Like Mother, Like Daughter 2  
By Mollycoddles

Moonchild was finally falling into the life of a glutton. Too many years of living on kale smoothies and lentil stews had primed her to be seduced into the world of sensations. When food tasted good, why, then it was hard to resist! All Laurie had to do was put a plate in front of her mother and the older woman would chow down like a champion greedy guts! No wonder she was packing on the pounds so fast!

“Mmmm,” mumbled Moonchild, smacking her lips and bouncing in her seat as a sudden hiccup wracked her body. “Oops! Excuse me… I guess I’m just not used to all this rich food! It really plays havoc with your digestion.”

By now, Moonchild was cresting 300 pounds, the busty hippy turning into a real chunker. Moonchild was feeling a new sense of freedom in her eating, though. Her body was a temple and if her temple was a little bit bigger… was that bad? Moonchild sometimes got self-conscious when she caught her reflection in the full-length mirror in her bathroom, noticing that her gut now sagged over her crotch, her thighs now rubbed together, and her tits slapped against her protruding belly when she moved. Her belly was now clearly visible beyond her boobs, but it was still easy to convince herself that her weight wasn’t getting out of control as long as Laurie was around. After all, what 300 pound woman can consider herself too fat when she’s sitting next to her 600 pound daughter?

But how much longer would it be before Moonchild WAS as big as Laurie? Moonchild couldn’t get enough! Her mother-daughter bonding sessions were becoming longer, more frequent… and more elaborate! Laurie prepared fancier dishes, bigger plates, and her mother simply ate and ate and ate. Moonchild was in hog heaven! She couldn’t get enough of these new flavors! They were so stimulating!

“Oh my! This rich food… wow, they really do a number on you!” coughed Moonchild, pounding her chest with a balled-up fist to dislodge a belch. Her eyes were watering but that wasn’t the end of it: She was… gawd, she was SO stimulated! All these flavors, all these exotic tastes… it was like a whole new world was opening up to her, a world of indulgence! And…gawd, the truth was… it was embarrassing to say it… these tastes were getting to her in more ways than one. After gorging on tiramisu and ice cream and frozen yogurt until her belly was as round and tight and packed as a basketball, until it took effort simply to wheeze and she had to lie down on the couch to catch her breath, she was… horny! Her pussy was sooo wet inside her formerly loose-fitting peasant pants that she worried she might soak through and reveal her new…perversion to her daughter. How embarrassing! But how could she help it? Everything was just too exciting! She couldn’t NOT get all roused up!

“Oh my GAWD, this yogurt is amazing!” said Moonchild, her cheeks bulging with yogurt and her eyes rolling back into her head. “This is what you’ve been eating, Laurie? It’s incredible!”

“Well, like you said, mom… us Belmontes women, we’ve got a special connection to cows, eh?” Laurie grinned, hefting her titanic tits as best she could with her pudgy little hands. She couldn’t believe that she was saying that to her mom! She always was so embarrassed when her mom made comments like that, but now… maybe those bonding sessions actually WERE bringing them closer together!

Moonchild ladled full-fat yogurt into her mouth with stark abandon, dribbling creamy liquid down her chin as she guzzled. Gawd, why had she deprived herself for so long? Suddenly, she felt ravenously hungry! She couldn’t get enough… more, more, more! She scooped more yogurt and more… and finally gave up, dropping the spoon and lifting the whole carton to her lips so that she could guzzle more quickly. She could feel her tummy filling up, bulging out over the waist of her slacks and spilling onto her thighs. She shivered to think what all this overindulgence was doing to her figure… The more time that she spent with Laurie, the more she ate. The more she ate, the fatter she grew. There was no getting around it! But at the same time… she didn’t care! Something was taking hold of her, like she was being possessed by some greedy ghost. All her high-minded ideals about sharing and moderation and the middle path were going right out the window, replaced by a desperate, greedy need to fill her burgeoning belly to capacity. No wonder Laurie had grown so fat! Once you gave in to temptation, it was obvious that there was nothing better! Self-denial was a sucker’s game! All Moonchild wanted was to indulge in every hedonistic impulse, to satiate her appetite, to eat until she was absolutely bursting at the seams. She slurped and slurped, her throat bulging with every gluttonous swallow, as she emptied the carton and, when she’d inhaled the last of the yogurt, her eager tongue darted around the rim of the carton in the futile hope that maybe, just maybe, there was a little more that she had missed…

“Oh gawd,” moaned Moonchild thickly. She dropped the carton with a belch, falling back in her seat and letting her arms dangle limply at her sides. “Oh gawd, that was… that was too much… oof, I don’t think I’ve eaten that much… not even when your father and I went to that Grateful Dead concert at our old commune and I got the munchies super bad… oh goddess, I think I’m gonna pop…”

“No way, Mom, that was incredible! You really sucked that yogurt down!” Laurie said, genuine admiration in her voice. She could not believe that her normally peace-and-love mom, who worked so hard to maintain her stupid spirit-body balance, was just glutting herself like this! Maybe her mother was discovering another thing common to the Belmontes women: their love for pleasure!

Moonchild’s gut swelled out in front of her like a pale, quivering basketball, so full and sloshy that she was half afraid that it would drag her forward to the floor if she tried to stand up.

“Just sit right there, Mom, and relax, okay?” said Laurie. She pushed her scooter forward until she was right next to her mother. Laurie reached out and placed her chubby hands on the arc of Moonchild’s bloated belly. “This is something that Jen does for me sometimes when I eat too much and, trust me, it feels SO amazing. I’ll bet that it feels so good that pretty soon you’ll be ready for a second helping.”

“A second helping?” Moonchild’s eyes bulged from their sockets in fear. “Oh no, no, no! I couldn’t possibly! I’m already ready to explode!”

“Shhh…” said Laurie, kneading her mother’s tubby tummy with her hands. She squeezed the older woman’s growing love handles between her stubby fingers, poking and prodding and squeezing, giving her mother the expert belly rub that only Laurie knew how to do. Eventually, Moonchild began to relax.

“Oh my… wow, Laurie, that does feel good…”

“Isn’t it? See, mom, I told you… there’s nothing better than a full belly!”

“See, isn’t this great, Mom? Wow, I really feel close to your right now…”

Moonchild smiled weakly. Finally! She was making some progress to breaking down Laurie’s barriers! It felt like they might just be a real mother-daughter team after all!  
  
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Moonchild’s small gains suddenly kicked into overdrive; it was like some switch had been flipped in her head from “not a glutton” to “glutton.” Laurie’s constant indulgence had finally won her over and now Moonchild craved sweets and treats just as much as the obese teenager. She started snacking even when Laurie wasn’t around. When she went shopping, she looked for all the exciting new foods that Laurie had introduced her to. She couldn’t get enough all of a sudden! And the buxom hippie milf started to grow… and grow… and grow! After another month, Moonchild’s new belly bulged out in front of her like a beachball, a convenient shelf for her massive melons which slapped against her gut whenever she waddled. Her arms and legs were becoming thick and blubbery, so fleshy that they were almost turgid, and her butt ballooned out behind her atop enormously hefty haunches and curvy calves. She could tell that she was gaining, but she didn’t have the energy to keep up with her old exercise program anymore. Yoga stretches were harder when you’re too fat and flabby to stretch. Jogs just left her winded. And the one time that she tried to actually take her old bicycle out for a spin? That was ridiculous. Her blubbery bottom was so wide now that she could barely perch herself on the bicycle seat without the whole bike tipping over! And if she positioned herself just right, so that her enormous bulk didn’t immediately make her spill over to the ground, it felt like the bike seat was going to just disappear right up her crack. She tried to pedal herself around the neighborhood, but her flabby legs could barely work the pedals anymore! The muscles in her corpulent calves started to cramp and her chest started to heave, so much that she was afraid her tits were going to spill out of her crop top. Simply pumping her fat legs was causing her spandex yoga pants to slide down her backside, so that she had to pause every block to readjust her leggings. Gawd, this was way too much work! After only a few minutes, she gave up and rode the bike home. She threw it into a corner of the garage, waddled back inside, and collapsed onto the couch. That was enough of that!

Moonchild huffed as she collapsed into an easy chair, her blubbery hips spilling over the armrests. The elder Belmontes gasped and wheezed, her enormous chest rising and falling with her pants as she struggled to catch her breath again. Additional pounds around her middle had turned her loose blouses into crop tops that rode up over her belly and stretched across her massive boobs. Moonchild’s belly was as round as a full moon itself and she had blossomed to the point that her vast bustline was no longer her most noticeable feature. She was only 325 pounds… only 325 pounds! Still way smaller than Laurie but approaching the point where she was undeniably a true fat girl.

“I swear… I don’t think it’s ever been so difficult before,” she said, wiping her brow. “I must be out of practice. I swear, honey, usually biking doesn’t take so much out of me.”

“Uh huh,” said Laurie slyly. “Just out of practice, huh?”

“I know what you’re thinking, Laurie, you’re trying to imply that I’ve gained weight. I already know that, young lady!”

“Oh, I don’t have any place to talk about that!” said Laurie proudly, patting her own monstrous middle. “But you’ve got a long way to go before you’re anywhere as big as me, Mom. I don’t think that you need to worry about your weight.”

“I suppose not…” sighed Moonchild, her chest still heaving. It was easy to lose sight of how big she was getting as long as Laurie was around. No matter how big she grew, she would always look slender compared to her whale of a daughter.

This was better than ever! Laurie knew that if she put her mind to it, she could achieve anything. After all, when she turned her attention to fattening up her friend Alice at their weekly sleepovers, Alice had quickly ballooned. Turning that same attention on her mother had yielded a similar result! Moonchild Belmontes was fat, a big blubbery blob of milky white fat, a billowing ball of dough, an absolute blimp. Mother and daughter definitely shared similar genetics, since they both gained most of their weight up front: Moonchild’s enormous alphabet-defying breasts sagged against a massively rotund gut that settled between her tree-trunk thighs. Her enormous belly was balanced out by thick thighs and a fat ass, but Moonchild was definitely becoming more of a pumpkin-shaped porker as she gained. Her billowy peasant shirt no longer hid her assets, stretching across her bust but leaving the big pink sphere of her belly completely on display. Even her boobs weren’t completely covered, as the blouse started to ride up her bosom as she wheezed. Laurie could see quite a bit of her mother’s milky-white underboobs now too.

“Mom! Pull down your blouse! I can see your boobs!”

“Oh you’re such a prude, darling,” said Moonchild, but she nonetheless tugged her blouse down to hide her exposed chest.

Laurie thought that might have been the first time that she’d gotten her mother to cover up. This was going great!

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“Slow down, sweetie! I don’t have wheels like you do!”

Laurie raised her pudgy hand from her joystick, her scooter lurching to a halt so that she could wait for her mother to catch up. Moonchild was puffing along as fast as her chubby trotters could carry her, but she was still lagging behind. How could a woman be expected to keep up when she was on foot? Moonchild had given up any idea that she could still bike anymore. Her weight was skyrocketing, the numbers on her bathroom scale inexorably rising higher and higher as her hips spread, her belly ballooned, her breasts blimped… Mother and daughter were on their way back to that same ice cream parlor, they stopped there almost every week for just a little treat. A little treat that was rapidly becoming a big treat. All that extra butter fat was leaving its mark on the bodies of both these buxom beauties!

Moonchild’s fleshy body sloshed and wobbled as she moved, her thighs rubbing together so furiously that she’d only recently realized that she was wearing out the inner-seams on her yoga pants. Not that her yoga pants even fit her anymore! She had ballooned to the point that her yoga pants were over-stretched and no longer clung to her hips or ass; when she waddled, they tended to slip down, exposing the top of Moonchild’s growing full moon of a behind.

“Oof… this shouldn’t be… so hard,” wailed Moonchild. She thought of the ice cream waiting for her at the end of this trek, the idea sending a delightful shiver of anticipation through her soft new body.

“Mom, you’re really embracing this new lifestyle,” said Laurie deviously. She brightened up. “Mom! You know what you should do? You should get a scooter like me!”

Moonchild blanched. “A scooter… like you…?”

“Yeah! That would let us spend even more time together!”

Moonchild tried her best to support her daughter’s choice of lifestyle, but the very idea that she would need a scooter to get around was beyond the pale to her! She couldn’t fathom how Laurie was okay with this situation, but she was horrified by the idea.

“I don’t need a scooter, though…” said Moonchild. “Laurie, I’m only 350 pounds…”

“350 now is it, Mom?” said Laurie with a grin. “Enjoying a couple extra rolls now, huh?”

“Oh Laurie, please…” Moonchild gasped. Gawd! She was getting SO out of shape! She had been neglecting her yoga too much, she thought, she really needed to get back into it before she got too flabby and winded! But it just wasn’t as much fun as eating and Moonchild had completely succumbed to the foodie lifestyle by now. Moonchild was absolutely blimping by this point, growing so vast and ripe that she was starting to have trouble with everyday things like climbing long flights of stairs or bending over to tie her shoes.

“It’s not about needing a scooter,” said Laurie. “It’s about WANTING one. Think about it, isn’t it such a drag always having to walk everywhere? Wouldn’t it be so much easier if you could just roll along like me?”

Moonchild was only (only!) about 350 pounds, although the sheer volume of her gargantuan gazongas was starting to hurt her back and make it impossible to button her blouses. She wasn’t anyway near large enough to be able to justify a mobility device! At least she didn’t think she was… right? But she was starting to see the appeal… Laurie never had to worry about breaking a sweat or rubbing her inner thighs raw when she waddled. It was hardly fair!

Moonchild shook her head. What was she thinking? Of course she couldn’t just buy a mobility scooter!

“Uh, I don’t think that’s for me, sweetie.”

Laurie shrugged. “Alright, mom… say, there’s that ice cream shop ahead? Remember how much you liked their flavors last time? Let’s stop for a treat!”

Moonchild opened her mouth to say something, but a loud hungry rumble from her rounded gut stopped her. She WAS a mite peckish after all! Surely she deserved a reward after wobbling all through the park all this morning!

“That sounds good, let’s do that, Laurie!”

Laurie grinned as she gunned her scooter into gear.

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Laurie continued to tease her mother with her scooter as the older woman gained. By the time that Moonchild hit 400 pounds (which didn’t take nearly as long as one would think), Moonchild was definitely…well… less scandalized by the idea. At 400 pounds, of course, she didn’t have any real mobility issues; she could get around just fine, even if she got winded more easily. The difference between 400 pounds and 600 pounds wasn’t that much but it was also a vast insurmountable gulf.

They were still clearly mother and daughter but the difference in weight made a huge difference in appearance. Laurie was an absolute blob of shapeless flesh, so vast and doughy that she overflowed her scooter and her whole body wobbled and rippled as the straining vehicle puttered along. Moonchild, meanwhile, had only grown more womanly as she expanded. Her thick calves and tree-trunk thighs supported a body so curvaceous and plush that she looked like a Venus of Willendorf statue. Her behind pushed out behind her, her belly pushed out in front, her face was rounder, her arms fluffier, and her massive udders were growing so heavy that her back was starting to ache on a consistent basis. Her wardrobe had served her well for a long time, since loose peasant blouses and harem pants had a lot of room to grow. But she’d finally been forced to move up to larger sizes – something that Laurie noticed with glee.

“Gee, Mom, it really looks like you’re filling out,” said Laurie. She shoved her ice cream cone into her mouth. She and her mother had become regular customers, buying cones nearly every day and sometimes visiting multiple times a day. “If I didn’t know better, why, I’d say that you were almost as big as me.”

“Oh, stop exaggerating, Laurie,” said Moonchild, licking at her own cone.

“I just think it’s so… healthy that you’ve embraced your bovine nature,” said Laurie with a snort-giggle.

Moonchild looked down at herself. Her titanic tits swayed wildly when she walked, too big to be fettered by any bra even if she did want to wear one. She had to be careful that they didn’t pop out of her new peasant blouse out in public. Not that Moonchild cared that much, but The Man didn’t approve of that sort of thing.

“You should talk, young lady! That’s something all Belmontes women have to contend with, but I think you’ve still got me beat by a long shot.”

“Yeah, but that’s why I got this scooter,” said Laurie, patting the armrest with satisfaction. “This way, I don’t have to do all the hard work of lugging my beautiful bosom around by myself. I can relax. C’mon, Mom, I know your back must hurt from all that walking with those new bowling balls on your chest. I told you… you need to think about investing! Here, I’ll do you a solid… give it a try!”

“What?!”

“Just try it out, I know you’ll like it.” Laurie grunted as she heaved herself against the armrests and struggled to push herself to her feet. Laurie was technically still mobile, but she so rarely moved under her own power that whatever muscles she might have had under all that blubber had long since atrophied. Nevertheless, she managed to get her plump little trotters on the ground.

“Don’t take too long, though!” said Laurie. “I don’t like standing!” Already, the 600 plus pound behemoth was starting to go red in the face from the strain of standing and her legs were going wobbly.

“Okay, okay, just a second.” Moonchild plopped down into the scooter seat, falling further than she expected – the seat was sagging from having to support Laurie’s titanic ass for too long. Moonchild’s 400 pounds felt like nothing compared to that! Her hips fit easily between the armrests, her bloated belly fell into her lap. She shoved the remnants of her ice cream cone into her mouth and tapped the joystick with one pudgy finger. The scooter shot forward, not used to bearing this lighter load, and Moonchild yelped in surprise. The next time, she knew what to expect. Laurie watched, her chest rising with her gasping breaths, as her mother rode the scooter around in circles.

“Oh wow! This is definitely a lot easier!” said Moonchild. She leaned back in her seat and rolled her shoulders, feeling the relief as her voluminously voluptuous boobs pooled against her belly in her lap. Now that was support! This really was a lot easier!

“Okay, okay… you’ve had your fun,” said Laurie. “Now give it back! Get your own if you like it so much.”

Moonchild stood up and Laurie immediately dumped her ass back into her scooter with a tremendous sigh of relief.

Moonchild shook her head. She couldn’t imagine riding everywhere in a scooter, but she had to admit… it definitely did help her carry her hefty hooters around! Maybe…. Well… okay…

Maybe something to think about for the future. If she kept this up. But only if!

Moonchild hoped that wouldn’t be the case, though.  
  
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“I swear, that daughter of ours! She’s a bad influence!”

Silverwolf turned away from the computer, where he was compiling organic kale recipes for the neighborhood Be-in, to look at his wife. Moonchild was standing on her yoga mat, attempting to stretch but having a lot more difficulty than usual. She was way too big, her doughy flesh wobbling wildly with her every movement. Silverwolf noted that, at this size, Moonchild’s pale skin made her look more like an actual child of the moon than ever before. Her latest weigh-in revealed that she was a whopping 450 pounds! And the simple truth was that a 450 pound woman simply couldn’t move the same as a 200 pound one!

“What’s the problem, Moonchild?”

Moonchild grunted, straining to move into a squat. Her fleshy belly plopped against her knees. She raised her arms above her head, her bingo wings flapping as she did. She couldn’t hold them long. After only a few seconds, her arms began to shake, then she began to shake, and suddenly… she fell over backwards, landing with a THUD on her chubby bottom. Her unfettered breasts slapped her across the face before they came to a landing against the shelf of her gut. She lay on her back, her breasts and belly rising and falling rapidly, like three mountains in an earthquake. Moonchild was over 450 pounds of soft jiggling blubber now. Laurie’s plan had worked perfectly – almost perfectly! Moonchild still did her yoga in the nude. Her plump new paunch at least hid the chubby milf’s pussy from view now – Laurie was thankful that she didn’t have to see THAT anymore – but Moonchild’s tits had only become more prominent over the months. But it seemed like now she was at a breaking point, ready to admit that, in fact, she was fatter than ever and… maybe not someone who should walk around with everything hanging out all the time!

“This is the problem!” sighed Moonchild. “I’m fat now!”

Silverwolf removed his half-moon spectacles and chewed thoughtfully on one of the arms. He watched as Moonchild struggled to her feet again. Hmm. He loved to watch Moonchild when she did her nude yoga exercises. What man wouldn’t love to watch his wife stretch and squat and strain, seeing her delicious pale flesh shine and her ample chest swing free?

“Now now, Moonchild, you’re being very unmellow. Why are you so worried about earthly stuff like that? You know your body is a vessel for the soul. And a beautiful soul makes any body beautiful.”

“That’s all very lovely,” snapped Moonchild. Silverwolf gulped. Uh oh! Moonchild was legitimately upset. This was unusual. The milfy hippie frowned at herself, turning this way and that as if to inspect her new, larger body. “But I’m serious here! I thought that spending more time with Laurie would help us to bond…”

“Has it?”

Moonchild paused. “Yes, I suppose so. We’ve definitely been talking a lot more. Did you know that she had a fight with her friend Jen last year? They weren’t talking for weeks!”

“That’s hard to believe,” said Silverwolf. “Those two are thick as thieves.”

“Yes, exactly! Laurie has always been so private, but I really think all this mother-daughter time has got her to open up. But look what it’s done to my figure!”

Silverwolf nodded, drinking in his wife’s expanded body. She was fleshier, thicker, curvier, than she’d ever been before. Her face was rounder, a burgeoning double chin just visible under her chubby cheeks and bow-shaped mouth. Her arms and legs looked more padded, her gut sagged more, her butt stuck out behind her like a shelf, and, it had to be said, her tits were stupendous.

“And what’s wrong with your figure? You look just as radiant as ever.”

“I—oh really? Well, you WOULD say that. But I’m serious!”

“So am I!” Silverwolf stood up and took his wife in his arms, pulling her close so that he could feel the rhythm of her heartbeat through the soft wall of flesh that was her impossible chest.

“You look like a beautiful mother earth goddess, Moonchild,” he said, drawing her close and planting a soft kiss on her forehead. “Every pound just makes you more alluring, more earthy.”

Moonchild paused. “You really think so.”

“Absolutely.” Now he was planting little butterfly kisses down her cheeks, around the rim of her soft new double chin. Moonchild tilted her head back, closed her eyes. She knew where this was going. She could already feel Silverwolf’s dick stiffening through the loose fabric of his peasant pants.

“Oh Silverwolf! Oh my! If I didn’t know better, I’d say you... like me all chubby!”

“I could get used to this new look.” Silverwolf buried his face in his wife’s ample cleavage, blowing a comical raspberry and rubbing his beard stubble against the soft white skin of her boobs. He raised his hands to cup those hefty hanging hooters. They’d definitely grown.

“You’ve definitely grown, Moonchild. Your breasts are heavier.”

“Are they? I hadn’t noticed.” A slight pink flush came to her cheeks and a sly smirk crossed her face – both signs that told Silverwolf she was lying. He grinned.

“Oh, you know! I can tell by that smile! You naughty mama, you know exactly how big you’ve gotten too, I’ll bet.”

“H cup,” said Moonchild quickly. “If you believe in the patriarchal tool that is cup sizing, that is.”

“You already measured yourself! Woman, you know what these boobs do to me. You know I can’t resist!” He was all over her now, his hands squeezing and kneading her big full breasts, his eager lips all over her neck and face. “A wolf’s gotta howl at the moon!”

“Oh yes, yes,” gasped Moonchild. “Ohhh, Silverwolf, keep squeezing! Oh, they’re so sensitive!”

Laurie had always taken great pride in her large breasts; the haughty teenage vixen considered them her best trait and never passed up any opportunity to show them off. She loved to display her titanic tits in low-cut blouses and tight tube tops; even after ballooning to over 600 pounds, Laurie still thought of her massive melons as her star attraction. But it wasn’t just that her boobs looked spectacular – they were super sensitive! She loooved when her lovers squeezed her tits, when they nipped at her nipples, when they cupped her hefty hangers with their hands and made them jiggle and bounce! It was so stimulating that sometimes Laurie wanted to cum just from having her breasts fondled.

Moonchild wasn’t nearly as shameless as her daughter. But the truth was, Laurie had inherited her breast obsession from her mother. Her mother was just better at hiding it.

“I want you right here, right here on the floor,” said Silverwolf, his voice husky with lust, so rough he almost sounded like an actual wolf to Moonchild’s ears. He kicked aside the yoga mat and gently laid Moonchild down. She let him do it.

“Oh Gawd, yes… Silverwolf, take me… Oh Gawd, I need you inside me! I need your staff of manhood inside my goddess temple!” She shimmied on the floor, her pale fleshy body quivering with anticipation. She parted her thick legs with a wet, slurping sound. Her hairy pussy (Moonchild always went au natural) was sopping wet. Gawd, she was so horrrny! Hearing Silverwolf whisper all those sweet compliments was really getting her hot and bothered, but having him play with her fat titties… that was just sending her beyond!

Moonchild fumbled with her husband’s peasant pants, stripping them down to his shins to expose his eager, throbbing dick. Moonchild licked her lips. Gawd, she couldn’t wait. She needed to be impaled! Even after all these years of marriage, the sight of her husband’s rigid member sent her over the moon with lust. Her pussy was soo hot that she felt like she must be sitting in a puddle of her own juices! She needed him inside her or she was just going to completely burn up!

“Keep playing with my boobs, Silverwolf! Tell mama you like her boobies. You do like my boobies, don’t you?”

“Damn, Moonchild, you know I love your tits.” He was so horny now that all pretext of hippie spirituality, of earth magic, was falling away. He was just doing pure dirty talk now. “I’ve always loved these big soft tits!” His hands were on her massive mommy melons now, her cork-sized nipples painfully stiff and poking between his fingers as he massaged her orbs in big, broad strokes. She was gasping with pleasure now. Why should Laurie have all the fun? Surely a mother could enjoy a little boob play too!

“Ohhh, tell me how big they are,” sputtered Moonchild. “Tell me they’re the biggest.”

“You’re all upset about gaining weight,” whispered Silverwolf into her ear. His breath was warm and tickled her lobe. “But think about this: The fatter you get, the bigger your boobs will grow…”

“Ohhh… my boobs are bigger… so much bigger…. Oh Silverwolf, if I keep gaining, who knows how big I’ll get? I’m already outgrowing all my blouses. I can’t button any of my vests. I think… oh Gawd, if I get much bigger… I’ll just bust out of everything!”

Moonchild whimpered as she felt the head of her husband’s dick touch the swollen, spongy lips of her plump pussy. And then she gasped out loud as he pushed forward and his dick slowly, gradually entered her and entered her and entered her and Moonchild yelped as he filled her up and up and Oh Gawd there’s too much, he was filling her too much!

“Ohhh, Honey, you’re filling me up… oh gawd yes fill me ALL the way up! Put your fucking dick deep in me! I want you all the way inside… I want you to fill my with your cum!”

“Imagine, Moonchild, what if you kept gaining weight? What if you just kept getting fatter and fatter and fatter? Imagine how big your tits would be. Imagine how big YOU would be!”

“Oh Gawddd, why is this turning me onnnnn,” wailed Moonchild, covering her face with her hands. She was so incredibly flushed and aroused now, her nipples so painfully stiff that they could cut diamonds. Silverwolf was sucking on her boobs, her teeth teasing the nubs of her nips, but his hands were on her belly, fondling that new roll of flab that girdled her thickening waist. His touch sent charges of sexual electricity shooting through her entire body. Gawd, sex never felt this good when she was slender! The more of her there was to touch, the better she felt!

“Gawd, I wish… oh Gawd I wish I was fatter,” muttered Moonchild thickly. “I wish there was more of me for you to touch, to explore… Oh Gawd, I wish I was as big as Laurie.”

“You could be as big as the actual moon and you still wouldn’t be too big for me, Moonchild,” said Silverwolf. His tongue flicked across the swell of her bosom.

In the back of her mind, Moonchild wondered: What would it like to be as big as Laurie? To weigh over 600 pounds? She imagined herself as a gigantic fat behemoth, so swaddled in flesh that she could barely move. So fat that she could barely waddle with sweating, so fat that she had to use a mobility scooter to haul her fat ass around town. How people would stare at her! She imagined her body, fat and perfect and beautiful, a brilliant white orb as vast and round as the moon, her perfectly ponderously plump breasts like two heaving watermelons, ripe and juicy and ready to be picked. A perfect moon goddess, always waxing, never waning, growing larger and larger as she succumbed to pleasure. Her daughter lived a hedonistic lifestyle, entirely given to the pleasures of the flesh – sex and food. Why shouldn’t Moonchild indulge? Laurie’s habits were already rubbing off on her. She loved to eat, she thought about food almost constantly… at least when she wasn’t thinking about sex. And Gawd, after this fucking, she just knew it would be even harder not to constantly think about sex too! Could she be too horny? Was that her fate now? She imagined herself: Strolling at the farmer’s market, trying to distract herself by examining the latest organic produce, but only able to think about sex, to think about her husband’s big turgid dick waiting for her at home. Picking up a cantaloupe to inspect it, asking the farmer: did you use any pesticides on this? Or is it all natural? And, as she holds the cantaloupe, she couldn’t help but think about its firmness, its pleasing roundness, feeling so good in her hands, just like her own tits, and before she knew it, her free hand would be fondling herself, sliding inside her blouse to tease her nipples and stroke her big swollen jugs. Oh shit! She’d better get control of herself before she made a scene here in public. But it was too late, people were already staring, already pointing. She might try to play it off, drop the cantaloupe and keep walking, but it was no use. She was too fat and horny. Her yoga pants were too tight and her pussy was too wet, a damp patch was already appearing at her crotch and the more she tried not to think about it, the damper it grew. Her greedy greedy pussy was hungry to be fed, it was salivating in anticipation, dripping, and her pants were getting wetter and wetter, she couldn’t hide it. It didn’t help that she was so tubby now… she’d worn loose blousy yoga pants for years, but now she was too fat for them, they were too snug around her hips and thighs and crotch and they were rubbing, rubbing, rubbing her raw, stimulating her already over-stimulated cunt until she wanted to scream! She needed to get home, she needed Silverwolf to fuck her, to feed her, to kiss her nips and touch her breasts oh Gawd oh gawd oh gawddddd

“Oh Gawdd! I can’t take it! Silverwolf… I’m gonna… I’m gonna… ohhhhh!” Moonchild shrieked out loud, clawing her husband’s back with her nails as she exploded in orgasm, her pussy tensing so tight around his member that he couldn’t hold back – Silverwolf grunted as he blasted the biggest wad of cum ever into his fat wife’s puffy vag. He collapsed on top of her, panting.

“Oh my goodness, Silverwolf! That was… so intense! I’ve never felt anything like that before!”

“Well, I know what you like, my moon goddess.” Silverwolf cupped one of her wife’s heavy breasts and squeezed. “Honk honk!”

“Oh very funny!” She swatted his hands away. “Keep away from those, mister, you also know how tender they get after we fuck! You touch them and you’re gonna get be all started up again!”

“Oh yeah? That’s new. You usually don’t get revved back up so fast. I guess these gals are getting feistier as they grow.” He reached out again and this time she let him touch her, stroking his fingers around the circumference of her left boob. Her vulva throbbed in response in its little nest of hair. Shit. She was rubbed raw, but she was just about ready for a second round. Her tits really did have a mind of their own now…

“Yeah… but I don’t think it’s just my tits, Silverwolf. When you were… playing with my gut…”

“Oh? Like this?” He pinched the flab at her side, testing its softness.

“Oh Gawd, stop it!”

“I guess you like being a big titty milfy mama, huh?”

Moonchild looked up at him. “I can’t fight it. I guess it was always my destiny, wasn’t it?”

Meanwhile, upstairs, Laurie rolled her eyes. She could hear her parents fucking through the thin walls of the house, the sounds of their love-making echoing through the vents. She could even make out a few words… enough to know that her mother was crying out for her father to play with her tits! What the fuck? The raven-haired teenage blimp made a face, sticking out her tongue in disgust. Gross! This was the last thing that she wanted to know about her parents! She couldn’t believe that her mother was as big as a tit fiend as she was! That was so weird!

“Ugh! I wish I had normal parents like everyone else!” she said, petting her kitten Pumpkin who was perched in her usual favorite spot: the warm valley of cleavage between Laurie’s hemispherical hooters. The kitten purred in response, curled up into a ball, and went to sleep.

The next morning, Laurie shuffled her way to breakfast with a smile on her face, her gargantuan body busting the seams on a long white night shirt that now, thanks to her billowing bustline, only came down to her pudgy, fat-swaddled knees. Despite all the disturbing TMI shit that she had heard through the vents yesterday, she was positive that her plan had worked. There was no way that her mother was going to go around flaunting her naked body with all that extra flab on it! Laurie knew that much. Laurie was convinced that she was absolutely stunning, that her 600 pounds made her look like a massive sexy goddess to be worshipped, that the fatter she grew the hotter she was. But she knew that her mother, for all of her hippie conventions, was way too much of a “normie” to ever subscribe to that mindset! Now that Laurie had coaxed her to gain a few extra pounds, her mother would definitely be more apt to cover up!

She froze in the doorway to the kitchen.

“Oh hi, Laurie! So glad that you could join us for breakfast. I made your favorite: kale waffles with agave syrup!” Moonchild smiled. The busty milf was naked other than an apron and Laurie was scandalized to see her mother’s titanic tits and chubby ass bounce as the older woman bustled around the kitchen.

“Holy shit!! Mom, what are you doing? You’re naked!”

“Of course, honey, what’s the matter? You know that I always do breakfast skyclad?”

“Yeah, but… but…”

“Listen, honey, I know I was way too negative about our bodies before! You know how I always said that you should be you? And how I’ve always said it’s so great that you’ve discovered your inner goddess? Well, I realized that I need to live by the same philosophy! I was being way too uptight about my own body! But thanks to you, I’ve learned that I need to live my truth as a succulent woman!”

“What’s that smell? Is breakfast ready?” Silverwolf entered from the dining room. He was, Laurie noted with mounting horror, also naked.

“OMG!! Dad!? You too?!”

“Laurie, your mother taught me something very special when we soul-bonded last night—”

“OMG, don’t call it that!” whined Laurie, squeezing her eyes shut and making an exaggerated gagging sound. “That’s so weird!”

“And that’s that we should all be proud of our bodies! We only get one ride on this spaceship earth and life’s too short to spend it being ashamed of what nature gave us. Can you dig it?”

Moonchild smiled back at him, eyes twinkling. “Oh Silverwolf, you old rascal.”

Silverwolf yipped at her with a smile.

Laurie plopped down into a chair with a groan. What had she done! Her whole plan not only hadn’t worked… now her dad was joining in on this whole nudity thing! How embarrassing!

“Whatever,” she grumbled as she grabbed the hem of her nightshirt and pulled it over her head, her colossal cantaloupes bobbling free. “If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em.”

“That’s the spirit, honey,” said Moonchild. “Now then… waffle?”

“Yes, please. Gimmie the whole stack.”

Laurie was pretty sure she was going to need A LOT of waffles to get through this breakfast.

\* \* \*

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