Alice 124  
By Mollycoddles

Alice was absolutely livid! She was so mad that she could barely even see straight. She was usually so calm, but today she couldn’t keep her anger contained! During lunch period, Laurie had tried to apologize to her for everything that she had done. The nerve! Did Laurie actually expect Alice to forgive her? It was rare for Alice to actually get angry, but… ooo! It just made her so crabby to think that, all year long, while Alice thought that Laurie was her best friend, Laurie had in fact been secretly fattening Alice up! And now that she was caught, Laurie felt bad about it! Well, that just wasn’t good enough. Alice didn’t feel particularly inclined to just let this go!

“The nerve of her!” mumbled Alice to herself as she maneuvered her mobility scooter down the sidewalk. It was a difficult task, because Alice was so wide that she took up the entire sidewalk with her bulk and she was constantly in danger of driving her scooter over the curb. “It’s her fault that I’m a blob now and she thinks that I should just forgive her like nothing happened! I’m tired of Laurie always taking advantage of me. From now on, I’m not going to let her get away with stuff anymore!”

Alice weighed well over 500 pounds, a gigantic blubbery blob of lard so huge and out-of-shape that even waddling was getting hard for her. And while there are plenty of people who can remain active and mobile at even heavier weights, Alice was unfortunately far too lazy to stay on her feet. As she grew heavier, she always took the easy way out – avoiding exercise to sit on her fat butt on the couch or using her mobility scooter even when she really should be walking. As a result, her muscles grew weaker and weaker as her body grew bigger and bigger.

Alice absently rubbed what she could reach of her bulging belly with one plump hand, her other hand firmly shoving the joystick of her mobility scooter. Her gut hung below the hem of her overstretched polo shirt, the stitches under her armpits torn and soft bubbles of flesh bursting through, so her exposed tummy was always cold. She just wanted to knead her flesh and hopefully warm it up a little!

Even Alice’s hands were fat now – each joint of her fingers were so plump and puffy that they looked like sausages ready to burst. The poor little butterball couldn’t wear nice jewelry anymore, because all of her rings were too tight for her fingers and her necklaces didn’t want to fasten around a double chin so thick that it had completely consumed her neck and now drooped against her sternum like a bullfrog’s wattle. Not that anything on Alice really drooped. She was absurdly fat, yes, but her constant gorging and gluttony meant that she was also always stuffed so tight and round that she looked like an inflated balloon. A balloon always on the verge of popping!

And as much as she wanted to blame Laurie for the current state of affairs, the truth was this was also in no small part her own doing. Alice loved to eat. She always had. She had always been a little chubby and it didn’t take much encouragement for the pudgy little blonde’s inner hog to come snorting to the surface. But was it really all that bad? The truth was that being fat… felt almost natural now? Her body was so soft and warm and rubbing her belly was almost comforting, it was like petting a purring cat. It was genuinely as if Alice was always meant to be fat, as if her natural gluttony was trying to tell her that this was exactly who she was and who she should be. It didn’t hurt that Alice’s boyfriend Tyler was totally smitten by her growing plumpness. But still! That didn’t excuse what Laurie did! Alice felt like she had every right to be mad about this!

She inhaled deeply as she rolled her scooter past the doorway to the Grand Buffet, a local restaurant with a notorious all-you-can-eat pasta lunch special. Alice had, of course, eaten there many times. She spent more time than she should stuffing her face with abandon there! But not today. Alice steeled her resolve and kept moving, steadfastly ignoring the sudden urgent rumbling of her hungry tummy. She was too mad to be hungry right now! She didn’t have time for this!

“OMG! Look over there! It’s Alice Grobauch!”

Alice sighed as several girls pointed her out on the street. At her size, she was no stranger to getting attention whenever she went outside. The big difference was that, ever since Alice and her friends had appeared as guests on a daytime talk show after a video of their fat positive cheer routine had gone viral, most of that attention was positive. Everyone in town was totally stoked to have some celebrities living among them!

“Hello,” said Alice, doing her best to seem friendly despite her sour mood. She didn’t want to take out her anger on some poor strangers.

“Alice Grobauch? Did someone say Alice Grobauch?!” A man popped his head out through the doorway of the buffet. “Oh my god!! It is you! I would recognize you anywhere – you were on Nikki Lake!”

“Er. Yeah?” said Alice.

“You hungry, girl? Sure you are! Come on in! You should definitely eat lunch here at The Grand Buffet! You know, I’m the owner!”

“Um… thanks… but I really shouldn’t…”

“Sure, you should! Best Buffet in town!” continued the owner, oblivious to the real reason for Alice’s hesitation. At over a quarter ton, Alice was only gradually coming to terms with her weight… but she was still a little embarrassed by the true extent of her gluttony. And a buffet? No, no, that would just be too much of a temptation to eat way beyond her limits!

“It’s free! We wouldn’t dream of charging our favorite local celebrity!”

“F-free?” Alice bit her lip. This was another problem for her. Ever since she had appeared on an episode of the Nikki Lake show, everyone in town was treating her like a celebrity… with all the perks that came with that! People were constantly giving her free food, but a whole free buffet? That was almost too good to pass up.

“Eep!” Alice startled, sitting up straight in her seat, her massive belly sloughing forward onto her thighs. The vibrating egg hidden in the folds of her pussy had started to vibrate, sending a pleasant tingle all through her privates and through her body. Alice and her boyfriend Tyler were trying to revitalize their sex life recently with this little game – Tyler controlled the vibrator via remote and would randomly decide to tease his gaining girlfriend throughout the day. Alice wasn’t sure where Tyler was right now… was he watching her? Or was it just a coincidence that he always seemed to stimulate her just when she was about to eat? It was no secret that Tyler was wild for Alice’s growing body, so it wouldn’t surprise her.

Alice smiled coyly. She really enjoyed this little game, but neither Alice nor Tyler really appreciated the dangerous waters that they were playing in. Tyler was slowly rewiring his fat girlfriend’s brain to connect her hunger for food and her hunger for sex. And Alice’s big rumbly tummy was already announcing that it was ready for its next meal!

“It would really help us out!” said the owner, oblivious to the psychodrama playing out in Alice’s head as she struggled to retain her composure. “I mean, it would be really great for our advertising if we could say that everyone’s favorite cheerleader chunker ate here!”

Alice didn’t much care for the ‘cheerleader chunker’ nickname that the Internet had picked out for her and her friends, but something else about the owner’s pitch really intrigued her. “Did you say… the favorite cheerleader chunker?”

“Yeah! Everyone knows you’re the most popular of the cheerleader chunkers!”

Alice blushed. She rarely thought of herself as popular, but the idea that maybe she was attracting more attention than either Jen or Laurie… it appealed to her! That little bit of flattery was enough to convince her to listen to her tummy… not that she had really needed all that convincing to begin with!

Alice already ate constantly, a slave to her craving, but once she reached the point that sex and food were linked in her head… there was no telling how big Alice would get! Unbeknownst to Alice, her friend Laurie had already reached that point. Laurie ate even more than Alice, so it wasn’t any surprise that Laurie still had at least a full hundred pounds over Alice! Though Alice might soon be bridging that gap.

“Well… I guess I could go with a snack…”

“That’s the spirit! C’mon in! Believe you me, we’ll get you nice an’ fat!”

That’s what I’m afraid of, thought Alice, but she still turned her scooter and puttered her way through the front doors of the Grand Buffet. She was wide enough that she barely maneauvered through the door… Alice wondered if her friend Jen, who lugged around a famously wide bottom, would be able to fit through that door at all by this point.

The owner was overjoyed that he’d managed to convince Alice to eat at his restaurant. (Not that it was ever hard to convince Alice to eat!) This would be great for advertising!

Alice puttered her scooter to the closest table and parked. Normally, she always went through the effort, whenever she arrived at a restaurant, to lurch to her feet, shuffle the several steps from her scooter to a chair (or chairs), and drop her ass down. There was little point to that, but it was a ritual that brought Alice a small amount of comfort as her appetite and waistline continued to spiral completely out of control. It was a little way of reassuring herself that she wasn’t completely gone to gluttony, that she could still muster the willpower to make this one little show of normalcy. But today? The very though of standing up just made Alice feel absolutely exhausted! Already her plump little trotters and thick meaty calves were aching… and she hadn’t even stood up once today! She couldn’t bring herself to care enough to make the token effort at standing. Whatever. What difference did it make? Alice waved a blubbery arm and a waiter moved the chairs aside so that she could pull her scooter as close to the table as her enormous belly would allow. Refusing to transfer her massive ass to the restaurant’s chairs felt like another ominous milestone, a resignation to her rapidly disappearing mobility. But Alice was too hungry to care about that right now. She just wanted to eat!

The other patrons stopped in the middle of their meals and turned to stare, jabbering amongst themselves and pointing and pulling out their phones to record. Alice blushed sweetly, embarrassed by the attention.

“What do you want to eat? We’ll get it for you!” said the owner, snapping his fingers to attract the attention of the closest waitress. “We’re gonna give you the full service treatment! Nothing but the best for Alice Grobauch!”

“Oh gosh… uhh… I don’t know… everything smells so good.”

“Then we’ll bring you a little of everything!” He turned to the waitress. “Come on! Get the woman a bowl of our famous Italian wedding soup! That’s our best starter.”

Within moments, a monstrous bowl of hot soup full of sausage, spinach, and orzo plopped down in front of her. Despite herself, Alice smiled. She couldn’t help but enjoy the personal attention… and she appreciated that she didn’t have to get up and travel the distance between the buffet and her table by herself!

“Thank you,” said Alice. She carefully picked up the soup bowl with both hands and lifted it to her lips, tilting it to slurp the soup directly from the bowl without spilling a drop down her bulging double chin.

Deep in her pussy, the vibrator continued to buzz – inciting Alice to slurp all the faster. It was almost as if the intensity of the vibrations was linked to her swallows, so that it felt better the more she ate. Her tummy felt nice and warm and sloshy after finishing off the bowl, but she was still far from full.

“Could you bring me some spaghetti marinana please?”

No sooner had she asked then she had a plate in front of her! She twirled it around her fork and sucked It up as quick as a wink! Her tummy gurgled even louder. Alice’s hunger was a like a ravenous beast slowly waking from hibernation – her gluttony was only priming the pump, reminding her greedy belly of how good food tasted, how deliciously comfortable that full-up feeling was, and how much it wanted more more MORE.

Any pretense to restraint was quickly falling by the wayside as Alice asked for – and received – plate after plate of rich, creamy, starchy pasta.

The crowd jabbered and jostled, each person hoping to get a better view of this spectacle. Everyone was excited for a chance to see one of the cheerleader chunkers up close and in person! People whipped out their cell phones to document Alice’s binge – no doubt there would be tons of new videos appearing on all of the many Alice fansites by the morning! – but at least people weren’t peppering her with requests for autographs. She was thankful for that because it let her concentrate on her meal. Her fans knew what was important to Alice and they would respectfully keep their distance until she was done.

Alice couldn’t help but notice that, despite the crowd’s enthusiasm, people were still keeping a respectful distance from her. When the waiter brought out a tureen of spaghetti carbonara, loaded with crispy bacon and heavy cream, Alice could sense the crowd take a collective step back as she plunged her fork into the steaming feast. Everyone wanted to see a fat girl eat until she burst but no one wanted to get caught in the splash zone, she thought ominously as she once again recalled Jen’s little sister Jesse and her ominous warning to Alice that the bloated blonde was destined to detonate like a bomb one day if she didn’t get her eating under control. Her belly growled angrily, demanding food, and Alice wasn’t ever going to deny her belly’s dictates just because of some dumb thing that Jesse said!

The waiter plopped a platter of garlic bread onto the table, a whole loaf of bread split and slathered in butter and garlic. Alice didn’t even break stride, still slurping up noodles around her fork with her right hand while reaching for garlic bread with her left. It was hard to work the fork when her fingers were so fat… her dexterity had really suffered as her weight ballooned! But Alice wasn’t going to let anything stop her from eating her fill!

She ate and ate and ate, the crowd getting more excited with every dish. They could barely believe that Alice was putting it all away with ease! They wanted to see how far she could go, how much she could eat, before she hit the limits of her own stomach… and Alice was hungry enough to oblige. She was so concentrated on her own feasting that Alice barely even noticed the people crowding around her and egging her on to greater heights of gluttony.

She wasn’t sure how many plates of pasta she had eaten, but she was absolutely stuffed. Her belly throbbed with extreme fullness. Even for Alice, this was a big meal! But… she was still hungry! Her binge left her bloated beyond belief and yet had not even put the slightest dent into her ravenous hunger. What was wrong with her? Sweat broke out on her forehead as a troubling thought occurred to the blonde balloon. Had she finally eaten herself to the point that she couldn’t get full? Was her gluttony so overpowering now that she was destined to always be hungry no matter how much she ate? She already weighed over a quarter ton… what would this mean for her future? She could imagine herself at 600 pounds, 700 pounds, 800 pounds… a full half ton… maybe even bigger? She could see herself eating until she was swallowed up by her own ballooning blubber, until she was so big that she was literally the size of the Goodyear blimp, so big that she filled the room, so big that she was nothing but a blob of lard.

Then, quite suddenly, Alice hit the wall. The full weight and fullness of her belly revealed themselves to her and that insatiable hunger… was suddenly satisfied. Ohhhhhh Gawd…. Her tummy hurt!!! That was WAY too much food! Alice dropped her fork and belched. She didn’t have the energy to lift her hand to cover her mouth, but the crowd didn’t mind. They still erupted into cheers, excited as if Alice’s thunderous and oh-so-unladylike burp was the punctuation ending the show.

“I’m done, thank you,” gasped Alice. She leaned back in her seat, flabby arms hanging limply at her sides, belly swollen as big and round as a boulder slopping over her lap and sagging between her spread legs. Just point me to the door and let me go, thought Alice. I gotta get out of here before I eat another bite. The restaurant thought that an “Alice Grobauch ate here!” sign in the window would draw in more business? Ha! Imagine how much business an “Alice Grobauch exploded here!” sign would bring in.

“Good? You like?” asked the owner, pulling out a polaroid camera. Alice nodded weakly and was completely taken by surprise when a flash bulb went off in her face. The owner pulled a photograph from the camera, waved it for a moment, and then shoved it into Alice’s pudgy hands along with a ballpoint pen. “Could you sign, please? Say something nice about the Grand Buffet. It would really mean a lot!”

“S-sure.” Alice was too stuffed and bloated to think, but she managed to scrawl a signature along with a quick “Thanks for the food!” before she dropped the pen. The owner beamed as he snatched the photo back.

“Come back anytime! We love our cheerleader chunkers here!”

“T-thanks.” Alice shoved the joystick on her scooter and felt the vehicle lurch under her bulk and slowly move forward. The crowd gathered around the owner, patting him on the back and congratulating him. Alice was grateful for a moment of peace as she trundled her way out of the restaurant. She didn’t think she had ever felt this full before… and for a girl like Alice who lived her life as a constant feast, that really meant something! She really felt like she needed to get away from this restaurant and find a secluded spot… that way, if she exploded, she wouldn’t injure anyone in the blast!

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“Now if we change the square root of pie, you can see that we get the same result…”

Laurie rolled her eyes and drummed her pudgy sausage fingers against her desk impatiently. Gawd, this class was SO boring. Laurie had a lot on her mind right now, way more important things than Mr. Steiner’s math class. Things were in an uproar. Laurie’s entire life had been turned upside down and she needed to get it fixed!

First of all, and most immediately pressing, was her busted mobility scooter. That was simply unacceptable! Laurie Belmontes weighed over 600 pounds, mostly carried in a gargantuan belly so big that it made it impossible for her to squeeze behind these cramped school desks anymore and a pair of massive mammories so gigantic that the buxom cheer blimp had to specially order out-sized brassieres over the Internet or else just let her sweater puppies swing free. Laurie had always been ridiculously proud of her ample chest – even before she started to gain weight, back when she was simply a thick but stacked classic bombshell beauty, Laurie thrilled to the idea that no one in school wore a bigger bra than she did. When she was a little girl, she dreamed of the day that puberty would make her blossom. Her mother was also stacked, every woman in her family was chesty to a fault. Laurie wanted that. She wanted big boobs that jiggled heavily when she strutted down the hallways at school, perfectly displayed in tight angora sweaters and low-cut crop tops. And, boy, nature had delivered! How big was she before her recent weight gain? She used to be able to stuff herself into an E cup bra, but she loved the way that the tight undergarment would pinch under her arms and the straps would cut into her shoulders – indications that Laurie was even too big for THAT oversized bra!

But that was a long time ago. Over the past year, Laurie had completely lost control of her own appetite. She had discovered a new kink – not just for being stuffed, but for watching her body grow. She loved to see every inch of her body, not just her boobs, swelling with fat. And, of course, Frank and Abida helped her out… but all that eating and stuffing meant that now she was over a quarter ton fat girl. She was probably edging up on 700 pounds by now, maybe even more. It was hard to know, because Laurie was too heavy for standard bathroom scales to accurately measure her weight anymore. All she knew was that she was huge. She was so big that her weight had finally crushed her mobility scooter and now she had to walk again. The indignity! She had started using a mobility scooter not because she needed to, but simply because she was too lazy too walk. But now? Now she really needed one! She could barely go a few feet before her aching feet and weak lungs were exhausted and she just wanted to collapse. Worse, she had to scream at the janitor to bring in a special desk that she could actually use. She was so fat that she couldn’t fit into the usual connected chair and desk combo that other students used. And she was so fat that she couldn’t fit her ass onto a single chair. She needed to distribute her backside across two chairs. That was something that Laurie used to make fun of Jen for doing, but now… well! She was just in that same boat now, wasn’t she?

The raven-haired blobbette sat sprawled across two chairs, her titanic breasts rising and falling in time to her breathing. She was so ginormous that she barely looked human anymore; she looked like a massive ball of fat, soft spongy blubber oozing over the sides of her chairs and nearly sagging to the floor. Her legs were hidden under flab, so much that the drooping flesh of her calves spilled over and covered her cankles. All her clothes were specially tailored because no one made clothing big enough to cover her bulk, so she was wearing a mega-sized sundress that still stretched tightly over her boobs and belly. Her double chin plopped onto her sternum, so big that it looked like a blubbery pillow and forced Laurie to always tilt her head slightly back.

She wore a soft leather choker around her neck with a cow bell on it. No one in school had yet asked her about it, but it made her wet between her titanic thighs to think about how incredibly embarrassing it would be when someone did and she was forced to explain how Frank and Abida had made her into their pet dairy cow. She almost wanted to moo out loud at the thought, but she bit her lip. No. Not now. She had to keep it together.

But her mind wasn’t on that. She was thinking of more important things. Since Jen had blurted out all of Laurie’s secrets while they were on air at the Nikki Lake Show, Laurie’s life was in a tail spin. She had managed to patch things up with Jen and both Frank and Abida seemed to have forgiven her… but then there was the matter with Alice. That would be hard. Laurie had spent the last year secretly fattening Alice, so naturally Alice was pissed. Who could blame her? Laurie felt a stabbing pain in her heart when she thought about how much she had hurt her friend… yes, Alice was her friend, wasn’t she? It was weird to think that she had used to think of Alice as someone to ridicule, someone to push around and bully. But now? Now she genuinely felt bad about what she had done! She really needed to figure out how to make it right!

“Hello? Did someone order a pizza?”

All heads in the classroom turned to the door, where a pizza delivery man stood holding a big greasy pizza box. “Extra large pepperoni? Anyone?”

“What on earth?” said Mr. Steiner. “This is most disruptive! I’m sorry, you must have the wrong address… who would order a pizza to a classroom…” His voice trailed off, because of course he knew. Everyone knew. All eyes turned to Laurie.

Laurie raised a plump finger and snorted. “Over here, sweetie. And, please, hurry it up a bit. I haven’t eaten since breakfast and I’m simply famished.”

“Um.. okay.” The pizza delivery man couldn’t help but marvel at the size of this girl. He knew about the Cheerleader Chunkers – everyone in town did, after all! – but damn!! Seeing one in person was like seeing a whale in the wild. He was flabbergasted by her sheer enormity, the cascading rolls of her chubby flanks, the vast swell of her gargantuan belly, the way the tight fabric of her inadequate sundress clung to ever curve and bulge and made the deep cavern of her cavernous belly button even more obvious. He placed the pizza on her desk and retreated out of the classroom.

“Miss Belmontes!” said Mr. Steiner. “Really! This is beyond the pale! You can’t just order a pizza in the middle of class!”

Laurie sneered. “Um, excuse me? Maybe you don’t remember who I am, Mr. Steiner, but I’m the head of the Cheerleader Chunkers. Maybe you’ve heard of us? We basically put this school on the map, so I really think you ought to be a little nicer to me if you want to keep the administration happy. I’m sure the school board wouldn’t like to hear any complaints from the biggest local celebrity, don’t you think?”

Mr. Steiner was speechless.

“That’s what I thought! Now go ahead, get back to your little math lecture. Mama’s got to keep her strength up,” said Laurie, waving a plump hand dismissively.

Mr. Steiner didn’t know what to say. “Um… okay… well… back to the lesson…”

The poor teacher tried to stutter his way through the rest of the lecture, but all his words were drowned out by loud chewing and smacking, punctuated by the occasional soft girly belch. Laurie was never one to restrain herself from throwing her weight around and now, when she weighed more than ever, why shouldn’t she enjoy the benefits of her celebrity. The other students could barely pay attention, too dumstruck at watching Laurie gorge herself right in the middle of class. The titanically tubby teen simply grabbed the greasy pepperoni pizza, rolled it up like a burrito, and lifted it all to her mouth at once. She didn’t even seem to care that the pizza roll was leaking grease and molten mozzarella down the front of her sun dress and into the canyon of her tremendous cleavage. She bit off huge gluttonous chunks, slurping down the stretchy stringy cheese, and cooing softly between bites as she felt her belly gradually fill up with gooey, cheesy goodness. Gawd, she really needed this! If only Frank and Abida could see her now… boy, would they be surprised! And horny.

The other students could only stare: the school’s head cheerleader, once so trim and fit, now completely given over to hedonism and gluttony so that she couldn’t even go a full period without stuffing her face like a hog. She was a true pig now in every sense of the word – as fat as a pig, as greedy as a pig, and as messy as a pig. Laurie didn’t care. All that she cared about was food. Food always made her feel better! She didn’t even give a thought to how much harder it was going to be to walk now that she had a full belly full of oily dough and fatty cheese and meat! She demolished the pizza in mere minutes, belching loudly as the last of the pie disappeared into her bulging cheeks, spitting crumbs over the table and her own front. She was a greasy, sauce-spattered mess, her gut bulging even further in front of her so that she pushed away the desk and strained the already snug stitchery in her sun dress. What an absolute slob!

But Laurie didn’t care what they thought. They more disgusted they were, the more turned on she was. Gawd, she was in hog heaven! She couldn’t wait til she saw Frank and Abida again. They would be really interested to know what sexy shenanigans their favorite pet cow got up to today…

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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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