Alice 130

By Mollycoddles

One foot, two feet. One foot two feet. Alice concentrated on every step, feeling her blubber quake around her as she lumbered through the mall, her mind focused on one goal and one goal only. She needed to get to the maternity store and buy herself some new clothes! Alice was a rotund blonde teen weighing in at over 600 pounds of pure lard… well, honestly, she wasn’t sure that she was over 600 pounds. The last time that she had weighed herself, when she was on stage in front of a national audience on the Nikki Lake show, she had only weighed 545 pounds. But who was she kidding? Alice was an out-of-control glutton who ate constantly and thought about food even more. Even now, as she wobbled her way through the mall, inviting the stares of all the other patrons who marveled to see a girl that fat in real life, she was still gnawing on a candy bar. Just a light snack, she told herself, to help stave off the eternal hunger that always yawned in the pit of her gargantuan belly. Anyway, the way that Alice ate there was no way that she hadn’t finally crested the big 600.

The fat girl was finally reaching the limits of her mobility, becoming so big and bloated that she could barely waddle without assistance anymore. She could barely get out of bed in the morning without her boyfriend to help her and she relied on him more and more to help her get dressed. She barely walked, instead choosing to ride a mobility scooter when she went out in public. Today, she had decided to try walking under her own power – her school nurse had plastered the school hallways with posters detailing the dangers of obesity and Alice had actually take some of the warnings to heart. That’s why today she decided that she was going to make a real effort to at least get a little bit of exercise. She was already regretting the decision! The soft flesh of her tree-trunk legs wobbled wildly with every thundering footfall, her polo shirt was soaked with sweat and clinging wetly to her many soft folds and rolls, and she was so badly winded that she was panting like a dog! All she wanted to do was sit down and rest her poor little trotters and she had literally only waddled a few hundred feet from her car to the mall entrance.

But Alice was on a mission. Alice’s big problem was that she couldn’t stop herself from eating. She just loved food too much! The idea that a short walk in the mall would do anything to halt – or even slow down – her breakneck gaining was ridiculous. A lot of other fat girls might distribute their weight more evenly, but Alice’s gains were concentrated heavily in her stomach giving her the rotund appearance of a ripe, plump apple. That also meant it was really hard for her to find clothes that fit. Anything that was designed for a girl who carried as big in the belly as Alice would inevitably not fit right in the hips and seat. That meant her only recourse was to resort to maternity clothes. It was super embarrassing that she had grown so big that she couldn’t fit into normal clothes anymore, but Alice had another worry tickling the back of her mind. The last time that she had visited the maternity store, the clerk had helped her stuff herself into a jumbo-sized Size 40 pair of maternity slacks… and also warned her that Size 40 was literally the biggest size that they carried! Alice hoped that was an exaggeration because she desperately needed a 42 now. She couldn’t cinch her waistband around her voluminous middle anymore and it was only the sag of her swollen belly that hid from public view that her shorts were unbuttoned, unzipped, and spread wide open by the blonde blimpette’s plump fupa.

Alice paused in her waddle as the delicious aromas from the food court hit her nostrils. Mmm… food. Alice felt her tummy rumble and her pussy grow moist.

“What?” gasped Alice, startled back to reality. Sure, of course she was hungry… but why was she getting horny? There was nothing around at all that should be exciting her! For a moment, she thought that Tyler must have activated the vibrating egg. Alice and her boyfriend Tyler had been playing a secret sex game for weeks now, wherein Alice carried a vibrating egg in her pussy all day and left Tyler with the remote control. He could activate the egg at any time and give Alice a sudden thrill. But, for whatever reason, it seemed that Tyler mostly chose to activate the egg while Alice was eating. As a result, he had programed his pet piggy to associate food with sex… and now Alice was hopelessly addicted to both!

“Ooo, I better stop thinking about food… I mean, sex… or I’m gonna cream in my shorts!” gulped Alice to herself, crossing her thick legs and tugging at the hem of her too-short polo shirt. She didn’t want anyone to see her like this, even though the reality was that few people could guess, just from looking at her, that this squirmy fat girl was on the verge of having a public orgasm! Alice still worried that the truth would somehow be more apparent because of her blown-out shorts – as if maybe someone might notice her exposed panties growing damp? No, that was silly, of course. In any case, Alice’s enormous sagging gut would have hid any possible evidence that anyone might have noticed.

“I gotta buy clothes first, then I’ll get a snack!” Alice mumbled to herself as she shoved the last remnants of her candy bar into her mouth and chewed so vigorously that her thick double chin wobbled against her sternum. Even as she promised herself that she would delay gratification for once, her plump legs were carrying her right into temptation as she waddled right into the food court, her breath coming in big wheezing gulps. She couldn’t help it! Her enormous gut gurgled urgently as if she hadn’t eaten in weeks, although the stark reality was that Alice was still uncomfortably bloated from her giant breakfast this morning. But since when was satiety ever an excuse not to eat?

“Could I get the three item combo? With beef and broccoli, kung pow chicken, and chow mein? Oh, and a side of cream cheese rangoons, please!”

Alice took her tray and shuffled to a table, dumping her ass across two chairs so that she could enjoy her meal. She gobbled it down in moments and was back for seconds within minutes. Next, she went to Pizza-by-the-Pound, the kiosk where she worked after school. She knew that she could get a discount there! After three giant slices of pepperoni pizza, her next stop was the Mexican place… then the burger place… She was eating her way through the entire food court!

“Could I get the big burger combo number 3? With extra fries?”

The words were out of her mouth before she could stop herself. She was on autopilot, as if she was outside herself and watching her body move from kiosk to kiosk ordering food.

No, no, no, stop it! Alice berated herself mentally. You were supposed to buy clothes, not food! This is the whole reason that we’re in this mess to begin with!

But she was popping fries into her mouth and slurping down soda without a care. She closed her eyes and sighed. Gawd, that felt good! She loooooved the feeling of a full tummy and, boy, did it make her feel tingly downstairs. What was wrong with her? Why did eating suddenly give her such powerful feelings? Why did eating suddenly… make her horny?

The reason was obvious. Tyler’s experiments with the vibrating egg were simply too successful – he had reprogrammed Alice to associate food and sex, so that now she got hot and bothered simply from stuffing her face. Her face flushed as red as a tomato as she ate, her breathing coming quicker as she shoved fries into her mouth and tore big greasy chunks of burger with her teeth. She slurped her liter of sugary soda, her eyes rolling back as the sweet taste hit her tongue. Her shorts creaked as she ate. Her chubby fupa had already forced her zipper all the way down, so there was no where left to go and no way for those shorts to relieve any additional pressure without splitting a seam. Alice barely paid any mind to her clothing’s complaints, her pillowy arms jiggling as she tossed fries down her ravenous gullet, her polo shirt slipping higher and higher as her full belly puffed out with her indulgence.

By the time that Alice finally made her way through the doors of the maternity store, she was even more stuffed and bloated than ever. Her belly no longer sagged at all, bulging out tight and proud in front of her and so round that it no longer hid her open shorts at all.

Sheila the clerk recognized Alice immediately. Who wouldn’t recognize Alice immediately? Even if Alice wasn’t a local celebrity, one of the beloved cheerleader chunkers whom everyone in town adored for putting the town of Los Hermanos on the map, it was hard to forget a girl THAT big. Alice was her biggest customer, bigger than any of the actual pregnant women who shopped there!

“Alice, honey! It’s so good to see you again… how are you?”

Sheila smiled, although secretly she had hoped that she would not see Alice again. The fact that Alice was back hinted that she still hadn’t managed to curb her gaining and that meant that Sheila was about to have some very bad news for her.

“Hi! I’m good, thanks. I’m here cuz I’d like to buy some size 42 pants,” said Alice. She had promised herself that she wouldn’t act embarrassed for once, but she couldn’t keep a slight quiver out of her voice.

Sheila put a sympathetic hand on Alice’s shoulder. “Alice, baby. I told you that you wanted to get your weight under control.”

“I know… I… I really am working on it! I know I’m still gaining, but I’m really… um… trying out a new diet! I’m sure that pretty soon I’ll be losing weight…”

“Alice, baby, you don’t need to lie to me. I know you ain’t gonna lose any of this good stuff. I saw you on TV, I heard those things you said. Baby, this is your destiny. You know it. You were born to be big.”

“Really? You think so.”

“I know so, baby. But I hoped that you wouldn’t get bigger. Cuz I’m not saying this cuz I’m disappointed in you or anything, hun, I’m saying it cuz we don’t carry a 42.”

“Oh.” That was exactly what Alice was afraid of! “Um, could you tell me where I could get a 42, then?”

“No, I can’t. It isn’t that we just don’t carry a 42. No one does. There ain’t no size 42. 40 is the biggest size that they make. I told you that last time.”

Alice’s round, blubbery face went white. “But… but you’re joking, right? There HAS to be a size 42!”

“Girl, there isn’t. You’ve outgrown our biggest size. Girl, they just don’t make ‘em big enough for that bump. I hate to say it, but, girl, you are officially what we call ‘too plump for pants.’”

“Too plump for pants!? But that can’t be! I’m… I’m not that big!”

Alice knew that was an absurd statement the moment that the words left her mouth. Not that big! Ridiculous! Of course she was that big! She was huge! Humungous! The entire world had seen her fat ass appear on the Nikki Lake Show to step onto a cattle scale and find out she weighed a whopping 550 pounds! And the worst part? She probably weighed even more now, only weeks after her television appearance, because she really was such an out-of-control pig that she couldn’t stop stuffing herself and gaining even more weight for even a moment!

“Wh-what am I supposed to do? I can’t just… not wear pants!”

“Girl, don’t panic. We’ll just have to special order a 42 for you. You’re not the first girl who needs her clothes specially tailored.”

Alice gulped. She couldn’t believe that it had come to this! She was so big that they had to specially design jumbo sized clothes to fit her porky body! Hopefully this would be the straw that finally broke the camel’s back, the warning that finally jolted her into action to reduce her weight! Oh, who was she kidding? She was never going to lose a single pound. There was no way that this was going to be the end of it.

“I can put in the order today and they’ll be here in a week.”

“A week?! B-but what am I going to do until then? I don’t have anything to wear!” Alice blanched. That meant she would have to spend the next week waddling around in her outgrown clothes and praying that she didn’t burst out of them even more! These shorts were on their last legs! She couldn’t button them, she couldn’t zip them, she could barely get them over her thighs! If she gained even one more ounce, she wasn’t even going to be able to pull them up over her butt! This was terrible! How could things get worse?

“Of course,” said Sheila, “I’ll have to measure you to make sure that we get the size accurate.”

Alice sighed. Of course. Gawd, this was so embarrassing!

“Um… okay… but I just ate, so I don’t know if the measurements will be accurate? I’m a little bloated right now.”

“Girl, if anything that means the measurements will be more accurate. I mean, if it turns out that we order them too big, that just gives you something to grow into, right?”

Alice nodded. That made sense, actually. She was destined to keep blowing up like a balloon, so she really ought to order something that was too big… because chances were that it wouldn’t be too big for long!

Sheila retreated to her office and returned with a tape measure. “Okay, Alice, if you could just raise your shirt for me and we’ll get your waist measured.”

Alice nodded and grabbed the hem of her shirt, pulling it up to expose even more of her gut. This was really unnecessary, truth be told. Alice’s belly was already hanging out of her shirt, so it wasn’t like lifting it higher was going to give a more accurate measurement. Sheila kneeled down and attempted to string the tape measure around Alice. It wasn’t easy! The big issue was that Sheila’s arms just weren’t long enough to reach, so every time that she tried to loop the measuring tape it just dropped to the floor. Alice blushed bright red as she listened to the sounds of Sheila struggling. Gawd, how did this happen? How did she let herself get this huge?

She felt a fresh wave of fury as she thought about Laurie. It was all Laurie’s fault! Laurie had planned it all from the start, tricking Alice into gaining weight so that Laurie would always look slim in comparison to her gaining friend. That little plan had totally backfired, though, as Laurie slowly transformed into a weight-obsessed feedee who wanted to see her own body grow! Today, Laurie outweighed Alice by at least a hundred pounds, making her the biggest girl in school and an absolute blob of the highest order. Ha! It served her right. But that didn’t help Alice any. Alice was still an elephant tottering at the very edge of immobility herself and it wouldn’t take too many more cheeseburgers or cookies or slices of pizza to push her over the edge!

“Okay, I think I got it!” announced Sheila as she pulled the two ends of the tape measure tight. Her elation was short lived as tried to tug them together only to find that they wouldn’t meet. Alice was simply too large.

“So what does it say? How big am I?” asked Alice, straining to see what was going on. From her vantage point, she couldn’t see Sheila over the grand bump of her gigantic stuffed belly. She could feel the older woman’s hands against her lower gut, testing the heft of her flab and pulling the tape measure tight until it cut into her buttery blubber.

“I’m afraid this tape measure doesn’t reach, Alice. I’m gonna have to get the bigger one.”

“It doesn’t reach?!”

“This one only goes up to 60 inches, I’m afraid.”

“Only up to 60 inches?!” Alice stammered.

“Yeah, the biggest preggo we’ve ever had come in here only had a 50 inch belly, so I’m afraid you’re a little bit off the chart. Don’t worry, we have a specialty tape for extreme situations like this.”

Alice wanted to collapse to the floor. How was it possible that she was so fat that she had outgrown a measuring tape used specifically with extreme preggos? How was it possible that she was so fat that she was bigger than even the biggest pregnant woman that Sheila had ever seen?

Sheila returned with an even bigger tape measure, this one so long that it trailed on the floor behind her. Alice waited patiently as Sheila kneeled down and once again looped it around her waist. This time, Alice could feel the ends meet as Sheila tugged them together. The older woman heaved a sigh of relief. She was as pleased as Alice that this tape measure was actually long enough!

“There we go! Looks like you’re 72 inches around. Damn, girl, you really are big in the belly!”

“72 inches?! How… OMG, I’m huge! I mean, I knew I was big but… that’s REALLY big!”

Alice was stunned, but she really shouldn’t have been. She knew that she was massive just from looking in the mirror, a big roly poly balloon of a girl so big that she couldn’t climb a flight of stairs or even walk a level surface without her heart racing, so big that she couldn’t see her own feet, so big that she had to hold her arms out to her sides to keep her balance when she waddled like she was a float in the Macy’s Thanksgiving parade. She didn’t need a number to tell her that her waist was astronomically big! She could tell just from the fact that she was so big and round that she couldn’t even see her own waist!

“I’ll put in the order with the tailor today and we should have your 42s within a week.”

“Thank you,” said Alice. A sudden thought occurred to her. “Um, Sheila? Do you think that maybe… instead of a 42… maybe you should order a 44? Just to be safe?”

Sheila looked down at her client’s belly. It was so big that it would literally enter the room a full 10 seconds before Alice did! And given everything that she knew about Alice, Sheila expected that lead to only grow longer.

“You know what, Alice? Maybe that’s a good idea.”

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“It’s so good to see you, Jen! I know that you and Laurie were having some troubles, but I’m glad to hear that you made up. You know, Laurie doesn’t like to say it, but she really looks up to you. You are her best friend, after all.”

“Like, totally!” Jen chirped happily. She was at Laurie’s house, plopped into an easy chair far too small to contain her hefty haunches, leaving through one of the Belmontes’ family’s old photo albums as she waited for Laurie to return home. She was probably out with Frank and Abida, getting stuffed and fucked. That was exactly the sort of thing that Laurie was into! In the meantime, Jen was wasting time listening to Laurie’s hippie parents chatter.

Jen was trying her best to get the old crew back together. She had made up with Laurie and she had made up with Alice. Now the only thing left was to get Laurie and Alice back together. But that was easier said than done! Alice was understandably pissed at Laurie for betraying her trust and Laurie was far too haughty to ever made a genuine apology! It looked like it would be up to Jen, as usual, to fix all this!

“You two, it’s like your karmically linked, ya know?” said Moonchild Belmontes, pushing her glasses down her nose to peer at Jen. Moonchild was an old hippie who bore a striking resemblance to an older, slimmer Laurie – she had the same long black hair and the same massive chest. Mrs. Belmontes had fat mommy milkers that dangled down to her navel – the fact that she didn’t wear bras, which she considered a symbol of patriarchal oppression, meant that her tits swung about wildly within the confines of her sweater when she moved. The main difference between her and her daughter, besides age, was that Laurie was way fatter. Mrs. Belmontes had maintained a trim figure into middle age, while her overindulgent glutton of a daughter ballooned to 700 pounds and beyond. “You’ve been inseparable since you met, I don’t know what Laurie would do without you. She’s so high-strung, ya know? I really think you’re a good influence on her, Jen.”

“Oh, totally, I think so too!” Jen giggled. Jen and Laurie had first met years ago, back in cheer camp. Things were different then. The other girls used to make fun of Jen for her pear-shaped figure, taunting her that a wide load like her had no business trying out to be a cheerleader. Spitfire Laurie, a natural leader even back then, was the one who came to Jen’s defense and got all the other girls to stop bullying her. Of course, that was right before Laurie’s Belmontes genes really started to kick in – the first time that Jen and Laurie had met, Laurie was definitely a member of the itty bitty titty committee. Heck, she could be the chairwoman of the itty bitty titty committee! That had all changed the year after cheer camp when, as Laurie liked to say, the boob fairy finally visited her and bestowed upon her the billowing, bouncing, bra-busting assets that were her due as a Belmontes woman.

“Yeah, I remember we met back in cheer camp. Laurie was, like, always the best cheerleader! It’s, like, no wonder that she became captain.”

Jen turned the page, going further back in time. She giggled to see a photo of her and Laurie, right after their first cheer camp, the two girls grinning and mugging in their cheer uniforms. Laurie’s top hung loosely off her shoulders, something that would never happen today. Laurie filled every shirt and blouse to its maximum and, considering that her breasts had only grown along with the rest of her, she had to buy shirts today that could withstand some high pressure.

Jen turned the page and her eyes nearly popped out of her head when she beheld a photo of Laurie from the summer before they met.

“That’s Laurie?!” Jen couldn’t believe her eyes. The girl in the photo definitely had the same long black hair and scowling, fiery expression as Laurie… but she was downright tubby! She clutched a melting ice cream cone in one hand and an oversized cookie in her other, her chubby cheeks smeared with chocolate. Her plump tummy was poking out from under her shirt and you could see the pucker lines at the waist of her tight short shorts. This girl also, Alice noted, was flat as a board!

“Um, that CANNOT be Laurie! She’s, like, fat!” Jen gulped and then tried to rephrase her outburst more diplomatically. “Um, Laurie looks so different here.”

“Oh yeah, that was right before she started to develop,” said Mrs. Belmontes casually. “Laurie was always so eager to hit puberty when she was a kid, she demanded that we buy her a training bra when she was in middle school cuz she was so sure that would help kickstart her growth. So silly, huh? Well, I guess I can’t fault her. When you have me as a role model, it’s only natural that you’re going to expect a little bit of boob growth, huh? All us Belmontes women end up busty, so Laurie was really eager to uphold that family tradition.”

Jen nodded. She knew that Laurie had suddenly blossomed the year after she first went away to summer cheer camp, the year that she met Jen. But she didn’t know that Laurie had changed in other ways too!

Jen turned the page and saw another photo of the same girl, apparently taken only moments after the first. The girl had her face buried in her ice cream cone, her eyes closed. Her shorts were open and her chubby tummy bulged out. A blurred line shot across the whole image and Jen realized that they happened to snap the photo at exactly the right moment to catch Laurie’s button exploding off of her shorts.

“Oh yeah, Laurie used to be a real little plumper,” said Laurie’s father Silverwolf as he walked into the room, into the middle of the conversation. He looked over Jen’s shoulder to see the photo and chuckled. “We had the darndest time keeping her in clothes back then, remember? You’d buy her an outfit and a week later she was popping out of it.”

“It wasn’t until she set her mind on being a cheerleader that she decided she needed to slim down,” said Moonchild. “Not that we would ever shame our little Laurie for being a little husky, we celebrate all body types in this household! But it’s super important to be comfortable with who you are and Laurie really wanted to be a cheerleader. She really threw herself into diet and exercise, but the real difference was that she really shot up like a weed when puberty hit.. and she really busted out, too! Suddenly, all her calories were going to those new boobs of hers!”

“Yeah, like, for real!” said Jen. “Like, I cannot believe it! All this time, like, Laurie used to be a chunker! She was a chunker before she was a cheerleader chunker!”

“Oh yeah, there was no filling her up. We used to joke that we’d have to roll her away from the dinner table. And oh boy, desserts! She did love her desserts so.”

“Like, some things don’t change!” said Jen. Jen tried to imagine that younger Laurie eating herself round at the dinner table and found it surprisingly easy. For years, it was only Laurie’s love of cheerleading that had kept her relatively slender, but now that she had fallen back into gluttony… all her old habits had returned with a vengeance!

No wonder Laurie had always acted so scandalized at the least little insinuation that she was chubby! She must have known that she was naturally a fat girl at heart because, before she had worked her butt off to shed her extra poundage, she WAS a fat girl! Granted, these old photos of Laurie revealed only that she used to be a little pudgy. That was a far cry from her current heavyweight status! But still, it explained a lot. It seemed like Laurie’s recent gains were just her returning to the old status quo, realizing the thing that she should have known all along… that she was always destined to be a fat girl!

Was this why Laurie was always so hard on Jen about her weight? Did she want to protect Jen from a similar fate? It was obviously too late now. Jen’s own appetite and laziness had turned her into a porker extraordinaire second only to Laurie.

Jen scanned the page, taking in photo after photo of pudgy Laurie. She was eating in every photo, always clutching something sweet and gooey in her hand whether it was a slice of birthday cake or a half-eaten cookie. If you put all the photos together, you could almost create a flip book of Laurie’s gain – you could easily see her outfits getting tighter as her tummy grew rounder. Jen laughed out loud to see one photo where Laurie, who always kept herself perfectly clean and coifed and made-up and presentable, had chocolate smeared all over her face and extra chocolately hand prints on the exposed skin of her tubby tummy.

“Wow! She was, like, such a slob!”

“Oh yes, Laurie didn’t start caring about looking presentable until later. You know how it is when you first start getting interested in boys. Before that, she was our little piglet now, wasn’t she?”

“She was cute, though,” said Mr. Belmontes.

“Oh, absolutely! It’s so nice to have the old Laurie back, in any case. I think it’s done such wonders for her attitude. She’s less crabby and I’ll bet it’s because she’s not hungry all the time.”

Jen nodded. That did make sense! This was hilarious. She knew exactly what she was going to say when Laurie got back!

She was going to tease Laurie SO bad!

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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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