Alice 102  
By Mollycoddles

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Come on! Give it to me, fat boy!”

Laurie grunted with exertion, her entire blubbery body jiggling in time with Frank’s thrusts. The two fat ass lovers filled Laurie’s entire bed between them. No surprise, Laurie was, after all, over 600 pounds of pure buttery lard and her boyfriend wasn’t much lighter.

Abida frowned as she moved the camera, trying to capture as much of the action as she could. It wasn’t easy! There was just SO much flesh on display and Laurie was so big that it was nearly impossible to capture all of her expanse in the shot.

“Get… all of me,” gasped Laurie, “I want… I want everyone to see… just how BIG I am! Oh!”

The fat girl’s eyes rolled back into her head and she gasped as Frank thrust deep into her. Sex was getting harder and harder for these two hogs. They were so fat that it was early impossible for Frank to get close enough to his behemoth girlfriend to enter her; before beginning filming, Abida had to spend half at hour guiding them together. It was like trying dock two blimps in midair!

Laurie felt her temperature rise as she thought about all the people that would see this video. Gawd, that was so hot! She had worked so long and so hard to become this fat… All those months of overindulgence, of stuffing herself at every meal until she was positively bursting, of constant snacking, of eat eat eating to her heart’s desire… It was hard work! Laurie was so greedy that she never stopped eating, she was always stuffed to the brim 24/7. She only stopped popping treats into her mouth when she was so painfully, burstingly full that the skin of her stomach flushed bright red and she was absolutely, 100% positive that a single bite more would simply be one bite too much… and that she would explode like a megaton bomb! Then she would wait until she had digested just enough that she felt like there might be a tiny bit of room in her gullet for more… Oh, those minutes of waiting were pure agony! She couldn’t stand to not be eating! She was so completely addicted to food that she wanted to cry when she had to deny herself, even when it was for her own good! She just loved everything about this too much…. She loved to eat, she loved the sensation of a full belly, she loved to gain, she loved to have people gawk and gape at her size and know that people were shocked by her mammoth mammaries and behemoth belly… She loved every inch of her big, soft, plush body.. She leaped back as Frank worked her over, placing her flabby arms at her sides and subtly touching the folds of her love handles with her pudgy sausage fingers… hmmm…. Gawd, she loved the feeling of all that soft, spongy blubber squishing between her fingers like bread dough.

She was the fattest girl in school, the fattest girl in town, probably in the running for the fattest girl in the country if not the world…. And it wasn’t enough. She wanted… NO! She needed more! She would never be satisfied. She could imagine herself growing so vast that she outgrew the house, outgrew the world…. She remembered as a child reading a particular Garfield comic strip where the fat cat, put on a diet by his disapproving owner, had a dream where he ate the entire world. At the end of the dream, Garfield was a massive, fat, planet-sized blimp floating in space and contemplating eating other planets for dessert. Gawd, Laurie could imagine herself like that! What if SHE was so absolutely, massively, mind-bogglingly enormous that she outgrew the world until she was nothing but acres and acres and acres of blubber, so gigantically bloated that all she could do was drift in the vastness of space, eating and growing until she finally exploded in her very own Big Bang event?

Oh Gawd, her temperature was rising. She could feel her blood boiling, pounding, pulsing inside her, as she neared climax, her whole body quivering and shaking. She was like the ocean in motion, so much soft jiggling blubber that she never stopped moving. Oh Gawd, it was like a dream be this big, this massive… She almost couldn’t take the sheer volume of pleasure, she was certain she was about to lose control… her mind was racing… her pulse was racing…

“Shit shit, Frank, hurry up and give it to me,” cried Laurie, her colossal chest rising with her gasps. She grabbed at Frank with her uselessly fat arms, hoping to pull him closer, to smother him between her pillowy breasts, but she didn’t have the reach. Between them, they were both so fat that they could barely fumble around in bed without Abida positioning them. “I can’t… take much more… shit, Frank, I’m gonna blow… hurry up… oh Jeez this is too fucking much for a fat girl like me…”

“You mean… for…. the FATTEST girl?”

“Oh shiiiit…” Laurie’s eyes rolled back and she started gasping so hard that her chubby cheeks bulged. “Hmm… yes… tell me more…”

“Gawd, Laurie… look at you… look at how enormous you are… I don’t think anyone watching has ever even SEEN anyone as big as you. You’re mammoth. You’re massive. You’re probably the fattest girl in the world… and you just keep… getting… fatter…”

“It’s cause she’s so greedy,” piped in Abida. “The greedy hog just can’t seem to stop eating now, can she?”

“Ughhhhh… I just get…. So hungry…”

“Shh, you’re gonna ruin the shot,” said Abida, adjusting the camera so that she could push Frank forward without her hand appearing in frame. Frank lurched forward, burying himself deeper in Laurie’s massive magnificence.

“Oh Gawwwwwwdddddd,” screamed Laurie. “Oh Gawd, here it comes!”

Laurie screamed out loud as she climaxed, her pussy tensing and squeezing Frank’s shaft so hard that he could only grunt as he too came. Laurie bellowed like a wounded elephant as her orgasm hit a crescendo, only bolstered by the feel of her lover’s warm seed filling her up like an overinflated water balloon.

“Oh Gawd, oh Gawd….oh Jesus Christ, Frank, that was… the best,” gasped Laurie. “Shit, I think the sex just keeps getting better the fatter we get…”

“Got some good footage from this one,” said Abida. “I think our lardass Laurie is going to definitely get a lot of subscribers once this is posted.”

“Great…” Laurie gasped. She was too exhausted from the marathon sex session to say anything further. She and Frank lay in a big, sweaty heap of flesh, gasping and panting, both of them too drained to talk. Sex was hard at their size! Laurie was so huge now that she could barely move when they fucked, she relied entirely on Frank and Abida to do the real work. On one hand, that was… bad? Sort of? All her life, Laurie had always been the one in control. She had worked hard to achieve her status of queen bee in all things: at home, at school, in cheerleading. But her gradual inflation into true fat girl status had brought with it a gradual change in her attitude. Slowly, as she gained, it was necessary for her to give up some of that control. At first, she was reluctant to make that trade, angry that her burgeoning waistline meant that people would gossip about her behind her back and treat her with less respect. She worked hard to overcompensate, being an even bigger badder bitch to the point that most students were afraid to mention her expanding ass or blimping belly anywhere within earshot. But Laurie eventually grew to enjoy giving up control. She loved being a big helpless blimp now, a fat princess who never had to lift a finger but instead let her underlings take care of her. Every time that she discovered she had outgrown something… that she was now too fat to tie her own shoelaces, too fat to fit behind the wheel of a car, too fat (almost) to even walk… it gave her a sexual thrill like nothing before. Ironically now that sex left her winded, she liked it even more. It was just more evidence of her growth.

On one hand, the fact that sex seemed to get better the bigger she was… well, that was worrying. Laurie was already addicted to growth. She loved to eat, she loved the sensation of an overfull belly, she loved to watch her body grow, she loved the feel of her bigger body… now there was yet another reason to tempt her to even greater heights of gluttony. She was already so huge that she couldn’t imagine that she could get much bigger. She was a big blubbery blob, as round as a pumpkin, her face so puffed and plump that her head seemed to be sinking into the soft flesh of her padded linebacker shoulders, her double chin so thick and cheeks so pudgy that her speech was starting to become muffled by her own corpulence. She could only imagine a future where she was literally so fat that she became suspended in her own body. Yet the idea didn’t fill her with fear or dread or horror… only a strange tingling anticipation. She felt like… she was finally growing into the body that she had always wanted, always needed. She had always been destined to be fat, this is what she had always wanted. So many years of denial, of burying this need so deep that not even she herself knew it was there lurking inside her. It was all coming out.

“Too bad… we can’t show THIS on Nikki Lake,” said Frank, rolling off of Laurie. There was no room on the bed next to her, so her slowly slid to the floor and struggled to his feet. “I bet this would REALLY be some riveting TV.”

“I need… to get… cleaned up,” muttered Laurie. She raised her blubbery arms as high as she could and wiggled her pudgy, manicured fingers. “Abida, Frank… get me up, sweeties.”

“Alright, Abida, it’s gonna take both of us to get this hog on her trotters,” said Frank. “We’re gonna have to work together, you up for it?”

Abida grinned. “Oh, you know it. Anything for my favorite fattie.”

Laurie huffed. Even now, the sexy teasing was getting her moist again, but there were more important things to worry about right now. Frank and Abida struggled to raise Laurie out of bed; she weighed over a full quarter ton and the two teens could feel every ounce of that weight as they worked with all their might to get Laurie up. Eventually, she was on her feet.

“Get me to the tub,” demanded Laurie. Walking was becoming so difficult for Laurie these days. It wasn’t just that she got winded so quickly; Laurie was so out of shape these days that she could barely walk 50 feet without being reduced to a panting, wheezing, sweating wreck. But her enormous belly and breasts carried so much weight that she could barely keep her balance. They threatened to overwhelm her, their immense gravity dragging her forward and to the floor.

“C’mon, let’s give you a hand,” said Frank, standing next to his gargantuan girlfriend so that she could rest her blubbery arm across his shoulders. Abida stood to her other side, supporting Laurie’s other arm. The two of them slowly maneuvered Laurie toward the bathroom, one plodding step at a time. Laurie’s gut hung to her fat-swaddled knees, the dimpled cottage-cheese flesh wobbling wildly every time that her legs bumped into her hanging paunch. The slight kicks sent ripples through her buttery, velvety blubber, causing her sagging pontoon-like tits to bounce and slap against her chest. She was so big that it was no exaggeration to describe her as elephant-sized; each big meaty leg was bigger around than Abida’s whole body.

“You sure you want to get in the tub?” asked Abida. “You’re… pretty big these days, Laurie. I think you might be too wide to fit.”

Laurie turned on her, eyes flashing. “What the fuck?! Are you implying I’m too fat to fit in a fucking bathtub? How dare you!” Laurie huffed angrily, her double chin quivering.

Abida was simply stating the truth. Laurie was obviously way too massive to fit in the tub; she was so wide that her blubbery love handles would sag over the edges of the tub. They would probably have to lube her up with soap and shove her in.

“I…I…I…” sputtered Abida. But then she noticed the twinkle in Laurie’s eyes. Of course, Laurie knew she was way too fat to fit in the tub. That was the point. She still liked to occasionally put on airs, to pretend to be indignant whenever her extreme size was pointed out to her. When she was slimmer, before she realized the truth of what she was destined to grow into, Laurie would often fly into a rage if anyone implied that she was starting to put on a little pudge. These days, she reveled in drawing attention to her explosive gains, she loved people awkwardly trying to avoid talking about her extreme blimpage. But sometimes it was fun to tease people.

Laurie rolled her eyes dramatically. “I’m just fucking with you, Abida! Jeez, I thought you were supposed to be smart. Anyway, of course I’m going in the tub. You can’t expect me to stand in the shower, can you? I am NOT standing on my feet. In fact, why am I even walking now? It’s total bullshit that I had to leave my scooter downstairs. Ugh!”

Frank and Abida exchanged amused grins. They were used to Laurie’s constant bitching, but her prima donna attitude just made them want to pamper her even more. It was funny to think that she would only get more demanding the more she was reduced to relying on their help.

Laurie’s laziness was really a moot point. Even if she had a shower chair (which she did have), she probably wouldn’t be able to fit into the shower anymore. With one hip flat against the wall, her other hip would still protrude too far out to allow the glass shower door to latch. It was the tub or nothing.

“We better put her in before we fill it up,” said Frank. “If we fill it first, she’s definitely gonna make it overflow.”

Laurie didn’t complain. She was too tired by now from standing. Laurie grunted as Frank and Abida lowered her into the bath tub, her blubbery love handles hanging over the sides of the tub and preventing her progress. Her thick jelly rolls bunched up against the lip of the tub as her fat ass hit the bottom. Jesus, Laurie could feel the cold ceramic of the tub against her sides; she was so wide that she filled the tub completely, overfilled it in fact.

“She’s not gonna fit,” said Frank, rubbing his chin.

“Sure she will, we’re just not trying hard enough.” Grinning, she placed her hands firmly on Laurie’s shoulders and shoved downward. Laurie yelped, but she didn’t budge. Her fat rolls bulged, her folds acting as an energy-absorbing spring that made her bounce right back.

“Uhhhh-uh-uh!” gawped Laurie, her voice bobbing along with her bouncing flab. “What the hell? Jesus, Abida, don’t shove me like that!”

“Yeah, Abida, you gotta be gentle,” said Frank. “C’mon, just lather up some of that liquid soap and we’ll get her so slippery that she’s slide right in.”

Abida did as Frank instructed and then, together, they began to soap Laurie down. Laurie’s eyelids fluttered as she felt two pairs of hands slipping over her rolls and between her folds, slopping frothy foamy soap over every inch of her billowing form until she was as slippery as a fat blubbery seal.

“Okay, now let’s see if we can push her down together.”

Frank and Abida shoved on Laurie’s shoulders again and, this time, she budged. She popped down into the tub, her plump legs kicking up in the air as her butt hit bottom. Still chuckling, Frank turned on the faucet and watched as the water quickly filled up the tub. With Laurie taking up so much space, there wasn’t much room for the water.

“Not a whole lot of space in this tub when you’re in there, babe,” said Frank.

“Ooo, she is a real fat one, isn’t she?” cooed Abida. Laurie rolled her eyes,

“You gonna scrub yourself now that you’re in the tub?” asked Abida.

“Now, Abida, don’t tease her. You know very well that Laurie needs our help. She’s in no condition to do that by herself. Isn’t that right, Laurie?”

Laurie mumbled. It was, of course, true. Well, sort of. She was perfectly capable of cleaning herself. It would be tough, sure, to reach some of extremities when her colossal breasts or massive belly got in the way. And it would be even harder to reach her extremities when she was wedged so tightly into the tub that she could barely move and whatever movements she could do would be sure to spill water over the edge of the tub. The real truth was that Laurie was far too lazy to clean herself, especially when she could rely on her trusty “servants” to do that for her.

Still, Frank’s teasing always put her in such an ambivalent mood. It was annoying but… she also kind of loved it?

She muttered something.

“What’s that, Laurie? I believe I asked ‘Isn’t that right?’”

“That’s right,” muttered Laurie.

She sat still as Abida and Frank got to work scrubbing soap between her folds and shampoo into her hair, obediently raising her soft, toneless arms when they needed to clean her armpits and bingo wings, and even tolerated their corny banter as they rinsed her off with the showerhead. When they were done, they drained the tub and attempted to dislodge Laurie.

She didn’t budge. She was stuck fast.

“Aw, jeez, Laurie, you’re like a beached whale there,” said Abida, yanking at Laurie’s flabby love handles with enough gusto that Laurie slapped her hands away.

“I am NOT like a beached whale,” said Laurie hotly. “Just because they don’t make tubs big enough…”

“Abida’s right, you’re stuck fast,” said Frank. “We can’t soap you down again or that’ll undo all our work! But there’s gotta be some way to get you free…”

Frank grabbed onto Laurie’s hands and tugged as Abida pushed from behind, both teens struggling to dislodge their mammoth lover from her trapped position. Laurie whined and moaned with the effort, her round face flushing red. When she leaned forward into Frank’s pull, her padded shoulders heaved forward, and, with Abida pushing against the hump of Laurie’s back fat, it almost looked like the tubby teen’s head was going to disappear into the flabby folds of her gargantuan body. Laurie squeezed her eyes shut, her face buried between her chubby chipmunk cheeks and her puffy double chin.

“Pull… harder,” she mumbled, her words muffled by her plump jowls. “I’m… fucking… stuck…”

Frank let go and Laurie flopped back into place with a gasp. “It’s no use,” he said. “You’re really stuck tight.”

“Hmm, we might have to just leave you here till you lose some weight,” giggled Abida, pinching Laurie’s chubby right cheek. “Just like Winnie the Pooh! Wouldn’t that be funny!”

“It wouldn’t be funny at all,” snarled Laurie. She was annoyed at being stuck but even MORE annoyed at the implication that she would have to lose weight to escape from her predicament. She had no intention of losing weight! She had worked really hard to grow a body this size! She didn’t intend to lose a single ounce. Her only thought was to gain and grow and gai and grow forever and ever, bloating and blimping until she reached the absolute outer limits of whatever her body could take.

“Frank,” she said suddenly, “Is there anything left from dinner?”

“Of course not,” said Frank. “You ate it all.” He patted his hand against the curve of her tremendous tummy, which plopped out several feet in front of her, covering her legs all the way to her knees. “It’s all in here!”

“What about dessert?”

“Are you joking? You ate all that too.”

Laurie grimaced. Her own gluttony was going to make this hard.

“I think maybe there’s a couple eclairs left,” said Abida. “Sitting at the bottom of the box.”

“Go get them,” snapped Laurie.

Abida hustled into the bedroom and returned with the sweets.

“Put them in my mouth.”

Frank took an éclair and held it to Laurie’s mouth. She chomped into it with gleeful gusto, moaning softly as she gobbled.

“Feed me,” moaned Laurie as Frank shoved another éclair into her eager mouth. The greedy glutton slurped it down, cream smearing across her cheeks and double chin. “Need to… get fatter… need to… be the fattest girl ever…Gawd, feed me til I bust, Frank… feed me til I crack this fucking tub…”

“Ohhh I don’t think your parents are gonna like that,” giggled Abida.

“Mmmf.” Laurie wanted to snap at her, but her mouth was too full. Whatever. Let Abida talk. The important thing was that Laurie got to once again do the one thing that she loved more than anything: eat.

“If you want to get anywhere near to cracking this tub, it’s going to take a lot more than just a couple extra eclairs.”

Laurie snorted. “Then get more,” she bubbled, spitting flecks of cream.

Abida smiled. Looks like the show was starting again. She picked up the camera, aimed it toward the lardy lovers, and hit record.

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Meanwhile, across town, Alice was fretting to her boyfriend Tyler.

“So Nikki Lake invited you to come on her show? That’s great! You’re gonna be famous!”

Alice smiled but the worry was evident in her eyes. “Yeah… I guess…”

“What’s the matter?”

“I don’t know, I just worry,” said Alice. “I keep thinking what if this goes wrong? I almost feel like Nikki Lake might be planning, I dunno, some sort of trap?”

Alice sighed and leaned back in bed. The tubby blonde butterball was over 500 pounds, so vastly fat that she looked like an elephant seal next to her scrawny geek of a boyfriend. She’d been plump when they met a year ago, but circumstances over the year had conspired to make Alice blimp into a monster heavyweight who only managed to avoid the worst heckles and stares because she still looked slender compared to her friend Laurie. Slender being a relative term! Alice was a rotund girl with a round cherubic face framed by blonde bangs, most of her extra weight centered on a belly as big as a fully-inflated beachball and, to a less extent, thick barrel-like thighs, chubby legs, a wide ass, and ample breasts. Her jammies were not big enough to contain her; the pant should have been baggy but they looked painted on, and the few remaining buttons on her top were gasping as the stretched across her boobs and belly. Most of Alice’s tender pink paunch was on full display, since she’d also busted most of her buttons.

Alice scooped another spoonful of ice cream into her mouth. Mint chip, her favorite! Of course, she was eating ice cream. She ate a big bowl of ice cream after dinner nearly every night. Sometimes multiple bowls. There were so many reasons that Alice’s waistline had steadily expanded over the past year. Yes, it was true that Laurie and Jen had intentionally worked to fatten her up earlier in the year. Yes, it was true that working in a pizzeria had inevitable belly-bloating consequences for even the most contentious worker. Yes, it was true that she spent far too much time at her friend Jen’s house, where Jen’s old-world mother constantly tried to force food on her. But the biggest reason for Alice’s gain was Alice herself. She was a greedy glutton who, if someone else wasn’t feeding her, would be constantly feeding herself. She really didn’t need any extra calories, especially after her latest binge at dinner, but how could she resist?

She balanced her bowl atop her gut as she ate, seemingly obvious to the extra damage that butterfat was doing to her body. The buttons and seams of her jammies creaked ominously with her every breath, but Alice was blissfully unaware. She was too intent on her own gluttonous pleasure, the one thing that she loved above all else, so much so that she would never pass up a chance to stuff her face.

“Oof, okay, I think I might have had enough,” said Alice as she scraped the last of her ice cream from the bottom of the bowl. Her tummy was cold now, enough that goosebumps were visible on her exposed flesh. The threads holding her final buttons in place were rapidly unraveling under the force of her bloated belly, but Alice was too busy worrying about other things to notice. Things like Nikki Lake.

“You don’t have to go on the show,” said Tyler. “If you’re worried about it, maybe you should just stay home.”

“Yeah, but Jen and Laurie are super excited about it!” moaned Alice, dropping the empty bowl on the bedside table and putting her face in her hands. “And Jody and Kayla have already got tickets to see the taping! If I don’t go, I’ll just be letting everyone down!” Alice sighed. “I just wish you could be there to see it, Tyler.”

She squeezed Tyler’s hand and looked sadly into his eyes. Over the last year, with all its insane ups and downs, her relationship with Tyler had been the rock that grounded her. Things had been so weird! Her mother always nagging her, Jen and Laurie turning from her worst enemies to her best friends, her stint at diet camp, buying a mobility scooter, Dr. Shaw’s diet group, that crazy cheer routine… and now a nationwide TV appearance? It was so much! Alice felt like it was way too much for just one fat girl to handle, but Tyler was always there for her. Sometimes Alice felt like she didn’t deserve love. She was too fat for love. Her mother certainly made her feel that way sometimes and the world made her feel that way sometimes. She’d used to feel that way often. But these days? Not so much. It was hard to feel unloved when you were surrounded by so many good supportive friends – Jen, Laurie, Kayla, Jody, Gloria, Kristine, Denise, Lizzie, Mallory… -- and a good caring boyfriend.

“You know, I COULD be there to see it,” said Tyler. “You said that Jody and Kayla bought tickets? I could buy a ticket too.”

Alice brightened up, inhaling sharply and thrusting out her chest. The buttons creaked but held.

“Oh my gosh! Do you mean that, Tyler? That would be awesome!”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t miss it for anything. I really want to see your big break on TV! I mean, if you want to do it…”

“Yes!” Alice clapped her hands. “Oh Tyler that would mean the world to me! I feel like, if you’re there, I won’t be afraid to be on TV.”

“You sure about that? A minute ago, you were worried it was some kind of trap?”

Alice waved her hand dismissively. “Yeah, I was just being silly! What kind of trap could they possibly spring? I was afraid they would try to embarrass us for being fat, but everyone already knows we’re fat? What’s the worst they can do?”

What was the worst, indeed!

Ping! Just as Alice started to relax her atrophied stomach muscles, allowing her swollen gut to plump out to its full size, yet another button let go from her pajama top. The force of the pop sent the button ricocheting around the room, forcing Tyler to duck to avoid being nailed by the exploding button.

“Ouch! Watch out!” said Tyler.

“Oops! Ha ha, sorry about that,” said Alice. Embarrassed, she grabbed at the sides of her pajama top and tried to pull them together. Even if she had been able to get them to reach, it was a pointless gesture. There was no way to get them to stay together now that she was down to only a single last button, quivering valiantly on her top right over her bustline. Alice gained mostly in her tummy, so her breasts hadn’t grown nearly large enough to bust out of her jammies. That was good at least! “That keeps happening to me. I guess I really need to…”

Alice paused. She really needed to lose some weight. But again, it was hard to care about it that much. Not when she didn’t have other people nagging her about it all the time. Still, busting buttons on a near constant basis sure did give her pause to think about her gargantuan size, though.

“Need to what? I hope you’re not going to say that you really need to lose weight…”

“No,” said Alice. “I was going to say I guess I really need to buy myself some new jammies.”

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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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