Alice 108
By Mollycoddles

“Thank Gawd!” gasped Jen as she wobbled through the double doors of the Empire Grand Hotel, the blast of frigid air conditioning hitting her in the face. “I, like, thought I was gonna die in that heat!”

It had only been a few feet from the air conditioned limo to the air conditioned hotel, but Jen was already sweating like a pig. The southern California summer heat was stifling under the best of conditions, but Jen was also carrying around a thick layer of insulating blubber than made it exponentially worse! Sweat dripped off her chubby cleeks and pooled in her ample cleavage. Her clothes were streaked with wet spots under her armpits and between her fat rolls and, embarrassingly, between her butt cheeks. The seat of her overburdened stretch pants was soaked with perspiration, forming a dark vertical line in the fabric right over the crack of her sweaty ass. Luckily, Jen was totally oblivious to that, so she didn’t know to be embarrassed.

“You’re telling me!” sighed Alice as she waddled her way into the lobby, mopping her damp brow with a pudgy hand. “I don’t know how people live in this heat!”

If there was one word to describe Alice it would be “round.” She was an exceedingly round girl, plump and spherical as a firm ripe apple, as wide as she was deep. And sure, her chubby bottom struck out behind her, but that hardly provided enough ballast to offset her tremendous belly and boobage. Alice was definitely “front-loaded,” to the point that she suffered increasingly frequent back spasms from carrying the hefty burden of her monster gut and she needed to place her chubby hands against the small of her back for support when she waddled – like a pregnant woman! That presented a new problem with the swollen spherical sweetie. As she ballooned into ultra-BBW territory, Alice was finding it difficult to decide what “trick” best helped her stay upright when she waddled. Putting her hands on her back helped to alleviate some of her back pain. But she also found that lacing her fingers together under her belly to help cradle her gut as she shuffled was also helpful. Finally, she was so round now that she had to walk with a peculiar rolling gait – waddling like a penguin – so much that her own size threatened to overwhelm her. Holding her arms out to her sides, so that she appeared to be holding a T-pose, helped to steady her. But she couldn’t hold all three poses at the same time! She had to make the decision every time she moved which one was best this time, which one would most help her stay on her pudgy feet for just a few seconds more.

“Girls…. Wait for me… Gawd… I’m so hot…” Laurie gasped as her scooter puttered along after her friends.

Laurie was sweating buckets, her round face so red that she looked like a tomato. She was so drenched with perspiration that she could barely keep a grip on her scooter’s joystick. Her plump hand kept slipping!

At over a quarter ton each, Alice and Jen at least still retained some of their feminine shape – Jen with her wide hips and bulbous bottom, Alice with her enormous thighs, titanic belly, and hefty boobs. But Laurie? Laurie was so far gone into absolute obesity that she was little more than a massive blob of flesh by now. She was so fat that she barely looked human, everything buried under mountains of quivering blubber. She was as fat as a fully grown corn-fed hog, as heavy as a hormone-pumped dairy cow. Sure, she had always been voluptuous, zaftig even, but now she was downright obese. She could barely move under her own power. She could shuffle a few feet from her bed to her mobility scooter, but she was functionally immobile these days – too fat and too lazy to do anything but still on her monumental ass and eat… and get even fatter!

Alice, Jen, and Laurie were all stunned to see just how luxurious this hotel was! The lobby was huge and ornate, full of plush armchairs and lit by jeweled chandeliers! Clearly no expense was being spared for their accomodations while they were in LA! The titanic trio were to be guests on Nikki Lake’s daytime talk show; they’d been invited to appear after a video recording of one of their cheer routines had gone viral. Everyone wanted to know more about the “cheerleader chunkers” as the Internet had dubbed them.

The three gorditas were accompanied by a trim young woman: Parker Prim, the producer who was assigned to handle them, Even just from the limo ride to the hotel, Parker already could tell that these three lard butts were going to be a major handful. But if she could just get them to their rooms, they would be out of her hair… for a little while at least!

“Come on, girls, let’s get you checked in.” She led them toward the front desk.

The desk clerk’s practiced smile didn’t falter for a second as she watched the three enormous tubs tottering toward her.

“I’ve got reservations for three rooms, courtesy of the Nikki Lake show?” said Parker.

The clerk tapped a few strokes into her computer and nodded. “Absolutely, ma’am. Those rooms are going to be on the second floor.”

Alice, Jen and Laurie all groaned out loud together.

“But you’ll find that we do have elevators.”

The three girls switched, mid-groan, to sighs of relief.

“I hope you enjoy your time with us here at the Empire Grand Hotel,” said the clerk as she pushed three room keys across the counter. “You’ll find our location very convenient... We have a heated swimming pool, a weight room, sauna…”

“And the room come with private jacuzzis? Is that right?” interrupted Laurie.

“Yes, ma’am, that’s right.”

“And 24 hour room service?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And anything we order gets charged to the Nikki Lake Show, right?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Parker groaned inwardly. She could see the greedy gleam in Laurie’s piggy eyes and she could already imagine the staggering foo bill that this busty blimp was going to leave the show holding. Parker was going to get her ass reamed so hard by her boss at the end of this financial quarter! She only hoped that the ratings for being the first talk show to interview the famous cheerleader chunkers would make it all worth it.

“We tape tomorrow at 11 am,” said Parker. “We’ll send a limo to pick you up then, but until then your time is your own. The hotel should be able to cater to any concerns you have, but also feel free to explore the area. There’s lots of interesting historical and cultural sites in this neighborhood. Each of you girls gets your own room and we’ve made sure to reserve the most luxurious suites available for you each, as per your request.”

Laurie grinned. “Well! I’m glad to see that Nikki Lake is a show that knows how to treat its guests!”

As her fat friends peppered Parker with questions, Alice idly scanned the rack of brochures for local tourist attractions. Her eyes fell on one that sparked her interest: The Famous Grease Pan Diner, World Famous for Our Bottomless Milkshakes and Unlimited Home-Made Pies. Alice plucked it from the rack.

“Excuse me,” asked Alice. “How close is the Grease Pan Diner?”

“It’s a 5 minute bus ride from here,” said the clerk.

Alice didn’t relish the idea of using public transportation – even here in LA where her local celebrity status probably wouldn’t get her any attention, Alice suspected that her weight would still earn her plenty of stares – but there was definitely no way that she was going to walk.

“What do you guys think? As long as we’re in LA, we should really experience some of the city’s culture, don’t you think? See, the brochure says that the Grease Pan Diner is an LA institution. Look at this list of celebrities who’ve eaten there!”

Jen squinted at the brochure, subtly moving her lips as she silently read the perks of this diner. “Whoa! Like, bottomless milkshakes? Unlimited pie? Like, this place sounds great! We should totally check it out!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “You girls really want to go out in this heat? On the bus? You’re welcome to, ladies, but I think I’m going to stay here at the hotel and enjoy some of these luxurious accomodations that Parker promised!” Laurie remembered all that talk about private jacuzzis and unlimited room service that had originally enticed her to make this trip! If Jen and Alice wanted to waste their time traipsing around this smoggy hellhole, that was their business!

“C’mon! Like, it’ll be fun!” said Jen, licking her lips.

“How are you two gonna get your scooters on a bus? You’re gonna have to walk!”

Alice and Jen exchanged horrified glances. They were both so fat and lazy these days that they avoided actually walking whenever possible! The idea that they would have to walk ALL the way to the bus stop, ride the bus, and then walk ALL the way from the bus stop to the diner…. and afterwards repeat the process… well, that sounded awful to them! But still, the lure of bottomless shakes and unlimited pie was awfully tempting… How could they say no to that?

“Like, c’mon! It’ll be worth it! Like, we haven’t even since, like, lunch. Don’t you want some real food?”

Laurie waved a hand dismissively. “I think I’ll stay in and order room service, thank you very much. But you two can feel free to enjoy your little excursion.”

Jen looked at Alice. “Guess, like, it’s just us two. What do ya say, Alice?”

Alice nodded, her thick double chin jiggling. “I’m game. Let’s do it!”

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Alice and Jen managed to ride the bus with little fanfare, although it was a tight squeeze to shuffle down the aisle and the girls did attract a fair number of stares. That was to be expected when you’re over 500 pounds. But both girls were so excited by the prospect of unlimited pie and milkshakes that they hardly noticed, not even when the increasingly loud growls from their hungry bellies started to attract even more attention. It hadn’t been that long since the two goodyear gorditas had gorged themselves on burgers and fries in the backseat of the limo, but it seemed like they could never get enough to eat these days!

Everyone in the diner turned to stare as Jen and Alice waddled through the door.

The waitress behind the counter was used to seeing fat tourists waddle through the door, but she didn’t think she’d ever seen anyone as fat as these two. This didn’t bode well. The Grease Pan Diner was able to offer “bottomless milkshakes” and “unlimited pie” for one very simple reason – no one could actually drink that much milkshake or eat that much pie! Most customers would be uncomfortably full after just one refill or a second slice, but these two…? Jen and Alice were a pair of incorrigible eating machines! They didn’t know the meaning of the word full and they could simply continue eating and eating and eating after most “normal” people were way past full!

Huffing and puffing, they approached the counter.

“Ugh! Ugh!” moaned Alice as she struggled to pull herself up onto the stools. The barstools were too high for a quarter ton blimp like Alice to easily lift herself onto them. “I… I can’t do it! Could you give me a little help!”

Without a thought, Jen planted her hands against the vast expanse of her fat friend’s butt and shoved, her flabby arms wobbling as she heaved against Alice’s backside. Alice rose high enough that her fat ass could clear the stool top and she plopped down. Alice was so wide that her broad butt sagged across two barstools and still left plenty of booty blubber to spare. It might have attracted more notice, except that Jen was even wider – the pear-shaped bimbo would probably need three stools to hold up her porky posterior.

In fact, Jen did! She had even more trouble hitching herself up onto her stools, struggling to balance herself across three barstools. The waitress grimaced. This was just great! Not only did she have a sneaking suspicion that these two heifers were going to take unfair advantage of the restaurant’s generous refill policy, they were taking up valuable space that could be used by other, paying customers!

“Like, you guys shouldn’t have such high stools!” complained Jen as she plopped herself across the seats – she sat perched on a central stool while her ginormous buttocks overflowed onto the stools to the right and left of her. It was a precarious position to be in, especially considering that Jen’s ass was deep as well as wide. Her shelf-like bubble booty didn’t have any support from the back, so it sagged freely behind her. The poor girl had to lean forward as far as possible – not an easy prospect with her chubby gut in the way – to prevent the gravity of her ponderously plump posterior from dragging her backwards off her seat.

The waitress waited impatiently as Jen adjusted herself, struggling to get comfortable. “What’ll it be, hun?” she asked.

“We’d like, um, two orders of your unlimited pie and two orders of your bottomless shakes, please!” chirped Jen.

“Of course. What flavors?”

Alice scanned the menu. “I’d like to start with a slice of blueberry pie, please. And a cookies and cream shake!”

“Vanilla shake for me! And an apple pie!”

Jen lifted the shake to her lips and started to chug; it was so thick and creamy that she had some trouble getting it down at first! But soon she hit a rhythm, slurping like only a dedicated fat girl could. Rivlets of shake dribbled from the sides of her mouth, trickling down her double chin to spatter in her cleavage, but Jen was too intent of sucking down all that cold, creamy goodness as fast as she could to even notice! In only a couple minutes, she had completely drained her glass. She smacked the empty glass back down on the table with a satisfied sigh.

“OMG! That’s totally perfect for a hot day like today! Like, right, Alice?”

“Mmmfff.” Alice couldn’t respond, her cheeks were bulging with syrupy blueberry pie. But she gave Jen a nod and a thumbs up to indicate that she definitely agreed.

Jen hoovered down her slice in less than a minute; Alice finished not long after. “Could I get another? I’d like a pecan, this time!”

“Cherry for me, please!”

So the two girls began to eat. And eat. And eat. Of course, there was never any doubt that they weren’t going to stop after just a single slice of pie each or a single shake. They were clearly going to gorge until they couldn’t eat another bite. They never even needed to say it, it was an unspoken agreement, obvious just from looking at the sheer size of their gargantuanly overfed bodies. These were girls who never, ever, EVER went hungry. The cleaned plates and empty glasses began to pile up as Alice and Jen ate their way through the menu, slice after slice, shake after shake. Blueberry, apple, cherry, boysenberry, pecan… They were determined to try every flavor! Why wouldn’t they? It was free, after all! And the same for the shakes… Vanilla, chocolate, cookie cream, root beer float, orange creamsicle… the list went on! The two girls could feel their fat tummies filling up as they ate, growing rounder and fuller under their shirts, but that only encouraged them to keep binging. Who wouldn’t want more of that delicious, full-up feeling, that feeling of blissful satisfaction that comes with a full belly? Some might say that it’s possible to have too much of a good thing, but that was never a philosophy that Alice or Jen subscribed to. If they did, they would never have blimped up to a combined half ton!

“Like, could I get a refill? They don’t have anything like this back home!” burbled Jen through a mouthful of flaky boysenberry pie, holding out her drained glass. “Could I get – burp – some strawberry cheesecake this time?” Jen stifled a quiet burp. The waitress silently tipped a pitcher into the glass, filling it back up.

“Like, thanks!” Jen raised the tall glass to her lips and slowly started to chug the thick, creamy concoction. Delicious! The bloated heifer was in hog heaven! Jen could feel her fat little tummy filling up with heavy shake, her gut slowly rolling forward and setting between her chunky legs. A piggish grunt escaped her lips as she adjusted herself, scooching her bottom across the three stools. Jen’s T-shirt slipped up her belly, revealing more and more of her ballooning belly, and her stretchpants s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d tighter and tighter around her enormous haunches. The waistband slipped down as Jen leaned over yet another slice of pie, revealing the top few inches of the fat girl’s plump butt cleavage. A mother seated in an opposite booth covered her young son’s eyes with her hand as Jen’s bottom slowly came on display for all to see.

“Mmmm, so good,” muttered Jen to herself, so lost in the bliss of her binge that she didn’t realize that she was talking to herself.

The meal continued. Glass after glass, plate after plate. Life was simply one long binge for these corpulent cuties, but this was extreme, even by their standards.

Alice shifted in her seat, reaching under the overhanging flab of her flank to adjust her straining waistband with one pudgy hand. Alice’s shorts were working hard to contain her burgeoning flesh, but it was only a matter of time before they were destined to fail. The only question was how? Her ballooning thighs and hefty hips pressed against the side seams and rivets with increasing force with every bite that Alice pressed into her mouth. They were stretched tight enough that the white threads were pushed into visibility. Would they be the first to burst? Behind her, Alice’s bulbous butt pressed against the seat of her shorts. Her shorts were already so tight that the metal snaps on her back pockets would no longer close, but at least her seat hadn’t split… not yet. Would that prove to be the weakest link? Or would it be her button? That was the most likely candidate. The metal snap holding together her fly was under immense pressure – her belly slopped over her waistband above it and her pudgy fupa pressed against it from behind. When she finally ate one bite too many and sent her button flying, the zipper would most likely instant slide down to allow her belly to flop into her lap. Yes, that was definitely the most likely outcome. But only time would tell as her shorts grew snugger and snugger with her greedy gorging.

“Yum yum,” muttered Alice, smacking her lips happily. She was so lost in her own gluttonous ecstasy that she barely realized that she was mumbling quiet noises of greedy pleasure to herself.

Alice froze as she felt her panties suddenly give way to the pressure of her widening rear; she both felt and heard them tear up the back. Oh no! Her plump little hands flew to her rump in a panic, hoping against hope that her shorts hadn’t torn. She quickly patted herself down to ascertain the extent of the damage and then breathed a sigh of relief. Her shorts were intact! Sure, splitting her panties wasn’t a good sign – she was going to be uncomfortable for the rest of the afternoon as the torn fabric rode up her rear – but at least it wasn’t a public embarrassment. No one would know!

Miraculously, Jen’s panties held firm. Her ass might have been monumentally big, even bigger than Alice’s, but that ironically only made her somewhat more prepared for eventualities like this. Her panties were XXXL, massive billowing garments large enough to be used as circus tents and designed to withstand the pure elemental forces of Jen’s bulging buns. Her stretchpants were under absolutely insane pressure, her stitching bitching at her whenever she shifted her immense weight.

The clock on the wall ticked by hours, yet neither girl ever moved from her seat. They only paused their eating long enough to order another round of pie.

Eventually, however, they were destined to wear out their welcome.

“Okay, that’s enough, I’m cutting you off,” said the waitress.

Jen furrowed her brow in confusion. Her cheeks bulged with pie, her eyes bulged with bafflement. She swallowed. “But… but, like, your ad said you have bottomless milkshakes! And unlimited pie!”

“Yeah, but you’re taking unfair advantage of the offer,” snapped the waitress. “You two have had way more than enough. You’ve been here stuffing your fat faces for nearly three hours! Now pay up your bill and get out.”

“But, like, that’s not fair!” pouted Jen petulantly, slapping her hand against the counter. “Like, your ad said…”

“Um, maybe we should just leave,” said Alice. She was eager to avoid a confrontation, especially since, unlike Jen, she actually was smart enough to understand just how much food they’d gotten away with eating for practically nothing. She threw a few dollars down on the counter and slid off her stools.

“Ugh, like, fine! Like, you totally don’t even know who we are!” huffed Jen as she discounted, her shelf-like ass wobbling as her plump feet hit the ground. The whole restaurant shook with her impact and Jen’s overburdened knees creaked and wobbled with the effort of holding up her massive body again. “We’re, like, the cheerleader chunkers! We’re totally famous!”

“I can tell that you’re chunkers just by looking at you!” snapped the waitress. “But as for being famous… this is LA! Everyone here claims that they’re famous! That won’t get you a free meal in this town!”

“Fine, fine!” snorted Jen. “Like, you’re just lucky our friend Laurie isn’t here! Like, if she was here… you’d really get an earful!”

“I don’t care about your friend!” snapped the waitress. “Now get your fat asses out of here while you can still fit out the door!”

“Fine, like, we’re leaving!”

As they two girls squeezed out the doorway, Jen clutched her distended gut and began to whine. Her stomach, big and round and tight as a drum, bubbled angrily. For the first time, she seemed to realize that she’d overeaten… and now she was facing the consequences!

“Like, can you believe that bitchy waitress?” wailed Jen. “Like, their ad said UNLIMITED pie and milkshakes!” She stifled another creamy burp, some leftover milkshake dribbling from her lips. “I’m, like, not gonna ever patronize them again! Just wait til they see the – burp—review I leave for them! Burp!” Jen was babbling so fast that her full tummy was getting agitated and bubbly, her burps coming fast and furious.

“It’s not a big deal,” said Alice meekly. “I mean, maybe that waitress was right… we DID hang out there for a really long time after all. Maybe she’s right, maybe we did eat too much…” Alice could feel her ripped underwear sliding against her bare bottom under her straining shorts, a constant reminder of her own gluttony.

“Aw, Jeez, like, you might be right, Alice! I really think I totally ate too much,” moaned Jen, tottering from side to side. For the first time, the pear-shaped princess seemed to realize just how full her belly was. Her round face looked slightly green as a wave of overfull nausea spilled over her.

Alice was not immune to the effects of overindulgence. “Ooof… me too,” groaned Alice. “Ooo, I shouldn’t have had that last slice of pie!”

“Like, I’m gonna – burp! – fall down… Alice, like, you totally have to help me. I’m, like, too full to walk!”

“Me too!”

The two girls were so full and bloated that they had to support each other as they wobbled along, each with her arm over the other’s shoulders. Passers by couldn’t help but stare at the comical sight of the two overstuffed cuties shuffling along, blocking the sidewalk with their extra wide load rear ends. Alice grimaced; not only was she uncomfortably full, the heat was making her sweat like a pig and her split panties were riding up her crack.

“This suuuucks,” whined Jen. “I wish we had our scooters! I can’t believe we have to, like, walk all the way back to the bus station. This is so unfair!”

“Hold on, Jen, we’ll make it!” Alice’s chubby face was red and glistening with sweat. The heat was absolutely oppressive for a girl so completely insulated with so many layers of thick, wobbling lard. Sweat was pooling in her cleavage. Her thick legs rubbed together, her crotch becoming sweaty and itchy from the friction.

“I can’t wait til we’re back at the hotel… oh Gawd, I just wanna lie down in bed and sleep! We never should have left the hotel!” Jen was also sweating buckets, her stretch pants soaked with the sweat from her wet slippery butt. Her thighs were chafing! Her legs were burning! This was the hardest that she’d worked in weeks…. Maybe even months! What a misery!

“Ohhh… Gawd, I wish Craig was here to rub my belly,” moaned Jen. Her stomach was absolutely throbbing with fullness; she felt like a balloon ready to burst. “That, like, always makes me feel better when I eat too much.”

“Ohhh… same! Tyler always makes me feel better when I’m too full.” Alice winced. Tyler had promised that he was going to attend the Nikki Lake taping to show support to his paunchy girlfriend, but he wasn’t going to arrive until tomorrow. It was only a day of separation for the two teenage lovers, but today it felt like an eternity! Alice wished he was here with her right now. She’d been away from Tyler for longer periods, but she’d never been so FAR away from him. Ever since they’d started dating, they’d always been in the same town. Now Alice was in Los Angeles and Tyler was still back home in Los Hermanos. Somehow the long distance made the ache all the more acute!

“Ya know, Craig promised me that he would try to come to the taping?” said Jen suddenly. “Like, isn’t that sweet? He said he was gonna try to fly down to see it live!”

“Really?” Alice pondered that. She knew that Tyler would be in the audience, so would Kayla and Jody and Nikki Lake was bringing in Dr. Shaw too… now Craig would be there as well? Who WOULDN’T be there? Alice suddenly felt a strange sense of foreboding. It was one thing to appear on stage in front of an audience of strangers, but the fact that so many familiar faces would be there was making her… kind of nervous.

Luckily, her overfull belly was able to distract her from her worries.

Both girls were really regretting their decision to visit the diner now. Not only were they uncomfortably full, but their padded feet, weak muscles, and overloaded joints were all aching with the effort of walking this short distance! They both relied on their mobility scooters way too much these days, oblivious that their over-reliance was making them gradually both fatter and lazier. But what else could you expect? The occasional waddle was literally the only exercise these gaining girls ever got and now they didn’t even get that.

When they got to the station, the two girls collapsed onto the bench, huffing and puffing like a pair of locomotives. They weren’t used to so much physical activity!

“Ugh… maybe Laurie was right… we should have just stayed in and ordered room service!”

The bus driver frowned as he pulled up to the curb. There was no way that these two fatties were gonna fit on the bus! There was just no way! Still, it wasn’t his job to police random fatsos. He pulled the lever to open the door and waited as Jen and Alice struggled to their feet.

Alice managed to rock herself to a standing position first.

“Alice! Like, help me up! My butt’s weighing me down.”

Occasionally, Jen did show flashes of insight. She held out her arms; Alice grabbed her wrist and grunted as she strained to hoist her fat-bottomed friend to her feet. The bus driver rolled his eyes, annoyed at the delay. He had a schedule to maintain and these two fat asses were taking WAY too long to load up! He tapped his fingers against the steering wheel impatiently as Alice wobbled over to the bus door.

Alice placed the palms of her hands against the sides of the doorway to steady herself and lifted her left leg to clear the step. Two things happened simultaneously. First, her hips bumped against the sides of the door – clearly, she was too wide to fit! But Alice didn’t even notice that, because the sound of fabric tearing drew her full attention. The big question about what would finally give first in her shorts had been answered. She’d split her seat wide open and her fat ass came pouring out. But even worse? Alice’s underwear was already in shreds, so her bare ass was visible through the rip!

Luckily, as always, Jen was there to help.

“Um, like, Alice? Like, your shorts ripped.”

“…thanks, Jen.”

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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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