Devotion to Growth 2 (2 of 2)

By Mollycoddles

Vanessa wasn’t the only one shocked by Joy’s transformation. Sitting across from the wedding couple, to the left, Joy’s parents watched in utter bewilderment. They both bore a strong resemblance to pre-transformation Joy: a pair of frail, bespectacled academics, absolutely tiny next to their 10 foot amazon daughter.

“Joy! What was that all about?!” scolded her mother. “I cannot believe that my daughter would behave in such a fashion! You nearly killed that poor girl! We raised you better than that!”

Joy rolled her eyes as she snatched Ted’s half-finished entrée and crammed it in her own mouth. “Whatever, mom! It’s my special day, I can do whatever I want!”

“That’s no excuse to treat people like that! Don’t you think—”

“Don’t YOU think you should shut up, mom? Jeeez, I didn’t invite you here to listen to a lecture! You’re not at work at the university, mom, so how about you keep your mouth shut and let me enjoy myself?”

“What’s happened to you, Joy?” joined in her father. “It’s not just your… look. Your whole attitude is different now! Remember how you used to talk about going to college to become a professor too? Now you haven’t done anything since you graduated high school…”

“I’ve done plenty! I’m getting married, aren’t I? I swear, you two just love complaining!” Joy turned on her parents with a furious gleam in her eye.

“It’s just that you used to have such academic aspirations! Now all you do is…”

“All I do is what!?” Joy rumbled dangerously.

Her parents were, of course, right. Joy had only grown lazier and lazier in her years since high school. In fact, she was already so incredibly lazy and disinterested in academics by the end of her senior year that she had barely graduated. It was only because her colossal size and domineering attitude made her such a nightmare for teachers that they had been forced to let her pass all her classes. Ever since then, though, she had dedicated herself fully to her new lust for life, eating and fucking. Ted did everything he could to provide for her, working two jobs to pay Joy’s outrageous grocery bills and fucking her silly every night when she demanded satisfaction. Joy’s greed for sex almost matched her gluttony for food. But her parents didn’t need to know that part today!

“It’s just that… we thought you might have a career in…”

“Gawd! Well, you thought wrong! And maybe you guys should stop pressuring me to do things, okay?! Didn’t you see what happened to Vanessa? I don’t like when people pressure me!”

“We aren’t trying to pressure you, sweetie, we just—”

“Cuz, you know, it would be pretty funny if you tried to make me do anything I didn’t want to! Look at you guys! You’re just as tiny and pathetic as Vanessa! I could just eat you all up if I wanted to!”

“Joy, that’s not funny!”

“It’s not a joke! Look at you little people! You’d all fit into my belly at once and I probably wouldn’t even have to chew! So you better pipe down and let me just enjoy my dinner!”

Just to the right of the couple, Ted’s parents were similarly aghast. Ted’s father was a successful businessman, entrepreneur and consummate gym bro. He was shocked at seeing the state of his son when Ted first announced the engagement.

“Now listen here, young lady, I don’t mean to tell you how to live but you should really listen to your parents…” began Ted’s mother.

“Who asked you?” said Joy. “You really think you’re in any position to tell me what to do? Get off of it, “mom!””

“Hey! Don’t forget who’s paying for this wedding!” said Ted’s father hotly.

Joy chuckled. “Oh, like I’m sooo scared! What are you gonna do, hide your checkbook? I think I could get you to pay up.”

Joy once again started to stand up. Ted’s father suddenly thought better of his challenge. Oh shit! Was she actually going to beat him up? He couldn’t help but think about Joy’s veiled threats to her own parents: “I could just eat you up if I wanted to!” Joy was so massive and so out of control that he wouldn’t actually put it past her.

“No, no, I was just… uh… I was just kidding…”

“Of course,” said Joy, settling back down. “What a funny joke, “Dad!” I’m so glad that we’re all a a happy family here. Cuz, really, I don’t think you all realize how sensitive I am. And when I get upset, well, it really messes with me!”

“He didn’t mean anything by it, really he didn’t, honey!” piped up Ted.

“There, there, I’m sure he didn’t. Don’t trouble your little head, little man.” Joy stroked Ted’s hair, her palm big enough to cover his whole head, in the affectionate, patronizing way that one might stroke a favorite pet. Ted’s parents exchanged horrified looks. This was the woman that their son had chosen to spend his life with? Was he insane? How has she holding him under her spell?

Later, Ted’s father took his son aside and whispered to him: “Ted, are you okay? You’re not… sick, are you?”

“What? No, of course not. I’m fine, Dad!”

Ted’s father stared in disbelief. His son had been a star football player in high school; now he was built like a pencil-necked geek! What’s more, it almost seemed like Ted was shorter now than ever. Was that even possible? Ted’s father used to brag to his friends that his strong, buff son would probably be even taller than he was someday, but now it seemed that would never be the case. Ted barely even came up to chest height on his father these days. It reminded his father of what it was like when Ted was still in middle school or even elementary school!

“You just seem… like you’ve lost weight.”

“Well, I’ve just been too busy to work out, what with the wedding and all. And, you know, it takes a lot of work to keep Joy happy. She’s a very demanding girl. But you know it’s just like you always said, Dad: Happy wife, happy life!”

“… I suppose.”

The rest of the rehearsal dinner was unbelievably awkward for everyone except Joy and Ted. Joy was too busy gorging herself to notice the constant confused and frightened stares she was getting and Ted was too busy clearing away Joy’s cleaned plates to even think about anything other than the pleasure of his constantly ballooning bride. Vanessa watched the scene in rapt fascination, wincing as she was forced to continue her waitressing duties even with her bruised ribs. Joy scarfed dish after dish, barely pausing to even breathe in her eagerness to fill her ravenous maw – she was like a starving animal, the slurping and crunching and gulping and belching drowning out all other talk in the room as she reveled in the worst excesses of gluttony. Vanessa reflected on the old stereotype about brides-to-be going on crash diets so that they could look good in their wedding photographs, only to immediately succumb to the lure of marital bliss afterward as, assuming that they didn’t need to keep trim after they’d landed a man, they relaxed their eating habits and started to balloon. Joy wasn’t waiting for the wedding. Apparently, this girl was so confident that she had Ted on the hook that she wasn’t going to moderate her eating even at the big event! Vanessa could almost swear that she could see Joy blowing up bigger and bigger right before her very eyes. That was appropriate, wasn’t it? Joy was literally like a living balloon, being inflated with too much food and too much fat. She was turning into an over-bloated love doll, a massively greedy hog who was rapidly on her way to outgrowing her wedding dress yet again – and was no doubt going to spend yet another evening on the telephone screaming at the tailor to once again let out all her stitches so she could still waddle down the aisle without a major wardrobe malfunction.

Gawd, the wedding was going to be SUCH a disaster. Vanessa could just picture it all now. If Joy could even squeeze her fat ass through the church doors, how was she gonna waddle down the aisle without wrecking all the pews? How many guests was she going to knock from their seats? Who was going to give away the bride – Joy’s tiny little academic father? Joy would be more likely to squash him as she wobbled her way to the altar! How would the minister be able to even concentrate on the ceremony with Joy’s massive milkers busting out right in front of her way… assuming that her entire wedding dress didn’t simply split into ribbons altogether as she approached? And what about the wedding reception afterwards? Joy was such a gluttonous pig now that she would probably gobble the entire wedding cake all by herself! Heck, she would probably gobble the entire wedding party! Vanessa imagined the greedy, gorging girl growing bigger and bigger, swelling up like some sort of fat Godzilla, until she was so huge that she towered above the buildings, so enormous that she bumped her head against the moon, a gigantic planet-sized behemoth that just kept getting bigger and bigger and BIGGER. The truth was, it didn’t even seem all that implausible! Joy’s appetite knew no bounds and, as long as she ate, she seemed to keep growing!

“Bring me another plate, Vanessa!” called Joy, belching so loud that the windows rattled as she shoved yet another empty platter away.

“Uh… okay.” Jeez! Where was she putting all this food? That was a ridiculous question, of course, Vanessa could see Joy’s bloated gut flopping on top of the table top.

“Okay, I’m done!” announced Joy after slurping down her fourth bottle of wine and her ninth entrée. She had eaten an absolutely absurd amount of food, binged to her heart’s content until she was so full that even Joy’s eternally-hungry pit of a stomach had to call it quits. She was absolutely stuffed beyond belief, her belly aching with fullness and her head swimming with liquor. She’d even enough that even a gut of her magnitude, buried under layers of insulating blubber, was starting to look distended. “C’mon, Ted, let’s – hic! -- get going. I wanna check out the honeymoon suite.”

“But, dear, we’re not supposed to see it until after the actual wedding!”

“Ted, you should know better than to talk back to me by now!” said Joy crossly. She draped her huge hands over Ted’s shoulders, curling her fingers to tighten her grip. “How could you deny your lovely bride, little man? You think you can tell me what to do? You think you can EVER tell me what to do?”

“Joy… stop it! You’re gripping me too tight!”

“Oh, sweetie, if you think this is tight… why, you haven’t seen the half of it!” Joy tightened her grip until Ted yelped with pain, his brittle bones creaking ominously as if his bulky behemoth bride was about to tear him in half.

She lurched to her feet, a little unsteady after all that booze. Her parents exchange panicked expressions. How had their little Joy come to this? Their perfect daughter, the little academic bookworm that they were so proud of, had transformed into an absolute monster – a lusty, gluttonous blob of lard obsessed with no except fulfilling her every animal desire. Joy hiccupped again, her chubby cheeks flushed from too many bottles of wine. And their Joy would never have drunk THAT much! Or drunk anything at all, for that matter. She was too shy, too worried about losing control and making a scene. But that was in the past, because this new Joy didn’t care how many heads she turned. All she wanted was more, more, MORE… more food, more drink, more sex, more power. Joy’s parents and Ted’s parents both recognized the greedy, hungry gleam in the eyes of this big bountiful bride: She LOVED being the center of attention, she loved throwing her considerable weight around, and she loved how now everyone had to cater to her every whim. What a difference from the old Joy!

In fact, thought Vanessa, as she watched this scene unfold in front of her, Joy was in a vicious cycle now: The bigger she grew, the bossier she became. The bossier she became, the more everyone was forced to do anything that she wanted. Which mostly involved keeping her filled up with every delicious, decadent treat that a girl could eat. And that just meant that Joy wold get EVEN bigger. And EVEN bossier!

“C’mon, Ted, don’t be a stick in the mud. I said we’re going to the honeymoon suite and we’re going to the honeymoon – hic! – suite!”

Joy stalked away, her heavy footfalls echoing through the restaurant and making the walls shake so hard that picture frames fell from their perches. Vanessa watched her enormous rump swaying inside her white dress, the chasm of her crack distinctly visible through the fraying fabric. Ted scampered along obediently after him.

“Gawd,” muttered Vanessa. “She’s so big and he’s so little. It’s honestly really sad to see him in this state.”

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“Can you believe them? Hic! My stupid parents think they can tell me how to live my life! And what is the deal with your parents too? Hic! Why is everyone being so annoying!”

Joy lounged on the king-sized bed of the honeymoon suite, her head against the headboard, her feet dangling over the end. She was far too big for this bed, so tall that she had to bend her fat-swaddled knees to fit, so fat that her sides spilled over the edges. Upon entering the room, she’d torn off her elegant white dress, freeing her breasts and belly to spill out even further, her hips and rear to bulge out to their true, unstrained size. Beneath, her sexy underwear – the sort of frilly, lacy little nothings that would please any new husband on his wedding night – were barely holding on. Her bra was buried under the two quivering mountains of her overflowing breasts, her panties stretched nearly to oblivion around the tree-trunk girth of her thighs and sandwiched between her oversized buns. Runs were already appearing in her stockings and her garter looked ready to burst. Thinking about his titanic tubby bride just completely exploding out of her underthings was definitely an exciting idea, but the truth was Ted was far too exhausted from the events of the day to even think about that. Not that it really mattered. Joy was dressed in her sexiest underthings more for her own benefit than for Ted’s.

“Yes, dear.” Ted stood at her bedside, massaging his whale of a future wife’s belly. She was sooooo full, after all, and the poor girl just needed some help digesting! How could Ted refuse her? There was an awful lot of belly to rub, far too much for Ted to ever reach it all, but he had to do his best to make Joy happy. That was his lot in life after all! He was a totally committed love slave to this gargantuan goddess and every inch that she gained, whether it was an inch in height or an inch around her waist, just made him fall that much more under her intoxicating spell. But now… Joy’s rough treatment of Ted had caused a tiny little crack to appear in the façade of Ted’s soulful commitment. She had nearly broken his shoulders when he dared to contract her. She was getting… maybe she was getting a little out of hand? And she was so incredibly big now! Ted looked like a ragdoll next to her and the concerned words of his father were starting to make him wonder… was this always a good thing? Maybe there were some problems on the horizon…

“Hmmm, thank Gawd we’re alone now, hmm, Ted?” Joy giggled. She shifted her weight into a come-hither pose, the bed creaking ominously with her movement. Ted half-expected it would completely collapse but miraculously it held. “Why don’t you come over here into bed?”

Ted continued to massage her bloated, gurgling gut even though his hands were starting to get tired. What else could he do? He simply couldn’t just stop massaging, not when it brought Joy such pleasure. There was nothing more important to him than bringing Joy pleasure! Right? Then again… he was utterly spent after those dinner escapades.

“I’m… kinda tired, Joy. That whole dinner was… kind of a thing, ya know?”

Joy was not to be dissuaded. “Tedddd, Gawd, I’m horny. Get over here and satisfy your new wife!” she shouted, spreading her legs with the ponderous glacial slowness of a mountain splitting open in an earthquake. She pawed desperately at her crotch, or rather as close as she could get to her crotch. As much as she loved to berate her tiny little lover, Joy was so huge now that Joy depended on Ted for help with lots of little things and one of the biggest of those little things was sex. Joy was absolutely too big to effectively touch herself anymore, her chubby fingers groping blindly when she attempted to snake her fat arm between her belly and thigh to reach her pussy.

“Joy… please… I’m just tired…”

“Jesus, Ted, what’s your problem?” Joy wasn’t wheedling anymore, she was pissed. She sat up in bed, her outrageous breasts spilling over the cups of her dying brassiere and slapping against her middle. “Maybe you just don’t get it. I’m not asking you. I’m telling you! Did you not get the message at dinner? I’m in charge now and what I want, I get!”

“B-but Joy…”

“Did you see what happened to Vanessa? Do you want the same thing to happen to you?”

“I… No, sweetie… I… I’m sorry, I’ll be right there.”

“That’s more like it!” said Joy. She sighed and declined back into bed as Ted crawled between her legs and went to work. He yanked aside her panties and shoved his face into her plush pussy, lapping her up. It was hard work, but it was the best he could do. Joy was so enormous these days that regular sex was pointless; she was too big and Ted was too small, he would just get lost inside her. But eating her out, this was something he could still do…. Although it was getting more and more dangerous every time, thought Ted, as he watched her giant legs, one to either side of him, vibrate with Joy’s arousal.

“Hmm… yeah, keep going, little man… I knew there was a reason to keep you around… that’s the stuff… hmmmm….”

Joy started to buck, lifting her bottom off the bed and dropping it down, her whole body glistening with arousal as Ted dutifully worked away, his tongue dancing between the folds of her labia, lick lick lick, as he teased her to climax. Joy moaned out loud, pinching her nipples between her thumb and forefinger until they were firm and erect. But this was no game to Ted. He needed to satisfy Joy, because there might be real consequences if his lard-assed lover was left displeased. Please, he thought, sweat beading on his brow, please let her come. I hope to God this works! What would Joy do if he failed to make her orgasm? He was almost scared to consider the possibility. He imagined that she might just clamp her legs together and squeeze him until he popped like a bug being squashed under a shoe. She was so self-absorbed these days that he could almost imagine her doing it without even giving it a second thought.

He pushed his face deeper into her, lapping at her like a thirsty dog at its water bowl, and was rewarded with a squeal of bliss from his billowing lover.

“Oh! Oh! Ted! Yesss!” Joy gasped. She grabbed the back of his head and pushed him further into her, so that he couldn’t breathe, he was being smothered against her snatch, his face drenched in her sticky juices, his world filled up and over with nothing but Joy. He thought he was literally going to suffocate before she finally let go and he fell backward, panting like a locomotive.

“Ted, that was perfect. What a good little man, you are! So attentive to your big fat wife.”

Ted gasped, his sunken chest rising and falling with his labored breaths, his spindly arms twitching.

“Now then. All that exercise made me hungry. How about you come and feed your wife some of her wedding gifts?”

The bedside table was piled high with boxes of chocolates and bon bons, only a few of the many many many gifts that Joy had demanded from her family and friends. Who were they to refuse her? No one wanted to get on her bad side, after all!

“But Joy… I’m spent…”

“Feed me! Feed me, Ted! I’m starving!”

“But Joy you had all that cake…”

“Gawd, Ted, that cake might have been enough for the old Joy, but maybe you haven’t noticed that… I’m kinda big now? I’m beyond big, in fact. Haven’t you noticed that you’re like a little mouse to me now? Now, why don’t you get to work!”

Joy clamped her legs together suddenly, trapping Ted between her thighs. The poor boy gurgled and gasped, his bride’s legs pressed tightly on his throat as if he was a rat caught in a trap. The image was not lost on Joy.

“You really are just a little mouse, aren’t you? And look at you, caught in a trap! The only question is, should this big sexy cat let you go? What do you think I should do, Ted?”

Ted could only gasp for breath.

“What’s that? I can’t hear you. Oh dear, what a dilemma!”

“P…please….Joy…”

“Okay, I’ll let you go, little baby. But only because it’s our special night! Don’t expect this kind of treatment every night!”

Joy opened her legs and Ted fell into a crumpled heap. The poor guy! He was so far beyond exhausted now. He just wanted to curl up and sleep, but his work was never done. Joy demanded service and he had to obey the call… or face the consequences!

“Feed me! Hurry it up, you little weenie! Gawd, stop being such a weakling!”

“That’s kinda not nice, Joy,” whined Ted. Even so, he was already unwrapping the box and plucking out chocolate truffles to feed to his ever-demanding wife. Joy popped the truffle into her mouth with a deceptively dainty motion, quickly chewing and lolling her tongue for more. Ted obliged. One by one, he fed her the entire box, watching with a combination of fascination and horror as every decadent bite added yet more bulk to Joy’s already outlandish figure.

“You poor little fool!” laughed Joy through a mouthful of chocolate and nougat. “You just don’t get it, do you, Ted? Look at how pathetically weak you are! Why, you can barely even lift that box of bonbons! And the funniest thing is… it seems like the bigger and stronger I get, the smaller and weaker you get! I bet you’re just gonna keep shriveling and shrinking… and I’m just gonna get bigger and bigger and BIGGER!”

Ted whimpered in his throat, but he was too intimidated to say anything out loud.

Joy sat bolt upright, the bed groaning as she shifted her voluminous bulk. “So you better feed me, Ted! You better keep my satisfied! Cuz if you don’t, why, I just might sit on you! Just like I did to Vanessa! Wasn’t that funny? How would you fare if I did that? Vanessa’s a big girl… not as big as me, of course, but she’s no shrinking violet… and I think I just about nearly killed her with my fat ass! How do you think you would survive, Ted? You’re such a weak little shrimp that I’d probably grind your bones into dust if I sat on you! So you better be careful… or I might sit on you… or even worse!”

“Joy, please…”

Ted gulped. For the first time, he began to wonder: What was he getting himself into? Joy was turning into a domineering monster. No, scratch that. She was ALREADY a domineering monster! And he was stuck with her! She was so huge and fat and strong and he was totally at her mercy, just a little wisp of a boy to be tormented and bullied for her pleasure!

But what could he do? She was a fat, over-indulged, overpampered giantess now, a spoiled brat of a blimp who demanded nothing but the best and tolerated no complaints.

“Poor baby! Has mama been too mean to you, Ted? Oh, I’m sorry. But you’re just so tiny and frail that I can’t help but laugh at you! You’re just an itty bitty little mouse compared to this big ox!”

Without warning, Joy rolled over onto her stomach. Ted yelped as he was pulled under her. This was worse than being choked between her legs! Her had her full weight on top of him and, like she predicted, he didn’t have the same resilience that Vanessa had. The pain and pressure were unbearable.

“I guess I wasn’t thinking about your feelings, was I, Ted? I suppose it’s only fair that you get to have some fun tonight too, hmm?”

“Mmmmppfff!” Ted struggled to talk, but he was crushed under this mega-sized Madonna, his tiny body smooshed under her colossal stomach, his face sandwiched between her bulging breasts. CRACK!! He wanted to scream but he couldn’t. He felt his bones break under Joy’s weigh. She was riding him, bouncing on him, his pelvis cracking, his ribs snapping. She was going to break every bone in his body and she wasn’t even breaking a sweat!

“Joy… please… I think I’m dying… my bones… I think I broke a rib…”

“Gawd, Ted, are you really that much of a wimp? You can’t take a little bit of rough-housing? Gawd, maybe I should have married a real man… instead I get a mouse who can’t even carry his wife’s weight! How are you going to carry me over the threshold when we get married if you can’t even take a little bit of hanky panky?”

Ted could only groan in response, sobs bubbling up from his chest as tear streaked from his eyes. The poor boy was in pain!

“Oh poor baby, maybe I was too rough,” sighed Joy, rolling her eyes in annoyance. “I guess I better call you a doctor…”

She plucked her flattened lover up off the bed and cradled him in her arms like he was a baby. He sobbed and whined.

“Joy, I really think I broke something…”

“Oh, be quiet, you little baby! I heard you, I heard you. Gawd, you’re so tiny I can just carry you down to the hospital myself! Look at that, I don’t even need to call an ambulance. Isn’t that funny, Ted?”

Ted didn’t think it was very funny at all.

“Come on, baby, let’s get you fixed up. Then you can finally get ready for the wedding.”

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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