Tabitha's plump juicy booty hypnotically recoiled as she walked, bouncing in rhythm with each step that she took. The bottoms of her cheeks were poking out from under her tight shorts, the elastic hem cutting into them like twine in a loaf of bread. The shorts had moved so far up the crack of her ass that there was no way for them to escape. They were so form-fitting that she couldn't even pull them down without them riding back up all on their own. Her supple thighs jiggled and twisted, rubbing against each other as she walked bouncing in rhythm with her beautiful booty.

Her stomach seeped out in between her shorts and her tight top revealing a sexy pouch and cute innie belly button. Her titties spilled out of the small top pulling at the spaghetti straps, stressing them beyond their limits. But the straps held, pulling her sexy melons upright against gravity, but also causing them to bounce uncontrollably. Her areolas began peeking over the tops of her shirt. As she hurried down the hall, her girls bounced up and down, attempting to escape their flimsy cage.

Upon reaching her destination, Tabitha quickly opened her medicine cabinet looking for her inhaler. She snatched it from the shelf and hurriedly rushed to the toilet without closing the mirror. Tabitha pushed her damp, moist shorts down and set her two plump, clammy cheeks on the toilet seat. She hit her inhaler a few times as she relieved herself and felt her body calming down as she slowly returned to her senses.

The plus-size bombshell fumbled in the darkness, completing the checklist of usual tasks before stumbling her way out of the windowless bathroom into the pitch-black hallway.

She made her way back to the safety of her room, ignoring the rumblings and flashings outside as best she could. Once inside, Tabitha crawled back onto her bed and slid under her warm blankets, putting them over her head and shutting the world out. She lay there, idly, wondering how she was going to block out the terrifying sounds that effortlessly penetrated her walls. She had no clue how she was going to do so.

At that very moment, Tabitha remembered that she had kept a flashlight and pack of batteries in her bedside table in case of emergencies.

This certainly qualified as an emergency.

The gorgeous girl turned over, laying on her right side, and pulled out the drawer to her bedside table with her left hand. She began to rummage around in the drawer in the darkness, catching glimpses of the clutter inside as the lightning flashed. She felt around slowly, focusing on whatever touched her fingertips as she tried to remember everything that she had chucked in there. She felt herself dig passed headbands, old charger cords, loose dead batteries, and other small knickknacks that had made their way into the drawer.

She began to dig deeper for the flashlight and batteries. Deeper and deeper she dug, looking for her hidden treasures within the drawer. As she searched desperately for her flashlight, panic began to creep in with each passing second.

The thunder outside had not ceased. The lightning had not stopped. The storm raged on unimpeded and unabashed, inadvertently showing her how insignificant she was in the grand scheme of things.

Just as she began to lose hope, her hand hit something familiar. Something she had not seen or felt in a long time. Tabitha wrapped her hand firmly around the hard plastic, circular device, fishing it out of the sea of knick-knacks and should-be trash. She pulled the CD player free from the drawer and held it high into the air triumphantly. Lightning flashed brightly, sneaking its way past her curtains and illuminating her room with an eerie glow. Flashing non-stop, as if providing light for her to see her newfound savior.

Tabitha turned on the CD player but saw that it had no power. The batteries were dead. She rummaged around in the drawer again this time finding an old remote to a cable box she no longer had. To her luck that remote contained the same sized batteries that she needed for her CD player. Tabitha surgically removed the organs from the remote and transplanted them into her compact disc player. She connected her headphones and pressed play.

To her surprise, the CD that was stuck inside was none other than the first LP released by Venus and the Serene's. She skipped back to the first song and began to listen keenly. Her heart leapt with joy as the sounds of the thunder outside were replaced by the melodic and hypnotic voices of her favorite band.

Taking deep breaths, Tabitha steadied her nerves, calming herself and calming her heart as she listened to the sweet tunes that played through her headphones. She began to focus and meditate on everything around her and bring situational awareness to the forefront of her mind. She wanted to be ready in case anything else happened. She had to have an idea of what to do if a more severe emergency struck.