Alice 106
By Mollycoddles

“You’re not going to appear on TV in that outfit, are you?”

“I…why not? What’s wrong with it?” Alice turned to look at her mother. At 525 pounds, it was difficult for Alice to find clothes that both fit and was stylish. She was a fat round girl, with short blonde bangs framing a plump round face… the operative word was “round.” Alice gained most of her weight in her belly, giving her rotund look like an overripe pumpkin. She wore a polo shirt and cargo pants, neither of which were up to the task of covering her gargantuan body.

“For one thing, your pants are unzipped, Alice.”

Alice looked down, her thick double chin pressing against her chest. Of course, she couldn’t see anything over the arc of her big breasts and massive belly, but she knew that her pants were open. She had barely been able to tug them up over her hips and buttocks this morning, wincing every time that she heard a thread pop all the way through the long laborious process. She had hoped that the sag of her gut would hide the fact that she could no longer button these pants, but… it wasn’t like having your fat belly hang out of your shirt was all that much better! It was obvious that the pants were under tremendous pressure, there wasn’t a crease or wrinkle anywhere – they were filled to the brim with Alice’s fleshy thighs and haunches, the side stitches down her legs practically gasping and the seat pulled so tight that the rear seam would give her a wedgie even she sat down – if it didn’t just blow out completely!

Alice blushed. She couldn’t see her crotch, but her plump fingers moved under the overhand of her stomach, lightly feeling for the tab of her useless zipper as if to confirm that it was true. Not that she needed confirmation! “Oh that… I…uh…can’t do them up anymore…”

Lilith Grobauch barely suppressed an ugly sneer. “Alice, honey, you simply cannot go on national television bursting out of your clothes like that. I know you’re… a little chubby, but that’s no excuse not to look your best.”

Lilith sighed. For years, she had harped on Alice about her weight, trying her best to bully her chunky daughter into slimming down. That had never worked. Instead, Alice only turned to food more and more for comfort, gradually ballooning up to over 500 pounds. After numerous mother-daughter talks, Lilith had promised bother herself and Alice that she would lay off about her daughter’s weight. She had hoped that maybe this soft touch would give Alice the confidence she needed to really apply herself to a diet. Unfortunately, it seemed to be a lost cause. Alice loved to eat too much to ever deny herself. It seemed that no tactic would work and that Alice was simply doomed to balloon forever.

Lilith would just have to accept that she had a blimp for a daughter.

BUT… now apparently Alice and her fat friends had performed some sort of fat-positive cheer routine at a school football team and the video had gone viral, eventually attracting notice from producers from the nationally broadcast Nikki Lake daily talk show. Lilith still couldn’t believe that her daughter was somehow STILL on the cheer squad despite her mammoth poundage – even more unbelievable, Alice had recently been promoted to co-captain! It was probably because the other head cheerleaders, Laurie and Jen, were equally overweight. Whatever! Lilith also didn’t understand anything about “viral videos” but that didn’t concern her. What concerned her was that her daughter was about to go on TV with her monster gut just hanging out of her shirt? That would make her look like a complete slob!

“Come on. I’ll take you clothes shopping.”

“You never take me clothes shopping!” blurted out Alice in surprise.

It was true. Maybe, when Alice was younger and (relatively) slimmer, Lilith had entertained pipe dreams about someday going on fun mother-daughter shopping trips. But Alice’s interest in clothes had diminished as her waistline expanded. First of all, it wasn’t like anyone

“Then it’s about time I did,” said Lilith. “Come on, let’s go.”

This was a first. Alice couldn’t contain her excitement, but she was wary. “Um… do you mind… if I use…. My scooter?”

525 pounds was A LOT of weight to carry around, so it was no surprise that Alice avoided walking whenever possible. She had come to rely more and more on her mobility scooter to get around, although her tummy was starting to billow out so far in front of her that she was having trouble maneauvering it these days. It was only a time before she outgrew it completely and was forced to upgrade to a more heavy-duty model. Lilith preferred not to think about that. She also preferred that Alice NOT use her scooter, because all she could think about was how absolutely embarrassing it would be to walk through the mall beside a girl so monumentally fat that she couldn’t even walk under her own power. But then, Lilith knew that forcing Alice to walk wouldn’t be much better; the porky teenager would be gasping and winded before they were halfway to their destination.

“Sure. You can bring the scooter.”

“OMG! Thanks, Mom! You’re the best!”

Lilith smiled thinly. Huh. It was rare to hear words like that from her daughter. She had to admit, though, it felt nice. It was good to see her daughter happy even if, deep down, Lilith couldn’t shake the feeling that Alice shouldn’t be so complacent about her weight. Why was it that her daughter never seemed as worried about her expanding size as Lilith was? Still. Maybe this would be a nice mother-daughter bonding experience. Lilith had definitely noticed that their relationship seemed… less strained since she had stopped harping on Alice’s weight. Maybe, just maybe that was more important than any number on a scale.

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The trip to the mall was uneventful, even if Lilith had to suppress any number of snarky comments as her car bottomed out over every bump due to Alice’s immense weight. And she couldn’t help but feel the stares as she pulled the scooter out of the car’s hatchback and helped her overly rotund daughter perch her wide behind in the bucket seat. But once they got moving, it wasn’t so bad. Alice could definitely move a lot faster now when she was on wheels and Lilith was grateful that she didn’t have to pause every few steps for Alice to catch her breath.

“Holy shit!” said a passing man, whipping out his phone to snap a photo. “It’s one of the cheerleader chunkers! You’re famous! I love your video!”

“Oh, haha, thanks,” said Alice, smiling awkwardly and lifting her hand from the scooter’s joystick to wave.

“We’re so proud of you,” said the man. “You really put this town on the map! You know that everyone knows the cheerleader chunkers? They’re selling shirts with your face down at the T-Shirt Hut!”

Alice didn’t know how she felt about that! She wasn’t sure that she would be comfortable with that even if she was getting a cut of the profits. She was especially not happy if someone was stealing her likeness! She wondered how Jen and Laurie would feel about that! Hmm, knowing those two, they would probably just be mad if there weren’t MORE T-shirts depicting them instead.

“You hungry? You want something to eat?” asked the man. “I was just on my way to the food court-“

“She’s not hungry,” cut in Lilith. The man looked up as if he was noticing her just for the first time. “I’m her mother,” explained Lilith.

“What? No way! You’re so… thin…”

“Yes. Yes, I am.”

The man turned back to Alice. “Do you have any more videos?” he asked.

Alice paused. What did THAT mean? “Uh… no? There’s just the one.”

“Ahem,” said Lilith, glaring sternly at this stranger. “Sir, please stop harassing my daughter.”

The man gulped and scuttled away.

“Aw, mom, you don’t have to be like that! He was harmless.”

“Don’t be so naïve, Alice, you know how men are. I didn’t like the way that guy was eying you! You know you have to be careful.”

“S-sure, mom.” Alice was embarrassed but also… secretly pleased? She knew, of course, that some men liked bigger girls. Her boyfriend Tyler was proof of that, as was some of the positive attention that she had received since her video went viral. But it was still so gratifying to hear her mother acknowledge that! Maybe Alice had missed her mother’s approval more than she had thought!

“Where do you usually buy your clothes, sweetie?” asked Lilith.

“Um… usually… at the shop… at the end of the promenade…” Alice gulped as she pointed, feeling the flush building in her plump cheeks. She was so embarrassed! Alice was only – only! As if that word could apply! – 525 pounds, but because she stored so much of her weight in her belly, she found that the only clothes that comfortably fit her were maternity clothes. She was ashamed to admit to her mother that she was forced to wear clothes designed for women in the latter stages of pregnancy simply because she was too fat for regular clothes!

Lilith ground her teeth as she followed Alice’s finger with her eyes, realizing that they were heading toward a maternity clothing store. Of course! Of course! Only her daughter of all people would be THAT fat… but Lilith remembered her promise to hold her tongue and said nothing.

As they entered the store, they were greeted by a familiar face.

“Good to see you again,” said Sheila, a stocky black woman in her early 30s with stylish dreadlocks “I didn’t expect you back so soon!”

Of course Sheila remembered Alice! Even if Alice wasn’t famous from the cheerleader chunker video, she still weighed in at a full quarter ton… and it was hard to forget someone like that! Alice was embarrassed to think that it hadn’t been that long ago when Sheila had helped her to stuff herself into the size 38 maternity pants that were now suffocatingly tight around her middle. Sheila couldn’t believe it either; Alice was definitely visibly fatter since her last visit, the fact that her swollen pink belly was bulging out through the unzippered fly of her pants was all the more proof of her gains!

“Ha ha, yeah,” said Alice nervously. She heaved herself to her feet, a soft piggish grunt escaping her lips as she left the comfort of the mobility scooter. “I guess I… I guess I put on a few recently. Um…do you have anything in a size 40?”

Sheila nodded. “Sure thing, let’s see what we can do for you.”

Alice remembered that on her last visit Sheila had warned her that she was dangerously close to outgrowing the store’s selection altogether. Alice was currently busting out of her size 38 maternity cargo pants and the store didn’t carry anything bigger than size 40. This was it. Assuming that Alice could even fit into a 40… The fat blonde had a sudden cold dread in the pit of her ginormous stomach as she realized that she might already be too big for a 40. If that was the case, what would she do? She’d have to special order the next size up, but she didn’t have time to wait for the delivery to arrive… she was scheduled to leave for the Nikki Lake filming too soon!

Sheila walked between the shelves, searching the tags for something… anything!... in a size 40. She knew it would be slim pickings. They rarely had customers who needed clothing sized in the high 30s and they NEVER had customers who needed a size 40! Eventually, she found a baggy, floral-print muumuu stuffed behind a pile of dresses. It was not flattering. It was the sort of formless, unflattering sack of a dress that you might expect to see on a circus fat woman in an old cartoon. Sheila frowned. She hated to offer this monstrosity to any customer, but it was literally the only option in the whole store!

“Hey honey, I’ve got one thing in size 40,” said Sheila apologetically as she presented the dress to Alice. “It’s… not the most fashionable thing, but I think it’ll work. Let’s get you changed.”

Sheila had remembered that Alice was too fat to use the store changing rooms; if she tried to fit, her belly would be pressing against the far wall before her butt had cleared the door! Instead, they had to wait until the store was empty before quickly stripping Alice to her skivvies and pulling the dress over her head.

Checking to make sure that no one else was in the store, Sheila turned to Alice. “You ready, honey? Hold up your arms for me, will you, dear?”

Alice grunted, raising her flabby arms over her head. Even this mild bit of exercise was a strain for her! But she managed to keep them up as Sheila yanked her snug polo over her head, letting her breasts and belly bounce free, and then pulled down her unfastened pants. In just her underwear, Alice looked even bigger than ever! Her flabby lovehandles were spilling over her sides, hanging over the elastic of her vast cotton panties. What an absolute whale!

Lilith rolled her eyes. Was this really where they were? Nevertheless, she said nothing, instead helping Sheila to tug the monstrously huge dress over her daughter’s plumpened form. For once, this was loose! More than loose… Alice was almost swimming in it!

“There! What do you think?”

Alice stood in front of the mirror in a baggy shift dress. It was absolutely enormous, but the shapeless outfit did at least fit her even if it wasn’t stylish.

“Hmm,” said Alice. She stood backwards to take in the whole picture. After all, she was so wide that it was hard to see all of her in the mirror at once. “It… well, it fits.”

“It’s awful,” said Lilith, breaking her silence for the first time since they had entered the shop.

Alice’s jaw dropped. She wanted to cry! How could her mother say that!?

“Look, I know my daughter is fat,” said Lilith. “Believe me, if anyone knows, it’s me. But seriously, what kind of bullshit is this? This dress looks terrible. It makes her look like a cow! You can’t tell me you don’t have anything more stylish in a size 40?”

“We don’t get a lot of call for size 40 clothes,” stuttered Sheila nervously.

“You’ve got to have something!” Lilith scanned the racks, her eyes settling on an understated black cocktail dress. “What about this?”

“I’m afraid that doesn’t come bigger than a size 36,” said Sheila.

“We’ll take it,” said Lilith.

“Mom!” cried Alice. “That’s not going to work! I’ll never fit into it!”

“Yes, you will. It’s a 36, you’re a 40… that’s only 2 sizes difference. Maybe you don’t know this about your mother, but I used to be quite the seamstress in my day. Give me a day and I’ll let this thing out so much that even YOU could fit into it.”

“Gosh! Thanks, Mom.”

Lilith nodded. “No daughter of mine is going to go on television looking like a slob. Just you wait, Alice, I’ll make sure that you look great when you go on air.”

This was a huge change of pace! Alice could hardly believe it!

Sheila nodded and rang them up. She didn’t say anything, but she was glad to see that Alice wouldn’t be restricted to that awful muumuu at least. She’d heard rumors that the cheerleader chunkers were going to be guesting on the Nikki Lake show – Sheila was a regular viewer and a frequent poster on the Nikki Lake fan forums, so of course she would know! – and it was a relief to know that this girl wouldn’t have to embarrass herself in totally uncool clothes!

As Alice and Lilith left the mall, neither one of them noticed a mysterious figure in the parking lot watching them. Chris, Alice’s old boyfriend, sat in his idling car, hands gripping the steering wheel, watching the mother and daughter intently. There was no doubt about it, Alice was even fatter than the last time that he had seen her. He should find her even more revolting, he knew, but somehow he hadn’t been able to get her out of his mind since their last meeting. What was it? Maybe it was simply because Alice, despite all logic, seemed to have found a new boyfriend and moved on with her life since Chris had dumped her last year. How was that fair? How was it that he, a star football player, was alone now yet that blob was happy and fulfilled? It didn’t make sense at all. Yet there was something else too… It wasn’t just that Chris was so hard up right now. He couldn’t stop thinking about Alice’s soft, warm body and imagining what it must be like to press up against all that malleable, jiggling blubber. Goddamnit!! He was so furious right now!

Luckily, he had heard, through the grape vine, that Alice and her friends would soon be appearing on the Nikki Lake Show. That was perfect for him. That was where he would make his move.

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“And your mom took you shopping?”

“Yeah! It was actually pretty good… I feel like we might be starting to see eye to eye… like maybe she’s not so upset about my weight anymore?”

“That’s great news!” A pause. “So…uhhhh… how much longer til they open?”

It was 5 am and the sun was just barely rising. Alice, Kayla, and Jody were outside of Alice’s favorite bakery – “It’s the best in town!” Alice squealed, her eyes glazing over as she thought of all the yummy treats for sale there, and neither Jody nor Kayla needed much more enticement. Together, the three girls had decided to visit the bakery for just a tiny little snack before this week’s meeting of Dr. Shaw’s diet group.

What an irony! The three girls were supposed to be encouraging one another to lose weight, but instead the opposite seemed to be true. Both Jody and Kayla felt like they were always svelte when they were around the 525 pound behemoth that was Alice, giving them a convenient excuse to indulge in their worst habits. And Alice? Well, she was so far beyond help when it came to her weight that it wasn’t even funny. The three girls had also tampered with the scale in Dr. Shaw’s office, so that it always read 5 pounds under. Yet another excuse for them to indulge!

“Gawd, how much longer?” whined Jody. She pressed her nose against the glass, her breath fogging the window. “I’m sooo hungry, I haven’t eaten since breakfast!”

“Don’t worry, I’m sure they’ll be open any minute,” said Kayla. “Right, Alice?”

Alice nodded, though she too was pressed up close to the glass. The girls were like three kids in a candy store, so excited by the prospect of muffins and danishes that they had their fat faces pressed against the window, all whining loudly.

When Don the baker came to flip the sign from CLOSED to OPEN, he was startled to see three fat girls pressing their piggy faces up against the glass. They nearly shouted in excitement as Don unlocked the door.

“Morning, ladies,” he said. “Ready for breakfast?”

“Yes, please!” huffed Alice, leading the charge to waddle into the shop. She could barely clear the doorway with her wide hips, but with Jody and Kayla pressing from behind it wasn’t long until all three were inside. Alice shuffled toward the glass case, her eyes lighting up with greed. She licked her lips in anticipation. So many treats to choose from!

Alice started to reach for her wallet, struggling to jam her pudgy hand into the overstretched pocket of her gargantuan cargo pants, but Don stopped her.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, Alice! Please! Your money is no good here!”

Alice’s jaw dropped. “What?! B-b-but…”

Instantly the worst case scenario ran through her mind. What was going on? Had her mother called and ordered Don not to sell her any more delicious baked goods? Wouldn’t that be just like her mother? Alice wanted to cry. She couldn’t believe it, it had seemed like they were making such good progress and now suddenly she found out that her mother was still trying to control her eating and…

“You’ve been my best customer for years!” said Don. “And business has REALLY picked up since everyone knows that one of the cheerleader chunkers eats here!” He jammed a thumb at a signed photo of Alice hanging on the wall behind the counter. Alice couldn’t remember having signed it, but so many people were approaching her for autographs these days that it was easy for her to miss these things…

“Listen, Alice, since you’ve been so good to me, let me be good to you,” said Don. “Why waste money on this stuff? We’ve got all the day-olds we were gonna have to toss, but I can let you have ‘em for free!”

“OMG! Yes! Alice, that rules!” cried Jody, grabbing Alice in glee and bouncing in place.

“Hell yeah!” agreed Kayla.

“All… the day olds?” said Alice, almost mesmerized. How many pastries was that? It couldn’t be that many… could it? Alice gulped. She suspected that she was about to be subjected to a bigger onslaught of pastries that she could ever imagine. She could, of course, always say no…. But Alice was never one who could ever say no to a tempting treat!

“I…er… thank you, but I really don’t think that’s a good idea,” said Alice weakly. Kayla and Jody stared at her. Was she insane? They were about to get some free food and Alice was turning it down?

“Haha, what a kidder!” said Kayla quickly, stepping forward as Jody maneauvered Alice toward a table. “She’s just joking, she’d really be happy to take those day-olds off your hands! Why don’t you just bring ‘em out and we’ll make sure they don’t go to waste?”

“I…I really don’t think…” Alice gulped nervously. She was well aware of her size, feeling her fleshy flanks jiggle with every plodding step. In a word, Alice was way too fat. She knew it. And she was feeling REALLY guilty about overeating now more than ever, considering both the deception that the three of them had pulled on Dr. Shaw and the fact that Alice’s mom had been so nice to her recently. If anything, those events should have given her SOME motivation to control her eating, yet Alice was just as gluttonous as always… and her massive belly was proof of that!

“Don’t worry, Alice, we’ll help you!” Jody assured her as the shortstack brunette helped her 525 pound friend cram her rotund frame into the booth seating. Alice’s belly flopped down upon the table as she scooted her wide rear along the seat.

Alice nodded dumbly. Her crumbling willpower wasn’t being helped by the fact that both Jody and Kayla were eager for any excuse to spoil their own diets! They were like two chubby devils on Alice’s shoulders, goading her to ever higher heights of overeating. Poor Alice! If only there was someone in her life who could act as a moderating influence… But the truth was that there was no one who could act as an angel on her other shoulder! Jen and Laurie were just as taken by gluttony, Tyler loved her at any size, Dr. Shaw was too trusting…. And her mother’s nagging only ever had the opposite effect!

When Don brought out a bag of bagels, Kayla frowned.

“That all you got, man? I thought you were a bakery!”

“We do have more. How much do you want?”

Kayla exchanged a sly glance with Jody. “Just bring out what ya got.”

“Oh no!” said Alice, her eyes going wide. “No, that’s too much!” She was already tightly wedged into this booth, she was afraid to think about how much tighter her situation was about to get if she started gorging.

Unfortunately, Alice didn’t have much choice. Well, of course, she had a choice. But as Don brought out bags of day-old bagels, croissants, and muffins, Alice knew that her choice was made for her. She wasn’t going to be able to resist! She loved to eat and these pastries all smelled heavenly. Not to mention, how was she supposed to resist when Kayla and Jody were already stuffing their own faces?

“This is good shit,” said Kayla, her mouth full of flaky chocolate-filled croissant. She patted Alice’s rounded pat appreciatively. “See, girl, this is the good life! You don’t know how good you got it now! You’ve hit the big time!”

“I…I guess…”

“You know it! Here, try a blueberry bagel…”

Alice didn’t need much encouragement. Soon she was gorging herself just as much as her two friends. Why shouldn’t she? True, the last thing she needed was more flab around her middle… especially considering that her mother had just taken her shopping! What kind of a person would she be to take advantage of her mother’s generosity like that only to immediately binge and grow too fat for any of her new clothes? The idea needled at Alice’s mind, but she quickly pushed it aside. Food tasted too good to resist! After all, that was the one constant in her life. No matter how bad things got, no matter how much her growing obesity made life more and more difficult for her, she knew that food would always taste good!

Jody and Kayla were snorfling their way through pastries, losing all inhibitions in their greed. After all, whenever they stopped to think about what they were doing to their waistlines, they only had to look to Alice and her gargantuan belly to reassure themselves. Their appetites still paled in comparison to Alice, but they still ate their fill; when they were too stuffed for another bite, they simply passed the leftovers over to Alice. Their fat friend was the perfect human garbage disposal, always hungry for more, more, MORE!!

The meal continued in silence, each of the three girls too intent on eating to speak. Alice vaguely remembered her sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, where the trio often became so intent on their own gluttony that the room would fall silent but for the steady sounds of gorging: chewing, hiccups, the occasional belch, the rustle of potato chip bags, the clink of forks against plates. It seemed that Kayla and Jody weren’t very far behind Jen and Laurie in terms of sheer gluttony. They weren’t as heavy as Jen and Laurie by a long shot, but, if they kept hanging out with Alice and using Alice’s size as an excuse for their own snacking, it wouldn’t be long before they would also rival the heavyweight cheerleaders.

“Oh Gawd,” said Alice finally. “I’ve had enough. I’m stuffed.”

“Oof, me too,” moaned Kayla, leaning back in her seat, her hands rubbing her swollen middle. “Think I’m gonna pop.”

“Ohhh, we really overdid it,” whined Jody, stifling a small belch.

“I knew we shouldn’t have done this…” said Alice. “Dr. Shaw is gonna… be so pissed…”

“Relax, Alice,” said Kayla. “You worry too much. Don’t you remember? We ‘fixed’ the scale at Dr. Shaw’s office, she’ll never suspect a thing! Specially not with you in that girdle too!” She jiggled Alice’s fluffy belly for emphasis, feeling her packed gut slosh around under the restraints of Alice’s overpacked girdle.

“Ooooh, careful! I’m really full! You’ll set me off!”

“Ughh, don’t even talk like that!” said Jody. The shortstack brunette winced as anther burp forced itself from her mouth. She was so full that every brewing belch felt like her body was preparing to just burst! “I’m so full that just thinking about more food might make me explode!”

“Hey,” said Don, “Before you go, do you three want some free vente iced coffees? Just let me get a photo of you guys enjoying ‘em, you know for our Facebook page? Deal? They’re on the house.”

The three girls looked at each other.

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The iced coffees were a mistake. Yet how could they resist? Three giant glasses full of creamy sugary iced coffee, topped with generous dollops of whipped cream… they were more like dessert shakes than anything! So naturally, they just HAD to drink them! But that really put them over the edge. By the time they waddled into Dr. Shaw’s office, the three girls were absolutely sloshing.

“Good morning, ladies,” said Dr. Shaw. She paused. Something certainly seemed different about the girls today.

“Mornin’,” huffed Kayla. The voluptuous black girl looked positively sick, her face slightly green, as she wobbled over to her seat and threw herself down. Her bloated belly rose and fell unsteadily with her labored breathing. She was panting and gasping like a severely pregnant woman going into labor! “It’s good… to… urp… see ya…”

“Are you girls okay?”

“Yeah… we’re…fine,” gasped Jody. She unsteadily sloshed her way to her seat, grabbing at the handrest when it looked like her own full belly was about to overwhelm her and drag her to the ground. “We just… urp… stopped for… a light breakfast…”

“Hmm,” said Dr. Shaw suspiciously. “Well. I do HOPE it was light.”

Her thoughts were interrupted by Alice thundering into the room. The billowing blonde looked bigger, blimpier, and more bloated than ever. She had to continuously grab at the hem of her polo shirt in a desperate bid to keep it from sliding up to reveal that she was wearing an ill-fitting girdle underneath; though it was so snug after her massive breakfast that Alice was half afraid she might just completely bust out of it if she wasn’t careful!

Dr. Shaw frowned. She was once again worried that Alice might be a corrupting influence on the rest of the group. The scale told her that they were all losing weight, but her eyes told her that they were just as fat as ever… if not fatter. How strange! Dr. Shaw wondered what was going on with that.

“Yeah… it was… just a couple… pastries,” wheezed Alice, her face red with the strain of holding herself together. She was so full and sloshy that she felt like it was only willpower that was keeping her from bursting like an overfilled water balloon. “I just… need to… sit down…”

Alice dropped her fat ass onto the nearest sofa – and was surprised when the sofa instantly buckled under her colossal weight, splintering in half with a loud CRACK and dumping her to the ground.

“AAAA!!! Oh help! Help!”

“Shit!” Kayla swore under her breath and attempted to stand up, but she was too bloated. Jody burped and hiccupped. Both girls were too stuffed to do anything useful.

“Alice! Are you okay?” cried Dr. Shaw.

“Yeah… I guess…. Gosh… I guess that couch must have been really old, huh?”

“Right,” said Dr. Shaw. She rubbed her nose, thinking. Was it just her imagination? Or did Alice look… substantially bigger?

“Can someone help me?” whined Alice, waving her uselessly fat arms.

“Right, right…” Dr. Shaw grabbed her wrists and tugged. It was hard work getting Alice back to her feet, but it cemented something in Dr. Shaw’s mind.

This girl was, despite all appearances, definitely NOT losing any weight.

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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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