

## Crushing Couple Clients

Katie was more than a little anxious about her latest work assignment. Still a relatively new yoga instructor, she fiddled with her shoulder-length, dark brown hair as she drew ever closer to her clients' home. She was an ideal employee, her outgoing attitude and lithe body the perfect fit for her career. However, even with her impressive, fit form shown off by her white tube top and yoga pants, she couldn't recall ever feeling so nervous.

Driving up to the quaint, two-story house made Katie double check the address to confirm she was at the right place. She ascended the porch steps with a bag of equipment in hand, keeping eye out for a sign of her clients' extravagance. Ringing the doorbell, Katie tried to brace herself for coming face to face with a pair of former pro athletes. Watching the door open to reveal her first client, she was suddenly reminded why she had been called in the first place.

In his hay day, Rico Manchez was a star quarterback that earned a multitude of contract deals and sponsorships. One too many advertising jobs for food companies led him to losing his buff physique to the noticeably pudgier body standing in front of Katie. An undersized blue tank top did little to cover up the tanned, bulging belly that took up the majority of his nearly 600-pound body. Yanking the top down in an attempt to hide his fat rolls brought the fabric around his sagging man boobs ever closer to breaking apart. The black basketball shorts squeezed around his wide hips did an admirable job of covering up his rear, even if it did give an unflattering outline to his bubble butt. It was only by the sight of his tall stature and short cut, platinum dyed blonde hair that he resembled anything of his former self.

“Are you the yoga instructor?” Rico asked.

“Sure am,” Katie replied, shrugging off her surprised expression to get into her working mindset. “You must be Mr. Manchez. It's an honor to meet you.”

“No need to be so formal,” he said with a friendly smile upon his chubby cheeks. “You can just call me Rico.” Backing up from the door, he swung his obese form around and started waddling off into the house. “Follow me. My wife is already in the gym.”

“Right away sir,” Katie replied, stepping inside.

Traversing the halls of the house, Katie’s head kept swiveling back and forth to allow her to gander at the various awards adorning the walls. Each newspaper clipping and plaque conveyed the numerous accomplishments the power couple had accomplished. This all culminated in the glittering, diamond belt that hung over the entrance to the home gym. Recognizing the grunts coming from inside, Katie tried to keep herself calm as she got ready to meet the owner of the belt.

“Go right on in,” Rico said, opening up the door to a room with a padded, red floor and a variety of exercise equipment lining the walls.

Standing in the center of the home gym was a woman who used to reign over the wrestling world with powerful techniques that put her toned, muscular body to good use. Much like her husband, Amy’s hay days as a pro-wrestler had been buried underneath an overwhelming amount of fat from one too many free food samples from sponsors. Despite the bottom heavy, pear shape that had taken over her physique, Amy still seemed to carry the energy and ferocity of her old self as she went through her warmups. The neat bun that kept her black hair out of her eyes threatened to burst apart from the sweat beading down her forehead. Undeterred by her weight, she had chosen to wear a skimpy, red sports bra to contain her bountiful breasts while leaving plenty of room for her doughy gut to jostle about. A pair of black short shorts looked painted onto her lower half, leaving a fair portion of her massive rear

exposed. Reaching for her feet and falling a few inches short, she let out a stream of Korean curses from her plump lips.

“Hey honey,” Rico called out, stopping Amy before she attempted to touch her toes again. “The yoga instructor is here.”

“Yeah, well tell her she can piss off,” Amy snapped, keeping her butt pointed towards the door. “Last thing I need is some new age, hippie bitch telling me about my spirit flow being out of whack or some shit.”

“Honey, she’s right behind you.”

Amy abruptly turned around, narrowing her eyes as she stared at Katie. Rather than apologize, she just let out a huff and stepped aside. “Alright, let’s get this over with.”

“Sorry, she can be a bit coarse around new people,” Rico explained to Katie. “We do really appreciate you coming to help.”

“Think nothing of it,” Katie replied, putting down her bag and getting things ready. “I consider it an honor getting two athletes back into fighting shape. Let’s give it our all!”

“Appreciate the enthusiasm there, twig,” Amy commented, “but like my coach back home said, *huimang-eun dangsin-eul jigeumkkajiman.*”

Katie paused for a moment, completely lost.

“It means, hope will only get you so far,” Rico explained. “She slips into her native tongue when she’s annoyed.”

“Yeah, so the faster we can get this over with the better,” Amy added, stepping up next to Rico.

“Then let’s get started,” Katie said, her own motivation wavering in front of Amy’s brunt attitude.

Taking her place in front of the out of shape athletes, Katie tried her best to run them through the beginner's yoga course. It soon became evident that even the most routine poses and stretches were outside of their bodies' capabilities. Despite the sweaty, tired looks upon their faces, Katie attempted to keep up her motivational façade for her sake just as much as theirs.

Rico was the more willing of the two, but that didn't amount to much as he tried to recreate the warrior pose. Bending his chunky knees as far as they would go, he strained to lift his flabby arms above his head. Katie tried to keep a smile on her face as she watched him struggle to stay in position, a red flush covering every inch of his chubby face. To the relief of both of them, Katie ended the pose early, allowing him to relax and nearly stumble to the ground.

The ferocity in Amy's eyes when Katie first arrived hadn't dissipated even as she struggled just as much as her husband. An attempt at the tree pose was made, Katie doing her best to explain the pose as she stood on one leg and clapped her hands together above her head. Mere seconds after copying Katie's movements, gravity and Amy's weight conspired together to try sending her toppling down to the floor. Owing to her stubbornness, Amy gritted her teeth to keep herself in place. Despite her best efforts, her body still wobbled back and forth as she tried to remain balanced. Teetering back and forth and butt cheeks jiggling from the effort, her pose was broken as she fell backwards onto her rear.

Rushing up to Amy, Katie got there just as the last of the ripples dissipated from Amy's fat. Katie reached out a hand to help her up only to have it swatted away.

"I can get up by myself," Amy spat, picking herself up off the ground. "Just like I don't need a weakling like you to get back into shape."

"Honey, please," Rico pleaded, "she's just trying to help."

“And I didn’t ask her to!” Amy shouted, getting into position to do squats. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to get back to doing things my way. Pay her for the session and tell her to get out.”

“I’m not leaving,” Katie said, unsure of where her sudden confidence came from.

“Fine,” Amy replied, squatting down as far as her fat ass would allow. “You can stick around if you want, I’m not going to stop you. Feel free to go sit on our couch. At the very least, you can keep my seat warm for when my shows come on tonight.”

“I’m not doing that either,” Katie proclaimed, approaching her. “Whether you want to admit it or not, Rico asked me to come here today because he knows you need my help.”

“Can you be any more annoying?” Amy asked, her speed increasing along with her frustration. “Listen, I told you to get lost. Now move before I-“

Amy’s foot slipped out from beneath her, carried along by a puddle of her own sweat. Acting without thinking, Katie ran to try and catch her before she fell. Katie realized her grave mistake mere moments before Amy’s meaty rear came falling onto her face.

Feeling like she was hit with a truck overburdened with bricks, Katie found herself smothered beneath the wrestler’s butt. The muffled noises from above were barely audible as Katie’s head was wedged further between Katie’s cheeks. Though she tried to struggle free, her fit and healthy body was no match for excess fat weighing down her client. Finding herself struggling to breath and unsure how or when she would be able to escape the fleshy prison, her panicked breathing gave way to a new sensation.

Whether it was due to a lack of oxygen or the abundance of flesh, Katie’s fear became intertwined with unusual twinges of pleasure. In all her life, she had never felt this way before. The abundance of weight and the feeling of Amy pressed down on her body awakened a side of

herself she wasn't entirely sure what to do with. All she knew for sure was that part of her wanted to explore more of the behemoth backside that had squashed her, alongside the rest of Amy's body.

Katie was freed from Amy's nether region and her blossoming discovery as Rico rolled his wife off of her. "Are you okay?" he asked, looming over Katie.

"Yeah, I think so," Katie replied, taking long, heavy breaths in an attempt to recover and push away her wayward thoughts.

Rico was pushed aside by sudden bump of Amy's wide hips. "What in the hell do you think you were doing twiggy?"

"I was...trying to catch you."

"Well you did a pretty shitty job at it," she said, her harsh words coming alongside an outstretched hand to help Katie up.

Graciously accepting Amy's pudgy mitt, Katie attempted to stand up. Perhaps underestimating her weight, Amy yanked a little too hard and pulled Katie into her. Spending a few moments lodged between Amy's cleavage, Katie extricated herself and quickly turned away.

"Are you feeling alright?" Rico asked, noticing the way Katie's body shivered.

"Y-yeah, just fine," Katie replied. "Give me a moment to catch my breath and I should be able to continue."

"Nah, you should probably call it a day," Amy suggested, waddling up to her. "Most of my opponents were knocked out by hits like that. That was before I weighed more than a cow stuffed with dumb bells. You head on out. We'll still pay you for the session."

"But I-"

“I said you’re done,” Amy said, putting her hands on her hips. “Look, if it makes you leave faster, I promise to at least try follow along with your routine. Least I can do for nearly killing you. We have a deal?”

Katie paused for a moment, finding it hard to see past the look of annoyance on Amy’s face. “A-alright,” she said, gathering up her things. “See you next week then.”

“See ya,” Amy replied, waving her off as Rico led her out.

After Rico practically forced a handful of cash onto her, he made sure she was still okay before leaving her to get in her car. Sitting in the privacy of her vehicle, Katie took a moment to try and piece together what had just happened. Mind left a mess trying to deal with her new urges, she started driving home. She hoped a good night’s rest would help her put the day’s events into perspective.

---

A week long break had not been nearly long enough for Katie to forget how she felt the last time she had visited Rico and Amy’s abode. If anything, the time away had given her mind more time to dwell on how she felt that day. Out of both morbid curiosity and a sense of duty for her job, she drove back up to the house with an upbeat attitude and a goal to push away the strange feelings to get her clients back into peak condition.

Strolling up to the front door, Katie knocked and soon heard the rumbling of heavy footsteps from inside. Amy was the one to answer, peeking out of the doorway wearing her work out attire and a scornful look on her face. By the look of the sweat clinging to her flesh, she had already gone through her warmup session.

“So, you came back? Didn’t think you had the spine for it twig,” Amy said, letting out a laugh in an attempt to break some of the tension.

“Like I said, I do intend to finish what I started,” Katie replied, following Amy inside.

“Where’s your husband?”

“He’s in the home gym,” Amy said, shoving her way past Katie. “You put a lot of hope in him to get back into shape, so you’d better not fuck it up. Understand?”

“Understood,” Katie replied, following the abrasive woman into the exercise room.

True to Amy’s word, they entered the room just as Rico was busy futilely trying to do crunches. Straining his body to the limit barely got him to bend halfway. His face red and covered in sweat told Katie he was trying his best. As she took another step forward, a lurch of his body sent his belly popping out of his top. For a moment, Katie was motionless as she watched his blubber shake back and forth. Pushing back the urges rising in the back of her mind, she cleared her throat to get his attention.

“Hello Mr. Manchez,” Katie greeted as she put down her equipment back.

“Oh, hello Katie,” Rico said, holding out his hand for his wife to help get him on his feet. “Glad to see you again. I was afraid you would be scared off after Amy nearly crushed you.”

“I said I was sorry,” Amy stated without a hint of sincerity. “Besides, it was her own damn fault for being in the way.”

“Honey,” Rico said with a sigh, “we talked about this.”

“And I told you I’ll go through with the dumb ass yoga routine. Doesn’t mean I have to like it. Jenjang seong-gasin namus gaji.” Getting into position alongside Rico, she stomped her feet onto the ground.

Without Rico needing to translate, Katie could sense the animosity behind Amy’s words. Regardless, she had a job to do. “Okay, let’s resume going over the basic yoga postures. Let’s start with the mountain. Push both of your feet together and clap your hands above your head.”



Going into the pose, Katie watched her clients copy her movements. While Rico was eager to get things going, Amy did little to hide the distaste for the routine. Slowly turning her head away from Amy's gaze, Katie found her eyes drawn to the way the former wrestler's hips shook back and forth as a way to disperse some of the built up hatred. Noticing that she was staring for just a bit too long, Katie shook her head back and forth and tried to remain focused.

"Excellent job," Katie remarked, signaling for them they could relax. "Next, we're going to try out the cow pose."

"Excuse me?" Amy called out.

"It's just the name of the pose, honey," Rico explained. "It's meant to help with back posture and relieve stress."

"Exactly," Katie replied, getting down into a crouching position. "Get on your hands and knees and raise your butt into the air."

Grumbling the entire time, Amy went along with her husband to get into position. No sooner did the heavyweight couple adopt the pose did Katie realize her mistake. The pose left both of their bodies on full display, their belly fat shoved up against the padded floor. Trying and failing to bend her back had Amy's meaty rear raised up to entrance Katie's wandering eyes. Focusing on Rico didn't do much to help Katie's state of mind, mesmerized by the way his man boobs were squashed between his arms.

"T-that's enough of that one," Katie said, relieved to have the two of them get back up. "Let's um, try something a little different. We're going to be doing the downward dog."

Amy let out a loud chuckle that sent her flab into a shaking fit. "Didn't know you felt about me that way twig. Isn't it unethical to fuck your clients?"

“It’s a yoga pose, not a sex position,” Rico responded, paying no heed to the red tint on Katie’s face. “What do we need to do?”

Taking a deep breath, Katie composed herself and demonstrated the pose. “You’re going to stand up and then lean forward to have your palms press against the floor. Raise your lower body into the air and hold the position.”

Rico and Amy followed her directions to the best of their abilities. Peeking her head up, Katie was once again plagued by strange urges as she watched the couple’s fat shake as they shifted their weight to maintain their balance. Tapping her fingers against the floor and biting her lip, Katie tried in vain to dismiss her feelings.

Katie was brought back to her senses as she witnessed Rico’s body start to wobble. Standing back up, she walked over to him in an attempt to straighten his posture. Sliding her hand against his belly made her freeze as a sudden pulse of indecent thoughts spread through her mind. Recoiling from the soft plush, she accidentally tripped over his arm and fell. Looking for something to break her fall, she reached out and grabbed Rico’s belly rolls. Though her force was small, it was the tipping point needed to send him crumpling to the ground with her beneath him.

Once again, Katie was surrounded by darkness and flab. Fighting against both the immense weight and her own blossoming pleasure, she squirmed her body around in an attempt to free herself. If anything, her efforts served to further her torment, letting her feel every inch of Rico’s flesh as it encompassed her. The cleavage of his man boobs smothered her face, while his wide hips prevented her escape. Through her heavy breathing, she heard the sound of laughter coming from above.

“Amy!” Rico shouted.

“Sorry, I-I” Amy paused, overtaken by another bout of laughter. “The scrawny thing should have known better. I mean, look at her wriggle around like that. Probably flatter than a pancake underneath your keg of a beer belly.”

“All the more reason you need to help me,” Rico said, a hint of sternness added to his typically calm demeanor.

“Okay, but you have to admit this is pretty funny.”

“I mean NOW Amy. You know I can’t get up on my own.”

Amy let out a sigh. “Fine Mr. Killjoy.”

The hundreds of pounds of fat known as Rico began to shift as Amy pushed on him. Straining her muscles, Amy managed to roll him off of the trapped yoga instructor. Looming over the skinny woman, Amy paused as she noticed the flushed expression on her face. Neither of them moved, Katie needing a moment to breath and Amy looking at her like a science project. After several moments of looming over Katie, Amy let a sly smile spread across her face.

“Um, Amy? I still need some help,” Rico said, breaking up the awkward staring contest.

“Alright, alright,” Amy replied, walking over and helping Rico back onto his feet. “You hurt at all my little butterball?”

“I’m fine, one of the few perks of my extra padding. Now, please help Katie up.”

With another huff, Amy waddled over to Katie and offered her a hand. Grasping Amy’s wrist with her shaking hand, Katie was yanked upwards into the obese woman’s cleavage. Freeing herself from between her bosom, Katie looked up to be met with a malicious grin on Amy’s face. Leaning in close, Amy whispered into her ear, “I know.”

“W-what?” Katie asked, unmoving.

“I said,” Amy began, releasing Katie from her grasp, “I think we’re done for the day. You can go now.”

“Why are you-“

“Shhhhh,” Amy said, placing her finger against Rico’s lips. “I have something I want to discuss with you in private. Without the twig.”

“But what about-“

“Yeah, yeah, you’ll get your payment,” Amy said, waving Katie off without looking at her. “We’ll see you next week.”

Rather than argue with Amy, Katie silently gathered up her things and headed out. Descending the porch stairs, she thought back to what she thought Amy had said to her. Shrugging it off as just her brain being scrambled from her near-death experience, she continued to her car for a well-deserved break.

---

Well past her usual work hours, Katie once again stood in front of Rico and Amy’s house. Under the light of the slowly setting sun, she contemplated how she was going to break the news to them that she was going to stop being their instructor. On top of showing little progress in their yoga training, Katie could no longer in good faith keep visiting them with the knowledge of the urges that were welling up inside of her.

Approaching the front door for what would be the last time, she rang the bell and heard the telltale noise of one of her clients stomping towards her. Amy was the one to answer, her usual scowl replaced with a glint of malice hidden behind a soft smile. For the occasion, her body was wrapped up in a red, silk robe that showed off the curves of her body with little left to

the imagination. Biting her lip at the sight of part of Amy's belly peeking out from a gap in the robe, Katie reminded herself that she had to be professional and took a deep breath.

"Thank you for meeting with me on such short notice, especially at this hour," Katie said.

"Just get in and shut up," Amy said, slamming the door behind Katie as entered her home. "You're late. While Rico can put up with your bull shit, I cannot and will not."

"Where is he?"

"In the gym," Amy replied, pushing Katie forward with a belly bump. "So get moving twig. We have big plans for tonight."

Pushed along by the gargantuan woman, Katie traversed the halls. Unable to glance at the couple's various awards without reflecting on her failure, she kept her head down as she crossed the threshold into the gym. Her vigil of her feet ended as she wandered into Rico's back.

Pushed away by his plump posterior, she was caught by Amy. Glancing up, she saw Rico clad in a similar robe to Amy's. The meager amount of force that Katie had exerted running him to him was nonetheless enough to send ripples through his fat and further agitate the feelings inside of her.

"Stand up," Amy commanded. "Or are your scrawny legs going weak on you?"

"R-right, sorry," Katie replied, stumbling forward to get out of her grasp. "Were the two of you about to go to sleep? If so, I can come back some other-"

Katie's eyes went wide as she watched Amy fling off her robe to reveal every inch of her heavysset, pear-like figure. Turning to Rico for answers, didn't help much. While he was slower than his wife, he was able to free himself from the confines of his robe and to allow his bountiful blubber to sway about unhindered.

“What are you two doing?” Katie asked, swiveling her head back and forth between the two of them.

“This is what you wanted, right?” Rico asked, resting his hands atop his gut.

“I told you, she’s too much of a coward to come right out and say it,” Amy said, releasing her hair from her bun and letting it rest upon her broad shoulders. “We’re going to have to force it out of her.”

Bewildered by their words, Katie was too late to get out of way as the two of them trapped her between their bellies. Again, she found herself overwhelmed with a series of sensations born from the feeling of the bountiful flesh being pressed onto her body. Barely able to breath, she peeked her head up to be met with a mischievous gaze upon Amy’s face.

“Go ahead,” Amy said, pushing harder against Katie, “admit it.”

“A-admit what?” Katie asked.

“Don’t play dumb. The reason you took up this job was so you could get a chance to get hands on with our bodies. You’re not just a weak little twig, you’re a pervert too.”

“Honey, you don’t have to be so mean about it,” Rico said, accidentally helping in Katie’s smothering by pushing forward. “If that’s what she really wants she just has to say it. There’s a chance you were wrong. In that case, we’ll let her go on her way and she never has to see us-“

“I am!” Katie shouted, motivated by the possibility of missing out on experiencing their fleshy forms. “T-the reason I keep coming back and letting you crush me is because I enjoyed it.” Using what little mobility was allotted to her, she reached out and slid her fingers against the couple’s bellies. “P-please keep going. I...want to know more about this new me.”

With a snap of her fingers, Amy pulled away and let Katie fall to the ground with a thud. “There, was that so hard?” she asked, looming over Katie and relishing in the flushed expression on her face. “Now get moving twig. Take off your clothes and get ready for the ride of your life.”

Nodding her head in agreement, Katie grabbed hold of Rico to help her stand up and started to undress. Taking off her uniform further demonstrated the gap between her body and her clients’. Laying her clothes across the long forgotten set of work out equipment, she made her way back towards Amy and Rico, ready to accept her fate.

“Let’s start simple and smash your face with my ass,” Amy said, an evil glint in her eye.

“How about instead we do something soft first?” Rico suggested, taking the initiative to grab Katie before his wife could get her hands on her. “Lay down on the ground please.”

Nodding her head, Katie did as she was told and allowed Rico to bring her gently onto the floor. Left staring up at the ceiling, she watched as Rico crawled across her, his belly dragging against hers. Completely enveloped by his shadow, Katie clenched her fingers in anticipation.

“Let me know if it gets too much, okay?”

“Just get a move on,” Amy said. “I want my turn too.”

In spite of Amy’s words, Rico took his time lowering himself down on Katie. Gradually becoming surrounded by his fat rolls, Katie had to stop herself from trying to squirm away. The warm feeling of his flesh up against hers mixed with the immense weight brought her back to her euphoric state. Her feelings were exacerbated as he shifted his body back and forth, the sound of his flesh slapping together echoing from above.

Just as Katie was getting comfortable beneath Rico, she was whisked away from her pudgy paradise as Amy rolled him off. “Alright, enough with the pillow talk,” Amy said, stomping towards Katie with purpose. “Let’s give you what you really came for.”

Grabbing Katie’s arms, Amy effortlessly lifted her off the floor. Getting into a kneeling position, she locked Katie’s arms in place as she pulled her close to her chest. Katie soon found herself smothered by Amy’s bountiful fat rolls, her head given the privilege of being sandwiched between her tits.

“Come on,” Amy said, sinking Katie further between her cleavage. “Let me hear you cry for more, twig.”

“Aren’t you being a little rough with her?” Rico asked.

“This is just the warm up,” Amy replied, a bead of sweat falling down her chins to drip onto Katie’s forehead. “Although, if you want to have a turn, I’m more than happy to share my little pervert.”

Releasing Katie from her grasp, Amy gave her a push to send her stumbling towards Rico. Katie was once more engrossed by flesh, this time having the unique sensation of being enveloped by Rico’s luscious man boobs. Noticing the shivers going through Katie’s body, Rico looked up to his wife for advice. Giving him a thumbs up, he shifted Katie over to his left side.

“Sorry if this hurts,” he said, putting his arm around Katie’s chest, “Amy only showed me this move yesterday. I haven’t had a chance to try it out on a person.”

“Best way to improve is practice,” Amy commented, “now get to crushing.”

Turning his face red in the process, Rico proceeded to squeeze his chunky arms around Katie. While the effort brought a sheen of sweat to both of their bodies, the results were worth it as Katie experienced the rare sensation of his bulky appendage squeezing her closer and closer.



Just as her head became buried in his pit and it looked as though she was about to pass out, Rico let her loose.

“Not bad,” Amy commented as she shooed her husband away, “but we’re nowhere near done.”

Straddling Katie’s body, Amy took her sweet time deciding on how to continue her domination. Bringing her behemoth backside crashing down, Amy pushed all of her weight down on Katie’s face. Moving herself around for the right position, she finally stopped only once Katie’s head was buried within the confines of her groin. Feeling the scrawny girl’s heavy breath against her nether region and reveling into the sensation of her struggling beneath her, Amy decided to see how far she could go.

Splaying herself across Katie’s body, she completely enveloped the twig-like woman. While she couldn’t see what was happening with Amy’s thighs closing in around her face, Katie let out a muffled yelp as she felt Amy move to her nether region. Wrapping her arms around Katie’s legs to keep her still, Amy preceded to dive between her thighs. The act did the job of confirming the aroused state the squashing session had brought Katie into.

Keeping a tight grip, Amy proceeded to gyrate her hips. Over and over again, Katie’s head was clamped between the hefty woman’s thighs as she continued to thrust. Getting into a rapid rhythm of humping the yoga instructor’s face, Amy let a small giggle parse her lips as she could feel her victim struggling beneath her.

“Honey, don’t you think that’s a little too forward?” Rico asked.

“Nonsense,” Amy replied, continuing to assault the instructor’s face with one thrust after another. “This is exactly what the perverted seat cushion wants. Did you have a better idea?”

“Well, you did say we should to do this together,” Rico brought up.

Amy let out a sigh. “Right, you do always say I need to share more. Let me fix this for you.”

Pulling her backside off of Katie, Amy shuffled up to make room for Rico. Left with few choices, Rico waddled his way towards Katie’s upper half. Making sure Katie was still breathing, Rico carefully eased himself down onto her face. The moment Katie was squashed by his lower body, she became aware of a set of overburdened undies hidden within the folds of Rico’s waistline. Her discovery came alongside a shiver as she felt a noticeable bulge within the confines of the overburdened undergarments. Resting the entirety of his weight on her face pooled his ass fat around her head, pushing the air out of her lungs and ensuring she was properly pinned down.

Katie had plenty of opportunities to examine Rico’s nether region as he rocked back and forth. Each shift of his weight further grew the bulge in his pants, letting it press up against her forehead. To help along her husband, Amy planted her bottom half on the rest of Katie’s body to be used as an anchor hold. Grabbing each other’s arms, the couple continued to sway back and forth to optimize the trio’s pleasure. Left in awe at the size of the bulge constantly rocking against her face and feeling a combination of sweat and wetness leaking onto her calves, Katie’s mind went wild with her pent up desires.

When the heavy couple finally decided it was time to stand up, it took both of their combined strength to accomplish the feat. Lifting themselves off of Katie, they were pleasantly surprised to see the indentation Katie had made in the padding. The feat was impressive, but paled in comparison to the fact that Katie was still breathing and looked more than willing to go even further.

“I think it’s time,” Amy announced.

“For what?” Rico asked.

Waddling up to her husband, Amy lifted up his gut and tore away his underwear. “Do you think I didn’t know? Were you really that embarrassed?”

“It was more for Katie’s benefit than mine. I didn’t think she’d appreciate getting my junk shoved in her face.”

Amy let out a laugh. “You still don’t fully understand the kind of perverted freak we’re dealing with. In fact, I have something special I want to try with her.”

Leaning up against Rico, Amy whispered something in Korean into Rico’s ear. Taking a few moments to fully understand what she was suggesting, Rico nonetheless nodded his head in agreement. Claspng their hands together, they made their way over to a clueless Katie with Rico sharing some of Amy’s mischievous smile.

Before Katie could attempt to ask what they were planning, Rico got down on his hands and knees and crawled towards her. Still somewhat exhausted from the squashing session, Katie could do little as he lifted her up. Rolling onto his back, he placed Katie atop him and slid her down towards his waist. He stopped only once her legs flanked his sizable manhood, his member at full erection and ready to receive Amy.

“Not gonna lie, this is going to get pretty rough,” Amy said, taking hold of Rico’s love handles as she got in position. “If you’re about to pass out, you’d better say something. I don’t want to be the one to deal with you if you get hurt. Understood?”

Katie nodded her head, barely containing the mix of fear and excitement as she watched Amy lift up her belly to properly position the tip of Rico’s cock.

“Ready Rico?”

“Whenever you are,” Rico replied, wrapping his arms around Katie to prevent her escape.

“Then let’s have some fun breaking in our new cushion.”

With a sudden jolt, Amy slid the entirety of Rico’s cock inside of her. In the process, Katie was once again sandwiched between their stomachs, her body slathered in a fresh coat of their sweat. Raising herself up again, Amy started jerking her hips up and down as she rode Rico’s manhood. The gym’s walls began to echo with the sound of hundreds of pounds of flesh repeatedly slamming against one another with a helpless Katie trapped between them.

As Amy revved up her speed, the noise of their flab constantly slapping together became intermixed with their own moans. What little visibility was provided to Katie between her instances of being smothered came with the sight of Amy riding Rico hard with little sign of stopping. The trio became drenched in sweat, Rico and Amy working harder than any exercise routine they had tried under Katie’s watch.

Katie felt the end coming near by a rumbling sensation going through Rico’s shaft. Through the combination of stimulation and her own over-indulged mind, Katie ended up being the first one to find her release. Rico was the next to go, his orgasm draining the strength from his arms and nearly letting Katie slide off his body. Not one to leave things unfinished, Amy reached her climax through one last thrust, making double sure that she kept Katie pressed beneath her as her body was overtaken by euphoric shaking.

All three exhausted from the routine, they fell upon one another in a pile of flesh, sweat, and ecstasy. Left with only her head out between the two, tired giants, Katie felt the last of her strength give way. Unable to keep her eyes open any longer, she drifted off to sleep.

When next Katie awoke, it was to a series of soft slaps to her cheeks. Gradually getting a grasp of her surroundings, she realized she was lounging in front of the impressively sized television in the Manchez living room. While she was seated on the couch, the pudgy laps of

Rico and Amy served as her cushions. Stirring from her spot on their legs made Amy stop from gracing her face with another series of slaps.

“Told you it would work,” Amy said, momentarily turning towards Rico before turning her attention back to Katie. “Good thing I didn’t have to drop my ass on you to get you moving again. Heh, you probably would have preferred it that way, huh string bean?”

“Can’t you ease up a little?” Rico suggested. “Especially considering what she just went through.”

“You’re still on about this? After everything we went through, you know as well as I do how much our little freak here enjoys getting squashed.”

“Wait, that was real?” Katie asked, her body shaking as she tried to sit up. “It wasn’t a dream?”

Katie was pushed back down by Amy with little effort. “Nope, all real. We got the twig-shaped dent in the gym to prove it too.”

“Oh my god,” Katie said, clutching her head.

“Are you feeling alright?” Rico asked, taking Katie away from his wife and bringing her over to his lap. “If you want, I can bring you to the guest room to rest.”

“No, I can’t stay here,” Katie replied. “What we did...I’m going to lose my job.”

Rico and Amy shared a look of confusion.

“What makes you say that?” Rico asked.

“I was sent here to help you get in shape, not get myself off like a god damn pervert,” Katie explained, tears forming around the edge of her eyes.

“The hell you getting all worked up about?” Amy asked. “Are you really that stupid that you don’t realize what a work out it was back there?”

Katie wiped the tears from her face. “Really?”

“It’s true,” Rico answered, grasping Amy’s hand. “I haven’t moved like that in years. I never knew how much power could be lurking behind all of this fat.”

“Looks like you’ve still got a job, twig,” Amy remarked with a sly grin on her face. “As long as you’re willing to do some more sessions as our personal cushion.”

Katie showed a soft smile, unsure of what awaited her, but more than willing to see where it went.

-----

On the road to her next client, Katie heard what she was looking for on the radio. Turning up the dial she let the noisy sports casters give her an update on the two that sent her career on the fast track to success. It was a daily occurrence now, but she had yet to grow tired of hearing about her greatest achievement.

“And yet another steamroll of a game for Rico “The Mammoth” Manchez,” the speaker said. “After a long hiatus and gaining more than a few pounds, he’s come back to the game stronger than ever.”

“He has to be considering who his wife is,” the co-host brought up. “Avalanche Amy has been making earthquakes in the wrestling world. She hasn’t met a competitor she couldn’t crush into submission with her bulky body.”

“Truly, these two are re-defining the term power couple. This is all thanks to the Beyeesta Yoga Company and an instructor by the name of Katie-“

Katie turned off the radio, having heard more than enough praise for her successful yoga routine. Driving up to the house of her latest client, she knocked on the door and was met with a wall of flesh in excess of 1000 pounds. Bato Yamoshiro had made waves in the sumo world for

going overboard in his diet, forcing him to retire. However, looking at the way his bountiful blubber jiggled about and feeling the same desires well up inside of her, Katie got ready to get him back into shape the only way she knew how.