Devil Spawn 2
By Mollycoddles

“Put it on, Krista. Christ knows there’s no way you’re going to be presentable, but we should at least try.”

“I don’t wanna, Mama,” whined Krista. “It’s ugly.”

Krista held up the dress, an enormous white shift-style garment. It was baggy and shapeless. It was also probably one of the only things that would actually fit over Krista’s enormously bloated body.

Ever since Krista had been impregnated by…by… Mama didn’t even like to think about WHAT had put that life into Krista’s belly. Krista gleefully referred to her baby daddy as “the devil” and maybe he was. Mama was a good church-going Christian and she didn’t like to spend too much time speculating about the identity of various demons. That seemed suspect, the sort of thing that Krista’s godless swamp witch grandmother would do. But Mama wouldn’t. Mama refused. Fine. Maybe it was just the devil himself. Maybe that was good enough. She didn’t need to know more. The point was that ever since krista had been impregnated by the devil, the brood within her had grown at a frightening rate. She was still far from her due date, assuming that devil spawn needed to incubate for nine months like a human fetus… but, come to think of it, Mama had no clue if that was the case. Who knew ANYTHING? Mother and daughter were in uncharted waters with this pregnancy.

Still. One thing that certainly couldn’t hurt would be to get some religion in the girl. A little late for that, thought Mama grimly as she eyed her daughter’s enormously bloated belly. Krista was always a chubby little tart, but her pregnancy had piled on pounds at an obscene rate. Her legs were thick as tree-trunks and her little ass was so wide that she had to sit spread across two chairs at the kitchen table on the rare instances that she managed to haul her heavyweight hinder out of bed. Fat sagged from her arms as she held up the shift dress. Mama could already see Krista was straining with the minimal effort of holding the dress up in front of her, her weak arms starting to shake and sweat beading on her forehead.

“It’s…ugly,” repeated Krista again, wheezing to get the words out. Krista had trouble breathing these days not just because of her extra weight, but most because of her enormous pregnant belly. Her womb was packed tight as a drum with squirming, writhing devil spawn and growing every day, taking up more and more room that should rightly be reserved for the rest of Krista’s organs. Her belly pressed tightly against her lungs so that her breath came in deep rattling gasps these days.

As much as her mother tried to pressure her into being a proper lady, Krista reveled in her reputation as a slutty, scrappy tomboy. Her favored outfit was her ratty old black NIN T-shirt and shredded denim shorts, an ensemble that, combined with her short, nearly buzzed brown hair and youthful body, gave her a distinctly androgynous look. Or at least, it used to. There was no mistaking Krista as anything but a woman now, her belly grotesquely swollen with young and her tender young breasts bloated with milk. Her shorts, unbuttoned and unzipped, were forced down by the gravity of her gut, hidden from sight by both her belly and her growing flabby love handles. Her black T-shirt no long advertised her favorite band, because it was so stretched trying to contain the girl’s overloaded breasts that the NIN logo had completely flaked off. That shirt was not up to the task of covering Krista’s belly, so now it simply fit as a crop top across her boobs. Krista’s belly was bigger than a beach ball now, extending past her knees, so tight and round that she looked like an overinflated balloon. Her skin had flushed a rosy pink with the pressure, then red, then purple, now… now her belly started starting to take on an almost mossy green tint. Her skin was so stretched that the colors of her obscene demonic brood were bleeding through; Mama could see them wriggling beneath the surface of Krista’s gut, hear them churning and bubbling.

Mama was not about to have Krista come to church with her wearing THAT. There was no way that they would be able to hide the sheer enormity of Krista’s belly, but if they could at least cover it up with a big baggy dress, maybe the church ladies could believe that Krista was just pregnant with normal human quintuplets. At least they wouldn’t be able to see the reptilian things sliding and gliding under the quivering skin of Krista’s burstingly overfilled middle.

“It ain’t gonna fit, Mama,” protested Krista as she lowered the dress.

“You’re not getting off the hook that easy, little missy,” said Mama. “C’mon. We’re gonna get you suited up. Raise your arms.”

Krista grunted but she knew better than to object. She raised her arms up, just enough that Mama could grab the hem of her T-shirt and yank it up over her head. It peeled off of Krista with the jagged sound of seams tearing.

“Mama, you done busted my shirt,” whined Krista. As the shirt pulled over her head, her bloated breasts flopped free, slapping against the shelf of her bare belly so hard that milk squirted from Krista’s puffy nipples down the front of Mama’s blouse. Mama ignored her milk-soaked top as much as she ignored Krista’s protests, tossing the torn shirt aside and roughly yanking the white dress over Krista’s head.

“Stop your belly-aching, you baby,” snapped Mama. “I don’t care how much you whine. You are COMING to church this week if it’s the last thing you do. Lord knows you ain’t learned nothing about godly behavior living in this house, but maybe that damned preacher man can finally get some Jesus through your thick skull.” Mama snarled. Her bayou accent was coming out in her anger and she had to pause to recenter herself.

“Granmaw don’t go to church,” said Krista.

“You ain’t yo granmaw,” said Mama. “That old hag might be wicked as sin, but at least she had the good sense God gave a Palmetto bug not to let the devil up in her damn guts. Hold still!” Mama yanked hard at the dress’ sides, smoothing out the fabric in a futile attempt to cover her daughter’s sinfully swollen stomach. “Now stand up, let Mama get a look at you.”

“Ah can’t stand up, ah’m too big in th’ belly,” whined Krista again. She grinned widely, her chubby cheeks furrowing. Mama frowned. God damn the little shit! She was enjoying this whole thing! If there was one thing that Krista loved, it was making things difficult for her mother.

“Fine, fine, I’ll help ya. Hold out your arms.”

Krista grumbled under her breath but she dutifully held up her flabby arms again. Mama roughly grabbed her wrists and yanked Krista to her feet so fast that the tubby girl yelped out loud.

“Mama! That hurts!”

“Serves ya right, you little slut. Let me take a look at you. Jesus almighty. That’s barely decent.”

The white dress was absolutely massive, but it was still too small to hide anything. Krista was simply too wide and too round. The shift was stretched to its limits around Krista’s gargantuan gut, the material hugging every fold and bulge of the fat slut’s gelatinous flanks and straining across the vast globe of her broodmare belly. Krista’s busted-out navel bulged visibly through the material and the hem of the dress barely reached her upper thighs.

“Damnit, you’re too goddamn big,” snapped Mama. “Jesus Christ, you’re busting out all over.”

“Guess I cain’t go to church then, huh?” said Krista, barely able to keep the glee out of her voice. She plucked at the shoulder straps digging into her fleshy shoulders. “Guess I’ll jest hafta stay home.”

Mama was not going to fall for that.

“Oh no, Krista, you’re coming to church. I guess you’ll just have to ask God for forgiveness for coming into his house in your condition. But don’t worry, baby, Jesus forgives.”

Krista scowled.

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Mama almost regretted her insistence as the mother and daughter joined the precession into church. All eyes in the congregation turned to them. How could they do anything other than stare? Krista was a massive blob, her swollen belly wobbling with every plodding step, her pudgy fingers clutching her mother’s waist to help steady herself so that the enormous gravity of her boulder-sized gut didn’t drag her to the floor. And the noise! She was huffing and puffing so hard she sounded like a steam engine, every step a mighty battle for this porky little preggo. Her face was beet red and sweat was already soaking through her white shift dress. That only made her MORE of a spectacle as the wet, transparent material clung to her breasts and belly, revealing the pampered flesh beneath.

“Mama, this suuucks,” whined Krista. “Ah’m tired. And ain’t no way ah’m gonna fit in no pew here! Lookit, these were built for folks that don’t got anything up front like me!”

Krista was right. The pews were absolutely not built to accommodate anything with proportions like her. But Mama was tired of arguing.

“Just shut yo mouth and suck it in,” she hissed. She could feel the judging eyes of SO many church ladies and there, standing at the front of the church, the preacher man as well.

“Ah can’t suck in, it’s fulla baby,” said Krista as her mother shuffled her down one of the aisle of the closest pew. Her belly bumped into the bench in front of her and Krista could only move down the aisle by sliding her gut along the benchback.

“Comin’ through!” she said. Several church-goers seated on that bench had to rise to their feet as Krista passed to avoid having their head bumped with her paunch.

One old lady smiled sweetly at Krista. Without asking, she placed her withered hands on the dome of Krista’s belly and grinned widely. “Merciful heavens, child, you’re carrying the sweet burden of heaven there, ain’t ya? How wonderful!”

“Yeah, wonderful,” said Krista absently. This old lady clearly hadn’t noticed that Krista didn’t have a wedding band on her finger, or she would have known that Krista’s condition had scandalized the community. And that wasn’t even getting into the fact that she wasn’t even carrying… babies. Well, not anything that anyone in this church would recognize as babies.

“Ugh!” Krista moaned suddenly as she felt something kick inside her. Her entire middle sloshed, sinister bulges appearing under the skin of her belly almost like little clawed hands pressing out from within. Krista shifted and squirmed, her entire middle swaying with the ponderous force of the tides changing. There was enough fluid inside her to fill an aquarium and she seemed so severely overloaded that she might just shatter like a ruptured fish tank if she tipped. The old woman snatched back her hand, a look of panic across her face. Somehow, she knew. She could feel it. There was something unholy inside Krista.

“I gotta get off mah feet,” said Krista, dropping her fat ass onto the bench with a heavy sigh. Her belly plopped heavily into her lap. She groaned in relief, drawing more stares. Mama couldn’t believe what a spectacle she was making of herself.

“No just you sit and be quiet,” said Mama. “You listen up and maybe you’ll learn something. Too late for you to learn to keep your fool legs closed but… well, no used fussing over what’s already happened.”

“Oooh, my babies done got all riled up,” moaned Krista again. She leaned back in her seat, throwing her head back, as her belly continued to squirm. Her overstretched skin was flushing beneath the snow white fabric of her shift dress as the brood within her wriggled and wiggled like a bucket full of fishbait minnows. “Ohhhh, Jeez, Mama, they ain’t never got like this before. Ah… ah don’t think they like bein’ in church.”

“Well, I’m not surprised,” said Mama. “That’s just the Lord’s punishment for your sin. Now you sit there and you deal with it. I don’t care if you burst right here, you’re not going to embarrass me in front of the preacher.”

“Ahhh Jeez, Mama, I think I AM gonna bust! Oooh they’re kickin’ up a storm might fierce!”

Krista moaned loudly as the brood squirmed inside her, her bloated belly rippling like a disturbed lake. The sound echoed through the rafters of the church. Heads turned again. Mama cringed inside, but her façade never cracked. She maintained the same air of aloof dignity that she always had.

The preacher in his pulpit raised an eyebrow, his gaze falling upon Krista, whining and squirming in the back row. His bony fingers curved around the edges of his podium. He hadn’t seen Krista in church for a long time, but he knew exactly who she was. Everyone in town was well aware of HER and HER behavior. It was no surprise at all that she had ended up this situation. But he would deal with that later. Right now he had a sermon to give. And he was determined to give it, no matter how much an interruption Krista was.

He cleared his throat. “Friends,” he began in a croaking voice, “friends, today I want to talk to you about sin. Now I know what you’re thinking, that’s what you talk about EVERY week. But this week, friends, I want to talk to you about the wages of sin. Too many of you think that you can sin without fear because who’ll know? Who’ll know what you do when no one else is around to see it?” He jabbed a finger upwards. “But the Lord knows, friends, and, if it pleases him to do so, he’ll make sure everyone else knows it too. Because there are some sins, friends, that you just can’t hide. Sin always makes itself known as plain as day. You can try to hide it behind fancy clothes or pretty words, but the truth is right out there for all the world to see.”

He gazed fiercely at Krista, letting his eyes linger long enough that there could be no doubt in the minds of the congregation whom he was referring to.

“Ugh, that dried up old worm,” muttered Krista under her breath. “Fuck him.”

“Krista, you’re in church for God’s sake,” hissed her mother out of the corner of her mouth. Mama sat ramrod straight, her eyes facing forward, refusing to let her embarrassment show.

“Who the fuck does he think he is,” mumbled Krista, “Talkin’ about me like that? He’s just mad cuz he ain’t ever got none.” She grimaced again as her brood kicked, her entire belly bouncing so violently from the impact that it nearly knocked her from her seat. “Christ almighty, them babies is getting’ all up in mah guts…” She giggled a funny thought occurred to her. “…Jest like their daddy did!”

“Jesus Christ, you little slut, at least wait til the sermon’s done,” said Mama, a note of weariness in her voice. Krista heard it and her grin widened. Mama was FINALLY getting sick of dealing with Krista’s shit. Maybe if Krista kept it up Mama would ban her from church for good. Then she’d never have to waste another Sunday listening to this dried up old husk of a preacher man telling her all about how evil she was just for having a good time.

“He thinks he’s so high an’ mighty,” said Krista. “Ya know I done got with his boy, though? Me an’ Jeremy, down by the creek.”

That much was true. Jeremy the preacher’s boy sat in the front row; from here, Krista could see the back of his head and his shellacked blonde hair. Look at him, trying to be a perfect angel for daddy! It was almost cute, him up there with his little Sunday suit and his perfectly combed hair. He was a good boy, alright, way too Godly to spend time with a fat little whore like Krista. At least, that’s what people thought. But he was one of the good dozen or so boys that Krista had known intimately before her present condition made it impossible for her to, uh, know boys in the biblical way anymore. She grinned widely. The poor boy was probably absolutely terrified that the baby was his, never suspecting that the sinister truth about Krista’s real baby daddy. Would he be relieved to learn the baby wasn’t his? Or upset to know that she’d been with another? Krista wondered. She would have to confront him after church to find out.

Krista’s mama had tried so hard to teach her that sex was a special thing to be reserved for marriage, a bond shared only between a man and wife. Krista never cottoned to that. To her, sex was something to share freely, a covenant between friends. She had so many friends and she welcomed them all into her, squirming with joy whenever they left a part of themselves behind in her. It made her feel… connected. She couldn’t imagine people like Mama or the preacher who hoarded that special present all to themselves, who didn’t feel the need to share the gift that God had given them with every friend that they met. Whatever. Their loss. At least Jeremy didn’t share his father’s convictions. Not that the kid would ever dare admit so out loud.

“There was Jeremy,” said Krista. “’An’ Toby an’ Kenny an’ Mr. Hopkins mah guidance counselor…”

“Shut up,” said her mother.

“An’, of course, there was the devil too…”

“SHUT. UP,” hissed her mother again.

This time she sounded pretty mad, so Krista thought it best to maybe lay off. Sighing, she turned back to her belly, patting her rounded sides and cooing softly to the brood within. She wasn’t having much luck calming them down and Krista was half-afraid that she really WAS going to explode. Gawd, what a scene that would be! She could see the image in her mind’s eye, clear as day: Her moans and grunts growing louder and more urgent as her guts churned, heads turning to watch as suddenly her bubbling belly began to shake… slowly at first and then faster, faster, her agitated brood sloshing within her, her pudgy hands clutching so tightly at her swollen middle that her stubby little sausage fingers sank into the taut flesh. Her belly lurching forward, bloating bigger with a low, dangerous gurgle, her white shift dress stretching and then splitting to reveal the tight, flushed flesh beneath. She’d grab herself tight, clenching her teeth and squeezing her eyes shit, her face flushing, all in a futile attempt to keep herself together. Her belly growing before her very eyes, so very big and tight and burstingly full that she would almost pray that she WOULD pop just to end this humiliation in front of the entire congregation, to end this awful pain shooting through every inch of her body, radiating outward from the pit of her overfilled womb in big electric waves through her entire body. And then finally, FINALLY, it came… With a loud moan that turned into a scream, Krista exploded, her belly rupturing and spraying her fellow parishioners with a shower of gore and amniotic fluid.

Shit. That actually seemed… all too plausible.

“Mama, I gotta go,” huffed Krista. She placed both hands flat against the bench back behind her and grunted as she shoved herself to her feet, the summit of her belly bumping into the head of the old lady in the next pew. “Ah’m gonna blow, mah brood don’t like bein’ on sacred ground.”

“Sit your fat ass down this instant, young lady,” snapped Mama. She dropped one hand heavily onto Krista’s shoulder and squeezed. “You are NOT going to embarrass me anymore than you already have.”

“You’re gonna be REAL embarrassed if I bust a gut here,” said Krista. Her womb felt like an ocean in turmoil, roiling and rolling angrily. She could feel stitches in her shift failing as her brood moved; it felt like the little monsters were doing a deep dive all the way down into her intestines! Nevertheless, the hand on her shoulder let her know JUST how angry Mama was. Maybe it was best not to piss her off TOO much more. Krista felt like she might rather burst than to face Mama’s unrestrained wrath. As much as she liked to annoy her mother, there was a limit to far the old bitch could be pushed.

The preacher droned on. Krista didn’t hear a word. She inhaled deeply through her nose and exhaled through her mouth, breathing slow to help calm herself. Was she going into labor? Was this what it felt like? No… not yet. Not like this. It was too soon! Krista hadn’t been pregnant long enough to have to worry about that. She was as big as a house, her belly larger than a woman carrying triplets at 9 months, but she’d barely been carrying for half that. Her brood was growing at an astronomical rate, so fast and so multitudinous that Krista’s mother and grandmother both nursed unspoken worries that Krista might be destined to burst like an overinflated balloon long before she could give birth. There was only so much a girl could stretch before her skin just gave out.

“SOME people in this community think that they don’t need Jesus,” continued the preacher. He sneered. “SOME people think that they can live a life with God. They think they can just do whatever they want. But what happens to them in the end? Friends, a life spent flouting the will of the Lord will only lead to ruination!” He clutched the sides of his podium, his rheumy eyes fixed on Krista. “You can’t hide your sins from the Lord. He makes it apparent to all! Everyone can see EXACTLY what you are.”

Krista’ bellowing moans were growing in strength, attracting more and more attention as she rocked herself on the bench, clutching at her middle. He preacher had to raise his voice to be heard above the din.

“Friends, we have here, within our very flock, someone who’s committed that gravest sin of all,” said the preacher. “But the Lord won’t her keep her sin secret. He’s marked her so that all will know her… and the fruit of her fetid loins! We all know EXACTLY who I’m talking about, friends… we all know who the biggest sinner in this community is, the greatest corrupter… the filthy whore who’s turned our youth into perverts with her wicked ways!”

Krista leaned back on the bench, huffing loudly. Her white dress was plastered to the dome of her gut with sweat, fat bubbling through the growing tears at her sides where her sheer volume had overcome the fabric’s tenuous embrace.

“Damn, whodya think he’s talkin’ about?” said Krista innocently. Even in her agitated state, she couldn’t help but needle her mother with an innocent act. Of course, she knew exactly who the preacher was talking about. But she also knew that southern manners would keep him from actually calling her out. So let him blather up there. He could talk all day and he would only talk in circles, always hinting that the object of his wrath was sitting right there in the last pew but never able to articulate the actual words.

“Of course, no lamb is ever truly lost,” continued the preacher, pointedly ignoring the low, mournful howl Krista made as her demonic brood kicked her from within. “God’s grace is always available for those that would seek forgiveness. So I call on you, on you poor vile sinner out there, come to God. Come repent of your wicked ways! The path of righteousness remains open to you!”

“Ugh, sounds boring,” muttered Krista. She winced again, her belly burbling ominously. “Ugh, is that old prune gonna talk all day? How much longer is this gonna last?”

“Maybe he’s waiting for someone specific to say something,” said Mama pointedly.

Oh right. If the preacher though that Krista was going to stand up (ha! When she was loaded down with this over-bloated belly? As if!) and confess her improprieties, he was sadly mistaken. Krista didn’t feel a lick of regret for her sinful ways. She remembered every tryst fondly, every hard dick that she’d taken into her and rode til it broke and filled her with seed… she wouldn’t have had it any other way. Even her dalliance with the devil… sure, that last affair had landed her in her current predicament, but wasn’t the deep dicking all worth it?

Jeremy at the front of the church was very conspicuously studying his Psalm book; his cheeks were bright red as his father thundered away in the pulpit. He obviously knew he was part of the reason Krista was being singled out. The poor fool might actually think he was the baby daddy! That was so amusing that Krista almost wanted to laugh despite the pain.

“Confess! Stand up and confess your sins before the whole church! Rise up and be cleansed of your wicked past! Give your heart to Jesus and be born anew! Sinners, arise!”

Several people around the church awkwardly lurched to their feet, touched by the preacher’s words and no doubt fearful that the Lord would strike them down for some petty evil in their past. Mama sneered. She couldn’t help but think that pathetic. How could anyone in this church be feeling guilty about their own sins when Krista was here, the living embodiment of carnal lust, so pumped with the devil’s seed that she was splitting at her seams?

Krista conspicuously did not rise. The church was silent but for her continued moans and lamentations. Eventually, the preacher was forced to continue.

“God sees your hearts and he knows that SOME OF YOU have repented of your wicked ways,” said the preacher. He ruffled the pages of his Bible, annoyed that the true object of his ire was ignoring him. “Know that he’s washed y’all clean in the blood of the lamb.”

The rambling sermon continued but it was clear that the old fool’s heart wasn’t in it anymore. He hadn’t reached Krista and that was what he really wanted to do. But the shameless trollop hadn’t budged an inch!

As the sermon wound to a close and the parishioners rose from their pews, Mama moved to help Krista to her feet. The bulging, fraying seam down her left side tore out completely as she lurched to her feet.

“Goddamnit Krista,” muttered Mama. She immediately regretted taking the Lord’s name in vain… especially right here in church! But surely Jesus would understand how her daughter was driving her to distraction!

“I told you this dress wouldn’t fit,” said Krista. The fat preggo shuffled along, leaning backwards and placing her palms flat against the small of her back to help counteract her massive gut. Her dress was practically in shreds, enough flesh on display that southern propriety had kicked in and now compelled the other parishioners to politely avert their eyes. Which was better than the judgemental stares she’d been getting when they first arrived in church this morning!

“Mama, are we gonna get Sunday brunch?” said Krista hopefully. “Ya gotta get food after church, right?”

Of course, Krista would think about that. That fat slut was ALWAYS thinking about food. Mama narrowed her eyes and tightened her lips. The idea that she expected Mama to feed her after how Krista had humiliated her with her behavior in church today!

“Gawd, I’m starved,” continued Krista. Her good cheer seemed to have returned the moment that they stepped out of church and her roiling belly calmed down. “Ah could go for a big ol’ plate of biscuits and gravy. An’ maybe some steak.”

“Of course, Krista.” Mama sighed. After this whole experience, she was spent. She couldn’t imagine arguing any more today. She just wanted to get her blimp of a daughter to waddle out of here before the preacher actually tried to confront them. She couldn’t take any more finger wagging!

“I wan’ my steak rare,” announced Krista. “Ah’ve got the strangest craving fer somethin’ bloody.”

The…. Things inside Krista shifted slightly as if they were once again being roused to life by the thought of fresh blood. The things did have… strange needs.

“Ah’m SOOO hungry,” wailed Krista, patting the dome of her belly right below her leaking breasts. That was about as far as she could reach. “Gawd, it just hit me hard! Ooof, mah belly aches! Feels like mah babies is eatin’ me from the inside out! Dang, Mama, we better get some vittles fast.”

Mama nodded numbly. She didn’t even bother to remark on Krista’s condition, that her brood probably really WERE eating her from the inside, that if she didn’t keep them sufficiently fed then who knows what damage they could do to her? No wonder her appetite had grown so much over her time as a broodmare!

And it didn’t show any signs of stopping.

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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