Devotion to Growth 2 (1 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

“It’s such a shame what happened to Ted,” said Vanessa, shaking her head. “Just such a shame. You know he used to be a star football player back in high school? You wouldn’t believe it to look at him now."

“What?! That little shrimp? No way!”

“Way! He’s gotten… much smaller since then.”

Back in high school, the football players and the cheerleaders used to gather here, at Papa Pepperoni’s Pizza Parlour, after every game for a victory celebration (or sometimes a consolation prize). It was a regular ritual that they still honored even now, years after graduation, when none of them played football or lead cheers anymore. Vanessa herself hadn’t picked up the pom poms in a few years, but she still did regular exercise to keep her former athelete’s body fit and trim. That was more than could be said for some of their crew.

Of course, she was specifically referring to Ted. And to Joy. Although Joy was never really part of their crew, to be honest. Joy had been a nerdy little bookworm in high school, a dork girl that Ted had fallen for hard, and he’d started bringing her to their meetings. Vanessa had been catty to her. That was a mistake. At the time, Vanessa thought Ted was a supreme hunk – a tall, buff adonis in football cleats – and she’d been jealous that he chose to date a shrimpy, flat-chested, bespectacled geek instead of a hot buxom cheerleader like her. But a few disparaging comments about Joy’s petite physique had spurred the bookworm to make… big changes.

She had started to eat more. And that triggered a sudden growth spurt. It wasn’t just that Joy got fatter, she also got taller.

“Don’t look now, here he comes… and he’s got her royal wideness with him too!”

Vanessa and her friend Stacy fell quiet as the subjects of their conversation entered the room.

Joy grunted loudly as she struggled to shove herself through the doorway. The massively fat brunette was so wide that her hips wedged in doorways all the time, so tall that she had to duck her head to fit under the door sash. Her fat ass required that Ted work overtime as her designated 24/7 de-wedger. He was always behind her, struggling to shove her enormous girlfriend through gates and doorways as she shouted abuses at the poor boy. He was barely up to the task. But what could you expect? It’s not like he was a strong guy!

He used to be strong, thought Vanessa. Gawd, what happened?

It had started innocently. But as Joy the bookworm started to grow, Ted started to shrink. He dropped out of football to dedicate himself full time to taking care of Joy’s every need, becoming hopelessly devoted to his constantly growing girlfriend.

Joy was huge. She was over eight feet tall, an unbelievable amazon behemoth, but she was so incredibly fat that she still wobbled and waddled when she walked despite her inhuman height. Her breasts, bigger than fully ripe watermelons, slapped against the shelf of her gigantic belly when she walked, despite the best efforts of her custom-made monster-sized brassiere to restrain them. Her love handles slopped over her hips, forming deep rolls of flab that grazed the sides of every doorway. Her voluminous ass was wider than a Volkswagon bus, so ridiculously plump and plush that the girl had long since completely out grown anything that could be bought off the rack. She had to have her clothes custom ordered and even then she was still gaining so fast that she couldn’t go for more than a week without splitting her seat or ripping her in-seam. That bountiful badonk stuck out behind her in true ghetto booty fashion – At one point, years ago, Vanessa had joked that Joy was turning into the perfect woman for a football jock, simply because you could balance a beer can on her shelf ass. These days, you could balance several six packs on that shelf! The girl’s round face was buried in soft fat, her double chin had consumed her neck, and her arms and legs looked like tree trunks. She could barely shuffle around without getting winded she was so enormous! She was so huge that her arms stuck straight out at her sides, so turgid they were nearly useless, ringed with soft pillows of lard that couldn’t help but remind one of the Michelin Man. Her elephantine legs were swaddled in blubber that dimpled around her buried knees and spilled over her pudgy feet. She was plumped and pumped with her own excess to the point that she was almost completely spherical; if it wasn’t for her colossal breasts bouncing in front of her and her explosive rear wobbling along behind her, she probably would roll around like a ball if you pushed her over. Vanessa couldn’t help but think that would certainly be an easier way to get this jumbo honey from place to place, because she definitely wasn’t spry anymore!

But at the same time… it took A LOT of muscle to stay mobile. And sure, she wasn’t fast and she didn’t have a lot of stamina… she suuuucked at cardio since she got puffed in mere seconds from carrying so much extra poundage. But there was still a surprising amount of strength in those eight plus feet of height!

The group watched as Joy gripped the walls with her pudgy sausage fingers and pulled herself through the doorway, her face going red with the effort as she huffed and snorted. It looked like the drywall was going to come apart under her fingers!

“How do you think Ted even got Joy to the restaurant?” asked Vanessa. Her friends shrugged their shoulders helplessly. They had no idea. Joy was so huge that she could no longer fit into cars. The front seat was too cramped. Even if she wasn’t too fat (which she was), she was so tall now that she would have to hunch over until her knees hit her chin if she wanted to squeeze her bulk into the shotgun seat. Maybe Joy could just squeeze into the back seat, her ass was certainly wide enough that she could fill the whole backbench on her own. Vanessa wondered if Ted would soon have to buy a truck just to cart his blimping girlfriend around town. And how much longer before Joy grew so huge that even that wouldn’t be enough? There seriously didn’t seem to be any limit to how big she could get!

Joy grunted and groaned, swearing under her breath as she pushed harder and harder against the wall. They watched in horror as fine cracks started to appear in the paint as the wall struggled to withstand the force that was Joy’s enormity. They all held their breath waiting for the wall to collapse. But not this time. Luckily, Joy finally popped through – with an undignified shout of surprise but without bringing the whole wall down with her. Small miracles at least!

“Gawd, they need to do something about these fucking doors,” snarled Joy, standing up to her full height and nearly bumping her head on a light fixture. She swatted it away with an annoyed grunt and didn’t even blink an eye as the light bulbs shattered under her touch. She simply did not know her own strength! Or at least… she usually didn’t…

“It’s okay, baby, we got you through, didn’t we?” said Ted, daintily stepping through the wrecked doorway in Joy's wake. Ted was as thin as a rail, all his old football bulk having long since fallen away in his years of inactivity. He was scrawny, his chest concave, his arms like noodles.

“Yeah, no thanks to you,” snorted Joy. “Gawd, Ted, I can’t believe what weakling you are now! It’s kind of embarrassing to be seen with you. You’re lucky that I keep you around.”

“Yes, dear.”

Vanessa and her friends watched in rapt fascination as Joy lumbered over to their booth, Ted scampering along beside her, his spindly arms always ready to grab her if the giant blimpette toppled over. Not that Ted would do much good! If Joy toppled over, she was absolutely crush him!

Other patrons dodged out of the way as Joy shuffled through the restaurant, cutting a path of destruction in her wake. It wasn’t just that Joy was huge – it was that she simply didn’t care what damage she did with her growing bulk! Her door-wide hips swayed with her every step, knocking over tables as she passed, and her gargantuan gut wobbled from side to side. A waitress couldn’t move aside fast enough and got knocked to the floor by the swing of her belly, crashing to the floor with a yelp. The waitress rolled to the side and crawled away, much too terrified of this titanic woman to so much as complain about her rude behavior. No one dared to stand up to Joy these days, even as she continuously became pushier, surlier, and more demanding!

“So… how are you two doing?” asked Vanessa when Joy arrived. Ted was busy arranging three chairs so that Joy could sit down; at her size, she needed to spread her colossal ass across three chairs to support her weight. If she tried to sit in a single chair, she would probably immediately reduce it to splinters. Vanessa noted that Joy was wearing, as usual, enormous spandex leggings and a bulky sweater – her style wasn’t all that different from when she had been a scrawny bookworm, it was just that there was so much more of her to cram into these outfits! Vanessa wondered what tailor had to custom design clothing for this eight foot giantess. The black spandex leggings were big enough to fit a hippopotamus, yet they were so pulled around Joy’s mammoth curves that the material was stretched to a translucent gray color – and bubbles of jiggly flesh were already breaking through the dying seams down her legs. Joy was still beautiful, with her long brunette hair, her perfect nose and her haughty grin. When she was tiny, Joy had been a mousy little thing who never wore make-up or cared about her appearance… but now she wore expertly-applied lipstick and mascara. Joy might have become extremely lazy as she grew, but she never got sloppy. She looked stunning. In fact, she took way more care of her appearance as a big girl than as a toothpick!

“Oh, pretty good,” said Joy, holding out her hand and conspicuously flashing the diamond ring on her plump sausage finger. “Ted here finally got up the nerve to propose. He’s going to make an honest woman out of me. Isn’t that right, Ted?”

“Of course, princess! Love you, sweetie!”

“What a gentleman, right? C’mon, Ted, hurry up with those chairs!! Gawd, you can’t expect me to just stand here all day! My feet ache!”

“Just about done! Okay, ready!”

Joy dropped onto her chairs with a colossal sigh of relief, her belly flopping into her plush lap. Everything creaked in response – her clothing, the chairs, even the floor.

Vanessa was more surprised about the ring.

“You’re getting married?! The two of you?! For real?? I mean… uh… well, congratulations!”

“Thanks,” said Ted. “I thought it was time… I couldn’t imagine spending the rest of my life without Joy. We’re just so crazy about each other… I figured I’d better make her mine officially before someone else does, haha!

Joy grunted, as if she was already tired of Ted’s prattle and just ready to eat. “Now Ted, be a good little fellow and go get me some pizza, hmm? I’m absolutely ravenous! I haven’t eaten in ages!”

Vanessa highly doubted that. If anything, maybe Joy hadn’t eaten in minutes.

“Right away, Joy! What kind of pizza do you want?”

“What a ridiculous question,” sighed Joy, rolling her eyes obnoxiously. “Of course, you know a girl of my stature needs one of each.”

Vanessa expected Ted to balk, but he just nodded and scampered off.

“Such a catch, I suppose,” said Joy. “He does try so hard, doesn’t he? Such an agreeable little man.”

Vanessa nodded, dumbfounded. She didn’t think that Ted needed to worry about anyone else trying to steal Joy from him. The megalithic mama wasn’t just enormous, she had gradually transformed into a lazy, domineering diva. She ran Ted ragged with her incredible demands – when he wasn’t busy pushing her through doorways or helping stuff her into her clothes, he was feeding her (Joy was always ravenously hungry and not shy about her demands for food) or fucking her (Joy’s sexual appetite had blossomed along with her gluttony, and poor Ted could barely keep up with his blimpish bride in the bedroom). Vanessa couldn’t think of too many people who would want to trade positions with Ted.

When the pizzas arrived, Joy lost no time. She plunged into her meal with ravenous abandon, shoving slice after slice into her mouth, slopping molten cheese and goopy marinara sauce over her plump cheeks and into her cleavage. By now, everyone should have been used to Joy’s outrageous appetite… but it was always a sight to behold! Ted ordered her a good dozen pizzas - -mushroom, pepperoni, Italian sausage, the list went on – so many pizzas that everyone had half assumed that they were meant for the whole table. But nope. They were all for Joy. Joy had discovered that she liked to eat. No, she LOVED to eat. Eating brought her untold joy, she loved the explosions of taste on her tongue with each new bite, she loved the feeling of a wonderfully full, delightfully tight belly… and as for her growth? That was just an added benefit, wasn’t it? She started eating thinking that maybe she could get bigger for Ted, so that he wouldn’t have to be embarrassed about the size difference between the two of them. Now there was still a major size difference between them, the only difference was that Ted was the small one now. But strangely, Joy didn’t care. She loved being big and fat and taking up space, loved dominating the room whenever she waddled through the door, and she loved watching herself bloom into an absolute unit who dwarfed her once beefy boyfriend. She loved seeing herself tower over Ted, loved knowing that she could – if she REALLY wanted to – simply crush him. She could push him down and step on him. She could roll over him in bed. She could sit her enormous ass down on him. And what could he do about it? Nothing! He was way too tiny to resist! And it tickled her to no end to think that Ted didn’t even realize it! He was helplessly devoted her to, mere putty in her pudgy hands, but he was simping so hard now that he didn’t even stop to think of the damage she could do to him if she really want to. She loved to think that he was skipping along in her wake, his doting attention laser focused on her gargantuan backside to the point that if she plopped her corpulent keister down on top of him he would probably just thank her for the experience!

Well, Vanessa thought, maybe married life will help tame Joy. Maybe she’ll settle into a life of domestic bliss and calm down, so that poor Ted isn’t always so harried.

Little did she know!

It was no surprise to anyone that Joy turned out to be a complete bridezilla. She screamed at the caters, the florists, the minister, but mostly she screamed at Ted for failing to take care of things to her liking. The tailor who made her wedding dress got the worst of it, because, unfortunately, Joy thought that getting married meant that she didn’t need to watch her figure anymore. Not that Joy was watching it to begin with. But if her appetite was big before, her post-engagement eating habits gave new meaning to the word “insatiable.” Joy was a bottomless pit and her constant gorging only meant that she grew bigger and bigger. The wedding dress had to be altered on a weekly basis, as the tailor let it out again and again to accommodate Joy’s ballooning girth. Worse, she started to grow taller again, so that the floor length white gown now only reached to her shins…. And then it only reached to her knees. Of course, Joy was also growing wider and rounder, so her expanding breasts and belly took up more of the material, adding to the dress’s inadequate length. The tailor could not make changes fast enough!

“I want five tiers on my wedding cake,” mumbled Joy as Ted spoon fed yellow sponge cake into his gigantic girlfriend’s mouth. “No. No, this isn’t good enough. Tell them I want the cake moister… moister! But leave the rest.”

Ted nodded obediently. “Of course, princess. Anything you say!”

Joy had spent all morning taste testing various wedding cake permutations and, by this point, she probably had at least one whole wedding cake in her gargantuan belly. She sat on the couch, her massive rear filling all three seats, her enormous paunch resting in her lap and spilling over her fat-swaddled knees. She was over ten feet tall and her weight was off the charts, so these wedding cakes were little more than cupcakes to her! Her latest wedding dress, made of acres of gauzy fabric, was already splitting at the seams, her billowing boobs spilling over the neckline and threatening to erupt completely every time that she swallowed another bite of cake.

“Leave the cake, though,” demanded Joy. She plunged a hand through the decimated cake and brought a handful of sponge cake and buttercream to her lips.

Ted’s wedding tuxedo had to be refitted too. He was skin and bones, yet still losing weight as he worked desperately to keep up with Joy’s ever increasing demands. The tailor had already taken in his pants twice and then had to alter the cuffs because… well, it didn’t seem possible… maybe it was just a trick of suggestion?... but it seemed like Ted was getting shorter. The poor boy was only five feet tall by now, a mere wisp of a kid, so frail and wan that friends who hadn’t seen him since high school but who were arriving now to give the happy couple their wedding congratulations thought at first glance that this scrawny little child couldn’t actually be Ted but must actually be some little brother that they hadn’t known about.

“Yes, dear.”

Joy slurped cake frosting from her hand, but that final swallow was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Her overtaxed wedding dress immediately split down the middle, tearing apart as Joy’s billowing paunch ballooned out through the rip and spilling faux pearls all over the floor in a shower.

“Aw, shit! My wedding dress split! Gawd, Ted, I want a proper tailor this time! I’ve had Madam Coffrey alter this thing three times already and it’s still too fucking tight! How am I supposed to go down the aisle looking like this?”

To emphasize her point, Joy lurched to her feet and straightened to her full height. Her head brushed the ceiling. The overburdened wedding dress gasped its last as her bodice tore in half and fell to the floor, her mammoth melons bursting free and flopping against her gut. In her shredded gown, she looked like an enormous megalithic Venus of Willensdorf statue. Joy was ballooning into a consummate mother goddess, her ample breasts and belly promising insane fertility while her incredible height advertised the bounty of the good life.

“I’m sorry, Joy, I’ll see if we can get someone better…”

“You’d better! Ugh! I can’t believe this! Ted, you better get this fixed! Lord knows you’re not good for much else, considering how small you are. I mean, look at you. You barely even come up to my waist anymore, huh?”

Ted stood in front of his bride-to-be, his eyeline directly matched with her crotch… or rather where her crotch would be if her enormous belly wasn’t blocking the view.

“Gawd, Ted, can you believe that you used to be the big one? I can’t even imagine that anymore.” Joy laughed deep in her throat, her thick double chin shaking with her chuckles. She patted her tiny fiancé on the top of his head, a loving pat but a condescending pat. “On second thought, I’d better take care of this myself. You stay back here and do what you’re good at, little man.”

“What’s that?”

Joy glanced over at the ruined cake. “Getting me more cakes, of course.”

With that, the titanic brunette blimp pushed past Ted – knocking him aside with her natural swing of her over bloated paunch – and stalked out of the room. Ted collapsed to the floor in a heap, the wind knocked from him by the fall. He wasn’t as resilient as he used to be and, for a brief moment, he worried that he might have broken an arm or a leg in the fall. He shook himself out. Phew! No bones broken. Not this time. But he didn’t have time to think about that. Joy had asked for more cakes and he was determined not to let her down.

It took a long time and many trials before Joy finally decided on what she wanted her wedding cake to be.

Joy ate at least three entire wedding cakes before she settled on one that she liked enough to commission for her actual wedding – although by this point she was demanding that her wedding cake have at least ten tiers. The drive to the wedding rehearsal was murder, since Joy was too big to fit into a car anymore. She had to hunker down to even fit her head into the front of Ted’s car, but she couldn’t even fit her padded shoulders inside. Ted marveled again at how huge she was! He was used to Joy not fitting in spaces because of her giant hips or fat ass, but now even her shoulders were too wide… and her flaring hips and butt were already even way beyond her shoulders in size.

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“I want to thank you all for coming to our engagement dinner,” said ted, tapping a glass with a spoon to get the attention of the assembled guests. “This is a really important evening for Joy and I and I’m so glad that all of our friends and family could be here for this occasion.”

The guests murmured their agreement, raising glasses to toast the happy couple. But at the same time, many of them were whispering amongst themselves about… well, about thing that was most on their minds. Joy sat at the head table next to Ted, her colossal ass spread across multiple chairs, her shoulder hunched so that she didn’t hit her head against the ceiling. She looked even fatter than ever! Her belly sagged against the surface of the table in front of her, her deep dark navel faintly visible through the taut fabric of her gauzy white dress. It was no surprise that she was still getting fatter, though – because she was already gorging herself on steak and chicken (Joy had thrown a fit when the caterer gave her an option between steak and chicken, insisting that she should get to try both) before most of the other guests had even been served.

“I’m especially glad that our families could finally get to meet for the first time.”

“I can’t believe it’s come to this,” sighed Vanessa. After high school, she had started working as a waitress here at Chez Pierre’s, the fanciest restaurant in town, and eventually worked her way up to Maitre d’. Now she was actually serving dinner to her old friends at their engagement party! It was such a weird situation to be in. But, at the same time, while she felt a little embarrassed to have to kowtow to her old high school acquaintances because of her job, at least she was in a better position than Ted! She couldn’t believe he’d been roped into marrying that greedy beast!

Joy shoved the last of her chicken dinner into her bulging cheeks and drained her third glass of wine. No wonder she was so huge! She was so big now that she looked like an ogre from a child’s fairy tale, a giantess so big that Vanessa half wondered if the happy couple would have to buy a castle at the top of a bean stalk for their honeymoon.

“Hey, Vanessa, would you be a darling and get me another glass of wine?” hiccupped Joy. Her cheeks were flushed pink and she was slurring her words. Clearly the alcohol was really starting to hit her a little!

“You sure you want more?” asked Vanessa, raising an eyebrow. On the one hand, she kind of wanted to see this fat behemoth get totally sloshed and make a fool of herself at her own wedding party. That humiliation would only serve her right! But at the same time, a girl as big as Joy could cause some real damage if she cut loose...

"Um, it's MY engagement party!" snapped Joy. “You don’t get to tell me what I do and don’t want, Vanessa! Now hurry up and pour me some more wine!”

“Jeez, Joy, I think you’ve had enough—”

“Oh! My! Gawd!!” Joy groaned. She rose from her seat, tottering slightly from the effects of the booze as she stood to her full height. She stared down at Vanessa, her eyes smoldering. Vanessa gulped. Shit. She shouldn’t have opened her big fat mouth! Now Joy was pissed!

“Now, Joy, today is a joyful day—” said Ted.

“Shut up, Ted! I know what day today is! And Vanessa here is totally trying to spoil my wedding! Gawd, you’re so annoying!” She stepped forward, looming over the much smaller waitress. Vanessa stumbled backwards, nearly dropping the wine bottle, as she stared up at a wall of breasts and belly, Joy’s furious visage barely visage beyond them from this vantage point.

“Gawd, Vanessa, where do you even get off? It’s not your wedding! Remember when we were in high school and you were always giving me shit for being so small? Well, I’m not small anymore and I can throw my weight around… so you better watch out, little girl!” Joy rumbled with sardonic laughter and thrust out her belly, bumping Vanessa to the ground and grabbing the wine bottle out of the air as it flew from her grasp. Laughing, Joy tilted the bottle into her mouth and glugged the remaining wine in seconds. She tossed it aside with a loud belch.

“Now stay out of my way, Vanessa! A little bitty shrimp like you should know her place!”

“Y-yes, Joy, of course!” Vanessa said, trembling in fear. As Joy lumbered back to her seat, Vanessa scrambled away. Jesus! Joy could have just crushed her like a bug if she had wanted to! And Ted pretty much did nothing to stop her! Not that he really could stop her at this point… Vanessa clucked her tongue. Gawd, Ted was pathetic now! He was a scrawny little wimp, too whipped by his enormous bride to do anything. To think that she had once had a crush on him! But those days were long ago and now Vanessa couldn’t look at her old flame with anything except pity.

She should have been more careful. Joy must have heard Vanessa clucking her tongue, because she suddenly turned on the svelte maître d with fire in her eyes. “What did you just say?!”

“I… I didn’t say anything, Joy!”

“Yes, you did! You think I don’t hear you? Maybe you didn’t get the message, Vanessa! This is MY special day and I won’t have you spoiling it!”

“Don’t you mean it’s your and Ted’s special day?” said Vanessa, unable to resist needling the bloated bridezilla even against her better instincts. She immediately regretted it as Joy stared her down. Joy sucked in her breath between her teeth, her body seeming to billow to even greater sizes, as she prepared to let loose a brand new torrent of abuses. But then, they never came. Joy simply narrowed her eyes, an ugly smirk across her face. Uh oh. What was this monster planning?

“Some people just don’t listen to reason,” sighed Joy. “I guess some people just need a demonstration.”

Without another word, Joy flipped around with surprising speed given her bulk (God, she’s got some crazy muscles under all that blubber, thought Vanessa idly) and dropped her Volkswagon-sized ass on top of Vanessa. The assembled guests gasped and Vaneesa shouted. She wasn’t expecting that at all! This wasn’t how civilized people behaved! But, of course, Joy was so far beyond caring how “civilized” people behaved. At her size, she wasn’t bound by any social conventions.

Now she was sitting on top of Vanessa! The poor girl was crushed beneath Joy’s monumental backside, hundred of pounds of buttery butt blubber bearing down on her, knocking the wind from her lungs and crushing her bones to paste! Vanessa was lucky in that Joy’s behind was so soft or else all that weight might have done some permanent damage! Also, by sheer coincidence, Vanessa had happened to position herself so that she was wedged right into the crack between Joy’s boulder-sized cheeks – she was snuggled right into that little cavern, an impenetrable walls of flesh to her either side. She was trapped, but mercifully that meant she could still breathe even with all that weight on top of her. Only a couple inches to the left or to the right and Vanessa would have been absolutely smothered!

“Gawd… Joy… please… let me up… I promise… I…”

“Joy, baby, please… don’t crush her! It’s our special day!” begged Ted.

Joy rolled her eyes. The very idea that Ted would even deign to beg her for anything! He should know better by now, that Joy was only beholden to her own whims.

“Whatever, Ted! You worry too much. I’m not going to crush her! I still need her to actually get me that next bottle, after all. I’ll let her out when she’s learned her lesson.”

“How do you feel, Vanessa?” called Joy. “Not gonna mouth off anymore?”

“Please… Joy… I’ve learned my lesson… I promise… I won’t… I won’t mouth off anymore!”

Vanessa could barely breathe. It hurt just to talk as she squirmed under all those pounds and pounds bearing down on her.

“Okay, that’s better. Ted! Give me a hand!” Joy held out her flabby arms and wiggled her fingers. The assembled guests stared in shock as Ted attempted the impossible feat of dragging his oversized fiancé to her feet. It was absolutely ridiculous to watch! Ted was barely even half her size, far too small and weak to effectively do anything. But the expression on Joy’s face revealed the truth. She just liked to watch him struggle!

“Just gimmie… a sec… I’ll get you up… honey!” gasped Ted, his face turning red and the veins bulging in his forehead from the exertion.

“Pathetic! Gawd, I don’t know I even bothered asking for your help. A girl’s gotta do everything herself around here.” Grunting loudly, Joy shifted her weight and slowly lurched her way to her feet. Vanessa scrambled away as fast as she could.

“Don’t forget the wine!” shouted Joy as the smaller girl ran for cover. Vanessa was definitely never going to forget the wine again! She was not eager for a repeat of that performance!

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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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles