Alice 110  
By Mollycoddles

Alice knocked on the door to Laurie’s suite, self-consciously tugging at the hem of her pajama top. The 500 plus pound blonde babe was spilling out of her jammies – she had to struggle for almost half an hour to fasten her buttons and pulling the soft cotton pants up over her protruding posterior was nearly impossible! Back home, Alice never had to get dressed by herself. She had her boyfriend Tyler on hand to help her pour herself into her always ill-fitting clothes, but now she was on her own.

Alice was far away from her home town of Los Hermanos. She, along with her friends Laurie and Jen, had been invited to Los Angeles, to appear live on an episode of the daytime TV talk show Nikki Lake. The three goodyear gorditas were, strange as it was to think, high school cheerleaders and their massive bulk had made videos shot of a recent cheer routine go viral online. As a result, now they were gonna go on TV!

Alice gulped. She couldn’t believe that Nikki Lake had paid to fly the all down to Los Angeles and put them up in this fancy hotel. She only hoped that this whole affair wouldn’t blow up in her face! Laurie and Jen seemed pretty confident that they would make a good appearance on the show, but Alice couldn’t shake a sneaking suspicion that Nikki Lake had just invited them all here to make fun of them. She had a fat girl’s finely tuned radar for that sort of thing!

The door opened and Jen’s round face appeared. Jen was a bottom-heavy brunette with her hair tied back in a jaunty ponytail; while Alice tended to carry her excessive extra weight in her bulging belly and thick thighs, Jen carried hers in her hefty hips and ample ass.

Laurie and Jen were already lounging around in their PJs – or at least what passed for PJs for them. Alice was the only one of the trio who still regularly attempted to squeeze her bulk into ill-fitting jammies during their weekly sleepovers. Both Jen and Laurie were just stripped down to their underwear. Jen’s enormous rump filled out the seat of her gargantuan XXX panties to the max, but at least you could tell that she was wearing something. Laurie was so sloppy fat these days that her underwear was hidden by the slope of her giant belly and the folds of her love handles. It looked like she was completely naked below the waist. Laurie’s specially ordered brassieres were far beyond the alphabet these days, but her boulder-sized breasts still threatened to spill out from their confines in a soft doughy avalanche of flesh. Alice was certain that, unfettered, Laurie’s bodacious boobs would probably sag all the way to the floor were the behemoth queen bee actually standing up. Not that Laurie stood up very much these days.

“Hey, I’m so glad you’re here, Alice! Like, I was just telling Laurie about that bitchy waitress!” said Jen. “Can you believe that, like, she kicked us out? That’s totally terrible customer service!”

Alice nodded. Like Jen, she was still reeling from the effects of their massive lunchtime pie binge. She could feel all that pie and milkshake weighing her down like a leaden weight in the pit of her belly!

“Y-yeah,” said Alice, wobbling into the room. “It was pretty rude.” Alice didn’t want to relate the full story, that the waitress had kicked them out for gorging themselves for so long that the restaurant couldn’t afford to fulfill its bottomless milkshake and unlimited pie promise.

Laurie was lying in her bed; appropriately, the buxom queen bee pretty much filled up the entire queen-sized bed. She was slurping at a massive gallon-sized Big Gulp soda.

The room was already filled with wrappers and debris, proof that Laurie had wasted no time in raiding the room’s minifridge and gorging herself. Lying sprawled in bed, Laurie’s belly rose above her almost as high as her humungous hooters. She looked like a blimp ready to take off.

Alice settled her massive bottom onto the bed next to Laurie, which sagged even more beneath her added weight. The box spring creaked and for a moment it felt as if it might just collapse under the combined weight of these two chunky honeys. The remaining buttons on Alice’s jammies strained as her bloated belly plopped into her lap.

Jen grunted as she lowered herself onto the floor, her pumped-up bottom raising her up as if she was sitting on her own personal beanbag chair. The fat girl’s padded joints popped and cracked with the strain and Alice wondered whether Jen would be able to stand up again under her own power at the end of the night. She was so rotund that she looked like she might roll around if you pushed her over!

Jen opened her mouth to continue talking, but only a loud belch escaped. The pear-shaped princess slapped a hand over her lips. “Like, oops! Sorry about that… like, guess I’m still a little urpy after that big meal.”

Laurie waved a fleshy hand dismissively. “Whatever, sweetie.”

Both Alice and Jen exchanged glances, surprised at Laurie’s nonchalance. But their confusion only deepened as Laurie shifted in bed and a long, squealing fart erupted from her massive backside.

The other two girls stared, aghast.

“Like, OMG, Laurie, did you just fart!?” asked Jen.

“Yeah, and?” Laurie shrugged before taking another long slurp from a gallon-size big gulp.

“Damn, this is such a hassle,” she muttered to herself as she attempted to reach the bedside table to put her soda down before thrusting her fist against her chest and unleashing a deep bellowing belch.

It wasn’t lost on Alice and Jen that as Laurie's had weight increased, her manners had decreased. The old Laurie used to pretend that she’d never once burped or farted in her life; now she was farting and belching in front of her friends without a second thought. Gawd, she was such a slob now. Alice noted that Laurie’s belly seemed to cover almost the entire bed! It was getting harder and harder to recognize the morbidly obese girl in front of them as the head cheerleader and queen bee of Los Hermanos high school. Who would ever believe that now?

“What are you two staring at?” snapped Laurie. “Look, I’ve had a lot to eat tonight, it’s only natural I’m a little gassy, don’t you think? I’ve had the club sandwich and the prime rib and the all-American breakfast and the Caesar salad and the—”

“Did you, like, just order the entire room service menu?” asked Jen.

“When did you have time to eat all that?” asked Alice, a hint of concern and jealousy in her voice.

“While you two were out getting lousy customer service at that dinner, of course! I had to order my own dinner, then I just never stopped, duh.”

Jen blinked in shock. “Don’t take this wrong way, Laurie, but like, I’m, like, seriously surprised it took you this long to become a fat girl.”

To their surprise, Laurie did not immediately explode in anger.

That gave Alice enough confidence to nod in agreement. The way Laurie ate now, you’d have thought that she’d have become the fattest girl in high school history years ago. It was like she was destined to be absolutely huge, her days as a svelte cheerleader an aberration.

“Yeah, it surprises me too,” admitted Laurie. “Don’t get me wrong, I love cheerleading, but thinking about it now, I wasted a lot of time dieting and keeping fit when I could have been stuffing my face and getting fat. It’s obvious I have a gift, I mean, just look at me.”

There was a LOT to look at, thought Alice.

“I worked so very hard to turn myself into an USSBBW,” continued Laurie, “And just look at these results! I’m gorgeous, if I do say so myself, and dead sexy!”

Alice and Jen looked at each other.

“A what? What’s a USSBBW?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Don’t you two know anything? A USSBBW. It stands for ultra-super -sized big beautiful woman. I, uh, read about it online.” Laurie wondered, for a brief moment, if she had said too much. She didn’t want to give away the truth to these two, that she was running a fat porn site on the internet now.

“Hey, that’s what I am!” chirped Jen. “An Ultra super—"

“You wish,” Laurie snorted. “No, you’re just an SSBBW. If you are lucky enough to gain another hundred pounds, then MAYBE you’ll have earned USSBBW status. Face it girls, I’m in a league of my own. I’m just the biggest thing ever this point, and that’s how I prefer it.”

Jen scrunched up her face. Something was bothering her.

“Say that again, Laurie.”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “What, can’t be bothered to listen or are you so dense that you already forgot?”

“Like, don’t be such a bitch, Laurie, just say it.”

“Fine. I’m the biggest thing ever, and that’s how I prefer it. There, happy?”

“You’re not eating anything right now, are you?”

“No, but I wish I was. Why?”

It was so strange. When Laurie spoke, it sounded like her mouth was full of food. Her voice was a little deeper, breathy, her words muffled and indistinct. “It’s just, your voice sounds a little different now. Have you noticed that, Alice?”

Alice nodded. “Yeah, I picked up on that some time ago but wasn’t sure how to bring it up.”

“The hell are you two talking about? What do I sound like?”

“I guess, well, like, a fat girl.”

“I AM a fat girl.”

“Yeah, but now you sound like one too. I think it’s because your face is so fat now. Your cheeks, like, must be squeezing your lips, and there’s all that fat layered over where your neck used to be.”

“Shut up, Jen, you’re talking nonsense,” said Laurie hotly. She suspected that Jen was, indeed, yammering a lot of baloney. But the idea that even her voice was being affected by her obscene size…. Laurie had to admit to herself (even if she didn’t want to say it out loud) that it was kind of exciting!

Lately, it seemed that Laurie kept running into people who didn’t recognize her. People who maybe hadn’t seen her in a year, not since she’d gained so much weight, and they couldn’t believe that she had grown so massive. Now she was learning that she didn’t even sound like her old self anymore. It dawned on Laurie that her excess weight had transformed her into an entirely different person, utterly unrecognizable as her old self. The thought sent delightful tingles through her flab!

Alice sighed loudly, desperate to change the subject before Laurie and Jen got into a fight. “I wish Tyler were here,” she said. “I know he’s coming for the taping, but I wish I didn’t have to wait. I miss him so much.”

She briefly pondered whether she should mention her meeting with Chris, but decided against it. No, Jen and Laurie didn’t need to know about that. An embarrassed flush spread through Alice’s chubby cheeks as she recalled the encounter – how Chris had bribed her with ice cream to allow him to touch her swollen tummy and how she, seduced by the chance of yet another sweet treat, had let him. How could she have done that? She reminded herself hat nothing had happened, that she’d pretty much kicked Chris’ ass when he started to get too fresh. But still, she couldn’t help but feel guilty. She’d been way too lenient with him, letting him get far too close and too personal. How could she have let him do that? And all because he offered her some ice cream! Alice’s appetite and gluttony were absolutely out of control if she was going to let boys cop a feel just so that she could get a taste of ice cream! What was wrong with her? Why couldn’t she stop eating? When would she ever have enough?

It’s because I miss Tyler so much, Alice told herself. Normally I would never do something like that, but being away from Tyler just makes me… so lonely!

Whether or not that was strictly true, it helped to assuage her guilt a little bit. What would she tell Tyler when she saw him? She couldn’t keep this a secret from her loving boyfriend! But how would he react when she told him that her ex-boyfriend had nearly seduced her? Maybe he would forgive her when he also heard how Alice, finally fed up with his shennaigans, had finally sat upon him with her full weight, all 500 plus pounds, mercilessly crushing him until he cried for help and promised to leave her alone. After their encounter in the hallway, Alice suspected that she might have seen the last of Chris for a while. That was good at least. That was at least one less problem to worry about!

“OMG, that’s how I feel about Craig!” said Jen. “Like, I miss him sooooo much! Gawd, I’ve just been so horny lately without him!”

Jen missed sleeping in bed with her stud of a boyfriend. She loved it when Craig spooned up alongside her, snuggling into her plump plush body like she was a massive pillow. When Craig cuddled her from behind, she loved that she could feel the bulge of his crotch pressing against the yielding softness of her titanic booty. And she loved how his body reacted to her even as he was drifting off to sleep, so that she could feel his growing erection push into the canyon of her ample butt cleavage. It made her giggle to think about!

“Er,” said Alice, her plump cheeks blushing pink in embarrassment at Jen’s frank sex talk. But then she swallowed her embarrassment – why should she be embarrassed? Jen and Laurie were her best friends in the world. There was no reason that they shouldn’t be totally open and honest in front of one another! “Yeah, truth be told… I know how you feel! I’ve just been way more… in the mood lately, ya know? Must be some weird hormonal thing…”

“And why shouldn’t we want sex?” said Laurie. “Let’s face it, sweeties, we are three sexy fat girls. It’s only right that we make sure that our men treat us like the bountiful goddesses we are!”

“Yeah, totes,” said Jen. “I just mean, like, I’ve probably been hornier than usual cuz I can’t reach my pussy anymore.”

Laurie and Alice were silent. This time, they were both scandalized by Jen’s loose lips!

“Jen! What the fuck?!” snapped Laurie. “Jesus! You can’t just… talk like that…”

“Like, why not? It’s true! Like, I’m too fat to flick the bean anymore, see?” Jen attempted to reach her crotch with her pudgy fingers, sliding her hand between her leg and her belly. It was true! At over a quarter ton, there was too much boob and belly in the way to allow Jen to properly stretch; not to mention the fact that she had trouble moving her well-padded arm into the right position!

Alice and Laurie glanced at one another. They were reluctant to say the truth out loud, but it was obvious that the same must be true for them. All three girls had grown so monumentally rotund that they could no longer masturbate without help! Each of the girls relied almost exclusively on her boyfriend (or, in Laurie’s case, her boyfriend and girlfriend) to get sexual satisfaction, and they were all feeling deprived having to spend so much time away from their lovers.

“I suppose… that is one of the disadvantages that girls of our abundant size have to deal with,” said Laurie. “Gawd, okay, you’re right, Jen. But you think you have trouble? Look at me, sweetie!”

Laurie groaned as she propped herself up in bed, her soft pillowy arms shaking at the supreme effort that it took to move her outrageously plump body. Her mammoth mammaries spilled to the sides of her grandiloquent gut. Even without a demonstration, the truth was obvious. Laurie was a billowing, bulging pile of soft, squishy blubber. There was too much of her. She could barely reach her own nipples anymore; the idea that she could touch herself between the legs was absolutely absurd.

“Yeah, like, it’s soooo hard!” whined Jen. “I, like, keep thinking about Craig and it gets me so hot and bothered… but, like, I can’t do anything! I’m, like, just too fat!”

“Yeah,” said Laurie. “But… surely, sweetie, I’m bigger?”

Jen was too much of a ditz to realize that Laurie was fishing for compliments, but, even if she had, she still had no clue that Laurie relished her size. Laurie loved her enormous, pillowy body. She loved to think about how he had built herself into a temple of sensual indulgence, her fat-swaddled body a testament to her greed and her hedonism. She loved when people remarked on her size with surprise and, after years of pretending that she only wanted to be pert and thin, Laurie wanted everyone to see her for the ballooning blob that she was destined to become.

“Well, like, duh!”

“Yes, but… how much bigger? Look at these tits, Jen, I’m still loads bigger than either of you. And I’m not just talking about tits. We can all see that this belly is bigger than yours, Alice, and this ass is bigger than yours, Jen.”

“Yeah, but, like, that’s not a fair comparison,” said Jen hotly. Even when the three girls were slimmer, Jen had always been fairly wide in the backside and she considered her ghetto booty to be one of her best traits. She didn’t like the idea that now Laurie could lay claim to being the booty queen of the trio! “Like, that’s only cuz you’re so much fatter in total! Like, my ass is totally bigger in proportion! Like, if you weren’t just a blimp, I’d still totally be the PAWG of this group!”

“Yeah, same,” said Alice. Unlike Jen, Alice had never been proud of her big belly. To her, it was always an embarrassment. There were guys out there who liked giant tits or wide asses, but how many guys thought a big fat gut was attractive? For a long time, Alice had assumed that. But ever since she had started dating Tyler, she’d realized that wasn’t true. There were guys out there who DID think bellies were hot! It was giving her a new boost of confidence. Hell, even Chris seemed mesmerized by the bounce and sway of Alice’s enormous paunch! And now that she was finally coming into her own, Laurie was gonna try to steal her thunder as the biggest belly of the trio? That wasn’t fair! “You may be bigger out front, Laurie, but that’s only cuz you’re heavier in general. I’ve still got the most gut by proportion!” Alice grabbed the slab of flesh hanging under the hem of her jammies and gave it a hefty shake for emphasis.

Laurie smirked, her eyelids fluttering. “Hmmm… I guess you’re right, girls. But I’ve just grown SO fat… I can’t help but just be… the biggest…”

Jen rolled her eyes. “Yeah, like, we know, Laurie! We know you got big boobies, you got a fat belly, you got a wide ass, so what else is new?”

“Girls, you clearly can see… I’m just soooo incredibly massive.” Laurie struggled to keep the plaintive whining edge out of her voice, the subtle tell that she was hoping that they would tell her that she was, in fact, the biggest. She wanted to hear it in no uncertain terms. “I’m bigger than either of you girls! Gawd, I can’t believe we have to be away from our boyfriends for so long! I swear I feel like I’m going to die.”

“Shit, you better stop talking like that Laurie or I’m, like, gonna cream in my panties!” said Jen, plucking at the waistband of her gargantuan XXXL knickers. Jen was oblivious to the fact that a growing damp patch showed on the crotch of her panties, the hairs of her landing strip shaved pussy visible through the thin material.

“Oh no!” gasped Alice, quickly crossing her legs in embarrassment. Her pajama pants were so snug that her dripping vag was also leaving a big wet mark on her crotch. She would have been more embarrassed if she couldn’t also see that her two friends were also ridiculously wet after their sexually-charged conversation.

“Poor Alice!” tsked Laurie. “You don’t need to pretend. We’re all friends here.”

“Sorry, it’s just… without Tyler, I just don’t know what to do!”

“Well, girls, we might not be able to do things as easily as we once did. When our men aren’t around, it’s a good thing we have toys to complete the job.”

“Toys?”

“Yes, yes, you know, toys. I knew I wouldn’t be able to stand being away from Frank and… er, Frank for this long, so I brought my vibrating wand with me. I may be a big girl now, but if I strain enough I can still just reach with it…”

Laurie paused as she took in Alice’s surprised expression.

“What’s up with you, Alice? Surely you’ve used toys before?”

“I’ve never used… toys,” said Alice bashfully.

“Oh sweetie, you need to branch out,” said Laurie. “Girls of our size need a little extra help, of course, there’s no shame in that.”

“I… I guess so,” stuttered Alice. She had never considered the possibility, but… Laurie was right. She was simply too fat to masturbate now; her colossal belly and pudgy puffed-up thighs were insurmountable obstacles no matter how she tried to reach herself. Usually, when she was back home, that meant she had to rely on Tyler to help her find satisfaction. But when Tyler wasn’t around, why shouldn’t she help herself? If toys could solve the problem, then she was game.”Um, what sort of toys do you mean?”

“Oh honey! You really are too much. She’s just adorable, isn’t she, Jen? Jen, would you be a dear and get my, um, supplies out of the top drawer of the dresser?” Laurie waved a thick arm like a queen issuing a command. Jen grunted as she heaved herself to her feet and lurched the small distance over to the dresser. She would have complained about being made to run errands except there really wasn’t any way to argue that Laurie could have done it herself. Laurie was so huge now that, once she was on the bed, she was definitely going to be staying on the bed barring an emergency.

Jen returned with an armful of vibrators, wands, and dildos that she dumped onto the floor in front of Alice. The bloated blonde stared in amazement. She had never seen such an assortment of naughty devices!

“OG, Laurie! These are all yours?”

“What can I say? A girl gets lonely with her team—I mean, her man. Now Alice, sweetie, take a look and just take anything you want, okay? Seriously I can’t believe that a girl like you has never experimented!”

“Which one do you recommend?” asked Alice dumbly. She was totally out of her depth!

“Like, you should try this one!” gushed Jen, fingering a large bullet wand. “I have one just like I and, like, it is sooo much fun! It’s totally easy to use, you just press it against your clit and, like, enjoy the ride! And, like, it’s long enough that it gives ya the extra reach you need!” Jen pantomimed reaching for her own pussy, once again demonstrating the problem when there was so much extra blubber in the way.

“O-okay… I’ll, um, take that one. I mean, if it’s okay?”

“Hun, you need this,” said Laurie kindly. “Have fun, just wash it off before you bring it back, kay, sweetie?”

Alice nodded, her cheeks rosy. Laurie chuckled at her friend’s bashfulness.

“T-thanks. I… uh… I guess I ought to get back to my room, huh? I mean, it’s getting pretty late… and we’ve got an early taping in the morning, right? Wouldn’t want to be late?”

Laurie grinned widely, as if she could sense exactly why Alice was suddenly so eager to return to her own room. “Of course not, sweetie. Ta ta. We’ll see you in the morning.”

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Back in her own room, Alice stared at the wand doubtfully. There wasn’t anything to be scared of, of course. After all, if Jen and Laurie used it, how difficult could it be?

She lay down on her bed, the mattress sagging under her immense weight, and slowly peeled off her pajama pants. With nothing below the waist, Alice grabbed the wand and stretched as much as she could to press it against the plump wet lips of her fat little pussy. She could just barely reach! Alice’s belly was so big and round these days that even with the wand it still wasn’t easy to reach all the way… but at least it was possible! She tapped the switch and the wand began to vibrate, tickling her clit and sends delightful shivers of pleasure through her groin.

“Oh! Oh my!” yelped Alice, her face flushing. This felt great! It had been so long since Alice had been able to pleasure herself, but the familiar joy of sexual release instantly washed over her like a long-lost friend. “Oh wow!”

She lay back in bed, her eyes closed, her mouth open, and let the sensations take her away. Mmmm, this was sooo good! She wished Tyler was here with her right now; her mind drifted to fantasies of her and her boyfriend enjoying each others company… and more. To her surprise, Alice found herself daydreaming about the last shift that she and Tyler had shared together at Pizza-by-the-Pound before she had left town to travel to Los Angeles…. And how he had tenderly fed her slice after slice of pizza while Maggie wasn’t watching, surreptitiously rubbing her swollen belly under her straining shirt. It was sooo romantic! But it was more than that… Alice found herself thinking just as much about that delicious pizza as she was about that belly rub. Why was she thinking about food while she was masturbating?! What was wrong with her?

Then again, this was a girl who, only a few hours ago, had almost been willing to sleep with Chris just for a chance to gobble down a few scoops of ice cream. If she wasn’t a hopeless glutton, then who was?

“Gawd, why can’t I… stop thinking about… food?” mumbled Alice, her breath growing faster as the vibrator buzzed to a crescendo between her legs. “Mmmm…. Gawd… I can’t help it… I just love to eat… why am I such a… such a gluttonous piggy… ohhh there must be something wrong with me… mmmm…. But I just love to eat sooo much!”

She inhaled sharply, too sharply, and one of the straining buttons on her pajama top snapped off with a loud Pop! Alice didn’t react, she was too lost in the throes of passion – her chest rose and fell in time with her breathing, the remaining buttons fighting valiantly but ultimately… Pop! Another button flew from her top. Pop! Pop! Pop! Alice groaned deeply, pulling a vast breath into her lungs, her fat round belly swelling enough to launch the final button from its moorings so that her top fell open and her belly and boobs surged free. She didn’t even notice she’d ruined her jammies, she was too lost in the euphoria of the moment. Alice was getting into the rhythm, rocking herself up and down on the wand, imagining it was Tyler dick, as she pushed herself closer and closer to climax, her breath coming in staccato pants, her plump bare boobs bouncing against her chest, her whole flabby body wobbling and jiggling with barely contained pleasure… oh Gawd! Oh Gawd! She needed this SO bad! She licked her lips unconsciously, wishing that she had something to eat. Hmmm, just a little snack would make this whole experience so perfect!

After all, there was no denying the truth. Alice was a greedy glutton, a fatso totally at the mercy of her hungry hungry belly, a belly that was determined to always be filled, always be satiated, no matter how big Alice grew. And since Alice was totally incapable of ever being firm with her hungry belly, every telling her belly “no” when it demanded more and more food, she was destined to keep growing fatter and fatter and fatter. She was already over 500 pounds, well on her way to 600, so fat that she couldn’t even touch herself to masturbate without aid… and yet she was still fantasizing about food. She never stopped to think about what her constant binging and gluttony was doing to her body… or, even if she stopped to think about, she still couldn’t do anything to stop herself. How could she when food just tasted so good and the sensation of a full full belly just felt so divine?

“Oh Gawd Oh Gawd!” yelped Alice, her back arching and her gargantuan gut thrusting up into the air like a mountain in an earthquake. “I’m…I’m coming! Ohhhh!”

Alice cried out loud as she exploded into orgasm.

Afterwards she lay in bed, a panting, gasping, blubbery heap, holding the buzzing vibrator against her privates as she slowly descended from the heights of orgasmic ecstasy. Wow. Laurie wasn’t kidding about this. She made a mental note that maybe she should bring some toys into the bedroom with Tyler. That might even spice up their love life a little bit!

And when Tyler wasn’t around? These would certainly do in a pinch!

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Back in Laurie’s room, Jen was beside herself at the thought of Alice with Laurie’s vibrator.

“OMG, I bet Alice is totally gonna try that out tonight,” giggled Jen. “That’s so cute!”

“Good. I hate to think of the poor dear going unsatisfied. That’s just an awful way to be. I swear, us big girls deserve to feel good. Hmm, Jen, could you check the minifridge and see if there’s any more food?”

Jen grunted as she once again shoved herself up from her seat and waddled over to the minifridge. Laurie had already almost completely cleared it out, clearly not shy at all about charging every luxury that she could to the Nikki Lake show. Jen wondered if Parker would be upset when she realized that the show was going to be on the hook for Laurie’s fridge raid.

“Like, you really already totally emptied t out, Laurie! You got everything except the bottle of wine.”

Laurie grinned. “Wine? Well, why stop now, right, Jen? Why don’t you crack that open?”

“Like, alright!” Technically, the two cheerbabes were underage, but no one had thought to remove the wine before putting them in the room. Jen popped the cork and took a big swig, nearly gagging on the harsh unfamiliar taste.

“Let mama have a sip,” said Laurie, holding out her hand. Jen handed over the bottle and Laurie took a tug. “Ah, that’s the stuff! I tell you, Jen, I love Alice… but now that’s just the two of us, I guess we actually cut lose! She’s such a sweetheart, but you know how straight-laced she is. She’s never even used toys, I can’t imagine she’s ever even had a sip!”

“Haha! Yeah, like… I love Alice! She’s, like, totally my best friend other than you, Laurie, but, like, you’re totally right.”

The two girls passed the bottle back and forth, slurping down alcohol and gradually getting louder and louder as they got progressively drunker. This liquor was pretty potent, potent enough that even girls as big and bloated as them were feeling the effects.

“Like, can you believe it, Laurie? We’ve, like, totally turned into a couple of horny porkers!”

Laurie stared, incredulous. “Horny porkers” was cheer camp slang. Back when the two chubby cheerbabes had attended summer cheer camp together, they’d used the phrase to refer to some of the thicker campers behind their backs, girls that Jen and Laurie assumed must be desperate for a good screw. After all, they reasoned, what man could ever want to fuck a gal with a little extra weight?

The answer to that question, it turned out, was pretty surprising.

Jen giggled and even Laurie had to laugh. “Shit, Jen, you’re right. We really are, aren’t we?”

She couldn’t believe it. For so many years, she had mocked fat girls but she’d never dreamed the truth – that deep down, she yearned to be one, to surpass them all. “But the difference is, our boyfriends fuck us all the time; it’s just not enough.”

It was true! Laurie’s whole attitude had changed now that she was living life in the fat lane. As a slender girl, she had thought that there could be nothing worse than being a pathetic fat girl! But Laurie was only enjoying life more and more as she ballooned. All three of the chubby cheerleaders were definitely finding a new lease on life as they grew, their escalating poundage giving them carte blanc to indulge in ways that they had only dreamed of when they were slimmer. Food was a constant joy to them now, they lived to eat. But other pleasures also seemed to be magnified at their size… sex, for one, was even more exciting for a fat girl!

“Yeah, like, you’re right… me and Craig were, like, fucking like bunnies but, like, it’s just never enough. Gawd, I really miss him! Hic!” Jen hiccupped loudly, her whole body bouncing in response to her spasm.

“Alice and Tyler certainly seem to be enjoying themselves,” said Laurie. “And it sounds like you’re doing well with Craig?”

“Um, like, great! Like, he’s totally more attentive now! Like, how’s things with Frank?”

“Frank is… adequate,” said Laurie, though her smirk let Jen know that he was more than adequate. But that was Laurie’s way – she would never be too effusive in her praise of anything, other than possibly her own breasts.

“C’mon, cut the bullshit, Laurie! I know, like, that you and Frank have threesomes! I heard you guys talking dirty with some other girl. Like, who was it?” The alcohol was loosening Jen’s tongue.

Laurie smirked. “You mean you haven’t figured it out yet?”

“Well, like, I know it’s not Alice… or Mallory. Or Kristine or Denise or Lizzie or Gloria…”

“My my, it sounds like you’ve been quite the detective. A regular Nancy Drew, hmm?”

“C’mon, Laurie, like, why won’t you tell me?” wheedled Jen, tottering drunkenly. The bottom-heavy bimbo hiccupped loudly.

“Cuz it’s none of your business,” said Laurie, wagging a plump finger. “Whoever Frank and I choose to bring into our love life, that’s our own business.”

“Yeah, but, like, it’s not fair!” gushed Jen, stomping her foot. Her whole body jiggled with the impact. “Like, we’ve been besties forever! And, like, you start fooling around with some other girl? Like, how is that supposed to make me feel?”

“Why, Jen! If I didn’t know better, I would think you were jealous!”

“Not jealous,” huffed Jen. Her chubby cheeks were blushing pink with liquor.

“You are! You naughty girl!” laughed Laurie. “You’re jealous that I didn’t ask you! Why, Jen, I had no idea you would be interested in that sort of thing. But who could blame you, I am quite the dish now, after all.”

“Fine! Like, don’t tell me then,” said Jen, huffing and crossing her arms across her chest.

“Oh, calm down, Jen, don’t be a bitch. You’ll find out… in time!”

Jen groused. Who WAS that mystery girl? How close was she to finding out?

She was determined to solve this mystery any way that she could!

\* \* \*

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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