Paz O’Bannon *loved* soccer.

When she was in middle school, she had been the Captain for her Catholic School’s soccer team. They hadn’t been very good (at least, not many of them) but *she* had been good enough at it to earn a scholarship to one of the most prestigious preparatory schools in America. Once she’d actually *gotten* to Buttercombe Academy, of course, she hadn’t been able to put much time in on the field. She had to put far too much time studying and making sure that her grades were good enough to get into a good college—though she did occasionally manage to get out to the school’s oft-neglected soccer field for a good lap around the track.

There were a few like-minded individuals on-campus—Jean Vandergriff came to mind—but Paz was ultimately forced to abandon her dreams of becoming a soccer star. Reality weighed in and, on a campus where the cafeteria was the most popular place to hang out, so did she.

Graduating at a particularly chunky two hundred and thirty pounds, Paz had vowed to get back into playing shape come time she enrolled in college. Her time at Stuffington U was almost just as sedentary as her life back at Buttercombe had been, with the added benefit of being able to kick back, drink beer, and watch soccer matches on her TV in her dorm.

So, needless to say, she wasn’t getting back into playing shape any time soon.

By the time of their ten-year reunion, Paz O’Bannon had blimped up into a three-hundred and fifty-pound porker who couldn’t so much as touch her toes, let alone dribble a ball with her fat little feet! Hefty in the chest and round from the belly down, Paz was a big brown marshmallow stuffed into a pantsuit by the time Jean Vandergriff—herself a *supremely* bottom-heavy redhead—had laid eyes on her for the first time in ten years.

At twenty-eight and twenty-nine respectively, they perhaps felt that they were a bit too old to get back out on the field like they used to in their off-hours…

But that hadn’t stopped them.

“Huff… puff…”

Paz’s pudgy double chin creased into a tight frown as she struggled to lug one thick leg in front of the other. The soccer ball moved at a snail’s pace as she struggled to keep her wind up. Her chest ached and her thighs were chafing after just a couple of *minutes* back out on the field—following the giant bobbing ass-cheeks of her redheaded fellow (and former) fitness enthusiast.

“I’M NOT DRESSED FOR THIS!” she whined, “Maybe we should go back to the meet and greet…”

“Oh come on, Pazzy!” Jean chuckled, bringing her chunky knees high (for her) and dribbling the ball clumsily, “You can do it! Bring that chunky butt over here and let’s have ourselves a little game!”

And Paz had been more than a little surprised at how *long* she lasted.

She had been even more surprised when Jean had cupped one of her meaty brown cheeks with those deceptively slender palms of hers…