Alice 93

Craig was, not to put too fine a point on it, extremely horny. He was going out of his mind. Who could blame him? He’d received a text from his girlfriend Jen, a provocative “Come over, my parents are out” attached with a half-assed selfie of Jen’s naked body. Or at least as much of her as she could fit within the camera frame. Jen was a big girl, so EVERY angle was a fat girl angle when she took photos. But Craig didn’t fucking care. His dick was on fire thinking about his hot sexy girlfriend waiting for him, her blubbery body warm and inviting. Sometimes he got annoyed with how needy Jen was. Sometimes, when he was busy, he found her whiny, pleading texts intrusive. How could he know why Jen was always so horny these days? Like a typical boy, he assumed it was because he was so good in bed. Surely he was just so good at pleasuring Jen that he was now eternally hungry for the D.

He didn’t have any inkling of the real reason. His girlfriend Jen was a greedy glutton, a girl so enslaved to her own appetites that she was constantly eating and constantly gaining weight. The brunette bimbette was currently over 500 pounds, most of her excess lard deposited on her hips, thighs, and bum, giving her a wildly exaggerated pear shape. Oh, she was definitely ripe. Craig fucking loved big asses and he couldn’t wait to once again bury his face between Jen’s soft warm cheeks.

But Jen’s increasing size was beginning to interfere with other aspects of her life. For example, she was having trouble… reaching… down there…. Properly… to…uh…well… pleasure herself. When she got horny, her blubbery gut and oversized thighs made it difficult for her to get her fingers deep enough inside herself to satisfy the urge. For a long time, she had resorted to snaking her arm under her belly but even that was getting too hard. She had to reply on vibrating wands to get the job done, but even that left her sweaty and exhausted. It was far easier to just call Craig and have him come over to take care of her.

Craig had no idea that Jen was running him ragged simply because she was too lazy to put in the effort to properly pleasure herself anymore. Then again, would he have cared if he knew? Probably not. It still meant that he got the chance to get his rocks off. So it wasn’t all that bad.

Craig knocked hard at the bedroom door.

“Come – urp! – in,” came Jen’s quavering voice from within.

Craig pushed open the door. Jen lay on her bed, completely naked. The 500 pound cutie filled her bed when she lay like that, her colossal caboose squished out to the sides and nearly drooped over opposite sides of the bed. Her fat pussy was hidden from view by her enormously round gut, which spilled over her crotch and towered above her like an avalanche of soft wobbling gelatin. Damn, Craig felt himself getting hard again. This HAD to be an invitation!

“Babe, damn, you didn’t even wait…”

“Like, not now, Craig,” moaned Jen, “I’m, like, waaay too full! Look at me, my belly is sooo bloated that, like, I think I’m gonna burst!”

Now Craig took in the whole scene. Jen lay on her back in bed, her enormous stuffed gut rising over her like a quivering pink mountain. She wasn’t lying there in any sort of come-hither pose. She was lying there, wheezing and gasping, sweat pouring off her face, her bloated tummy quivering dangerously like a bomb ready to blow. The floor was covered with greasy take-out bags and discarded burger wrappers.

“Oh damnit… babe, did you eat too much?”

“I just, like, had a snack while I was waiting…” Jen burped softly, her whole body shivering and the bed creaking beneath her. There was still a packet of fries and a pair of half-eaten burgers on the bedstand. Of course, Jen had probably stopped at several drive-through fast food joints to pick up “dinner” before she got home. He should have known! Jen lived for greasy, fatty fast food, but it was rare that her parents would go out for the night and leave her to her own devices for dinner. A chance to indulge in the All-American meal of burgers and fries instead of her mother’s old world cooking? Of course Jen would take advantage! He shouldn’t have expected anything less.

“Sure, a snack.” Craig knew exactly how humungous Jen’s “snacks” could be. She was a mindless eater and, if no one was around to stop her, this greedy bimbette would often just eat herself into a stupor. And what was he supposed to do now? Jen was totally nude! There was so much flesh on display and he couldn’t have any! What a cocktease!

“Here, babe, let me help,” said Craig, placing his hands on the vast dome of Jen’s tummy and slowly starting to massage her tender flesh. Craig was super horny and, to be honest, a little annoyed that Jen would do this to him! She was always calling him up and asking him to come over when SHE was horny. The thought of getting to plow this ridiculously bootilicious babe always made Craig rock hard, so he would have to spend the rest of the day obsessing over Jen… his mind filled with thoughts of her big jiggly rump. And then, when he finally managed to get over to Jen? Half the time, she would have gotten distracted by food and stuffed herself so full that she was in state to do anything sexual. It left Craig with the worst blue balls!

Well, not tonight. He wasn’t just going to accept this state of affairs. He was going to take charge!

“Oh that feels good, babe,” gushed Jen as her boyfriend kneaded her overloaded middle. Truthfully, Craig was being a little rougher than he should. He could feel Jen’s overfull stomach even beneath all her pounds of blubber, her stomach so full of new food that it was hard as a rock and tight as a drum.

“That’s --- BUUUUURP!” Jen’s latest comment was cut off by a tremendous belch. Perfect! Craig knew that Jen always ate too fast and, when she ate too fast, she got gassy. He was pretty sure that there was a lot of air inside her now, maybe even more air than food. And if he could get it out… maybe Jen wouldn’t feel so overly full anymore!

Another loud belch exploded from Jen’s mouth, echoing between the walls of the bedroom. Damn, this girl was urpy tonight!

“Um, like, that was good…” said Jen, covering her mouth with her hand. “Like, I think that freed up a little room…”

She reached for the half-eaten bag of fries on the bedside table, but Craig put his hand on hers to stop her.

“No, babe, you lie back and relax. Let me finish.”

“Oh my, like, what a prince charming!” Jen giggled, a giggle that almost immediately led into another massive, quaking burp. She was burping up a storm! She was also such a bimbo that she had no clue of the real reason why Craig didn’t want her eating more chips. He didn’t want her refilling the empty space in her belly until she was uncomfortably full again! Not when he had big plans for tonight.

Jen belched again and again as Craig squeezed and prodded her flesh, doing his best to subtly squeeze the gas out of her without her knowing what was happening.

“Like, I’m sorry, babe,” mumbled Jen, “I, like, know I -- BURRRRP!—called you up and, like, told you come over… BURP! But, like, you were taking sooo long…”

“Uh huh,” said Craig, not even paying attention to her constant chatter. Jen was always babbling about one thing or another. He was too intent on his work to bother listening. And it was work! Jen was so blubbery that it was hard to get a handle on her pulpy flesh, it felt squishing out from between his fingers when he tried to massage her. Sweat beaded on Craig’s brow. He was getting a workout just trying to give Jen a decent tummy rub!

Jen belched again, a long, lingering bubbling, rumbling explosion of gas that echoed off the walls of the bedroom with such force that Craig was almost surprised when the roof didn’t collapse down on them. At the very least, he expected that it would summon Jen’s annoying little sister Jesse to investigate what was going on. But no knock came on the door. Good! Maybe Jesse hadn’t heard or, more likely, maybe Jen’s overindulgent burps were such a common sound in this household that Jesse didn’t see any need to investigate.

“Oof, like, that felt good,” sighed Jen, pounding herself on the chest in the valley between her ample splayed boobs.

“Feeling better, babe?” asked Craig.

“Yeah, like, lots better!” said Jen, placing her palms against the bed and hoisting herself into a seated position. Her naked tits slapped against her protruded belly, so big and bloated and round but less obscenely swollen now that she’d expelled some gas.

“So…. Why exactly are you naked?” asked Craig slyly. He knew the reason, of course, but he wanted to prod Jen’s memory, to subtly remind her of the reason that she had invited him over.

“Oh yeah!” said Jen, her round face lighting up. “Liiiike, I was totally, like, horny, aaaaand I thought maybe you would wanna do stuffff?” She giggled, placing one chubby foot on Craig’s crotch to feel his bulge. “Like, looks like I got my answer, huh?”

“Babe, you know I’m always ready…”

“Okay, like, just gimmie a sec to get dressed.” She rolled herself off the bed and waddled over to her dresser to rifle through the drawers.

Craig rolled his eyes. He didn’t see much point in getting dressed if he was just gonna undress her again, but Jen liked to show off her sexy lingerie and skimpy outfits. Craig really couldn’t care less, but if it made Jen feel sexy and put her in the mood, well then… who was he to complain?

Craig watched as his fat ass girlfriend struggled to stuff her colossal caboose into a snug little pair of booty shorts.

“I gotta get some privacy,” huffed Jen as Craig pushed another fry into her mouth. Despite her protests, Jen would never refuse food. “I’m gonna bust my booty shorts if I eat one more bite! Like, I’m too bloated for my britches!”

Craig smirked. Jen was the one who had spent the whole day stuffing herself before he came over, Jen was the one who couldn’t resist eating even more. Who was she to complain to him about how full she was now? What a hypocrite!

Jen hitched her thumbs under the waistband of her undies and hitched her colossal panties up her thighs, thrusting out her bulbous bottom so that Craig could get a full view of his girlfriend’s preternaturally plumped-up, pumped-up patoot. He noticed, for the first time, that her underwear had writing across the seat: SUFFOCATE.

“Like, you see what it says?” said Jen, pointing behind as she wiggled her rump seductively.

She pulled on a tiny sheer see-through top, so filmy it was practically just a gauze rag and struck a sexy pose. It was hot, of course, but Craig wasn’t in a mood to wait.

Jen plopped down, the bed sagging deeply under her bulk and her panties stretching even tighter as her butt jutted out behind her. The lettering was stretched so wide that it was almost illegible. Almost. But Craig knew what it said and he knew what he wanted.

“Suffocate, huh?” he said. “Sounds like you know what you want, huh, Jen?”

“Um, like, yeah?” said Jen, grinning slyly. She plucked at the elastic waistband of her panties, pulling it out and letting it snap back against the soft flesh of her middle. The snap caused her tubby tummy to jiggle and forced a new belch up and out of Jen.

“Oops! Like, excuse me!”

Craig wasn’t paying attention to Jen’s burps. He came up behind her, whispering in her ear; she could feel his erect rod pressing through his pants and into the pillowy flesh of her left butt cheek. He was already exploring her plush tushie with his right hand, cupping the swell of her cheek with his palm, squeezing, kneading, running his fingers now lightly over the spongy flesh, now along the deep chasm of her crack, now sliding under the hem of her oh so tight oh so stretched out panties. Jen’s undies were stretched to their limit over her broad badonkadonk, so tight that they would probably pop if she moved in just the right way. They would probably bust apart like a balloon bursting if Craig so much as scratched them with his fingernail. He hooked a finger under the waistband and yanked it down – HARD – to reveal the twin jiggling mounds of Jen’s bulging buttocks. Seemed to silly to go through all this theater of just undressing her again… but Craig didn’t care cuz he was FINALLY gonna get some!

Craig buried his face in Jen’s ass, squeezing between those two big fat melon-sized cheeks. Jen gasped as Craig tongued her anus, eagerly licking around her rim, as his fingers explored between her tree-trunk legs to find her plump pussy.

“Oh my Gawwwwwd,” gasped Jen, her chubby cheeks going red and her breath starting to quicken as Craig pumped his fingers between the fat fleshy lips of her wet pussy. “Oh Gawd, like, don’t stop! OMG!”

Jen moaned. Her heart was racing with lust and excitement, pounding so hard that she felt like it would burst from her chest. It was too much! She could barely catch her breath! The bottom-heavy porker was wheezing and sputtering, her face starting to go from red to white with the strain of trying to catch her breath, but the pleasure was so intense that Jen couldn’t get hold of herself. Oh shit, oh shit! She felt like she was having a heart attack and, as her sludgy sugary blood struggled to surge through her fat-clogged heart, she wasn’t too far off base. Luckily, a few gulps and a bit of concentration put Jen back on the right path… her heart was still racing but at least the beat was regular now. Craig never noticed, assuming Jen’s spasms were due entirely to her being pre-orgasmic, and Jen was way too much of a bimbo to draw any connection between her immense size, her unhealthy lifestyle and the strange feelings she occasionally had when she overexerted herself.

“OMG! Craig… you know what… Laurie did the other day?”

She couldn’t see Craig’s face since it was plunged so deeply into her cavernous cleft behind her, so she had no idea that he was rolling his eyes. Jen was SUCH a blabbermouth! She would just chatter about the most inane bullshit constantly, even when she was getting her ass eaten out. Craig knew from experience that he would just have to ignore her talk and keep working.

“She… like… came up with this… OMG keep going… like… this new cheer!” Jen stuttered as she bounced her plump booty on her boyfriend’s face, her chubby cheeks wobbling in time with her movements. Her rounded face was going red with excitement and exertion and she bit her lower lip as she went cross-eyed from the pleasure coursing through her body from her nethers. “She… like… wrote a cheer… like…. that’s all about… unf yes keep doing that… like… OMG that’s so good…. Oh GAWD… she wrote a cheer… like… where I get to show off…unf… my booty… OMG Craig you know… like, you know I’m the most bootilicious girl on the squad… like… but this REALLY lets me show off…”

Craig couldn’t care less about Jen’s boring cheerleader drama, but his ears perked up at the mention of a new booty-centric routine. Damn, that sounded pretty sweet. He loved Jen’s giant butt, he loved the way it jutted out behind her like a massive shelf, so wide and so deep that a guy could rest a beer on it, he loved the way that she had to walk with a peculiar rolling gait of a waddle because her ass was just too wide, her loved the way her stretchpants squeaked and strained under the pressure of holding in all Dat Ass, he loved the way that her chubby upper body just exploded into absolutely massive curves… damn, you could say there wasn’t a thing that Craig DIDN’T like about Jen’s expansive rump. And now Laurie was coming with a routine that specifically let Jen show off her best ASSets to the whole school? Like all men, Craig was greedy when it came to protecting his girlfriend’s body for his own pleasure, saving that perfectly pudgy, plumply plush, pumped-to-the-max posterior for only him alone to see. But, damn, he knew he couldn’t keep everyone was seeing Jen’ ass. It was just too large to hide. And honestly? Maybe he felt a little bit of pride. Maybe it was a little exciting to think that now the whole school would know exactly what he had always known, see the beauty that he had always seen, finally appreciate the vastness and deliciousness that was Jen Sarovy and her over-ripe peach bottom.

“Hmm?” he mumbled, her mouth busy.

“Yeah… I get to do… OMG…OMG… a whole routine… oh Gawd Craig don’t stop! Don’t stop!” Jen inhaled deeply, sucking air between her teeth, as she clutched tightly at the bedsheets. “OMG I’m gonna…. Ohhhh I’m gonna blow… Oh I’m gonna blow!”

When Jen started talking lie that , you were never 100% sure what she was really talking about. Was she about to cum? That was the most likely explanation. But knowing Jen’s past, it was equally likely that she was about to forget herself in the pleasure of the moment and stop holding back… and accidently fart right in Craig’s face. He could feel her plump asshole quivering under his tongue even as her fat vulva tensed and dripped around his fingers. He was going to have to be careful.

Or maybe Jen was once again just whining because she’d eaten too much. She did, after all, still have a big belly full of greasy fast food and all this jostling had probably upset her poor, sensitive tummy again.

“Oh GAWWWDDD I’m gonna blow,” said Jen again. “I can’t like hold it…..OMG I’m…gonna….”

Jen’s chatter was suddenly cut off as yet another monster belch exploded out of her, louder than any other so far. Craig felt like the walls must be shaking from the force of it all!

Things had changed so much since their first meeting. Of course, the biggest change since then was Jen’s size. She had absolutely exploded in the last year, so that she was a complete bloated behemoth now. When they first met, Jen was only a chubby cutie with a wide ass. She was popular with the guys around the school because of her bad reputation; back then, Jen was known as an easy lay and almost every guy in their class had at least one experience hooking up with her at some party or other.

The first time that Craig saw her, ok, admittedly, that’s what he wanted. All the boys on the team told him that he could definitely score with her. He hadn’t given it a whole lot of thought until the day that he caught Jen in the school gymnasium after football practice. She was practicing somersaults and cheer routines, all dolled up in her tight little cheer uniform. He watched Jen do a backflip, her skirt flying up to flash a glimpse of her crisp white panties. Her ass was on full display. Maybe some of the other guys made fun of her for that badonkadonk, maybe they were all busy drooling over the head cheerleader Laurie and her enormous tatas, but Craig had very difference interests. Damn, that ass! He was aching to grab a handful of soft, warm booty blubber and just give it the tightest squeeze.

Jen bent over to rifle through her bookbag, oblivious to the fact that anyone approaching could easily see up her skirt. She was humming to herself, swaying make and forth in time to the tune, and her ample bottom moved with her.

Jen was slender but soft, her muscular cheerleader abs covered with a think thin layer of girlish pudge, but she couldn’t hide her hefty backside. Just a little too wide and a little too round for a girl of her weight, just enough that her cheer skirt always seemed to have a little more trouble keeping her covered than it did on other girls.

“Hey,” said Craig. “You Jen?”

“Yeah, duh,” said Jen without turning. “And, like, you are…?”

“I’m Craig. I’m on the football team? My family just moved to town and…”

“Uh huh, like, I know exactly what you want, Craig,” said Jen, standing up and turning to face Craig. “Like, you’ve probably heard alllll the boys talking and now, like, you think you can get with me, too, right?”

“Uh…”

“Um, like, I don’t even know you,” said Jen, rolling her eyes. “You, like, can’t just come in here and, like, expect to get anywhere with me. I am, like, totally saving myself for the right guy!”

Craig worked hard to suppress a smirk. He knew for a fact that was a lie. Jen Sarovy had a reputation as the school pump; everyone got a try. But while most guys were content to pump and dump when it came to Jen, Craig suspected there was a lot more going on with this slutty ditz.

“Like, don’t laugh at me!” said Jen. “Okay, like, I knooow I’ve kinda been sleepin’ around in the past. But, like, that’s all behind me now. Now I’m savin’ myself for the right man! I’m, like, reformed.”

“Yeah, okay. Well, it was nice talkin’ to ya.”

Craig started to turn away but Jen continued talking.

“Like, you’re just gonna leave? Like that?”

“Yeah… why? You said you were saving yourself for the right guy.”

“Um…”

“I’m not here to be Mr. Right,” said Craig. “The guys just told me I could make it with a hot girl with a big ass, so I thought I’d check it out. But if that’s not the case, no worries.”

“Well…like, I’m…. I dunno!” snapped Jen, stamping her foot in annoyance. She was confused. She felt like this guy was playing games with her head! Most guys were a lot more pushy, so she hadn’t expected him to give up so easily. And…. Wait a minute!

“Um, like what did you say about my ass?”

“It’s a good ass,” said Craig.

“Um, like, I know! That’s what I always say! But no one believes me!” Jen was stunned. Even back then, Jen was famous around school for her prominent posterior. Most girls whispered behind her back, mocking her exaggerated pear shape, and most boys tried their hardest to downplay it. ‘Oh no baby, your ass isn’t big at all!’ they would say. They would say anything that they thought Jen wanted to hear if it meant they had a shot at getting inside her pants.

But the truth was… Jen actually thought she looked good. That’s partly why she became a cheerleader. What a great opportunity to flaunt the perfect shape that God gave her! It was just sooo annoying that no one else seemed to appreciate her unique weight distribution like she did!

“You, like, really think so?” said Jen. “I mean, you WOULD say that! You’re, like, just trying to get in my pants! But, like, I said it and I meant it! I’m not just, like, gonna sleep with anyone! Only the right guy!”

“And how do you know when you’ve found the right guy?” Craig was standing close to her now and Jen was, despite herself, starting to react to his presence. She could feel his warmth near her and her nipples instantly stiffened, tenting the fabric of her cheer sweater. Jen was oblivious – as usual – but Craig noticed.

“Well… like, he would… uhhhh… I dunno… he would know how to treat me right…” She paused. “Like, did you really mean what you said about my butt?”

“Yeah,” said Craig. “And if you come closer, I’ll show you what I mean.”

Jen stepped closer. Craig put his arms around Jen’s back and moved his hands to her butt, one hand on each plump cheek. And he squeezed.

He was taking a big risk in grabbing Jen like that. Most girls would have been instantly scandalized. Most girls would have been rightfully pissed off. But Craig suspected that no one had ever given Jen’s butt the attention that it deserved and the sudden gasp that burst from Jen’s lips as his fingers sank deep into her plush tush told him that he had thought correctly.

“Oh my Gawd,” said Jen. “Like, no one’s ever grabbed me there before!”

“Really? What a waste. How could anyone resist, I wonder.”

“Hmmm,” said Jen. Gawd, what am I doing? She thought. I totally promised that I wasn’t just gonna sleep with any old random guy anymore! The old days of Jen Sarovy the big butt slut are done! So why am I going to pieces over this guy? I, like, totally should stick to my principles! But, like, it feels soooo good!

“Let’s get this out of the way,” said Craig, popping open the buttons at the back of Jen’s skirt and letting the garment fall to the floor. Jen stood before him in her tight white panties; he could see a growing wet spot at her crotch that told her she approved of where this was going.

Jen was simultaneously embarrassed… and extremely turned on! Like, goddamit! She was trying to keep her cool and play hard to get, but it was hard to pretend that she wasn’t extremely fucking horny when Craig could easily see how wet she was! Her undies were completely soaked, so drenched that they were practically see-through and Craig could see the dark outlines of Jen’s pubic hair through the transparent fabric… not to mention the dark cavern of her pudgy puffy pussy.

“Like, keep going…” said Jen.

“Let’s get this out of the way,” said Craig, ripping down Jen’s sopping panties to expose her plump vulva. Next thing Jen knew, Craig had his face between her thighs, his tongue attacking her pussy, his hands still gripping her buttocks, and Jen was gasping and wheezing in pleasure. Holy shit! Most guys just wanted to bang her and forget her… she had never had A GUY go down on her before! That was exciting enough but those hands on her squishy bottom were awakening all sorts of crazy feelings that she’d never felt before! She couldn’t believe that this guy was pleasuring her! Maybe…. Well, he wasn’t exactly what she thought of as boyfriend material, but maybe…. Maybe she ought to give him another think!

Jen bit her lip, placing her hands on Craig’s shoulders and pushing his face deeper into her sopping wet crotch. OH JEEEEEZZZZ

And it didn’t end there. When he was done with his meal, Jen was left flushed and gasping… but still hungry. Of course she couldn’t just end it. She had to return the favor. Like, that was just manners, right?

“Maybe… you are the right guy,” said Jen hitching her panties and skirt back up her thighs. “Like, we should…ummmm… get together for more of this…”

“Damn,” said Craig. Everything was going perfect. Though, of course, when he watched Jen’s retreating form, he couldn’t help but wish there were a little bit more of it.

How ironic! Now Craig had gotten his wish… and so much more…

“I’m gonna blow! I’m gonna pop!” cried Jen, jerking Craig back to the present. Craig had never intended on that first meeting to do more than hook up for Jen with a one night stand, but fate sometimes has different ideas. They had gotten together again. And again. And eventually it seemed like they were just meant to be. Sure, Craig initially liked Jen for her monster booty… but over time he’d come to be charmed by her ditziness, her sweetness… and, hell, the fact that her monster booty was constantly on the grow didn’t hurt either!

BUUUUUUUURRRRRRRP! Jen belched so hard that Craig couldn’t believe they could possibly be enough gas inside a girl to create a sound like that!

But Jen was always full of surprises.

“I’m coming! Oh Gawd, Craiiiiig!” moaned Jen, her legs squeezing together tightly and her anus puckering as the culmination of all of Craig’s hard work hit her hard. Her entire body tensed and released as she orgasmed with yet another loud belch that made her blubber quake.

“Good, baby?” said Craig as he pulled his face away, his fingers still rubbing lightly to help Jen come down from her orgasm slowly.

“Yeah, like… always!”

Craig chuckled. Keeping his fat babe happy was definitely hard work but it was worth it. Not least of all because Jen was not one to forget to return the favor these days…

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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,

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