Alice 123  
By Mollycoddles

Alice was eating lunch in the cafeteria when Laurie finally approached her.

“Alice? Is it okay if we talk?” Laurie stood in the doorway, nearly filling it with her vast bulk. The head cheerleader of Los Hermanos High, Laurie was a raven-haired beauty with a domineering attitude and an ice queen persona. No one at this school ever dared cross her! Or at least that was once the case. Over the course of the last year, Laurie had completely lost control her appetite – even worse than Alice – and rapidly ballooned under the fresh onslaught of calories until she tipped the scales at over 600 pounds. She was absolutely massive, the size of a baby hippopotamus, gargantuan breasts always spilling out of her inadequate bras and resting on the shelf of her boulder-sized belly, tree-trunk legs that rubbed together all the way down to fat-swaddled knees, a wide-load rear that wobbled like two beachballs inflated with gelatin with her every plodding step…. Not that Laurie walked much anymore! She was so fat that she could barely waddle now, so fat that she had come to rely almost entirely on her mobility scooter to lug her fat ass around! And sure, Alice also used a mobility scooter… but that was different! Alice could still walk…er, waddle quite easily, thank you very much! She just preferred to use her scooter because it made life a little easier. The real reason, of course, was that Alice was simply too lazy to walk around under her own power. But at least she could if she wanted! That was something, right? In any case, it made her feel at least a little superior to Laurie!

Alice glared at her friend. No, not friend. Former friend. Just recently, the two girls had appeared on a national broadcast of the daytime talk show, Nikki Lake, where Laurie had revealed that she had been secretly fattening Alice for the duration of their friendship – inviting her to sleepovers where she plied Alice with high calorie snacks, insisting that Alice sit out cheer sessions instead of getting exercise… Alice was, frankly, livid.

“Oh, it’s you,” said Alice coldly. The behemoth blonde shifted awkwardly in her seat, her enormous buttocks drooping over the back so far that it was a miracle she didn’t topple over backwards. The bench creaked loudly beneath the fat girl’s bulk, but Alice didn’t pay it any mind. She was far over 500 pounds these days, so Alice was used to hearing that noise – the needling fear that a chair was going collapse under her weight was a constant worry for her as she grew. She was approaching the point where even her mobility scooter might eventually give up the ghost and the thought made Alice cringe. At the same time, that fear hardly gave her the motivation to curb her eating.

“Can I sit down?” huffed Laurie. “I’ve been on my feet all morning and… I am… so pooped…”

“Suit yourself.” Alice sniffed and turned back to her lunch. Laurie heaved herself from the doorway, barely grazing the sides, and wobbled toward the bench opposite Alice. The metal bench sagged dangerously under the titanic teen’s weight, so much so that Laurie’s little piggy eyes bulged in sudden panic. Had she finally miscalculated? Was she about to break the bench? She grabbed at the tabletop to steady herself, biting her plump glossy lips in fear, but miraculously the bench held.

“What’s that around your neck?” asked Alice.

Laurie’s plump cheeks went rosy pink. “N-nothing. That’s just… a new look I’m trying out!”

Laurie wore a thick black choker around her massive neck, nearly hidden under the fold of her chubby double chin. A large cowbell dangled from it, lying flush upon her balcony of exquisite cleavage. Laurie was also wearing a tent-sized T-shirt, tucked into her XXXX-mom fit spandex blend button-fly jean shorts (still so tight at her size that she could barely snap the top two buttons closed under the hang of her gut, leaving the bottom three buttons undone and her fly pushed wide open by the force of her fat fupa) and low-cut to emphasize the swell of her magnificent mammories, those two pale moons of flesh that bulged from her neckline. That wasn’t the strange thing. The strange thing was that her shirt was white and covered with a pattern of grey splotches – a look that made her look like a gurnsey cow! Alice had seen her other friend Jen dress like that in the past, so it almost looked like Laurie was trying to steal Jen’s look!

Or, combined with that cow bell, it looked like Laurie was turning into a cow! Well, that was appropriate. She certainly had the udders for it!

“Alice, I really need to apologize.”

“Oh really? Did you now? Well, that’s rich!” Alice laughed mirthlessly and then crossed her thick arms under her chest. “I’ve never heard you apologize for anything ever! Why should I believe you now?”

“I fucked up,” said Laurie. “I know. I fucked up really bad and I just… I want to say I’m really sorry.” Laurie gulped, stuttering over her apology. Was she really apologizing? Laurie NEVER apologized! She was the queen bee, the mean girl who ruled the school and could put the fear of god into any student merely with a glance. It would have been unthinkable only a few months ago that Laurie would ever be so contrite!

“Fat lot of good that does me!” snapped Alice. “I thought we were friends! I thought we were BEST friends! And the whole time, you were just feeding me junk food to try and fatten me up? Why?”

“You gotta understand,” muttered Laurie, looking away to avoid meeting Alice’s eyes. “I didn’t… look, it wasn’t like that. Yeah, okay, at first it was…. It’s cuz… okay, Alice, I’m head cheerleader, okay? I had a reputation to uphold. And this year, I just started… I started to gain weight. Like, I don’t know why! I just started to eat and I couldn’t stop. And when I started to get chubby, I panicked. I didn’t know what to do! I thought, maybe if you were fatter than me that no one would notice…”

“That’s the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard!” said Alice. “I can’t believe you did that! That’s a total betrayal of our friendship! Is that all it ever was to you? You just pretended to be my friend so that you could turn me into a total blob?!”

“No, no! I mean… yeah, at first… but then I really got to know you and… and I really started to like you as a friend! And then… it was too late to stop…” Laurie’s voice got quiet. She was so bad at apologizing! Ugh, this was all going wrong! She wished that she could find the words. “You know, Jen was in on it too!”

“I don’t care about that! I know Jen just does whatever you say! Don’t try to change the subject and pin this on her!” Alice was, truth be told, a little mad at Jen too. Jen had willingly gone along with Laurie’s hare-brained scheme, but Jen was also a complete ditz… it wasn’t fair to expect her to have any independent thought! Then again, Jen had been the one who finally told Alice the truth about what was happening. She had to give the fat-assed bimbo some credit for that, at least.

“I know, I know… you’re right, I’m sorry. I just… I’m so sorry, Alice… I really don’t want to lose your friendship…”

“You should have thought of that sooner! How long was this going to go on, Laurie? Til I was 600 pounds? 700? A ton??? You’re only sorry cuz you got caught! But you know the funniest part? You did all this so that you would look thinner than me… and look at you now! You’re the fattest out of all three of us!”

It was true. Alice and Jen were huge, but they didn’t compare to Laurie. Laurie’s scheme had all been for nothing, because her own appetite outpaced the growth of her friends. That was the real problem. Laurie was addicted to food and addicted to growth. She loved to eat and eat and eat until her belly was so tight that she was certain one more bite would be enough to split her open. She loved everything about eating – the tastes on her tongue, the delicious feeling of a full belly, and, most of all, the effects it had on her growing body. Alice ate because she had no willpower, Jen ate because she loved the taste of food, but only Laurie ate because she wanted to gain. How could she have ever believed that anyone else could stay bigger than her for long? Laurie was so massive that she looked like a blob, her flesh as soft and pliable as marshmellow. And with her lovers Frank and Abida constantly feeding her and the added incentive to gain from a legion of online fans discovered through her website… what hope was there? She was doomed to grow bigger and bigger and bigger… And the crazy thing? She didn’t care anymore about Alice and Jen or their weights. She didn’t want them to be bigger to make her look smaller. She WANTED to be the biggest! She was jealous to think that they even approached her magnificence!

Wasn’t that the ultimate irony? Her attempts to disguise her own gains had only made her realize what she really wanted… to revel in her size! She didn’t want to hide her body anymore, she wanted EVERYONE to see her! She wanted EVERYONE to know just how huge, how fat, how burdened by soft pillowy flesh she really was!

And now she was about to lose one of her best friends because… because of something she didn’t even care about anymore!

“You did this to me!” said Alice, waving her flabby arms in front of her body for emphasis. That wasn’t quite true. Even without Laurie’s influence, Alice’s own greed would probably have led her to this point – but Laurie had definitely played her role! But recent events had made Alice realize something: She was destined to be fat. This shape felt right to her. Sure, maybe she was still embarrassed every time that her hips stuck in a doorway or she popped a button when she plopped her fat ass into a chair too quickly. But the reality was, she didn’t mind being fat. It was comfortable, it was right. It was who she was meant to be! But that didn’t make her less mad at Laurie. Alice felt like it should have been her decision to be fat. Sure, she was the one who gobbled free pizza at work and stuffed herself too much at home. But Laurie was the one who made sure that Alice gulped down an endless supply of high calorie treats every week at their sleepovers. And that was… that was… that was just mean, okay!? Alice didn’t like that she had been tricked!

“I’m a total fat ass because of you, Laurie! And, yeah, I mean… Tyler likes it… and I guess a lot of guys do… and I mean, I don’t mind being fat, if I’m honest… I mean, not usually.. but there’s a principle!” Alice’s diatribe was cut short as suddenly she felt a twinge in her nethers. Her chubby cheeks went red, her eyes bugged out, and she sat up ramrod straight, her belly plopping against the surface of the table. Oh no! Not now! Of all the times! Alice quickly scanned the room. Tyler was nowhere in sight. She wasn’t sure where he was, but apparently he thought now was the perfect time to play their little game…

The happy couple were playing a naughty sex game, wherein Alice kept a small vibrator tucked into her snug little panties all day and Tyler could remotely activate it at any time. He usually activated it during lunch, using the stimulation to encourage Alice to eat more (not that she needed the motivation!). He must not realize that she was actually in the middle of a conversation with Laurie right now!

“I know, I know, I’m sorry! But I didn’t mean…”

Alice nodded dumbly as Laurie blathered. Her plump pussy tingled as the vibrator did its work; Alice clenched her thick legs together and sighed loudly. Ohhhh gawwwd, she was getting so wet! She eyed the pizza on the tray in front of her. Hmmm… She imagined Tyler feeding her that pizza slowly, sensuously, his hand behind her shoulders, tilting her down until she was flat on her back, then slowly stroking the mountain of her belly as he fed her pizza, bite by bite… Gawd, it was too much! Alice blushed hotly, her face going red as a tomato. She hoped that Laurie couldn’t hear the vibrator buzzing in her underwear and she clenched her thighs even tighter in hopes of muffling the sound. The worst part? Alice knew from Tyler that Laurie sometimes played this same game, allowing Frank or Abida to control her orgasm remotely. So if anyone could suss out the tell-tale signs that Alice was being naughty, it would be Laurie!

“No, no… not now, Tyler! Ughhhh… oh gawd… hmmmfff, that feels… oh gawd it feels so good,” mumbled Alice under her breath. She inhaled deeply and exhaled through her nose, desperately trying to will herself back to calm. It was a losing battle. She gripped the sides of the table, her breath quickening, her fat tummy heaving against the counter top. Her nipples were stiff and tenting the fabric of her polo shirt. Oh gawd, she was gonna blow at any second!

Luckily, Laurie was so miserable that she wasn’t paying close attention. Otherwise, she would have picked up immediately on what was happening.

“Alice, please, you have to understand! I did it for your own good! I thought this would help you…”

“What are you even talking… about? You’re just… making… excuses!” Alice somehow managed to puff out a reply even though she was absolutely going out of her mind with lust. The blubbery blonde was writhing in her seat, her mammoth bottom acting as a spring to give her extra bounce. “You didn’t do this for me! You did it… all for… yourself!”

Alice snatched the pizza slice off her plate and crammed it into her mouth, hoping that if her cheeks were full it would help to muffle her groans of pleasure. Laurie was talking again, probably trying to plead her case.

“No, sweetie, I was helping you! I didn’t just do it for me… I was doing it for all of us! I was…” Laurie was lying through her teeth, it was all for her. All for her own selfish goals! But she was desperate for anything, any excuse that could get Alice to forgive her… she was a miserable wreck knowing that she’d done wrong and she really, really wanted Alice to just tell her it was all okay! “You don’t even know what I’ve done for you, Alice! I was the one who got Maggie to stop being mean to you at Pizza-by-the-Pound, you know!”

Alice stared. It was true that Alice’s supervisor Maggie at her afterschool job at the mall food court pizza place used to always harp on Alice, giving her guff about her weight and accusing her of eating the merchandise. It was also true that Maggie had been awfully quiet lately. Alice had no idea that was due to Laurie’s meddling. But why would Laurie do that? Alice knew at once.

“Oh! And you probably just did that for exact same reason, didn’t you? You wanted Maggie to stop being mean cuz you were afraid that I wouldn’t eat as much with her around criticizing me, right? You did it all for your stupid plan!”

Laurie stuttered.

“Yeah, I thought so!” said Alice, her voice rising as she sputtered through the last remnants of her pizza slice. Her rising emotions were making her more and more excited, the vibrator still buzzing away, nestled deep in her plump little pussy, tickling her clit, driving her wild. Eating that pizza wasn’t helping! She could feel the familiar comfortable warmth in her belly that always followed a good meal, making her feel safe and secure and bloated and happy. Ugh, what was wrong with her?! She shouldn’t get this turned on by eating, but she couldn’t help herself! Alice grit her teeth and rolled her eyes as she finally built to climax, her whole body tensing so hard that her blubber jiggled.

“Listen, Alice, you’re being unreasonable!” snarled Laurie. “I said I was sorry! What more do you want!?” Laurie was so upset that her shame was giving way to anger and she was huffing so hard now that her breasts threatened to pop from her top. “I’m trying to make things right!”

Alice was gasping, her cheeks pink and her hair disheveled. What a ride! She couldn’t believe that she had just come in front of her friend… well, ex-friend. And she’d apparently gotten away with it! It made her feel delightfully naughty to know that she could orgasm without even a sex fiend like Laurie being any wiser! Alice cleared her throat and ran her chubby fingers through her hair, trying to regain her composure. “Well Laurie… you’re not gonna win anyone back with that attitude!”

“I don’t know what to say!” blubbered Laurie, her voice cracking. She was struggling to hold back tears. Oh shit. She didn’t want to cry. No. Not here! Not in front of Alice! She was trying her best to hold it together, but she refused to cry. Laurie had lived her whole life as the boss bitch, the alpha cheerleader who could take charge of any situation. Even in bed, when she submitted to the domination of Frank and Abida, she was always technically topping from the bottom. She was willing to apologize, yes, but that was far enough. She wasn’t going to show this weakness.

“I’m sorry,” said Alice. She hoisted herself to her feet and Laurie saw that Alice was in the same predicament that she was: The fat blonde had not been able to completely button up her shorts over her enormous belly, leaving the bottom few buttons undone and revealing a tantalizing glimpse of both warm pink flesh and overstretched white knickers. Alice was so fat that she could barely see over her belly and Laurie wondered if she was even aware that she hadn’t managed to completely do up her fly this morning.

“I want to make things right,” said Laurie. “Alice, please… tell me how I can fix this! I don’t want to lose your friendship!”

“I’m sorry,” Alice repeated. She turned away. “But you’ve already lost it.”

Laurie held it together until Alice was out of the room. Only then did she let the tears flow.

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“Hey, Maggie, I’ll be in my room.”

“Uhhh… sure.”

Maggie stared at her little sister as Gloria sauntered through the front door and across the room, flaunting her new body in her new cheerleader uniform; Maggie could barely recognize her after all the changes that she had gone through recently! Gloria was a chunky nerd, with coke-bottle glasses, wild frizzy hair, and acne studding her dark skin. But what a difference a little time on the school’s cheer squad had made!

Gloria had dreamed of being a cheerleader for years, but the simple truth was that the poor dweeb didn’t have what it took. She was such an absolute mess of a nerd that any cheer squad would instantly throw her application into the garbage. It was only because Maggie struck a deal with cheer captain Laurie that Gloria was able to get on the squad. Maggie was the shift manager at the Pizza-by-the-Pound pizza joint in the mall food court and Alice was her underling. She used to always harass Alice for eating all the merchandise until she’d promised Laurie to lay off in exchange for Laurie securing Gloria a place on the cheer squad. Laurie had put her teammate Jen in charge of Gloria’s training and, well, the results were astounding.

Gloria had exchanged her thick glasses for contacts, trained her hair, and cleared up her skin… all under Jen’s expert tutelage! She now looked every inch a cheerleading beauty.

But there was also one more big change. Gloria had put on a lot of weight! She was always think, but now she was getting downright chubby to the point that her thighs rubbed together when she walked and her broad badonk stretched out the pleats of her cheer skirt and made it ride up over the shelf of her ass when she walked. Right now, Gloria’s skirt hem had pulled up to reveal the twin orbs of the chunky latina’s soft plump buns clad in black spandex spanky pants.

“Hey, Gloria,” said Maggie. “Your skirt’s riding up your ass.”

“What? Oh, heh. Oops.” Gloria paused, blushing slightly, to adjust her skirt and pull it back down over her backside.

“You know, Gloria, it’s none of my business… but you’ve kinda been putting on a little weight lately, you know?”

“Have I? Guess all those new cheer exercises are really building up the thigh and calf muscles, huh?” Gloria grinned sheepishly as she raised her arms over her head, laced her fingers together, and did a performative stretch. Maggie was not amused.

“I’m not talking about that, Gloria. I’m talking about that new ghetto booty you’ve got going back there. What’s up with that?”

“Oh, that? Well, you know how it is… doing all those squats must have really developed my glutes, huh?” Gloria gulped nervously. It was true that she was doing squats to help develop her bottom, but that wasn’t the half of it. Jen Sarovy, her quarter ton mentor and the biggest booty queen in school, had selected Gloria to be her replacement for when Jen finally graduated and left the squad for good. Jen was convinced that every cheer squad needed one “booty girl,” someone with a powerful base of her own to form the base of cheer pyramids. Gloria was ecstatic to be chosen, excited to think that her butt might someday be on par with Jen’s. That was the crazy thing. Sure, Gloria had always been a little self-conscious to be so bottom-heavy. She always cringed when she felt her jeans pull tight in the seat when she zipped up. She always winced when she caught sight of her protruding posterior in mirrors. And she didn’t like when she walked down the street and some car full of horny jerks flew past, howling and cat-calling. But when she saw Jen for the first time, saw that carefree airhead with her monumental rear so huge that she was relegated entirely to sweats and leggings… wow, did that change her whole attitude! Gloria couldn’t imagine anything more beautiful than to be a perfect pear like Jen with a bottom so smooth and round and ample. So she leaped at the chance when Jen took the Latina under her wing to teach her the ways of the butt.

So, yeah, Gloria was doing squats to build up her butt muscles. But she was also binging on fatty fried foods and sweets, gorging on junk food and hoping that every new pound would go right to her ever-expanding tushie! So far, it seemed to be working! Jen was always heaping praise on her for her progress. And now that Jen was starting her own website to help girls learn how to “pump up their rumps,” as Jen so eloquently put it, Gloria’s job as Jen’s lackey was more important than ever.

How funny was it to think that Jen had her own lackey now? She had been Laurie’s lackey for so long that it was almost unthinkable that she would have one of her own now!

“You’ve been spending a lot of time with Jen Sarovy, haven’t you? You better be careful that her habits don’t rub off on you too much!” said Maggie.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Open your eyes, Gloria. There’s a reason that Jen and her friends are called the ‘Cheerleader Chunkers.’ I’ve never seen anyone blimp so fast as those three. They’ve each gained, like, 400 pounds in the last year, I don’t even know how that’s possible!”

Gloria had seen Jen eat, so she knew exactly how it was possible. It all came down to the fact that Jen and her cheerleader cohorts had absolutely no willpower. Those girls could never refuse a tempting treat, so their waistlines gradually grew as huge as their appetites while they obliviously wondered why their clothes seemed to keep shrinking. Jen was a shameless glutton who was never without some donut or candy bar in her hand, who stopped by every fast food restaurant on her way home from school, who lived with an old world mother determined that her child should never experience a hunger pang in her life. Then, of course, there was the fact that ever since Jen and her friends had appeared on the Nikki Lake Show, they had become HUGE local celebrities. And nobody wanted to see their favorite fat girls lose a single famous pound, so now Jen was getting free food everywhere that she went! It was a miracle that she could still walk, let alone hadn’t exploded yet!

Not that Gloria should talk. She was fast following in Jen’s plodding footsteps.

“Jen Sarovy is, what, 500 pounds now? Probably more. I see her rolling around school in her scooter… she’s so big she can barely waddle now, I don’t know how she thinks she can still cheer! I’m just worried that she might be a bad influence on you…”

Gloria snorted. “A bad influence? Whatever! I can take care of myself! It’s none of your business!”

“Oh yeah? If you can take care of yourself, then how do you explain these?”

Maggie grabbed her sister’s butt, one hand on each chubby cheek, and squeezed, her fingers sinking deep into the spongy flesh of Gloria’s tubby tush. Gloria squeaked and jumped in the air, swatting Maggie away.

“Hey! Hands off my hinder, you perv!”

“Your behind is looking way fuller than it used to, Gloria. If you’re not careful, you’re gonna end up with a butt as big as Jen’s!”

“You… you really think so?” Gloria paused, a dreamy look on her face. To be as big as Jen! That was the impossible dream! But it would take a lot more work before she could make a claim for that throne…

“Yeah, so you better watch out! You gotta start watching what you eat or your butt’s gonna outgrow all your pants.”

“Oh, you’re just exaggerating!” sniffed Gloria. She turned to stalk away, but she moved too quickly… and the straining seams of her spandex spanky pants couldn’t take the punishment anymore. Both girls froze as a loud rip split the air and the seat of Gloria’s spanky pants split wide open to expose her panties wedged between her fat buns.

“Oh, I’m just exaggerating, am I?” said Maggie, crossing her arms. “Look at yourself, Gloria, your ass is already out of control! You need to go on a serious diet if you don’t want an ass the size of the planet!”

“Whatever! Leave me alone!” snapped Gloria as she stalked away, the rip expanding as more stitches popped with every step. Gloria ran up stairs and into her room and slammed the door. She flung herself on her bed. What the hell! This was so embarrassing! Her stupid sister was never gonna let her live this down… though, at the same time, the fact that her booty was so big now that she was outgrowing her spanky pants was a real milestone in her rump plumping journey. She pulled out her cellphone and immediately started to text Jen.

>Jen… I just busted my spanky pants

In moments, Jen texted back: LOL 4 real?

>Yeah… right in front of my sister too!

>LOL I bet Maggie had sum words 4 u lol

>yea what a bitch XP

>LOL this is awesome!! Xoxox I m soooo proud of u!! your booty is coming along mighty fine… I remember wen I had my 1st booty bust-out LOL now you are OFFICIAL big booty girl

Gloria perked up. She couldn’t believe it. All that hard work, all those squats, all those gorging sessions, all to hopefully sculpt her chubby little bum into a massive, monolithic donk…. It was paying off!

She texted back.

>Thanks Jen… so glad to have you as my mentor

>anytime xoxoxo us booty gals gotta stick 2gether!!! Xoxo <3

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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,

Molly Coddles