

Bench Sharing

It's a peaceful afternoon in the park. You've dressed warmly to respect the season only feeling a slight breeze of the autumn air. With a chilly inward breath you draw in the cool scent of the grass laying behind you and the crisp smell of the fallen leaves as they blanket the footpath that stretches out in front and to either side of you. There is a near silence with just the sounds of birds quietly chirping and the odd rustle as a leaf is blown and falls to join it's yellow and orange siblings.

The bench you're sitting on is nestled deep in the park as to help get that little bit further away from the city. An escape from your small, cramped living space and the consistent city hum that suffocates it. A perfect place to finally start the schlocky mystery novel you have in hand, one that with ease you could guess most of its twists and turns, but a book you wished to sink yourself into nevertheless.

Soon though the cool quiet you are enjoying is slowly splintering as you can now hear in the distance a slow pounding. It did not bother you at first but it began to creep closer from one side of the foot path as you try your best to ignore it. You wish to finish your paragraph in peace, but each thud followed by another starts to seep into your book, jumbling the author's fantasy with your now noisy reality. The sound progressively approaches and with annoyance you finally take yourself away from your small written world and look over to see the source.

In the distance, drawing closer, was a large elephant fellow. The pounds and thuds you hear are that of his heavy waddling steps, now paired with a cacophony of crunches from the leaves under his round flat feet. He was twice your height and extra and noticeably, even for an animal known for their height and weight, he seemed excessively rotund.

A large round sagging stomach peeks out from below his hoodie bouncing and swaying against his thighs with each step. Each massive thigh are cramped into a pair of jeans that hug around his curved hips, causing his haunches to bulge out and over the belt line as from a lost struggle to pull them up to his waist. Those hips of his certainly are his figure's most prominent feature as their vast width gives him a very exaggerated pear like shape.

As he approaches, you feel each of his steps through the bench as he adds a tremor to the ground, as if the earth itself is having trouble to support him. Closer now you can see his radar dish like ears perking up with headphone wires dangling from them and notice his thundering steps have a slight rhythm to them, as if wishing to dance rather than simply walk. He appears to be deep into his music with eyes closed, swinging and shaking his hefty self to instruments you couldn't hear.

Though he is disturbing your peace you couldn't find much fault with him, he is just enjoying his day like you are doing or at least are trying to. So with now knowing the innocence of this break in silence and to not be caught staring at this joyful elephant, you again return to your book, hoping his happy yet clumsy quaking would pass quickly.

As you stick your nose back into your book a sudden shade appears all around you, bringing a soft darkness to you and the bench. Also noticing the noise and rumble of the elephant's stomping steps has stopped.

With curiosity you look up and all you can see is the towering wall of the back and behind of that once jaunting elephant. This mountain peak of pachyderm looming as his half covered, twin boulder like buttocks hover over you, each much too close for comfort. Before you have any chance to question this predicament a quick hefty hip shake is the last thing you see as his dooming derriere suddenly comes plummeting down upon you.

Shock was rattling your brain as you try to understand how or why this was happening. “Did he not see me? How did he not see me sitting here already? Is this just an accident or did he do this on purpose?”

None are answerable at this time as all you now know and feel is his great heavy weight engulfs your body as one of his monolithic butt cheeks is now on top of you.

You are just about able to feel your legs under his great poundage as it fills and vastly overflows your lap. His soft mass of fat covers and pushes your torso into the back of the wooden bench, bringing the phrase “a rock and a hard place” to mind, though this “rock” being a big boulder of blubber instead. Your arms feel lost as they are forced to spread out into an unintentional hug, embracing all of this glutton caused globe. With the side of your face pressing against the exposed hide his jeans cannot contain as it thickly oozes around your shoulders and head.

A panic begins to sets in as you try to call out and get his attention but it is hard to do so with all his flabby pressure pressing your chest and lungs. The diminutive sounds you can make are going unheard, as you recall the earphones he is wearing making him ignorant to any and all noise that isn’t his music. With your cries muted you try look around the best you can to see any means of escape from this enormous envelop.

You can just about turn your head from side to side with your face forcefully rubbing against the somewhat rough and thick hide of his buttock. Whilst searching you see that his great width takes up both sides of the bench with excess flab flowing over, but to one side you also notice you are just a seat space away from the end of the bench. You figure you could try to squirm and squeeze yourself to the edge and out, setting you free.

Setting your plan into action you begin shifting and turning what you could under all his blanketing pressure. Feeling like you might be making some progress as his adipose is somewhat malleable, making you feel as if you were struggling against a great wall of dense pudding. Hope was settling in as you can sense your wiggling was moving yourself ever so slightly, and even though your progress is slow, mere-inches were paying off as the edge of the bench drew ever so closer.

Making a few more inches you suddenly start to feel a great stirring coming from your captor. Looking up the best you can, with your chin pressing against his softness, you can just see over a curve that he’s turning his head as if confused by something around him. You begin to internally cheer thinking what little movement you are making has alerted him to your predicament.

That was only half the case though as you felt a great shift and wiggle come from the ponderous pachyderm as he re-positions himself on the bench. This movement causing his pressing hindquarter to press further into you for a moment, followed by a heavy sway of his hips that sweeps you further away from the edge and places you right in-between his beyond obese buns. Now very up close and personal to the big guy, your new view is taken up by a close up of a long and deep crevice as he settles in again, his own comfort restored.

The situation feels worse as not only are you further from your goal but you now also have to deal with both of his large and lardy buttocks rather than just the one as they assault you from both sides. The cheeks of his back-end now smother the cheeks of your face as if to compare the size difference between you. Your head feeling like a pebble stuck between two monstrous moons.

With frustration, you try to shift your body wanting to position your arms in front of you, to push away this obese wall, but little comes from this as both of your arms feel stuck in place. With one of your hands you are able to feel the texture of the elephant’s jeans as his mass pins that arm below, whereas the other arm is higher up between the bench and rump hide with your hand able to squeeze at his naked flab.

You have no idea how he could not feel your presence as you are mostly sunk between his huge swollen buns and begin to wonder if waiting out being here is the best escape. A defeatist attitude for sure but as the elephant's towering height, vast width and uncountable weight very much out does you in every way, you feel you have no other chance out of this situation. Even if that patience is causing your buried legs to go numb.

As you set to wait for him to get up and leave there is a slight jiggle of his girth as you can feel above you his chubby tail, it wagging and dancing happily to the beat of his music. His enjoyment of being out in the cool open environment of the park has become a direct opposite of your confining and squishy prison walls.

There is also a warmth as you notice the chill of Autumn has completely turned away. Some heat of embarrassment warms your face, but also as his body heat seeps out from his large frame and into your much smaller one. You feel a strange intimacy as this warmth and confinement makes you feel you're wrapped too tightly, in too many blankets, the softness of his mass constricting you into a cushiony envelopment.

This respite is short-lived though as a favorite song of his begins to play and you can feel some heavy bouncing baring upon you as he grooves his bulk to the music. His gigantic, jiggling, girth starts to effect the bench causing it to bend and arc. The bowing he creates in the seat suddenly feels it is getting worse under you. An ominous creak rings a troubling thought through you of him breaking the bench with you still under him, breaking you in the process. This mountain of overweight elephant suddenly cascading upon you draws a renewed sense of determination to escape.

With his playful jostling, shaking his whole frame, there were moments his whole immense weight was not pressing upon you. These small glimmers of hope allow some movement and your arm that is higher up becomes looser with each blubber-filled bounce he makes. Managing to slide and guide it, as it rubs against his thick hide, you can now feel that your arm now rests on top of the backrest of the bench, under an overhang of rump flab. More creaks and cracks urge you on as with a final struggle you pry it away from the bench and free from it's fat trap.

Setting in mind that you need to let him know you are under his hefty, heavy self, you eye his tail and reach for it. Your fingertips try to grasp at his snaking appendage but his music has placed it in a trance as it dances and sways away every time to try to grab hold of it.

Another idea comes to mind though a rather embarrassing one you feel, but one you must desperately try. You start by drawing your free arm outward as much as you can, turning what you can of your body deep between his crack to give your arm extra power. With your palm open and with a big target to aim at you swing, swatting your hand against one of his ample butt cheeks. The impact making a significant ripple as his thick skin tries to keep its form and firmness but the vast amount of adipose underneath makes it jiggle and jostle.

He certainly seems to feel that as you hear a yelp far from above. With some slow mountainous movement you finally feel his weight pour off of you as he arduously hefts himself off the bench and off as you. With an instinctual act he tugs up what he can of his jeans, still unable to get them close to his waistline. You, your body and the bench sigh in relief free from his bulk.

You look up with a gasping breath, now able to fully breath and see that the obese oaf does not quite notice you at first. He turns his head from side to side looking for the culprit that struck his vast behind. With a great turn he swings his body around, his overbearing rump draws away as that protruding, ponderous, paunch of his faces you. Finally he looks

down and sees a disheveled you sitting meekly on the still bowing bench. At first confusion appears on his round face until a sudden gear turns and activates an instant wash of red that fills his chubby cheeks as a wave of embarrassment racks his whole system.

With his trunk he whips the earphones from his ears, his eyes showing signs of worry as he then bends his gargantuan body low towards you. His long face now close to you and he begins to use his long, thick, arm like nose to pat and inspect your body in concern. His voice is rather sweet and soft as he speaks in great apologies with a genuine tone of awkward alarm.

Though your body is still reeling from all the great pressure it was once under you feel as though you have not sustained any injury and assure the embarrassed elephant you are fine if but slightly winded. He slows down and winds his trunk's inspection of you to a stop, he then looks around for a moment hoping no one else has seen this scene and stammers his voice, apologizing once more and says how he should be going. In a shy skulk he waddles off, the ground shaking once again under his steps.

Pausing for a few moments and having another sigh of relief, you have come out of that ordeal fine and intact and you figure you might as well try to get back to your book. Though looking around yourself and the bench you can't seem to find it anywhere. With a curious glance you look to the distance of the large elephant as he waddles away and see your book, peeking out from between those bouncing butt cheeks of his, as it nestles there wedged in like you once were.