Devotion to Growth 3 (2 of 2)

By Mollycoddles

“Joy! Joy! Joy, please! I’m back here!” Ted was hanging off the ground, kicking his spindly legs feebly as he dangled behind Joy’s enormous ass, his fingers clawing at her sundress. If he lost his grip, he might be able to make a desperate grab for her panties before he hit the ground…. But he knew, as he saw the bench come closer and closer, that he had bigger problems. “Joy! Joy, please, don’t sit down! Not yet, I –”

“Oh my Gawd, Ted, are you really trying to tell ME what to do? I would think that you’d know better than to try to give your goddess instructions by now. You know a woman of my stature should be able to do anything she wants.”

“B-but Joy—”

Ted should have just let go, but he was too afraid that his fragile body might break in the fall. All he could do was hang on for dear life until Joy reached the bench, swung around, and plopped down. Ted yelped but his cried were cut short as he suddenly found himself buried under a ton of butter-soft butt blubber, crushed against the wooden slats of the bench by his whale-sized wife’s titanic tush. He was lucky that Joy’s lard-laden bottom was so incredibly soft that it squished out along the sides of the bench, distributing her obscene weight enough that, rather than being broken, Ted merely felt like he was being smothered by a massive gelatin-filled pillow. “Mmmfff!”

“Oh, stop whining, Ted, you should feel lucky that you get this personal attention,” said Joy, struggling to cross her legs and relax. The bench creaked and Ted could hear the wood starting to splinter, the metal struts starting to buckle. If the bench broken and Joy fell down to the ground full force (with him under her butt!), he was definitely going to be smashed into a paste! His only hope for survival was that the bench would hold. He couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t move, all he could do was pray.

Joy was oblivious to her husband’s distress, still berating him and ignoring the cracking and creaking noises from beneath her vast bottom every time that she shifted her weight. Joy didn’t know whether those noises were the bench or her husband’s bones, but she really didn’t care a whit. “You know, all those nice young men that we had over for the party? Your old football buddies? The ones who were doing YOUR job since you’re so completely incapable of satisfying your poor ignored wife? Those guys? Why, I bet they would KILL to be in your position now! And all you can think to do is complain! Ugh! Typical!”

Joy stopped short as she saw another family hustle past, a mother guiding a little girl sucking on a blue popsicle. Joy licked her lips. A nice cold treat would really hit the spot on a hot day like this! Ultimately, it was Joy’s greed that saved Ted. With a groan, the colossal woman lifted herself off the bench and lurched toward the little girl. The girl looked up, terror in her eyes; as Joy closed in, all the girl could see when she looked up was the underside of Joy’s voluminous breasts, casting a shadow over the poor kid like gathering storm clouds.

“Thanks for the popsicle, kids,” said Joy, plucking the popsicle from the child’s hand with her big, sausage-like fingers and popping it into her own mouth. The child started to cry, but Joy just smirked.

“Mommm! That giant fat woman stole my ice cream!” screamed the child.

“It’s okay, Maddie, it’s okay, let’s just get out of here,” said her mother quickly. She hustled the kid away, throwing a terrified backwards glance at Joy. Joy laughed out loud in petty victory. She was so huge that no one dared stand up to her, not even when she was literally taking candy from a baby! She glared after their retreating forms, just to make sure that no one else got any ideas in their heads about opposing her reign of terror.

“I can’t believe I had to get my own popsicle,” muttered Joy as she sucked on the blue icy treat, her lips stained blue. “Really, my loving husband SHOULD have got one for me. But I just can’t rely on you for anything.” She reached behind her with a strained grunt and pried her wilted husband free from her cavernous ass crack, dropping him to the ground in a crumpled heap. Passers-by stared as he slowly picked himself up. He served as a warning to everyone else: Stay in your place or else you’ll end up like him!

“Mommy, mommy!” cried the little girl, tugging at her mother’s dress. “Did you see? The giant fat woman had a man stuck in her butt!”

“Yes, Maddie, I know—”

“She’s like one of the hippos in the hippo exhibit! And that man is like one of the little birds that rides them around!” The little girl giggled to herself, so enamored with the funny thought that she forgot for a moment to be frightened of Joy.

Lucky for her, though, Joy found that image similarly amusing. “Like one of the hippos, huh?” she mused, stroking her thick blubbery frill of a double chin. “Did you hear that, Ted? That little girl said I look like one of the hippos! That’s hardly an apt comparison, though, I’m much BIGGER than those."

It was true. As Joy waddled up to the railing surrounding the hippo moat, people couldn’t help but compare her to the beasts languidly floating in the pool below. Joy was absolutely huge, a monstrous behemoth so pumped and plumped with fat that she looked like she might roll around like a ball if you tipped her over. Could it be that she actually weighed more than a hippopotomus? The idea was far from absurd.

"Gawd, Ted, I'm soooo much bigger than those hippos, wouldn't you say?” gushed Joy. “They look like…like… like little toy poodles compared to me!”

“Yes, dear.”

Joy’s mind was reeling at the thought. Only a few short years ago, when she was a scrawny little nerd, a tiny svelte little wisp of a girl who was too shy to make a scene, too quiet to speak her mind… and look at her now! She was a bossy, domineering bitch and she loved it. She loved that people were forced to pay attention to her, forced to obey her every wish, forced to get out of her way. The taller she grew, the fatter she grew… it just meant that she was more in charge, more the center of attention. Sure, it made life difficult. She was so fat, so wide, so heavy that she could barely function in daily life – too heavy to ride in elevators without snapping the cables, too fat to squeeze into cars without bottoming out, too wide to wedge her hips through doorways without busting the frame. And she was too tall to fit into the world – she was reaching the point where she almost needed to crawl if she wanted to spend anytime in doors. The world was too small for her, but that didn’t matter. She wasn’t going to change. The world was going to change. If it wasn’t going to accommodate her, that she was going to take over everything and show them how it was done. Because Joy had no plans to stop… she was only going to get bigger and bigger and bigger. The very thought sent her into paroxysms of pleasure, her mind reeling as she pondered a future where she was so big that she towered over skyscrapers, so big that her head brushed the clouds, so big that she could be seen from space, so big that she became her own planet. The sky was the limit (literally) because who could stop her? And being as big as a hippopotamus was only the beginning.

“Look at me, Ted, I’m bigger than those hippos. Why, I bet I’m already bigger than the elephants!”

She thundered past the hippo enclosure to find the elephants. An enormous African elephant, a bull, stood in the center of his exhibit, his shoulders as high as a tree, but even he startled to see this giant amazon shuffling toward him. Joy laughed out loud at the sight.

“Look at that, Ted, even an elephant is scared of me! He knows he’s in the presence of a veritable goddess.”

“Yes, Joy,” said Ted. His whole body ached from having been trapped under Joy’s bulk and he was wheezing heavily. He wondered if he’d broken any ribs during that crush session.

“Wait… what the hell is that…” Joy squinted as she saw, in the distance, the heads and necks of the zoo’s giraffes sticking out above the walls of their boma.

“What the… No! No!” shouted Joy, suddenly overcome with rage. “Ted, take a look at that?! Are those giraffes taller than me?!” Joy grabbed Ted by the shoulders and shoved him froward, his bones rattling from the jolt.

“I… uh… no, Joy… they’re just… it just looks that way because…”

“Don’t lie to me! They are, aren’t they?? Goddamnit!!! I cannot believe this!” Joy was livid. She couldn’t believe that the giraffes were still taller than she was! After all the work that she’d put in… all the giant meals she’d gobbled down, all the incredible growth that she’d done. And now she was finding out that she still wasn’t the tallest thing ever?? She was NOT going to stand for this!

“Ridiculous! Can you believe it, Ted? Ugh! I am not gonna take this sitting down! Those giraffes think they can outclass me… well, they’ve got another think coming!”

“Joy, I don’t think—”

“Ted, take me to the cafeteria,” said Joy, crossing her thick arms across her billowing chest. Her jaw was set in determination.

“But Joy-“

“Take me to the cafeteria. I am going to SHOW that no one can be bigger than me!”

Ted gulped. He knew better than to defy Joy again. Meekly, he led the way toward the cafeteria, Joy thundering and blustering alongside him. She barely bothered to duck to get through the doorway, instead smashing through the doorframe in her hurry and busting the door off its hinges. She shoved her way to the front of the line without encountering any resistance from the other patrons. Parents snatched their oblivious kids out of way, half-afraid that this giant woman might decide to reach down, grab a child and pop them into her mouth like she was a child-eating ogre straight out of a fairy tale. It was hard to dismiss that fear as irrational given both Joy’s appetite and her complete disregard that she had for the little people these days.

She snatched hamburgers, breaded chicken cutlets, French fries, pre-made Caesar salads, all the greasy over-priced junk food that you would expect to find at a zoo cafeteria and waddled her way to a table. The cashier opened his mouth as if to protest that she needed to pay for all that, but then he thought better of it. He watched this tremendous behemoth shuffle away, her enormous ass shaking like a whole kiddie pool filled with gelatin, and gulped. People were staring in disapproval, shaking their heads and clucking their tongues, looking reproachfully at him as if he should say something. He was, technically, the person in charge, after all, wasn’t he? Joy plopped down, her voluminous rump spreading across three chairs and still sagging over the edges as she hunched over her feast and started cramming food into her mouth with abandon. Her sundress slid up her thighs as her belly, already so vast that it sagged between her legs and extended as far as her knees when she sat down, began to bulge even more. Her outfit was going from scandalous to positively obscene and the cashier could only hope that her gigantic mega-sized panties could withstand the strain of her ballooning gut and fleshy thighs and titanic ass, because it was literally the only thing between Joy and a public nudity incident. Not that it mattered much, who was going to cite her for that? The police were just as cowed by Joy’s size as anyone else in this town!

The cashier watched as Ted scampered into the room, rushing to join his monstrous wife as fast as his spindly little legs would carry him. At least I’m not THAT guy, thought the cashier grimly. The poor little guy was so tiny that he looked like his whale-sized wife might just step on him if he pissed her off too much. The cashier couldn’t help but wonder what their sex life was like… He knew about the massive orgies that took place at Joy’s house – how could he not? They were the talk of the town – where Joy commanded every eligible stud in town to give her the business. It was probably because that pathetic little shrimp couldn’t satisfy her, though the cashier. He watched as Ted approached Joy from the side, leaning into her soft flab and reaching his arms around what he could reach. Joy grunted and swatted at him, knocking him aside before reaching for yet another burger.

“Gawd damnnit, Ted, can’t you see I’m eating? Why don’t you go make yourself useful and get me a second helping? I’m just wasting away here!” snapped Joy, her cheeks bulging as she shoved a handful of fries down her maw. The chairs beneath her bloated rear creaked and groaned, as if they were begging her to stop. She was so heavy that even three chairs barely seemed up to the job of supporting her! “You can’t expect me to make any progress on these baby-sized portions!”

“But, Joy, you know how expensive—”

Joy rolled her eyes. Gawd, this was soooo annoying! It took all of her self-restraint to keep from simply slapping Ted to the floor for his insolent whining! In fact, she really should be commended for her restraint in this situation.

Her hand shot out and grabbed Ted by the arm, shaking him vigorously. “Ted, stop whining. We don’t have to pay for anything, don’t you know who I am? Who’s gonna make me pay? You go over there and you TELL them that it’s for me, okay? Don’t make me tell you twice!”

“Joy, please…. Stop! You’re hurting me!”

“Maybe if you could learn to be a real man then I wouldn’t need to treat you like a child!” huffed Joy. “Now go and get me my food!”

“Ow! Ow! Joy, stop.. my arm…” Ted cringed and whimpered as he felt her bones crackle. “Joy, you’re gonna break my arm!! Please… please…”

“Are you gonna get food for your wife?”

“Y-yes! I will!”

“Though I’m not really just your wife now, am I?” said joy slyly, a nasty smile curling her face.

“N-no, of course not! You’re way more than that! You’re the most incredible, amazing woman ever… you’re the biggest thing I’ve ever seen! You’re a goddess!”

“And is anyone bigger than me?” Joy prompted, squeezing Ted’s arm even tighter.

“No! You’re the biggest! You’re so huge and magnificent that everyone adores you… no, more than that, everyone worships you! You deserve nothing but the best, the richest and most decadent tribute! Nothing less than what’s worthy of a goddess!”

Ted was shrieking in pain now, but his praises seemed to finally assuage the behemoth bitch and she let go. Ted stumbled backwards, nearly losing his footing, and quickly scurried away to make good on his promise. The cashier, who had witnessed the entire scene, didn’t even try to stop Ted as he loaded up a tray with yet more food for the growing giantess. The poor little guy could barely lift the tray it was so heavy and he was so weak! But somehow, he managed to lug it over to Joy’s table and deposit it in front of her. Joy barely even acknowledged his effort; she was way too intent and stuffing her face.

And it was a sight to behold! She crammed burger after burger into her mouth, barely stopping to chew, followed it with a giant wedge of by-the-slice pizza and a foot long hotdog loaded with relish and onions, and then a whole paper palette of greasy onion rings. Most people couldn’t eat much of this greasy, deep fried zoo fare – it was mostly made to keep kids happy, after all – but Joy was gobbling it down as if her life depended on it. It wasn’t simple huger that drove her to eat now, though – it was the knowledge that she wasn’t yet the biggest thing ever. Sure, Ted might tell her what she wanted to hear, but he was useless – he couldn’t be trusted to tell her the truth, he was far too weak and pathetic for that! She knew, deep in her heart, that the giraffes were still taller than she was. And she couldn’t stand that! She was going to become the biggest thing ever, even if she had to eat out the entire cafeteria, even if she had to eat out the entire city!

“Just you watch, Ted,” muttered Joy through a mouthful of fried chicken, spewing batter crumbs all over her tiny husband’s face. “You think I’m big now? You haven’t seen anything. I’m going to keep growing and growing and growing until I’m so huge that… that… that I won’t even fit inside this room! So huge that I won’t fit into any room! I’m gonna be bigger than Godzilla! Bigger than a skyscraper! Bigger than the planet! I’m gonna be so much that it won’t just be all your old football buddies worshipping my fat ass… I’m gonna have the whole country at my beck and call! The whole planet! I’m gonna run this show and nobody can stop me!”

Joy crunched through another plate of fried chicken, her over-stretched belly straining against the bounds of her rapidly unravelling sundress. The seams were splitting, tender new flab bubbling through the spreading tears with more and more force until the rips grew so big that her dress simply disintegrated and fell to the floor in shreds. Her underwear held on for dear life as her butt pushed out behind her, her already absurdly protuberant ghetto booty ballooning into two mind-blowing hemispheres of bulging blubber. Her breasts welled up from the cups of her custom-made, alphabet-defying brassiere, the shoulder straps as taut as violin strings and the body band cutting into her back flab. What few families hadn’t already been driven from the restaurant by Joy’s display of abject gluttony were now quickly hustling away as they realized what was doubtless to come next. Joy’s undergarments were not long for this world; with the way she was eating, she was probably going to completely explode out of them in minutes!

The cashier was spellbound. He couldn’t believe he was about to get a free show! Joy’s remaining clothes were creaking loudly, almost as loudly as the chairs under her ass, signaling that they were about to blow. Joy didn’t even break stride in her eating when the elastic waistband of her undies snapped and the fabric tore right up the seat. And she berely grunted softly, her mouth still filled with goodies, when the clasp of her bra finally broke and her titanic brassiere fell away, her colossal breasts swinging free.

Joy only stopped eating when there was no food left, when the cafeteria was completely gutted. That’s when she leaned back in her chairs, patted her enormous bare belly, and belched so loudly that the windows shattered and the floor shook.

“Ted, help your wife up! C’mon, look alive, little man!”

“Yes, dear.”

The cashier marveled as Ted struggled to help his kaiju-sized wife to her plump little feet. She was completely naked, a massive round orb of a woman, all belly and butt and breasts, so obscenely stuffed that her gut stuck out five feet in front of her and looked like it might drag her forward with the sheer force of its gravity. The cashier shuddered to think what would happen if that overstuffed giantess actually DID stumble and fall onto her fat belly – she was so tight and full and overstuffed that she would probably explode with the force of an atomic bomb!! She was so full that even a pinprick might be enough to cause that to happen! He almost wanted to hide under the counter as she wobbled past, her overloaded gut swaying, her naked breasts slapping against it with such force that it only heightened the danger of detonation. Was she bigger than she had been when she first arrived? She was definitely wide, definitely fatter, definitely heavier… there could be no doubt of that! But was she also taller? It almost seemed like she was. She towered so high now that her hair trailed along the ceiling as Ted led her away. Poor little Ted hadn’t even gotten one bite to eat during the whole ordeal… no wonder he was wasting away while Joy only grew bigger and fatter and wider and taller and hungrier and bossier and bitchier and more and more demanding with every gargantuan meal that she crammed into her vast, bottomless pit of a belly.

“Ted… take me home!” commanded Joy, stifling another burp with one hand and rubbing what she could reach of her titanic tummy with her other. “I’m so full… oh Gawd… I need to sleep this off…” She tottered off, Ted tugging at one of her extended fingers like a child trying to lead his mother. She paused suddenly by the cash register, a hungry gleam in her eye as her gaze fell upon the cowering cashier.

Oh shit, he thought. She’s not actually going to do it, is she? No way… she’s not REALLY going to eat me???

He stared up at her, naked fear in his eyes. Of course she was going to eat him! What else could she possibly be thinking? She was so huge now that she could, if she wanted, probably gulp him down in a single bite, like an anaconda slurping down its prey whole! What was to stop her? The cashier knew that the law was powerless to punish this greedy, gaining giantess. She could bust out of any jail just by standing up, and if they tried to arrest her, she would probably just flip over the cops’ cars and stomp on their heads! And she was so greedy… who was to say that she would stop short of eating people? She was too huge to count as human anymore, she was like some kind of monster out of a science fiction movie! The cashier couldn’t help but imagine Joy smashing her way through the city, knocking down buildings with her elbows, swatting attack airplanes and helicopters out of the sky, her naked flesh wobbling all the while, her ginormous breasts and belly casting shadows across the cityscape, like some kind of gigantic naked sexy kaiju from a Japanese monster movie! He gulped nervously, licking his lips. Could he run? Her weight and girth gave her the benefit of raw power, but they also made her slow and unsteady, so maybe if he darted away just in time…

“Well hello there, little man, you’re tasty little number, aren’t you?” purred Joy, reaching down to rub her finger against his cheek. “I gotta thank you for all the delicious food, hmm? Ted here is pretty much useless, so I’m glad we had you around to make sure I got my fill. You know not to get in a goddess’ way, hmm?”

“Y-yes, ma’am… I mean, goddess!” said the cashier nervously when he noticed Joy’s face cloud over when he forgot to use her proper title. But she grinned widely when he corrected himself.

“See, Ted?” She jerked her finger back, causing Ted to stumble and fall. “This little fellow knows how to give me some proper respect!”

She grinned again, her eyes traveling up and down the cashier’s body. He was a young man, probably a college kid on a part time gig, and he wasn’t half bad-looking. A summer of lugging heavy boxes and bags behind the counter had given him a buff physique that his zoo uniform failed to hide.

“You know, Ted and I have parties sometimes,” said Joy. “And I’m always looking for a real man who can make it worth my while. You should stop by sometime.”

“Y-yes, goddess.”

“Good,” said Joy. “It’s settled! Now come along, Ted. Let’s get home. But let’s stop for ice cream along the way. All this talking has given me an appetite for some dessert.”

Joy thundered away, dragging Ted with her. The cashier watched them leave with palpable relief. Phew! He was seriously afraid that he wasn’t going to survive this encounter! Then again… he thought about Joy’s parting words. He’d just been invited to one of her parties and he knew EXACTLY what happened at those parties! He couldn’t imagine being up to the task of pleasuring that voluptuous Venus… she was so huge that he’d probably get lost spelunking in her pussy! But then again… his thoughts returned to that image of a kaiju-sized Joy destroying the city, her extra wide load ass brushing against the skyscrapers on either side, her belly advancing before her like her own moon. Was it weird that was kind of hot? He could see himself worshipping at her feet! But that was a dangerous notion! Get to wrapped up in adoring that demanding diva and you could end up enthralled to her just like Ted was!

Then again, it wasn’t like he would have any choice. Joy was getting bigger every day and someday soon there would be no avoiding her. She would control everything and everyone, a monster who could not be satisfied or satiated, always craving more, always demanding more, always taking more. Anyone who believed that the day wasn’t coming that Joy would pretty much rule the entire world with her vast bulk was seriously deluding themselves!

So, yeah, maybe it was a bad idea to submit to Joy. But what a way to go!

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles