

Corpulent Cass and the Irradiated Sugar Bombs

The peace brought to the Mojave by the courier meant many things. Aside from making the wasteland slightly less dangerous, the end of the war brought a chance for the ones that helped create a more stable New Vegas to go out on their own. While some had merely done it out of revenge, a higher calling, or out of love, there was one who did it all for the sake of reviving something she once thought was long dead.

Sitting in a patient room at the New Vegas clinic, Cass couldn't help thinking about her business. The red head still had her brimmed cap balanced on her head; something she had planned to make a trademark of her renewed Cassie Caravan. Caps hadn't been an issue, evidenced by the new, leather coat on her shoulders going along with her red flannel shirt. Nor did she have an issue with getting her hands dirty as shown through the scuffs on her jeans or well-maintained shotgun. At the moment, the major reason her renewed business venture had come to a halt was all from the hungry rumbles coming from her stomach.

As the red head stared down at her rose pendant to try and get her mind off of her bizarre situation, Dr. Usanagi made her appearance. "I just got the test results in," she said, trying to keep a straight face as her fingers tightly grasped her clipboard. "They're not good."

"I could already tell you that," Cass said, gesturing towards the sizable potbelly sticking out the front of her shirt. "Not like I could expect any different when I ate a box of irradiated Sugar Bombs."

"The good news is that there is no immediate danger to your life," the doctor explained. "If anything, your vitals are better than ever."

“Great,” Cass said as she grasped at her extra belly fat. “I’ll be sure to get a hold as many of those radiation-filled pieces of crap as possible and sell them all across the wasteland. What’s the bad news?”

“Well, it looks like the majority of the effects have drastically altered your metabolism. Ergo why you’ve been having such intense food cravings.”

“Thank god I have the supplies to spare to keep up with them too,” Cass commented. “Any other poor bastard in the wasteland would have starved to death by now. So, do you have something that can counteract it?”

“No...sorry.”

Cass let out an exasperated sigh. She knew what the answer would be, but part of her still held out hope for a more permanent solution. Taking a few seconds to stare down at her gut and see it jiggle in place, she eventually brought her gaze back to the doctor. “Is there anything I can do to at least keep this thing in control?”

“Radaway and Rad-X may take some of the cravings off,” the doctor explained. “Other than that, all I can say is that you’ll have to try to counteract the increased appetite with regular exercise and ingesting low calorie of food.”

“Get plenty of exercise running the caravan,” Cass mentioned as she stood back up. “As for the latter, the wasteland doesn’t really give the privilege of choosing what I eat all the time.”

“It was just a suggestion,” Usanagi pointed out, barely flinching as her patient handed over a group of caps for the check-up. “Come back here in a few weeks and we’ll do another test. You never know what could happen.”

“Thanks doc,” Cass said, tipping her hat before she stepped back outside.

Waiting for the caravan owner were a number of her employees. The men and women armed to the teeth with weapons she had just bought, were currently busy tending to the Brahmin. Peeking around to make sure the packs were secure and everything was still in place, Cass made her way to her own, personal stash. Reaching inside, she helped herself to some jerky to take care of the rumbling sensation that had been plaguing her ever since she had stepped inside the clinic.

“Dammit,” she muttered to herself in-between bites. “And just as I was getting my business of the ground.”

As she continued to eat through the dried meat, Cass’s mind spread out to think of a solution. While the doctor had helped in the diagnosis, she highly doubted that any cure would come in time. The only person she could rely on these days was the courier. As much as she hated asking for favors, the lingering hunger in her stomach tried to tell her that it didn’t matter how low she had to stoop. All that mattered was that she would take care of her ravenous appetite.

Cass’s fierce chewing of her jerky demanded that she kept reaching into her pack for more. This lasted until her fingers looked around the pouch and only found lingering crumbs. Peeking onto the sack and seeing that she had completely emptied it out, she wiped her face clean with the back of her hand. Trying to ignore the lingering hunger still growling in her stomach, she tried to banish it with a glug of water from her canteen.

“Focus, Cass,” she muttered to herself before whistling to grab the attention of her employees. “Don’t worry about your body. What matters right now is the business. I can’t let the caravan down. Not after I put so much work into bringing it back from the dead.”

Cass thought that she could control herself. After all, you didn’t survive out in the wasteland without having at least a semblance of durability. On top of that, she had the extra motivation of assuming that her business’s success rode on her ability to help them out. However, there was only so much of her own endurance and desire to make her caravan thrive that could be used to keep herself in check. Eventually, her condition caught up to her.

Sitting underneath a flickering bulb, Cass tried to drown her sorrows in a bottle of whiskey. Whenever she could summon the strength to lift up her head, she was met with the gloomy sight of the Atomic Wrangler’s interior. While it was a reprieve from the Mojave, the few gamblers lingering around the place did little to lift her spirits. If anything, their presence only made it harder to forget her troubles thanks to their eyes constantly glancing over to her.

Over the course of a month, the caravan owner had easily doubled in weight. The over 200 pounds of fat had spread around her body to leave her definitively chubby. The once loose flannel shirt now had to contend with both her breasts having gone up three cup sizes and her doughy gut sticking out between her buttons. Constant adjustments had to be made in order to properly fit her cushiony rear on the rickety bar stool. Giving up once she felt her ass fat start to strain her jeans, she let out a heavy sigh and let another gulp of booze go down her throat and slip over her two chins.

“So, the rumors were true,” called out a voice from behind the counter.

Furrowing her brow, Cass lifted up her pudgy face to see a familiar woman clad in a grey suit staring at her. “The hell do you want, Francine?”

“Mainly just to see what a former hire and supposed savior of New Vegas is up to these days,” the woman replied as she looked up and down Cass’s form. “You’ve certainly let yourself go.”

“Is that how the Garret siblings treat all of their paying customers?” Cass said, eyeing up both the remainder of her bottle and the door.

“When they’re as big as you,” Francine replied, stepping out from behind the counter to block the chubby woman’s escape route. “But I’m not here to critique your eating habits. I’ve come to make a deal.”

Cass let her hand drift towards the gun hidden beneath her love handles. “What kind of a deal?”

“One that I think that a businesswoman like yourself should consider. Tell me, what happened to your caravan?”

The question made Cass’s fingers twitch. “It’s doing better than ever.”

“Then why are you in here?”

Cass let out a heavy sigh that made her chub jostle within the confines of her tight clothing. “Because I’m nothing more than a liability. I’m not much of a fighter anymore. And I can’t be trusted to even count the cargo. On more than one occasion, I ended up eating our merchandise because of this damn thing,” she continued, pinching at her surplus of belly fat.

“That is a pretty sad look for a business owner,” Francine coldly stated.

“I... ended up giving control of the caravan over to someone else by the name of Boone,” Cass finally admitted. “Bit of a hard ass, but he’s keeping it going while I try to get something resembling a cure for my condition.”

“And what are you doing for caps in the meantime?” Francine pressed. “You said yourself that you’re not fit for combat anymore.”

“Workers from the caravan stop by once a month to give me my cut as partial owner,” Cass begrudgingly answered, hoping it would be enough to get the casino owner off her back. “It’s not much, but it should keep the lights on in my home.”

“And what about food in your belly?” Francine asked, daring to push her finger into Cass’s belly. “Can’t imagine you get this kind of body without some pretty large meals.”

The sneer from Cass’s mouth was overshadowed by a growl from her stomach. Pushing Francine’s hand away, she tried rubbing at her belly in an attempt to calm it down. She knew that she was starving for a meal. However, she had already downed an entire Brahmin steak an hour prior to entering the Atomic Wrangler. Gritting her teeth, she tried to will away the pain in the hope that, if she endured, she might finally lose weight.

A clink on the counter momentarily distracted Cass from her struggle. Turning her head, she couldn’t stop a line of drool leaking from her lips as she spotted a collection of kabobs laid out in front of her. As with most food in Freeside, it didn’t do much good to ask what each chunk of meat came from. That came in handy as she finally gave into her struggle and began devouring the kabobs without a second thought.

“You must not be getting enough food to keep up with that appetite,” Francine said, poorly hiding her smug smile as she watched the caravan owner make a pig of herself. “If you want to survive, you’re going to need another steady income of caps. Something, a bit less dangerous while still making use of your skills.”

Taking in three chunks at once, Cass swallowed. “What did you have in mind?”

“Gamblers and drinkers can only bring in so much income for our respectable business,” Francine explained. “The really money lays in alternative forms of entertainment.”

Right on cue, a moan echoed out from an upstairs room with a door opened just a few inches. As the sound petered off, the other patrons merely shrugged it off and went about her duties. The noise was something that was a common occurrence in the Atomic Wrangler. Especially when someone was heavy on caps and in much need of some relief.

“Not everyday you see someone with a body like yours in the wasteland,” Francine commented. “I’ve had a few requests from people thinking that you were on staff. Rather than turn them down, what would you say to giving them a chance to sample the fantasy of easy living at the cost of some caps?”

Prior to the Sugar Bomb incident, Cass would have outright rejected the offer. However, that decision became harder as she recollected how difficult it was to deal with the other urges of her larger figure. Something she had failed to mention to Francine was more than one occasion of her having to shirk caravan duties in order to find a private area to get herself off. Hearing yet another moan, she could feel that very same desire work alongside the lingering hunger in her stomach.

“Tell me more,” Cass demanded, ignoring the smug look on Francine’s face as she took another bite of her kabob.

No matter how many times Cass put on the dress, she still couldn’t quite get used to it. A far cry from her usual attire, the red, skimpy gown hid very little of her hefty figure. The fabric had a knack for getting sucked into the folds of her engorging belly if she turned the wrong way. While the top of the garment was meant to merely tease her cleavage, the sheer heft of the F-cup mammaries left very little to the imagination. Doing a small twirl before the mirror, she winced as the bottom part of the gown stuck to her chunky ass cheeks.

Making use of her thick fingers, Cass attempted to fix up the wrinkles caused by her hefty body. No longer having to hold back on her hunger had been liberating at first. That was before the thickening of her arms and legs made her usual wardrobe completely unusable. Stuck with whatever the Garret siblings provided her, she was constantly told that what they picked was whatever would be best for her business. At this point, the only thing of her own choosing was one of the few items she could still wear.

“Hey Cass,” Francine said as she poked her head into the room.

“Didn’t I tell you to knock first?” Cass asked, putting her hands on her sizable hips.

“Part of my duty as your boss means I can come in whenever I want,” Francine replied.
“Especially when someone makes a call for you. You have a client waiting downstairs.”

Cass let out a sigh. “What do they want this time?”

“The usual food and fuck special,” Francine answered. “Go down there and give the soldier boy some good attention. If he enjoys it enough, he’ll be dragging the rest of his squad down to plow your fat ass.”

As the door slammed shut again, Cass let out a sigh. The degradation she felt about her new career path was one usually undone by the promise of more food and sex. While she enjoyed both now more than ever thanks to her altered figure, there was an undeniable shame in having to do it instead of working for the caravan. Realizing that it would be several weeks until the next time her share of the profits would come in, she adorned herself with her hat and stepped out.

It was a relatively uneventful night for the Atomic Wrangler. Aside from the regulars, the main group that stood out to her was a collection of NCR troops sitting around the bar. While a few of them were busy gambling or getting drunk, one in particular poorly hid the way he noticed her arrival. Spotting her “partner” for the evening, Cass strolled down to the bottom floor and sauntered up to him.

“What’s your name?” Cass bluntly asked.

“P=private Peterson, mam,” the young man replied, his inexperience showing through his thick rimmed goggles. “Are you the, uh, escort for tonight?”

“See anyone else around here with a beer belly?” Cass replied, taking his shaking hand and pressing it up against her gut. “Let’s not waste any time. Come with me.”

Taking the nervous soldier by the hand, Cass led him up the stairs and into her room. Once the door was shut behind him, she made him stay in place as she sauntered over to the bed. Ensuring that his eyes were glued to each jiggle of her buttocks, she spread out across the

mattress. Turning over, she made a gesture with her pudgy fingers, first towards her client and then towards the food tray Francine had left for her.

“Yes, mam,” the soldier said, giving a salute before carrying over her meal for the evening.

For this session, the Garret twins had provided Cass with a standard assortment of meat chunks for her to indulge in. She let out a chuckle when she spotted a roasted squirrel on a stick in-between portions of Brahmin steak and fried Radroach meat. Her mood remarkably improved once she located the bottle of whiskey included for her. While the intention was for her to share a few glasses with the client, she needed something to take the edge off.

“Well go on,” Cass said as she took a swig directly from the bottle. “You already paid the caps, so get stuffing. Your choice on which hole first.”

Knowing why most people hired her, Cass wasn’t surprised when the soldier brought a hunk of meat up to her face. Heeding the desires of both him and her stomach, she didn’t hesitate gobbling up the morsel within a matter of seconds. Swallowing up the meat just in time for the other portion, she made a show of letting her fingers squeeze and prod at her flesh. With each helping she wolfed down, she could feel her client’s manhood becoming harder each time he “accidentally” bumped his hips against her.

“Come on,” Cass said between bites. “Get naked and go at it before you make a mess in your pants.”

Without hesitation, Private Peterson did as he was told. Giving Cass one last hunk of meat to devour, he wasted little time sliding his cock up against her womanhood. A jolt of his hips sent her fat into a jiggling spree that kept going while he caught his breath. Moving himself

back and forth, his growing confidence showed in how he reached out to grasp at her breasts. Sinking into the meaty mammaries and going inside of her as far as his cock could reach, he inevitably reached his climax.

Feeling her client's face plop against her belly fat, Cass let out a groan. Helping herself to another swig of whiskey, she laid there as she waited for him to recover. She had no idea if he would be able to go the full hour. Even if he did, she had her own backup plans to keep her body's needs satiated until her next client came to call on her services.

Thanks to an influx of customers and their loose caps, the Atomic Wrangler had seen a massive boost in popularity. With more money than they knew what to do with, the Garret twins re-invested into their establishment to make it bigger and better. While they did have plans to buy up the surrounding property in order to expand their offerings, for now they had to focus on investing enough caps to put on a show sure to entrance more people to visit. Thankfully, they knew just who to put front and center.

Seated backstage, taking up the majority of a couch with her girth, Cass tried to get herself motivated to perform. Harkening back to the troubles of pre-war era, she was stuck dealing with weight problems again. It wasn't for people hating her doughy, over 600-pound gut. If anything, the way her fat had enhanced her chest into a pair of K-cup capable of smothering a man to death earned her envious looks from her coworkers. The problem was that as her weight and popularity grew, so too did the desire of her bosses to put her into more and more humiliating outfits.

Heaving herself up from the couch, Cass waddled her way over to her mirror. With her red hair let down into locks long enough to reach her girthy hips, she had to push them aside to get a full look. Her distaste for the tight, leather outfit and chains holding it together was just barely outweighed by the amount of caps she was promised for putting it on. Especially since it looked specifically chosen for a woman two sizes smaller than her.

The former caravan owner had been told that the skimpy clothing had been taken from Gomorrah. This immediately explained why the only thing keeping her breasts covered up were a pair of black x's made out of a sticky material right over her plump nipples. While the pasties hid very little of her plump areolae, the chains around her chunky torso kept in place a tight wrap of leather that had been squeezed around her mid-section. With a similarly stretched out pair of short shorts positioned to leave the bottom part of her chunky rear-exposed, it didn't take a genius to realize that this was all chosen for the purpose of showing her off like a piece of prized meat.

"Hey there's our star for the evening," James announced, the man wearing a grey suit and with his black hair slicked back having easily taken to the role as Cass's manager. "Ready to give the people an unforgettable performance?"

"Depends," Cass began, swiveling her hips to the side to stare him down, "you got what I asked for?"

"All set up in your room," James answered. "And a little extra for drawing such a big crowd."

“Now you’re talking,” Cass said, donning her cowboy hat as she stomped over to the edge of the stage. “Just make sure whatever lucky bastard gets me tonight knows what they’re getting. Last one walked out after calling me part Brahmin.”

“You got it, super star,” James said, walking ahead of her to greet the audience.

“Yeah,” Cass muttered to herself as he walked away. “A real BIG star.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” James announced as he stepped in front of crowd. “The Garret twins are proud to welcome you to the Atomic Wrangler. Without any further delay, allow me to introduce the one, the only...CORPULENT CASS!”

Cass could barely hear the sound of the music starting to play thanks to the roar of the crowd. Still, she waddled her way onto the stage to make her grand debut. Even without doing much, just the sight of her fatty body jiggling with each stomp was enough to keep the crowd entertained. Putting on a soft smile to avoid killing the mood, she made her way towards the front to give them just a little more reason to waste all of their caps.

Reaching the metal pole in the center of the stage, Cass wrapped her pudgy fingers around it. Keeping a tight grip, she began to slowly swing herself around. Though her movement was slow, her building speed was felt as the fat contained by her suit struggled to break free. She could feel the fabric starting to break but couldn’t hear it over the building cheers. Just as she felt like both her outfit and the audience’s excitement had hit their peak, she decided to give them the apex of her performance.

Pressing her meaty ass cheeks up against the pole, the pudgy performer squatted down as much as her thick thighs would allow. While she couldn’t get much further, her belly managed to hit the stage as it burst free from her clothing. Pushing herself a little more treated the crowd to

the sight of her shorts being torn apart by the wobbling of her ass cheeks. Slowly rising back to her full standing height, she shook off the shredded remains of her outfit with a few wobbles of her flabby form. Standing there with only her pasties and the sheer girth of her gut to keep herself decent, she nodded her hat to the crowd as she waited for the next phase to begin.

“I do hope you all enjoyed the warmup,” James began as she strolled up next to her. “However, I think we all know what you’re really here for.” Pulling back his hand, he swung it through the air to create an echoing SMACK as he hit Cass’s backside. “Let’s start the offers at 500 caps!”

Slowly pulling herself back up with one hand while the other rubbed her sore backside, Cass managed to listen in by the time the caps hit double the base value. Looking out at the crowd, seeing so many hands shoot up with higher and higher numbers, she tried to take pride in that her demonstration was a success. However, any sense of accomplishment she could summon had to contend with some of the less savory people she spotted making bids. Rather than bemoan what awful “partner” the Garret twins would sell her to this evening, she tried to do her part by constantly jostling her flesh.

“Going once...going twice...aaaaaaaand SOLD! 2500 caps to the woman in the back!” James announced. “Come up and claim your prize!”

Parting through the crowd with minimal effort was a man sporting a set of leather armor and a spiky mohawk. The gruff individual looked to come from a raider gang with the mean look in his eyes and the pistol around his waist. Cass’s anxiousness about his presence was replaced with intrigue as the mystery man was joined by a woman adorned in a bright pink dress that drastically clashed against her partner. Her flowing, blonde hair and the makeup carefully

painted on her face made Cass's heart skip a beat as she and the dangerous looking man came up on the stage.

"Hold on," James said as he stepped between the pair and Cass. "The lady is the one that made the bid," he explained, giving a wary eye to the gentleman's gun.

"Don't worry about him," the woman said as she stepped forward. "He's with me. No rules say that we can't share her is there?"

"Considering the caps, I'm willing to make some adjustments," James replied. "She's all yours. Head up to room 105."

"You heard her, tons of fun," the blonde said, grasping Cass's left hand. "Let's get you moving."

"Eh, don't let her scare you," the leather-clad gentleman said as he took up the red head's other hand. "After paying so many caps, we're not going to let you go to waste."

With James in charge of clearing the way, Cass was able to take her time waddling up the stairs. Men had been plentiful whenever she offered her services. However, it was rare for women to take a liking to her flabby form. She wasn't against partnering up with the same sex, but there was undeniable rust in her abilities.

Too busy focusing on how things would work for the incoming three-way, Cass didn't realize that she had entered the room until a familiar scent hit her nose. Surrounding her mattress was the agreed upon collection of various foods, most of which consisted of sweets. In between rare snack cakes and candy, there were several boxes of Sugar Bombs that seemed to stare back

at her. Letting out a groan as she realized that the Garrets had once more ignored her one exception to food, she waddled over to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Alright,” Cass said as she leaned back to display her full body. “Your choice. Food or fuck first?”

“Both,” the blonde said, making her way towards the collection and gathering up an armful of snacks.

Without a hint of hesitation, Cass swallowed up whatever snack cakes were offered up to her. In her peripheral vision she could see the leather-clad man taking his time removing his clothes. However, she was too preoccupied with the decadent sugar that danced along her tongue with each helping. She barely felt when he spread her legs and lifted up the apron of belly fat covering her groin.

Cass’s eating was eventually interrupted as the man shoved his cock inside of her. Though she was slowed by his constant thrusting, she was quick to resume her feast. She was more than willing to let her moans come out between bites. Fed delicious food and given a decent partner for the first time in a while, she was determined to play her role. Even having to take on an entire box of Sugar Bombs couldn’t interrupt her good mood.

“Hold on there,” the blonde said, taking away Cass’s next course and signaling for her partner to stop. “I think she needs to eat something else,” she added, climbing up and lifting up her skirt to show a lack of anything covering up her womanhood. “A growing girl needs a varied diet after all.”

Cass’s vision became a world of pink fabric and flesh as the blonde sat down on her face. Though her bulk could have easily tossed off the smaller woman, she showed no hesitation in

using her hungry mouth to suck and lick at the pussy. Grasping hold of the blonde's legs, she kept her in place to make sure the couple got their money's worth.

The skinny's woman's moan signaled the man to resume his own pleasure. With her two holes being put to work, Cass did her part to entice her partners further. Wrapping her legs around the man's hips, she pushed him to thrust harder and harder. Reaching up with her plump fingers, she kept the woman steady as her hungry mouth gave extra attention to her clit. While this did give the pair the euphoria they sought, it was unfortunately a few moments short of Cass receiving her own climax.

The red head couldn't help letting out a sigh as her female partner's legs quivered with ecstasy moments before she felt her own womanhood get filled up by the man. Gingerly pushing the blonde off of her face, Cass did her duty and rested her weary body on top of her belly. Once the man was released from the grip of her legs, he too climbed up to let her doughy belly give him a chance to catch his breath.

"Worth every cap," the man said, helping himself to a handful of Sugar Bombs that had been left untouched.

"I'll say," the woman said, sitting up to reach out towards a bottle of whiskey left by the bedside. "Shame we can't do this every night. But like I said, we got reason to celebrate."

"What's the occasion?" Cass asked, holding out a hand to accept her own glass of booze.

"Just got a big bonus from our employer," the man explained. "Everyone from muscles like me to desk jockeys like her are getting the benefits."

“From what I understand, that’s just how Cassidy Caravans treats its people right,” the woman said.

As the other two clinked their glasses against Cass’s stationary one, she watched in silence as they downed the liquor. It had been months since she had last received a report from her business. Regular deliveries of caps were still coming, so she didn’t have any reason to worry. However, none of the couriers had bothered to mention just how well the business was doing. It only now occurred to her that she had fattened up so much that she was unrecognizable from her former self. She couldn’t help letting out a husky laugh at the thought that people assumed that she was being paid hush money from someone in her caravan who was one of her clients.

“What’s so funny?” the man asked.

“Nothing,” Cass replied, finally letting herself enjoy the toast as she gulped down the booze. “Just enjoying the evening.” Licking the rim of the glass clean, she held it out towards the blonde. “Mind filling it up? Like you said, this is a celebration. Let’s keep it going all night. After all, you want to get your money's worth, right?”

The exterior of the Atomic Wrangler resembled something that would fit better on The Strip proper rather than Freeside. This was all thanks to the Garret twins making the most of their business opportunity to expand outwards and upwards. On top of renovations to their establishment and hiring extra security to protect their assets, they had seized the opportunity provided to them by their best employee. All it took was them asking around for ways to secure a

steady supply of an unusual batch of Sugar Bombs laced with just the right amount of radioactivity.

Within the brightly lit walls, the patrons of the establishment had to tread carefully for fear of being slammed up against one of the escorts. Each of the working men and women made their presence known through the sound of their jostling flesh and heavy strides. Clad in tight leathers to show off their hefty figures, they did not hide the fact that their baseline was 300 pounds. This made them a rare sight in the Mojave, where most people had struggled to get by on what they could scrounge up. What these plump prostitutes offered was a chance to experience a fantasy of a world where the only thing that mattered was pleasure of the flesh in the forms of food and sex.

Within her personal quarters, Cass could make out her trainees' efforts coming from the other rooms. Despite the owners' renovations, they had specifically neglected to thicken up the walls. This led to a cacophony of muffled moans and eating noises emanating throughout the building at all hours of the day. Considering where her own gluttony for feasting and fucking had led her, it was currently the only way that she could properly gauge how the other escorts were performing.

Having long passed the 1000-pound mark, Cass spent most of her time lounging on her pair of king-sized mattresses. The beds did a suitable job of keeping her blubbery form comfortable, even on the infrequent occasions she managed to fully sit up to give some air to her set of elephantine ass cheeks. More than once, someone had compared her meaty breasts to Brahmin udders and she was more than willing to take it as a compliment for how heavy the pair were, along with how sensitive her plump teats reacted to various hands and tongues. However,

the persistent parts of her body that always drew in a loyal client base were the many rolls making up her massive belly and the same old hat she always wore as her trademark.

The brimmed cap had been purposefully wedged tight around Cass's chubby cheeks in order to keep it in place for the evening's session. Rather than move her blubber-laden arms and sausage-like fingers, the group using her were more than happy to keep her going through a constant line of food going into her mouth. In-between her bites, she was more than willing to encourage further exploration of her fat with loud moans. These euphoric cries came out whether someone was shoving a cock into one of her orifices or if a daring woman took a chance to rub themselves off on one of her plump toes. This was the only way she could properly please people as a near-immobile blob. While she sometimes missed the more dynamic maneuvers of her old form, she was more than capable of pleasing full groups of twelve in her current state.

A ring at the door came shortly after the entirety of Cass's clients reached their climaxes. The sound told them that their time for the evening had come to an end. Begrudgingly pulling away from the obese woman one by one, they each received a kiss to the forehead before they had to clothe themselves and head out. Considering that each of them were wearing uniforms from the Cass's Caravans Company, she had little doubt they would return in a few days time to take advantage of the special discount she offered to her loyal employees.

"I have to admit," Francine said, stepping inside once the last client had left, "I had my doubts about your idea, but even at a lower rate, their constant visits are really adding up."

"Best way I can think to support both of my businesses," Cass replied, lifting up her head to nod her hat towards her boss. "That being said, they finished before I could. Mind sending in my 'bonus' a little early? I've got a few hours before my next session."

A shudder went down Francine's spine as she recalled seeing her brother's name on the waiting list. "Fine," she said as she stepped into the other room. "Just make sure you don't break it this time. Caps aren't an issue. It's finding a repair man who doesn't ask too many questions."

Moments later, a mechanical whir emanated through the room alongside shuffling, metal steps. From the other room stepped out a Protectotron robot complete with blue and yellow paint. The mechanical being stood out with a matching hat perched atop its glowing head and a set of special attachments. As the robot drew closer, its metal, human hands began to spring to life and warm up.

"ASSUME THE POSITION," FISTO stated.

Having already spread out her thick legs as far as they would go, Cass obliged by lifting up her belly fat to give her partner full access to nether region. Shuffling forward, FISTO dove its hands into her anus and womanhood with full strength. The initial shudder of pleasure as the robot shifted back and forth inside of her was enough to make her let out her loudest moan of the evening. Letting her belly fat drop back down, she spread herself out as she reveled in the ecstasy only made capable by her corpulent form. Thanks to her constant indulgence, the robotic motions were one of the few things that could consistently get her off these days. She couldn't complain though. Especially when this partner was so loyal to her.

Cass signaled her end with a husky, euphoric cry that sent ripples through her hundreds of pounds. Her orgasm acted as a signal for FISTO to slow down. As the robot carefully removed its hands from her, she shifted herself around to bask in the lingering euphoria. Rolling over to the side, she reached out to grasp at a bottle of whiskey left behind by her last group.

“Cheers to good business,” Cass said, toasting FISTO before taking a deep gulp. “Now come on,” she said, hastily stuffing her face with a handful of Sugar Bombs to recuperate, “I still have time and energy for plenty more.”