Jealous Milf (2 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

Danielle wriggled her enormous bottom as she tried to get comfortable in one of the wrought iron chairs at the glass table on Mrs. Torres’ back patio. The spongy flesh of her chubby cheeks spilled over both sides, the overmatched denim of her designer jeans stretching even tighter as her butt squished out behind her. “Hmm, seems like these chairs just can’t handle this much booty?” said Danielle sweetly. “Can you believe that? I’ve just got soooo much junk in the trunk… I better use two.”

Mrs. Torres watched, her eyelid twitching with indignation, as Danielle moved a second chair next to the first and spread her vast behind across the two seats.

“Ah, that’s much better!”

That’s when Danielle noticed that a fresh loaf of chocolate chip banana bread sat on a platter at the center of the table. It smelled delicious!

“I’ve been baking, dear,” said Mrs. Torres. “Really, help yourself. You need to eat more, after all, if you want Gabby to appreciate you!”

Danielle narrowed her eyes, but Mrs. Torres feigned innocence. Haha! She knew that negging Danielle like this would obviously goad the girl to stuff herself with abandon.

Danielle plucked a slice of banana bread and took a bite.

“That’s a start, dear. But you’re not going to impress anyone if that’s the way you eat. Well. Maybe you’ll find your appetite with eating. You wait here, I do have a pie in the oven…”

Mrs. Torres trotted away to the kitchen, her milf momma hips swaying with her pronounced wiggle waddle. Danielle watched her go. The sight of Mrs. Torres’ plump derriere filling out her sweat pants lit a fire under her. Of course Danielle was going to get bigger for Gabby! She wasn’t going to let Gabby’s mom say that she wasn’t good enough for her daughter!

“Not gonna impress anyone, huh? Well, we’ll see about that!” Danielle crammed the rest of the banana bread slice into her mouth and reached for another. By the time that Mrs. Torres returned from the kitchen with a piping hot cherry pie, the banana bread loaf was completely gone and Danielle’s tummy was already puffed out like a football.

Danielle ate politely, daintily, slicing her pastries into delicate little bites and chewing methodically, moving the fork between her tender lips to get every lick of cream or morsel of sponge cake with the practiced nonchalance of a high-class femme. But that shouldn’t fool you into thinking that she wasn’t eating her fill. She was fully in control of her faculties, but she was still shoving far more food into her mouth than she had in weeks. She was eating faster than ever before, careful always to keep up her prim and proper façade even as she was gobbling treats down like a very polite pig. Mrs. Torres, of course, wasn’t fooled. She could tell by the way that Danielle cleaned every plate that the girl was definitely a secret piggy. She’s trying to keep her head, thought Mrs. Torres. How adorable! I bet if I keep pushing eventually that inner hog is really going to come to the surface. I just wonder how many treats it’s going to take…

“It’s all so wonderful, Mrs. Torres! Why, I’m sure that I could just keep eating like this forever!”

“We’ll see about that, you little minx,” hissed Mrs. Torres under her breath as she bustled about in the kitchen. She was not going to let this girl beat her! It was only a matter of time. Danielle clearly liked to eat, so how much longer could she pretend that she could control herself?

Mrs. Torres was no slouch in the kitchen. There was a reason that, back when Gabby was in school, the PTA mothers had always put Mrs. Torres in charge of every bake sale. Her baking was phenomenal! She kept a steady stream of delicious baked goodies coming from the kitchen to the table as Danielle ate, quietly laying the table with marble cakes and bundts and croissants and oatmeal cookies and all sorts of decadent sugary, fatty nibbles… Danielle was, for all her pretenses, in her own world. Delicious! She could just eat like this forever and ever and ever and ever… and you might say that was exactly her plan!

“Eat all you want, dear,” said Roxanne sweetly as she brought out yet another cake, a decadent strawberry-topped cheesecake. She deposited it on the table, leaning over with an exaggerated shimmy so that Danielle could get a clear glimpse down the older woman’s top – and an impressive view of her massive knockers. There! Maybe a little reminder of the competition would really push Danielle into overdrive. “Maybe you’ll catch up.”

“MAYBE I’ll catch up!? What are you even talking about, Mrs. Torres!? I’m way ahead of you! Stop fooling yourself!”

Mrs. Torres smiled sweetly at this sudden tirade from Danielle. Perfect. Something had just snapped inside the younger girl’s mind and now she was pissed! But more than that… now she was hungry!

Danielle grabbed the whole cheesecake platter and pulled it over to herself, growling at Mrs. Torres as if Danielle was a dog protecting a bone that the older woman was threatening to take away. She plunged her hand into the cheesecake and pulled away a big chunk of ooey gooey cake, which she shoved into her mouth without breaking eye contact. Then another and another. Now Danielle was REALLY getting into it. Mrs. Torres watched, not saying a word, just smiling her sweet motherly smile, as Danielle slowly lost interest in her with every additional bite. Yes, her inner glutton was finally coming out! Danielle’s stomach, so full already, gurgled with a new hunger. A ravenous new hunger, a dangerous desire, something darker and more primal than anything that she had ever felt before.

“Ohhh… what’s happening to me?” said Danielle, putting her hand to her middle. “I’m so hungry! What… what did you do to me, Mrs. Torres?”

“Why, I didn’t do anything, my dear! It sounds like you’re just discovering the power of good cooking. It does my heart good to see what a healthy appetite you have, Danielle, and I think it sounds like it’s about to get a lot healthier!”

It was! Gone was the prim and proper girl of only a few minutes ago. Now she was an insatiable beast, shoving anything and everything into her face. Danielle mowed her way through the cheesecake, barely chewing, gulping it down so fast that the rich decadent dessert nearly made her sick. No! She wasn’t going to be sick… she was going to eat it all! It was sooo delicious and nothing was better than eating! Nothing was better than eating and showing Mrs. Torres just how much she loved to eat!

“That’s the spirit, dear, keep eating like that and you might actually get a few curves before you’re done!”

Danielle scowled, her face slathered with frosting. She grabbed another plate and started shoveling pie into her mouth with renewed gusto. She was NOT going to lose to this blimped-up bitch! She was going to prove once and for all, that she was the queen of curves! She imagined herself as the most outrageously curvaceous, voluptuous woman ever, her zaftig form bursting out of her clothes, her tits as big as twin blimps, her dump truck ass as wide as a church choir. She was going to win!

“Eat, eat, eat, little piggy! You’re never going to be as curvy as me! My little Gabby deserves a woman with a real body, not a toothpick like you!” Roxanne laughed her smug, tinkling laugh, her bloated bosom bouncing with her chuckles.

“A toothpick!? Why you… I’ll show you, you fat hog! I’ll be twice as buxom as you! And three times as bootilicious! I’m gonna be so big I… I can’t fit through doors!”

Danielle fumbled with the buckle of her bling bling belt, sighing with relief when she finally managed to pry the prong from its hole. “Wow, Mrs. Torres, you really know how to fill a gal up!”

Danielle’s gut inched forward, settling on her thighs, as the girl ate and ate and ate. She felt her jeans pinching into her waist with increasing pressure – annoying at first and then painful! Yet she wasn’t prepared to stop. She wasn’t going to give Mrs. Torres the satisfaction! She jolted slightly in her seat when her designer jeans finally succumbed to the force of her appetite. The fly popped open, the button flying from her crotch with a loud SNAP and ricocheting off of a table leg. She could feel her zipper relax downwards with a soft grating sound as her belly and fupa plopped out through the open fly. Her fupa was plumping up along with the rest of her, stretching her panties and causing the elastic waistband to dig deeply into her gut chub. Gawd, that was a relief that her pants were unzipped! At the same time, she was furious. These were her favorite jeans! She couldn’t believe that she’d ruined them just to make a point to her girlfriend’s ridiculous mother! Well, she wasn’t going to quit now! She was going to eat and eat and eat and EAT until she won… until Mrs. Torres was well and truly bested! Then that stupid cow would really know what it meant to be curvy! Mrs. Torres was jealous of her curves? Just wait until that old sow saw the curves Danielle would have after this whole feast! She grinned through a mouthful of cake.

“MMmm, I really shouldn’t eat like this,” purred Danielle. She giggled. “All these calories… why, they all go straight to my behind! You don’t think my backside is too fat, do you, Mrs. Torres?”

In fact, it looked that Danielle wasn’t just making idle chatter! Her butt was expanding behind her, slowly swelling out to her sides to inch over the edges of her two chairs as her cheeks also pushed out further behind her. She was inflating everywhere, her breasts plumping like party balloons as her bra creaked and groaned.

“Not at all,” said Mrs.Torres, grinding her teeth. Danielle’s voluptuous bottom spilled off the back of her chairs, pushing out through the open space of the chair’s back. Roxanne couldn’t articulate how angry the sight made her! She wanted to smack this little minx right across her big plush bottom to really teach her a lesson, but she restrained herself. She would get her revenge!

“You just keep eating and don’t worry about a thing,” said Mrs. Torres as she surreptitiously moved a third chair to Danielle’s left. The young woman’s butt was ballooning out of control and she was rapidly overflowing her chairs! Mrs. Torres was afraid that if Danielle spilled too far off her chairs, she might get distracted from eating! Uh oh! It looked like Danielle’s right butt cheek was also overflowing the right side chair. Mrs. Torres quickly shoved a fourth chair there. She stood back and watched as that massive tushie grew bigger and bigger and bigger as Danielle gorged. The tension was intense! How much longer could those jeans last? It was almost a relief to see the seat finally split, revealing Danielle’s enormous derriere – both panties and skin.

Danielle ate and ate and ate… but eventually, she started to falter…

“Ooff… I’m done… seriously… I couldn’t eat… a single bite more,” gasped Danielle. She slouched back in her chair, her enormously swollen belly plopped on her thighs. Her unbuttoned pants were spread wide open and she knew for a fact that she would never be able to do them up again. She looked like she had swallowed a beach ball! Her breasts settled atop her gut, swollen to the size of twin watermelons. Her ass was overflowing multiple chairs and destroying her shredded jeans. She was massive, a bloated balloon woman! She groaned at the feeling of extreme fullness, wincing as she rubbed her hands over the surface of her severely distended middle.

“Now then, how about a little dessert?” asked Mrs. Torres.

“Dessert?” Danielle stared at the older woman, her eyes bleary and unfocused. “I’ve been eating – burp! – cakes and pies for hours! How was that not already dessert?!” She was so stuffed that she couldn’t think straight, her belly was so tight that she couldn’t imagine eating anymore! She slouched in her chair, her breathing slow and labored with her stuffed gut pressing hard on her lungs. Her breasts heaved with her labored gasps. She felt like even thinking about food would be enough to make her burst at this point! But somehow…. She couldn’t stop herself! She was still deep in the throes of the sudden gluttony that had compelled her to eat so far beyond her limits and she wasn’t ready to stop now.

“Well, if you’re ready to stop… I’m afraid that Gabby will just have to get used to disappointment…”

“I didn’t say I was going to stop!” snapped Danielle, slowly pushing herself back up into a seated position. She grabbed her fork. No way was she gonna give up! She was ready for round two!

“Mmm, that was delicious, Mrs. Torres!” said Danielle, licking her lips in an exaggerated show of satisfaction. “Why, everything was just soooo good! It’s just a shame that Gabby wasn’t here to get anything.”

Danielle smiled and sensuously sucked at her fingers. “Mmm, well, that was just excellent (burp!), Mrs. Torres. I don’t know how Gabby keeps her trim little figure with a cook like you in the (burp!) family!” Danielle stifled a dainty little girly burp with the back of her hand, her eyes never breaking contact with Roxanne’s as she spoke. Roxanne was so livid that she thought she was going to explode!! She couldn’t believe that Danielle was still being so smug, even after this whole ordeal!

If there was any saving grace, at least she had ruined Danielle’s figure. The curvy girl was bloated beyond belief, all her curves exaggerated to the point that she looked like some sort of fertility goddess with her belly swollen as big and round as a beach ball and so tight that she looked like a tick ready to pop, her breasts so big that they were nearly smothering her, and her ass so wide that it needed multiple chairs to support it. She shifted in her chairs, letting her overloaded stomach settle between her elephantine legs. The open fly of her ruined jeans was spread wide, so wide that the threads at the very base of her zipper were starting to tear under the strain.

Despite everything, Danielle was loving this. Yeah, her belly ached with supreme fullness and she had never been this overly stuffed before… her stomach was tight and hard to the touch, so pushed beyond its limits that her skin felt hot like over-stretched rubber. But still! I can’t believe Mrs. Torres thinks she’s winning, she thought. If only this stupid old cow knew the truth! She probably thinks she’s gonna make me fat with all this food, but she doesn’t realize I’m just gonna get curvier! Gawd, I can’t wait to see how much bigger I am when this is all done!

Danielle was confident that every bite would simply add more inches to her bustline and bootyline, leaving her soft tummy nice and flat once everything was digested.

“Surely you have room for just a little more? Just one more bite? Come on, sweetie, I know you don’t want to let Gabby down.”

Mrs. Torres pushed a tiny saucer across the table. Danielle leaned forward as far as she dared, straining to see over her bust and belly. It was a single chocolate dipped strawberry. Danielle’s overloaded gut gurgled and burbled, a strange ominous sound that Danielle had never heard it make before. What was that? It sounded… unhealthy. But Danielle wasn’t about to give up just because her tummy was complaining!

“S-shut up, tummy,” muttered Danielle under her breathe. She smoothed the arc of her gigantic belly with one hand and reached for the strawberry with her other. Those weird noises in her stomach? Why, those were probably just hunger pangs… right? Never mind that Danielle was absolutely crammed so full beyond all limits that there was no way possible way that she could be hungry… but it was the lie that she needed to tell herself to justify eating yet more when it was so clearly not a good idea. She wiggled her fingers, grunting as she struggled to reach the strawberry. No go. Her belly was too big, a monstrous beachball-sized orb blocking her reach. She flopped back in her chair with a loud belch.

“It’s too… far… can’t reach…”

“Oh poor dear! You’ve eaten too much, I suppose. Here, sweetie, let mama help you out. Open wide!”

Danielle opened her mouth and lolled her tongue, her face dreamy. Mrs. Torres plucked the strawberry from its perch and delicately placed it on Danielle’s tongue before nudging her mouth shut. The younger woman chewed slowly, her face placid and sleepy, and then she swallowed. The strawberry hit her gullet with a metaphorical thud.

As soon as she swallowed, Danielle knew something was different.

“Ooof that feels…BUURRP!!!” She belched loudly, so loudly that the sound reverberated through the house. “Gawd, I’m so stuffed…. I seriously don’t think I’ve ever eaten so much. I’m done.”

“Oh dearie, are you sure?”

“Yes. God, yes. One more bite and I am seriously.. BURRRP… gonna… BURRRRP… burst.”

But something was already happening! It looked like Danielle might have misjudged which bite would be the one to finally send her over the edge. Because her belly was rumbling louder and louder, her skin quivering with tightness… and, Danielle couldn’t be certain but… it looked like her already huge stomach was actually getting bigger?! What!? How was that possible?!

“What the?! What’s BUUUURP going on?” cried Danielle as another belch tore out of her mouth. This was no teeny tiny little girl burp, though, this was a real juicy monster belch. Danielle’s guts were churning and burbling, making angry noises that the zaftig young woman had never heard before. She was suddenly nervous. These extra loud, extra juicy, extra belligerent burps felt like the harbinger of something worse to come!

“Oh sweetie, that’s too bad,” said Mrs. Torres, clucking her tongue in mock sympathy. “It looks like our greedy little guest just had one bite too many. Poor baby, you really should have paced yourself… but looks like you just pushed yourself too hard.”

“What the (burp) hell does that mean?” snapped Danielle. She grimaced as her aching gut continued to expand, like bread rising in the oven, splitting stitches in her blouse as her bloating breasts blasted buttons across the room. Oh no, this was her favorite shirt! It cost a fortune! And now it was completely ruined! She was so upset about her destroyed clothing that it almost distracted Danielle from the much more serious issue at hand. She felt the hooks in her bra clasp bending under the weight of her swelling bosom and then suddenly her bra exploded off her with a loud FWOOMP, dropping to the floor as her ballooning breasts bounced free. The stitches up her thighs dyed with high-pitched snaps as her hips swelled out to her sides. Her arms and legs started to bloat up, becoming inflated and turgid. Her face was getting suddenly fatter as well, her chin quickly filling up with pudge to create a brand new double chin, her cheeks plumping up into cherubic chubbiness.

“I’m afraid this greedy little diva had too much to eat and now she’s gonna pop,” said Mrs. Torres.

“What?! I can’t pop! I refuse to pop!” shouted Danielle angrily, her hands at the sides of her ballooning belly. She groaned loudly; she wanted to press on her gut, as if she could, through sheer force of will, force it back down, to push it into submission. But she was so full that even touching her stomach was too painful to bear… and it was just getting more painful as she grew bigger and bigger! “You think you’ve won? You stupid, fat cow! I’m still way curvier than you are and I always will be! Just you wait… when this is over, I’ll be bigger than you! I’ll be the bustiest, curviest girl you’ve ever seen!”

There was a sudden crunch as the wrought iron chairs simultaneously collapsed under Danielle’s vast bulk, dropping the enormous hippopotamus-sized woman to the floor. The impact knocked a belch from Danielle’s mouth and her whole body shook and jiggled with the reverberations of her crash. She was shaking so much that it almost looked that she was about to explode from the force of the impact… but instead Danielle continued to swell. She was inflating like a balloon, her advancing belly pushing the table away . RIIIIIP!! The inseam of her ruined jeans completely split apart, stitch by stitch as her thighs ballooned and her legs bloated. Contrary to Danielle’s expectations, it seemed that she wasn’t simply getting bustier at all. She was blowing up all over! Finally, her panties exploded into shreds, leaving Danielle in nothing but rags – the ruins of her once so stylish clothes!

She was the size of a hot air balloon. Angry red stretchmarks spiraled outwards from her belly button, as though belly was a weather map and her navel was the eye of a dangerously escalating hurricane. The stretchmarks pulled wider and wider, her belly grew larger and larger, her breasts grew bigger and bigger, her butt bloated… she was blowing up all over!! And all the while, Danielle continued her tirade of taunts and insults.

“Mrs. Torres thinks that she outdo me! Ha! I’m already so much bigger! I’m… I’m practically outgrowing the room! I’m going to have the biggest boobs in the world! The roundest booty in the universe! I’m going to have curves you can see from space! I’m gonna be absolutely massive!”

“Oh you’re going to be massive, all right,” said Mrs. Torres with a delighted smirk as she stepped back and ducked behind a counter. Roxanne didn’t need to look twice to know that this outrageously overbloated diva was fast approaching her limits! A woman simply couldn’t get THAT big without exploding!

“Oh Gawd… I… burp… I… I’m getting so tight…” huffed Danielle. Her whole body was rapidly ballooning up, her arms puffing up and sticking out straight to her sides, her legs becoming so bloated and turgid that the remnants of her jeans exploded off of her. She was helplessly round, a big tottering ball of woman, so spherical that she couldn’t grow any rounder… she could only grow bigger!

“Tsk, tsk! See, sweetie, that’s what happens when you try to outmilf a milf in her own home. You should have known there was no way for your puny stomach to handle all my cooking!”

“S-shut up! I… oooo… you think you’re so great!!! But… I’m still bigger than you! Look at me!”

Mrs. Torres narrowed her eyes. Danielle was absolutely huge by this point, her tightly straining belly nothing but a mess of crimson stretch marks slowly blending into a single red mass. Above her gut, her enormous breasts heaved with her every shallow gasp (she was so full that she could barely breathe!). Mrs. Torres hated to admit it, but… Danielle was right. She was bigger than Mrs. Torres!

“Well, touche, dear, I guess you’ve won this round. Too bad you won’t have much time to enjoy your victory! You might be bigger than me, but you just can’t handle all that good stuff! It takes a real mega-milf to hold that much food and you just don’t have the capacity! Hope you enjoyed your meal, though, I really worked hard on it!”

How big could this girl really get? It was beyond belief that she had managed to eat everything without busting a gut, but now she was inflating like a rubber raft and getting even bigger! In the back of her mind, Danielle wondered how much give was in her body. She imagined what she would look like if she just kept going… If she ballooned bigger and bigger in front of her, swelling to the size of a woman nine months pregnant with triplets, then bigger and bigger and bigger still, her navel bursting into an outie under the tremendous pressure, stretch marks appearing at her sides and across her insanely blimped middle, growing, growing, growing, until she destroyed the house with her massive size, growing until she was as big as a mountain, growing until she overflowed the continent, until she overwhelmed the planet, growing until she was the size of the galaxy and beyond and it was impossible to believe that all that huge, gargantuan, too-big-to-comprehend globe was actually just one insanely overinflated woman and then, just when you thought she couldn’t possibly swell anymore, just when you thought surely it must be reaching the limits of physical reality, that’s when it would finally burst – explode with such force that you wouldn’t even be able to hear the sound, a sonic boom so beyond human understanding that you couldn’t even register the noise, an explosion like the birth of a whole new universe!

But that was silly, of course. There was no way that Danielle was going to get THAT big. Right?

Looking at herself, she wondered if she might. She was definitely still growing and, if she refused to pop, she was just gonna… have to keep getting bigger and bigger!

“I’m bigger!” crowed Danielle, ignoring the rest of Mrs. Torres’ tirade. The only thing that mattered to her was that she had, technically, won their little competition. She was the bigger woman! She was curvier, more zaftig, more voluptuous… in short, she was bigger! It gave her a giddy feeling of elation to know that, a euphoria so profound that it almost drowned out the constant, escalating pain radiating outward from her slowly rupturing body. Her skin was stretching tighter and tighter, thinner and thinner, her entire quivering body an overfilled orb of pressure ready to blow like a nuclear bomb. But the important thing was… she had won! “I’m… so much bigger than you! I’ll always be bigger! You think you’re the queen milf? I’m… so… huge… I… can’t even… I can’t even hold…. Oh Gawd…. Oh Gawd… I’m so much bigger than you that I’m gonna… just….I’m gonna just…”

It was obvious what Danielle was going to say. She was going to say that she was going to just explode. But she never got to say the word, because her plumping cheeks squeezed her mouth so much that all that came out was a strangled squeak. And then…

KABOOM!!!

Danielle’s taunts were cut short as the beautiful bountiful woman exploded with a noise like a thunder clap hitting. The explosion was intense, throwing furniture across the room and completely decimating the kitchen. Mrs. Torres braced herself against the counter, but luckily she was sheltered from the worst of the blast.

“Well!” Mrs. Torres brushed her hands together in a satisfied motion. “You thought you could be bigger than me, huh, Danielle? Well, sweetie, I guess I have to hand it to you. You certainly did! You really did show me, didn’t you, darling?” She chuckled. “But no one stays bigger than Roxanne Torres for long! I hope your few fleeting seconds of being the curve queen in this house were worth it! Because look where it got you! Aw, poor baby, you thought you could eat yourself to these killer curves but all you did was pop like an overinflated balloon. It takes more than just a pretty face to beat this wily bitch!” Mrs. Torres pulled a broom from the closet. “Mercy, this kitchen is a mess! I better get it cleaned up before Gabby gets here. I have a feeling I’ll definitely be seeing a lot more of Gabby in the future. After all, the poor girl just got dumped by her no-account gold-digging trollop of a girlfriend… she just doesn’t know it yet. But I imagine when Danielle doesn’t show up to their next date and completely ghosts her on social media… well, what other conclusion is my poor little Gabby supposed to draw? Poor baby! Well, it’s a good thing that she can always count on the sympathetic ear of her mother in situations like this…”

\* \* \*

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:

Mollycoddles’ Amazon Store: <http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref=sr_ntt_srch_lnk_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6>

Mollycoddles’ Twitter: <https://twitter.com/mcoddles>

Mollycoddles’ itchio: <https://mollycoddles.itch.io/>

Mollycoddles’ DeviantArt: <http://mcoddles.deviantart.com/>

Mollycoddles’ Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/mollycoddles>

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,

Molly Coddles