Devotion to Growth  
By Mollycoddles

“So how long have you two been going out now?” Vanessa narrowed her eyes.

Ted squeezed Joy’s shoulder. “Just about two weeks now,” he said. Joy nodded and mumbled something that Vanessa couldn’t quite make out.

“What’s that, sweetie?” said Vanessa. “I couldn’t quite hear you?”

Joy nervously fiddled with her long brunette braids. “I…I was helping tutor Ted with his math homework,” she muttered.

“She was helping me with my math homework!” said Ted, his voice booming. “And, well, things just went from there! Isn’t she great? Look at her, she’s just adorable!”

Vanessa squinted. She couldn’t get over how much this tiny girl looked like a librarian! They were all sitting around the table, all the school’s football jocks and their curvy cheerleader girlfriends and then Ted and…. Joy.

Joy smiled shyly, her cheeks blushing; she blushed whenever Ted showed her off to his football buddies. Vanessa couldn’t understand it. She was a cheerleader and she looked every inch the part: a tall, statuesque blonde with curves to spare, exactly the figure that a girl needs to snag a big burly football jock from the top of the school’s social pyramid. With her looks, it wasn’t fair that SHE was the only single girl at this table. The cheerleaders and the jocks always met at Papa Pepperoni’s Pizza Parlour after games, so that they could celebrate their on-field victories with big cheesy pizzas and endless sodas.

All the other guys were also dating cheerleaders and prom queens, knock-outs with dynamite figures, so it was strange to see Ted walking around with Joy on his arm. She was tiny compared to him, so short that her head barely came up to Ted’s shoulder, but also so slim… she was scrawny, bow-legged, and as flat as a board, though you couldn’t really tell because she always wore loose shapeless sweaters and baggy jeans.

Personally, Vanessa thought that Ted would be better off dating someone like her. Someone with curves in all the right places and who wasn’t afraid to REALLY please a man. She grinned a wide predatory grin at Joy. The poor little thing was so easy to spook! Vanessa imagined that just a few cutting comments would be enough to scare her off.

“She is just adorable, isn’t she? Like a tiny little mouse. Aren’t you just the most precious little thing, dear?”

Joy gulped. The poor girl just didn’t have the confidence to show off her body, but Ted hoped that might change in time. He couldn’t help it – there was just something magnetic about his tiny girlfriend, something that made him melt every time he heard her shy, squeaky voice, something that made him want to protect her and cater to her every whim. She was just too darling in his eyes!

“She’s so tiny,” said Vanessa. “Aren’t you afraid you might accidentally squash her one of these days?”

Ted placed a hand the size of a bear paw on her shoulder, hugging her tightly. “I would never.”

“No, no, of course not,” said Vanessa. “But seriously, don’t you worry that you’re too much for her? Why, it’s just a little wisp of a thing…”

“Yeah, she’s so skinny!” agreed Bill, another player.

“Never thought I’d see you with a beanpole like Joy,” laughed Jerry.

Joy mumbled under her breath, her cheeks flushing. She wasn’t used to this kind of attention. She’d never dated a guy like Ted before and all his friends were so big and boisterous. She was way outside of her usual wheelhouse! Vanessa’s words were cutting her deeply.

“Vanessa, guys, how about you all cut it out? You’re embarrassing my girl here,” said Ted sharply.

Vanessa held up her hands in surrender. “Alright, alright, forget I said anything!” She smiled. She could tell from the way that Joy fiddled with her braids that the damage was done. Clearly, Joy was already having doubts that she was an adequate girlfriend for Ted. That was perfect! The seeds of doubt were planted. Vanessa expected that the happy couple would soon break up. And that’s when she would make her move!

Joy was quiet all through dinner, barely touching the pizza as the other kids gorged and laughed and chatted. Ted barely noticed – not because he was inattentive to his girlfriend but more because it wasn’t out of the ordinary. Joy didn’t eat a lot. Vanessa was right about one thing; Joy was like a tiny little mouse afraid to take up space.

After the pizza was gone and the group had dispersed, as Ted was driving her home, Joy asked the question that had been bugging her all night, ever since Vanessa had said those things.

“Ted…?”

“Yeah, what’s up, babe?” He kept his eyes on the road, his hands on the wheel. Joy marveled at how huge his knuckles were, how thick his arms were… Ted was a barrel-chested stud who could probably pick her up one handed if he wanted to.

“Do you ever wish I was… bigger?” asked Joy. “Like, the other girls?”

Ted snorted. “What, are you thinking about Vanessa again? Don’t let her get to you, she’s just a bitch. She’s always saying dumb shit like that!”

“It’s just… all those other girls that you hang out with…They’re all so shapely and I’m just… this!” She gestured at her small, twig-like physique.

“Joy, you worry too much.”

Joy smoothed out her skirt nervously. She had never dated anyone like Ted before. He was so kind to her, so attentive… and so protective! Was this what love felt like? Joy didn’t know, but she only knew that she never wanted it to end, she never wanted to lose Ted. He was a good guy, but he was a boy and that meant he wasn’t wise to the ways of women. Joy, however, knew better. And she knew, though she couldn’t say it to Ted, that Vanessa was doing more than “being a bitch.” She could tell from the hungry way that she eyed Ted that she intended to steal him away from her. But what could she do? Vanessa was so big and brassy and buxom and Joy was just… well, just like Vanessa said… Joy was just a little mouse.

But… maybe that could change?

“Ted, what if I was… bigger? Would you like that?”

“What? Yeah, sure, Joy, whatever you say.” He laughed at the very idea. He couldn’t even imagine Joy bigger.

Joy nodded as Ted pulled up in front of her house. She unbuckled her seat belt and hopped out with the dainty, prim air of a little kitten stepping out of her bed. Ted’s half-joking answer was enough for her. She knew what she had to do.

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It wasn’t that Joy was naturally tiny. It’s just that she had a naturally small appetite. She barely ate anything, so was it any surprise that she was so petite? Well. That had to change. Maybe if she put her mind to it and just added a few extra calories to her diet, Joy could develop a figure… maybe nothing spectacular but maybe enough that Vanessa wouldn’t think Ted was such easy pickings!

As the months went by, Joy dedicated herself entirely to her new pursuit. Ted was surprised to see just how much she could put away.

Joy ate like she had never eaten before. At first, it was hard. The other guys would chuckle and snicker to watch Joy attempt to eat a third slice of pizza.

“How do you guys eat so much?” moaned Joy, her face slightly green as she felt her poor, poor over-stuffed stomach. Her flat tummy bulged out ever so slightly with her recent gutload, enough that the poor girl had to cradle her stomach to feel better. “I’ve never felt so full in my life! I think I’m gonna pop…”

“Jeez, Joy, don’t make yourself sick! It’s no big deal. So you’re small. It’s fine. I think it’s cute.”

Joy shook her head as she patted ted’s cheek. “I…I believe you, Ted, I really do. But I don’t like all the other guys making fun of you for being with me! I want to be the girl that’s right for you.”

But taking extra slices at their weekly after-practice pizza meetings was only the tip of the iceberg. Joy stopped eating cold cereal for breakfast, substituting bacon and waffles. She stopped eating fruit for lunch, instead buying the heaviest items she could find in the school cafeteria – meatloaf, mashed potatoes, fried chicken. And dinner? Now she always took a second helping. Maybe a third.

Ted was the first to notice the effect that all those extra calories were having. He and Joy were on a date, just the two of them, enjoying a pizza at their usual booth. It used to be that Ted ate almost all the pizza by himself. Now Joy could eat about half. It was an impressive change!

“Wow, Joy, you’ve really hit a growth spurt, haven’t you?” said Ted. He no longer had to look down to see her. She was definitely taller now! Well, that was to be expected, right? Some people were just late bloomers.

“Haha, I guess so,” said Joy. All those extra calories must have triggered something inside her. Maybe she was malnourished this whole time and just hadn’t realized it? She was taller now, she could tell. She could actually look Ted in the eye now without standing on tip toes! Her clothes were fitting different now too. Her sweaters didn’t hang off her, her pants didn’t sag. Her narrow, tiny body was suddenly filling out, as if puberty was hitting her late but all at once.

In fact, judging from the way that Joy was starting to fill out her sweaters, it seemed that she was DEFINITELY seeing a late growth spurt.

“Ted, that’s not all, though! Look at this! I’ve got boobs now! Can you believe it!” Joy grinned impishly, lifting her sweater to flash her burgeoning breasts at Ted. “I have to wear a bra now!”

“Whoa, Joy! Not in public!” Ted chided her.

“Whoops, sorry!” Joy pulled her sweater back down, her cheeks going pink at sudden embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I just… I guess I got too excited!”

Ted was surprised. Not just that Joy was filling out, but that she was so… public about it! She’d always been so shy and withdrawn, but her new body seemed to be encouraging her to come out of her shell. She was almost proud of her new curves, and Ted noticed that Joy was often touching her hips or cupping her new boobs with a look of awe on her face, like she couldn’t believe it was all her.

“Damn, Joy, I didn’t think you could do it, but you really filled out! I don’t think you need to worry about the guys saying that you’re too skinny anymore.”

“I’m so happy!” squealed Joy, grabbing a second slice of pizza and tearing off a hunk of gooey melty mozzarella with her teeth.

“So… you don’t need to keep stuffing yourself for my sake,” said Ted. “You can go back to your normal eating.”

“What do you mean?” said Joy, a quizzical look on her face. “This is my normal eating!”

It was true. Once awakened, Joy’s ravenous new appetite couldn’t be satiated. She was eating far more now, wolfing down a good half of each week’s pizza just by herself. She continued to eat big breakfasts and hearty lunches and always asked for dessert after every meal. And, as a result, her body kept growing. She was getting thicker and thicker, curvier and curvier… but also, to Ted’s surprise, taller and taller.

Indeed, Joy had finally graduated beyond the training bras that she’d worn so long beyond her peers had. And now she was actually wearing a real bra! Granted it was only an A cup… but Joy had a strange sense that this was just the beginning! She could feel her bulges and curves all over her body. Her pants were fitting different as her butt pushed out behind her and her calves thickened.

And… she was STILL getting taller!

And taller…

And taller…

It was hard to believe that, just recently, Joy had been a shy slender little bookworm. Now she towered above Ted – she towered above everyone – at seven feet! She had to bend over to avoid hitting her head on door frames and now she was the one who had to lean in for a kiss when she and Ted got intimate. Her figure had expanded along with her height, her hips flaring and her bosom swelling until she possessed an incredible hourglass figure to die for. She had to wear an E cup bra to restrain her plump new breasts and even that was getting too snug… she needed Ted to help buckle the clasp every morning, her body band digging into the flesh of her back.

Ted was really starting to, well, get concerned. Joy was devouring food like a starving woman and was so tall and thick now that Ted was starting to feel… a little inadequate! It used to be that Joy was always on his arm, now he was starting to feel like he was on Joy’s arm! He was pretty sure that the other guys on the team were whispering about them behind his back – not because Joy was too small these days but rather because she was too big!

And it wasn’t just that. Ted had noticed that Joy’s attitude was changing – this shy little bookworm seemed to be finding a hidden spark of defiance! She was getting pushier, bossier. It used to be that Joy was mostly happy to go along with anything Ted said, but now she was getting more demanding!

Ted decided he had to say something. The next time that they were at Papa Pepperoni’s, he found the perfect opportunity.

“Baby, bring me another pizza, would you?” said Joy. The statuesque goddess lounged idly against the table, her long silky legs crossed, her fingers rubbing the last crusts of the departed pie in ranch dipping sauce. She barely bit into the booth, her knees bumping against the underside of the table.

“Hey, baby, don’t you think you’ve had enough pizza? I mean, you wouldn’t want to ruin that perfect figure.”

Joy looked up from her meal. “Gee, Ted, I think if I’ve had enough, then I wouldn’t ask for more. Don’t you think?”

“What? C’mon, Joy, you’re being all… weird…”

“Is that so?” Joy pushed herself to her feet, rising to her full height. She leaned forward to regard Ted over the swell of her bountiful bosom, placing her hands on her flaring hips and eying him critically. “And you think you’re in any position to argue with me, do you, little man?”

Ted gawked. Joy smirked. She was taller than Ted, had been for a while now. But it was as if she was realizing this for the first time right now. She FELT taller, stronger, mightier. She felt like throwing her weight around. She felt like Ted maybe should be listening to her a little more.

“Jeez, Joy, what are you talking about?” Ted muttered, suddenly embarrassed. He was acutely aware that his girlfriend was now way taller than he was. Was she… threatening him? She’d never done that before! But now that she was so big… well… it almost seemed natural.

“Baby, I think you need to remember who’s in charge here,” said Joy, grinning as she advanced on Ted. Ted stepped backwards reflexively. Joy’s grin widened as she sauntered forward, striding on those long long legs, her thick hips swiveling, her full bosom bouncing. Ted marveled to see his girlfriend move like that, all her power and strength evident in her stride. He didn’t know what to think! And he didn’t have time to react as Joy suddenly pushed Ted up against the wall. The burly football player was too surprised to do anything. Sure, Joy was big now… taller than he was… but he was still no slouch in the muscles department. He could easily push back if he wanted, but, well, why would he want to? He wasn’t going to complain when Joy pressed her bust into him and he could feel the warmth and softness of her new E-cups bulging against his chest.

“Joy, babe, that’s funny, but…”

“Is it? Hun, I know you’re used to being the big one in this relationship, but things have changed. And to be honest, I think I kinda like it. But don’t worry about me, Ted, I’m not about to ruin this perfect figure.” She slid a hand over the arc of her bubble butt, raising the hem of her skirt to flash just a glimpse of her perfectly sculpted thigh and the crease where her leg ended and her booty began. Ted gulped. It was hard to resist!

Chuckling, she bumped Ted playfully with her hip, sending him spiraling to the floor.

“Oh no! Oh I’m so sorry, baby!” cried Joy, squatting down next to him. All her arrogance and confidence quickly drained away. Concern was etched across her face. “I didn’t mean to knock you down like that, I was just playing around! I guess… I don’t know my own strength!”

“No, I guess not,” said Ted, rubbing the back of his neck. Jeez, Joy was becoming a real menace as she grew! Maybe she was just playing around this time, but he couldn’t help but worry that this might soon become a problem. It was already weird that she was so much taller than he was, but, with her incredible new figure, he couldn’t really complain. As Joy bent over him, cooing and fussing, he had a close-up view down her sweater of her creamy white cleavage. That was definitely a plus. He could already feel his boner stirring in his pants, but not, to his surprise, because he was looking at Joy’s tits. No, he was thinking about how she so easily knocked him to the ground as if he was nothing, as if he was just as ragdoll, with just the slightest twitch of her hip. Gawd, that was weird? Why was that hot? He couldn’t explain it, but the idea that Joy was gradually outgrowing him was… kinda sexy? He kinda liked having a girlfriend who wasn’t just curvy but was genuinely big.

Joy helped lift Ted back to his feet. “Wow, that was pretty easy for you, huh?” said Ted.

Joy shrugged. “I guess… I guess I’m just a little… big these days.”

“Uh huh.” Ted spent all his time working out and he didn’t have the kind of strength that Joy seemed to have picked up naturally just by eating! It was insane. “How, uh, big are you intending to get?”

“Oh, I dunno,” said Joy, suddenly flirtacious. She put a finger to her lips as if she was considering the question, turning back and forth to twirl her skirt and give ted another glimpse of those thick thighs and that delectable ass. Gawd! How was it possible that Joy could become such a splendidly thick, curvaceous hourglass so fast?

But Ted didn’t have any inkling of what was to come. How big was Joy going to get?

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Weeks turned to months and months turned to a year. Ted and Joy stayed together as a couple, but there was a definite change. Joy’s appetite showed no signs of slowing, even though her mysterious growth spurt seemed to have ended. Ted thought that might be the end of it, but he was wrong. She didn’t grow any taller, but she was definitely still putting on the pounds. Her hips grew wider and wider, her butt gradually spread behind her, and her chubby tummy pushed out in front into a colossal sagging belly. Her breasts slapped against her enormous belly when she waddled.

Probably no one was more surprised than Joy herself. All her life, she had worked hard to be unobtrusive, to stay quiet in the background, to put others’ need before her own. But now? Gluttony was opening a whole new world to her, a world of sensation and indulgence… and she liked it! She loved to eat, loved to feel her belly fill up with delicious food, all the tasty treats that she had denied herself for so long! When she was full, when her belly sat in her lap like a big bloated beach ball, it just reminded her: You did this to yourself. You did this FOR yourself. You ate because you wanted to eat and doesn’t it make you feel sooo good? Why should she deny herself any of the food things in life? And as her appetite for food grew, Joy found that her appetite for other good things did as well. Had she always been this horny? She couldn’t remember. All she knew was that now she couldn’t help but get a little wet between the thighs when she stuffed her face, secure in the knowledge that she was treating herself right. Every added pound, every suddenly swelling roll of new blubber was testament to her new philosophy!

Unable to curb her new desires, Joy grew bigger and bigger.

Vanessa was aghast at the changes that had come over Joy over the last few years. The shy little stick chick had grown into a voluptuous amazon… but then she didn’t stop growing! And eventually she blimped and bloated into an insatiable hog, always oinking for more food! Joy was absolutely massive, almost as wide as she was tall, a billowing bounty of flesh. Her enormous breasts, each as big as a ripe watermelon, filled out her angora sweater to its limit, the fuzzy fabric gently tensing and straining with the giant girl’s every breath, her sturdy brassiere so overloaded that you could still see the points of her thick fat nipples tenting through the material and the very obvious line where Joy’s hefty hooters muffintopped over her cups. The plunging neckline of her sweater -- Vanessa was shocked! Joy never would have worn something so revealing when she was smaller! -- revealed nearly a yard of heaving cleavage that bounced dangerously with Joy’s thick new waddle. Her belly had grown along with her boobs, now protruding beyond them in a vast boulder of flesh that sagged below the hem of her sweater (Joy had to constantly pause to grapple with her sweater, which was determined to slide up over the arc of her gut and fit as a tight roll across her bloated boobs) and overlapped the waistband of her failing jeggings. Her butt stuck out behind her like a shelf, so much booty that Joy now fit the stereotype of a jock’s favorite kind of ass – the kind that you could rest a beer can on. Each butt cheek was big and round as a basketball and her rump was wide enough that you could see it from the front – which was really saying something considering how big Joy was up front these days! Her jeggings (Joy rarely wore pants now; getting them over her thick thighs and plump calves was just murder!) were clearly stretched far beyond they were ever intended to stretch, the dark blue spandex pulled to the point that it was now a light turquoise and the threads down the side seams of her pudgy legs looked ready to snap.

“Ugh, Ted, these benches are way too small! Gawd, they just weren’t built for a girl of my proportions!” whined Joy. She sucked in her gut as she tried to slide between the bench and the table, but it barely made a difference. She was simply too thick!

“Wait one sec, babe, I’ll get you a chair,” said Ted.

“Better make it two,” said Joy, snapping her pudgy fingers. “And hurry! I’ve been on my feet almost half an hour and I can’t take much more of this!”

Ted obediently pushed two chairs up behind her.

“About time,” said Joy, dumping her fat ass down over the chairs. Her buns spread wider and wider as her full weight came down to bear on them, her haunches overflowing on both sides. Vanessa could not take her eyes off this sight! Joy was as big as an elephant seal! No, scratch that… she was bigger! As big as a whale! “Now get me some pizza, Ted.”

“How many pizzas do you want, Joy?”

“You know what I like, little boy,” said Joy, shifting her immense weight in her chairs. The other football players exchanged glances. They’d never seen a girl as fat as Joy but they’d also never seen a girl as, well, generally big. “Three. Three pepperoni that is. And two sausage.”

The rest of the table exchanged shocked glances. Was Joy really planning to eat five pizzas? That was absolutely absurd… but, then again, just looking at Joy, what wasn’t absurd? She was the size of a baby hippopotamus, so big that it was nearly impossible to believe that she’d been a tiny little twig only a year ago.

“So, Joy,” said Vanessa awkwardly, “You’ve really… changed… since we got to know you…”

Joy grunted noncommittally. “Have I? I really don’t think that’s any business of yours, little girl.”

Vanessa scowled. She couldn’t believe that her comments about Joy’s size were coming back to haunt her like this! She had thought that Joy was too slim and petite to take seriously, but now… well… Joy was so enormous, so tall and so wide that you HAD to take her seriously.

“The pizza’s gonna take a little while,” said Ted, returning to the table placing a bowl of breadsticks in front of her overfed girlfriend. “So I thought I’d get you a little snack to keep you satisfied til then.”

“Good boy,” said Joy, patting Ted’s cheek with one pudgy hand. Vanessa raised an eyebrow.

As Joy gobbled her breadsticks, Vanessa cleared her throat and motioned for Ted to come close.

“Listen, Ted, uhhh, have you noticed that Joy… is kinda fat these days?”

“Yeah, she’s… she’s been eating well.”

“Eating well? That’s an understatement! She’s turned into a total hog! She’s got more blubber than a seal and she’s as big as a house! And… jeez, Ted, you don’t look too good yourself.”

It was true. Vanessa noticed for the first time that Ted had definitely lost weight. He was thinner than he used to be, almost as if he was losing mass as Joy was gaining it. He looked positively fragile next to his massively bloated girlfriend.

“Oh sorry, I guess I’ve just been so busy with Joy that I haven’t have much time for anything else. I mean, ya know what they say – happy wife, happy life!”

Vanessa frowned. The dark circles under Ted’s eyes and the sunken pallor of his cheeks didn’t give her confidence that his weight loss was healthy. It seemed to her that Joy was running him ragged with all her increasingly outrageous demands! She had become so spoiled and greedy as she grew that she seemed to be a completely different person now, a gluttonous haughty diva who thought of Ted as her servant!

“Teddd! I thought you said there was going to be some pizza,” whined Joy between bulging cheeks as she gulped down the last of the breadsticks.

“Hey, Joy, you think maybe you can leave some food for the rest of us?” snapped Vanessa hotly. She really didn’t care for this new attitude!

“Ugh! Ted! You need to tell your friend to check her attitude!” huffed Joy angrily. The obese sow placed her hands against the table and attempted to push herself to her feet; at her size, it was harder than it looked but she made her point. Even semi-seated, Joy still loomed over her tablemates enough that no one wanted to get on her bad side. Vanessa gulped and shut her mouth.

“Good! That’s better!” Joy dropped back into her twin chairs, the seats creaking so loudly that Vanessa was certain this was it – they were going to break and drop this overstuffed oinker to the ground!

But the chairs held. Even after Ted returned with the pizzas and Joy spent the next hour stuffing her face with enough cheese and grease and oil and processed meat to satisfy an army, the chairs miraculously held. They creaked and they bent but they didn’t break.

“Hmmph, good, good,” mumbled Joy through sauce-spattered lips. “Keep it coming, Ted.”

Joy sighed in contentment, patting her distended gut as it settled on her thighs. The massive thick folds of her love handles sagged over the waistband of her over-stretched jeggings, her billowing booty pushed out behind her. She licked some sauce off her chubby cheeks and stifled a soft belch, an oddly lady-like gesture given her immense size.

“You sure made short work of that,” said Bill. “I’ve never seen a girl eat that much pizza in one sitting… or even eat that much pizza at all!”

“Yeah, too bad you didn’t learn to share,” said Jerry, annoyance creeping into his voice despite himself.

“I’m sorry, do any of you little boys think you can take me?” said Joy. She giggled. “Oh, how funny. You really don’t know who you’re dealing with.”

“I just—”

“Hey!” interrupted Ted. “You heard her! Don’t you lot give my girl any guff! I—”

“Now, now, Ted, I’m a big girl, I don’t need you to take care of me.” Joy patted Ted reassuringly on his shoulder, the flab of her arm jiggling. “Besides, being tough? That’s not really your strength, honey. You’re much better at keeping your gal fed, hmm? Sweetie, why don’t you go get me a cannoli, I’m just DYING for something sweet after all that pizza.”

Ted nodded weakly. Joy was right, of course. He wasn’t really in shape right now, he couldn’t just pick a fight with all the rest of the football team. They’d clobber him! Besides… Joy was the biggest girl on campus, both in terms of height and weight. It wasn’t like anyone could tell her what to do. She was right. He should just accept what she said.

“Yes, dear. Right away!’ He hurried away to fulfill Joy’s latest order.

“Such a sweetheart,” said Joy, shifting her enormous rear across the two chairs it took to support her. “He tries so hard, he really does. But it takes a lot to satisfy a girl of my appetites.”

“I’ll bet,” said Vanessa.

To be continued…

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles