Devil Spawn
By Mollycoddles

“What the hell are you doing, Krista?” Mama frowned.

Krista jammed another pickle into the jar, twirled it around the edges to pick up any lingering peanut butter, and shoved it into her mouth. “Ah’m hungry,” she said petulantly, spewing half-chewed pickle into her deep cleavage. “Ah’m eatin’ fer two, ya know, Mama.”

The grubby little fatty giggled at her own words, reaching down to pat her protruding gut as if to emphasize her point. Or rather she reached down to pat what she could. She couldn’t reach much these days.

Krista kicked at her sheets, struggling to sit up in bed. She looked like a swollen tick ready to pop, pudgy legs kicking, flabby arms flailing.

“Christ, lie down, Krista,” said Mama, rolling her eyes and looking away. She was embarrassed for her daughter.

“Naw, I can do it,” huffed Krista. She rocked back and forth, trying to force herself into a sitting position but her monster belly was giving her too much resistance. She rolled around in bed like an overinflated medicine ball, never quite getting the traction that she needed to sit up. She needed help for almost everything these days. Pathetic. Krista couldn’t get out of bed by herself and she needed Mama’s support

Her black NIN baby doll T-shirt stretched across her budding breasts, her formerly modest A-cups having ballooned as much as her overblown belly, to the point that tears were appearing in the side seams and the decals across her chest were starting to flake. Her fat nipples tented the tight fabric. Below her tits, Krista’s belly billowed out like a fully inflated beachball, huge and round and completely overwhelming the small girl. Goddamn. Mama couldn’t fathom how a teenage girl could get THAT big. Her cut-off denim short shorts could barely contain her to begin with – the fat little trollop always wore her clothes too short and too tight as if to tease all the boys in her high school class… no wonder she was getting such a bad reputation!... but her clothes were downright obscene now that Krista had absolutely blimped into a pregnant parody of herself. Krista’s fat overloaded preggo belly pressed against the waistband of her overly tight shorts with such pressure that Mama would have insisted she unbutton them for fear of harming the baby, if Mama had any interest in THIS baby’s well being. Or babies’ well being. Christ, how many babies were inside of her? Mama couldn’t tell. She was so huge that it could be quadruplets. Or quintuplets. Or even more? Or was it just one.

“The devil put ‘em in me,” Krista had said.

And who knew how many babies were in a devil brood?

The preacher didn’t approve of Krista’s short hair – Krista refused to sit for a proper beauty treatment like a young lady should, so her mother was reduced to hacking at her hair like it was an unruly garden of weeds – or her tomboyish ways. Mama couldn’t count the number of times that the preacher had visited to complain that Krista was scuffling with the neighborhood boys, holding their faces in the mud until they cried ‘uncle,’ or… well, scuffling with the neighborhood boys in… other ways. Really, there was no way to get through to the girl! She was intent on her evil ways and this, THIS, this was the inevitable result. She always knew that Krista would end up a teen mother, it was a foregone conclusion.

Mama had just hoped that Krista would keep her legs crossed at least until she was at least out of school. But no. This baby bump was way too early.

At least, it wasn’t one of the parson’s kids. That would be worse, right? The fact that no boy in town, no mortal for that matter, was responsible made the shame more bearable, right? Somehow the fact that Krista had, in fact, been impregnated by the devil himself was less of a scandal than if she’d been knocked up by that shiftless preacher boy. Prior to her “accident,” Krista was already a pariah in her high school for her smart mouth and her violent temper.

But, God, dragging Krista’s expanding ass to church was a chore back when she was just fat. Now that Mama’s little piglet was the size of a hot air balloon, so burstingly full of devil spawn that she could barely waddle, barely breathe, barely do anything other than lie in bed and gasp like a beached fish, it was an impossibility.

Now Krista was a broodmare for Satan, her young body bloating and blimping daily as the monsters inside her grew. She quickly outgrew those tight jeans that the preacher had warned against – A girl should dress modestly, he had thundered from the pulpit that Sunday when Krista had embarrassed her mother by wearing them to church – even though she tried to keep wearing them even after her swollen belly made them impossible to zipper up and her widening ass finally blew out the seat. Her current shorts were definitely on their last legs, the stitches fraying and the metal button holding the fly together creaking and quivering as Krista breathed.

The preacher thought that tight jeans, so tight that they outlined the contours chubby teen’s wide ass, the rear seam perfectly separating those two fat cheeks, so tight that Krista’s flabby gut sagged over her belt even before she ballooned. Those were what the preacher would blame for this mess. And maybe they were partly to blame. Mama shuddered as she imagined the scene as it played out, as Krista had described it, when she’d lowered those jeans around her ankles and bent over in the center of a ring of salt, raising her chubby round ass into the air so that the prince of the air could take her from behind, pounding her plump little pussy like a fucking jackhammer, so hard and so deep that Krista could only wail and scream for fear that she would split apart.

“He done gone so deep I damn near felt hooves in there,” Krista had said, with the usual smug relish for words that made her prudish mother uncomfortable.

“I hope it was worth it, you little tart,” said Mama. “Look at yourself now. You’re just a big fat broodmare. I swear, Krista, you had your whole life ahead of you and now? God, you can’t even waddle anymore, can you?”

“I can waddle,” said Krista defensively. “I just need a li’ help.”

“A little help, a little help!” repeated Mama. She rubbed her temples and mumbled, “This little slut’s gonna be the death of me.”

Mama jolted as a stoop-shouldered old hag elbowed her aside and scuttled into the room. “What the? Oh no. Oh mother. Not now.”

“Don’t you ‘oh mother’ me!” The old woman fixed Mama with a stern glare.

This was Gran’maw.

Gran’maw grinned, exposing splintered yellow teeth like fence pickets. The woman was old. No one knew how old. She was already at least 50 when she’d birthed Mama and that was 40 years ago. How was it possible that the old hag was still hobbling about? Folks used to whisper that she was as old as the swamps, that she’d lived through the great war of northern aggression, a traitor who trawled the whore houses of Raleigh for drunken soldiers with loose tongues and who sold military secrets to the yankees from her little shack in the swamp. ‘Course that was all conjecture. It was absurd to think Gran’maw was THAT old.

Then again. Gran’maw did have… that book. That book that she kept hidden under her bed, not well hidden, of course, because why bother to hide something when you know everyone’s afraid to touch it? It was an old book, the pages yellow and the cover bound in a suspicious sort of leather. Mama never asked questions about it. Ever since she was a girl, she was afraid to go near the thing. Unfortunately, Krista was not.

“Mother, you are not what Krista needs right now,” said Mama stiffly, folding her arms across her chest and glaring coldly at the old crone. Gran’maw was a withered old hag, her brittle gray hair falling over her shoulders in great raggedy clumps, her eyes rheumy and blood-shot, her flaccid breasts swinging free within the confines of her patched shift dress. She looked like a skeleton covered in flapjack batter.

“I’ll be the judge o’ that,” said Granmaw. “Now you git, chile. I’ve got business with my granddaughter.”

Mama grimaced. She was not happy that Gran’maw had weasled her way into their lives again following Krista’s accident. Mama had worked hard to build a life here in town, to bring up a respectable family. Lord knew it wasn’t easy. Memories were long here in the South and too many locals still looked at her askance when she went into town. They knew where she was from. They knew where Krista was from. They were from bad stock. Swamp stock. They had all heard the rumors about Gran’maw.

The parson would definitely be mentioning Gran’maw’s arrival this in the Sunday sermon this week. Mama wasn’t looking forward to that. She always got so many stares in church.

“Fine. You see if you can get through to that little brat.” Mama threw up her hands in the air. “I’m done trying!”

God, thought Mama as she stormed out. I need a smoke.

With Mama gone, Krista heaved a sigh of relief. She shifted, her bloated belly plopping into her lap. A wide grin spread across her chubby face. “Gran’maw!”

“Don’t you ‘Grand’maw’ me, young lady!” snapped Gran’ma, jabbing a bony finger into Krista’s dome of a belly and watching as her finger disappeared into the pillowy blubber up to the second joint. She could tell that Krista was massively tight beneath her fat, her womb packed fuller than a jam jar with who knows what. But Krista’s laziness and gluttony had only been exacberated by this excuse to be bed-bound, so her whole body was wearing a new layer of fresh baby fat as well. “Your mama may be a bitch but she’s still your mama. An’ in this family, we respect our elders. I don’t want ta hear ‘bout you sass talkin’ your mama no more, understand?”

Krista rolled her eyes and tugged absently at the hem of her inadequate T-shirt. She tried to pull it over the arc of her gut as if she was suddenly embarrassed by her immense size but it immediately snapped right back up. “Yes, Gran’maw.”

“Alright. That’s better. Now sit back down an’ let me get a look at my favorite granddaughter.”

The old woman squinted at the bloated mountain of Krista’s gut for a long time. Eventually she said: “Well, don’t you look a sight.”

“Mama says I cain’t have no peanut butter on mah pickles,” huffed Krista. “Tell Mama I gotta have ‘em to keep my strength up.” She flashed a shit-eating grin that made Mama want to smack her around the ears. “Gotta feed mah babies.”

“How’d you git yourself in this mess, chile?”

“Ah just fooled around with yer dumb book Gran'maw,” said Krista defensively. Her breathing was ragged, the words tumbling out in a long wheeze. As she had grown over the past few months, of course, it was inevitable that she would lose what little muscle definition she had to begin with, buried under fresh blubber. But it was more than that. Krista wasn’t winded now; she hadn’t moved from bed in days. Her belly was simply so massive that it now bore down on her lungs when she lay on her back. Gran’maw suspected that she would soon need to flip her insolent granddaughter over onto her side to avoid having her suffocate in her sleep under the intense gravity of her swollen middle

The pudgy little teen attempted to sit up in bed again – hope springs eternal! -- but the grand protrusion of her magnificent belly blocked her. She was all belly these days, far too large to even waddle let alone sit up in bed. The movement proved too much for her overloaded shorts and her fly violently burst open. The button shot across the room and the zipper slid down with an almost audible sign of relief, allowing her bloated belly to plop out. With one less restraint on her remarkable girth, Krista’s giant belly seemed to explode out to an even greater size, the tattered elastic waistband of her now exposed panties straining to hold out against an onslaught of clammy pink blubber.

“Hush, chile, be still,” said Gran’maw as she slipped her bony fingers into a mason jaw she held in her hands and withdraw a handful of brownish muck. She slapped it across the vast arc of Krista’s towering middle, carefully outlining the angry red welts of her stretchmarks with her gnarled fingernail. Krista had a lot of stretchmarks. Of course she did. A girl didn’t grow THIS big THIS fast without coming out a little worse for wear. The red lines radiated outwards from Krista’s popped out belly-button, forming a crimson starburst at the apex of her overloaded gut. City folk might have dismissed the patterns as just the natural result of the young girl’s tender skin stretching so very far beyond its elasticity. That was part of it, of course. But there was more. Gran’maw could recognize the signs. She could see how the red lines twisted and spiraled in ways that no natural stretch marks should. Right now, the lines were meaningless squiggles. But soon, she suspected, they would start to take on recognizable form, bending themselves into very specific shapes.

Early in this pregnancy, before she was fully aware of the weight of her situation, Krista had wasted lazy days doodling pentagrams onto her exposed stomach with a sharpie. But soon she wouldn’t need a sharpie. Soon her stretchmarks would form a pentacle on their own. Or perhaps some other sigil from some other, lesser demon. Gran’maw didn’t rightly know – yet – which demon had planted its seed inside Krista’s young womb, but she reckoned that the father would stake his claim soon enough.

“Foolin’ with my book, were ye?” said Gran’maw, sucking air between her teeth. “Damnit, chile, I'd tan your hide only iff’n Old Scratch hadn't already rode ya raw.”

“This ole keg is sitting on mah legs so heavy-like I cain’t even feel ‘em,” whined Krista.

Another handful of muck slapped against her belly. It was cold and Krista’s middle was so tight and gravid that her grandmother’s touch stung. “Serves ya right,” said Gran’maw without pausing in her work. “Now yer poor ole gran gotta rub this swamp unguent all over your belly everyday so ya don't bust. Ow ow my old bones, ungrateful child makin’ an old woman go through such trouble!”

“It ain't mah fault!” snapped Krista. “Some dork was p-playin with yer book!”

She paused. And then in a quiet voice: “I ain’t actually gonna pop, am I, Gran’maw?”

“Hush, chile.” Gran’maw’s voice was soothing and calm now, all traces of annoyance vanished. She’d realized that she’d gone too far. She didn’t want to scare the child. “You don’t worry your haid about that, girl.”

Gran’maw placed both her old hands flat against the dome of Krista’s belly and started to massage the greasy unguent gently into her flesh. It smelled awful. Krista had no clue what was in any of her grandmother’s concoctions – she only knew that the preacher’s kids had one day after church told her that Gran’maw was a witch and her cures were tools of the devil – but Krista trusted her implicitly. She was Gran’maw, after all. And what Gran’maw does can only be right.

“Which ‘dork’?” asked Gran’maw suddenly. She was trying to change the subject now. Krista turned her face away to stare out the room’s single window. Since she was mostly bedbound in these final months, that window was pretty much her only contact with the outside world now.

When Krista didn’t answer, Gran’maw kept talking. “Not sayin’, huh? No, I expect not.” Of course, Krista wouldn’t tell. She was a little shit but she weren’t no snitch. The old woman could respect that.

Gran’maw worked diligently lathering that overburdened belly with cooling salve, giving Krista enough relief from the tingling ache of her overstretched skin that she could finally sigh and relax.

“That’s good, Gran’maw.” Krista sighed and stretched out, closing her eyes in bliss.

“I know, chile, I know. Let Gran’maw do her work.”

“Mmm.” Krista held the half-eaten jar of peanut butter to her mouth and licked around the rim. Apparently the salve was easing her pain enough that she was starting to remember her hunger. For a girl who only moments before seemed so worried that she might yet explode, she took to eating remarkably easily. Probably why the devil found her to be such an exemplary vessel. She always was an eater. Her mother disapproved of the girl’s big appetite almost as much as she disapproved of her short hair and scruffy clothing, but there wasn’t anything that Mama could say to dissuade Krista from her gluttony. The defiant little trollop was already growing wider faster than she was growing taller before her pregnancy, but now even Mama had mostly given up on controlling her meals.

“Ya shouldn’t be eatin’ that garbage from the store,” said Gran’maw. “You want peanut butter, you come to Gran’maw. I got my own.”

Gran’maw did, indeed, have a huge collection of jams and preserves to go along with her other…. More unusual things. She was an avid canner.

“Ah’m hungry now, tho,” said Krista, her cheeks bulging with peanut butter. She swallowed. “Gran’maw, how much longer is this gonna take?”

“Patience, chile, I’m workin’.”

“Naw, I mean… all this.” Krista waved her hands vaguely at her body. “Mama said a normal baby takes nine months. I ain’t been preggers but three an’ I’m already biggern’ any broodmare I ever seen. Ya think them devil babies work faster?”

“I don’t rightly know, chile,” said Gran’maw. She could feel…things moving beneath the surface of Krista’s belly. She didn’t want to say it again, didn’t want to scare Krista. But she expected that whatever was inside Krista wasn’t done growing. Not by a long shot.

Maybe Krista was big for her age. Well, she was wide for her age. Maybe a full grown adult would be able to carry all this devil spawn to term easily, but Krista…

Well…

She would be lucky indeed if she didn’t burst before term. She might last another month, maybe two. Maybe she could make it the whole nine. But it would be hard. By the end, Krista would be so incredibly bloated with new life that nothing more than sheer will power would be holding her together. Gran’maw hoped and prayed that Krista would make it. The girl was a fighter. A snot-nosed little anklebiter. She never gave up. Gran’maw remembered the last time that Krista’s mother had dragged her to church, stuffing her into a frilly Sunday dress in the futile hope that it might help to disguise Krista’s rapidly inflating figure, and how the Parson’s shiftless son had confronted her on the lawn after the sermon with some smart remark about “oh well looks like the wages of sin are apparent on YOUR body” and how Krista had clocked him across his stupid smug face. Yup, she didn’t give up. If anyone could get through this, it would be her.

“Are ye milkin’ yet?” asked Gran’maw. Krista was naturally built like a beer barrel, storing all her extra weight in a sagging gut, wide hips, and a fat ass – she hadn’t yet started to develop anything major upstairs, her small teats sagging against the shelf of her gut. But that was before. As her belly filled, her breasts followed suit. She’d finally had to start wearing Mama’s old nursing bra to help holster and restrain her massive growth as her breasts filled up with new milk for her babies. That helped for a little while, but in the last few weeks Krista had grown so busty and so buxom that she could no longer fasten the clasp anymore. Now she was forced to go commando and her gigantic milky jugs sloshed to and fro when she waddled, always threatening to spill out from under her shirt if they didn’t split the seams first.

“Yeah,” mumbled Krista. A slight pink flush came over her cheeks. The little punk was mostly nonchalant about her giant exposed belly – she kind of had to be, there was no way to hide it – but somehow her new breasts embarrassed her. Or at least, talking about them to family. Her nipples had blossomed to the size of wine corks, fully erect from the stimulation of her bra shirt rubbing against them. The front of her shirt was wet, stained from the constant flow of creamy white milk from her engorged nips. The poor girl was so pumped up with milk that she had to milk herself twice a day to reduce the swelling; at least, that’s what she did when she could still reach her own nipples. With all her recent growth, Mama had to take up the task to help her daughter in that regard. Mama was not happy about it. “They’re leakin’ agin.”

“Yeah, they’ll do that,” said Gran’maw. She continued massaging Krista’s distended gut. “You milkin’ em, chile?”

“Twice a day, Gran’maw.”

“Good, good.”

“Why do they gotta do that?” sighed Krista. Her shirt was clinging to her chest, so short and so tight that the bottom quarter of her bloated tits were exposed. She grabbed at the hem and gave it a sharp tug, once again trying to hide herself behind the black fabric. “They’re gonna ruin alla my shirts.”

“Your body is getting’ ready to be a mama,” said Gran’maw. “You’ll be seein’ a lot more changes than that, chile. Mercy, don’t you know nothin’?”

Krista shrugged. “Dunno.”

“Mercy, how can a gal be woman enough to let the devil up in them guts but still too much a child to know what to do after?” Gran’maw said, clucking her tongue. “Krista, your mama done you wrong. Tryin’ to raise you all city. That’s always been her problem. Thinkin’ that the opinions of these city folk is more important than what’s real. And now look where it done got you.”

Krista grinned widely. She always liked it when Gran’maw ragged on her mother.

“You’ll be glad of that milk when your spawn is born,” continued Gran’maw. “I don’t rightly know what you’re gonna birth but I reckon it’s gonna be hungry. You’ll wanna make sure you keep it good an’ fed, you hear? For all our sakes.”

“Yes, Gran’maw.” Krista wasn’t listening. Lectures were boring. But the old woman’s incessant chatter and the soothing coolness of the mud splattered against her enormously overstretched gut were lulling her into a blissful stupor; her thoughts returned to the night that she’d pulled Gran’maw’s book from under the bed, how she’d read the forbidden passages… and the handsome stranger who’s appeared when she was done. The devil was tall and dark, always in shadow, and, well, he was not like a man. She couldn’t describe it any better than that. So many times over the months, Mama had yelled at her to tell her exactly who had done this. She wanted a description. She wanted something that she could tell the Parson. Why? Who knows? Maybe she thought that if she could give the Parson a description of the devil, that maybe he could do something. Maybe it was like knowing someone’s true name. Krista didn’t know.

All she could say was that he was not like a man.

But damn did he fuck like one.

Shit, just remembering that night of ecstacy was enough to get the juices flowing in her fat pussy. She could feel a returning wetness between her chubby legs, a warmth in her crotch spreading out where her thighs touched. She needed to stop thinking about the devil’s big hard throbbing cock and how hard he’d slammed it into her. She needed to stop thinking about how he came and asked her, will you do this thing and she said yes, I will… even though she wasn’t entirely sure what she was agreeing to but she knew she wanted it. She knew the moment that Old Scratch stepped enough from the shadows that she could see his member, hot and turgid and nestled in that bird’s nest of goat hair between his legs. He did have goat legs, right? Krista was pretty sure of that. Her memories of that night were blurry. She remembered the devil’s hand on her shoulder as he took her from behind, his talons pinching into her flesh, not enough to hurt but just enough to heighten her pleasure. She remembered his smell, a thick musky mélange of Sulphur and livestock. And most of all she remembered how she had yelped when he finally came in her, filling her up with his seed, coming and coming and coming, his orgasm so sustained that Krista’s womb began to visibly bulge with the effort of taking it all and she began to fear that she might literally burst from the euphoric pleasure of it all. Damn.

Damn.

Damn, she was horny again. Her underwear was soaked now. Shit. She remembered that her shorts were open and that, if she wasn’t careful, anyone could see just how absolutely drenched her panties were. Mama would call her a little slut again if she noticed. Gran’maw probably wouldn’t say anything, she was too diplomatic to embarrass her granddaughter like that. But still. Krista didn’t want the old lady to know that she was getting hot and bothered thinking about the devil’s cock again.

“Hold still, chile,” snapped the old woman. In her arousal, Krista’s breathing had quickened and her monstrous belly was heaving.

“I…I gotta piss,” said Krista suddenly. It was partly an excuse to get some privacy so she could…ya know. But also she really did need to piss.

“C’mon, let’s get you up,” said Gran’maw. “Cain’t have ye wettin’ the bed now, can we?”

“I need help, Gran’maw, I’m too big to get up without help.”

“Och, look at you, chile. Helpless as an upside-down turtle. A fine mess to make an old woman do all the work of liftin’ ya.”

“I don’t need you to lift me!” said Krista hotly. “I’m not a baby. I can walk! I just need…” She flushed again. “I just need… a hand to get up.”

Krista was too big to even sit up on her own. She need Gran’maw to press on her back to push her into a sitting position, but once she was upright… then she could scoot her fat little ass to the side of the bed, swing her feet over and slowly, laboriously rise.

Gran’maw watched with a cocked eyebrow as Krista slowly lurched to her feet. The girl’s extremely low center of gravity nearly caused her to trip and fall forward onto her belly, but Krista caught herself before she took a spill. Good thing too! She was so absolutely bloated to her limits, her stretch-marked skin pulled so tight, that she would probably explode like an overfilled water balloon tossed gently against a wall if she hit the floor.

“Gently, girl,” cautioned Gran’maw.

“I know what I’m doing, Gran’maw,” said Krista. With a grunt, she reached under her belly and grabbed hold of her denim short shorts, one fleshy hand on each loose flap of her open fly. She gripped tightly and yanked upwards, as if hoping to use her shorts as a sling to help carry her overinflated belly. She took a wobbling step forward, but her constant oceanic rippling of her belly and the sloshing of her tits above it threatened to overwhelm her. Shit. She had to move carefully or she was going to have an accident.

But at the same time, she had to move quickly or she was going to have a different kind of accident. She could feel her immense overfilled womb pressing down on her bladder. She legit had to piss. And if she didn’t hurry, her tight little shorts were going to be wet with way more than just pussy juice.

“Not like that, chile,” said Gran’maw. “Lean back. Put your hands on your back.”

“Ooof,” moaned Krista. It was hard to move at all, but she had to follow Gran’maw’s instructions if she expected to make it the bathroom in time. With both hands planted firmly on the small of her back, Krista leaned backward, the tremendous trembling orb of her belly popped out in front of her. It looked larger than ever when she slouched back like that. She put one put forward. Then another.

Krista was already sweating. The bathroom seemed miles away. Even the bedroom door seemed miles away.

“I ain’t gonna make it, Gran’ma,” she whined. In a standing position, she could feel the full weight of her overloaded womb pressing down on her bladder. Shit. She was gonna piss her shorts.

“Hush up, chile. I know my Krista ain’t no quitter. Move your backside or I’ll tan if for ya.”

Krista groaned and shuffled forward, the sweat sliding off her great inflated belly in sheets as she waddled slowly and thickly along. Every step was an eternity, every part of her body was shaking and wobbling. She felt like an air mattress filled with gelatin. But she still had to piss and, worse, she could feel the pressure mounting in her nethers as her belly bounced against her bladder with every thunderous step.

At the worst possible moment, something inside her kicked. Krista yelped and momentarily forgot to clench. She felt a few drops squeeze from her crotch, soaking into her snug undies. Shiiiiiit. Krista’s breath caught in her throat and she tensed again, immediately cutting off the flow. Shit. Shit shit shit!

The next moment seemed to stretch into an eternity. Krista stood frozen, every muscle tensed, her breath held in her lungs. She hardly dared to think that she had avoided complete disaster. Her shorts were still mostly dry. She was almost at the toilet. If she could just waddle her fat ass only a couple more feet, she would be in the clear. She just had to concentrate. She could do it… right?

“I ain’t gonna make it,” repeated Krista. “I’m gonna piss mah shorts.”

“Oh fer Chrissakes, stop being so dramatic,” snapped Gran’maw. “Ya ain’t gonna piss all over yer mama’s floor. Is that the way she raised ya? Ta just piss on the floor like a dog? Git!” She swatted her granddaughter across the bottom, prompting Krista to yelp and lurch forward. The sudden movement was almost too much. Krista swerved, nearly losing her balance as her tremendous belly swung wildly, but didn’t fall as she braced herself in the bathroom doorway with both hands. Stitches popped in her shirt as she raised her flabby arms.

She had made it. But there was another problem. As Krista pushed forward, she found that the sides of her belly wedged against opposite sides of the doorframe. She pushed but she didn’t budge. If anything, she was just getting herself more stuck.

“Um…. Gran’maw? I’m stuck…”

“What happened to my Krista? Givin’ up so easy? How you think you’re gonna get through this ordeal if’n ya just give up the minute things get tough?”

Krista grit her teeth. She was a scrapper, a tough little shit who never let anyone tell her anything. At least, that’s what she was before she’d become pregnant. Gran’maw’s admonishment lit a fire under her fat ass and Krista started to shove herself against the doorframe, grunting as she worked to wriggle her way through.

Gran’maw watched, nodding her head with satisfaction. This was good. It was a small thing, this little journey from the bed to the bathroom. Krista probably didn’t think anything of it. But Krista had no idea what was ahead for her. She was going to need to use every ounce of her strength and her resilience if she was going to get through this. And if she was willing to still put up a fight to waddle around when she was this big, then maybe she would fight her way through this whole thing.

She could still walk. Not very well but she could just barely move around under her own power. That might not be the case in another week. Her bloated belly already dwarfed her, but Gran’maw expected it would keep growing. And growing. Those milk-engorged breasts would keep growing too. Pretty soon, the poor girl would be nothing but a massive blob, so tight and fat and swollen that she wouldn’t be able to move. Krista claimed she was pumping her breasts twice a day now, but she wouldn’t be able to do jack once her tits ballooned so big that she couldn’t reach her nipples anymore. That would be a problem. Because, even if they weren’t being milked, those tits would just keep producing milk and that would just mean that they would get bigger. And bigger. And bigger. Jesus, if they weren’t careful, Krista wouldn’t need to worry about her belly exploding because her tits would burst before that was even an issue.

“Gawwwwd, Gran’maw, I really gotta go!” Krista was squirming in place, her legs crossed in a desperate last ditch attempt to hold in her stream. “I cain’t hold it no more! Awwww shiiiiit…”

“Don’t you use that language,” said Gran’maw. “Lord, give me the strength. I didn’t spend all that time oilin’ up that fat gut of yours just for you to give up now. Just push, dammit! I didn’t raise my granddaughter to be a big belly-achin’ quitter!”

Maybe it was Gran’maw’s encouragement or maybe it was the tremendous ache of her own overfull bladder… or maybe she just found the right angle so that her sweat-slick belly could juuuust slide through… but suddenly Krista’s gut popped through and the girl tumbled forward into the bathroom.

“Aw fuck, thank the lord,” muttered Krista, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment and anger as she realized the words had just slipped out. Doubtless Mama was standing just beyond the bedroom doorway, smiling smugly to herself as she heard Krista accidentally blurt out a thanks to God above. Ugh, Mama was gonna think all those dumb church visits were having an effect on her! Well, as much as an effect as she could expect given her condition…

If Gran’maw heard her swearing, the old woman didn’t show it. Maybe she was just being sympathetic to Krista’s plight, preferring not shame her for her foul language while Krista was desperately trying to yank her tight shorts and sopping panties down her thighs so that she could finally relieve herself. The whole affair was awkward as hell, since Krista could barely reach anything. She was going to have a hell of a time getting dressed again after this… But for now, Krista was too relieved to finally empty her bladder to worry about anything else.

“Ughhh,” she moaned in the ecstacy of release, bracing her hands against the walls to steady herself. She was constantly in danger of tipping forward from the weight of her massive front, so she had to be careful not to lose her balance and topple off the toilet.

When she was finished, the daunting task of standing up and dressing herself again still remained. She knew Gran’maw and Mama were just outside the room but did she really want to call them? Naw, she could still do it herself. Sure, she was finding it pretty hard to get around with her unwieldy belly and, sure, she’d needed Gran’maw’s help to get out of bed…. But dressing herself? She could still do that herself.

Well, no, it turned out that she couldn’t. She tried to stand, but the weight of her belly in her lap was too great. She clenched her teeth, squeezed her eyes shut, and tried again, pushing her feet flat against the floor, her hands pressed tight to the walls of the narrow room. She strained as hard as she could until she was sure that she was going to pop a blood vessel… or worse! But all that happened was that she was left panting and sweating but still very much stuck seated on the toilet.

“Goddamn fuckin’ bullshit,” muttered Krista under her breath. Fine! Fine! Guess she WOULD just have to call for help.

“Gran’maw? You out there?”

“Yes, chile.”

“I’m kinda… kinda stuck.”

“Course you are. Just hold on, yer Mama and I will get you out.”

“Aw shit, naw, don’t get Mama,” said Krista but it was no use. She’d hoped she wouldn’t have to deal with Mama’s snark, but Gran’maw must have known – rightly – that there was no way she would be able to get Krista to her feet without extra help.

The door swung open and the two older woman peered in, seeing Krista, in all her glory, stuck on the commode.

“Oh Jesus Christ,” said Mama, “Are you actually stuck?”

“Yes, Mama.”

“Now this,” said Mama, wagging her finger, “This is EXACTLY the sort of thing that happens to girls who don’t listen in church. I tried to raise you right, Lord knows I tried. But you just wanted to gallavant around with boys and experiment with your Gran’maw’s dark books and now look at you. Can you believe this bloated hog is my little Krista?”

“I weren’t little before this,” huffed Krista. That was true, of course, it was stretching the truth beyond recognition to claim that a plumper like Krista was “little,” but Mama was clearly on a tear.

“God, she’s as big as a house! Serves her right, of course, this is God’s punishment. You fool around with the devil and the wages of sin, why, they’re apparent right there on your body, just like the Preacher said! There’s no way to hide that belly!”

“I don’t wanna fuckin’ hide it,” said Krista. “It’s my fuckin’ baby an’ I’m gonna be a proud mama.”

“You don’t know anything about being a mother,” said Mama. “All you do is skip church and make out with boys behind the shed! Lord, why am I even arguing with you? That ain’t no baby in your belly and you know it, missy!”

“Shut yer yap,” interjected Gran’maw. “You may be a grown woman but I’m still yer maw, an’ if you don’t hush up an’ give me a hand getting’ yer daughter on her feet I can still hide yer hide.”

Mama shut up, but her eyes flashed angrily. Krista grinned again. Gawd, nothing made her happier than seeing Gran’maw read Mama the riot act. It was hilarious and oh so satisfying.

With Gran’maw barking orders, the two women positioned themselves as close to either side of Krista as they could in the narrow room and, with your arms hooked under Krista’s shoulders, the three of them struggled to raise the heavily pregnant teen to her feet. It was not easy. Krista moaned and whined, her heart racing with the effort, her breath coming fast and hard. But finally she rose up.

“Ah’m up!” she hollered as she felt her feet on the floor.

“Don’t move,” said Mama. “Your shorts are still around your ankles. God, you’re so far from decent.”

Krista looked down. As usual, she could see the two vast milk balloons on her chest and the grand orb of her belly below that. Somewhere, far in the distance, she could see her everted navel – she’d expanded so rapidly that her belly button had popped in the early weeks of her pregnancy – but she couldn’t see anything below that. There was no way that she stubby arms could reach far enough to actually dress herself.

“Ah cain’t reach,” she whined.

“Hush yer bellyachin’, we ain’t done yet,” said Gran’maw. “We ain’t gonna leave ya in the lurch.”

Krista felt hands on her lower half, prodding and pinching her tender buttery flesh, then rough yanking her panties up her legs and over the wide shelf of her ass, the frayed elastic waistband coming to rest around her hips and right beneath her gut. The shorts came up next, but the older women didn’t even bother trying to zip them up. They could probably tell from the missing button that would be an exercise of futility.

“Alright, yer decent now,” said Gran’maw. “Now git your behind back outta here.”

“Thanks, Gran’maw.” She paused. “And thank you too, Mama.”

The unusual display of gratitude seemed to placate Mama because, for once, she didn’t have a sarcastic comment ready. “You’re…welcome, Krista.”

But as she watched Krista shuffle and waddle her way back to bed, she turned to Gran’maw and whispered: “How are we supposed to get through six more months of this?”

Gran’maw chuckled. “Now now, don’t you worry. Gran’maw knowsa thing or two about devilspawn. You should thank your lucky stars that I’ve deigned to move in with y’all fer the duration.”

The color drained from Mama’s face as she contemplated another six months not just with her lazy, gluttonous, rebellious, continuously inflating daughter but also her wizened swamp witch of a mother.

She was never going to live this down. The preacher was going to have a field day.

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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