Like Mother, Like Daughter 1
By Mollycoddles

In some ways, Laurie and her mother were obviously related. Like Laurie, Moonchild Belmontes was a busty raven-haired beauty. At her age, sure, there were streaks of gray in her long dark hair and her colossal breasts had more sag to them. Way too much sag, thought Laurie as she remembered that her hippy mother frequently refused to wear a bra which she considered a symbol of outdated patriarchal thinking. Laurie didn’t understand that at all. Laurie had always relied on sturdy heavy-duty brassieres to help control and restrain her own explosive attributes ever since she first started developing; the idea that her mother could walk around with her big boobs swinging free was unthinkable to Laurie! But whatever. In any case, Laurie and her mother both shared the Belmontes gene for big billowing boobies. The big difference between mother and daughter was in weight.

Moonchild was a little thick, a little matronly, but not at all fat at 200 pounds. With much of her weight centered in her vast bosom, it even made her look slimmer than she really was. Laurie, meanwhile, was over 600 pounds. Laurie had dedicated her life to non-stop eating, becoming a true hedonist in every sense of the word, and her body had grown as big as her appetite. She was a blob of soft blubber who spent most of her day – when she wasn’t engaged in hot sweaty trysts with her lovers Frank and Abida – sprawled on the couch, gorging on junk food and watching TV. She was big enough that she filled the entire couch by herself.

“Mommmm! Mom, I can’t find the remote!” howled Laurie, her enormous blubbery body spilling over the couch cushions. “Gawd, this is annoying!”

“What’s the problem, sweetie?”

“I said, I—Argh! What the hell, Mom?”

Moonchild Belmontes was completely naked. Her hefty hooters hung to her navel, swinging wildly as she moved. Below that, Laurie was mortified to see the tangled bush of her mother’s unshaved public mound peeking out from below her soft tummy.

“Mom, you’re naked! Jeez!” Laurie shielded her eyes with her pudgy hands.

“You know I do yoga skyclad, honey,” said Moonchild matter-of-factly. “Besides, Laurie, you’re one to talk!”

“I’m… I’m not naked, Mom! I’m wearing underwear.” Laurie was so big now that she rarely bothered with the ordeal of getting dressed unless she had reason to leave the house; she spent most of her time wearing nothing but her bra and panties, although it was getting harder and harder to tell that she was wearing anything below her waist. Her undies were hidden under the rolls of flab at her sides, eaten up by her deep blubber folds. “That’s totally different!”

Without a word, Moonchild leaned over the back of the couch, her breasts dangling dangerously close to her daughter’s face, to point to the tip of the remote poking out from beneath Laurie’s massive butt cheek. “Honey, the remote is right here. You were sitting on it.”

 “Ugh, keep your boobs out of my face, Mom!” snapped Laurie. She pulled the remote out from under her behind and aimed it at the television, completely ignoring her mother as her interest was instantly consumed both by the inane daytime soap opera that popped onto the screen and by the jumbo sized bowl of popcorn balanced on her fat-swaddled knee.

Moonchild rested her chin on her hand. “Snacking again, Laurie? You know I think it’s great that you’re so comfortable with who you are, but don’t you think you should at least eat something a little more wholesome? Why, that popcorn isn’t even organic! I bet you’d like a big stack of your mom’s special kale waffles, wouldn’t you?”

“Not now, Mom!” whined Laurie petulantly, her butter-soaked pudgy sausage fingers already in the bowl. Laurie did love to eat and normally she wouldn’t have dreamed of refusing an offer of food – but she really just wanted her embarrassingly nude mother to get out of her face right now! “I’m busy!”

“What are you watching, Laurie? Some reality show?” Moonchild straightened up, her hefty hooters slapping loudly against her chest. She adjusted her glasses and frowned at her blimpish daughter. They were so similar, but in some ways… so different. Moonchild lived a free love, earth-friendly lifestyle, dedicated to higher ideals of keeping the body and soul in sync. But Laurie? Laurie was a hedonistic, materialistic glutton, dedicated to nothing so much as satisfying all her carnal urges as quickly and as completely as possible! Moonchild might enjoy a day at the park or the farmer’s co-op, but Laurie would rather spend a day at the mall… in the rare instances that the zeppelin-sized teen could be persuaded to get off her wide load rear and leave the house.

“It’s… never mind, you wouldn’t understand!”

Moonchild sighed. “Laurie, I feel like we’re not connecting, ya know? Like, how much do we really know each other – we’re mother and daughter! We should be best friends!”

“Oh Gawd, mom, you’re not gonna try to get me to go to one of your weirdo maker fairs, are you? I’m totally NOT interested!”

“No, Laurie, I just think… I just think we ought to spend some more time together! Like, really get to know each other… mother and daughter!”

Laurie shoved another handful of popcorn into her mouth, butter dribbling down her double chin. Gawd! This sounded awful! She just wanted to sit her fat ass right here on the couch, her colossal bottom literally sinking deeper into the cushions as she gorged on buttery popcorn, and rot her brain with daytime TV! Her mother would probably make her… go to a free-range farm! Or worse! Laurie had a sudden memory flash of when she was younger and her mother had forced her to go on a tandem bike ride. Ugh! Exercise! That was even worse!

“Won’t that be fun?”

“No.”

“Oh, Laurie, don’t be such a sourpuss. How will you ever get your chakras aligned with that attitude?” Moonchild pinched Laurie’s chubby cheek affectionately. Laurie glowered. She could tell that she wasn’t going to be able to get rid of her mother easily!

“Fine, whatever,” sighed Laurie. “But I get to pick the activities! I don’t want to do any stupid hikes or anything like that!” She shifted her bulk in her seat, the entire couch creaking loudly under her 600 plus pounds of pure fat girl blubber. The couch noises only emphasized how completely huge Laurie was now. “I’m not doing anything unless I can bring my scooter, okay?”

“Of course, Laurie, of course.”

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“I swear, Silverwolf, I just don’t understand that girl! Sometimes I can’t believe that she’s really my daughter.” Moonchild sighed as she sat, cross-legged, on her meditation mat.

Her husband Silverwolf wrapped his arms around his wife from behind, cupping her hefty hooters in his hands. Silverwolf was a prime dilf – a burly man with streaks of gray in his beard, hair all over his back and arms like the wolfman, but what little hair he still had on his head was pulled back into a ponytail to signal his continuing commitment to the hippie lifestyle.

“I dunno, I think you two have something in common. She’s definitely taken after your side of the family.”

“Very funny!” said Moonchild, pushing him away. The earth mama hippie mother shook her head and resumed her meditation pose. Silverwolf felt it wasn’t easy to keep his mind on spiritual matters when his wife did her nude yoga, sitting cross-legged on her mat, her fat teats hanging out for all the world to see, gently rising and falling with her tantric breathing. “But I’m serious! I feel like there’s this huge divide between me and Laurie. My mother was always my best friend, why can’t I be the same for Laurie? I hope that hanging out together will really bring us together in spirit.”

“What are you two going to be doing?” asked Silverwolf.

“I told Laurie to pick the activities.”

“Ah. So eating, mostly?”

Moonchild gave her husband a piercing look. “Very funny, Silverwolf. Yes, our daughter likes to eat. I think it’s good that she doesn’t let conventional beauty standards dictate how she looks!”

“Maybe there’s something to learn from her,” said Silverwolf.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It’s like the Buddha said: Sometimes the student can be the greatest teacher of all!”

Moonchild raised a skeptical eyebrow. The truth was, as much as she wanted to support her daughter without reservation, she was concerned. Not about Laurie’s weight, although any other mother might start to fret when their daughter blimped into the quarter-ton range and grew so absurdly fat that she could barely even waddle a few feet without panting like a racehorse and breaking a sweat. Moonchild understood that her daughter had to be free to make her own choices about her body. What concerned her more was Laurie’s penchant for material possessions and carnal indulgences. That was no way to live a life! A life should be spent in contemplation of the spiritual things that really matter! How could it be that a woman like Moonchild who was so in tune with nature and the cosmos and the spirit realm could have a daughter who just wanted to watch TV and shop and eat? Laurie was missing out all the good things that a life dedicated to higher ideals could offer!

But the idea that Laurie could teach her something? That was just silly! What could she learn from Laurie? Which restaurants served the biggest portions? There was nothing that Laurie could teach her that would be more worthwhile than the spiritual harmony Moonchild already knew. Still. At least it would be good bonding time.

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“Gawd, my mom is soooo embarrassing,” muttered Laurie, dunking her pop tart into her cocoa before biting off a chunk. “She’s always yammering about yoga and chakras and stuff. She’s suuuch a hippy!”

“At least your mom doesn’t give you guff about your weight like mine does,” said her friend Alice. “I wish my mom was only embarrassing!”

“Like, I dunno… your mom seems kinda cool to me,” said Laurie’s other friend Jen. “She’s got, like, cool vibes!”

Laurie grunted in disgust. The three girls were eating lunch together in the school cafeteria. Tonight, Laurie was scheduled for the first “bonding session” with her mother. Laurie was NOT looking forward to it.

“You know the worst part? My mom does all that stuff naked! She just walks around the house with her tits hanging out!”

“Haha! Like, I wouldn’t think that would bother you at all. Like, you’re so proud of your big boobs, Laurie, I thought that’s where you got it from!” said Jen.

“It’s not the same!” snapped Laurie. “I mean… it’s just weird when it’s my mom! Gawd, I hope she doesn’t think we’re gonna go to one of her weirdo nudist spas or something. I would just die!”

“Why? Like, you wouldn’t be embarrassed to be naked! You LOVE showing off your big ol’ titties! And I bet you’re not too show about the rest of your body either!” Jen giggled.

It was true. Laurie still wore clothing way too revealing for a girl of her girth.

“Yeah, but… I… I bet my mom wouldn’t!”

Laurie paused.

“OMG! I bet that my mom wouldn’t walk around the house naked if she was fat,” said Laurie, grinning widely at the idea. Of course! What a wonderful plan! How hard could it be? Laurie knew from experience that it was easy as pie to trick someone into overeating; she had been plying Alice with extra sweets for the better part of a year to add inches to her friend’s waistline. It would be simple to do the same thing to her mom! And once her mother was a little chubbier, she’d be forced to cover up out of embarrassment!

“Like, what are you talking about, Laurie?” asked Jen.

“I’m talking about making my mom fat!”

“What? Like, as fat as you?”

Laurie grimaced. “No, not as fat as me.” Laurie balked at the very idea. NO ONE was as fat as her! The 600 pound porker was very proud of the fact that she was the fattest girl in school, the fattest girl in town, possibly the fattest in the state. But maybe she could add a few inches to her mom’s waist, just enough to discourage all this hippie body positivity bullshit…

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“Mom, I think you were right about us needing to spend more time together,” said Laurie. “You’re always trying to get me to do some weird hippie thing, but maybe it's time that you learned how I live! So the first thing that we’re gonna do, we’re gonna go to the mall!”

“To the mall? But, Laurie, the mall is the epitome of the consumerist…”

“I’m sorry, Mom, what did you say? I thought you wanted to spend time bonding…”

“Okay, Laurie, you win. We’ll go to the mall.”

Moonchild helped load Laurie into the back of the family VW bus; the titanically tubby teen was too wide to fit in the front seat anymore, so this was the only alternative. The entire vehicle lurched drunkenly as they drove, threatening to tip over as it rounded every corner with the overbearing load of Laurie’s weight in back. And when they arrived, it took another 20 minutes for Laurie to disembark from the van and mount her scooter.

“Alright, Mom, c’mon! I’ll show you how to have some real fun!”

“Of course, sweetie. Let’s do this.”

Moonchild couldn’t say that she enjoyed the experience much. Laurie shuttled her scooter from store to store, gushing over expensive designer clothes and fancy jewelry and all sorts of tawdry baubles that Moonchild didn’t care for. The earth mama nodded and smiled as Laurie held up a dress that clearly would never fit her in a million years and demanded that Moonchild agree that it was cute. After a few hours, Moonchild was ready to go home!

“I’m starved, let’s get some food before we head out,” said Laurie, gunning her scooter toward the food court.

Moonchild frowned. “Do they have anything organic here?” She scanned the names of the restaurants: Burger Town. Burrito Haven. Pizza-by-the-Pound.

“Of course not, Mom! Jeez, is that all you eat? Mom, you need to live a little. C’mon, sit down, I’m gonna get you some REAL food. I promise you, you’re going to love it.”

Moonchild sat down at one of the food court tables, watching as Laurie shuttled from kiosk to kiosk. The girl was literally going to get something from EVERY vendor! Moonchild blanched. She couldn’t possibly think that she could eat all that! But she clearly did. When Laurie returned a few minutes later, she had a tray in her lap loaded with goodies – slices of pizza, nachos, sub sandwiches, burgers.

“My God, Laurie! That’s way too much food! Did you go to every restaurant?”

“Whatever you don’t eat, I will,” said Laurie simply. She pushed a greasy cardboard box of nachos, drenched in bright orange cheez sauce, toward her mom. “Here, try this! We always stop at Burrito Haven for nachos… they’re the best in town!”

Moonchild grimaced. Her stomach was in knots just looking at this heavy food! She hadn’t eaten anything that wasn’t organic, vegan, and free-range in years! How could her daughter seriously eat garbage like this every day?

But she couldn’t say no. That would look terrible!

Moonchild smiled weakly as she plucked a chip from the box, watching as a thick dollop of cheez sauce dropped to the table below. She popped it into her mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

To her surprise, it wasn’t bad.

“Oh! That’s quite good, actually!”

“See? I told you. OMG, Mom, I can’t believe you’ve been missing out on this for so long. Gawd, I’ve got so much good stuff to show you! I’m gonna really teach you how to live!”

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The weeks flew by quickly after that, with Laurie insisting that every mother-daughter bonding session include at least one big meal. She was introducing her mother to a whole new world, a world of processed, greasy junk food… everything that Moonchild normally avoided! Poor Moonchild! She knew that Laurie wanted to share her own experiences, to help her come to appreciate the way that her daughter lived, but it wasn’t easy for the old hippie. Laurie’s eating habits were insane and Moonchild was struggling to keep up. But she was determined to show her daughter that she really DID mean what she said about bonding time! Unfortunately, all these afternoon stops at pizza parlors and burger joints were already adding up to new inches on Moonchild’s waist… and Moonchild could feel the difference in the way that her boobs seemed to weigh her down more and the way that her ass felt more confined that usual in her slacks and even the way that her tummy pooched more when she tried to do her usual yoga exercises.

“Mom, you really need to try this one,” said Laurie, dragging her tongue over her fourth ice cream cone. “Get the cookies ‘n’ cream!”

Moonchild peered into the display freezer. This was hardly her idea of a good time, but she had promised to let Laurie pick their activities and Laurie was adamant that they try this new ice cream parlor. There was an impressive range of flavors, she had to admit that.

“Do you just have ice cream?” she asked, not for the first time. “No Tofutti?”

“Mom, stop being so weird! C’mon, just try something!”

The clerk bit his tongue, staring at this strange duo with silent fascination. The daughter was a titan tub of lard, a blob packed into an ill-fitting baseball jersey stretched so far across her zeppelin-sized mammaries that the name of the team (“Los Hermanos…cheer…squad?”) was almost illegible, a blubbery ass the size and consistency of a bean bag chair slopping over the sides of her scooter seat. The mother was a chubby woman with big hippie glasses, a flowy blousy crop top, and snug mom jeans that showed off her bulging hips. No wonder she was such a hippie—she really had the hips for it!

“Laurie, I’ve already tried three different flavors!” She patted her protruding tummy, which pooched over her belt. “Sweetie, I can’t eat as much as you can!”

Moonchild was already a little concerned that these mother-daughter bonding sessions were affecting her weight too much. She knew she was destined to get a little softer, but she hoped that her usual exercise – her hiking, her bike rides, her tantric yoga – would be enough to minimize the damage. And while her colossal boobs blocked Moonchild from seeing much of anything below her chest, she could feel new flab around her middle when she patted her tummy. This morning, she’d hopped onto the scale and, after pushing her titanic tits aside, discovered that she now weighed 210 pounds. That was a 10 pound gain since this whole experiment started!

She hasn’t gained nearly enough, thought Laurie as she eyed her mother’s doughier midsection. The titanic teenager shifted her enormous, hippopotamus-sized bulk with all the grace of the ocean tides ebbing. She needed her mom to really embrace the life of a glutton if she was gonna pump some calories into that woman’s pathetic starter gut! A few weeks into their mother-daughter hang-outs and results were starting to manifest. Laurie could tell by the way that Moonchild constantly hitched her thumbs into the beltloops of her mom jeans to adjust herself that the older woman was already feeling the pinch. Her jeans were starting to bind her around the hips and bottom and that plump new tummy looked like it might just bust her fly open if maybe Laurie could convince her mother to eat just a littttle bit more. Laurie’s own pants weren’t in much better shape – her mega-empire waisted size 50xxx spandex-blend jeans were splitting at the seams to hold in the elephantine teen’s explosive curves… but Laurie was used to the feeling.

“Yeah, but THIS flavor is the best yet!”

Moonchild couldn’t help it. Laurie looked so satisfied shoving that ice cream into her fat face. The girl really seemed to enjoy her gluttony more than was humanly possible… and who wouldn’t be tempted by a display like that?

“Okay, okay, you’ve convinced me.” She turned to the clerk. “Could I have a scoop of cookies and cream? Just a small one, though. I’ve already… had more than enough to eat here.”

“Don’t listen to her, just give her the regular size,” snapped Laurie, glaring fiercely. “Maybe a little extra.”

“Laurie!”

“What? I just want to make sure you get your money’s worth, Mom!”

The clerk gulped nervously and complied. He could tell from the edge in Laurie’s voice that he’d better comply.

Moments later, mother and daughter were strolling through the park, chomping at their massive ice cream cones. Laurie was wishing that she’d sprung for a fifth, maybe a sixth.

“Mmmm, isn’t this good, mom?” purred Laurie, licking at her ice cream cone eagerly.

“You know, sweetie, it really is pretty good! This ice cream is pretty good… I guess it IS better than Tofutti!” She licked at her ice cream, her eyes closed. A soft purr of contentment escaped from her throat – quiet but loud enough that Laurie could hear.

Laurie grinned widely. Yes! YES!!! This was perfect. Her mother was finally getting into the spirit of it. Laurie felt positive that with just a little more coaxing her mother might succumb to the lure of food. And once her mom started eating – like, REALLY eating – then it would be only a matter of time that she was too fat to do her stupid nude yoga! And even better, maybe she would figure out that these mother-daughter sessions were too much strain on her waistline and just give up on the whole stupid idea!

“And maybe it’s more appropriate to be eating real dairy, anyway. Your father always did like joking that I must have some bovine genes with my figure!” Moonchild chuckled at the private joke.

“Oh my Gawd, Mom! Don’t talk about that! Ew!” Laurie cringed. The last thing that she wanted to hear was her parents’ weird sex talk! They were already way too open about that and Laurie didn’t need to know that her dad was making weird comments like that about her mom’s boobs!

Laurie crunched into the cone of her ice cream, biting off a hunk of waffle. Moonchild watched as her daughter scarfed it down.

“Gawd, Laurie, I don’t know how you eat like this. We’ve been doing this for only a couple weeks and I think I’m already putting on the pounds.”

“Yeah, so? I thought you said that all bodies were beautiful, mom! Aren’t we succulent women?”

“Oh… right, right. I just…”

“You should just relax and enjoy life, Mom! Yolo, right? That’s my motto. I never deny myself any pleasure and it makes life soooo good.” She slurped at her cone, sucking nearly the whole scoop into her mouth at once.

Moonchild stared at her daughter in shock. “Wow, Laurie! That’s actually… super deep! I never knew that I had such a wise daughter!”

Moonchild was legitimately surprised to find herself agreeing with Laurie. She sucked at her ice cream, her mind busy with thoughts. Why shouldn’t she enjoy life on this physical plane just as much as her daughter did? After all, humans are physical beings, right?

Moonchild wiped her brow. It was a hot day and she was getting tired. Should she be so winded already? It felt like she was getting tired more and more quickly. The problem, of course, was that the more time she spent with her daughter, the less time she could devote to her yoga stretches and her nature jogs and her bicycle trips. All Laurie wanted to do when they were together was eat!

Moonchild spied a bench at the side of the path. Gawd, it looked so inviting. Maybe she’s just rest her feet for a second…

“Laurie… I gotta… sit down… just for a sec…”

“Sure, Mom.” Laurie beamed innocently. Moonchild flopped down on the bench, leaning back with a contented sigh. Her shirt slid up ever so slightly to reveal just a sliver of soft new flab edging over the waist of her jeans.

“Come on, Laurie, sit next to me! Let’s enjoy this sunny day!”

“Ugh, fine, Mom!” Laurie lurched to her feet with a gasp and wobbled over to the bench. The entire bench creaked and groaned as Laurie lowered her colossal bulk down upon it, the wooden slats bending, bending, bending, but thankfully not breaking. The whole bench tilted as Laurie sat, forcing Moonchild to slide over and collide with her daughter’s overly flabby flanks.

“Oops! Sorry, Laurie.”

“It’s fine.”

“Isn’t this nice?” said Moonchild. “Just a mother and daughter relaxing together!”

Laurie and her mother shifted their respective widening bottoms onto the bench to finish their ice cream cones.

Pop! Pop!

Mother and daughter paused simultaneously at the sound. Then both looked down to see… that they had each popped the button on her pants at the exact same time. Moonchild watched in amazement as two metal buttons bounced away, clattering against the pavement of the walk.

“Oh,” said Moonchild. “Oh dear…” Her face blanched. Oh by the Goddess! How could this be… Yes, she was spending more time with Laurie and Laurie didn’t want to do anything but eat… Moonchild knew she’d packed on a few pounds but surely she couldn’t have plumped up enough to pop her jeans yet… right? Yet the evidence was right there in front of her. She stared at her split fly, watching her chubby new gut spilling out of the opening. Mentally, she tried to calculate just how many extra pounds she was carrying now…

“You gotta expect that sort of thing when you’re a succulent woman, Mom,” chided Laurie, not even pausing in her assault on her rapidly disappearing ice cream cone. “I’m so proud of you, Mom! You’ve busted your first button.”

Moonchild frowned in consternation. “I don’t know that this is something to celebrate—”

“Sure, it is! Aren’t you more comfortable already?” Laurie patted her mother’s protruding gut. There was a faint red line around her waist where her jeans had clearly been cutting into her flab. “Isn’t it suuuch a relief to just be free? And best of all, it makes room for the rest of your ice cream, too?”

“Yeah, but…”

“Yeah, but what? It happens all the time.” Laurie gestured at the open V of her ruined fly, her gargantuan marshmallow gut already puffing out through the opening. “But isn’t it worth the few extra pounds for all the pleasures the feast brings?”

Moonchild smiled. It was crazy but… Laurie was making more and more sense to her. No, no, this was silly. Surely she didn’t want to just let loose and indulge every craving until she was as big as a house! But… that ice cream DID taste so good.

“Well, I guess I should relax more,” said Moonchild. “It is very zen, isn’t it?”

“Exactly,” said Laurie. She grinned widely as she watched her mother take another bite of ice cream.

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For all Moonchild’s gains, Laurie considered that the plan was only semi-successful so far. Moonchild was definitely enjoying the “normal” foods that Laurie brought into the house, indulging herself to the point that her tummy had surpassed soft and strayed into downright chubby territory. But despite her obvious enjoyment, Moonchild continued to fret about her escalating poundage.

I gotta stay zen, thought Moonchild as she stepped onto her bathroom scale, I gotta stay zen. I know I’ve gained. Of course I have. But I need to keep sight of the important thing: Laurie and I are bonding! That’s worth a little sacrifice, isn’t it?

The mega-mammaried milf gulped and leaned forward to look at the number on the scale. 250 pounds. Oh shit. Moonchild chided herself for swearing in her head. That was VERY unzen! But there was no denying that she was ballooning. Moonchild’s athletic pursuits helped her to keep her figure relatively trim even in middle age, but it seemed that she shared her daughter’s tendency to blimp when she gave in and indulged her love of good food. Moonchild noticed with some trepidation that, when she stood up straight again, she could now see the very tip of her tummy sticking out beyond her boobs. That had never happened before! She placed her hands against her belly and squeezed, feeling the soft new flesh squish between her fingers. Hmm. She reminded herself what Laurie had said, just recently, on their visit to the ice cream parlor: It’s part of being a succulent woman. She’d always been comfortable with her body, comfortable enough that she could stand nude in front of her husband and daughter without shame. She just needed to hold onto that mindset. It was hard… but she had to try…

Moonchild’s legs were thicker, her arms fluffier, her butt sticking out further behind her, her softening belly now poking out under the hem of her peasant blouses. Laurie nearly squealed with delight to see the growing slab of new jiggling blubber now visible at her mother’s waist, in the gap between her blouse and harem pants. Her breasts were bigger too, so heavy now that Moonchild had to walk leaning backward with her hands at the small of her back – otherwise, if she wasn’t careful, their weight might pull her forward to the floor. As a fellow busty beauty, Laurie knew all about that problem! Unlike her daughter with her penchant for skinny jeans and tight sweaters, Moonchild’s wardrobe of loose-fitted hippy clothes easily accommodated her growth… for now! But Laurie dreamed of the day that her mother would finally split the seat of her yoga pants in the middle of doing downward dog. It was only a matter of time!

The big problem was that Laurie’s mom didn’t seem to mind the gains so far. At least, that’s what Laurie thought. Moonchild might have been fighting a silent battle in her head to accept her growing love handles, but she still did most of her routines in the nude seemingly without a care for her daughter’s judgement. Laurie ground her teeth in frustration. Well. She would just have to keep going. She could be patient. After all, she reminded herself, how long had she kept up a similar plan to fatten up her friend Alice? Months? Years? She was determined to do whatever it took, wait as long as she had to. She was convinced that, sooner or later, her sinister plan would bear fruit.

“I just gotta find the thing that my mom will really go nuts for,” said Laurie to herself as she puttered her scooter down the aisles of the grocery store. “What is she gonna really like? There’s got to be something!”

A sudden flash of inspiration hit her. Dairy! Hadn’t her mother said something about that? How it was appropriate for her to try real dairy considering her, well, assets…?

Laurie returned from the grocery store, the basket on her scooter loaded with all sorts of goodies.

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“This is delicious!” said Moonchild, biting into a mozzarella stick and pulling long strands of gooey stringy cheese out with her teeth. “You say this is what real cheese tastes like?”

“Of course,” purred Laurie. “It’s from the earth, right? I mean, it’s from cows so it’s natural. You can eat as much as you want and you don’t need to worry. It’s very healthy!”

“It is good! Why, I don’t think I’ve ever tasted anything so good before!” Moonchild shoved the remainder of the mozzarella stick into her mouth and reached for a second. Laurie smirked, noticing how her mother’s soft pudgy belly spilled into her lap when she leaned forward. One thing was for sure: Moonchild was definitely taking to this new hedonistic lifestyle!

“I see why you live like this, Laurie! Life is good when you don’t sweat the small stuff!” Moonchild beamed. She popped a third stick into her mouth, chewed vigorously, and grabbed another off the plate before she even swallowed. In minutes, she’d cleared the tray and stared longingly at the empty dish.

“Here, try some yogurt,” said Laurie, pushing a tub of rich full-fat yogurt across the table.

“Oh no, I really shouldn’t.”

“It’s made from cows that are, uh, free-range? So it’s really good for the, uh, rainforest!”

“Is it?”

“Oh, yeah, definitely.”

“Well…” Moonchild stared longingly at the empty tray. She was developing a real taste for all these dairy treats that Laurie was bringing home! And, the truth was… it was getting harder and harder to resist good food! But also… easier and easier to ignore the consequences that it had for her waistline. Still, Moonchild was a woman living in our patriarchal misogynistic capitalist society, so, try as she might, it was hard to break her mind out of society’s restrictive ideas of acceptable body size. But… surely she would still be a succulent woman even if she was larger? After all, the body is just a vessel for the spirit, right? So did it really matter if she had some extra chub on her hips and thighs? Of course not!

Moonchild cleared her throat and licked her lips. “I supposed I could justify eating a few more. I mean, it’s good for the forest, after all.”

That was the moment that Laurie knew she was finally making progress!

To be continued…

\* \* \*

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