Pay Back for the Prankster (1 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

“Thank you so much for agreeing to tutor our little Donnie tonight,” said Mrs. Anderson as she shrugged her shoulders into her coat. “I swear, he’s such a bright boy but his teachers just don’t appreciate him. Can you believe that they say he has discipline problems?”

Petra smiled, but said nothing. Donnie stood next to his mother, smiling broadly. The boy’s mother no doubt thought that smile was oh so innocent. Mothers were like that. Completely oblivious to their children’s bad habits!

“I know you work hard all day and it must be SO hard being a new mother, so I really appreciate you doing this,” continued Mrs. Anderson. Petra nodded along but she was barely listening. She was too busy eying Donnie out of the side of her eye. She didn’t trust that little brat at all! She’d already had WAY TOO MANY bad experiences attempting to tutor this kid. If Petra didn’t need the extra money, she would have dropped him as a client months ago! But Petra’s teacher salary didn’t pay the bills and she did have a new mouth to feed. She and her husband had recently had a new baby, after all.

Donnie smirked at her. He loved when Petra came over to tutor him. Not because he learned anything (he actively made it his business to resist ever learning anything!), but because she was soooo much fun to torment! He had successfully driven away all his other tutors, but Petra seemed to be a glutton for punishment. That was fine for him!

Petra was a tall, thick woman with broad shoulders and broader hips, her platinum blonde hair pulled up into a high-riding ponytail. Despite the fact that she was definitely in her prime MILF years (she had to be at least Donnie’s mother’s age!), she still dressed with the fun and funky style of a younger woman. Her gaudy hoop earrings nearly dangled to her shoulders and her bright red lipstick really showed off the contours of her plump lips. Her miniskirt was pulled tight around thick thighs and a soft round bubble butt, and her off-the-shoulder sweater couldn’t hide her most spectacular asset: her breasts. Her breasts were huge! Donnie estimated from a glance that they had to be, what, a G cup? They sloshed as she walked with her distinctive thick waddling strut, bobbing ponderously up and down with her every step. Those tits were mesmerizing! And the way they moved, they moved with the heavy fluid dynamics of overfilled water balloons. Mom had mentioned that Petra was a new mother, so Donnie wondered if she was still breast feeding. That would explain it, at least. If Petra was full of milk, then of course her tits would behave like that!

“How’s Brandon?” Mrs. Anderson was asking about Petra’s new baby now. “You simply must show us some pictures sometime!”

“He’s fine, he’s at home with his father,” said Petra, hitching her purse over her shoulder.

“You know, Petra is a teacher when she’s not watching you.” Mrs. Anderson kept chattering, telling Donnie things that he clearly already knew. “That’s why I thought she would make the perfect tutor to help our little Donnie pass his science class.”

Donnie didn’t care. He was too fascinated by those gargantuan boobs. Hmm. The little devil smiled even wider. Petra didn’t like the looks of that.

Mr. Anderson, like his son, couldn’t help but stare at Petra’s chest. Mrs. Anderson cleared her throat, the tinge of annoyance audible to anyone who was paying the least amount of attention. Mr. Anderson was clearly not paying attention.

“Donnie is just having SO much trouble with his science,” continued Mrs. Anderson. “We’re afraid that if he doesn’t get his grade up, he might get left behind. And we couldn’t have that for Donnie! He’s otherwise SO mature, he just wouldn’t fit in.”

“Of course, Mrs. Anderson.” Petra smiled, but inwardly she thought: Mature? Do these people even know the kid they’re raising?

Donnie was, Petra thought, the most immature child she had ever dealt with. He was smirking, he was sarcastic, he was petulant. He might be a teenage boy, but he acted like a spoiled brat! Every tutoring session was absolute torture for Petra as the older woman struggled to get the boy to pay attention to his studies, while Donnie simply stared at her chest and made lewd comments about her body! But he was so childish about even that, he sounded like a dork who’d never been with a woman and compensated by pretending to be way more worldly than he was. But the worst part? The pranks! Donnie was an incorrigible practical joker, so Petra could look forward to at least one joy buzzer or dribble glass every night. Once, he even did the old bucket of water on top of the doorway gag! Poor Petra! She smiled through her turmoil because the money was good, but also because getting angry was exactly what Donnie wanted. He only thought that was even funnier!

“We’re going to be at the theater until 10 pm. I’m sure you can get plenty of tutoring done in that time!”

Petra smiled as she ushered Donnie’s oblivious parents out the door. Gawd, they were SO annoying! They were almost as annoying as their kid. Speaking of which…

Petra turned to her young charge, looking down at the young boy with suspicion. He grinned back at her.

“So Donnie,” she said, crossing her arms under her protruding bosom. “Are you ready to actually hunker down and learn your biology lesson tonight?”

Donnie shrugged. “Your boobs are bigger than usual.”

Petra groaned. This was going to be a long night.

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“Donnie, you have to understand that mitochondrian is the powerhouse of the cell. Donnie? Donnie, are you listening?”

He was too busy staring at Petra’s plump boobs, admiring their delicious roundness. He could see them jiggle slightly with her every breath and hear the subtle slosh of liquid that told him, yup, she was definitely overfull. They were so round and her fat, cork-sized nipples tented the taut fabric of her top so that he could tell this gorgeous milf was definitely not wearing a bra.

“Donnie? Earth to Donnie! Hello?!”

“Boobs. I mean… uh, sure, Petra, I’m totally listening.”

Petra groaned inwardly. This Donnie was impossible! She was not in any mood for more of his lip tonight. She wondered again why she kept agreeing to tutor this kid; he clearly had no interest in learning! He was obsessed with her boobs and his childish pranks were more often than not just excuses so that he could grab at them. It wasn’t getting any better now that she was, ahem, fuller than usual. She was trying hard to wean her little Brandon and get him started on solid food, which mean, unfortunately, that her breasts were swollen and tender with all that unused milk. When she had an excuse to slip away, she would retreat to the bathroom later and empty herself with the breast pump that she carried in her purse.

If it wasn’t for the extra money, she would have quit long ago. She didn’t need this kind of aggravation!

“Donnie! You need to learn this or you’re going to get left back! Is that what you want? For once in your life, I need you to listen… I know you’re just sitting her imagining some new prank you’d love to pull to humiliate me… but, for your own good, you need to focus!”

“A prank to humiliate you? Aw, Petra, is that what you think of me?”

“That is what I KNOW of you. How many times have you tried to pull some stupid stunt?”

“Um, listen, Petra… I should apologize. You’re right. I’m sorry about that. I guess I never thought about how bad that must make you feel. Jeez, that was really rotten of me.”

Petra was surprised. Was Donnie actually apologizing to her? That was the last thing that she expected! Maybe this boy wasn’t so bad after all!

“Let me make it up to you. We’ve been working for, what, fifteen minutes? How about we just take a little break. You know what, I got an idea! Do you like milkshakes?”

“Why, yes I do.”

I bet you like milkshakes, thought Donnie as he eyed his voluptuous tutor’s mammoth knockers. And I’d like to see YOUR milk shake!

“You know I actually know how to make milkshakes? Let me make one for you. As a peace offering! I know you’ll love it… please???”

“Well… okay. Sure. That sounds delightful.”

Petra smiled as Donnie hopped from the couch and raced to the kitchen. Well! Wasn’t this a change of pace! Maybe she really had misjudged Donnie. Maybe the boy had finally realized that his stupid pranks weren’t funny. Maybe he was ready to actually be mature!

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“This looks wonderful, Donnie, thank you so much.” Petra accepted the proffered milkshake gratefully, a tall frosty glass filled with creamy chocolate shake. Petra wrapped her lips around the straw and sucked. Donnie marveled at the sight, watching those plump lips suck suck suck, a slight smile tugging at their corners. Damn, she was so hot!

“Hmm, delicious.” Petra belched suddenly, a loud juicy burp that reverberated through the house.

“Oh excuse me!” yelped Petra, putting her hand to her mouth in embarrassment as the echoes of her very hearty, very unladylike belch died out. “I didn’t mean to—ohhh!”

Petra groaned suddenly, a pained expression crossing her face. Her hands flew to her cramping gut.

Donnie howled with laughter. “Look at you! You’re blowing up!”

Petra’s gut puffed out in front of her, gurgling and bubbling, as it filled up with gas. She looked like a balloon inflating! The poor woman could only moan in pain as she watched herself expand bigger and bigger, her belly bloating into a perfect globe, so tight that Donnie was almost certain her belly button – that soft little cavern right below the hem of her tube top – was about to pop out like a turkey thermometer. He was waiting eagerly to see that, almost as if that would be validation, proof that his prank was working to go just far enough.

“Ha ha! Well, guess you shouldn’t have drank so much milkshake, Petra! You know what they say, it all goes to your waist! And if a girl lets her figure go to pieces, I mean, what else does she have?”

Petra belched again, her tightly bloated stomach quivering at the release. Ooooffff… she was so bloated she was positively billowing! Her skirt stretched and stretched, the fabric tightening around her globe of a gut, and Petra braced herself for the moment that her seams simply split. And this was her favorite skirt too! Oooo this was infuriating! How could she have let Donnie trick her like this?!

“Oh God! What did you do, Donnie? Oh heavens! I…I… Am I going to explode?!” Another explosive belch erupted from the distressed milf, the shelves shaking and the walls trembling at its violence.

“Oops! Ha ha! I guess maaaaybe I put TOO MANY crushed Mentos in your shake! Ha ha! Watch out, she’s gonna blow!” Donnie giggled, while stuffing his fingers into his ears as if to further mock her predicament.

“Crushed Mentos!? Oh come on! Donnie, this is completely (BUUURP) unacceptable!!”

“Ha ha! Well, what are ya gonna do about it? Make me do more science homework? Ha ha!”

“You imp!” cried Petra, her eyes going wide at the sight of her swollen belly. She clutched her stomach with her hands, her long manicured nails tapping against her taut skin. “Now look what you’ve done! Oh God, my perfect tummy!” She belched again, her orb of a belly trembling. “Look how bloated I am now! I look like I’m pregnant again!”

Petra looked down at herself. Usually, she only saw her own magnificent hooters, stretching the bounds of her tight top, but she could also feel her bloated belly pushing out beyond them. She must be absolutely round now! She ran her fingers over her rotund new gut and wondered how long this bloating would last. She’d be burping all night! How embarrassing!

Donnie was laughing again, doubled over in his seat.

“What’s so funny this time?” said Petra crossly. “You can’t still be laughing at my poor tummy!”

“Your boobs! You’re leaking!”

“I…what!?” Petra stared down at herself. It was true. During all the excitement, she had “sprung a leak.” Two growing wet spots were visible at the summit of her overfull breasts as milk dribbled from her poor tender nipples. Gawd, she was so incredibly full of milk right now that she felt like she was going to burst! If only there was a way to get rid of it…

Well, there was a way. In fact, there was a way to solve both problems at once. She looked over at Donnie.

Okay. She was done. She was absolutely done! Petra had put up with Donnie’s obnoxious attitude and stupid pranks for far too long, always knowing that there was an easy solution that she could employ at any time. Anytime that she wanted to, she could simply end Donnie… it gave her strength to know that, it was a sly little secret that she kept tightly locked up in her heart but, whenever she heard Donnie’s grating laugh or fell victim to yet another stupid prank, she reminded herself: I can stop him. I can end him. I simply choose not to. But I could.

Well, now she was going to.

Petra smiled a sly cat-like smile. “You think it’s pretty funny that my boobies are leaking, don’t you, Donnie? But I think it’s more than funny… I think maybe you like them.”

Donnie’s laughter stopped. He stared at her in confusion. This was the first time that she had ever acknowledged this.

She patted her bloated middle. And slowly raised her hands to cup her breasts, pressing her fingers deep into the yielding flesh and causing a few more drops of milk to spurt from her nips.

“Would you like a taste, Donnie? I can tell what you like. All those pranks you always pull… you do them cuz you like me, don’t you?”

Petra purred sensuously, running a manicured talon along Donnie’s inner thigh, from his knee almost up to his crotch. She was rewarded with an instant reaction. Donnie’s dick sprang to attention, tenting his pants.

“Um… yeah… I… I do…”

“I thought so. Is that what all these pranks are about, Donnie? Such a silly, silly boy. And to think, this whole time we could have been having some real fun! Would you like to have some real fun, Donnie?”

She moved her hand over his crotch, sensing his dick through his pants. Damn. For a twerpy little teen, Donnie was hung! She rubbed her hand against his bulge, giggling to herself as she felt it swell under her touch. Donnie gasped, all his smart remarks forgotten as he was suddenly faced with his ultimate fantasy! He grunted softly as his diamond-hard dick strained at the limits of his pants; the poor boy was SO incredibly horny now! He’d never had a woman like Petra before! Petra suspected that he’d never been with a woman period. He was so immature that his snotty attitude and juvenile pranks probably scared off any potential girlfriends… so tonight she was gonna really teach him a lesson in dealing with the ladies!

Although possibly NOT the lesson that Donnie expected!

Petra hooked her fingers into the neckline of her top and pulled down, stretching the fabric out of the way so that Donnie had an uninterrupted view of her magnificent cleavage: it was deep and dark and inviting and the more she revealed, the more certain Donnie was that her massive fat boobs were going to just completely spill out of her shirt at any moment. Gawd, they were HUGE!

“I..I… oh shit! Your tits are… wow, your tits are…”

“Kind of leave you speechless, don’t they, hmmm?” Petra shrugged down her top, her big plump breasts sagging slightly at the release and bouncing against her collarbone. Donnie stared at those big golden orbs, each topped with a fat burgundy nipple – with so much sloshing milk behind them that each nipple was firm and erect and pointing right at him, pearls of fresh milk glistening on their teats and just ready for drinking. Gawd, he wanted to lick those nips so bad!

“Come on, Donnie, you’ve waited so long. Why don’t you show me what you really want to do to me?”

Donnie reached out with shaking hands, almost as if he was afraid that Petra was going to laugh and pull away at the last moment. She didn’t. A soft sigh escaped her lips as his fingers made contact with her chest and he nearly pulled his hand away in shock as he felt her enormous, sloshing breasts heave with her breath.

“Don’t be shy, Donnie. Keep going. There’s so much here for you to explore.”

That was all the invitation that he needed! His hands fondled her breasts, but quickly moved down to cradle the arc of her still gas-filled gut, giggling as his aggressive kneading forced a new little burp from Petra’s mouth. His hands were all over her. He was grabbing her love handles, squishing the tender flab at her sides, sliding his hands under the hem of her skirt to grope the perfect peach of her mighty rear and the flaring softness of her matronly hips. His fingers skipped along the hemlines of her panties, teasing where fabric met flesh, right in the crevasse between her legs, feeling her warmth, her softness, her huge motherly presence. Really, wasn’t that what Donnie really needed? A mother who would take care of him properly, show him the right way to handle himself, the right way to treat a woman… and not just ignore his obvious problems because it was too embarrassing to admit that your perfect little angle was actually a nasty little brat!

“Don’t stop there,” cooed Petra, her hand against Donnie’s erect penis. Donnie’s cock was throbbing and twitching; the poor boy could barely control himself and he was so excited that Petra was honestly shocked that he hadn’t yet cum in his pants. She smiled. She was going to keep teasing him and see how far she could push this. Donnie thought he was having the time of his life, but this wasn’t going to last for him. Poor baby! She almost felt sorry for him, watching his stumble so obliviously into her expertly laid trap, but then she remembered what an absolute terror he had been to her for so long. Oh yeah, he was going to get his.

“I wanna bury my face in your fat hooters! Ha ha!” said Donnie, his shyness forgotten in his lust.

“Go right ahead, baby,” said Petra, inhaling deeply so that her unfettered breasts bulged. Her husband would be having the time of his life if he could see her now! He would be laughing his ass off to see this little horndog trying to mac on his buxom amazon of a wife. It was cute to watch, but definitely silly. Petra was used to the attention of a real man, so Donnie’s desperate, childish groping amused her to no end. Not that it wasn’t good in its own way… He was licking her nipples now, his tongue lizard-flicking them until they popped out like turkey thermometers. Despite herself, Petra was getting a little turned on by all this attention! She could feel herself getting a little moist between the thighs and, well, she had to remind herself that she was here to put a plan into action, not to get off on a dopey horny teen!

“Mmm…. Don’t stop, Donnie… suck on them… suck on my big milky titties.”

“Mmmmf.” Donnie’s lips closed around her left nipple and she could feel the suction. She sighed and let down her milk.

It hit Donnie so suddenly that he wasn’t expecting. Sure, he’d heard all that milk sloshing inside her and he’d even seen evidence of it. But it was a different thing to taste it! GAWD, it was delicious! Donnie’s eyes bulged in sudden surprise as his cheeks filled with sweet, creamy mommy milk. He swallowed, a noise like a toilet plunger. And he kept sucking.

“That’s right, baby. Keep drinking. Mmmm, drain mommy dry, why don’t you? Oh, there’s not gonna be any milk left for my baby at home by the time you’re done, you thirsty little scamp!”

“Mmmmffff…” Donnie sucked harder and harder, his lips latched onto Petra’s fat nipple like a leech. He could feel that nipple swell inside his mouth as it released milk into him. He gulped and gulped, slurping it down… gawd, it was delicious! So rich and creamy! He couldn’t get enough of it!

“Keep drinking, little one! Oh, that feels good… I tell you, it’s so hard carrying around these heavy milkl jugs all day. It’s such a relief to just let it all out. You like that, Donnie? Boy, you’re a thirsty little man, aren’t you? I bet you’d just drink my milk tanks dry if I let you! Isn’t that good?”

Donnie was only dimly aware of Petra’s rambling. He was too lost in this blissful feeling. Gawd, he couldn’t believe that this giant babe was actually letting him suck her teats like this!

Petra grinned widely. Already the changes were beginning. Donnie was shrinking! Petra chuckled to herself, but Donnie didn’t notice. His eyes were closed, his hands were firmly placed against the expanse of Petra’s warm melons, and he was suckling greedily like a hungry baby. Slurp, slurp, slurp. Every slurp, every swallow, made the boy shrink. His arms and legs were getting shorter, his torso contracting, his height going down. You could time his growth spurts (or rather, his revered growth spurts) with his swallows. It was really something to see!

“Now, now, Donnie, I think you’ve had enough! Let’s get a look at you!”

She pushed Donnie away from her chest and smiled as she waited for him to realize what had happened. He wiped his arms across his face to clean away the ring of milk around his mouth and blinked dreamily up at Petra, a loud burp suddenly exploding from his mouth and bringing him back to reality. His stomach churned and gurgled as the milk continued to exert its strange effect on him. Then suddenly his eyes got wide.

“I…what!? You grew!”

“No, I didn’t Donnie. You shrank!”

Donnie shrieked. The teenager was now only as big as a six year old child. Petra could easily pick him up and throw him over her shoulder now and, if he gave her any more trouble, she was definitely going to enjoy carrying this little twerp to his room and putting him to bed like the bratty little kid he was!

“I..I shrank!? How did this happen!? What did you do to me?”

“Don’t worry so much, baby. It’s just a natural side effect of my milk. Don’t you know that?”

“What!? What are you talking about?!”

“If only you’d paid attention to your biology lessons! Everyone knows that mommy’s milk only helps babies grow bigger. If you’re already weaned and you start drinking mommy milk again, it’s only going to make you shrink. Didn’t you know that? It’s very basic science.”

Donnie blinked in astonishment. That… did not seem right at all. But, on the other hand, he couldn’t deny the reality of his situation! Petra’s milk had clearly had a shrinking effect on him.

“No fair! You tricked me! I don’t like this prank!”

“Too bad. Now then, I think it’s time to play some pranks on you for a change.” Petra stood up, rising to her full height. Donnie already knew that she was a big woman… but she looked even bigger now! She loomed over him like a monstrous ogre threatening a terrified villager in some fantasy story.

“I’m gonna get you!” said Petra, making grabby gestures with her fingers. “You better run, Donnie! Or big bad Petra’s gonna catch you… and gobble you up!”

“You… you wouldn’t! You wouldn’t!” Donnie clearly didn’t know what to believe anymore, he was so confused! But when Petra playfully gnashed her teeth at him, he didn’t stop to wonder whether she was joking or not! He leaped from the couch with a yell, nearly tripping as he dropped from the unfamiliar height, and shrieked in terror. He took off at a run – but he didn’t get far. His pants were way too big, sliding down around his ankles and tripping him up. He tumbled forward, falling on his face on the floor, and drawing gales of laughter from Petra. He turned to look. Gawd! She was as big as a giantess compared to him now, towering above him, her still-enormous breasts sticking out like a shelf and shaking violently with her booming laughter. From this vantage point, all he could see was tits. Her face was out of sight, hidden behind a looming wall of breast!

Donnie stumbled to his feet, stepping out of his uselessly oversized pants. His shirt fit him like a dress now, hanging down to his ankles. He could feel the over-sized elastic waistband of his tighty whities didn’t cling to his much smaller waist with as much grip anymore, but he prayed that they would stay up. He had to get away from this woman! Obviously, she was way more pissed about his harmless pranks that he had expected! Maybe if he could get away, he could hide until his parents got home. That’s what he would do! And when they saw what Petra had done to him… well, they would MAKE her change him back, right? They simply had to!

“I’m gonna get ya! I’m gonna get ya!” cried Petra, giggling as she chased after him. Gawd, was this all just a game to her? She seemed to think the whole thing was hilarious, but Donnie was terrified! What was she gonna do to him when she caught him? He was about the size of a six year old child compared to her now, so she could do anything she wanted! He gulped. He hoped maybe she would just make him finish his homework. That was really the best case scenario. But… he was afraid that she had more sinister intentions! “What’s the matter, Donnie? Not having fun anymore? I thought you loved funny pranks!”

“No! It’s bad! Stop it! I’m gonna tell my parents!”

“I’m gonna catch you and I’m gonna tickle you sooo bad, you little monster!”

“Stop! Get away! You can’t do this!” Donnie yelled. How embarrassing! She was gonna tickle him? Ugh, just because he was the size of a child, now she was treating him like a child! This was the worst! His only hope was that he could get away and maybe lock himself in one of the rooms until his parents returned. They would know what to do! They always knew what to do!

“Go away! My parents are gonna kill you when they get back! They’re gonna be so mad when they see what you’ve done!”

Petra ignored his threats. Donnie skittered around a corner and scampered down the hallway with Petra hot on his heels. He ran into the laundry room at the far end of the hallway and threw the door closed behind him. He stood on his toes to reach the doorknob and was just about to set the lock with his outstretched thumb when he felt Petra pushing on the door from the other side. Oh no! With all his might, he tried to keep the door shut. He leaned his full weight against the door, but it was no use. Petra was too strong and he was too small! He felt his feet slipping as she pushed the door open and sent him flying across the room.

“Trying to keep me out? You naughty, naughty little thing! You can’t possibly believe you’ve got the strength to shut the door on me! Look at how tiny you are!”  
  
“Stop! I’m not THAT tiny!” yelled Donnie, lying on his back on the ground. He scuttled backwards as Petra advanced, but he couldn’t get away in time. She swooped down on him and started tickling him. He howled with laughter, squirming desperately on the floor in a futile attempt to block Petra’s fingers from his sensitive belly and arm pits.

“Phew! Well, that’s enough of that.” Petra sat back on her heels and wiped an arm across her forehead as Donnie lay wheezing on the carpet.

Donnie tottered to his feet. “Turn me back.”

Petra laughed. “You’re in no position to make demands, little man. Who do you think you are?” She booped him playfully on the nose.

“Stop it! I’m not some dumb little kid! You have to turn me back!”

“You sure look like some dumb little kid. And, hey, if you’re going to act like a dumb little kid, then you might as well look like one. Sorry to say, Donnie, you brought this on yourself.”

“It’s not fair! I don’t want to be little! I’m not a kid!” Donnie stamped his foot angrily and Petra had to laugh at the sight. This little twerp was throwing a tantrum! He really did not seem to grasp the reality of his situation, that no amount of whining or yelling could force Petra to do anything. She was bigger than he was and she could do whatever she wanted with her teensy weensy little charge. The only question was what she wanted to do.

“You sound like you’re ready for round two, hmm, Donnie?”

To be continued…

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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