Devotion to Growth 3 (1 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

It was finally the big day! After what seemed like forever, the engagement was over and ted and Joy were about to be married. The wedding party was already in the church, filling the pews and awaiting the arrival of the happy couple. Or, well, the couple, at least. Most of the participants had been there for the wedding rehearsal, so they were busy gossiping about what they’d seen there. Because, quite frankly, the situation was unbelievable.

Joy had once been a quiet little bookworm, a skinny wall flower with no curves and no chest. Somehow, against all odds, her school’s top athlete had fallen hard for her. Ted was a star on the school football team, a broad-shouldered, wide-chested hunk who caught the eye of every gal who crossed his path. But he only had eyes for Joy! It seemed like a classic romance, or at least it did... until Joy started to grow.

It was hard to explain how it happened. An errant remark about Joy’s slender physique from one of the school’s voluptuous cheerleaders made Joy feel too self-conscious of her size, so she decided to do something about it. She started eating more, hoping that a few extra pounds might pump up her chest or plump out her butt, but she had no idea just how successful she would be. Joy started to grow – not just out, but up! She grew taller and taller, plumper and plumper. All the while, Joy’s attitude was changing as well, becoming bossier and more demanding. Now she was huge – a massively fat, massively tall amazon with a massively self-centered ego to boot!

Suddenly, the ground started to shake. Was it an earthquake? People clutched at the pew backs for support, some dove beneath their seats in fear, a few brave souls stumbled to their feet in hopes that they might make it to the exit before the church itself completely collapsed. But before they could move, suddenly the door burst off their hinges and an avalanche of flesh poured through the doors. It took a moment for the congregation to recover its senses enough to understand what was happening. Joy was arriving.

Joy had grown absolutely mammoth, so tall that she had to stoop over the arch so that she
didn’t bump her head on the arch and so wide that her hips busted the doorjam as she pushed her way through. She was at least 10 feet tall now, but her behemoth body extended the same distance in every direction – 10 feet tall, 10 feet deep. Her massive breasts, each as enormous as a bean bag chair, bounced heavily against a gigantic round belly big enough to fit a Volkwagon. Thunder thighs big enough to be their own storm system supported her bulk, tapering down (if anything about Joy could be said to taper) to calves thicker than most people’s waists. Even at her giant height, she was so fat that she could barely waddle – she huffed and puffed as she wobbled down the aisle, her white wedding dress dangerously stretched across her vast curves so that it looked like the merest scratch might cause it to burst to shreds.

She stomped to the altar, her bosom heaving wildly with her every breath. The priest gazed up at her, his eyes bulging from his head in absolute mortal terror. From this vantage point, he couldn’t see Joy’s face. Everything was blocked by her looming belly and breasts, so that he could see the underside of two beachball tits ready to explode from their lacy white confines.

“I…I…I see we have the bride with us,” stuttered the priest, sweat pouring down his face. He was a man of God, who had taken a vow of chastity when he took the cloth, so it was hard for him to concentrate on the matter at hand when all he could see were Joy’s gigantic breasts. He could imagine that, if Joy got pissed off, she might just squat down and swing those massive melons right atop his head, breaking his neck and crushing his skull. But what a way to go! He fumbled with his Bible, trying desperately not to think about that. “B…but now all we need is the groom…”

“Oh, yeah, the groom,” grunted Joy. She threw back her shoulders and rose to her full height, her colossal chest thrusting out and testing the failing stitches on her rapidly unraveling wedding gown. She shoved one pudgy hand into her cleavage and pulled out a shriveled, emaciated figure, whom she dropped unceremoniously to ground before her. It was Ted. He was scrawny and disheveled, his face wan and his eyes sunken, barely able to stand without shaking, his wedding tuxedo hanging off of his bony shoulders. It was hard to believe that this was the same ted who, only a few years back, had been a star athlete! Now he was a spent husk, a slave run ragged trying to cater to every whim of his massively overindulged, grotesquely greedy giant of a fiancé. And this massively overindulged, grotesquely greedy giant of a fiancée was about to become his massively overindulged, grotesquely greedy giant of a wife!

“Ah, okay… well, in that case, I guess we can begin,” stammered the priest, desperately thumbing through his Bible as he tried to avoid staring at the massive shelf of breast flesh looming over him or thinking about the scrawny little shrimp who had literally just ridden into the church crushed between two giant boulder sized boobs. “Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today…”

“Ugh!!! I don’t have time for that!” moaned Joy, rolling her eyes so hard that her double chin quivered. “Just get to the important part!!”

“Um… do you Joy take Ted to be your lawfully begotten husband?”

“Yeah! Duh!”

“A-and do you Ted take Joy to be your lawfully begotten wife?”

Ted weaved on his feet. He looked up at Joy, his enormous fiancée, so huge that she towered above everyone, so tall that she looked like she might soon brush the ceiling of the church, and so incredibly fat that she her dress had be sewn together from multiple smaller dresses and even that was heaving as it restrained her billowing, bloating bulk. Joy was bigger than anyone he’d ever seen, bigger than anything he could conceive of. And she was growing bigger every day, her appetite completely out of control and her constant gorging only adding fuel to her constant growth. She was like a zeppelin being inflated for take-off and it didn’t seem like there was anything that could slow her expansion, not until she was as big as the planet… not until she was bigger than the planet! Worse, she was getting meaning and bossier as she grew, so that now she bullied Ted incessantly. He thought to himself, this was his last chance. If he said no, he might be able to escape from her chubby clutches, from her constant put-downs and slams, from how she completely dominated every aspect of his life. But… why would he want to get away? As cruel as she was, as thoughtless and self-centered as she becoming, he couldn’t imagine life without her. He craved her, he needed her, and when she mistreated him it only made him swoon harder for her. What was wrong with him? How could he feel this way about a girl who treated him so badly? But, gawd, her enormous bulk was so sexy, he loved being crushed between her breasts, under her belly, being sat upon by that vast behind… all the bruises and contusions and broken bones, they were all worth it to just be in her presence! She was a goddess to him and he would put up with anything to be close to his goddess for just one more minute!

“I…I do…”

A murmur of surprise rippled through the crowd. After everything that they had seen, they couldn’t believe it! Most of them honestly expected that Ted wouldn’t show up at the altar and even then they thought he would finally stand up to Joy! But no, that wasn’t to be.

“Then if anyone has any reason why these two should not be wed, speak now or forever hold your peace!”

The church was silent. Joy turned to the congregation, her footfalls reverberating through the walls so hard that it seemed that the stained glass windows would burst. She glared out at them, as if daring anyone to raise their voice. There were plenty of people here – Vanessa, Joy’s parents, Ted’s parents – who could think of good reasons to object to this. But they were all cowed into submission. Joy was just too big and if she decided that she didn't like someone… well, she could just sit on them and that would be the end of it! So no one dared say a peep.

The priest continued. “Then with the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife.”

“It’s about goddamn time! C’mon, Ted, let’s go see what they got to eat at the reception. I’m starving!!"

She stomped off, her hips swaying so wildly that the straining seams of her wedding gown started to explode – revealing the creamy white flesh of her thunder thighs and swollen belly. Joy didn’t care, though, because who would dare to criticize her? She was so big now that she didn’t need to care what other people thought. She would go to the reception and gorge herself beyond all belief, all reason, eat until she was so colossally, magnificently stuffed to the brim that it seemed that this must be too much food even for a giant of Joy’s towering stature, so much food that even a girl as massive and gluttonous as Joy must surely burst at the seams from so much indulgence. Her gown split across her ass and down her legs, offering glimpses of the white garter and queen-sized satin panties that, on any other wedding, would have promised an exciting night of conjugal bliss. But for Ted? Well, Joy would get her bliss, whatever that might be. But the night would probably prove painful for Ted. He followed along meekly in her wake as she wedged herself back through the church doors with a porcine grunt and headed for the wedding feast. Everyone else slowly got to their feet and followed, not that any of them expected to actually get anything to eat.

In fact, that was exactly what happened. Joy was the first to arrive at the buffet, stationing herself in front of the carving station and blocking all access for the rest of the guests. Vanessa, standing behind Joy, couldn’t see anything from her vantage point…. Nothing except the vast white expanse of Joy’s wedding gown-clad backside… though she could hear Joy mumbling through a mouth full of food as she chastised the caterers for not carving the prime rib fast enough for her. She was grabbing dishes and plates, gobbling food down, and throwing the empty dishes to the ground.

“J-Joy, don’t you think we should let some of our guests have a chance—” began Ted.

“Oh my GAWD, Ted, again with this whining? Haven’t you learned yet? I’m in charge here and what I want is the law!” shouted Joy. She reached out and took the entire roast with both hands and waddled away, nearly knocking Vanessa to the ground with the sway of her hefty hips.

Vanessa watched in rapt fascination as Joy plopped herself at the head table and started gorging in earnest. She was glad that she was only a guest at this wedding, rather than working as a waitress as she had at the rehearsal dinner. If Joy had been an outrageous bitch then, she was ten times worse now!

Ted took a seat at Joy’s side, but the poor boy didn’t even bother trying to get himself anything to eat. Not that it mattered, there was nothing left. Even as the caterers finished the next course, Joy simply screamed and bellowed and pounded the table with her pudgy fists until they hurried the food over to her. She was completely unconcerned that no one else was getting a bite to eat.

“Now a girl can get used to this kind of treatment,” slurred Joy, sauce dribbling from her lips as she uncorked a bottle of champagne and started glugging. “I hope that you’re paying attention, Ted. This is the sort of lavish affair that shows a wife that she’s really appreciated. Of course, you’re going to treat your darling wife right, aren’t you? Make sure that she gets everything that she could possibly ever need or want?”

“Y-yes… of course, Joy!”

Joy’s eyes rolled back in her head and she smacked her lips. She loved to eat and she loved the sense of raw power that she got from her ever escalating size. She glanced down at Ted, his shriveled little wormy body huddling next to hers for comfort, and she wanted to sneer. How pathetic! He was lucky that she allowed him to be her husband, but she doubted very much that this paltry little nothing would be able to provide her with the satisfactions that she really craved. But as long as he kept food on the table (and Joy required A LOT of food!) she could at least tolerate him!

At a nearby table, Ted’s parents exchanged concerned looks. They did not like this at all, but what could they do? Their son was an adult, so it wasn’t like they could forbid him from making this terrible mistake. Joy’s parents, seated across from them, were also aghast at their daughter’s wanton gluttony and complete disregard for decorum; this wasn’t the way that they had raised her! But what could they do? They were too scared of their daughter’s vast bulk to even say anything that might upset her. She might threaten to sit on them or worse! As it was, everyone simply sat in silence, unwilling to make a scene, unwilling to challenge the giant diva’s authority. Vanessa could see the writing on the wall. If people were afraid to challenge Joy, she would only grow bigger and bitchier… and that would make people even MORE afraid of her… and then would only give her license to get even bigger and bitchier! Jeez, Joy was already so huge that she could barely cram her blubbery body inside the church, how big could she get? Would she get so big that she would fill a cathedral? Vanessa almost felt sorry for Ted for falling so completely under her spell, but it was his own fault. Vanessa couldn’t imagine why anyone would let themselves be treated like that!

If only she could have seen what the future would bring!

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Naively, some folks might have hoped that marriage would tame Joy. It did nothing of the sort.

“Oh my gawd, Ted, you’re so pathetic! I don’t know why I even keep you around!” Joy muttered through a mouthful of grapes. “Keep going, a goddess like me deserves only the best treatment!”

“Yes, dear,” said Ted, standing at her side and feeding her from a bowl.

Joy’s sexual appetite was almost as vast as her hunger for food. She was huge, a gargantuan bed-filling presence slowly inflating bigger with every passing day. It was anyone’s guess at this point how tall she actually was or how much she actually weighed. She was so big that her clothes all had to be specially made, and one of Ted’s many duties in keeping his supremely demanding diva or a wife happy was in arranging for her wardrobe to be filled with newer and bigger outfits every day. The poor boy had to work hard to support his waddling whale of a wife, but she only insulted and demeaned him for his troubles. In bed, which is where Joy spent most of her time, he had to satisfy her constantly… but it was getting harder and harder! He didn’t have the strength or the stamina to keep up with her anymore, even if she was normal sized. And now that she was giant, and apt to crush poor little Ted between her massive muscular tree-trunk-sized thighs, he was having even more trouble. Some days it seemed like Ted was a mere husk that would eventually just dry up and blow away and, when that day came, Joy wouldn’t even notice.

“You know, Ted, I hate to say it, but you’re barely up to the task,” said Joy, slurping down a whole bunch of grapes at once. She poked a chubby finger at Ted’s side, flicking her fingertip down his exposed ribs like a xylophone. “Gawd, you’re practically skin and bones! I don’t know how I every expected a shrimp like you to be able to satisfy a woman like me. My Gawd, Ted, like, what are you, four feet tall now? You’re like a child! One of these days I’m probably just gonna crush you when I roll over in bed!”

“Yes, dear,” said Ted meekly, holding out another bunch of grapes and praying that Joy didn’t bite off his fingers as she gobbled them down.

Joy grunted as she propped herself up on her elbows, her colossal breasts sloshing heavily against her globular gut with such weight that they looked like they might spill from her nightie. That nightie wasn’t long for this world, anyway; it was brand new, specially made. It took Ted weeks of preparations and phone calls to get the seamstresses to actually put it together and Joy was due to destroy it in mere days. Joy grinned at the sick look on Ted’s face as he thought about all those weeks of hard work going instantly to waste. If Joy worried about Ted’s feelings, she might have curbed her eating just a tad so as not to make his efforts immediately futile. But Joy cared about just one thing at this point, and that was her own pleasure.

“How much do you even weigh, Ted? I bet your whole body couldn’t even compare to just one of these tits!” Joy hefted her monumental bosom for emphasis, the slight jiggle of her boulder boobs finally overwhelming the groaning stitches so that the nightie exploded into ribbons and Joy’s exposed knockers flopped out into the air. Joy didn’t even pause in her insults to acknowledge her wardrobe malfunction. “You’re just a little wisp of a man, aren’t you? Or I guess I should better call you a little wisp of a boy. Pathetic! I need a real man to keep my satisfied.”

“Yes, dear.”

Joy shifted her bulk, the seams down her sides tearing as if the garment were made of paper. The creamy, buttery flesh of her flanks billowed out from the rips, her love handles slopping over the empire-sized waistband of her dying panties. Joy might as well just be naked for the amount of good that her clothes did her.

She jabbed a fat finger at his chest, chucking as she felt her fingertip hit his sternum. He was so thin that there was no flesh on him at all!

“Gawd, Ted, you’re like a scarecrow! I could just pick you up and crush you into dust with one hand! It’s hilarious, isn’t it?”

“N-no, Joy, please stop… I don’t like it…”

“And meanwhile, look at me! I’m just a beautiful, full, voluptuous bounty of flesh! Can you believe how much of me there is? Why, I’m so big that I overfill this bed! I’m bursting out of this nightie and this is already bigger than any size they sell on the rack! I’m practically too big for this house, so you know what that means, Ted. You’re going to have to start working hard and saving up for a bigger house for your big beautiful wife!”

“Y-yes, Joy…”

“And another thing, Ted! I think we need to really talk about MY needs.”

“Yes, dear.”

“Don’t stop! I didn’t tell you to stop!”

“Yes dear.” Ted shoveled grapes and pomegranates into his wife’s eager maw and watched as she gorged and gulped with abandon, her thick double chin jiggling and her eyes rolling back in her head. Joy ate constantly, she was like a bottomless pit. The more she ate, the bigger she grew. The bigger she grew, the more she ate. It was a never-ending cycle, the realization of which made Ted despair that he would ever find relief. Joy would only get more insufferable the more he indulged her, but… at the same time he couldn’t find the strength to ever tell her no! how could he resist?

“We need to open this up,” said Joy. “You wouldn’t deny your poor, under-nourished wife a little joy in life now, would you, Ted?”

“N-no… no, of course not…”

“Good, then it’s settled!” Joy dropped back onto the bed with a thunderous crash. The bed collapsed into a heap under her weight, dropping Joy to the floor with a yelp. The impact knocked Ted backwards off his feet and he hit his butt on the floor. Poor Ted! He had no padding, so that fall was definitely going to leave a nasty bruise.

“Ugh! Ted, get me up!” Joy screamed, kicking her vast legs and waving her flabby arms helplessly. When she was on her back, she pinned beneath her own massive mammaries and ginormous belly, as helpless as a beached whale. She was a towering 10 foot behemoth blob and somehow she expected her weak little husband to effectively help her get up? That was a laugh. Ted, of course, jumped to her aid. Ignoring his own injuries, he ran to Joy and grabbed her flabby arm, struggling to raise her up. Joy grunted and groaned, yelling insults and complaints the whole time, but Ted couldn’t do anything.

“Ugh! Ted, you’re useless! This is exactly what I was talking about! I can’t rely on you at all. I need some real men in the house! Why don’t you call up some of your old football buddies and get them to come over? I bet THOSE guys would be able to help.”

“B-but Joy…!” Ted stammered. The last thing that he wanted to do was to call his old teammates. He was ashamed for them to see what had happened to him, how he had completely lost his old buff physique and shriveled down to near nothing… all because he had completely dedicated himself to serving his out-of-control wife! But at the same time, what was he supposed to do – say no to Joy? That was the one thing that he definitely could not and would not do!

The neighbors might grumble about the loud late night parties that happened at Joy and Ted’s house, but they knew better than to complain. Joy was a massive terror now, who loomed over the roof tops when she stood up and, when she was angry, she might smash her chubby fist through a wall or simply wade her gargantuan girth through a house like she was Godzilla. The couple had dozens of people over, mostly Ted’s old football buddies but others as well. Ted had to watch as Joy demanded satisfaction, getting plowed by so many buff dudes (Although even they looked tiny compared to Joy now!) She was a monster of pleasure, her desires insatiable.

“Unf, unf… yeah, keep going,” moaned Joy as she lay back in the remains of her collapsed bed, her tree-trunk legs spread and tucked up against the bottom of her belly, her knees nearly bumping the chandelier, as Ben, the old half-back whom Ted had trusted like a brother in their school days, squatted between her thighs and ate her out, while Ted stood at his wife’s side, only one among the dozens of men now ferrying an endless stream of chocolates and bonbons and delicacies to Joy’s ravenous mouth. “Gawd, I’m SO hungry… keep the food coming, it takes A LOT to satisfy a woman of my appetites! I didn’t get this big by practicing restraint, you know! Ughhhhh, OMG, Ben, that’s SO good, keep going… Gawd, I wish Ted had your stamina!”

“I don’t even think… I have the stamina…” panted Ben.

“Ugh! Fuckin’ typical!” snapped Joy, closing her legs and nearly suffocating the poor boy before she kicked him aside. “Bring in the next boy and maybe we’ll FINALLY find someone up to the task! And I didn’t say to stop feeding me!”

Carlos was next in line to pleasure the massive woman, fucking her hard and deep and building her pleasure to a crescendo, but her jaws never stopped working the whole time, eating like a woman possessed by the very spirit of gluttony itself.

Jeez, what’s happened to me? Thought Joy as she opened her mouth and lolled her tongue for Jeremy to drop another handful of truffles down her gullet. She chewed vigorously, fudge and nougat smearing her glossy lips. I can’t believe I used to be so tiny. I can’t believe I used to live like that, always afraid of taking up too much space, always afraid of being seen… but not anymore! Now Joy lived for herself and her own pleasure and nothing could stop her. She imagined what the future would bring. Gawd, she would probably just keep getting bigger and bigger and bigger…. Not even Joy herself could imagine why it was that she seemed to be growing out of control, turning into a giant, turning into the biggest woman that ever lived. She imagined a future where she was big enough to star in that old movie, Attack of the 50 Foot Woman… except for Joy it would probably be more like Attack of the 50 Ton Woman, since she was still growing fatter as she grew taller. Joy didn’t mind, it just meant there was more of her to love, more of her to worship. After all, she deserved that, didn’t she? She was so beyond anything human that she should be considered a goddess.

“Ugh! You pathetic little boys, you really need to work harder if you think you can impress me,” moaned Joy. “Aren’t I more woman than anything you’ve ever seen?”

“Yes, Joy,” said Ted obediently. The other boys stared in confusion.

“See, I knew Ted knew his place,” cooed Joy, patting her tiny husband’s head. “But the rest of you? Don’t you know a goddess when you see her?”

“Yes, goddess,” muttered Carlos from between her legs.

“Yes, goddess,” said Ben, a little louder.

Soon they were all praising her and complimenting her and bowing down before her in worship. Joy was right. She was so vast that, for all intents and purposes, she WAS a goddess… She could just step on any pathetic worm that said otherwise and, with her enormous weight, she could do some real damage.

Ted hadn’t actually thought about what Joy meant by that until it happened, but now it was too late to stop her. With more men feeding her, Joy’s growth shifted into overdrive. She expanded like an inflating zeppelin, her hips spreading, her belly ballooning, her breasts pushing out before her and her butt pushing out behind her, expanding so big and so fast that, surely, there was no way that this was possible… Ted thought that she looked like a human balloon… no, scratch that, like a human blimp… and there was no way that she could keep swelling like this, stuffing herself to her utmost limits day in and day out, ending each meal so obscenely bloated beyond all reason that her gut was as round as a beachball, as red as a tomato, and as tight as drum, stretchmarks striating her over-strained skin like she was ready to rupture from even the thought of simply one more bite. And yet, she never popped, she just kept growing. She towered over buildings now, so big that she could terrorize people when she walked…er, waddled… down the street… her bulk filling the whole sidewalk and spilling out into the street, so that drivers had to be careful where they parked their cars for fear that Joy would simply stomp on them with her big chubby feet.

By now, there was no stopping Joy. Perhaps if someone had stood up to her when she had just begun her Amazonian growth, they might have been able to deter her from turning into such a demanding brat. But now that she was a giant? There was no one who had the guts to say anything to her. At her gargantuan size, she knew how to use her heft and weight to get her way in any situation… and she wasn’t afraid to use it.

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“Ted, I’m bored,” said Joy one Saturday. “Why don’t you take your wife out for the day?”

Taking Joy out on the town was getting harder and harder as she outgrew almost everything. She could barely fit into the movie theater, her ass filling up an entire row of seats and her head blocking the movie projector. She couldn’t find her fat ass into the dance club and even then, she would only cause an earthquake if she tried to dance. Ted finally opted for one of the only choices still available: the zoo. It was a nice sunny day and the zoo had plenty of wide open spaces outdoors. As long as he could keep Joy out of the reptile house, she probably wouldn’t encounter any doors too narrow for her monumental hips. That was a good compromise, wasn’t it?

If only Ted had known what a mistake he was making! If only he could have predicted that he was only going to light a fire under his wife’s already behemoth backside.

“Ughhh, I didn’t know there would be so much walking,” griped Joy as she tottered from foot to foot, the ground shaking violently with every step. The gigantic butterball giantess stomped through the zoo grounds, scattering crowds of visitors as she waddled along. Families who had come for a pleasant outing were suddenly disturbed by the sight of towering blubberbutt wobbling her way through the greenbelt. By now, it was almost impossible for poor Ted to clothes his wife. Joy wore a sundress, custom made to cover her enormous body, of course, but even that had become too short and tight as her growth and expansion continued unchecked. The dress hem rose further and further up her thighs every day, her swollen belly and widening thighs putting more stress on the material, until today her thick waddle was causing the dress to ride up her gut and act as more of a belly shirt than a dress. The dress bunched around her middle, its hem pulled up to her deep dark navel and revealing a glimpse of her mega-sized 10X panties peeking out from between the titanic boulders of her butt cheeks and from under the hang of her wobbling paunch.

“Ted! Get your worthless ass over here and fix this,” snapped Joy, grabbing at the hem of her dress and making a futile attempt to yank it down over her bulging butt cheeks. “Are you just gonna let everyone get a free show here? How do you think I feel as your wife? C’mon, make yourself useless for once, you little shrimp!”

“Yes, dear,” said Ted. He obediently scampered over to Joy’s side. Standing on his tip toes and raising his arms far above his head, he was just able to reach the dress hem with his fingertips and tug downwards. There was substantial resistance from Joy’s girth, her ass sticking out behind her like a shelf.

“Gawd, we’ve been walking for hours!” whined Joy. She shifted from foot to foot, whimpering under her breath. Her poor feet hurt SO much! She felt like she’d been on her feet all day. In reality, they’d only been walking for scarcely more than 15 minutes, but Joy was so massive that her poor feet weren’t up to the task of holding up her obscene weight. Her eyes fell on a nearby bench. “Ugh, Ted, I’m gonna sit down.”

She waddled toward the bench, dragging Ted along behind her. She was completely oblivious to the fact that Ted was hanging onto the hem of her sundress for dear life, still desperately trying to get the overloaded fabric to fit over the spectacular curves of Joy’s regal rump. It was a losing battle.

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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