Country Hospitality
By Mollycoddles

Giselle sat on the motel bed, scowling at the television, her thumb idly punching at the remote. Ugh! There was nothing good on – just corporate media garbage and mindless drivel to placate the rubes. No wonder people here in middle America were all such ignorant hillbillies!

“Marx said religion is the opiate of the masses, but that doesn’t have anything on television,” said Giselle under her breath as she tossed the remote aside in disgust. She wished once again that she was back in the city, instead of stuck out here in the sticks. With her short hair dyed a flashy fire engine red and her mandala and rose emoji tattoos, Giselle looked every inch the Berkeley radical that she was. Her chunky glasses sat above her small, pierced nose, her tight red baby-doll shirt stretched Che Guevara’s face across her pert breasts, and evidence of yet more tattoos peaked out from her cut-off denim shorts along her slender thighs. Her appearance had garnered quite a few stares when she was at the protest today; news that ruthless land developers were attempting to bulldoze a spotted owl sanctuary to install gentrified condominiums had drawn her out from her usual haunts in the co-ops and communes of the California coast to this endless boring hellscape of fly-over country, but Giselle knew that sometimes a one had to make that kind of sacrifice to help promote a more radically egalitarian world.

“What was that?” asked Dakota. “Y’all say sumthin’?”

Giselle rolled her eyes. After the protest, she had hooked up with a townie – she needed to blow off some steam, after all – and retreated to a local motel. But she was already regretting the decision. Earlier, a cloud of hippie pot smoke and patchouli had clouded her judgement, but now she could see with clear eyes that Dakota was hardly a catch. Dakota was a voluptuous blonde, as ample as Giselle was slender, and Giselle couldn’t help but admire the way other woman’s bulging breasts bounced against her swollen stomach when she wiggle-waddled into the motel room ahead of her. But Dakota’s gap-tooth made her whistle slightly when she talked and her bulbous blonde bouffant and snug hip-hugging capri pants, and tacky crop top combined to give her a distinct white trash hillbilly look. Giselle thought it would be fun to slum it, to spend a night with one of the dim, cow-like, Trump-loving rednecks of this ignorant flyspeck, but now she was getting annoyed. Dakota was too much of a talker!

“Nothing,” said Giselle. “I was just thinking about… the state of world politics.”

“Golly, y’all city folk sure is smart,” drawled Dakota, a look of wonder in her big baby blue eyes. She ran her tongue between the gap in her front teeth. “Y’all sure do a lotta thinkin’ up there in the city, huh?”

“More than you rednecks,” said Giselle under her breath.

“I ain’t much for thinkin’,” said Dakota. “I’m just good fer cookin’ mostly.”

“Speaking of which, what is it that you have there?”

Dakota looked down shyly at the plate of food she was carrying. “Jest a lil’ somethin’ to help set the mood. Cornbread an’ hush puppies, real Southern style!” She raised a sloshing aluminum can. “An’ a can of Bud Lite.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” said Giselle, an amused grin on her face. “That’s so stereotypical. I never drink Bud Lite! That’s…” She paused, suddenly chagrined by Dakota’s fallen face. Awww. As much as she might look down on these dumbass hillbillies, she had to admit them were cute in their own way and she couldn’t help but feel bad for the way she’d behaved. But, seriously, they were here to fuck, why was Dakota bringing her food? Must be some sort of weird southern hospitality thing. Oh well, when in Rome… and after all, Dakota had clearly worked so hard…

“Okay, okay, bring it here, I’ll give it a try…”

Giselle positioned the plate on her lap and popped one of the hush puppies into her mouth with cynical detachment. Her eyes bulged. What the?? Wow, this was good! Back in California, Giselle lived on a strict diet of ethically-sourced granola and organic kale; she had never tasted anything so flavorful!

“Wow… Dakota, this is… this is good!”

“Aw, y’all are too kind,” said Dakota. “Now eat up, hun! A gal likes to see her cooking be appreciated.”

Giselle didn’t have to be told twice. She felt a momentary flash of guilt for so quickly abandoning her diet, but she tossed that worry aside as she continued to eat. She could definitely afford to indulge a little now and then, right? Gawd, this was SOOO good! Giselle’s eyes rolled back in her head as she lost herself to the ecstasy of flavor. How could she have lived this long and never tasted southern cooking before? Jesus, no wonder all the people here in the stix were so fat if they had food this good!

By now, Giselle was wolfing her way through the platter, all thoughts of anything beyond this delicious meal forgotten. Mmmm, heavenly! She wished that she could eat this way forever! Giselle was startled by the sheer intensity of her own desire, but she barely had the clarity to question it… why was she so ravenous all of a sudden? What was this sudden insatiable hunger that seemed to well up from her deepest recesses? It was a long day of protesting, she thought, I must just have low blood sugar from skipping my morning latte… Yes, that was a logical explanation… of course…

“Mmmff, shit, this is good,” mumbled Giselle as she gnawed her way through the dense block of cornbread, her cheeks bulging. Dakota smiled, her eyes straying down to the slender woman’s stomach as she continued to eat. Already, Giselle’s flat tummy was bulging out from her heavy meal, sagging over the waistband of her shorts.

All too soon, Giselle found herself staring at an empty plate.

“Ooof, wow, that’s some good food,” sighed Giselle. She patted her swollen middle as she leaned back in bed. “Oh Jeez, I shouldn’t have eaten so much… but I just couldn’t help it! You’re a hell of a cook, Dakota.”

“Ah’m glad ya like it,” said Dakota, grinning widely. “Y’all look like ya could use some more. A real southern hostesss can tell, ya know! Y’all wait right here an’ ah’ll rustle ya up some more grub.”

“Sure… sure…” Giselle covered her mouth to hide a hiccup. She absently wondered… why was Dakota making MORE food? The tubby blonde was already back in the kitchenette, the sounds of pottery and cutlery echoing through the suite. Why was Dakota wasting all this time cooking? They were supposed to be… doing… something else…? Giselle was having trouble forming thoughts; she just felt TOO good!

Maybe there’s something to these corn-shucking yokels after all, thought Giselle dreamily. Her thoughts were fuzzy and she was finding it hard to concentrate on anything as she sank into a pleasant stuffed euphoria, her bloated belly rising and falling with her labored breaths. She was so full that it was difficult to pull in a full lungful of air without the tender stretched skin of her belly protesting by sending twinges of pain throughout her body. Ohhh, she’d really overdone it. But at the same time… she hardly regretted it! It was all SO GOOD. She suddenly realized, with a combination of fear and embarrassment, that her vagina was sopping wet inside her shorts, her panties absolutely drenched… what was wrong with her? She had never felt this way before…. And certainly not just from stuffing her face! She was so incredibly horny all of sudden that she couldn’t sit still; she was literally squirming in bed, her pert buttocks grinding against the mattress as her need burned through her loins.

“You’re… not gonna take long, are you?” asked Giselle, a sudden plaintive whine in her voice. Damn, that was embarrassing. When she had arrived, Giselle was the one in control, but now she felt like that dominance was slipping from her grasp. All she could think about now was how much she needed to get off… but also how hungry she was for MORE of that delicious southern cooking!

Dakota wasn’t kidding when she said that it would put her in the mood! Giselle couldn’t help herself. Dakota was taking too long in the kitchenette, Giselle couldn’t wait. Already her fingers were fumbling with the button on her shorts, slipping under the hem of her panties, sliding into her own wet pussy…. She bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud as she fingered herself, faster and faster, deeper and deeper, pushing herself closer to orgasm as the tingly sensations of her full full belly poured through her. This was amazing!

She could feel something… changing! Giselle wasn’t sure what was going on, she only knew that she had never been so aroused in her entire life! Gawd, her loins were on fire!! Every muscle in her body ached with desire, her toes curled as she felt the sexual electricity build inside her, rising, rising, rising…. And then finally the release as she exploded into the mother of all orgasms!

Well dang! She hoped that Dakota hadn’t noticed that she’d started without her… but luckily Dakota still seemed distracted in the kitchenette.

“Awww, dang, that was amazin’,” slurred Giselle. She blinked. Something about her voice was off. She pushed herself up into a sitting position and was suddenly surprised as her ample bosom sloshed inside her shirt. Her boobies! They were huge! She blinked in confusion, her hands suddenly shooting forward to cup these massive mommy milkers! She was never this busty before, was she?

“What in tarnation? My titties are goldang huge!” she bleated in a breathy, sultry voice. What the…? Since when did she talk like that?? Then she caught a glimpse of herself in the hallway mirror… and didn’t recognize the billowing blonde bimbo looking back at her. But no, the buxom bunny in the mirror was still wearing her denim shorts – stretched tightly across new wide, flaring hips – and her Che T-shirt – nearly bursting at the seams trying to contain her melon-heavy knockers. It must be her. She yelped, dropping her breasts, which bounced and jiggled as they slapped against her chest. She was a hillbilly bombshell just like Dakota! When did that happen? How did that happen??

“What did y’all do to me?” howled Giselle. “I’m as big as pa’s barn! Wait, my pa… I mean my dad doesn’t have a barn? Why am I talkin’ like this? What’s going on?”

“Somethin’ wrong, hun?” asked Dakota as the large woman bustled out of the kitchenette with another platter of cornbread and hush puppies. This one was even bigger than before! It was huge, groaning under the sheer load of deep fried batter and dense corny goodness.

“Yeah, somethin’s wrong!” yelped Giselle, bouncing up in bed so that her new blonde locks fell over her shoulder and her new bosom bounced and sloshed inside her shirt. Her plump cheeks blushed as the sensation of tight fabric sliding over her swollen breasts fueled a new wave of arousal; she could feel her pussy growing moist and spongy in the confines of her tight cut-offs and her thick nipples popping to attention. She would have been more embarrassed except she was too agitated by her sudden transformation to care! “Look at me! I’m a big blonde bimbo! This ain’t how I used ta be! Ugh, and why am I talkin’ like a goldang hillbilly? I ain’t supposed ta sound like that!”

“Y’all is plumb crazy, Giselle,” said Dakota. “This is exactly how you’ve always been. Dontcha remember, Giselle?”

Giselle put a hand to her forehead. Her memory was fuzzy. Was that true? Why was she so certain that she had used to look… different? But she was having a hard time remembering exactly how she had changed… it didn’t help that the heavenly aroma of cornbread was wafting through the air and making her stomach growl urgently.

“Sounds like mah little piglet is hankerin’ fer another helpin,” said Dakota. “Good thing I made seconds! C’mon, girl, you need to chow down an’ put some meat on them bones! Ain’t ever gonna be a proper southern belle when y’all are lookin’ like a skinny city gal.”

“I…I…I… I ain’t a southern belle! I mean, I’m not a southern belle! I… am a city gal… aren’t I? Dang it, why can’t I remember? My mind’s gone all fuzzy! I’m feelin’ all dang cattywampus!”

“Hush up, darlin’! Dakota knows what you need. I think y’all are just hungry… Y’all better eat up and I bet ya’ll feel right as rain.”

Giselle wanted to protest, but the sight of that big platter of food did look mighty tasty! And the smell was making her salivate! She couldn’t help herself! Already her hands were breaking off a monster chunk of cornbread and she was shoving it into her mouth, chewing the dense confection with intense determination.

“Gawd, that’s soo good, Dakota!” mumbled Giselle. Her fears were suddenly slipping away, replaced by a pleasant tingling euphoria. Mmmm! Delicious! Her head felt like it was stuffed with cotton, but it was a good feeling… Giselle couldn’t remember the last time that she had felt this good! Eating only made her feel better, so she grabbed another chunk of cornbread. Now she was shoveling food into her face as fast as she could, barely cognizant that Dakota had plopped her own fat ass down onto the bed next to her, the mattress sagging under their combined weight. Giselle was only dimly aware that Dakota was grinning widely, a sinister edge in her smile, as if you might have planned all of this… Giselle didn’t know and didn’t care. All she cared about was eating! Gawd! This food was sooooo good! She was gobbling with abandon, her cheeks bulging, crumbs falling into cleavage and onto her thighs, as she ate and ate and ate! Nothing was as important as finishing this big plate of food, not only because it was so good… but Giselle had a vague notion in the back of her food-addled brain that cleaning her plate would make Dakota happy and she suddenly really wanted to make Dakota happy. That would be the proper southern thing to do, right? A gracious southern guest would always clean her plate, it was the only right thing to do, the best way to show your hostess that you really appreciated everything that she was doing for you! Giselle was convinced of that. She wanted nothing more than to be a proper southern guest!

Even as she ate, the changes that came over her mind were reflected in her body. She was growing wider, rounder, softer… her plump form swelling into outright obesity as she gorged herself on fatty deep-fried treats. Her blonde hair billowed and spilled, ballooning out into a trashy bouffant that rose high above her head while her tresses flowed down to the small of her back. Her belly spilled out in front of her, bigger and bigger and bigger until finally her denim shorts couldn’t take the pressure anymore and split wide open. The material parted as her thighs and hips ballooned and moment later Giselle’s overstretched panties exploded into ribbons. She could feel her T-shirt straining as her bustline advanced, the material pulling tighter and tighter under her arms and across the apex of her tits, her diamond-hard nipples threatening to pierce the thin cotton fabric. Giselle didn’t care. Her fat ass was already on full display, her full plump cheeks and supple pink haunches wobbling as she gorged, her wet chubby pussy clenched between her massive, growing thighs. She barely even blinked at eye when her shirt finally split down the side seams, rending into pieces with a loud jagged split and allowing all her soft pale new flesh to bubble out. Her tits barrelled out triumphant, loudly slapping against her new porky gut. Giselle wasn’t wearing a bra – partly because of her by now long since forgotten feminist beliefs that brassieres were a tool of the patriarchy but also because she never really needed to wear one with her small, pert chest. But now! Things were different. Her jugs – for that was the only way to describer her breasts now, big fat swollen jugs, so ripe and plump and bursting – were massive! She was definitely going to have to start wearing some real, heavy-duty bras or her titanic tits were just going to shake and shimmy all over the place. She was going to have to get a whole new wardrobe, she realized suddenly as she looked down at her bloated belly and hefty thighs and dimmy noted that she was absolutely, completely stark naked.

“Tarnation! I ain’t got a stitch on!” hollered Giselle, whistling through the new gap between her crooked font teeth. “I got too dang big fer mah britches and now I’m naked as a jay bird!”

“Aw, dontcha worry ‘bout that,” said Dakota. “Y’all can just borrow some a’ my clothes. I reckon we’re about the same size.”

Giselle looked over at Dakota. They WERE just about the same size, two pudgy blonde bunnies with overfull hourglass figures so similar that they could have passed for sisters.

“Y’all right,” said Giselle. “We are about the same size. Dang, Dakota, I’d be plumb grateful fer that. I reckon it’s kinda drafty in here an’ ah’m getting’ goose pimples on my fat ass from all this air conditioning!” She stood up, rubbing the palms of her hands over the vast expanse of her backside. “Why are we hangin’ out in here, anyways?”

Dakota hugged the other woman close to her, an even wider grin on her face. “Dontcha worry about that, sweet thang! Let Dakota find ya some nice clothes… and once yer dressed again, ah’ll take ya someplace much better!”

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No one would have guessed that Giselle was once a slender, red-headed punk girl from the coast. Waddling alongside Dakota, her corpulent new body practically busting out of her short black cut-offs and polka-dot crop top, Giselle looked for all the world like any other trashy hillbilly gal in this Podunk town. Dakota’s prediction that they were the same size wasn’t entirely true; Giselle was fat enough that Dakota’s wardrobe pinched at the seams, the Daisy Mae blouse doing little to hide Giselle’s jiggling beach ball belly and the shorts riding up between the fleshy cheeks of Giselle’s rotund rear. But southern gals were expected to have a little flesh on display, weren’t they? Giselle was certain of that, so certain that she didn’t feel any shames even as the stitching in her shorts gradually popped and pinged with her thick waddling steps.

“I think y’all gonna really enjoy this,” said Dakota. “Ah’ve wanted to share it with ya since I met ya, Giselle, but, Lawdy, ah jest didn’t think ya would have appreciated it when you was all uptight.”

“Yeah,” giggled Giselle. “Ah was such a buzzkill, wasn’t I? Ah’m so glad ah ain’t like that no more.”

Giselle’s former life as a feminist, an activist, and an informed citizen was all but forgotten; she only retained vague memories of a life spent eating granola and kale, memories that horrified and disgusted her. How could she have wasted so many years on such a meager, unwholesome diet? A woman needs good southern cooking if she’s to thrive, thought Giselle, and nothing could be truer. Already she was looking forward to the next meal… She wondered if Dakota was going to make more cornbread for dinner, but right now Dakota seemed really intent on introducing her to… something?

The approached a barn and Dakota slid open the door. “Y’all are really gonna like this,” said Dakota. “This is a bit of a southern tradition, but we don’t tell no yankee carpetbaggers ‘bout this! See, that’s why I didn’t think you’d like it before. But now? Damn, girl, you’re just as southern as me!”

 In the center of the barn stood a large mechanical bull, the sort that Giselle vaguely recalled having seen in old photo of redneck bars. Of course, she’d never seen one herself before – until this moment, she never would have stepped foot into any establishment rough enough to house such a contraption! As her eyes poured over the bull, though, she suddenly realized that it was subtly different from the mechanical bulls that she was familiar with. This one was modified so that there was, jutting upright from the saddle, a large studded dildo.

“Oh mah Gawd, Dakota!” squealed Gisella. “Ya can’t be serious!” But already her bimbofied southern brain was fixated on that big cock. Her pussy started to drip and her breath started to quicken. She ran her tongue over her lips in sudden sexual hunger, her eyes glazing over. Gawd, she would looove to ride that big cock! Giselle had never had any interest in penetration before – that was a tool of the patriarchy meant to subdue women – but damned if she wasn’t interested in it now!

“This is a lil’ sumthin we have here in town jest for us gals,” said Dakota. “Ain’t none of the men folk know about this. I know y’all prefer the company of ladies, but, ya know, sometimes don’t it jest feel good to ride the bull? C’mon, Giselle, why dontcha giver a try? Take it like a real southern gal!”

Giselle giggled, a high-pitched girly sound that had never escaped her mouth before. Only hours ago she would have thought it unthinkable. Now she was positively elated, a southern airhead whose thoughts kept returning unbidden to food and sex and one who didn’t have any compunctions about making a public spectacle of herself.

“Y’all don’t mind?”

“Course not, hun. It’s fer ya to enjoy herself!”

“Okay, Dakota, but ah reckon ah’ll need ya to give me a hand. Ah ain’t exactly a petite these days.” Giselle patted her protruding middle for emphasis.

“Course, hun! Us big gals gotta stick together.”

First, they had to get her undressed. Giselle squirmed eagerly as Dakota pulled down her shorts and panties, revealing her the puffy lips of her hungry snatch, and then raised her flabby arms as high over her head as she could reach so that Dakota could tug off her crop top. Giselle was so desperate to climb onto the mechanical bull that she practically trampled over Dakota as the other woman planted her hands against Giselle’s wide ass to help hoist her up.

“Careful! Yow! Damn, that’s a tight fit!” yelped Giselle as she eased down on top of the dildo, feeling its hardness push between her wet lips and fill her up. The tubby blonde redneck murmured loudly as she pressed down onto the dildo with her full weight, feeling it fill her up completely until she almost felt like she was going to split open. Ooooh, that was too much for one gal to take! Sure, she was a big gal now… but she wasn’t THAT big! She grunted, clenching her fingers and curling her toes, her breath coming fast and hard, her fat nipples popping to attention, and sweat already starting to bead all over her chubby body.

“Dang! Dakota! This is… this is too much! I ain’t ever done nothing like this before!”

“Shhh, darlin’! S’alright. Just relax, hun, and ah promise you’ll enjoy yerself.” Dakota leaned in close, so close that Giselle could feel the other woman’s warmth and the plush softness of her breasts and belly, and took Giselle’s mouth in hers. Giselle’s eyes drifted closed, her protests dying on her lips as Dakota’s tongue probed her mouth, over her teeth, over her lips. Mmmm… Giselle had felt so many new sensations today! Everything was so new and delicious!!

Finally, Dakota broke away, trailing a glistening string of saliva. She wiped her lips, smiling. “Jest hold on, gal, I know you’re gonna enjoy this.”

“Hmm?”

Dakota plopped her fat ass into a nearby lawn chair, the perfect vantage point to watch the show, and pulled a lever. Immediately, Giselle could hear hidden gears grind into motion and, moments later, the mechanical bull began to buck and twist.

“Ohhh!!! Oh shit!!!” shouted Giselle, grabbing at the machine’s artificial scruff in a desperate bid to hang on. With every bump, the mechanical bull pushed the dildo deeper into Giselle’s slippery pussy. Giselle screamed in ecstasy, as she desperately tried to steady herself atop the bull with her hands and feet. The naked fatso bounced and jiggled wildly, her rotund body an ocean of rippling flesh as the mechanical bull pushed her to dizzying heights of rapture. Giselle felt like she was going to pass out! She felt like her brain was about to short circuit! This was like nothing that she had ever experienced in her whole life!! Not that she could remember very much about her life from before her transformation. All she knew now was how much she liked this! Her body felt like it was on fire with sensation, electric spasms shooting through every inch of her being as she struggled to maintain control. In the chaos of arousal, Giselle was vaguely aware of a tiny quiet voice in her head… it sounded super far away, but so annoyingly persistent? What was that? It sounded like it was trying to remind her of something… but what? Some small subconscious aspect of herself must still remember the old Giselle, the girl who used to exist before she ballooned into this hedonistic redneck blimp, and it was trying to get her attention.

 “This isn’t you!” it cried, “Remember? Don’t you remember? You’re not a gross fat southern hillbilly! This isn’t you at all! You’re a conscientious… progressive…. activist…. From… you know… not here…?”

The voice was fading, replaced by the sheer animal bliss of Giselle’s building orgasm. Oh Gawd! Here it comes! The mechanical bull swayed and turned, teasing Giselle until she wanted to cry out. Her clit was being teased to the brink, her insides filled to the brim, she couldn’t take… much… more! She felt like she was going to explode if she didn’t cum soon! Whatever the voice was trying to tell her, Giselle just didn’t care. Why should she? What could possibly ever be better than this? All she wanted to do from now on was to be a fat southern hick, to dedicate her life to the simple pleasure of food and sex, the animal desires that drove these simple farm people… any thoughts of higher ideals, of political movements, of social conscientiousness… those were slipping from her mind like sands through an hour glass. She didn’t care! All she cared about was getting off! And Gawd, she could feel it building! She was getting closer…. And closer… and closer…!

“Oh GAWD!” she yelped, biting her lip so hard that it drew blood. “I’m gonna cum! Oh Lawdy, I’m gonna cum! I ain’t never felt nothin’ like this before!”

Dakota grinned again, pulling the lever to slow the bull. It slowed but it didn’t stop, instead shifting to a rolling, rocking motion that only served to tease Giselle’s poor abused clit even more.

“Oh Gawd, you bitch, y’all stop teasing me!” moaned Giselle. “This is too much! Lawdy, I’m gonna bust! I can’t take it! Dang it, this ride is too much fer a fat gal like me!”

“Ain’t ever too fat fer a good ride,” said Dakota. “Go on, gal, you own it!”

Giselle bounced in her seat, her bulbous butt wobbling like two gelatin-filled balloons, her enormous hooters slapping against her belly, her eyes rolling in her head. Her whole body was shaking, vibrating, like a mountain in an earthquake, her heart was hammering so hard inside her chest that she felt like her ribs were rattling, her lungs were aching to suck in enough air to keep her going… and then… and then…

“Oh Lawdy!!! Ah’m comin’!” screamed Giselle, her back going rigid and her eyes flying open as a sexual arc of electricity burst in her loins and shot through her body. “Ah’m comin’!!!! Oh Gawd!!!”

Dakota pulled the lever again to slow the bull some more; now it was gently rolling, massaging Giselle as she slowly came down from her orgasmic high. The fat blonde slumped forward against the back of the bull, sighing contentedly and gasping for breath. That was quite the ride!

“So what y’all think?” asked Dakota as she helped her new friend dismount.

“Gawd, ah ain’t ever had a ride like that before!” said Giselle as she wriggled herself free from the slippery dildo, sliding off of it with a sloppy wet pop. “Ah swear, mah poor pussy’s gonna be so sore I ain’t gonna be able to zip mah shorts! But danged if that wasn’t a wild ride!”

“An’ when you first came here, ya didn’t think us rednecks had anything ta offer ya!” chuckled Dakota as she helped stuff Giselle back into her clothes, pulling her shorts up over her ample buttocks and plumping her breasts into her croptop. “Dang, Giselle, you’re a sweaty mess now, but that don’t hardly matter none. Ain’t like anyone’s gonna be judging ya; every gal in town takes her turn on the bull. An’ ya’ll get your chance to ride again…”

Giselle’s face lit up. “Ya mean it?”

“Course ah do. That’s jest southern hospitality. Y’all are gonna stay, ain’t ya?”

“Why, course ah am! Wouldn’t be very neighborly ta leave now, would it?”

“Ah think yer gonna fit in around here jest fine,” cooed Dakota as the two women exited the barn, their arms around each other.

Cave Treasure
By Mollycoddles

Hannah squinted into the gloom of the cave. Her torch caused shadows to dance across the limestone walls, illuminating wet dripping stalactites and ominous scratchy cave paintings but no sign of the treasure that she sought. Hmm. With her free hand, she grabbed the scroll tucked into her belt and quickly unfurled it with a flick of the wrist. The ancient scribbled map was faded with age until it was nearly impossible to read but Hannah could decipher enough of the esoteric runes that she was confident she was on the right trail.

“According to the map, the ancient treasure of the lizard king SHOULD be around here somewhere…” She held up her torch, revealing a sinister face painted in green ichor on the wall. She shivered despite herself. “Good thing all the lizard people went extinct over 1000 years ago!” she reminded herself, “I’d hate to run into one of those ugly brutes today.”

Hannah was a statuesque raven-haired beauty with dark flashing eyes, long flowing tresses, and a knock-out hourglass figure. Her red shirt was tied into a knot right beneath the swell of her full bosom, leaving her washboard stomach exposed, and her tight denim jeans hugged her flaring hips and pert bottom snuggly. One might expect a woman of her voluptuous curves would be more at home wearing revealing cocktail dresses at a fancy dress party, but Hannah was an experienced adventurer. With her trusty .45 Smith & Wesson holstered at her side, she was ready for anything. She had encountered all sorts of obstacles in her days robbing tombs and raiding temples, so she hadn’t paid much mind to the ominous warning imparted to her by the mysterious junk-dealer who had first sold her the map: “Beware the lair of the lizard king! Things dwell there that shouldn’t be!”

“Typical superstitious local,” mumbled Hannah. Rumors persisted that these caves were the home to a tribe of subterranean troglodytes from the primordial mists of history, but Hannah scoffed at the very idea. Clearly someone was just spreading those rumors to keep intruders out of these caves, probably so that they could claim the legendary treasure for themselves!

Hannah’s thoughts were interrupted by a sudden noise behind her. She made to turn, but it all happened too quickly: Suddenly they were upon her! But no, it couldn’t be! They were just a legend, weren’t they? But Hannah couldn’t deny the evidence of her own eyes as dozens of large scaly humanoid reptiles suddenly swarmed out of the darkness, grabbing at her with clawed hands. Hannah resisted as much as she could – the brutes had knocked the gun from her hands before she knew what was happening – but fighting was pointless! There were too many of them!

“Get offa me, you monsters! Let go! Help! Help!”

For a few terrifying moments, Hannah thought she was a goner. Surely these monsters would devour her instantly to satisfy their monstrous appetites! But soon she realized that they weren’t hurting her. They were pawing at her roughly, yes, and poking at the exposed flesh of her belly with their thorny talons, but they didn’t seem to intend her harm. They mostly seemed… curious.

“Guess it must be the first time you lot have ever seen a human!” said Hannah as the motley crew of reptilian creatures roughly pushed her around. “Can’t say I’ve ever seen one of you guys before either. Ugh, hope I’m more impressive to you than you are to me… cuz I can’t say you’re easy on the eyes!”

The lizard men pushed Hannah forward until she was standing in front of one, older and more wizened than the rest, wearing the remnants of a sacerdotal robe and a towering bejeweled mitre.

“This must be their leader,” mumbled Hannah to herself as the mitre-wearing lizardman took her chin in her clawed hand and turned her head this way and that, as if to inspect her. “Or maybe their hierophant. Whatever, this guy’s gonna be in charge.”

The hierophant barked an order to the other lizard men and they pushed Hannah to her knees.

“Whoa! Hey, hands off, pal!” snapped Hannah. “You guys are awfully rough! Listen…” She addressed herself to the hierophant. “Hey, buddy, I can tell by the way that you’re dressed that you must be the head honcho here, so, c’mon, I’m sure we can work out some kind of deal… Er, what’s that you’ve got there?”

She had just noticed that the hierophant held, clutched in his claws, a large ceremonial bowl filled with a strange semi-gelatinous substance, some sort of strange nectar. It was probably just a trick of the dim light, but Hannah couldn’t help but think it sort of resembled Neopolitan ice cream? The hierophant shoved it at her face with a commanding growl.

“I hope you’re not expecting me to EAT that,” said Hannah, wrinkling her nose at the thought of eating anything these creatures offered her. “I’m actually kind of on a diet and—glug!!”

Hannah’s protests were cut short as another lizard man roughly yanked on her hair, pulling her head backwards and forcing her mouth open. The hierophant tipped the bowl and poured the nectar between Hannah’s parted lips. What the hell?!?! It was… great!! Hannah’s eyes bulged in surprise and she forgot to struggle. She had never tasted anything so delicious! Whatever this was, she wanted more! More! More! What was happening to her? She was a responsible, mature woman, independent and intelligent and completely in control of her emotions… so why did she suddenly feel like nothing else mattered except lapping up as much nectar as she could get into her mouth?

“Mmmmfff,” muttered Hannah, her eyelids heavy and her tongue lolling as she slopped up as much of the sweet sweet syrup as she could. Nectar dribbled down her chin and splattered across her cheeks, and she was so very disappointed when the floor stopped.

“Goddamn,” she huffed. “I dunno what you lizards put in that, but it was… oh Jeez!”

Hannah looked down at herself in shock. She was used to only seeing her ample bosom, testing the bounds of her tops, when she looked down, but now she could see her belly, full and round, sticking out proudly beyond her bustline. She looked massively pregnant! How much of that nectar had she drunk? She wanted to touch her belly, to make sure it was really her and not some illusion, but the lizard men still held fast to her arms. Gawd, she felt good, though! The nectar was warm and comforting in her stomach, filling her up to the brim with good feelings. Her head felt pleasantly fuzzy, her cheeks felt pleasantly warm, and her pussy… Jeez! Her plump little pussy felt pleasantly moist in her pants. What the hell was wrong with her? Was she actually getting horny, down here in this cave with all these weird lizards? It’s gotta be a side effect of the nectar, she told herself, but it hardly mattered. Whatever the reason, she was feeling really turned on!

“Oh no, you guys are gonna ruin my girlish figure if you let me have too much of that nectar!” said Hannah. “Jeez, I didn’t think I drank THAT much, but… ooof… I’m really feeling it! Gawd, I’m full, my belly has never felt this heavy… what are you guys planning now?”

Her question was answered as she felt strong hands grab the sides of her butt, sinking deep into her soft womanly flesh… and then suddenly tear her jeans apart at the seams, the denim fraying like tissue paper under those sharp claws. Her panties were the next to go, shredded into ribbons, and her

“Oh hell no, you guys can’t be serious!” scolded Hannah. “I know what you’re all thinking and I’m just not that kind of girl! If you want to get anywhere with me, I mean, at least have the courtesy of buying me some dinner first!” She burped, the rough handling of the lizard men having jostled her full belly. “I mean a real dinner, that nectar hardly counts! Aw jeez guys be careful! I’m awfully full!”

Hannah grimaced, feeling her cheeks flush red as she felt the lizard men roughly squeeze the soft flesh of her plump round ass. Her full moon was visible through her ripped jeans and shredded panties and she would have been more embarrassed if there were people around to witness her situation… but at the very least, these lizard men were all nude, right? So she didn’t need to feel THAT shy around them.

Oh Jeez, and were they ever nude!

Hannah tried not to stare, but she was so horny now that she couldn’t help but glance downwards. These guys were hung! Every lizard man had a massive, swollen member dangling between his legs. Even the smallest of the lot had a hog bigger than any man that Hannah had ever been with. Dang! With cocks like that, how could this species have ever gone extinct? Hannah wondered idly what it would feel like to take one of those big, big cocks, to feel it big and thick and turgid inside her, filling her up until she was screaming in a combination of pleasure and pain. Gawd, her pussy felt like it was on fire she was so desperately horny! Despite herself, she started to writhe against the floor, pushing out her ass behind her almost as if she was offering herself to these lizard things for their pleasure. She left a wet trail of desire across the cave floor as she moved. Gawd, she was so incredibly wet! She NEEDED some lizard dick and she needed it now!

“What the fuck??” muttered Hannah under her breath. “Get yourself together, gal! You’re in a dire predicament. These lizard monsters are probably ready to eat you and you’re fantasizing about a reptile deep dicking! Jeez, I know it’s been a while since we’ve been with a guy but… I didn’t think we were THIS hard up that we’d be ogling lizard dick!”

But she was, she absolutely was! She couldn’t help herself… When the first lizard man approached her, his cock throbbing and turgid, Hannah practically threw herself at him. She needed to feel him inside her!

“Gawd, c’mon, baby, give me that big ol’ lizard dick,” she moaned as the lizard man shoved her face down and her ass up. “Ride me like a… like a…” Hannah struggled to think of an appropriate analogy; what WOULD a lizard man ride after all? But soon she didn’t know and she didn’t care. As the lizard man slid his scaly member into her, she yelped out loud, her fingers scrabbling at the cave floor for something to hold onto. Oh Jeez!! This was even better than the nectar! He kept coming, pushing deeper into her, the scales on his dick teasing her like the ridges on a ribbed-for-her-pleasure condom. And the dick… kept… COMING!! Every moment she was certain that he must be entirely inside her but there was just more and more of him, filling her up more and more, until she was certain she couldn’t take anymore! And then he started to thrust!! Hanna’s brain felt like it was going to short circuit from pleasure!!

“Oh Gawd! Oh Gawd!” moaned Hannah, her eyes crossing and tongue lolling in ecstasy as the lizard man roughly pounded her from behind. Despite her earlier protestations, Hannah couldn’t help herself!

She couldn’t hold back an ecstatic scream as the lizard man exploded inside her with such force that she nearly popped off his dick. She could only gasp and pant as she slid out of her, his departing scales massaging her insides to keep her completely blissed out as he exited.

“Oh shit… wow… I need some time… to recover from that… but, damn, a girl could get used to that!”

Hannah wobbled forward, her palm flat against the cave wall for support. Her formerly flat belly now bulged in front of her, big and round as a globe, full of nectar and lizard cum. She was huge! Her gut was so heavy now that she felt like it might just drag her forward and she’d fall to the ground, but she forced herself to maintain her balance out of fear that her overloaded middle might pop like a water balloon if she hit the ground with too much force.

“Huh? What?” Hannah blinked in confusion as another lizard man placed a hand on her shoulder, grunting in her ear. “Oh, you too, huh?” She looked down at this lizard man’s member. It was equally impressive.

“Well, I’m a little worn out… and a little full!” She said as she patted her bloated middle. “But I think I could go for another round…”

And she did. And another after that. And another. And another. How many lizard men had fucked her? She’d completely lost count. The only thing that mattered was that it felt better than anything she had ever experienced before! The lizard men were pounding her pussy hard, sending waves of ecstasy through her body, all while that hierophant kept returning to pour more nectar down her throat. Hmmmm, delicious! It was all soooo good… Hannah only knew that she wanted more, more, MORE!! She was vaguely aware now that she must have endured dozens of deep dicking fucks from these horny lizard men, to the point that her belly was swollen up with their seed like she was an overinflated cum balloon. What a ridiculous idea! But still, there was her monstrously distended belly right in front of her, sloshing and rippling with its heavy payload, as distinct proof of her situation. It didn’t help that the hierophant kept feeding her, prying open her jaws as she gasped and grunted in the exertion of love-making to shove more nectar into her greedy gullet. It was all combining to make her grow… bigger and bigger! Hannah wasn’t sure what was happening anymore, she was only vaguely aware of her size. But all the feedings were making her pack on extra pounds quickly, her breasts ballooning until they burst the buttons of her overloaded blouse and her ass spreading until it filled the cave passageway. Her belly was growing too, but whether she was piling on fat from all that delicious nectar or… was it because of… some other reason? Hannah couldn’t tell.

Eventually, she began to wonder, though. How long had she been here? How many lizard men had fucked her? What… what was she doing?

Hannah’s mind reeled. She had lost all sense of time here in the darkness of the deep cave. Even worse, though, she had lost all sense of scale. She only occasionally caught glimpses of herself when the lizard men returned to feed her. In the torchlight, she could see the mountains of her breasts before her and the immense dome of her belly beyond that. Even without light, she knew she was enormous. She could sense her size, feel her flanks pressing into the walls of the cavern, know that she was so big and bulky that she could barely move. She was an enormous mountain of flesh, her belly so swollen with new life that she felt like her skin just might split every time she inhaled a shallow breath. She could feel the lizard babies sliding wetly under her skin, filling her womb to its utmost limits, so that it was a relief every time the labor pains hit and she was able to squeeze out a couple new births. But the relief was short lived. She was a breeder now, to be used for the propagation of this antediluvian dinosaur race and the pleasure of its males. Her purpose was to bear young and every time that she felt like she might just empty her womb enough to gain some small amount of mobility -- just enough to stand up! That’s all she needed! – the lizard men were back and fucking her silly. Gawd! She would be more upset about the situation if the sex weren’t so incredibly good… In the spaces between fuckings, when there was nothing to do but lie there, incapacitated by her own ballooning girth, guzzling daily offerings of the lizard men’s special nectar, all she could do was to fantasize about the next time that some young acolyte of the lizard hierophant would be chosen to ride her hard.

Mmmm, that sounded good… She could feel her nethers tinging at the thought… As much as she hated to admit it to herself, she was addicted to the pleasure: a life of being fed and plumped and pampered and fucked until she was a massive heaving broodmare of a woman, her useless atrophied arms and legs enveloped in pillows of flesh, her blimped watermelon-heavy breasts triggered by her eternal pregnancy to balloon with milk until the pressure was maddening her mammoth belly a heaving galleon of squirming spawn, her whole being primed for motherhood. Her mind was a constant buzz of overstuffed, overfucked euphoria, so addled with endorphins that she couldn’t think of anything beyond her next fucking. Gawd, when would that come? She clenched her toes and waggled her pudgy hands in annoyance, but other than that what could she do?

“Mmm…more… I’m so… I need more…” she mumbled between plump lips now squished into a bow by her cherub-like cheeks. “Please… I’m soo… I need to be fucked… hard…”

The lizard priest nodded as he dribbled another helping of nectar into her mouth; she lapped it up eagerly, grunting like the greedy obsessed hog she that was. She couldn’t tell if he understood. He probably didn’t. What was the chance that this ancient monster could understand English? But it didn’t matter. She knew it was only a matter of time until the next round of studs came down here to the birthing chamber to plant their seed in her. Gawd, she couldn’t wait!

Maybe she’d never found that fabled treasure. But she had sure found something much better!

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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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