A Friendly Wager  
By Mollycoddles

Jim enjoyed his weekly poker game with his three old friends. The guys had been coming together for this ritual for years now and it was always a fun and friendly night of laughs. The conversation frequently turned to the guys’ wives, because, well, what topic holds more interest to a happily married dude than reminiscing about his soulmate?

“Joan’s been working really hard preparing for the church bake sale,” said Ted as he cut the stack and dealt cards around the table. Ted was always bragging about Joan’s performance in the kitchen, knowing that Joan’s cooking made all his friends jealous. It wasn’t JUST that Joan was a killer cook; it was that Joan tended to sample her own recipes a little too much and, over the years, her hips had been slowly spreading as a result. Some men might have complained like whiny little babies when their wives started to show the inevitable signs of middle age spread, BUT these four were dedicated “wife guys” with a special interest in a particular sort of woman. The bigger sort.

One thing that all four men had in common was their love of larger women, so it was no surprise that their wives were a collection of curvy cuties and voluptuous vixens. That was one of the things that brought them together and made them fast friends. It didn’t hurt that every poker night the group had an opportunity to ogle a different wife… cuz they were all definite lookers! Al’s wife Celia was a bubbly blonde yoga instructor turned uber milf whose thick curves fired the imagination. Ted’s wife Joan was a church bake sale diva whose expanding waistline belied her expertise in the kitchen. And Derick’s wife Karen was a ball-busting real estate agent with big mommy energy.

“You trying to say something, Ted?” said Jim. “Because if you’re trying to make a point that your Joan has the goods over my Wanda, pfft, don’t even bother.”

Jim might have been biased, of course, but he was pretty sure that his wife Wanda was the hottest of the four. Wanda was a statuesque black woman who possessed all the attributes that Jim appreciated in a woman. She was a tall luscious babe, stacked all the way out to here in front and all the way out to there in back, with sassy sexy attitude to match her impossible contours.

“C’mon, we all know my Wanda is the hottest wife. No disrespect to your ladies, of course.”

“Yeah, she would be if she had a little meat on her bones,” chortled Al.

“As if! My Wanda is twice the woman of your Celia.”

“Okay, wise guy, why don’t you put your money where your mouth is? I bet my Celia could gain more weight in a month than your Wanda.”

The friendly ribbing was starting to get serious. “Oh yeah? How much are you betting?”

“All my winnings tonight,” said Al. “No. Actually, I’m so confident I’ll stake all my winnings for a year on this!”

“Whoa, are you kidding?” said Ted. “Shit, I want in on this bet.”

Jim stroked his chin as he considered the possibilities. That could add up to a lot of money! He and Wanda had just been talking the other day about how

“What have you got to lose?” snickered Al. “Don’t think your Wanda is up to the challenge?”

Jim drained his beer. “Oh, Wanda’s up for it. I don’t have any doubt of that. Wanda would absolutely blow your Celia out of the water.”

“There’s literally nothing to lose,” said Derick. “You’re saying we get a possibility of a big cash win and a guaranteed sexier wife in the process? Sounds pretty sweet to me.”

“Yeah, if you can get your Karen to agree to it!”

Jim, Al, and Ted all laughed raucously at the crack. Derick’s wife Karen was a notorious Karen. But still, all four men loved their wives’ big curves but…well, they’d be lying if they didn’t fantasize about seeing those curves get even bigger.

Jim couldn’t help but think about how much that extra money would mean for his family. His son Walter, 10, needed braces. His daughter Winona, 16, was complaining that she needed her own car. And his other daughter Willow, 12, had tutoring lessons he needed to pay for. And that was in addition to all the usual monthly bills that a family of five would incur!

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Jim wondered how well the other guys were able to explain the bet to their wives. All he knew was that at first Wanda simply laughed in his face.

“Jim, hun, you cannot be serious! Ain’t there already enough of me for ya, you greedy bastard?” She tweaked his nose playfully.

Wanda was a tall woman, about a finger length taller than Jim, in fact. Something that, to him, only added to her Amazonian beauty. He often thought of her as his Nubian princess as he gazed in rapt admiration at her dark chocolate skin and long cornrowed hair with its natural black and bleached blonde twists. Wanda’s preferred attire was spandex leggings or stretchy knit dresses, since her natural curves had only grown more prominent over their years together. Part of that was Jim’s doing. How could he resist pampering his beautiful wife, especially when all that pampering only added to her deliciously full rump and dangerously bouncy bosom? But it was also a natural consequence of aging and the result of three pregnancies. At 40, Wanda still had the same busty silhouette as she had at 20… although her tummy was definitely pooching out a lot more these days.

“I’m not joking, baby,” said Jim, putting his arms around his tall woman and letting his hands rest on the shelf of her rump. “It’s a lot of money, you know. And think about the advantages for me.”

“The advantages for me? Mister, I know you don’t think your wife is dumb enough to fall for that line! You’re thinkin’ about the advantages for you! You just wanna see my big ol’ booty blow up to the size of a volkswagon, don’t even front like you’re doin’ this for me, joker!”

“But there is an advantage for you,” said Jim, standing on his tip toes to nibble his wife’s ear. “You’re the one who gets to eat all the food.”

Wanda paused. “Well, you do know that I like to eat.”

“What?” Wanda shook her head. “You crazy, Jim. I know you like all this good stuff, Jim, and you know I like to eat, but I ain’t gonna get fat just so you can win some crazy bet with your fool friends!”

Jim sighed an shrugged his shoulders. “Well, that’s a real shame. Karen and Joan were really eager. They were so sure that they’d beat you.”

“Karen and Joan? Ha! Those two white ass bitches could never beat me.”

“Well, I guess we won’t know… since we won’t be participating in the contest.”

“Karen and Joan are going ahead with it?”

“Yeah… and Celia.”

“No way am I letting some skinny ass white girl beat me!” said Wanda. “I got to rep my sisters!”

Jim grinned. He knew he could count on Wanda’s stubborn pride to help push her over the edge. This was great! Wanda was already a big eater and a natural gainer, so he was pretty sure that with just a little bit of extra work and little bit less exercise, he and Wanda would be walking home with that pot!

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The first day of the bet, Wanda stepped on the bathroom scale. She watched the numbers spin and spin and stop at 212. It was no surprise; she was a big woman after all. But knowing that all her competition were also big women meant that she couldn’t rely on her natural size to help her out much. She was gonna have to get to working hard.

“Baby,” she called out, “How much I gotta gain for this?”

Jim appeared in the doorway. “Depends on how much the other three gain. It’s a bet to see who can gain the most.”

Wanda giggled. “You clever boys. Y’all just wanna have a buncha fat wives. Well, if it means I get to eat whatever I wanna AND please my man AND make some extra scratch… guess I can’t complain. First thing I gotta do is get me a big breakfast to fill up this little ol’ tummy of mine. If you wanna see it grow, that is.” She slapped a hand across her soft belly.

“Why don’t you let me worry about that?” said Jim. “You relax and take your time getting ready. I’ll fix you the sort of breakfast that’s gonna help you win.”

Wanda giggled again. “Lord, I’m afraid to ask what you’ve got up your sleeve, Jim. But you know I ain’t gonna say no to that. You go on down and make something filling.”

When Wanda arrived at the breakfast table, Jim already had a massive plate of scrambled eggs and bacon waiting for her. The couple’s three children, accustomed to simple breakfasts of cereal or yogurt, were baffled.

“What’s the special occasion?” asked Winona.

“Nothing, mama just needs a treat sometimes,” said Wanda, ruffling her daughter’s hair. “And your father knows how to treat his woman.”

“Oh gross,” said Winona, making a face. She immediately turned her attention to her cell phone. Typical teenager.

Winona studiously ignored her mother as Wanda chowed down, gobbling her breakfast quickly and then holding out her plate for more. “You got anymore, baby? Mama’s still hungry.”

“Of course,” said Jim from the kitchen. “I’m just working on a second batch.”

“Be sure to put extra butter in them eggs this time,” said Wanda jokingly. “That last batch was a little dry.”

“Oh don’t worry, I think you’ll find I use more than enough this time…”

Winona rolled her eyes. Parents were weird.

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Wanda was a regular fixture in the neighborhood, everyone knew her from her regular weekly jogs. It was no exaggeration to say that Wanda turned all heads. A tall beautiful bountiful black babe with thick muscular legs, pumping and sweating her way around the block, her luscious buns packed into a pair of short snug little spandex booty shorts, her colossal chest heaving in her overmatched sports bra. Her tummy was doughy, true, and her thighs were big, true, but Wanda was the epitome of thicc fit. Or rather, she was. Everyone noticed when she abruptly quick jogging.

She quit jogging and she started eating. After a couple weeks, she already started to notice a growing softness. Her tummy pooch was turning into a belly roll. If it kept growing, soon it would be an outright gut! So much for being thicc fit, she was well on her way to just being thicc!

The number on the scale started to rise. 215… 217… 220…

Wada weighed herself multiple times a day, always excited to see that number slowly go up. Damn, she was gaining FAST. Turned out that, once she stopped fighting it with exercise and diet, her slow, middle-aged metabolism was a natural ally in this fight!

222… 223… 224…

As Wanda expanded, she began to worry that the couple wouldn’t be able to hide their place from the children for much longer.

“How’re we gonna explain this to the kids?” asked Wanda as she and Jim prepared for bed one night. She pulled her frilly white nightgown over her shoulders and down her body, noting with pride that the garment was definitely clingier than in the past. “They’re gonna start asking questions when they notice their mama gettin’ huge.”

“We’ll tell them the truth,” said Jim, nuzzling Wanda’s neck from behind. “We’ll tell ‘em their mama is working hard to get them their braces, their car, and their math lessons. Don’t worry so much. Now come to bed.”

Wanda purred. “Baby, you know I will. Now turn off that light. Mama’s hungry and not for food…”

Wanda and Jim’s sex life had never been better as Jim got hard every time he saw his expanding wife split the seat in another pair of leggings or bust the zip on one of her skirts. If she bent over to get something from a lower shelf in the kitchen, more often than not Jim would be behind her as she rose back up to stand, his hands on her hips, the bulge of his erection pressing into the soft yielding expanse of her bulging buns. But Jim now insisted on doing ALL the work in the bedroom, letting Wanda lie back and enjoy all this extra attention. Jim didn’t want his growing wife to burn off a single precious calorie if she could avoid it!

In the morning, after Jim sent the kids off to school and left for work himself, Wanda was left alone in the house. Most days she would spend her time alone eating, but after a few weeks of constant indulgence she needed stimulation of another kind.

As much as Wanda loved Jim, she eventually needed to get away from her husband’s smothering attention for a little girl time. She wondered how the other wives were faring in their weight gain journey. Wanda rose from bed, smoothing the fabric of her nightgown and admiring her growing form in the mirror. No way could any of those white girls compare. Hmmm… Then again, it might be a good idea to check out the competition. And it would be nice to get out of the house for a little…

Wanda picked up the phone and dialed Celia’s number. Of the other wives, Celia was the one to whom Wanda was closest.

“Hey Wanda (munch much) what’s up?” Celia voice on the other end was muffled and Wanda could guess why.

“Same as you, it sounds like. You eatin’, huh?”

“Of course (munch much). I intend to win!”

“Whatcha eating?”

“Just snacking on some Oreos.”

“Oreos? Girl, you wastin’ your time eatin’ junk. If you wanna get big, you oughta indulge for real.”

Celia laughed. “What do you have in mind, Wanda?”

“Listen, I gotta run some errands today,” said Wanda. “You wanna come with? I’m going to the Los Hermanos Mall, we can meet there in an hour and have a second lunch.”

“How’d you know I already had lunch?” asked Celia.

Now Wanda laughed. “Girl, come on. I’m not gonna insult you and pretend you’re not playing to win. Let’s get together. I wanna see how far along you are.”

“Me too,” said Celia. “Alright, it’s a date. I’ll see you soon!”

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Before marriage, Celia had been a yoga instructor down at the gym and she still retained a lot of her old musculature under her pudge. She was a big bubbly blonde with sparkling blue eyes and her golden hair pulled back into a jaunty ponytail. She wore oversized jeans and a flowy blouse under her denim jacket but Wanda could tell that she’d been eating well. Her rounded face and emerging double chin told the story of an easy life and, when the two women shared a greeting hug, Wanda could feel the squishy blubber at Celia’s sides.

“Girl, you’re getting big,” said Wanda. “Lemme squeeze that new chub again.” She put her hands on Celia’s sides. “Yup, yup, no lie. You’re packin ‘em on, alright!”

“All this easy living is starting to have an effect on my waistline,” chuckled Celia, patting her swollen tummy hidden under the wide band of spanx sewn into her relaxed-fit maternity pants. “I’ve had to start wearing my old maternity clothes again! Just last night I was picking up after the kids. I bent down to pick up one of Andy’s toy trucks and split the jean of my jeans!”

“Jeans?” Wanda chuckled smugly. “You still wearin’ jeans? Girl, I done gave up on those long ago. I done busted my britches weeks ago.”

Wanda flashed a pearly smile at a pair of young teen boys ogling the two whale-sized wifeys as they waddled past. Wanda was proud to say that these days she could only fit her ripening curves into her stretchy, skin-tight dresses and she was only to happy to use that excuse to show off her new size. She loved the way that this dress clung to every roll and bulge, emphasizing her protruding gut so much that you could see the dip of her belly button through the fabric… but she was even more pleased at how it failed to disguise her shelf-like rump jutting out behind her like two inflated party balloons.

“Touche,” said Celia. “But don’t forget, Wanda. You might think you’re in the lead cuz you had a head start over the rest of us, but that won’t help you in the end. The bet isn’t for the biggest wife, it’s for the most weight gained.”

Wanda grinned. “Thanks for reminding me, Celia, but I ain’t worried. I got this all in hand. Me and my man plan to win… and, to that end, my man been keepin’ me good an’ stuffed!” Now it was Wanda’s turn to pat her tum, subtly slipping her index finger between the jelly rolls of her flank and her hip… she liked to run her hands over ALL these new curves!

“Speaking of which, didn’t you promise me a second lunch?”

Wanda laughed. “Girl, I thought you’d never ask. Let’s do it.”

Laughing and chattering, the two expanding divas wobbled there way toward the food court. Celia ordered herself a Caesar salad from the sandwich place, something that made Wanda nearly guffaw out loud. Typical white girl choice! Sure, Celia loaded it up with so much ranch dressing that it had practically turned into a soup, but it just showed that the former yoga instructor was having a harder time giving up her ostensibly “healthy” eating habits as she struggled to gain weight. Wanda had no such compunctions, so she ordered herself two slices of meat lovers supreme from the mall court’s pizza by the slice joint. The two expanding friends settled down into one of the court’s table to enjoy their lunch.

Wanda smirked as she felt the chair settle under her bulk, her broad bum spilled over either side of the narrow seat. She flashed a smug grin at Celia; Celia’s mouth was drawn flat in an annoyed line as she heard the unmistakable creaking from Wanda’s chair.

“Looks like you’re feeling a little sick about your chances now, hun,” said Wanda as she bit into her first slice, tearing away a string of goopy melted cheese.

“Don’t get cocky,” warned Celia, “There’s still a lot of time left in this contest. And a lot can happen before this is done.”

Wanda chuckled. “Girl, you can try to catch up,” she said. “But you got a long way to go.”

From Celia’s expression, though it was obvious that she was definitely going to try…

225… 230… 235…

Winona winced as her mother wobbled into the room and collapsed onto the sofa. She was used to her mother being… well, there was no other way to say it, thicc. But this? This was ridiculous! Her mother was huge and getting huger everyday! What made it even weirder was that Winona’s parents were becoming more and more flirty the bigger her mother got! Winona always assumed that her dad must be an ass man from the way that he fawned over her mom’s booty, but this… this was ridiculous! Winona resolutely stared at her phone screen as her mother wheezed on the couch next to her.

The bathroom scale kept track of Wanda’s escalating poundage. 250…260… 275… 300… The number kept rising, but Wanda didn’t need the scale to tell her she was getting fatter. She could feel all that extra blubber weighing her down, heavy on her hips and booty. But the truth was? She knew she was hot before she started gaining and she knew she was hot now. Even if Jim wasn’t there to constantly shower his inflating bride with praise, Wanda felt like the constant jiggle of her extra thick booty and love handles was dead sexy. 310. 320. 330.

She did nothing but eat now, barely lifting a finger to work as she entered the home stretch of the bet. Jim took over the household chores, organizing the kids to help out and pick up the slack that their mother wouldn’t be able to take care of while she was “training.” Winona raised an eyebrow at her mother’s explosion, but the two younger ones took it all in stride. The whole family had to pull together to win!

340…350… 360…

Every day was a blur of non-stop eating as Wanda pushed herself harder and harder. She had become a living balloon, pumped to the max daily not with helium but with food, and the only relief she got from the constant sensation of being glutted to the absolute limit was when she was asleep. Even then, she was getting to the point where she was eating so much that she couldn’t digest all of that extra food overnight and she would wake in the morning still bloated. But she wasn’t giving up! She was gonna show those skinny white girls exactly how much good stuff a sister could hold!

370…380…390…

“Baby, I know there’s a lot at stake… but this is a little extreme, even for you,” said Wanda when Jim brought a funnel, hose and a gallon jug of chocolate syrup into the bedroom.

“C’mon, just try it, Wanda. Who knows? I think you might even like it…”

Wanda eyed the syrup. She WAS hungry. A single dinner wasn’t enough to fill her up anymore.

“Okay, Jim, I’ll give it a try. But be careful! I ain’t never done this before, so don’t get carried away. I don’t wanna pop.”

“Don’t worry, Wanda. I’ll be gentle.”

Jim pushed the funnel into Wanda’s mouth and started to pour. Wanda’s protests were soon drowned in a river of chocolate syrup and she was forced to concentrate all her energy on gulping it down just to keep it up. Wanda’s eyes glazed over as she fell under the seductive sway of the sweet taste. Jim knew his wife had an insatiable appetite and an uncontrollable sweet tooth. He could tell that all of Wanda’s protests were for show. She loved to eat and she loved to show off her massively sexy bulges. This contest was finally giving her an excuse to indulge in all the excesses that she’d denied herself for so long.

“Mmmmm,” mumbled Wanda through a mouthful of chocolate. She lay back and guzzled as her belly swelled bigger and rounder before Jim’s marveling eyes. Worried that his wife might be filling up too fast, Jim determined that he was going to do everything possible to make sure that Wanda stayed comfortable… and stayed eating! He grabbed a plastic squeeze bottle of cocoa butter off the night stand and squirted a dollop into the summit of her bloated stomach. Using his free hand, he rubbed the butter into his wife’ satiny skin using big circular motions.

Wanda drank and drank and drank. Jim was in heaven as his whale of a wife grew bigger and bigger, literally inflating like a balloon as she greedily gulped and guzzled as much chocolate syrup as she could pull into her eager mouth.

When Jim finally had to pause to catch his breath, Wanda was so obscenely full that her chocolate-colored tummy was starting to develop a rosy red blush. Her full belly ached so much that she hardly even dared touch it for fear that the lightest pressure of even a finger tap might make her explode… but oh it ached so good! And what was worse, Wanda just wanted MORE! Despite the pain, she was sinfully hungry for ever more sweet stuff…

“Lord almighty, you’re gonna pop me like blimp if you keep feedin’ me like that!” She drummed her fingers along the rounded surface of her swollen abdomen. “But a gal can get used to that… You got any more?”

“Sorry, Wanda, you’ve drunk it all. There’s nothing else to put inside you.”

Wanda’s eyes sparkled mischievously. “Oh I don’t think that’s true, baby.” She rolled over, wincing as she felt the pressure of the bed beneath her against her severely overloaded stomach. “I can think of one more thing to eat… and Wanda’s still hungry, baby…”

Wanda grinned as she unzipped Jim’s fly and reached inside to fondle his penis, licking her lips as her husband’s member popped to attention. She knew what Jim liked. And she knew that Jim wouldn’t be able to resist this attention from his fat wife. Gawd, Jim was even harder than usual! That dick could cut diamonds, thought Wanda, not bad for a white guy!

Wanda took Jim into her mouth and started working, sliding her plump lips over his erect shaft, teasing the bulbous head of his dick with her tongue. Even as full as she was, with her heavy belly sloshing beneath her and sending twinges of pain into her system with every movement, she was starting to get turned on. Taking Jim into her always got her hot and horny. Wanda was so obscenely bloated that she was pretty certain that she couldn’t take anymore, that if Jim came in her mouth and she swallowed… she would literally burst like an overfilled water balloon.

The image fired Wanda’s imagination and pushed her to take all of Jim’s member into her mouth, tickling the back of her throat with his penis head. The sensation was too much for Jim and he exploded inside her with a grunt. Wanda’s eyes and cheeks bulged as her mouth filled with sticky seed. For a brief second, she wondered if her fears might not come true. She was so absurdly, obscenely full… her belly was bloated to the size of a fully inflated beach ball, so packed and swollen that she couldn’t imagine forcing anything more into her. She felt like she would surely burst if she even THOUGHT about eating anymore!

She smirked smugly, even with her full cheeks. She swallowed.

“Oof!” She patted her drum-tight tum. “How you like that, Jim? It all fit in here and I didn’t even bust!”

“Damn Wanda, you’re doing great,” said Jim, tucking himself back into his pants. “That’s so good! You get a little bigger and we’ll win for sure!”

“Bigger!? Baby, how much bigger do I gotta get? I’m huge!”

“Not much more, Wanda, but remember: you do wanna win, right? You don’t want some white girl to beat you?”

Wanda groaned and her enormously stuffed gut quivered and bubbled in response. “Baby, you know Wanda’s not gonna rest til she shows them here white bitches exactly where they stand. But my poor belly can’t take much more of this. Fun’s fun, but if I bust before this is all over… them kids won’t have a mama no more and you won’t have your fat wifey!”

“You worry too much, hun,” said Jim. “Lie back and relax. Let me massage that little tummy of yours…”

Wanda cooed as Jim massaged her swollen gut. “You know this’ll all be worth it when it’s over. I talked to Al the other day and he sad that Celia’s really getting into it. But I’m sure you’ve still got her beat…”

After their trip to the mall, Wanda hadn’t seen much of Celia. When Wanda proposed that they get together for another lunch trip, Celia always had an excuse. Wanda suspected that she knew why. Celia was scared now. Scare of losing.

“How big is Celia?” asked Wanda as she clamored into bed, the mattress sagging deeply under her 400 pound plus bulk.

“Hmm? Dunno, Al said she was really packing on the pounds now. Sounds like she’s getting serious.”

“That skinny bitch,” chuckled Wanda. “Just as I thought.”

“What’s that?”

“I just like to show off too much for my own good,” said Wanda, struggling to sit up in bed. Her frilly white nightie was way too tight for her and the side seams were already busting apart. Wanda knew she might as well give up wearing anything to bed, since she was destined to grow out of it. But she liked the look on Jim’s face every night as he watched his wife’s night clothes grow tighter and tighter. “That skinny little tramp musta got scared about her chances of winning! Now she won’t see me anymore. She doesn’t want me to know how she’s gettin’ now. She wants me to think I’ve got it in the bag, so I’ll get lazy…. So she can win!”

Jim chuckled. “You’re being paranoid, hun.”

“No, I’m not,” said Wanda, “But if Celia thinks she can win THAT easily, she got another think coming!”

The knowledge that Celia was also pushing herself to gain fast lit a whole new fire under Wanda’s widening bottom. With Jim’s help and encouragement, Wanda was ready to eat herself into a stupor if it meant she would win! She needed to do it for her family! Every time that Wanda started to falter, she just had to remind herself of what her family could do with all that extra cash. Truth be told, though, Wanda was enjoying indulging enough that she really didn’t need the cash motivation.

To be Continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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