Jealous Milf (1 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

“I just have to warn you, my mother is… well, she’s a little competitive.”

Gabby squeezed her girlfriend’s hand as the two young women stood outside the front door of Gabby’s mother’s house. Danielle was impressed with the size of it – Gabby had mentioned that her mother made enough in alimony from her rich ex-husband that she could afford the finer things in life – but Danielle wasn’t about to be intimidated. If anything, thought Danielle, Gabby’s mother should be intimidated by HER!

Danielle smiled sweetly, but there was a sinister gleam in her eye. “I’m sure your mother is lovely. I’m not worried at all, sweetie.”

“Okay… but, just be warned, she kind of… brings it out in other people too. I’m just warning you because I know how… proud you are of your assets. Well, just so you know… try not to flaunt them around my mom, okay?”

Danielle blinked her big brown eyes innocently, but she rolled back her shoulders to thrust out her boobs. Danielle was a voluptuous dark haired beauty, her long raven locks pulled into a jaunty ponytail that dangled toward her bulbous bubble butt. Tall and curvy, she had no trouble attracting attention with flaring hips and a firm round backside that gave way to a trim waist, muscular abs, and -- finally—to a bulging bustline. Danielle must work out like crazy to maintain that physique, thought Gabby. She adjusted her glasses and looked down at her own gangly, boyish build. Danielle was the ultimate high-maintenance femme to contrast with Gabby’s slouchy, casual butch. But that wasn’t the reason that she was so worried about introducing her girlfriend to her mother.

“Aww, baby, I thought you liked my boobies!” Danielle mock-pouted at her girlfriend. “And what about my thick booty, baby?” She turned around and ground her denim-clad rear into Gabby’s crotch.

Gabby blushed and swatted Danielle away. “You know I do, hon. But just… lay off a bit.”

Danielle giggled. Weren’t all moms like that? Always protective of their baby girls!

She didn’t know the half of it, though, thought Gabby. Back when Gabby used to date boys, her mother was cold but polite to her boyfriends. Of course, as a mother, she had to be suspicious of them. But then, when Gabby started to date girls… well, it wasn’t that her mother was hostile! It was just that…

“Look, the whole time I was growing up, my mother’s always been… a lot more feminine than me,” said Gabby. “And I think she’s gotten used to being the only feminine person in the house. She gets…”

“Oh my Gawd! Are you telling me your mom is jealous of your girlfriends? That’s… kinda weird? But also kinda sweet.”

Gabby sighed. She had lost way too many girlfriends after they had to endure the constant snarky comments and self-righteous lectures from her mother. She hoped this time would be different!

Gabby gulped and steeled her resolve, pushing open the door and leading Danielle into the house’s luxuriant foyer. “Mommmm! Mommmm? Are you home?”

“I’m on the back porch, sweetie!” called a syrupy voice.

The house was filled with the smell of fresh bread (“My mom’s kind of an expert baker,” said Gabby in response to her girlfriend’s question. “She’s always got something in the oven.”) Gabby and Danielle made their way through the house, Danielle pausing only to note the high ceilings and crystal chandeliers (Damn, Gabby wasn’t kidding when she said her mom was loaded!), until they found themselves at the cusp of the mansion’s opulent backyard. Mrs. Torres was sitting at a wrought-iron garden table, sucking down a monster sized Daiquiri and enjoying the summer air.

“Mom, this is Danielle. My girlfriend that I told you about.” Gabby gulped nervously and adjusted her glasses.

“Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Torres,” said Danielle, a sly smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

Roxanne Torres pushed her designer sunglasses down her nose and raised an eyebrow. She was a thick curvaceous woman in her late 40s with flaring hips and a protruding bubble butt, her bleach blonde hair cut into a typical mom bob. Actually, curvaceous barely covered it! She was so ridiculously stacked that it was hard to believe she was all natural. Her designer track suit could barely zip over her monumental chest; the woman’s breasts were enormous, two swollen spheres that welled up from the neckline of her outfit. Below her chest, her gut settled on her thick thighs. All in all, the woman looked like she must weigh just an absolute ton! Danielle couldn’t help but smirk in satisfaction. Mrs. Torres was big, all right. No wonder she was so proud of her assets! But, at the same time, Danielle couldn’t help but feel a little twinge of pride at the fact that so much of Mrs. Torres’ weight was clearly centered in her gut and thighs. Her tits and ass were bit too, but no bigger than Danielle’s. And Danielle had a youthfully flat stomach to boot!

“Hmm,” said Mrs. Torres. “Charmed, I’m sure.”

Gabby gulped. She couldn’t help but notice that her mother didn’t reply with her usual admonition that, why, you shouldn’t be so formal – don’t call me Mrs. Torres, just call me Roxanne! That was a sure sign that Gabby’s mom was taking an instant dislike to Gabby’s new girlfriend. Gabby didn’t have to guess why. Mrs. Torres no doubt disliked Danielle for the same reason that Gabby liked her: Danielle was just SO curvy.

Roxanne Torres looked Danielle up and down. She immediately knew, from a glance, what sort of woman Danielle was: her dark perfect hair, her glossy pink pop lips, her long manicured pink talons. Even the cut of her tightly-cinched designer jeans, her pink Armani polo shirt, and the sparkle of her gaudy bling bling belt blared the truth: It was clear that this younger woman was prime milf material. She was the sort of woman who would no doubt thicken over the years into a real hot mama. She was curvy without the extra thickness around the middle that the years had graced upon Mrs.Torres, so that almost all of Danielle’s softness was sculpted into a dynamite hourglass figure. Her flat stomach and slim waist led down to an outrageous bubble booty, two firm hemispheres of flesh that filled out the seat of those snug jeans until the rear seam caressed her crack.

And her tits! She was as big as Mrs. Torres! The older woman gawked in surprise. She was immensely proud of her full figure – sure, she had gained a few extra pounds in her thighs and belly over the years but her old figure, the one that had wowed Gabby’s father so much that he had to instantly propose – still shone through. But this young hussy! Danielle’s tits were enormous, two big billowing pontoons ready to bust out of her top! And her butt stuck out behind her an equally far distance!

“Oh, I see where Gabby gets her taste in women,” said Danielle sweetly.

“Hmm. Well, aren’t you a charmer,” said Mrs. Torres. She ran a finger around the rim of her Daiquiri. Her blood was boiling already.

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Gabby was nervous. She could see by the tone of her mother’s voice, that little edge whenever she pronounced Danielle’s name, that she was not happy. Was she jealous of Danielle’s super curvy body? There was no doubt. But even worse, Gabby could hear the same edge in Danielle’s voice whenever Gabby’s girlfriend replied. Just as she had predicted, her mother was bringing out Danielle’s competitive streak. She should have known this would happen! Danielle was just as proud of her feminine shape as Mrs. Torres was, so they were destined to clash!

“Now, Danielle, you have to understand. A mother’s got to look out of her daughter.” Mrs. Torres stood behind her daughter, her plump hands resting on Gabby’s shoulders, her full breasts resting on top of Gabby’s head. Gabby blushed. It was kind of embarrassing how forward her mother could be! People were gonna get weird ideas…

“Mom, please… Don’t be like that. Danielle is… I don’t want you two to fight.”

“Why, who said anything about fighting, sweetie? I’m just stating a fact.” Besides, thought Mrs. Torres smugly, for this to be a real fight there would have to be some challenge. And there’s none of that! I’ll get rid of this pretender to the throne without even breaking a sweat!

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Torres, I’ll take good care of her!” Danielle winked and reached under the table to squeeze Gabby’s knee playfully.

Mrs. Torres ground her teeth at the sight. Who did this hussy think she was?

When Gabby excused herself to go to the bathroom, that was when the gloves came off.

“Listen, you little tramp,” said Roxanne, jabbing a manicured finger sharply into Danielle’s chest. Danielle’s prodigious balcony bounced slightly at the impact, a vision that only pushed Roxanne into a higher fit of pique. “What do you think you’re doing, coming into MY house and trying to steal MY daughter? Trying to show me up? Disgraceful! Ridiculous!”  
  
“Why, whatever do you mean, Mrs. Torres?” said Danielle, lounging back in her chair with one arm draped casually over the seat back. She smiled smugly, batting her lashes innocently.

*Oh this little tart!!* thought Mrs. Torres, her temperature rising. She knows exactly what she’s doing!

“You think you can waltz in here with your big fake tits and wow my poor smitten little Gabby—”

“Whoa!” Danielle sat bolt upright, her eyes flashing. Fake tits?? Now those were fighting words! Danielle had played it cool until now, but this was an insult she could not abide! “Lady, I’ll have you know that these sweater puppies are 100% natural! Some of us are just gifted!” She smirked, hefting her plump breasts for emphasis. Roxanne seethed as she watched those two perfect orbs shimmy in response and then slowly, slowly jiggle themselves back to rest.

“Ha! Natural breasts! Sure they are, honey. I don’t know what you’re trying to prove sweetie, but I won’t stand for it.”

“Yeah? And what are you gonna do about it?!” Danielle was vaguely aware that, Jeez, she shouldn’t be arguing with her girlfriend’s mom, but…. Mrs. Torres was being such a bitch that she couldn’t help herself!

“There’s only room for ONE milf in this household,” snarled Mrs. Torres as she stepped forward.

“And it’s going to be ME,” snapped Danielle, stepping forward. The two women were still standing several feet apart, but it was a testament to their curves that their tits were still touching, each woman’s nipples gentling kissing the other through the fabric of their respective tops. But each of them were too pissed to even notice, too unwilling to back down. “You may have Gabby tied to your apron strings, but I’m gonna win her over to my side! She’s gonna be spending all her time with me! You’ll see! I’ll make her forget alllll about you, Mrs. Torres! Why would she spend time with mommy dearest when she has these fun new toys to play with?”

“Gabby would never forget about her mother!” snapped Mrs. Torres. But deep down, the older woman’s vanity was feeling triggered. She was a statuesque beauty!

“Well, then I guess you don’t have anything to worry about, hmm? If you’re so sure of that, I mean.”

Mrs. Torres huffed. “Listen here, young lady, I know you think that you’ve got what it takes to be a real milf, but you’re nothing but a little shrinking violet! I could sit on you and crush you if I wanted!” Mrs. Torres stood up, puffing out her chest to emphasize just how big in the bust she really was.

“Two can play at that game!” said Danielle, standing up and inhaling deeply.

The two arrogant beauties stared at one another, each trembling with barely contained rage. These pumped-up princesses were each absolutely livid at the very idea that she wasn’t the unquestioned size queen in the room! How could this fat bitch seriously think that she’s bigger than me, thought Danielle. How could this young tramp seriously think that she’s bigger than me, thought Mrs. Torres.

But they were at a stalemate. Honestly, both women were so absurdly voluptuous that it was nearly impossible to tell from a glance which of the two had the bigger bustline or the rounder backside.

“Sorry that took so long,” said Gabby as she returned to the room. She paused as she saw her mother and her girlfriend involved in a stare-down, the two woman snarling at one another with barely contained rage, standing so close that (and Gabby couldn’t help but notice this!) their boobs were actually touching at the nip! “Uh… are you two okay?”

“Of course, sweetie,” said Mrs. Torres, her voice light and sing-songy. “Your new friend and I were just getting to know each other! What a delightful young woman!”

“Oh, yes, I’m charmed, I’m sure,” said Danielle, playing along as well. “Your mother is just adorable, Gabby! You didn’t tell me she was so friendly.”

You didn’t tell me a lot of things, thought Danielle sourly. But she didn’t say anything. It wasn’t the time. She would have her chance to take Mrs. Torres down. In time. She would just have to wait.

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“Your mother thinks that she’s so great,” snarled Danielle. “With her big pumped up tits and her fat ass! But if she thinks I’m going to back down, she’s got another think coming! I’ll show her! By the time I’m done, I’m going to double these curves! I’m going to make her look flat-chested compared to me!”

Oh no, thought Gabby, here we go again. It was the same story with ALL her girlfriends. They either got intimidated by her mother and just broke off the relationship, or else they got competitive – and then they just broke off the relationship when they found they couldn’t win against Mrs. Torres!

But Danielle didn’t care about that. She only cared about showing up that arrogant heifer!

Danielle knew there was one sure-fire way to enhance her curves without surgery. She’d never been a naturally heavy eater, but she threw herself into the role with gusto. In the morning, she replaced her usual light granola and cereal breakfasts with bacon and eggs and hot buttered biscuits. Her lunch salads were replaced with heavy tuna melts and Caesar salads. Gone were her fish and vegetable dinners, replaced by steak and fried chicken. And, of course, she wasn’t going to skip dessert ever again! In years past, Danielle had played the part of a proper American girl, self-conscious about her eating and always visibly fretting about how every extra calorie was going to make her fat. But the truth was, all her dieting and calorie-counting had always mostly been for show. She didn’t really worry about her eating habits all that much because she knew, ever since puberty kicked her curves into hyperdrive, that all that extra munching just sent fat to the RIGHT places. And she was right about that! It didn’t take long before her new eating habits began to manifest as changes on her body – her butt swelled behind her, two plump hemispheres of flesh that grew steadily plumper as she gained, her chubby bottom filling out the seat of her stylish designer jeans until she couldn’t button them anymore and had to go up a size.

That was a turning point for Danielle. Something clicked in her head. Maybe it was Mrs. Torres’ taunting, maybe it was Gabby’s shy worrying… but Danielle found herself spending more and more time at the table.

It didn’t take long for the results of all those extra meals and between-meal snacking to start showing up on Danielle’s already voluptuous body. She was slowly growing plumper, a new layer of soft pudge forming on her once washboard flat stomach. Her hips and rear began to swell, stretching the stitching on Danielle’s skin-tight city jeans. The stubborn beauty was thrilled about her gains, but she tried to deny them when Gabby confronted her.

“Of course I’m not gaining on purpose! Of course I’m not trying to impress your mother! My goodness, Gabby, you’re being absolutely ridiculous. Has your mother got you THAT paranoid?”

Danielle’s denials were always accompanied by that sly, knowing smirk – so subtle that Gabby never noticed. How could Gabby appreciate what Danielle was going through though? Danielle had never met another woman whose outrageous curves could compare to hers… and, truth be told, she was every bit as vain and competitive as her mother-in-law!

Even so, she continued to dress like a thin girl, stuffing herself into her clearly inadequate clothes and struggling for longer and longer periods with the button every day. Eventually, Danielle was forced to admit defeat. She started leaving her pants unbuttoned and leaving her blouse untucked to hide the gap. That became harder and harder, though, as Danielle’s tummy continued to grow, blocking her from even getting her zipper up. Now she had to leave both button and fly open. She hoped, of course, that Gabby wouldn’t notice, that Gabby wouldn’t get suspicious. But that was impossible. If Danielle stretched her arms or moved too quickly, the hem of her blouse would rise up enough for any observant party to notice that this plumping babe’s panties were on display through the open V of her unzippered fly.

This was the first time in her life that Danielle could be described as chubby. Her sudden plumpness around the middle was a new sensation for her, but it was a small price to pay as long as she also kept gaining in the right places. At the same time, Danielle’s bustline was also being affected by her gains. Her breasts plumped to the point that none of her old bras would fasten anymore, but luckily she could get away with going braless when it was just her and Gabby at home. She was less embarrassed by her new boobs, hoping that maybe her swelling chest could distract Gabby from her ballooning waistline. As her breasts pressed against her blouse enough that her buttons were starting to gap, Danielle longed to unbutton the top couple of buttons to show off her new cleavage for her girlfriend… but she was afraid that might make her look like a big slut to Mrs. Torres. She still had to make a good impression on her after all!

But if she thought that Gabby wouldn’t notice her growing wardrobe difficulties, she was completely mistaken.

“I’ve got to buy some new jeans,” said Danielle, showing off to her girlfriend in the bedroom. “I simply can’t pull these over my big ol’ booty anymore. Or maybe… maybe I should just keep wearing the old ones? Hmmm, I bet you’d looove to watch me just completely split out of these, wouldn’t you?” She grinned at Gabby lasciviously.

“Maybe,” said Gabby. She took off her glasses and studiously cleaned them with a handkerchief, trying her best not to get flustered. It was hard! Danielle’s curves were growing more dangerous by the day!

“Danielle, are you trying to compete with my mother?”

“Me?!” said Danielle innocently. She shoved another bite of banana bread into her mouth. Why did Danielle now keep snacks in the bedroom? That was new. Gabby thought it had to be related to her mother.

“Danielle, please… don’t do this. You can’t win. Don’t you think she’s done this before? She’s always trying to outdo my girlfriends! Don’t you think that’s why she’s already so zaftig? I swear, every time I bring a new girl home, she gorges herself til she’s the bigger one! She’s probably doing that right now!”

Indeed, Gabby knew her mother well… because that was exactly what Mrs. Torres was doing at that very moment.

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“I’m the queen of this castle,” sniffed Mrs. Torres, catching sight of her ample reflection in one of her home’s many gilded mirrors. She stood up straight, smiling as she watched her melon-heavy breasts jiggle slightly at the sudden movement. She frowned suddenly. She would have to jiggle a lot more if she planned on beating that Danielle girl! But Mrs. Torres was nothing if not determined. “And a queen sometimes needs to throw her weight around a bit. It shouldn’t be too hard to outdo that little trollop. After all, I’ve had plenty of experience at it.”

She reflected back on the series of inadequate girlfriends that Gabby had brought into her house, each more pathetic than the last. Gabby had definitely imprinted on her mother’s physique, seeking out lovers with curves – big bountiful curves, full hourglass figures, hefty breasts and thick thighs and plump bottoms. Mrs. Torres was absurdly proud of her figure, so she would not stand for some young upstart to overshadow her in her own home! It started with Diane, that busty slut, Gabby’s first high school girlfriend! It was easy to outgrow her, the girl was just a teenager! A few weeks of extra helpings at dinner and Mrs. Torres’ middle-aged metabolism had solved the problem for her, adding enough extra inches to her hips and rear and bust that Diane looked positively flat-chested compared to her. Then there was Gabby’s college girlfriend, Ester. She was curvy all over, but a definite pear – Mrs. Torries recalled how Gabby was so enamored with Ester’s lower quarters that she couldn’t keep her hands off of that glorious badonk even when her mother was in the room! Mrs. Torres simply quit her regular workout routine and added a little extra at dessert every night – in a matter of days, it seemed like her own butt was plumping out behind her like a pair of inflating party balloons filled with thick jiggly gelatin! But this Danielle girl… she was the worst of them all! Big boobs AND a big firm ass. The complete package! Mrs. Torres knew she would have to work for this victory. Maybe she wouldn’t have to work hard, but she would still have to work.

“That’s okay. Mama likes to eat. Right, baby?” Mrs. Torres cooed at her reflection, petting her soft marshmellow gut with her pudgy, manicured hand. Her stomach rumbled in response, as if to confirm that, yes, it liked to eat.

“Let’s get to it, baby. If we wanna beat that nasty Danielle gal, we gotta plump up this rump big time.” She ran her hands over the rounded contours of her hips, feeling the soft spongy flesh ripple beneath her fingers as she stroked her velour-clad ass. She looked down at her front and narrowed her eyes at the two bulges threatening to unzip her tracksuit top. “And don’t think you two are off the hook! It’s time for Mama’s babies to grow up. You’re all gonna grow for mama, aren’t you? Good girls, I know you will.”

Gabby was also right about something else. Mrs. Torres was an expert baker. She could whip up towering cakes, laced with buttercream and fondant, like no one’s business. Juicy fruit pies, flaky pastries, moist chewy cookies... they were all a snap! While Danielle had to go out and buy all her high-calorie food, Mrs. Torres could simply make it herself. And now that she had a goal, she simply went to work in the kitchen and started baking.

Pretty soon the house was filled with all sorts of delicious goodies! And all Mrs. Torres had to do was to keep snacking.

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It didn’t take long before she felt her burgeoning curves start to test the limits of her clothes. Perfect! That was exactly what she wanted to feel. Now the only thing left to do was to invite Danielle over for a friendly little chat. Once Danielle saw how completely outclassed she was, Mrs. Torres was convinced that she would never hear from that little tart every again! Danielle would probably be way too embarrassed to ever show her face; like many of Gabby’s previous girlfriends, she would probably just break off the relationship and disappear from Gabby’s life. Mrs. Torres hated to see her daughter heart-broken! What mother would want to see that for her daughter? But deep down, she knew she was doing the right thing. She couldn’t have some unworthy tramp trying to turn Gabby’s head! It was better to get rid of her now, even if Gabby had to suffer just a tad.

Mrs. Torres could barely contain her excitement when she telephoned Danielle. “Please, I’d like to see you. Can you come over? Just you and me. I’d like to get to… know you better. Oh, don’t tell Gabby! It’ll be a… surprise for her. Yes, that’s what it’s about. Wouldn’t you like to help me surprise Gabby? I knew you would! See you soon!”

And Mrs. Torres was still giddy with the sick thrill of anticipation when she heard the doorbell ring only 20 minutes later. Ohhh, Danielle was about to be sick with despair!

“Oh Danielle, it’s so nice to see you again!” said Mrs. Torres, smiling broadly as she threw open the door. The older woman had definitely gained weight, all her new poundage transforming her from a merely thicc milf to an explosively voluptuous one. Her hips nearly brushed the doorframe! Her chubby thighs and ample bubble booty filled out her velour trackpants so that the purple material was pulled as tight as sausage casing around her lower body. Mrs. Torres’s breasts had gained volume as well, putting enough strain on her top that the older woman had to tug her zipper down until it was under her bustline, revealing her overpacked tank top below. She was thick around the middle, too, thick enough that her half-unzippered track stop was tight around her torso – and when Mrs. Torres moved with her characteristic wiggle-waddle the track top started to wriggle up her body, revealing a thick slab of jiggling belly flab.

Mrs. Torres’s smug self-assurance faded instantly the moment that she laid eyes on Danielle.

Danielle had ballooned. Her breasts were at least a H-cup now, though Mrs. Torres doubted that this young slut had bothered to get herself measured for a new bra --- because it was clear from the way that her jugs were spilling out of her outfit that Danielle wasn’t bothering with new clothing! The little brat was no doubt purposely wearing her old out-grown ensembles just to tease poor Mrs. Torres and throw it in her face just how much BIGGER Danielle was!

“It’s great to see you too, Mrs. Torres.” Danielle stepped through the doorway, a huge grin on her face. Her behind had grown to a major badonkadonk, her voluminous cheeks shifting ponderously within the snug denim confines of her overly-tight jeans as she wriggled. Danielle had cinched her still slim waist with a leather belt, simply because her pants were too big in the waist for her. That was no surprise. Her extreme curves meant that any pants that were big enough for her backside would now be too loose in the waist! How aggravating! How was it that this girl gained exclusively in all the right places? She looked like an overinflated love doll! Mrs. Torres ground her teeth, imagining what she would like to do with this cheeky little slut to teach her a lesson. An overinflated love doll? Yeah, she’d like to REALLY overinflate this little bitch, overinflate her til she just burst like the bimbo balloon that she was!

“You got bigger,” said Mrs. Torres coldly.

“So did you,” said Danielle smugly. “A good try, Mrs. Torres, but you just can’t compete with my good genes! Curves just run in my family.” She cupped her ample breasts for emphasis, hefting them so that they threatened to erupt from her top. The effect just made Mrs. Torres all the more furious!

“Every pound I gain just goes right to my tits and ass, but it looks like you’ve been storing some of yours in that tummy of yours,” continued Danielle, intentionally ignoring Mrs. Torres’ increasingly livid expressions. Danielle couldn’t help but feel smug about her success! “Don’t feel too bad about it, though! Why, all this growth I’ve done, I might need to borrow some new clothes from you, Mr. Torres. Actually, no. Sorry, but I don’t think any of your stuff will fit me – all your pants are just gonna be too loose in the waist and I’m sure all your bras are just going to be too small for me!”

Danielle stepped closer, inhaling deeply so that her plump bosom seemed to expand even more. Taller than Mrs. Torres, the outrageously zaftig young woman effectively plopped her breasts right on top of Mrs. Torres’. It was a painful reminder of the moment, on their last meeting, when Mrs. Torres had attempted to assert her size by plopping her breasts atop her daughter’s head.

“You little hussy! How dare you!” huffed Mrs. Torres, inhaling deeply into her chest to puff out her chest. Danielle stepped backwards, but she continued to grin widely. Mrs. Torres’ breasts looked even more overwhelming, threatening to spill over the cups of her heavy-duty H cup brassiere, but Danielle just laughed.

“I’m not threatened by your tiny titties, Mrs. Torres, or by your pathetic flat bottom!”

Mrs. Torres grit her teeth but kept her smile in place. So Danielle thought that she was going to take her daughter away from her? Thought she was going to replace dear sweet mother in her daughter’s heart? Thought – and this was the biggest sin of all – that her figure could outdo her figure? Well, Mrs. Torres was going to get Danielle out of her daughter’s life for good! Danielle’s tall, curvy figure was exactly what Gabby wanted in a lover. Of course she did! It simply made sense! They say that every straight girl is just looking for a man who reminds her of her father, so didn’t it make sense that every lesbian was just looking for a woman who reminds her of her mother? Who could blame Gabby for having good taste, thought Mrs. Torres as she stole a glance downward at her own ample balcony. But she knew that meant she could spoil this relationship if she spoiled Danielle’s figure.

“Sorry, Mrs. Torres, I guess you’re stuck with me!” said Danielle breezily. “I know it’s hard to accept being only the second curviest babe in Gabby’s life, but you’ll get used to it. I mean, it’s just how it is! Everything I eat goes straight to my best places… and I just LOVE to eat!”

There was no way that Mrs. Torres would be able to outgrow this girl! Danielle was right. Her genes were too good!

But maybe… what if Mrs. Torres could get Danielle to outgrow her? Well! That was a different story.

Gabby loves a curvy girl, thought Mrs. Torres, but she won’t like a big fat cow! What a simple solution! I’ll just feed this greedy hussy until she’s ready to explode… and Gabby won’t miss this blob once she’s lost her zaftig figure!

“I guess you’re right,” said Mrs. Torres, changing her tone. “I don’t know why I tried! But the truth is… I still don’t think I’ll need to worry about you much longer.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, see…well, never mind.”

“No, what?” Danielle was intrigued. Excellent! This was exactly what Mrs. Torres wanted! The silly girl was falling right into her trap!

“Sweetie, I like you. I really do. But you have to understand, a mother has to look out for her daughter. And my daughter, well, you’re just not her type.”

Danielle raised an eyebrow. “Is that so? She seems to like me pretty well so far.”

“Oh, didn’t she tell you? Well, I expect she wouldn’t… she wouldn’t want to hurt your feelings, after all, bless her heart! But Gabby, well, she prefers big girls. Didn’t she show you pictures of any of the other girls she’s brought home?”

“I AM big!” protested Danielle.

“Hmm, I’m sure you are by some people’s standards. But my little girl likes them LARGE. If you want this relationship to last, you’re going to have to really pack on some poundage. And I don’t just mean tits and ass, sweetie. She likes them plump all over.”

“Bullshit!” snapped Danielle, but the conviction wasn’t in her voice. Haha, perfect! This dumb tramp was falling for every word! Soon she would be putty in Mrs. Torres’ hands! All she had to do was get Danielle to gorge until she was so bloated that her curves all softened out into a big wobbly sphere!

“Sweetie, you seem like a nice girl. Maybe I misjudged you. Since you seem to care so much about my daughter, I’ll help you. Why don’t you just take a seat at the table? I was about to whip up some lunch and I’d be happy to make something for you. You do need to fill up that flat little tummy of yours, don’t you? I bet I could help you really fill out so that Gabby will NEVER lose interest in you…”

“You would do that, Mrs. Torres? Wow. I… I’d really appreciate that!”

“Listen, Danielle, hun, I know my cooking is agreeing with you. You’re busting outta yer clothes. Why, you might just be big enough for my Gabby by the time we’re done here.”

“Oh no,” said Danielle, her hand going to cover her mouth in mock shock and embarrassment. “Is it that obvious?”

“Hun, I can tell you haven’t zipped them dang pants of yours for like a month now,” said Mrs. Torres. “I was waiting for you to come to me, but looks like that stubborn pride of yours would have you split your britches before you’d ask your poor old mother-in-law for help. Has Gabby told you what she thinks of big women?”

“No, no, of course not. You know Gabby, she’s soooo sweet. She would never! But she must think I’m suuuch a pig. I’ve gotten so fat, no woman would like this!” She lifted the hem of her blouse to show off her rounded tummy, bulging through the open crotch of her pants. Danielle grinned as she subtly lifted her blouse even higher to reveal the lower quarter of her plump, round boobs, stopping just shy of exposing the burgundy disks of her fat nipples. Yeah, suck on THAT, Mrs. Torres, she thought smugly. She could see the subtle arch of the older woman’s eyebrows, the movement that revealed the truth. As much as Mrs. Torres hated to admit it, she was impressed by Danielle’s gains.

“Hmmm, I don’t know why, I just can’t seem to stop eating ever since I came out here to see you,” continued Danielle, playing up the helpless daughter-in-law act. “I can’t stop myself. I’m hungry all the time and all I want to do is eat! I just need to lose some of this extra poundage! Then I know Gabby won’t be so turned off…”

“Now hold on there!” said Mrs. Torres. “I said I’d help you. I never said I’d help you lose weight.”

“But then… what…?”

“You don’t need help losing weight,” said Mrs. Torres. “What you need is help gaining.”

“What are you talking about? I’m already way too fat! If I got any bigger, why, I’d be as fat as… as fat as…”

“As fat as me?” Mrs. Torres said stiffly.

“Why, Mrs. Torres, I would never say that!” Danielle’s smarmy smile, though, said it all. She might not say it, but that was EXACTLY what Danielle was thinking.

“Listen, sweetie, let me give you some advice. In this family, we like ‘em big. You don’t think I wowed Gabby’s father with my svelte figure, do you? No, child, everyone in the Torres family appreciates real women and real women have curves. I can see you’ve already started down that path, but, honey, you need some real help if you’re going to impress my Gabby. That tiny tummy and itty bitty chest just won’t do! And, honey, I’m sorry to say it… but that butt of yours? Why, it’s practically flat.”

Stupid old cow, thought Danielle. I can’t believe she’s actually gonna help me get bigger for Gabby! Little does she know! If Gabby likes big gals, I’m gonna get SO big. I’m gonna have curves that need zip codes! I’m gonna eat until I’m so huge that you won’t even believe it! They’ll have to roll me home. But it’ll all be worth it to see Gabby’s face! And Mrs. Torres probably thinks I won’t be able to do it… ha! She has no idea of my stomach capacity!

Meanwhile, Mrs. Torres was equally smug. This silly little girl doesn’t suspect a thing, thought Mrs. Torres. She thinks she’s just getting a lunch? I’ll stuff her silly! The food’s just gonna keep coming and coming until she’s so bloated that she won’t even be able to move! And then we’ll see how much Gabby likes her! My Gabby definitely isn’t going to want to stick around with a big bloated beachball!

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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Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at [mcoddles@hotmail.com](mailto:mcoddles@hotmail.com) . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

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