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922 words.

<Threshold>

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Chapter Three

“K-kyle...” he stammered.

Kyle was an admirer of larger women, always had been, big boobs were great, round booties, excellent but there was nothing like a fat woman with a big belly to him. It was something he had always had inside and always craved. He had had a few women and they were chubby but there was a lot of social interaction that happened at his work that he had to involve himself in and everyone there was barely over 140 lbs, a massive far cry from the size he fantasised about. There was something about the gluttony of it all, the indulgence, the giving into the temptation. He was a massive fan of it all and the woman who just sat down next to him was an embodiment of that to him.

She wore a red dress, it was very striking and catching, clearly there was no lack of confidence from her, especially at her size, which Kyle could only guess was north of 250 lbs, her boobs bulged in the low cut number, they bulged over the cups and together, to even attempt to navigate between them

would require a lot of squishing. Something that Kyle would've fantasized more about if it wasn't for the fact that he couldn't stop his eyes from moving onto the next thing. Her stomach was fat, there were distinct rolls, a clear double belly was present, and she wore it with pride, like a badge of honour or something. Her thick and meaty thigh was squished against his much thinner leg, and he could see that her belly was resting on those thick thighs, an inch or two over and her belly would be resting on his leg.

How he wanted that.

“Well... Kyle... if you're done eye fucking me, I'd think I'd like to talk to you for a bit, if you would indulge me.”

The way she said the word indulge, it was as if she knew how much it got to him. He almost let out an audible groan.

“Well, I can clearly see you enjoy a woman with a bit more of a fuller figure shall we say...”

Kyle's face was red and blushing, but he was quickly feeling it fade as he stared back at the woman teasing him. He nodded.

“Well, that was certainly brave.” She nudged his arm with her elbow.
“Brave boys get a nice reward.”

Before Kyle could react his face was buried between her tits. The soft expanse of them blocked his air waves and he tried his best to hold his breath for as long as possible before he felt her yank him back out.

Kyle was hard, he was stunned and gasping for breath.

“A nice reward?”

Kyle nodded. "Very."

"You are usually the confident one I see." She poked his midriff feeling her finger sink in. "Albeit it a bit lazy."

It was like she was psychoanalysing him.

"I'm not very well disciplined." She chuckled, laying the charm on thicker now. He was sitting straight, he draped his arm around her shoulder, enjoying how his fingers pressed into her soft skin.

"Well, I think I've got about everything I need..."

"Huh?"

"Just one more thing for you, seeing as you're such a good sport."

Kyle couldn't react before she grabbed his free hand and pressed his palm against her stomach. It was soft, jiggly, yielding to his fingers,

"You aren't even really squeezing... Come on... When have you ever felt a belly like this?" Her words dawned around his head for a few seconds before he started to grab and grope her there at the bar. Her fat oozed between her fingers, and he gave a testing shake of the fat roll in hand.

"You're going to enjoy your stay here Kyle..." As quick as she started this, she pushed him back and stood up. "Don't follow me..." She started to walk away, her gargantuan fat ass jiggling as she walked through the big door into the lobby.

The barkeep placed a single beer on the bar and looked to serve the next person.

Kyle was left confused and horny. He grabbed the cold beer and wiped

some of the cold condensation from the glass on his brow to cool him down.

What the fuck just happened...

Kyle tried to let it go, he drank the first beer and tried to relax but even after the second he was still more than a little spooked, Kyle left the bar and headed back to his room, he was feeling strange, there was some sort of haze in his mind,

I can't be that tipsy after two beers...

His thoughts raced and panicked through a list of scenarios that were more than enough to keep him awake all night, however thankfully for him, the day's travels and seemingly those beers were making him feel drowsy.

Walking into the room, he saw the connecting door was still open and he looked through on his walk to the bed, which was practically begging him to lay down, and he saw Hana.

Still working... it's almost 6...

He laid on the bed, staring through the door he saw some packets of crisps and two cans of something looking very bubbly and sugary.

Hana doesn't drink those...

He lifted his head and looked closer.

She doesn't eat junk food either...

His strength was waning, and he felt his eyes getting heavy. The last thing he heard before falling asleep was the gentle sound of Hana crunching.