A Friendly Wager 2  
By Mollycoddles

Wanda looked at herself in the mirror, running her hands along her new curves. Goddamn. Some days she just could NOT believe how big she had grown. How big she was growing! Wanda had begun this journey as a beautiful black woman, a tall statuesque amazon with dark chocolate skin and long cornrowed hair with its natural black and bleached blonde twists, a full-figured woman whose ample bosom was matched only by her well-padded rump. But now she was so much more. Some days, Wanda wished that Jim hadn’t made that rash bet with his poker buddies to see which one of their wives could grow the most. That had set off an intense rivalry between Wanda and the three other wives to see who could blossom into the biggest, most voluptuous vixen, and Wanda at no intention of losing to one of those cranky ass white girls.

But the days that Wanda wished Jim hadn’t made that bet, the days when she worried that her extra weight would attract stares on the street or her increasing poundage left her winded after just a little exertion, were fewer and fewer. She loved her sexy body and she loved that Jim loved it too. Jim never made any secret of his desire for a plumper, softer wife to squeeze…. And Wanda was happy to please her man!

She wondered, though, how long this could go on. None of the other three girls could possibly weigh as much as her now? Wanda was over 400 pounds now, a massive milf who packed on pounds in all the right places – giving her a gloriously full bustline to balance out her increasingly deep shelf of an ass, as well as a big round belly, thick thighs, hefty hips, and an adorably round face. She was the complete package. Even if she ended up not being the heaviest of the gals, she knew she would definitely be the one to wear all this new weight the best.

Of course, she was still growing. Wanda was eating more every day, determined to win, and Jim was helping her along with encouragement and, well, food.

410… 420… 430… The pounds kept coming and Wanda’s ass kept spreading… Who knew how big it could get?

Wanda was starting to pant and sweat under the sheer weight of her new body, so Jim one day surprised her with a mobility scooter: something that she could use to motor around town without having to waste any of her own energy.

The mobility scooter was expensive, but Jim knew it was a good investment. As soon as his wife was relieved of the burden of always having to walk everywhere, she immediately started blowing up like no one’s business. Previously, Jim had watched his wife’s gradually expanding physique and thought to himself how she looked like a balloon being blown up by a bicycle pump; now she was like a balloon suddenly hooked up to a high-pressure helium tank. Wanda balked when he unveiled the scooter – “You gotta be joking, Jim! I’m already eatin’ 24/7 an’ I cut out all my gym time. Ain’t no way I’m givin’ up my walkies, no matter how big in the booty I get!” – but it was only a couple days before Jim caught Wanda using her scooter instead of walking down to the corner bodega for her daily sugar fix.

The clerk at the bodega was shocked when he saw Wanda roll in on her scooter, her massive nearly 500 pound body jiggling and wobbling at every bump. He hadn’t seen Wanda in months and he remembered her as the thick jogging beauty with the big booty… not this massively corpulent blimp!

“Hey Aamir,” said Wanda as she rolled up to the counter with a box of donuts. She hadn’t bothered to pay before helping herself to a couple crullers.

“W-Wanda?” said Aamir. He couldn’t believe that this enormous woman could possibly be the Wanda he knew! But at the same time, it had to be her. How else would she recognize him?

“Yeah, it’s me, hun,” said Wanda. “I gained a little weight since the last time that you saw me. Does it show?”

Aamir winced. That question put him in a difficult position! He knew it was rude to point out to a woman that she had gained weight but he also knew she would immediately know he was lying if he claimed to not be able to tell that she had gained over 300 pounds.

Luckily, he thought of the perfect answer. Perfect, in part, because it was true! “Yeah, but you wear it well.”

“Aw, you sweetie,” said Wanda. That made her day! She was still glowing from the compliment for the whole ride home and even afterwards when Jim chuckled to catch her going back on her pledge not to give up “her walkies.”

“Lay off me, baby,” said Wanda, her cheeks bulging with donut. “It’s a long walk to the bodega an’ you know how hard it is for me with this big ol’ booty. Makes everything jiggle. But don’t think this means nothin’, I’m still gonna be walkin’ for all my other errands.”

“Sure,” said Jim, trying hard to hide his grin. From the back, he could see Wanda’s bloated ass hanging over either side of the scooter seat, putting such an absurd amount of pressure on the seams of her stretchy green dress that, unbeknownst to Wanda, the seams were starting to split. That money was as good as theirs!

440…450…460…

Finally, the moment of truth arrived. The four couples were scheduled to meet at Derick’s house for another poker night. Well, the official reason was for a poker night. Unlike their usual poker nights, though, this week all their wives would be in attendance. They were going to do the big weigh-in and see which wife had grown enough to win the kitty.

“You ready for the big night?” asked Jim as helped his wife wriggle into her stretchy knit dress.

“Baby, you know I was born ready.” Wanda grunted as Jim yanked and tugged at the tight material, struggling to pull it over his wife’s voluminous curves. It was NOT easy! Wanda’s excessive eating and new sedentary lifestyle had caused to balloon to absurdly hyper-voluptuous proportions in the final weeks of the contest. Her breasts had bloated up like twin pontoons, two high-riding chocolate milk tanks that billowed over the cups of her new H-Cup bra, while straddling an enormous round belly as big and spherical as a beachball. Her hips flared out wildly to her sides, so wide now that they brushed the sides of doorways whenever Wanda had to squeeze her way into another room. Her already delectable derriere had bubbled and blimped until the phrase “ghetto booty” was entirely inadequate to convey the true depth and width of that gloriously overstuffed badonkadonk. Wanda was huge. But with her massive belly, breasts, and butt, she was as deep as she was wide.

“I’m gonna win this for my man,” said Wanda, patting Jim affectionately on his cheek as he finally managed to get the knit dress over her burgeoning bustline. Her cleavage well up and threatened to burst out completely, but, for now, she was decent. “Jim, there’s gonna be food at this, right? I ain’t had a decent meal since lunch and you know Wanda don’t like to go hungry. Not when she’s got a thing to prove!” She grinned widely, like a cat, patting the protruding bump of her chubby middle.

“Yeah, don’t worry, Derick’s gonna be grilling.”

Wanda snorted. “Derick? That fool’s used to cooking for that tight-ass bitch Karen. No way is he gonna be able to make enough meat to satisfy my big appetite!”

“Oh I don’t know about that,” said Jim. “Derick says that Karen’s really been throwing herself into the contest too…. He says she might even be as big as you, Wanda.”

“Bullshit!” snorted Wanda. “Ain’t no way! Watch, tonight I’m gonna put that skinny bitch in her place. C’mon, baby, help Wanda get up onto her scooter. We got a contest to win!”

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Jim was right, though. Karen WAS big. In fact, Celia, Karen, and Joan had all packed on substantial amounts of weight, each woman now so wide and round that they could no longer all fit on the couch together. But Wanda’s triumphant entrance sitting astride her mobility scooter had put the fear of God into all those fat milfs. They stared at Wanda will barely disguised envy. Not just because Wanda was sure to win the pot tonight… but also because they were still waddling around on their own two feet like suckers!

Al and Ted came over to talk to Jim about the logistics for the night. The men were out back grilling up some delicious flank steaks for their hungry hungry wives. A good meal to get the evening started! As Wanda got comfortable, Jim smiled as he overheard Karen berating Derick in the next room.

“Jim got Wanda a scooter!” she snapped. “How come my man doesn’t think of my needs like that?”

“Honey, I didn’t know you wanted one…”

“Don’t you honey me!” snarled Karen, her glossy red lips curling in anger. She stabbed a pudgy finger into his chest. “When we get home, you’re gonna order ME a scooter too! You best do that or I won’t gain a single extra pound after tonight!” She inhaled deeply, puffing out her belly and chest for emphasis.

Jim had to laugh. When Karen returned to the main room, there was fire in her eyes. Poor Derick! The guy would never hear the end of this!

“Wow, Wanda, you really put your all into this contest!” said Celia, smiling as she watched Wanda pull her mobility scooter alongside the couch. Al’s wife Celia was a bubbly blonde yoga instructor turned uber milf known for her thick curves, but all her recent gorging had added inches to her waist until she looked like a chubby little pumpkin in her orange lycra workout clothes.

“Y’all dressed like that to show off?” asked Wanda. “Cuz I know you ain’t been working out, girl!”

Celia laughed. She pinched the elastic waistband of her leggings and pulled them away from her chubby tummy, revealing the bright red line that the tight elastic left in her pale flesh. She released her grip and the waistband snapped back, sending tremors through her soft flesh. “Truth is, this is the only thing that fits me anymore! As you can see, I’ve gained a little bit of weight.” Her wide smile and sparkling eyes revealed that she really didn’t mind, though.

“Haven’t we all just ballooned?” giggled Joan. Ted’s wife Joan was a church bake sale diva and a whiz in the kitchen. Her baking skills made her a formidable opponent in this contest, since she could whip up an endless parade of high calorie treats right at home in her own kitchen! The freckle-faced redhead looked like she had definitely used those talents to their fullest, because her entire figure was looking MUCH fuller. She was more hourglass-shaped than her rivals – the shiny crucifix she wore around her neck only served now to draw attention to her massive new cleavage, the tiny relic slipping into the chasm between her big soft boobs whenever she shifted her weight in her seat – but she was definitely heavy. She was wearing spandex-blend stretchy mom jeans and a pleated sweater, neither of which did anything to disguise her recent gains.

“I’m here to win, honey,” said Wanda. “Nothing personal, girls, it’s just business. We’re friends and all, but I’m still gonna whoop your skinny asses.”

“Who you calling skinny?” snapped Karen. And Derick’s wife Karen was a ball-busting real estate agent with big mommy energy. Unlike the other competitors, Karen had clearly spent the money to get new clothes tailored to her new, bigger size. This blonde bitch with her hair pulled back into a severe bun and her fire engine red lipstick and her domineering attitude…. Ugh, Wanda would be happiest of all to beat her! Karen was wearing an impeccably tailored red pantsuit, very professional, although Wanda couldn’t help but notice that the buttons holding her jacket together looked like they were tugging slightly at the fabric. Maybe Karen had put on a couple extra pounds since she’d had that suit tailored! She was trying to be stylish, but she was so round that the red suit just made her look like a tomato. “I’m ready to get this show on the road! Let’s get this weigh-in started.”

“Girls, girls, there will be time enough for that later,” said Jim. “But we’re here to have a good time and a nice dinner. Why don’t you all relax? I can smell the steaks that Derick’s got cooking on the grill out back already. You girls should sit down and take a load off; let us bring you dinner.”

Wanda nodded, a pleased smile on her face. “That sound lovely, honey. I don’t know about these girls, but I’m starved.” Her smile widened. “I’m so hungry I could eat a horse!”

Karen grumbled under her breath. She did not want to waste a lot of time shooting the shit with these women! She just wanted to win her prize! But Celia and Joan were both just as hungry as Wanda, and the three greedy gorditas quickly overruled Karen’s objections.

As Jim left the room, Wanda turned to the titanic trio on the couch.

“Girls, you best watch out,” said Wanda. “I ain’t gonna let any of you three skinny bitches pull ahead in the last lap, so I am gonna EAT tonight! You best all step back in case Wanda blows.”

“Oh Wanda, you’re exaggerating,” laughed Celia.

“I’m gonna win or I’m gonna bust,” said Wanda seriously. “Ain’t no other way this night’s gonna end, Celia.”

“Dinner is served!” said Jim, parading into the room with two plates of steak. “Nothing but the best for my darling!” He placed the bigger one in Wanda’s lap and kissed her on top of her head.

“Hmm, gave me the bigger one, huh, Jim?” chuckled Wanda. “Guess you don’t wanna take any chances tonight!”

Jim smiled. “Nope! I gotta keep my woman fat and happy if we’re gonna win the big prize.”

Ted, Al, and Derick soon followed, each carrying plates of food for themselves and their wives.

“Mmmm, this is delicious,” moaned Wanda as she shoved a bite into her mouth. “Derick, sweetie, you’ve outdone yourself. Compliments to the chef!”

The others all murmured their agreement. Karen growled as she tore into her steak, sounding for all the world like a rabid animal as she dribbled juice on the front of her pristine red jacket. She would have to get that cleaned before she went out to visit any new clients!

“Uh oh, hun, looks like you got some juice on ya there,” said Wanda, pointing with her fork before bringing another hulking hunk of juicy tender steak to her mouth.

Karen swallowed, fury flashing in her steely eyes. The veins in her forehead were throbbing dangerously as she ate. Wanda could tell that this was no game to her. She was playing to win! Wanda giggled. No matter. Wanda ate slowly and leisurely, cutting her steak into small dainty bites, and paying no mind to Karen’s feeding frenzy across the room. Let Karen put on a show! Wanda wasn’t scared. She was certain that she was bigger than Karen and no matter how much that woman ate tonight, there was no way that she could catch up!

Karen dropped her fork against her empty plate and leaned back in her seat with a groan. She tossed her head back and rubbed her swollen stomach theatrically unbuttoning her red jacket to make room for her new food baby.

“Ooooh I’m sooo full,” she said. “I must have gained 10 pounds from that massive steak!”

“Full, huh?” said Wanda. “I guess a little wisp like you really gets filled up pretty fast.” Karen snarled as Wanda chuckled. Well, if Karen wanted to put on a show… two could play at that game!

“Damn, girls, is it hot in here or is it just me?” Wanda tugged at the hem of skin-tight dress, pulling it up and over her boulder-sized belly. The lowest roll of Wanda’s bulging potbelly slapped against her lap, sending a cascade of ripples through her jelly rolls. She looked like a sexy chocolate Michelin Man…or Michelin woman. Clad in only her black bra and panties, all of Wanda’s new flesh was on full display for everyone in the room to appreciate. Her enormous new paunch hung between her elephant-thick legs, nearly hitting the floor when she sat down. Her knickers were nearly hidden completely from view, covered by the vast expanse of her globular gut in front and swallowed up between the melon-sized cheeks of her monolithic rear in back. Her black bra was ready to burst its clasp, her enormous hooters welling up from the straining cups like two loaves of rising brown bread, so plump and round that they looked like they might just rise up and smother the woman who carried them.

“Ooof that’s better,” said Wanda, smiling as she fanned herself with one hand. “Gets so hot carrying around all this extra insulation, ya know?”

Celia and Joan nodded dumbly, but Karen looked ready to explode. It didn’t help that all their husbands were now staring at Wanda with completely undisguised lust. She could have sworn she head Derick whisper “Damn” under his breath. Karen heard it too. Ohhhh he was gonna get it later!

Jim cleared his throat. “Anyone want any more steak?” he said, his words breaking the spell. “Derick made plenty more. There’s gonna be tons of leftovers!”

“I’m done eating,” snapped Karen. “I wanna see the main event! I want know who won!”

Jim nodded. “Sounds good. I think we’re all eager for that, right, boys?” The husbands muttered agreement. “ In that case, Al, Ted, help me clear away these plates. Derick, you want to get the scale?”

Derick brought out a bathroom scale and placed it in the center of the room.

“Who wants to go first?” said Al. His voice was distant, but his eyes were looking straight at Wanda. All the men were staring at Wanda. It was obvious that they were all desperate to know the number. Even if it meant that they would lose, Wanda was so damn sexy with her swollen body bulging out of her undersized underwear that they just HAD to know.

“Guess I’ll go first,” said Wanda. “Baby, gimmie a hand.” Jim helpfully offered his arm so that his ridiculously curvy wife could leverage herself to her feet. Beathing heavily, the blubbery brown milf made her way to the scale.

The other women couldn’t help but feel sick about their chances of winning. Not only was Wanda absolutely packed in the belly and boobs, but her ass had only grown wider and deeper with her gains! She sauntered over to the scale, pausing briefly to hook her fingers under the hem of her black panties and make a big show of pulling them out of her deep, dark ass crack.

Everyone crowded around in eager anticipation, craning their necks to try and be the first to know how much this corpulent cutie really weighed. All four men were so incredibly horny watching Wanda’s weigh-in that they each felt like he was going to lose his damn mind!

The dial spun and spun and spun…

And ERROR.

“Um,” said Al. “What’s the weight limit on this scale?”

“It’s 300 pounds,” said Derick.

“You dumbass,” snapped Karen from her seat on the couch. “How are we supposed to do the weigh-in? Each of us weighs way more than that!”

“I haven’t been eating like a pig NOT to know how much I weigh!” said Celia.

Even normally docile Joan was livid to be cheated out of her big reveal. “Someone better fix this!”

Wanda could only laugh. “Babes… we don’t need a scale to know the winner…”

Joan and Celia exchanged glances. There was no denying it. Wanda was visibly bigger than any of the other three women by a wide margin; there was no way in hell than any one of them could have gained more than her!

“Uh uh, no way!” said Karen, wagging her finger. “I didn’t spend the last month eating nothing but cake and ice cream just to concede without a fight!”

Wanda rolled her eyes. “Come off it, girl! Like it was such a sacrifice to eat cake and ice cream!”

“That’s not the point! The point is, the bet was for the most weight gained and I’m not going to let this end without some proof that Wanda’s gained the most!”

The husbands exchanged worried glances. How were they going to solve this issue? Unless they were able to somehow find a livestock scale somewhere in the middle of the night, there was no way that they were going to be able to weigh their whale wives tonight!

Celica cleared her throat. “I think I might have a solution,” she said, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. “Seems like we’re not going to get any actual numbers tonight. But we’ve got all this food our loving husbands have prepared for this occasion. Seems a real shame to waste it! So how’s this for an alternative to the weigh-in? Why don’t we settle down for a nice big dinner… and let’s just say the first gal to bust her britches is the winner? Would that be a good compromise? I bet the husbands would like to see that.”

Joan and Karen nodded eagerly. They both saw this as a golden opportunity! Though were obviously not going to win a weigh-in, but if they could just eat enough tonight they could still win under this alternative contest!

“How about you, Wanda? What do you think?”

Wanda thought about it. She was by far the biggest of the four, so if she insisted that they stick to the original rules she had already won. As for this new contest… the fact that Wanda had worn a stretchy dress tonight put her at a distinct disadvantage compared to the other women, who had all worn snug non-stretchable pants. To win, Wanda would have to eat more food faster than the other three women… But, at the same time, she didn’t think she would have that much trouble beating them.

“Okay,” said Wanda. “I’m game. But only on one condition.”

“What’s that?”

Wanda grinned. “Let’s raise the stakes. Double or nothing!”

“You’re on!” said Celia. The poor fool! She had no idea who she was up against.

Joan and Karen both nodded. In the background, the husbands also murmured their consent… although was there really any question that they would flip their lids for a night of watching their heftie hottie wives stuff their faces?

There were, of course, plenty of leftovers. Not just extra steaks, but sides as well, so there wasn’t any lack of food.

“Bring it on, baby!” demanded Wanda, thumping a pudgy hand against her rounded gut. Her middle wobbled slightly at her touch. That was good. There was still room inside her.

As Al and Ted brought out extra helpings, Jim helped his wife wiggle her way back into her stretchy knit dress. After all, she wouldn’t be able to bust her seams if she was in the nude! She could feel the fabric stretch around her ample curves, the pleats pulling out as Jim yanked the sweater dress down over her titanic tummy.

“Thanks, sweetie,” said Wanda, batting her eyelashes at her obliging husband. “I’ve already got this dress stretched out plenty with all this jelly, but I got a ways to go if I’m gonna win. And I don’t plan to go home empty handed!” She turned to the other wives. “You gals ready?”

“Almost,” said Celia. “Hey, Karen, no cheating! You button your jacket back up.”

Karen grumbled under her breath but she did as she was told.

“Naw, baby, don’t it there,” said Wanda as Jim moved to place a loaded plate on the coffee table. Wanda patted the top of her boulder of a belly. “I’m way too full to lean over that far. Just put it up here so I can really chow down!”

Wanda didn’t need to look at the bulge in Jim’s pants to know how turned on that made him; obviously, he was barely keeping himself under control at this latest indication of both his wife’s increasing size and increasing gluttony. The other men in the room appeared no less intrigued as Jim obligingly placed the platter atop the dome of Wanda’s gut.

Wanda grinned widely at the refreshed plate in front of her. Another whole flank of steak. Oof, so much meat! But she had a contest to win and she wasn’t going to back down. None of these white bitches were going to beat her!

“Alright, gals,” said Jim. “Remember the rules. You’re gonna eat until you can’t eat anymore and the first one to burst her britches is the winner! Good luck to all our lovely contestants, you’ll need it! Get ready…”

Wanda licked her lips.

“Get set…”

Mmm… she was drooling… she could practically taste that tender, juicy steak right now! You had to hand it to Derick. For all his faults, the dude could really grill!

“Go!”

The four women attacked their plates with gusto. Karen threw aside her silverware, grabbing her steak in her bare hands, juice dribbling between her plump manicured fingers, as she tore off chunks with her teeth. Celia and Joan made less of a show, but their appetites were no less ravenous. Wanda wasn’t scared. She knew that she could beat all these other women. She just had to eat. And eat. And eat!

She could feel her dress stretching, the fabric slowly sliding against her butter-soft flesh as her filling tummy pulled it taut. Mmm… the sensation was delicious and only gave her more motivation to keep going. She sliced off another hunk of meat, marveling briefly at the marbled pink flesh before she popped it into her mouth, chewed, and swallowed with a dainty, satisfied sigh. Heavenly! She could eat like this forever… and she intended to. Across the room, the buttons on Karen’s jacket were already puckered as her bloated gut pushed out. The seams of Joan’s mom-jeans audibly groaned as the rotund milf packed away the food, and Celia’s orange tights were living up to their name – they were TIGHT!

Wanda’s dress stretched and stretched. Jesus, how well made was this fabric? Wanda had once seen a television commercial, played between her favorite daytime soap operas, advertising a brand new kind of stretch fabric that was guaranteed to never rip. She remembered how the studio audience full of fat housewives had gone absolutely bonkers at the possibilities, all thinking about how they could now gorge themselves to the very limits of their gluttony and never have to worry about experiencing another wardrobe malfunction. At the time, Wanda had thought it was a great idea. Now, though, she was thanking her lucky stars that she hadn’t ever bought herself any such clothes. She was… remarkably… already starting to feel full but she needed to keep pushing herself.

Sweat beaded on her forehead, sliding down her cheeks, as she methodically pushed herself to keep eating. The heavy meat sat in her stomach like an anvil, weighing her down and filling her up. Her massive stomach was filled up and out, and Wanda could almost swear that she could feel her belly balloon slightly bigger with every bite. Gawd, she was stuffed! But she couldn’t stop.

“More,” she mumbled as she gobbled down the last of her steak. Within seconds, another plate was in front of her. Yes! She needed more! She had to eat! She couldn’t lose. She was sweating profusely now, her stomach so obscenely full of meat that she was having trouble breathing. Her full stomach was pressing on her lungs. But she needed to eat!

Jim was cheering her on, one hand on her shoulder, whispering in her ear.

“C’mon, baby,” he hissed, his lips tickling her earlobe. “Keep going. You can do it, baby. You’re almost there…”

Wanda barely heard him. All that mattered was the food. She needed to eat. She needed to win. Gawd, she was absolutely stuffed now! She felt like her skin was tighter than her dress. Surely she couldn’t possibly eat another bite. Every swallow was agony, yet the very idea of stopping, of not eating, was absurd. Wanda couldn’t fathom it. She thought back to her foolish boast earlier tonight. Damn, what if she really DID explode? She felt herself edging closer and closer to her limits with every bite, her belly pushing out to fill her lap and beyond. Threads were tearing in her dress. She could feel them. Pop! Pop! Pop! One then another... and another. Every pop was a release switch. She could feel her dress loosening with every failing stitch. Every pop! And ping! gave her belly more room to expand without her dress hugging her so tightly. She just had to keep eating! She just had to make sure that her dress split before her skin and…

RIIIIIIIP!!!!

The women dropped their steaks and looked up at the sound. Wanda’s dress had finally given up the ghost, splitting down both side seams simultaneously so that her new flesh could bubble out.

“Damn!!” Wanda lifted her fat arms in the air above her in triumph. “I done busted out!” Her face fell and she groaned, her hands moving to her distended gut. “And none too soon either! One bite more and I’da busted a gut!”

The other women reluctantly put down their plates, knowing that they’d been beat.

“Well… guess Wanda’s the winner,” said Celia. “Good work, honey, you really deserve it!” With considerable effort, Celia lugged herself off the couch and attempted to hug her friend, but the two women were way too massive for that; they couldn’t get their arms around each other without their big bellies bumping. They both broke out into laughter.

“Fair play,” groused Karen. Then she laughed. “Well, can’t win them all, I guess. I can’t deny Wanda’s earned it. At least I can get some relief now!” She sighed out loud as she unbuttoned her red jacket allowing her own bloated belly to plop out free.

“Okay,” said Joan, “Wanda’s definitely the winner. But I still wanna know how much I weigh! I wanna know how all that hard work paid off!”

“Yeah, hard work…. But it sure was fun!” said Celia, lightly running her finger tips over her protruding belly. “I wouldn’t mind enjoying this new lifestyle.”

“Guess we’ll just have to get back together for another meeting once we’ve got some better scales,” said Jim. “I know that they sell specialty heavy duty scales that go up to 600. I just hope you gals don’t gain too much extra weight between now and then. If any of y’all outgrow that scale, well, I don’t know what we’ll do.”

The wives giggled in unison. Even Karen snickered.

“Oh Jim, that’s silly, we’re not gonna get THAT big,” said Celia.

The husbands exchanged pleased grins. It seemed that their big beautiful wives had developed a taste for the good life. And if they each wanted to keep eating and growing, well, then it seemed that they were all winners!

As they parted ways at the end of the evening, Wanda on her scooter and Jim at her side to help his nine month pregnant-looking wife balance her colossal ghetto booty atop the scooter’s too small seat, Wanda had just one question.

“Jim, there’s just one problem,” said Wanda as she tightened her grip on her scooter’s shifter, propelling the vehicle forward.

“What’s that?”

“How we gonna explain mama’s new size to Winona? That girl is starting to ask questions.”

Jim laughed. “We’ll just tell her the truth. That her father is a very happy man.”

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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,

Mollycoddles