Alice 94
By Mollycoddles

Abida crept down the stairs as quietly as she could, catching her breath every time that the floorboards creaked. Luckily, Mrs. Sarovy was too busy bustling in the kitchen to notice. Phew, thank God! Abida had just completed another hot hot stuffing session with Laurie and she needed to get home; she didn’t want Mrs. Sarovy to pressure her into staying for dinner.

Usually, Abida and Frank tackled Laurie together. They were a good pair, each one completely dedicated to making sure that Laurie got the full hedonist experience, but they had reached the point where occasionally one or the other would come to pleasure Laurie alone. There was an unspoken agreement that this was kosher. Neither one felt like they were intruding on the other’s territory, since they each gave Laurie something unique.

BUT… Abida knew that she shouldn’t do this often. In the future, she had to be more careful when Frank wasn’t around. Frank was a modifying influence, the good cop to Abida’s bad cop. He was always there to make sure that Abida didn’t take things TOO far. Because, after years of admiring Laurie from a distance, Abida sometimes found that she couldn’t restrain herself. It was TOO exciting. She wanted Laurie to eat EVERYTHING.

“Definitely better not do this again without Frank,” said Abida to herself. Upstairs, Laurie was in bed, asleep. Or, more accurately, she was in a food coma. Abida had stuffed her all night, feeding Laurie until the buxom bombshell was absolutely glutted. Laurie was so full by the end that her eyes were wet with tears of pain yet she never refused a bite. Indeed, she kept begging for more up until the end. Her belly was absolutely enormous, a massive boulder stretched so hard and so tight that she looked ready to rupture, but Laurie never stopped demanding more food. The girl did not know her limits. And unfortunately, neither did Abida. It was a dangerous combination.

“Definitely better not do this again without Frank,” repeated Abida. Luckily, nothing had happened tonight. Laurie was asleep, her breath coming in ragged fits and bursts as she slumbered because the weight and volume of her overpacked gut meant that she could barely stretch enough to inhale, and she would probably have the mother of all stomach aches when she awoke. But at least she WOULD wake up. Laurie was lucky that she hadn’t burst.

Abida pried open the front door and slipped outside. She pulled the door gently closed behind her. Success! She turned to leave but paused as a car suddenly pulled into the driveway.

It was riding absurdly low, so low that the muffler was dragging against the street and shooting off sparks, almost as if the car was weighted down with fa too much excess weight. Abida didn’t have to guess who might be inside the car. As the car came to a stop, she could see Alice and Jen inside. Of course.

“Abida!” called Alice as the fat girl popped open her door and struggled to lurch to her feet. “What are you doing here?”

Shit, thought Abida. She couldn’t tell the truth, that she’d just been stuffing Laurie silly. There was no way that these two heifers didn’t know that Laurie was hugely fat, even when compared to them, but it was still a little embarrassing for Abida to admit her part in Laurie’s growth. Her pride at having helped Laurie achieve such dizzyingly glorious new heights – or possible depths – of obesity was rapidly dissipating as she was confronted with the very real possibility that Alice and Jen might figure it all out. Damnit!

“Yeah, like, what are you doing here?” said Jen. She struggled to rock herself out of the driver’s seat, but the gravity of her monumental rump was making it hard. She squinted. “Like, are you here to see Laurie?”

Abida didn’t like that piercing gaze. She wasn’t used to seeing such a look of intense scrutiny on Jen’s normally placid, bovine face. Jen was simply too dumb to think very hard or very long about anything, so it was weird. Why was she suddenly looking at Abida so curiously?

Abida had no way of knowing that Jen was well aware that Laurie was involved in a threesome with Frank and another girl… Jen just didn’t know who that third person in the threesome was! Through her own detective work, Jen had eliminated most of the prime suspects: Mallory, Kristine, Lizzie, Denise… Jen had not before entertained the possibility that it could be Abida. But could it be? It didn’t seem so far-fetched now…

For her part, Abida was staring at Jen’s gut, sagging over the waistband of her overtaxed stretch pants. Jen was over 500 pounds, a quarter ton of tender teenage blubber packed into sassy flirty clothes that were clearly designed for a far svelter lady. Jen’s ample chest and fat gut filled out her cow-print tanktop to the point that it continuously slid up the arc of her middle, revealing the fat bimbo’s flabby spare tire and deep dark navel. The sleeves pinched her fat, fluffy arms, which Jen could no longer let hang at her sides because of the sheer size of her inflated love-handles; Jen’s arms stuck out like she was an over-inflated love doll. Her mousey brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail, but that only emphasized how round her face was now, her double chin resting against her breastbone, her hoop earrings touching the tops of her well-padded shoulders. And Jen’s butt! The pear-shaped porker had long been famous throughout the school for her bloated badonkadonk, but Jen’s ass had billowed and bloated as she gained to the point that her colossally corpulent caboose was tearing its way out of her tight leggings.

“Jeez, she’s gotten REALLY fat,” muttered Abida to herself. It was hard to believe just how big Alice and Jen were. Laurie, of course, was humungous but that was in large part because she had two feeders helping to spur her on. Did Jen have someone cramming her full of food? Did Alice? It seemed hard to believe, but it was equally hard to believe that they could have each become so absurdly, burstingly, blubbericiously massive just through their own simple unrestrained gluttony. There must be more to it than that! Abida noticed that the stitches down the sides of Jen’s pants were on their last legs; fat was already bubbling through some of the tears.

The tears! Of course! That was the ticket!

“Oh, I just came over to…. Measure you!” said Abida. “You know, to let out your clothes!”

“Oh!” said Jen brightly. “Like, yeah, that makes sense!”

“I guess it is time,” agreed Alice. She was leaning against the roof of the car for support, panting from the exertion of standing up. She was just as fat as Jen, although most of her bulk was centered more in her enormous belly than her butt. Alice’s blonde bangs helped to disguise how plump her face was now, but there was no way to hide how enormously fat her body was. A round doughy dumpling who was literally bursting out of her snug clothes, Alice was shaped like a ripe, full pumpkin – a ripe, full 500 pound plus pumpkin! “I have noticed that these pants have been, um, a little snug lately.”

I wonder why that is, thought Abida. The answer, of course, was obvious. It was because Alice ate way too much.

“Yeah, like, for real! I ate waaay too much tonight and I am, like, busting out of my pants,” agreed Jen.

Abida took another look and this time she noticed that Alice and Jen were more than just fat; they were clearly stuffed. Each girl’s belly stood out, round and tight and proud, in contrast to her doughy blubber.

“Yeah, we just got back from the Great Dragon buffet,” said Alice, stifling a quiet burp. “Um, we might have overdone it a little.”

Abida chuckled to herself. They had obviously overdone it A LOT. And they seemed completely oblivious to the possibility that Jen’s mom was preparing dinner right now. The two poor fatsos had no clue what they were getting into!

“Let’s, like, get inside so you can get to work!” said Jen.

“Uh…sure.” Abida followed sheepishly as the two goodyear gordita waddled inside. Damnit, she had hoped that she would be able to get home in a timely manner, but now she was trapped in a lie. Well, she would just have to work fast…

“Jen? Is that you?” called Mrs. Sarovy from the kitchen as her daughter squeezed her bulk through the front door. “I hope you’re hungry, dinner’s almost ready.”

“Um, we kinda already ate,” said Jen, rubbing her own distended gut. “But I suppose we could have a little something…”

“Oh yes, just a little,” agreed Alice eagerly. She licked her lips, a hungry gleam in her piggy eyes.

Abida shook her head in disbelief. Only moments ago these two were acting like they couldn’t eat another bite after their buffet binge, but now the mere mention of food was sending them into a gluttonous ecstasy. Damn. That was… actually kind of hot.

Abida jolted. Whaaaat? What was she saying? Did she actually think that Jen and Alice’s behavior was… hot? What was wrong with her? She’d obviously been spending too much time with Laurie. She had originally become obsessed with Laurie because of the head cheerleader’s stereotypically curvy physique – her enormous boobs were to die for – but as Laurie blimped Abida found she was gradually transferring her breast obsession to… something more… She was genuinely interested in Laurie’s massive size now. And maybe that interest was turning her into a fat admirer for other girls too?

Shit, this might complicate things.

She cleared her throat. “Okay, look, let’s get this over with. I need to… I have… I need to be somewhere,” said Abida, desperately trying to think of an excuse that would get her out of here fast. She was starting to get hot and bothered watching Alice wobble about in the living room, her oversized paunch practically busting out of her inadequate cargo pants.

Jen plopped down on a sofa with a grunt, her ass filling it entirely. “You go first, Alice.”

“I don’t know how accurate this measurement will be,” said Alice as Abida pulled out her tape measure. “We just finished dinner, so I’m, uh, a little bloated.”

“Just a little bloated?” mumbled Abida under her breath, as she crawled under Alice’s overhanging gut, lifting the fat blonde’s blubbery belly so that she could get a clearer look at the girl’s waistline. Abida could see that Alice had long since outgrown these cargo pants; the button on her crotch was missing and her fly was held together by a safety pin. If anything, the fact that Alice was absolutely stuffed right now would actually make Abida’s measurements better. She knew for a fact that Alice was not going to stop gaining and would soon be coming to her again for another “alteration.” If she measured Alice when the girl was stuffed, at least that meant this alteration would give her a little room to grow. That would buy a little extra time before Alice would need yet another adjustment.

Gawd, why was that so hot? Abida bit her lip. Jesus, this was the last thing she needed. She was totally hot for Laurie, but she had finally had to admit to herself: It wasn’t just Laurie’s ample chest that excited her anymore. She was wild for every aspect of Laurie’s growing body and she couldn’t wait until she could see Laurie EVEN bigger. But Alice and Jen? These two fatsos were… compelling as well. And she was finding it hard to concentrate when there was so much abundant flesh on display.

“Alice… are you sucking in your gut?”

“Oh sorry,” said Alice, “It’s just that I’m… so big now that I kind of have to do it so I can fit through do… um, so I can fit. Now I kinda just do it all the time out of habit.”

“Well, let it out. I can’t do an accurate measurement if you’re sucking in.”

Alice nodded, but her chubby cheeks were bright red. She sighed, a long drawn out sound, as she emptied her lungs, her belly slowly swelling out to its full size. Abida watched with growing excitement as Alice gained inch after inch, her middle blowing up like a great big balloon, until finally… POP! The sheer mass of Alice’s gut finally overwhelmed the safety pin holding her pants together. Her fly blew open, allowing her belly to spill out even further all in one quick, jiggling surge.

“Oops! I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine, just relax, Alice. Let me get your measurements.”

Abida wasn’t really measuring Alice. She couldn’t. Alice had ballooned to the point that she was far too big for Abida’s measuring tape. The tape ends wouldn’t meet by at least a good foot when Abida tried to circle Alice’s waist; her belly was just TOO big! Alice’s legs were too thick, her bustline too busty, her backside too wide… Abida could still measure Alice’s arms but that was about it. Still, it was the perfect excuse to feel this girl up, to touch all that soft warm flesh… Abida felt herself getting wet between the thighs as she pinched and prodded at Alice’s flab, hefting her breasts, grabbing at the jelly rolls on her sides, all under the pretense of getting the most accurate measurements.

“This is probably the last time that you’ll need to do this,” said Alice, raising her arms as much as she could so that Abida could futilely attempt to loop the measuring tape around her bust. “I’m going to be losing weight soon.”

“Hmmm,” said Abida.

“I just joined an overeaters support group,” said Alice, “And I think it’s going really well! I’m sure I’ll start to lose weight any day now!”

“Like, those things are all just bullshit,” said Jen from the couch. “They totally don’t work at all! Like, I don’t know why you’re so concerned about weight, Alice. I totally told you, you should just relax! Like, you’re not still all upset cuz of that dumb stuff that Jesse said?”

“I…n-no! I just think… my mom said…”

“What did Jesse say?” asked Abida.

“Oh, like I dunno,” said Jen, “She said something dumb like ‘oh Alice, you gotta cut back or you’re gonna explode.’ Like, who cares?”

Abida smirked. It was telling that it was unclear whether Jen didn’t care about what Jesse said or didn’t care if she exploded.

“Like, I eat whatever I want an’, like, I haven’t exploded,” said Jen, leaning forward in her seat as far as she could.

“I’m not actually worried about exploding,” said Alice hotly. “That’s not a thing that happens! It’s just.. I dunno, I can’t explain it!” Alice snorted. She was having trouble articulating why Jesse’s comments bothered her so much. She knew that Jesse was just mouthing off. But just the idea that Jesse would think to warn Alice against overeating… that she would think Alice might be so gluttonous that she was in danger of bursting like an overinflated blimp if he couldn’t get her eating under control…. It was galling!

“So you’re in an overeaters support group?” said Abida. She ran her hands over the swell of Alice’s fat tummy, her fingers probing into the soft blubber to feel the packed tight stomach beneath. Alice had clearly eaten well tonight. It didn’t seem like her overeaters support group was very effective at all. Abida swallowed nervously. Gawd, she was REALLY getting turned on. She felt like she might soak right through her pants if she wasn’t careful!

“Yeah! The girls in it are pretty cool. We’ve hung out a few times.” Alice conveniently left out the fact that the girls in the group had done very little to help Alice curb her appetite. If anything, Alice’s presence in the group had encouraged the other girls to start eating MORE.

“Like, whatever!” said Jen. “Like, I don’t let my weight bother me anymore. Like, I just accept that I’m a big bootilicious babe and, like, if I get bigger? So I get bigger. I’m not gonna worry about that.”

You’re getting way more than bigger, thought Abida. She bit her lip so hard that she drew a drop of blood. Oof, she couldn’t wait any longer…. She had to touch Jen too!

“Okay, Alice, I think I’ve got everything I need. Why don’t you go sit down and I’ll take care of Jen?” Abida grimaced. Did that sound too sexual? She hoped not. She didn’t want these two feminine fatsos to figure out how incredibly horny she was getting from watching their blubber wobble with every plodding step. Alice waddled over to the couch as Jen struggled to her feet. It was a sight to behold, watching these two blimps try to switch positions. Each one was well over 500 pounds, so even this small amount of movement was knocking the wind out of them. No wonder they just kept getting fatter!

“Like, make sure to get my butt measurements right,” said Jen as she lurched over to the center of the room. “I’ve been, like, having the most problems with that, ya know? Like, I know I’m, like, pretty thicc back there, but, like, it would be nice if I could have my pants fit right for once. Like, I know that’s not your fault, Abida, it’s just, like, frustrating.”

“Hmm, yeah, I know it is.” Abida looked Jen up and down. The perfectly pear-shaped porker carried an explosively massive bubble butt, so wide and so deep that she had long since given up on wearing anything more confining than yoga pants or leggings. Even now, her pants were not up to the task. The growth of her rotund rump had pulled the waistband down, so that the top of Jen’s butt crack was visible peaking over the top of her pants and panties. When she waddled, it sent tiny tremors through all the accumulated weight on her ass.

Most girls her size should have A LOT more cellulite than this, though, thought Abida as she watched Jen’s ass sway. The truth, of course, was that Jen used copious amounts of anti-cellulite cream on her phat bottom every night, over two entire jars daily to cover all that bodacious booty. It was an expensive habit and one that Jen would probably not be able to afford for much longer as her butt continued to balloon with the rest of her. But for now, it was effective at keeping her monumental rear as tight and firm as possible.

“Let’s check you out,” said Abida, drawing the tape measure around Jen’s voluminous hips. Once again, the ends wouldn’t meet, but Abida didn’t let that stop her from cupping her hands under Jen’s chubby butt cheeks and squeezing. Her long fingers sank deep into that buttery, blubbery flesh and Abida was overcome with an overwhelming urge to just keep squeezing tighter and tigher, just to see how much she could pinch before Jen yelped. But she resisted. Even a complete ditzy bimbo like Jen might start to suspect that something was up if she went that far.

But… maybe she could get away with something else…

“Okay, I’m just gonna take your pants down to get a more… accurate measurement,” said Abida.

“Oh, sure,” said Jen. Of course, there was no reason to think that the thin, thin fabric of Jen’s stretch pants would in any way impede Abida from getting an accurate measurement, but Jen was too dense to question her. Abida just wanted to let that tremendous tushie free, to see how much bigger that glorious glutinous rump might be when it was completely unrestrained by even the very tenuous grasp of those failing stretch pants.

Alice looked away, obviously a little embarrassed by the display, as Abida hooked her fingers under the waistband of Jen’s pants – taking the opportunity to briefly fondle the jelly rolls at Jen’s sides – before yanking them down far enough to expose Jen’s shelf-like bottom. Jen’s panties were tightly wedged between Jen’s gelatinous buns. Abida marveled. An ass that big should have more muscle mass than Jen’s, but it was obvious from the way that it wobbled that Jen’s backside was pure lard.

“Hmm, yeah, okay,” muttered Abida to herself as she ran her hands over those two plump lobes, resisting the temptation to tickle her fingertips against the deep dark crack vaguely visible through the material of Jen’s frayed knickers. Jen did not notice at all that none of this had anything to do with measuring her curves and Alice, seated across the room on the sofa, couldn’t see how intimate Abida was getting… so she wouldn’t suspect anything.

Abida felt like she was going to explode, she was soooo excited! Jeez, what would Laurie think of her, knowing that Abida was getting off on fondling Laurie’s two best friends? What an amusing idea. Abida smirked. She knew how jealous and competitive Laurie was. The raven-haired beauty queen would probably be livid about the idea that ANYONE else could inspire such lust in her lover’s heart. In fact… describing this incident to Laurie might have some amusing results. Ohhhh Laurie, guess what I just saw? Yeah, I was with Alice and Jen downstairs and they’ve both grown SO FAT. Why, the poor dears are literally just bursting out of their clothes. They can barely walk anymore, they’re just two plump little blimps who just eat and grow and eat and grow. Why, I’ll bet that soon, if they keep this up, they might even be bigger than you. And I must say, Alice’s belly is soooo big and round, it’s quite exciting. And Jen’s bottom? So wide and soft. They’re both just so delicious. Why, Laurie, what’s the matter? You’re not jealous, are you? Not afraid that maybe, just maybe, your old friends are going to get bigger and sexier than you? Well, I guess you’ll just have to start eating more if you want to maintain your lead. Eat up, Laurie, if you want to stay the biggest…

Abida wanted Laurie to grow. Laurie was her project, her love, her one true object of desire. She had to nurse Laurie, slowing filling her with more and more food everyday but always careful to respect Laurie’s limits – not the limits that Laurie claimed for herself, of course, but her TRUE limits – the limits, so far beyond when Laurie claimed that she must surely be ready to explode, when Laurie truly WAS ready to explode. As much as she loved to stuff Laurie, to watch Laurie indulge and gorge and grow, Abida knew she had to restrain herself. She couldn’t let her own desires get the best of her. She couldn’t allow herself to push Laurie so far that the bloated queen bee beauty queen actually DID explode because then… Abida wouldn’t have Laurie anymore! She had to pace herself. If she got too greedy, she’d spoil a good thing and then she wouldn’t have Laurie anymore…

But Jen and Alice? She had no qualms about feeding these two heifers until they popped. Gawd, she would absolutely die if she could watch them stuff their faces. What was wrong with her? She was getting off on the idea of these fat flabby cheerleaders just absolutely going the whole hog.

“Okay, I think I’ve got the measurements,” said Abida, reluctantly stepping away. “You can put your pants back on.”

“Like, sure!” Jen obliviously grabbed at her stretch pants and yanked them back up over her bottom, her shelf-like tuchus bouncing ever so slightly as she pushed it back into its cloth prison. “I’m, like, soooo glad that you can do this for us, Abida! Like, I was starting to get worried. These clothes, like, aren’t gonna last forever, ya know?”

“Yeah,” agreed Alice. “We were kind of getting a little… desperate.”

Abida nodded. The truth was that she really didn’t have any intention of letting out their clothes at all. And these two fatties would probably forget that she ever promised them alterations once they got distracted by their next meal. Well, that wasn’t fair. If they brought her clothes, she would probably try to let them out. But the reality was that both Alice and Jen had already had all their clothing altered so many times that it was getting to be ridiculous. They were getting to the point where Abida’s tailoring skills just were not up to the job. She wasn’t a magician after all and there was only so much give that these clothes had.

She watched as Jen lumbered over to the sofa and tied to position herself next to Alice. The two girls were way too big to both fit on the couch. Abida was in awe. Of course, this was nothing new; she had watched this slow transformation over the course of the past year as Alice and Jen had gradually blimped to massive proportions, but it was always stunning when she actually paused to consider how drastic the change had been. To think that these girls were cheerleaders! Cheerleaders, the epitome of fitness and sex appeal! And yet they had completey ruined their bodies through gluttony and sloth. They couldn’t control their own appetites and now they were constantly growing, bloating and blimping like living balloons.

“Are you gals ready for dinner?” asked Mrs. Sarovy, poking her head into the room. She noticed Abida for the first time. “Oh! Abida, I didn’t know you were here too.”

“Oh Mrs. Sarovy?” said Abida. “So glad you’re here. Jen and Alice were just telling me about how hungry they are.”

“We were?” asked Jen credulously. She blinked dumbly.

“They were? Well, we can’t have that! Luckily, I just happen to have been cooking…”

“Of course you were,” said Abida.

“And I’ve just about got dinner ready! You’ll be staying to eat as well, won’t you, Abida?”

Abida wasn’t particularly hungry, but she wasn’t about to miss watching Jen and Alice get absolutely pumped to their limits. The two hoggettes already looked absolutely sick after their massive dinner, but neither one of them had the willpower to refuse when Jen’s mom offered them more food. Abida watched as a look of abject fear crossed Alice’s chubby face, a look slowly replaced by hunger as her tongue suddenly darted from her mouth and licked over her glossy lips in an unconscious display of…well, not hunger. It couldn’t be hunger if you weren’t really hungry, right? More like gluttony. Just abject gluttony.

“I’d love to stay,” said Abida. She turned to Jen and Alice on the couch. “You two are hungry, aren’t you?”

“Uhhhh…” A look of confusion crossed Alice’s face. She obviously wanted to eat, but she knew she shouldn’t. Maybe it was the influence of that overeaters anonymous group that she was starting to feel guilty about her appetite. Maybe she was afraid of having to eat dinner in the same room with Jesse, that little brat who kept making cracks about Alice exploding. But either way, Alice’s reluctance was clearly fighting a losing battle with her gluttony. Alice loved to eat and she would never turn down an opportunity to fill her belly. She was just such a helpless little greedy guts. Damn, maybe Jesse was right! Alice really would just eat and eat and eat until her clothes split off her, until her char buckled beneath her, until she literally detonated like a bomb…. Well, she would if you let her.

Jen’s expression showed that the same war was waging in her empty head. She was still full from the girls’ earlier dinner… but she could always eat more.

“Couple big gals like you, I know you’re ALWAYS hungry,” said Abida slyly. Shit. She had to be careful. She didn’t want to overplay it. The last thing that she needed was for these two porkers to get suspicious. If they suspected that Abida was actually getting off on all this, they might be a little more reluctant to so casually flaunt their enormous bodies in front of her. She neve wanted to give them a reason to think that they SHOULDN’T let her touch them.

“Will Laurie be joining us as well?” asked Mrs. Sarovy.

“I think Laurie is… indisposed,” said Abida cryptically. It was a good thing that Laurie was asleep, because, knowing that greedy girl, otherwise she probably WOULD try to force ever more food down her own gullet.

Jen narrowed her eyes. “Like, indisposed? What does that mean?”

“Uh… nothing.”

Jen rubbed her soft double chin thoughtfully. Hmmm…. The gears in her head were turning. Jen was not a bright girl and she didn’t think deeply very often… but she was thinking deeply now. She wondered…. Could it be that… naw, that was impossible! But then again… maybe? Could it be that Abida was the third in Laurie and Frank’s threesome? Jen considered the possibility. There could be worse choices.

Jen would have to investigate further before she came to a conclusion.

Abida, meanwhile, was too excited thinking about watching Mrs. Sarovy force more savory deliciousness into these two already overstuffed sweeties. Oh damn this was gonna be fun to watch. Abida had never seen a girl literally eat until she burst like a balloon. But she suspected she might get to see that happen tonight. Maybe even twice.

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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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