

Pear In The Dead Mall: The Colossal Clerk

“Mmm...what a sleepy mall.” I yawned once.

I’d been going to this place since I was a kid; it was a bit depressing to see it so empty in here. Still, from what I’d read, dead malls were beginning to crop up everywhere. They were a sign of the changing times, and the advent of online shopping as the superior option in general. I wasn’t any exception to that trend, admittedly, but today I was just feeling nostalgic, I guess.

My fellow mallgoers were predictably sparse, their selection of potential stores similarly limited. Most of the outlets that I’d once recognized were now closed, and none of the anchor stores remained.

“Aww, they turned off the fountain too...!” I pouted at the desiccated sculpture standing tall in the building’s center crosswalk.

Yep. This place wouldn’t be around for much longer.

My lips pursed quietly; this would probably be my last time visiting this mall before it was gone.

Oh well...no point in fretting.

I strolled around, halfheartedly perusing the scant few shops still open or holding their final closing sales.

One shop in particular caught my eye though. It was one of the smaller store spaces located right next to a long-since closed anchor store, the lack of other surrounding store spaces leaving it isolated and far away from what little potential foot traffic was still regularly present in the empty mall.

“Julia’s Tees...?” I spoke the store’s name aloud in an almost suspicious manner.

I’d never heard of this place, and my memory of this mall from a few years ago was pretty good, I’d like to think.

There was no way that someone would willingly open their new shop in *here*—a failing mall, of all places—would they?

The owner’s questionable business sense aside, my curiosity was immediately piqued by this small, obscure newcomer that had tucked itself away in the most remote corner of the deteriorating corpse of this once giant commerce center. Naturally, with absolutely nothing else of comparable intrigue in this mall, I had to go into Julia’s Tees.

Walking through the threshold triggered no noise or anything that would alert someone to a customer’s presence in the store, and there were no other shoppers other than myself. A solitary female clerk sat behind the shop counter against the back wall, absorbed in a small paperback novel with a sort of dreamy, vacant expression. She was obviously quite accustomed to the perpetual lack of store traffic, if the impressive myriad of snacks, fast food bags, and other discarded junk food wrappers cluttering the register area behind her was any indicator.

The woman was so engrossed in her book that she didn’t even notice my approach.

I saw her relaxed smile frequently parting ever so slightly to feed herself a French fry with seemingly mechanical efficiency, her eyes never straying from her reading material. Occasionally, the fry supplying hand would take a detour over to a towering vanilla milkshake in a lidless Styrofoam cup to dip one of the salty treats before sending it on its way to her rotund face. I noticed that the large box of fries and milkshake that she was gobbling up at a deceptively fast rate was the latest of another similarly sized discarded and consumed fry/milkshake combo.

The clerk had quite the appetite on her to put it mildly...then again, if I had a boring job where I had to sit behind a counter for hours on end, I'd honestly probably end up eating a ton of junk for lack of better things to do too.

I decided to try and at least get her attention so that she knew I was in here. I cleared my throat once and waved faintly in her direction. Her lack of a response to that left me to stand there in the awkward silence of failure while she obliviously and merrily continued reading and munching fries.

Must have been one hell of a book.

A light smirk crossed my face as I watched the spacey clerk a little longer.

She had a warm olive complexion with a light smattering of freckles under her eyes and on her nose, and she had a big, poofy head of kinky black curls that hung down like coiled little springs around her shoulders. A pair of black semi-rimless glasses framed her chocolate eyes as they rapidly darted back and forth, a rather thick, expressive pair of brows that she regularly knitted together highlighting her enjoyment of her reading material.

She was really cute, if I'm being honest with myself, and as I moved away from her to begin perusing the store, I continually found my eyes drawn back to her spot behind the counter instead.

I noted that the clerk was kind of chubby, her full, cherubic cheeks and the soft bit of extra fluff visible on her arms posing as likely signs of accumulating evidence of her boredom-fueled excessive snacking habits. I preferred heavysset women though, and I was a bit tempted to find out if Miss Chubby Clerk was as single as I currently was. Given that she was in such a steady, fulfilling relationship with her novel, however, I forwent the thought and refocused on the store merchandise.

"Huh...these are some of the nicest quality t-shirts I've ever felt." I murmured aloud to myself, examining the unusually fine fabric of the tees.

Many shirts were just mono-color or had simple patterns and shapes on them, but they were all made of noticeably better stuff than what I'd expected out of a mall tee shop by far or anywhere else for that matter. Checking the price tags, they were even comparable in price to the cheapo cotton mall tees. Picking out some of the ones with better designs on them started to seem like an attractive prospect.

"Hello, need some help?"

A woman's voice addressed me from behind, and I nearly jumped out of my skin, knowing that the clerk had finally taken notice of me in her store.

"Oh! Hi! I—I uh..."

As I started answering the warmly smiling woman sending a lighthearted wave my way, I found that my words failed me.

It turned out that the female store clerk being merely "chubby" was something that applied only to the part of her upper body that I saw from over the counter. That little bit of extra weight that she carried up top was merely a failing ruse for the absolutely *mammoth* bottom half that was apparently sitting out of view beneath the counter. With her standing in front of me though, there wasn't a single inch of those heavenly huge hips hiding from me now.

"Jesus..." I muttered under my breath.

No exaggerating, I was pretty sure that a queen bed mattress was narrower than this woman's ass.

"Sir? Everything alright over there?"

Her voice brought me back to heart-pounding reality.

“Y—yeah! Uh, sorry if I sort of zoned out or something.” I attempted to salvage the situation, chuckling nervously.

The massively pear-shaped store clerk laughed faintly as well, much to my relief, wearing an amused expression,

“It’s fine. Happens all the time.” She waved it off, nonchalantly sinking one hand into the upper side of the mountainous slope of her hip.

“I’m kind of a big daydreamer too, or so I’m told. Don’t feel too bad about it.” The clerk sweetly reassured me, clearly not ever having realized I’d tried to get her attention earlier, “So are you looking for anything in particular?”

“Oh no, not really. I just kind of saw the place while I was wandering the mall and came in.” I answered honestly.

“Ah, that’s usually the case for the special few who go out of their way to come in here.” The store clerk chuckled softly, brushing some of her springy black curls away from her face, “Well…”

I watched her contemplate in silence for a moment.

“Maybe it’s just the boredom talking, but maybe you’d want me to take you on a quick tour around? Hear a bit about the store? I can start by showing you some of our newest designs. They’re up hanging behind the register if you wanna follow me to the back.”

“Sure. I might have been just as bored as you were until I stopped in here.” I playfully confided in the enormous woman, more interested in the chance to make her acquaintance a little better than the new tees quite honestly.

“Well hey!” She grinned sportingly in response, “Let’s take our time then. It’s not like I’m expecting to have to help any other customers randomly wandering into our booming business front.”

“Heh, right.” I murmured in appreciation of her good-natured sarcasm, “I’m Trina, by the way.”

The clerk amicably extended her hand towards mine after hearing me introduce myself, “Nice to meet you. I’m Hailey! Julia’s big sister, if you’ll believe it.”

Oh, she certainly *was* the big sister, I thought to myself, my eyes furtively taking another small trip around the vast swells of Hailey’s gargantuan behind.

“Oh, so the store *is* named after the owner?” I chose to say aloud as we returned to the back of the store.

I was forced to (gladly) remain behind her as she led me there, the aisles full of clothing fixtures barely permitting passage to her absurd, space-hogging hips brushing heavily along the shirts hanging off of the racks on both sides.

“Sure is!” Hailey confirmed my previous question, oblivious to the various tees that her monstrous booty had swept off of their hangers on her return trip to the register area, cheerfully gesturing to the shirts hung on the back wall instead, “All of these designs and their custom-made fabric are her personal creations! My little sister’s pretty badass, huh?”

“I can tell you’re really proud of her.” I answered, and the behemoth bottomed woman beamed with delight,

“For sure! Running her own business, filling an entire store with her own hand-crafted product, she’s living out her dream and I’m so happy for her!”

I was a little surprised at how immediately talkative and friendly Hailey was.

I was definitely convinced now about how bored she was tending to a store with virtually no customer traffic, but her pleasant chattiness was charming.

“And what about you? Is being a store clerk fulfilling all of *your* wildest fantasies and dreams?” I asked her jokingly, and she acknowledged it with an appreciable laugh,

“I’m not exactly what you’d call the ambitious type—at least in comparison to my little sister I’m not.” The extra hefty clerk admitted, smooshing her blockbuster buns back down over the sturdy expanse of the oversized armless office chair behind the purchasing counter, “But I’ve been chipping away at getting my MLA so I can be a librarian. I tried my hand at being a school teacher first, but I realized something a little more quiet and laid back was more my speed after a couple years of being around teenagers all day.”

“So Julia was nice enough to let you work here in between making the switch of careers, I take it?” I surmised, and she nodded, resting her plump face against one hand,

“Oh but it’s more than that. She told me that there’ll always be a job for me in her tee shop if I needed work. Isn’t that sweet of her?”

“I’m sure she doesn’t mind always having your help when she needs it either.” I pointed out, and Hailey’s lips curled right away.

“Without a doubt, I’m sure. But I really am more than happy to help her with whatever. Her and I have always been really good to each other growing up.”

She swiveled around in her chair to turn her attention back to the wall-hanging tees, suddenly seeming a bit sheepish, “There I go again talking a stranger’s ear off though. How about we get back on track and let me talk about these shirts instead?”

“Hey, no big deal!” I returned brightly, “Like I said, I didn’t come in here with any real objective in mind. I was just taking a sad stroll through a dead mall I used to remember kind of fondly as a kid and just happened to find this new place I didn’t remember.”

I shrugged it off, before giving Hailey an affable grin, “This is nice though; I didn’t expect to find such a friendly store clerk hiding out back here.”

“Well hey, I didn’t expect to have such a cute customer drop in to visit bored little old me today, so I guess that makes two of us~” The sly smile that lingered on Hailey’s roly-poly face made my hopes from earlier come surging back.

“Then...why don’t we chat a little while longer if you could use the company?” I offered, and the sincerely pleased expression that lit up Hailey’s cute, chubby features told me that I might just be playing my cards right today.

“Sure! Why not?” The vast hipped woman accepted, wiggling elatedly in her chair, “It’s not likely that I’ll get to have regular human contact again with anybody else until closing time, so by all means, keep this lonely girl occupied if you’ve got nothing better to do!”

“Wow, really?” I answered in disbelief, checking my phone to see that it was now late afternoon, “You won’t get in trouble for letting me loiter? How many people do you get coming in and out of this place on a daily basis then?”

“Pshh, Julia don’t care bout that. We’re both easygoing girls just trying to make a living, Trina.” Hailey snorted to my first question, picking a fry out of her half-eaten box on the counter and slipping it past her lips, “Though, if you wanted to maybe, like, pimp us out to your friends and whoever else, that wouldn’t hurt either!”

Hailey discreetly reached over somewhere behind the counter that I couldn't see and produced a business card for me to take.

"Soooo...you *do* get regular business to the store?" I asked uncertainly as I accepted the glossy bit of information-dense cardstock.

"Ehh, I had a couple and their kid come in about an hour or two ago before you did. That's about par for the course around here..." Hailey idly murmured.

"Wait, for real?" My awe was only matched by my curiosity, "Then how does this place stay open?!"

"Most of our revenue and business comes from the online front. It's how we started out." Hailey explained, reaching over towards her desk to retrieve the vanilla milkshake and begin taking greedy pulls from its voluminous depths.

"But this physical store was a necessary move according to Julia for a bunch of complicated financial reasons that I don't exactly remember. I do know though that since she's the one making the shirts, this store at least gives her a nice chunk of storage space for her finished unsold work along with a hub for all of the orders she has to ship out."

Hailey paused for an extended drink of her shake, a satisfied sigh exiting her bulky frame, "My day usually consists of getting a big list of online orders from her first thing in the morning, spending a couple hours boxing them all up in the back, opening the store until Julia shows up to deliver all of the packages I made earlier to the post office, and then sitting around by my lonesome to watch over a store with no customers for the next 6 or 7 hours."

The heavy duty bootied woman yawned lazily, "It's a sleepy, boring job, but I kinda like it now. Maybe that's why I want to be a librarian?" She mused, and I shrugged.

"Replace shirts with books and throw in a little independent research here and there, and I think you'd be pretty close."

"Yeah! And see, I like to read a lot and learn all sorts of random shit, so honestly that'd be my dream job!" Hailey took an enthusiastic slurp of the shake, draining it fully before setting it aside, "Though that would still mean I'd just sit on my ass and eat all sorts of junk and fast food all day. Heh heh!"

She didn't actually sound too bothered by the immense stockpile of weight that had built up literal pillows worth of padding in her rear.

"What do you think? Has this job made me start getting fat yet? My gut's not *that* flabby, right?"

Hailey reclined lazily in her chair, almost too laid back and relaxed with me as she lifted the hem of her teal collared shirt to show off her somewhat plump belly halfway tucked in, halfway oozing out of the waistline of her pants.

"N—nah, you've got nothing to worry about." I quickly issued the flustered semi-lie, turning away partially to hide my blush at her suddenly casual flash of immodesty.

A little deeper down though, those warm butterflies in my stomach urged me to maybe signal my interest in her sexy body's incredible size.

"They, uh, they call them love handles because people love to hang onto them, right?" I started shakily before finishing with a confident smile towards the clerk and her colossal rump, "Rock what you've got, Hailey."

"Heeeyy! I *like* that!" Hailey grinned back brightly, grabbing her half-eaten fries and shocking me when she stuffed a rather gluttonous handful into her round face, "When you shay it like dat, I almosht wish I wash a lil bigger!"

She swallowed them down with voracious glee, her words unknowingly sending sickeningly shameful tremors down my spine, “Too bad my *crazy* metabolism won’t let that happen though. I eat near constantly because sitting around doing nothing always makes me hungry, and I’ve barely gotten more than a little flabbier around the gut at worst after a couple years of this place!”

Huh?

My stomach did a backflip as my brain froze in its attempt to process her words.

“No way...” I said aloud.

“Huh?” She responded to me as the culminating realization hitting me caused me to accidentally speak my last thought.

Luckily, my errant, deviant curiosity getting the better of me provided just what I needed to branch off of that little outburst as I figured out that Hailey was somehow **completely** oblivious to the literal car trunk full of extra weight that had dropped down inert into her lard-bound lower half.

“No way. You couldn’t be eating *that* much, could you?” I feigned, and it successfully baited out of Hailey the almost pridefully contrarian look of someone who knew they could prove the other wrong.

“Oh but I do. I definitely do.” She retorted in a solemn manner before showing me the empty shake cup that she’d been nursing in front of me, “This here? My 2nd large vanilla shake of the day. And these?” The super sized store clerk made a sweeping motion towards her desk, “2 large fries for dipping in said milkshakes.”

“Gross.” I remarked, but she ignored that,

“And those were just part of my lunch! This morning, I hit up this old greasy spoon diner that’s got the *best* breakfast before heading into work today, and the smell of the place ended up getting me so hungry that I ordered and ate an omelet *and* pancakes! Plus, I’m a total sucker for these big, fluffy cinnamon rolls that they bake too, so I ended up getting one to go. They’ve kind of become a really big weak spot for me; I don’t think I’ve gone more than a week since I started working here without getting my cinnamon roll fix.” She mentioned in an almost indulgently guilty manner, “I guess I might be pretty complacent and stuck in my ways hanging out back here and watching over this boring, empty old tee shop, huh?”

I felt a pang of empathy for Hailey; despite her seemingly introverted preferences, she was still clearly much more of a people person than this job currently demanded of her. I sincerely started to get a sense of understanding for why she seemed so oddly eager to be talkative and open with a total stranger who willingly offered her the opportunity to have an actual conversation with them.

“I’ve learned how to keep myself pretty well occupied though.” The massive bottomed sales clerk idly adjusted her glasses, “There’re way more good books out there than I think most people realize, and as long as I’ve got a steady supply of snacks to munch on, I’ve gotten to where I can burn through a full novel in around a couple of days.”

“Oh yeah? What’re your usual go-to snacks?” I followed up, my fascination with her gluttonous appetite spurring me to inquire after exactly how much she’d typically put away after eating such a heavy breakfast.

“Oh I’m all about the sweet and salty stuff while I’m reading.” Hailey answered readily, her major junk food cravings evident in the way her plump face lit up thinking about them, “I love me some trail mix. I usually have time to stop by the convenience store during lunch to get me a bag, plus maybe some chips, an assorted pack of snack cakes, and a nice, big 2 liter of grape soda to keep hydrated.”

The behemoth bootied beauty motioned back to all of the aforementioned snacks' empty packages along with a mostly drank melted ICEE in addition to the empty 2 liter strewn about on her desk area before licking her lips merrily, "Salty and sweet is just like...a match made in heaven, y'know?"

I just continued to nod and attempt to mask my awe as she casually kept showing off all of the things she'd packed into her apparently bottomless belly today. It left behind no mystery for me to solve as to why after 2 years of sitting around that her ass was literally approaching the size of a small trampoline. The only regular exercise Hailey was getting was for her mind through reading books, and her extraordinary eating habits were providing her with far more than just brain food.

Hailey smiled cheerily in my direction, "All this food talk's making my stomach growl again though! You're gonna have to take me out for dinner if you don't change the subject soon!~"

My heart raced at that. Despite it just being a playful remark more than anything, I got the feeling that Hailey was subtly trying to put herself out there just a bit to check if I was legit interested in her, and I wasn't fool enough to let things progress this far without taking my chances too.

"Where are we headed after you get off?" I toyingly shot back, and I could see the cute, lonely truck assed clerk's eyes visibly widen in shock for a split second before they immediately started glowing with tacit glee instead.

"Depends on where you're taking me~" Came her coy response, her cherubic cheeks beginning to squeeze at the corners of her eyes with the hints of an exuberant giggle.

I pondered quickly, "Tell me what you had for lunch so we can maybe go get something different."

She seemed pretty receptive to that, nodding faintly prior to speaking up, "For lunch I had my usual as of late: a triple bacon cheeseburger with a large fry and a vanilla shake." She looked thoughtful for a moment, "My cravings for those damn fries hit me like a freight train though! That's probably why I ended up ordering that extra fry and shake..."

A deliveryman suddenly arriving interrupted our conversation, and my jaw dropped as Hailey's eyes lit up like the voracious beacons that they were, "Oh and speak of the devil, my sandwich's here!"

"Hey Hailey." The sandwich delivery boy spoke with an air of familiarity with the ridiculously heavysset store clerk.

"Hi Billy!" She showed him an ingratiating grin before turning her titanic, jutting back end to us to fetch her purse from behind the register.

"One footlong Italian and a bag of Jalapeno chips today?" He confirmed, and Hailey nodded before trading him two tens for her meal.

"One for my sub and one for you. Keep the change while you're at it." She winked at him, and the delivery boy's dull mood noticeably perked up.

"Always a pleasure hearing I get to drop by to see you, Hailey." The younger male responded good-naturedly.

"Be sure to study for those exams tomorrow that you told me about, hun!" She cheerily reminded him before letting him go on his way.

Her chubby face turned back to me, a wry smile playing at her lips, "This should tide me over until dinner. Know where we're going yet?"

"I'll...give it a bit more thought..." I murmured, still mentally reeling from the fact that on top of her excessive breakfast and lunch, she'd had a giant cinnamon roll and a copious bounty of snacks prior to having a full, square second lunch delivered right into her chubby hands.

It wasn't even nighttime yet, and here Hailey was putting away enough calories for me plus another woman and a half.

The blubber-butted clerk swelled with palpable, wobbly excitement as she hastily unwrapped her sub.

"Umm, s—so you've been watching this store for a couple years now, huh?" I recalled faintly, my fascination with her figure spurring on my nosiness, "Were you pretty much the same back then?"

"Yeah, I think so. Lemme check." Hailey answered simply as she grabbed her phone, seemingly more fixated on her latest bunch of food rather than why I'd ask that.

After a few minutes of scrolling through miscellaneous pictures, the massive woman showed me an image on the screen.

"Yep. A little younger, a little skinnier, but a lot more fed up with her teaching job." She reminisced somewhat disdainfully, "This was at the beginning of my last semester; I'm in a better place now."

I examined the image as she ravenously dug into her footlong indulgent heap of creamy dressing-covered deli meats and cheese between bread.

Comparing the picture to the woman in front of me now, I'd say that the current Hailey was probably in her early thirties, so a decent bit older than I was.

Her hairstyle and upper body, sure enough, were largely the same. A bit more belly had filled out her middle, a tad extra thickness in the bust and arms department was present, and a somewhat fuller face had rounded out Hailey's appearance in 2 and a half years' time.

Small, subtle gains at best.

The comparison between their lower bodies though, was beyond mind-boggling.

She used to have a rather curvy, but still proportional lower half; her current hips had expanded so far outwards from that first image that it was like someone had taken her picture in Photoshop, cropped it to just her lower body, and then stretched it horizontally in both directions a couple feet. Nothing short of the term lardass could define the aftereffects of the caloric bomb that had went off in Hailey's pants during the time between then and the present.

I'd never seen a woman like her before, and after talking, sort of flirting back and forth with her for a bit, I found Hailey to be irresistible. This plump, lonely sales clerk was as sweet, amicable, and as laid back as anyone could be; thinking about our potential dinner date was giving me butterflies in all the right ways.

"What'sh up? You gotta go already?" Hailey asked while she was still standing and leaning over her unwrapped, half-eaten sub, the thought causing her to somberly pause in stuffing her face.

"No, no! Not yet, at least. I haven't even decided where we're having dinner at yet!" I assured her, and her cute smile returned before she resumed voraciously devouring her second lunch.

With her preoccupied, I took an extra moment to indulge myself on her appearance again. The teal collared shirt that the super-sized store clerk wore was clearly not meant to hold a body proportioned anything remotely like hers. It fit fine until it reached her waist, at which point her lower body exploding outwards left visibly exposed areas where the jiggly flab melding her rather broad love handles into her hips remained in plain view outside of the shirt's woefully undersized hem.

"Incredible..." I muttered, and Hailey looked up at me curiously.

"I—I mean the shirts, of course! Wait..." I looked to the empty wrapper in front of her while she daintily licked her fingers in satisfaction.

“You ate that sandwich *that* fast?!” I asked incredulously, and she returned my question with an expression of almost guilty pride,

“I *told* you that you’d made me hungry...!” A more comfortable look washed over Hailey as she held back a small burp, tearing open her little snack-sized bag of chips next, “I don’t know how else to clue you in to me being a pretty big eater, Trina! You’re down to clown with a hungry girl and take her out for dinner, right?”

“Oh, no question! I’m all about it, actually!” I decided to just be forthright concerning my feelings over it already since she seemed to be comfortable admitting to her outright gluttony.

Hailey’s round, jolly face positively glowed following that, and I returned her expression, “The only thing it means to me is that I need to take you somewhere you can really let loose if you feel like it.”

“Oh *please* do.” Hailey affirmed delightedly, licking her lips of the last of her chips, “Please take me out to eat somewhere that’ll make me full enough to have to undo the button on my pants~”

God, she had no idea how much she was speaking my language all of a sudden; I had to keep my boner in **strong** check.

“Hmm...” I mentally sifted through my options of local restaurants known for hearty, potentially Hailey-pleasing portions.

“Legendary Fred’s.”

The place struck me like a bolt out of the blue, and my blubber bottomed date’s excited wiggles made her lower half practically do the wave all by itself, “That’s *crazy!* I was just about to tell you I’d love some barbecue and bam! You’re psychic!”

“Then that’s exactly where we’re going!” I cheered, looking up the barbecue joint on my phone to see if I could make reservations or at least browse the menu, “Shall I come back and pick you up once the store’s closed?”

“Nah, I’ll drive my own car there.” Hailey declined politely before continuing, “Even better! Let me take care of a few things around shop so I can close up and we can get outta here!”

“Wow, closing early just for me?” I jabbed, and the vastly pear-bottomed woman snorted as she gathered up the trash on her desk to dump it in a nearby can.

“We’re heading into the last hour of business; nobody ever shows up past 5 anyhow. Julia won’t fuss if I take a little sliver of personal time and close up now as long as her packages in the back are in order. Those are the moneymakers, remember.”

“Right, right.” I nodded, withholding my amusement at the noticeable hustle in Hailey’s otherwise sluggish, encumbered step.

It was really cute how excited she was over our impromptu date, and I certainly wasn’t complaining about all of the extra motion that her sudden energy had inspired in her doorway-sized rump.

“Did you end up wanting to buy any of our shirts, by the way?” Hailey suddenly asked before counting the register, “I know we got *beyond* sidetracked with, uh...each other to be quite honest!” A sheepish, but merry laugh emanated from her.

“Sure. I’ll pick up a few good ones just so I can wear them around and maybe shill you guys or something. What do you think would look good on me?~”

“You’re a peach.” Hailey gave me a flattered grin as she quickly skimmed the shirts behind her.

“You've got a smooth, pretty complexion...a little lighter than Julia and I's, but still best suited to richer, warmer colors like this teal I've got on or a nice royal blue—or purple!”

She selected three different ones that indeed caught my fancy while she nudged over a little footstool to give herself the extra bit of height necessary to take them down. I guiltily took in the view of her gargantuan butt elevated to near my eye level while she had her back turned to me.

I marveled at how even the most natural and subtle movements of her hips while she was balanced on the stool caused the entirety of her monumental booty to softly shift and shake about like her lower body was made purely of gelatin.

“Is this what you want?” She re-confirmed from over her shoulder at me, brushing away her poofy curls falling over her face while she picked up the last shirt she liked on me off of the highest hanger.

“I think your sense for what shirts look good on people might be a little better than mine.” I openly admitted, idly admiring the little heap of wobbling midsection blubber peeking out from the bottom of her shirt that was stacked on top of her ginormous, perpetually shifting buns.

I tensely tightened my legs together when Hailey unceremoniously hopped down the small distance from the ladder to the floor below, the little drop causing her behemoth cheeks to unwittingly collide together along with her immense thighs in a soft, yet unmistakably audible clap of jiggly, womanly flesh.

“Give me a sec to ring you up.” She dutifully called to me with her back still turned towards the cash register, totally and blissfully unaware of the sheer erection-inducing phenomenon she'd caused as I watched those delectable, hill-like humps shudder and settle back into a relatively resting state.

“You good?” Hailey raised a concerned eyebrow as she turned around and saw me, holding her hand out for payment, “Looking kinda sweaty all of a sudden...”

“M—must be all of the shirts trapping in the heat.” I shakily wiped my forehead as I gave her my card.

“Oh yeah, I feel you on that one some days...” Hailey empathized immediately, deftly swiping my card through the reader before returning it to my hand with a bag containing my shirts, “Makes me wish I could bust out my summer shorts to wear to work instead of always throwing on these muggy old business casual slacks.”

Seeing her strutting and waddling about the place with her elephantine ass crammed in a pair of those sweet little girly short summer shorts would definitely make *me* bust, I thought.

“Gotta maintain *some* level of professionalism though.” Hailey sighed sadly as she rambled on to me, “I'm 32 now, not some 16-year old perky little part-timer...”

Wow, I was surprisingly on point with guessing her age earlier, I realized.

“Showing a little more class here and there's what makes it feel all the better when you finally let your hair down anyways, right?” I suggested

“There ya go!” Hailey took to the idea right away, “That way I can at least *pretend* I've got class somewhere in me. Snrrk...”

She snorted before waving it off dismissively, “Anyhow, let's take a quick survey of the business front to make sure everything's in order before I shut down the place.”

I nodded agreeably, cooperating with the mega corpulent bootied clerk to help speed things along, but not before sneaking into a changing room right quick to come back out wearing one of my new shirts.

“Hey. Hailey.” I tried to keep my mirth in check as I got my gargantuan pear-shaped date's attention.

“Hmm? What's—oh my gosh!” Hailey's plump face lit up adorably at the sight of me already repping Julia's merch, and her smile was contagious.

“Ta-dah~” I gave her a little spin and flourish to show off a bit, her giddy chuckles at my antics like music to my ears.

“Girl, you are just the *cutest*~” My monster-bottomed new gal pal for the night gushed at me, my cheeks coloring upon hearing that, “Hang tight and lemme finish up so I can go out and chow down with adorable tush of yours~”

I nodded with a bashful grin, just sort of following her around as she tidied up.

“Huh. Didn't realize so many shirts were knocked off their racks...must've been that married couple's grabby little one from earlier...” I heard Hailey murmur aloud to herself, predictably unaware of the destructive wake that her twin wrecking balls for an ass had wrought on the merchandise racks earlier when she'd led me back to her snack and reading counter for our lengthy, meandering chat.

“Hmm...” She bent over to retrieve some of the downed articles, the absurd girth of her ginormous back end gradually and obliviously pushing outwards even further into the shirt hanger rack opposite of where she was faced until I hurried to her side to prevent it from toppling.

“Oops! I damn near knocked *that* rack over, didn't I?” Hailey chuckled sheepishly, my sudden presence alerting her to what she'd almost done.

“Y—yeah, that was close, huh...?” I attempted lightheartedly, forcing my eyes to focus on the mammoth rumped clerk's cute, gratefully smiling face.

“Wouldn't be such a problem if Julia didn't insist on keeping these damn aisles so narrow...” I heard her mutter before turning her attention back to me, “Hey, gimme a hand for a sec and help me bring these racks apart a bit more so people can actually walk through here.”

I agreed, of course, conveniently neglecting the fact that I, as a normally proportioned gal had no issues navigating the reasonably spaced aisles despite the considerable density of shirt racks present in the store.

“Yeah, we've got space for a little more wiggle room...” Hailey murmured to herself, assessing her surroundings before pointing to the rack next to me, “Stand in the middle of the aisle and see if you can touch that rack when you put your arms out.”

I did so to humor her.

“Just barely.” I felt my fingers brushing the front shirt on the left hanger rack,

“Yeah well see over here? I can feel the shirts bumping into my legs.” Hailey observed, and my lips tensely clamped together.

This girl was one hundred percent for real right now. She had **no** concept of how unbelievably fat her ass truly was.

“Huh. So the aisle funnels in?” I shamelessly presented the false, bold-faced lie as my innocent conclusion.

“Exactly! Makes no sense at all to be that inconsistent, right?!” Hailey exclaimed.

“Uh huh. So narrow.” I responded flatly in “agreement”, trying to withhold my mirth.

“Ugh. Forget it though; I’m not a whiner and my sis is a sweetheart. Really, she is.” Hailey dismissed it, and I nodded with sincerity.

“That’s a good attitude to have, honestly.”

“I try not to sweat the small stuff. Especially not with kin, y’know?” Hailey told me, making an about face that unwittingly scooped up one last shirt off of the nearest rack to cling onto her behemoth hip.

I suppressed a cough of laughter as she began to waddle towards the back of the store again, “She’s got the biggest heart, that girl. I really meant it when I said I’d do whatever she needed to get this thing off the ground.”

Her calamity-causing, bed mattress of a bum rocking in rampant motion ironically jiggled the loose article off onto the floor as she said that. I snickered as I picked it up and furtively placed it back on its hanger as I followed Hailey.

I jokingly wondered how Julia’s heart compared Hailey’s vaguely heart-shaped mountains of lardy ass. Which was bigger?

“Come, come! I’ve got a last few packages to do up in the back before we hit up Legendary Fred’s, and you’re keeping me company till I’m done here!~” Hailey playfully called after me lagging behind, snapping me out of my errant musing when she shut off the lights.

“Alright, I’m coming!” I strode towards the light source filtering into the now dark storefront from the back hallway.

I arrived in the back warehouse full of rampantly strewn open boxes full of shirts to see Hailey quietly humming to herself as she did up her springy curls into a quick little ponytail.

“I’m a big fan of all of those natural curls you’ve got; You wear them well.” I complimented the ultra pear-bottomed clerk, and she regarded me with a warmly flattered grin,

“Why thank ya kindly, ma'am~” She sweetly winked at me, “Got em straight from my Mama.”

She set to lifting up a rather solid looking cardboard box after taping it closed with a small grunt, still amicably gabbing away to me on the topic as I was now well-aware she was wont to do with any subject.

“Oof...I used to try and style it up in a fro, but I guess my hair’s not *that* kinky, y’know? It’s got a little hang to it, so the poofy perm-like curls are what I get with a good little wash and go I’ve been using.”

I got a small, teasing smirk from her as she waddled across the room with the box in her arms, “But you don’t know nothin bout that.”

“I can still admire the results though.” I lightheartedly countered as I watched her set down the package on top of a nearby larger one.

“Admire away~” Hailey answered with a notably flirty air about her, adding another smaller box to the stacked pair.

It was incredible seeing her from the side and realizing how much her ass dwarfed the rest of her body when it was stuck out a bit from her being halfway bent over.

I could easily imagine setting down one of those boxes on her butt and having an easy time keeping it safely balanced because of how generously roomy that the surface area of her jutting back shelf was.

If I were to be stood next to her for comparison, I was certain that those super fluffy buns alone would also dwarf me and be thicker than my whole body.

She sighed softly, looking to be a bit labored already just from a light bit of lifting. This was probably the extent of the amount of physical exertion she faced on the daily, and I mobilized to help her.

“O—oh, you don’t have to, Trina! This is kinda my job, you know...!” Hailey quickly took the package from my helpful hands with a flustered bit of modesty glowing on her chubby cheeks.

“I’m not just gonna stand here though while you’re toiling away.” I responded, navigating around her big, bulging booty to continue assisting by taping several more boxes closed for her, “Plus if I help you get this out of the way, we can get to our date faster, so I won’t pretend my motives are *completely* selfless.” I merrily reminded her, and the immensely hippy clerk gave me a grateful look.

“You’re still a sweetheart either way.” Hailey kindly informed me, “I’m not used to getting this kind of thoughtfulness out of a younger girl like you.”

“I’m not *way* younger than you...!” I returned with mild indignation, “25’s not *that* far off, is it?”

My prospective date thoughtfully paused, “Uhh, I guess it’s not too bad once you’re both comfortably in the realm of adulthood, is it?” She admitted, much to my overtly expressed delight, “But 7’s still a noticeable gap, to be honest.”

I wilted and she gave me a look, “Aww for real though?! It’s obvious that I like ya, hun! Clearly it doesn’t mean *that* much to me!”

I blushed at the outright admission, and my reaction brought a bit of color to her pudgy cheeks as well.

“Let’s go on and get these boxes in order!” Hailey cheerfully declared all of a sudden, her hasty turn in the opposite direction of me leading her to accidentally slosh her almighty, undulating back end into the side of my body.

I was completely unready for her clumsy, unwieldy buttock hills to suddenly crash into me like two stacked, stuffed sacks of pudding, and the sheer momentum they carried behind their significantly imposing weight almost literally floored me during our unwitting collision.

I stumbled away in a light panic after accidentally rebounding off of Hailey’s copiously quaking, lurching bum as I regained my balance.

Sweet Jesus, that humongous thing carried some real **force** behind it when she accidentally swung it around...!

I shifted uncomfortably to self-consciously conceal the feeling of the bulge in my pants as I watched Hailey miraculously lower herself to lift a particularly heavy package with her legs like she should instead of placing the strain on her back.

I silently ogled my ridiculously bottom heavy future date dropping her calamity causing ass low, low to the ground as she assumed the position to lift upwards, displaying a tremendous amount of strength that I thought she didn’t possess in those couch cushion swaddled thighs of hers as they carefully brought her back up to standing tall. I heard her pant out a well-warranted breath of exertion afterwards, oblivious to my enamored inaction as she dutifully went about her work.

I eventually silently occupied myself in doing the same, furtively watching for my opportunity to possibly see the marvelous sight of Hailey’s huge behind squatting down to nearly graze the ground again. I didn’t have to wait long either, as I spotted my massive new ladyfriend’s physique gradually assuming the position.

I put down my latest taped up box over in the neatly assembled area we’d organized to silently watch the show.

I scarcely knew they made work slacks in sizes big enough for women with hips and lower bodies comparable to Hailey's behemoth breadth, but I fervently thanked them for it. Even still with the clearly soft, stretchy dark grey fabric working double time to hold in Hailey's colossal cheeks being spread to their wonderfully widest, I could see an excessively generous amount of booty spillage overflowing the intimidating circumference of her pants' waistband.

The unfathomably abundant meat being exposed and squished upwards out of her pants on those gravid cheeks was such that I could see the wobbly fault line formed between them climbing halfway up her back with her knelt so dangerously low.

Much like my first sighting of the phenomenon though, Hailey unsuspectingly awed me when she successfully lifted herself back out of that position to standing again.

"I thought you said Julia comes earlier in the day to pick up these packages?" I hurriedly questioned the gargantuan, wagon-dragging clerk as she turned around towards me to hand off the closed package, pretending to be busy rearranging the finished stack.

"Sometimes we get a lot of online orders throughout the day, so Julia's started emailing me part of the list in the afternoon that I'd otherwise receive all at once the morning after." She promptly explained, moving to securely tape up the last couple of boxes without missing a beat.

"Ah. Business is booming then, I take it?" I followed up brightly, my shoulders relaxing in secret relief.

"You know it! We're getting bigger than ever!" Hailey answered proudly as she set down the last two boxes onto the pile.

I couldn't stop my eyes from making a brief trip around the bountiful slopes of what apparently on my date had been booming up bigger than ever right alongside her younger sister's tee shop.

"It's been happening more and more as of late too! She's on the up and up for sure!"

"Glad to hear it." I said sincerely to the 2-year fatassed clerk's remark, jostling my bag of shirts in demonstrative proof before making a move towards the back exit, "See you at Fred's?"

"You better believe it~" Hailey gave me a sultry, promising look before jingling her keys back at me, "I'll be bringing my appetite after working up a sweat back here, so make sure that wallet in your purse is looking nice and fat today~"

"Just as gloriously much as you're looking today, dear Hailey." I smiled sinfully to myself as we temporarily went our separate ways to our respective vehicles.