the entire fest, since I’m afraid I’m too heavy these days to fit on any of the rides anymore. My goodness, I barely fit on this couch anymore! But that’s fine, you know I’ve just discovered some of your American TV shows recently and they’re so compelling! I love to curl up on the couch and watch your Columbo and your Bay Watch while enjoying some take-away.

Q: Ah, I suppose that’s why your figure is continuing to develop?

A: Yes, I can’t deny it. That has led to some problems. I had to sell my old Trabi because I simply couldn’t fit into it anymore. I had to recline the seat back as far as it would go but my belly would still push against the steering wheel! And, of course, my hips were always overflowing onto the center console. Luckily, I can use the U-Bahn to get around quite easily here in Berlin, although at my current rate of gain I may outgrow the train doors one of these days! [laughs] Another problem is that eventually I did get too big for my first sponsor.

Q: Oh no, what a shame!

A: Yes, they liked big girls, but they wanted big girls who gained a little more… evenly? I’m simply too much pear. My bum grew so large with all my overeating that they simply didn’t make pants that could fit me anymore. On my last photoshoot, I actually split right out of my track pants while they were trying to pose me! I was so embarrassed! I could almost hear my father laughing at me. And I thought, mein Gott, he was right! I’ve lost control of myself and turned into a heifer… now what will I do? I’m too fat to do anything else but I’m too greedy to ever lose weight. Why, even as I was walking home after that humiliation, I still had to stop at the new Pizza Hut to try one of their personal pizzas. They had just introduced them at that point and it was very exciting!

Q: Surely, though, you were able to find something else that fits your unique talents?

A: Yes! Of course, the fashion world is very small and people gossip. Word quickly got around about the famous athlete who had let herself go, who had eaten herself so round that she was blowing out the seats of her tracksuits. And I received another offer only a few days later! This offer came from Malcolm Sales, the inventor of the Sales Super Stretcher. You’ve heard of this product, no?

Q: Oh yes, someone in my line of work is, uh, very familiar with that product…

A: I love it! These clothes are said to have unlimited stretch. I didn’t believe it when they told me about it, I thought that must be a load of quatsch, but… well, I have been wearing Sales Super Stretchers ever since then and I’ve never once had any problems! I find now that I can go to all my favorite restaurants and eat my fill until I’m absolutely bursting… and never once have my Super Stretchers split! What innovations you Americans have! They say that you’ll burst before your Super Stretchers ever do, and I am inclined to believe them!

Q: It sounds like you’re advertising for them right now!

A: [laughs] I am not just a spokesmodel! I am also a very loyal customer, you might say!

Q: You do have the perfect figure to show off their abilities.

A: Yes, I rather think so! [Gisela stands with some effort, pushing herself to her feet. One cannot help but notice the massive indent that she leaves in her couch when she rises; her full 550 pounds are all on display! I notice for the first time that the track pants she wears now are Sales Super Stretchers, the enormous garment straining around this plumping fraulein’s ample curves. Of course, it’s obvious now, what else could she have been wearing? A woman of such divine girth would only stand for the most comfortable fashions] It’s rare that a woman has so much trash in the tush, as your Americans say.

Q:… trash in the tush?

A: Yes… I mean… garbage in the booty? Refuse in the rump?

Q: Oh! You mean “junk in the trunk.”  
  
A: Yes, exactly! Thank you, that is what I meant to say. My behind has been featured in so many ad campaigns and on so many magazine covers. I would venture to say that my bum is more famous now than it was back when I was a gymnast. There’s certainly much more of it now, so perhaps it’s not surprising that it would attract such notice!

Q: You’ve spoken a little about some of the problems you have because of your size – outgrowing your dirndel, outgrowing your Trabi… and I can’t help but notice that you fill almost your entire couch by yourself! That’s quite a feat.

A: Danke, it has taken a lot of hard work! But it’s never really work when you do what you love.

Q: Thanks so much for taking the time to speak with us, Gisela. You’ve been most illuminating.

A: My pleasure, Liebchen! Thank you for your interest. I get many requests for interviews these days, but most of them are only interested in my gymnastics career. That was a long, long time ago, though, and I have built a whole new life since then. I’m glad that someone wants to know about that.

Q: Do you ever miss your old life? The simple pleasures that you were used to in the old East?

A: One is always nostalgic for the past. But I can surely say that, if you offered me the world of my youth again, I would not take it… not if I had to give up my American pleasures! How can one live without corndog pizza? It’s unthinkable!

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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,

Molly Coddles