Alice 101  
By Mollycoddles

“I can’t believe we’re gonna be on Nikki Lake!” gushed Jen. She was absolutely ecstatic about the idea. “Like, we’re totally gonna be huge stars! Like, even bigger than we are now. Ohmigawd, if people recognize us now… think about how much they’re gonna recognize us after we’re on National TV!”

Jen was squealing with delight at the prospect. Alice was slightly more nervous. Maybe it was because of her natural timidity or maybe it was because of Jody’s warning…

“Are you guys sure this is a good idea? What if they just want to have us on the show to make fun of us?”

It was easy to understand Alice’s trepidation. She was an overly plump blonde butterball, weighing well over 500 pounds and round as a pumpkin. She was used to people making fun of her for her size, but things had certainly gone in unexpected directions lately. Laurie, the captain of the cheerleading squad that incongruously included Alice and her equally fat though substantially more pear-shaped friend Jen, had spear-headed a risky fat-positive cheer routine on the night of the big game that drew ridiculous amounts of attention both in the local community and online. Video of the three fat girls puffing through a cheer routine had quickly gone viral, earning them each no small amount of fame… and infamy. Each girl found her inbox daily flooded now with spam and trolls… but even more with fan letters from supporters and admirers. Alice never would have guessed how much love there really might be out there for a quarter ton cutie like herself!

And one of those letters was an invitation to appear on the Nikki Lake talk show.

“So what if they are?” said Laurie, shifting her bulk as much as she could. All three girls were extremely overweight, but Laurie was by far the heavyweight of the trio. She was 600 plus pounds of soft, wobbling lard, so huge that she could barely totter around with the aid of her mobility scooter. Her long raven tresses, perfect alabaster skin, and haughty attitude were unchanged since her days as a svelte but buxom cheer captain, but her own unrepentant gluttony had ballooned her form to absolutely insane proportions. She looked like a beached whale. Her cheeks were so chubby that her mouth was pressed into a permanent pout and her eyes into a permanent squint; she was starting to have trouble with the fact that people could no longer recognize her from her picture in her driver’s license because she had gained so much extra poundage since it was taken. She could no longer wear most of her favorite jewelry, since her stubby fingers were too pudgy for rings and the thick pillow of blubber around her neck made most necklace chains too short to connect. In short, she was utterly transformed.

“Who cares what they THINK they’re going to do when they have us on TV,” said Laurie, rolling her eyes to indicate just how much she cared about the TV show’s intentions. “They can try to tell whatever story they want. Haven’t you noticed how much people love us? I think I’ve received over a dozen marriage proposals in my email today alone.”

“A dozen?! Like, that’s not fair!” yelped Jen. “Why do YOU get so many?”

“It’s cuz I’m fucking hot, duh!” snapped Laurie. “People can tell. I’m a fucking goddess and fuck ‘em if they can’t tell. You two don’t sell yourselves short. Sure, you might be AS hot as me… we can’t all be so blessed…” Laurie inhaled deeply, attempting to puff out her chest. She had always been proud of her colossal breasts, but the effect wasn’t nearly as pronounced as when she was slimmer. At her current weight, Laurie’s breasts, although long having outgrown the alphabet, tended to fade into the background. “Okay, you two, now shut up! I’m dialing the number!”

Laurie frowned as she fumbled with her cellphone, her pudgy fingers too plump to effectively press the tiny buttons. It took a few tries but finally she heard the line ringing.

“Hello, Parker Prim speaking,” said a voice on the other end of the line.

“Hello?” said Laurie. “Is this the Nikki Lake show? Yes, this is Laurie Belmontes.”

“Who?”

“Laurie Belmontes. Belmontes.” Laurie rolled her eyes in annoyance as she realized that her name wasn’t carrying any weight with the oblivious producer on the other end of the line. “I’m one of the cheerleader chunkers.”

“Oh! Of course! I’m so sorry, Ms. Belmontes. Um, which one were you again?”

“Which one? The one with the big tits, duh!”

Alice and Jen had to giggle as they listened to Laurie’s exasperated conversation.

“Listen, my gals and I received your invitation and we’ve decided to do you a favor and maybe appear on your show. Of course, we expect to be treated right when we’re on, hmm, honey? You will make sure that Ms Lake treats our story with the utmost respect and dignity?”

“Absolutely, Ms.Belmontes. Nikki Lake is committed to telling fascinating and inspirational stories like yours with the class that they deserve. Listen, people across the country are buzzing about your video, so we’re excited to get you all on air as soon as possible. We want you and your two friends to come in for a live studio taping.”

“What’s she saying?” demanded Jen.

Laurie covered the mouthpiece of her phone with one plump hand and moved it away from her mouth to respond to Jen’s question. “She says that she wants us to come in for a live taping!”

“Holy shit!” squealed Jen. “This is sooo exciting! Yeah! Totally! Let’s do it! Tell her we’ll do it!”

“Calm down, you fatass bimbo,” snapped Laurie. “We can’t act desperate like that! Don’t you know anything? You gotta play hard to get! We want them to be begging us!”

Laurie returned to her phone. “Well, that certainly sounds nice, sweetie. But I don’t know…. Is it really worth our time? My friends and I ARE very busy, after all. Since we’ve gone viral, we’ve gotten so many new admirers and responding to our fans does take up sooo much of our time…”

“Ms. Belmontes, we appreciate …uh… how precious your time is,” said Parker, although the tone of her voice betrayed her true feelings. She could already tell what a handful this diva Laurie would be and she was beginning to regret ever asking her to appear on the show! Nevertheless, Nikki Lake was a show dedicated to the hottest news trends and nothing was hotter than these three fatso cheerleaders right now, so Parker’s job was to get them on air no matter what. “That’s why we’re willing to make it worth your while. We’ll fly you down to Hollywood for the taping, all expenses paid. While you’re here, we’ll make sure that you enjoy all the finest luxuries that we can offer. You’ll stay at the famous Empire Grand Hotel, in the King-size luxury suite, with your own jacuzzi and hot tub and unlimited room service. We’ll chauffeur you to the studio in style with your own stretch limo. Our green room here on set even has the best accommodations with a fully stocked craft services table!”

Laurie might have thought it insulting that Parker kept waxing on about the free food that the girls would receive if they accepted the offer, as if food was the only thing that could possibly motivate such enormously fat pigs as them… but the truth was that Laurie was EXTREMELY excited by the thought! Shit, she could picture it now! Laurie’s mind began to wander. She imagined herself lounging on the king-size bed of a penthouse suite, her enormous body filling the bed from edge to edge, her plush bloated corpulence barely restrained by a wispy hotel bathrobe, as he plucked complimentary candies from the bedside table. She imagined Frank and Abida ordering dishes and dishes of room service, feeding her and caressing her, lathering her up with the free tiny bottles of lotion that you always received in a hotel gift basket. She imagined her lovers struggling to maneuver their prize heifer into a jacuzzi without causing the water to overflow. Gawd, she needed that kind of luxury in her life! She deserved it, after all! And then the taping… She imagined herself in the green room, waiting to go on stage, sitting her fat ass down and letting Frank and Abida ferry an endless parade of treats to her mouth. Gawd, she should get Frank to film the whole thing with his cellphone. Wouldn’t that make a spectacular addition to her new website?

Laurie flushed slightly at the thought. Laurie’s website had not yet debuted. She had bought the domain and uploaded a few preliminary videos, nothing too exciting, just some standard feeding sessions. Abida had taken charge of the coding and she was supposed to be crafting the site into something presentable right now. Laurie didn’t understand much of that or really care. But she was eager for the site to go live, so that she could direct allll her new fans there. She wondered if she might actually make some money. Surely some of those rabid simps would be willing to actually pay her money for some sexy videos of her stuffing her face? They sure claimed that they were willing. But the honest truth was that Laurie was hungrier for the attention than she was for the money. She needed people to know exactly how fat she was, she needed people to appreciate her massive curves as much as she did. She weighed over 600 pounds and she was still getting bigger everyday… and she was proud to show that off!

“Yes, yes, that sounds lovely,” said Laurie, cutting off Parker’s pitch. “On second thought, maybe that does sound acceptable. My friends and I accept your invitation.” She looked to Jen and Alice for confirmation; the two fatsos nodded vigorously. “Yes, please. That sounds good. Excellent. A pleasure speaking with you, Parker. Ciao.”

Laurie pushed the button to hang up and turned to face her two friends.

“Like, what did she say?” asked Jen.

“Yeah! What’s going on? Are we going to be on TV?” Despite her expressed reservations, even Alice was getting excited at the idea that she would get a chance to appear on national TV.

Laurie smirked. “Well, girls, let’s just say that it looks like we’re going to get the royal treatment that we deserve… and we’re going to be even MORE famous!”

“OMG! That rules!” crowed Jen. “Like, can you believe it? We’re gonna be on TV! Like, Laurie, that cheer routine of yours, like, totally worked wonders!”

“Yeah,” agreed Alice, “I never expected that it would have this kind of impact.”

Laurie smiled a coy smile. “Well, girls, I told you that you should trust me. Like I always say, your captain knows best.”

“Gosh,” said Alice, “I just hope… well, I just hope we don’t get TOO famous.”

Jen and Laurie stared at her in shock. They had no idea what she could mean by that!

“Well, you know, I just don’t think I could handle TOO much fame,” said Alice. She blushed slightly. It was hard for her to explain her misgivings! The truth was that, ever since their video had gone viral, people had been TOO nice to Alice. Whenever she went out, people recognized her… and all too often people wanted to give her gifts of food! Alice enjoyed the attention, but it was having a disastrous impact on her ever-ballooning figure. A greedy glutton like Alice didn’t need any extra help to blow up, she was already rounding out quite nicely just from her own constant snacking and gorging… but having even MORE people now constantly shoving food in her face would make her inflate even faster. She was practically teetering on the edge of 600 pounds already and, if this continued, the poor girl would be immobile within the year. She sometimes tried to convince herself that she was fine as long as there were other people who were fatter than she was, and, since Laurie was always bigger, that rationalization did help her deal with her own size on most days. But Laurie’s size was also a constant reminder of Alice’s own future. How long would it be before she was just as fat as Laurie? How long until she was fatter? At the rate she was gaining, it wasn’t just within the realm of possibility… it was a near certainty! The only question was how fat could a girl get before she would simply explode? Because somedays it seemed like that would be the only thing that could put a stop to their constant inflation.

As usual, neither Jen nor Laurie seemed to share her concern… even though they two were also being killed by kindness by strangers offering edible gifts! Laurie was only too happy for the attention and the damage that it did to her waistline, while Jen was too dim to care about her escalating poundage.

“And again… you don’t think they’re trying to trick us? Like, you don’t think they’ll have us on the show just to make fun of us?”

“You worry too much, Alice,” said Laurie. “Trust me, this will be fine. There’s no way that they’d dare to cause any trouble for us, not after I showed that producer who’s boss. That’s the way it is with these showbiz people; you just have to push ‘em around a little to give them a message that you’re no push-over yourself. That’s why I played up the diva card!”

“Wow, that’s, like, so smart!” gushed Jen.

Laurie beamed. “I know, I know. But after all, that IS why I’m the cheer captain.”

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“Okay, pull!”

Alice grunted and grit her teeth as Kayla and Jody yanked on the strings of her new girdle, slowly cinching the garment around Alice’s tubby middle. Inch by agonizing inch, second by second, the girdle slowly tightened, pinching’s Alice’s soft and tender flesh and gradually reducing the circumference of her waistline.

“I don’t know… if this… is gonna work,” huffed Jody, sweat beading on her brow. Jody was a tubby, apple-shaped trans girl with nut brown hair, wearing a snug baby doll T and empire-waisted jeans.

“We’re gonna MAKE it work,” gasped Kayla, tugging even harder. Kayla was a curvy black girl with long cornrows, dressed in a pastel pink track suit.

Both Jody and Kayla had been gaining weight recently. Who could blame them? They had met Alice when the blubbery blonde joined their diet support group. In theory, the group SHOULD have been helping Alice to lose weight, but the opposite was true: instead, Alice was helping the rest of the group to gain! Neither Jody nor Kayla could take their own diets seriously while Alice was in the room, because their gains always looked so minimal compared to hers! Alice’s 500 plus pounds of quivering blubber were like de facto permission for the other girls to cheat on their own diets, knowing that no matter how much they indulged they would never be able to catch up to Alice’s sheer poundage.

Alice, however, was worried. Her mother had insisted that she join the diet group thinking that it would help Alice to reduce, but eventually her mother would notice it wasn’t having any effect. Alice dreaded the day that she would have to have that conversation! But if she could stuff herself into this girdle, then she could trick both her mother and the diet support group lead Dr. Shaw into thinking that she really WAS losing weight! The perfect crime!

Almost. Alice hadn’t calculated several important factors. The fact that Dr. Shaw and her mother expected Alice to continuously reduce her weight meant that, to keep up the façade, she would have to continuously lace her girdle tighter and tighter over time. And there was the additional problem that Alice’s weight hadn’t even plateaued; she was STILL actively gaining! So Alice would have to hope that her girdle was capable of restraining a bigger load every day, necessitating even tighter lacing! It was, quite honestly, a plan doomed to failure… but Alice was still going to try! It was definitely better than ACTUALLY dieting! Alice knew from experience that there was no chance that she would ever actually be able to restrain her appetite, so losing weight for real was basically out of the question.

“Just… a little… tighter!’ gasped Alice. “Please…”

Jody and Kayla tugged and tugged and tugged… and finally… the girdle was pulled into place. The two girls quickly tied it off and stepped back to admire their handiwork.

“What… do you think?” asked Alice, her breathing shallow. “How does it look?”

“Girl, this idea is so good,” said Kayla. “You put this under your shirt and no one will ever know! You look slimmer already.”

Alice grinned as she pulled her polo shirt over her head and tucked it over her girdle-controlled belly. She turned to look at herself in the mirror. Her shirt was still too snug – but at least it wasn’t bursting at the seams as when it had to hold in Alice’s unrestrained belly. The problem was that it was so snug that you could see the girdle’s outline through the fabric. When Alice let go of her shirt’s hem, it popped up slightly to reveal a several inches of straining spanx. She would need to get some larger shirts if she REALLY wanted to maintain the illusion.

“I think Kayla’s right,” said Jody. “I think you might actually pull it off! But there’s just one problem… You might be able to fool Dr. Shaw, but what about when she makes us all weigh ourselves? She’ll figure it out if you look slimmer but your weight isn’t dropping!”

Alice’s face fell. She hadn’t thought of that!

“Oh no,” she mumbled. “You’re right. What am I going to do?”

“Don’t worry,” said Kayla. “Look, we just need to… you know, ‘fix’ that scale.”

Jody gawped. “Kayla! You don’t mean…”

“Of course, I mean it! C’mon, Jody, let’s face it… those weigh-ins suck! I think Dr. Shaw is starting to get annoyed at us too, cuz we’ve both gained recently.” For emphasis, Kayla poked a pudgy finger into the jiggling flesh of Jody’s rotund gut. “But if that scale were to suddenly show that we’ve ALL lost weight… that’s a win for everyone, right?”

Jody gulped. “Are you… are you sure? I mean, sabotage? That seems… kinda extreme.”

Kayla turned to Alice for support. Alice couldn’t believe it, but she found herself nodding.

“I think Kayla’s right,” said Alice. “I mean, it’s not that big a deal. We just need to adjust that scale a little bit, so it doesn’t… um… give us away.”

“Alice!” Jody was shocked. She might have expected a crazy plan like this from Kayla, but Alice always seemed like such a good girl. It was hard to imagine her endorsing this sort of mischief!

“It’s just for a little while!” said Alice. “I mean, we wouldn’t do it forever… just to give us, you know, a little time… I just need to be a little slimmer when I appear on Nikki Lake. Afterwards, everything will go back to normal, it’ll be fine!” She looked at Kayla. “Do you think we can actually do it?”

Kayla chuckled knowingly. “Of course, it’s simple. I’ll just arrive early next session and, when Dr. Shaw isn’t looking, I’ll adjust the base weight on the scale. She’ll never notice!”

“What if she recalibrates the scale before weigh-in?” piped in Jody.

Kayla rolled her eyes. “And why would she do that? She has no reason to suspect that it’s wonky!”

“She’s gonna suspect if we suddenly all start losing weight!” Jody grabbed a handful of pudge around her middle and jiggled it dramatically. “Dr. Shaw’s gonna notice this! She’s gonna wonder why my weight is dropping when my gut’s still just as big!”

“Well, then maybe we should get some girdles too! Don’t look at me like that, Jody, I know you’ve been thinking about it! I saw the way your eyes lit up when Alice announced she was getting one, you were all like ‘Dang, why didn’t I think of that?’”

“M-maybe…”

Alice’s mind wandered as her two friends continued to bicker. Of course, she hoped that the girdle would fool her mother and Dr. Shaw. She didn’t know how long the ruse could possibly last before they started to get suspicious, but the most important thing now was that she could keep her extra poundage hidden for her big debut on the Nikki Lake Show. Sure, she knew that TECHNICALLY Nikki Lake had invited her and her friends to come on the show precisely because of their weight. Yet Alice still couldn’t completely get over her insecurity about her vast size. I’m just being ridiculous, Alice thought to herself. Why should she still be embarrassed just because she weighed over a quarter ton? Her boyfriend loved her, her friends all supported her, the kids at school seemed to appreciate her after the big cheer routine, and the people of this town were now practically showering her with gifts of food… Apart from her mother and a few Internet trolls, it seemed like the response to her ever growing waistline was uniformly positive! And, sure, Alice’s own feelings about her size should count for more than anyone else’s and her own feelings continued to be conflicted but… why should they be? Why should she feel the need to reduce?

It’s not like she was in any danger of being the fattest thing on stage when she appeared on air. She and Jen were almost neck and neck in terms of weight… the two hefty heifers were constantly passing one another as they gained… but both of them were absolutely dwarfed by Laurie. Laurie weighed a good hundred pounds heavier than either of them and there definitely was no way that they would be able to gain enough to pass Laurie before their big appearance even if they wanted to. That was good! Alice would always look svelte (relatively) when Laurie was in frame with her. But still… the girdle was a nice added precaution. If Alice appeared on air as the slimmest of the three (for a given value of slim, of course), maybe… just maybe it would convince her mother to stop nagging her about her weight.

Her mother had been relatively good about that lately. Alice’s mother had promised to hold her tongue about her daughter’s ballooning body and she had mostly kept to that promise, other than to pressure Alice into joining Dr. Shaw’s diet support group. But Alice could still read her mother’s disapproval in the older woman’s expression and body language. Maybe this would finally be the way to make her mother accept her for who she was…

Because Alice was fat. She was huge. She was never going to lose weight. If anything, she was only going to grow fatter and fatter with every passing year, month, week, day… If only her mother could understand! This was just who Alice was. She was never going to fit her mother’s image of an ideal, slender daughter. It hurt her to think that her mother was still ashamed to be seen with such a blimp at her side, but maybe… maybe this would finally make her accept it. Seeing Alice on TV next to Jen and Laurie, where both Jen and Laurie were substantially fatter… That was the answer!

Alice winced as she shifted from one foot to the other, her soles aching at having to support all the heft. Alice rarely stood on her feet for longer than it took her to waddle from the couch to the kitchen for a snack; she spent most of her day firmly planted on her ever-expanding ass, watching as her backside occupied more and more coach real estate after every gargantuan meal. The Spanx girdle groaned in response as Alice’s bloated belly sloshed with her movement. She caught her breath, suddenly afraid that the material would burst apart under the stress of restraining her explosive gut… but it held. She released her breath again, the girdle stretching to accommodate her size. That was a close one!

“I better be careful,” Alice muttered to herself. She grabbed at the hem of her oversized polo shirt, yanked it down and tucked it into the waistband of her voluminous maternity slacks. She didn’t like to tuck in her shirt, knowing that it revealed the stretchy support panel that advertised to the world that these were actually maternity clothes. That was the last thing she needed! She didn’t want everyone to know that she was so round and so big in the belly that she had to wear maternity clothes because nothing in regular sizes would fit her… Not only that, but she had to wear specialty maternity clothes designed for the absolute fattest preggos! And she was getting to the point where she was able to outgrow even that. The girl had the maternity store had warned her on her last shopping trip that she was getting dangerously close to the maximum size that could be fitted in off-the-rack clothes.

One would think that revelation would be enough to shame Alice into curbing her outrageous appetite or taking up at least a little bit of exercise. Instead, Alice was going through with a convoluted scheme to disguise her inflating figure with girdles and hide her increasing gains with a rigged scale! Anything to avoid dieting! It was ironic that dieting was probably the simpler answer, but it was also the one thing that Alice would never do. How could you be expected to go a day without stuffing her fat face like a pig?

“Alice? Alice?”

“Hmm?” Alice snapped back to reality, her Polo shirt popping out of her pants as she startled.

“Alice? Did you hear what I said? I said, we’re all in on this sabotage plan, right?”

“Oh yeah, absolutely! I think it’s a great idea!” She nodded vigorously, her double chin wobbling. “Phew, I’m beat, do you girls mind if I just… sit down?”

“No, go ahead. I think that’s a good idea!”

Alice waddled to the nearest easy chair and dumped her fat ass into the seat with a grateful sigh. Kayla and Jody followed suit, plopping into other chairs. They weren’t nearly as fat or as out-of-shape as Alice, but… if they continued on their current trajectory, they soon would be.

Alice bit her lip. “Listen, we’re just doing this… as a temporary thing, right?”

“Oh… sure, of course,” said Kayla.

“Okay… okay, good.” Alice felt vaguely guilty, but she couldn’t say why. It wasn’t just that she was deceiving Dr. Shaw. It was more because she was… corrupting Jody and Kayla. Or was she? Technically, this wasn’t even her idea! Kayla had been the one to suggest it. But Alice couldn’t ignore the fact that both girls had grown way more lax about their diets since they’d met. Alice didn’t say anything consciously to discourage them from losing weight. At least, she didn’t think she did! But Jody was definitely rounder, her plump belly and flabby love handles spilling out of her snug baby-doll T-shirt and settling in her lap. And Kayla was definitely more curvaceous, her swollen boobs pressing tightly against the zipper on track suit so that it looked ready to give. Alice worried that she gave them permission to indulge just by being friends with them but… what was she supposed to do? Cut off contact? That was silly.

“I can’t believe you’re gonna be on Nikki Lake,” said Jody suddenly. “I’ve been watching her show for years! That’s so incredible. I’m so excited to see the taping!”

Alice blinked. “What do you mean ‘see the taping?’”

“Didn’t you hear? We got tickets to be in the studio audience!”

Alice grunted as she shifted her weight in her seat, feeling the chair compress underneath her bulk. She planted her plump palms against the armrests and tried to reposition herself. It wasn’t easy! Her ass was huge, weighing her down like an anchor.

“Both of you? In the audience?”

“Yeah, I got a ticket too,” said Kayla. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

“Huh, cool,” said Alice. “It’ll be nice to have the moral support. I can use as much as I can get!”

Still, this new revelation only added to Alice’s worries. Was it that easy to get tickets? And if Kayla and Jody knew enough details to be able to buy tickets for the episode taping, who knew who else might be able to get hands on tickets? Would Alice’s mother try to show up? Her ex-boyfriend Chris? What other old enemies might resurface? Alice’s fat-clogged heart began to beat faster as she broke out into a cold sweat. This could go very very badly indeed!

No, no, no, she thought. I’m just being silly. That’s a worst case scenario. What are the chances that it actually comes to pass that someone who wants to humiliate me just happens to be in the audience? I’m sure it’ll be fine.

She really, really hoped she was right.

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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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