Alice 109  
By Mollycoddles

The hotel concierge did his best not to stare as Alice and Jen wobbled through the double doors, both girls loudly whining and moaning. Of course, he had watched several hours earlier when Parker Prim, the producer for the Nikki Lake Show, helped them to check in. That was nothing unusual. Film and TV studios often used the Empire Grand Hotel to room their out-of-town celebrity guests, so the concierge had witnessed a steady stream of “unusual” guests arrive under the auspices of the Nikki Lake Show. Though he’d never seen anything QUITE like this: Three enormously fat teenage girls, so heavy and round that they could barely walk, so massive that they seemed to rely almost entirely on mobility scooters to get around. He vaguely remembered that only recently his own teenage daughter had been laughing about some new meme she’d seen on her cellphone, something about some “cheerleader chunkers.” He didn’t know what she was talking about, but he wondered if it had anything to do with these three fatties. He did know for a fact that Nikki Lake was recruiting most of her guests from random viral videos on the Internet these days, so it did stand to reason. Still, it was none of his business. He was here to run a hotel and his business was to make guests feel welcome. So he tried not to stare. He really did.

But these two hogs were just making SO much noise!

Alice and Jen were overstuffed. WAY overstuffed. And for a pair of girls who literally spent their entire lives eating, that was saying something! They’d decided to leave the hotel to visit a local tourist attraction, a greasy spoon diner that advertised unlimited milkshakes and pie slices. It was an absurd offer, but the diner managed to still make bank simply because even the greediest customers generally overestimated how much pie they could eat in a sitting. Maybe two or three slices.

But Jen and Alice? They were a different story. They’d both completely lost count of how much they’d eaten. The two girls were so greedy that they’d continued to eat long past the point of satiety and now they were so miserably full and uncomfortably bloated that they felt – and looked – like they were going to pop. They could barely even waddle now, weighted down with the extra poundage of their overloaded bellies, without leaning against one another.

“Ooohhh, Jeez, I can’t hold it together,” moaned Jen. The bubbly brunette bimbo leaned heavily against her friend, ready to slide to the ground. She belched loudly, attracting a few startled glances from other guests. “I swear, like, this time I really AM gonna explode… OMG I’m gonna bust…”

“Heh,” muttered Alice thickly, her round face flushing rose red both from the exertion of waddling and also from the embarrassment of their situation. Her bloated belly churned and gurled loudly, struggling to digest its massive payload, and the noise was almost as loud as Jen’s exaggerated whining. “I… guess we should have… paced ourselves… But you’re not gonna bust, it’ll be fine.”

She was saying it as much for her own benefit as Jen’s. As silly as it was, Alice was actually a little bothered by talk of exploding. It was because once, after Alice had helped herself to a particularly large helping of Jen’s mom’s home cooking while at a sleepover at the Sarovy household, Jen’s little sister Jesse had darkly warned Alice: “You keep eating like that and one of these days you’re gonna pop.” Alice knew that wasn’t true, she wasn’t in any actual danger. She could eat and eat and eat and she was certain that she simply wasn’t capable of eating herself so far beyond her body’s limits that she would simply burst at the seams. But still, there was something about the way that Jesse said it that bothered her. When she’d expressed her concerns to Jen, the pear-shaped bimbo had dismissed them easily. Jen wasn’t worried at all! That was reassuring to Alice, so she didn’t like to hear Jen talk like this now… it was kinda worrying to her?

“I mean, we didn’t eat THAT much, huh?” said Alice as the two girls approached the elevator bank.

“I am definitely gonna explode,” moaned Jen, rubbing her distended belly with one pudgy hand while tightly gripping Alice’s padded shoulder with the other to maintain balance. “Like, there’s no doubt. I totally ate too much. Like, I probably shouldn’t even go up the elevator. Like, the change in air pressure is, like, totally gonna be enough to make my poor belly burst.”

Jen’s cow-print baby doll T-shirt had slipped up the arc of her swollen gut, bunching right below her plump boobs, while the waistband of her straining stretch pants slipped down. As a result, her big pink boulder of a belly was on full display. It jiggled and rippled with every step, emitting loud bubbling pops and snaps that signaled just how full she was.

“Oh don’t talk like that,” said Alice. “You’ll be fine! We’ll be fine! There’s no way that just going up a couple floors would ever be enough… to…” Alice’s voice trailed off. No, no, the idea was absurd. Of course they weren’t going to pop, even though it would be nothing more than they deserved for their unrepentant greed and gluttony. It would absolutely serve them right to pop like a pair of overinflate water balloons. But no. It wouldn’t happen. Alice was sure of it. Why was she even giving the idea any credence? She knew Jen was a gullible ditz who would believe anything. Why, if Laurie was here, she would be laughing at the very idea.

Almost on cue, Alice felt her cellphone, shoved into the pocket of her tight denim shorts, vibrate. Grunting, she fumbled to get her chubby hand into her pocket to get the phone out. It was a text from Laurie.

U 2 BACK YET?

Alice burped and typed out a reply message with her thumb.

YEAH, WE’RE DOWNSTAIRS NOW

Laurie replied back almost instantly: GOOD. COME TO MY ROOM, LETS ALL CHILL

“Laurie says to come to her room,” reported Alice.

“Ugh, she’s gonna be sooo pissed when she sees how much we ate,” moaned Jen. She belched again, a loud juicy sound. “Like, she totally missed out!”

“It was her choice not to come,” Alice reminded herself.

“Like, I just need to lie down for just a minute before I go see Laurie,” huffed Jen. “Like, I’m gonna go to my room first, just to… just to… recover…”

“Yeah,” agreed Alice. “I think that’s a good idea.”

She typed her reply: WILL B THERE SOON. GOTTA VISIT OUR ROOMS FIRST.

Laurie’s reply text simply read: K. C U SOON.

Alice wondered whether Laurie would notice that she wasn’t wearing the same shorts now that she’d been wearing when they first left the hotel. Probably not, they looked similar, although the denim was a slightly darker shade of blue. She probably wouldn’t notice. Would she care? Probably not. There was a time that Laurie would have seized any opportunity to interrogate Alice about her weight – and might have surmised that Alice had to buy new shorts on her way back to the hotel because the fat girl’s latest binge had resulted in a wardrobe malfunction – but those days were long past. That Laurie herself was even bigger than Alice meant that she really had no room to criticize Alice’s weight even if she still wanted to. And, truth be told, Laurie was way less obsessed with negging other girls’ weights these days.

The elevator doors opened and the two fat friends shuffled forward. The doors slid closed. It was a tight fit inside the small booth for both tubby teens.

“Like, you don’t think we’re too heavy for the elevator, do ya?” asked Jen suddenly.

“What? No, of course not!” Alice reassured her friend. But even so, her eyes scanned the room for the elevator’s posted weight limit. There it was: 5000 lbs. Well, that was a relief! Alice wasn’t entirely sure of her weight right now, but she guessed she was somewhere in the mid-500 pound range. Jen was probably the same. So together, they MIGHT add up to about 1000 pounds of soft ripe teenage blubber. But that was still far below the elevator’s weight limit!

Gawd, I can’t believe I’m relieved that we ONLY weight 1000 pounds, thought Alice. That’s literally half a ton! If we get much bigger, we really WILL outgrown elevators!

It wasn’t like that was an absurd fear. The two fat girls couldn’t curb their appetites and, as a result, they were constantly growing bigger and bigger and bigger… and they were outgrowing so much these days – clothes, cars, doorways – that Alice could almost imagine a future where they were so fat that they couldn’t ride elevators for fear of snapping the cable.

The elevator lurched to a stop and the doors slid open with a ding.

“Almost there, let’s go,” said Alice. The two girls waddled forward.

“Okay, like, this is my room,” said Jen, pointing at the door to one suite. She fished room key out from her cleavage and leaned against the wall to steady herself as she shoved it into the lock. “Like, I just need to lie down for… burp!... a minute... then I’ll meet you at Laurie’s room, ‘kay? You, like, gonna be able to get to your room, okay?”

Alice nodded, her double chin jiggling. She was already having trouble standing upright without Jen’s support, feeling the tremendous gravity of her bloated belly threatening to drag her to the ground, but she steeled her will. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll be fine! It’s not that much further, just down the hall.”

Jen nodded. “Okay! Like, see ya soon!” She squeezed through the doorway to her room and closed the door behind her.

She was glad that soon she would be hanging out with Laurie and Jen together. She didn’t really want to be alone. The truth was, she really missed Tyler! They’d only been apart for a short time, but the long distance really made the pain of separation more acute! She hoped that he’d be able to visit to watch the taping like he had promised!

Alice turned and started down the hallway, holding her flabby arms out to her sides to help steady herself. She looked like the Michelin man bobbling along! Suddenly a voice behind her drew her attention.

“Hello, Alice.”

Alice whirled around as fast as a 500 pound plumpette could. She knew that voice! That was the last person she expected to see here!

It was her ex-boyfriend Chris.

“Chris?! What are YOU doing here?” Alice gulped nervously, suddenly aware of how absolutely huge she must look. She was returning from a massively oversized meal, her belly so swollen with pie and milkshake that it hung even lower than usual between her tree-trunk legs. Chris and Alice had briefly dated last year, but Chris had dumped her for, in his words, “getting way too chubby.” That was back when Alice barely weighed 200 pounds. Since then, she had completely lost control of her appetite and weight, to the point that she’d ballooned up to 500 plus pounds! She shuddered to think what Chris must think of her now!

Chris grinned. He was a tall boy, towering over fatass Alice by a good foot, so that he always seemed to be looking down at her. He played football, but he kept fit; he still had that same tight, muscular body and charming devilish grin that had originally attracted Alice. Unfortunately, Alice reminded herself, he probably still had the same asshole attitude!

“I heard you were gonna be on Nikki Lake,” he said. “So I did a little digging. After all, I didn’t want to miss your big moment.”

“Did you come all the way down here to LA just to make fun of me?” snapped Alice, crossing her arms over her ample chest and frowning. “That’s really low!”

“What makes you think I’m here to make fun of you? Did I make fun of you last time we met?”

Alice gulped. She remembered that meeting vividly. Chris had been shocked to see that Alice had gained over 300 pounds since they had dated and he’d made some rude comments out of surprise, but he hadn’t been as mean to her as she would have expected. Instead, he almost seemed… interested in her? But that was ridiculous. Alice knew he couldn’t really be interested in her – after all, he had dumped her for being too fat! – he was just lonely and desperate and thought he could use fat girl Alice as an easy lay.

“Whoa there, mister! I don’t know what you’re thinking, but you better not get any closer! I’m seeing someone, okay? Tyler and me are really serious, so don’t think you even have a chance!”

“Yeah, you mentioned that last time. Why would I want to break up such a happy couple, hmm? I’m not here to do anything like that. I just wanted to offer my support.”

“Your… support?”

“Oh yeah, I think it’s super brave what you’re doing. I think you should be commended for bringing your story to the world! I bet a lot of girls are really going to look up to you after this.”

Alice relaxed. “You… really think so?”

“Absolutely. And I think a girl so brave deserves nothing less than the utmost respect… and rewards.”

For the first time, Alice noticed what Chris was holding in his hands: he had a plastic bowl of soft serve vanilla ice cream, topped with nuts and chocolate syrup.

“Is that… ice cream? Where did you get that?”

“Just downstairs, they sell it in the lobby. But when I saw it, I thought of you. You do like ice cream, don’t you, Alice? I remember even when we were dating how much you LOVED ice cream…”

Alice gulped. Her gut was absolutely stuffed after her monumental pie and milkshake binge and yet just the sight of that delectable treat made Alice forget her fullness. Her overloaded belly gurgled urgently, as if to goad her to even greater heights of hedonistic gluttony. After gorging herself to her limits at the diner, Alice had been mortified when she’d felt her panties split under the pressure of her burgeoning backside. And shortly afterwards, as she’d tried to board the bus to return to the hotel, Alice had managed to split her shorts as well! How embarrassing, to think she basically just completely mooned the whole world! A quick stop at the nearest plus-size clothing store had yielded… less than adequate results. The simple truth was that Alice, weighing in at well over 500 pounds and shaped like a tubby little bowling ball, had long since been forced to shop at maternity stores and even the these days she could barely fit into the clothes designed for jumbo-sized preggos. What chance was there that any plus size boutique would have anything that could fit her? She had managed to stuff herself into a new pair of denim shorts, but she could already feel the waistband cutting into her middle and her muffintop slopping over the top.

These shorts would have to hold at least until she got back to her room. That’s all that she needed. It wasn’t that far away! Surely the stitching could at least hold THAT long.

But now Chris was in her way.

“I can tell you want it,” said Chris. “And I think you deserve it. I got it for you, after all. Would you like it, Alice?”

Alice nodded dumbly. Gawd, she was so stupid! She knew she was… falling into some sort of trap here! She couldn’t quite figure out what Chris’s game was, but she knew it couldn’t be good. At the same time, she was powerless to resist. She held out her plumps hands expectantly for the ice cream.

“You can have it on one condition,” said Chris. “You let me rub your tummy while you eat.”

Alice was so round that there was no way for her clothes to adequately cover her. Her polo shirt rode up her gut while her denim shorts were pushed down, so, like Jen, her tremendous pink belly was fully on display. Her deep dark navel was so buried under soft flab that it had become a line across her middle, giving her a pronounced double belly. Chris could see everything that he was so eager to touch.

“What? No way!” Alice frowned. “I would never let YOU rub my tummy! That’s only for Tyler!”

“Aw, c’mon, Alice, it’s just your stomach, it’s no big deal. I bet Tyler wouldn’t mind.”

“Why do you even want to do that?” huffed Alice.

Chris shrugged, as if he really didn’t care. He was playing her like a fiddle. Well, in her case, more like a cello. Or maybe a double bass.

She didn’t like where this was going! But that chocolate sundae did look SO enticing. Gawd, how could she resist? The sweet creamy chocolate was so alluring that she was drooling just thinking about it… Maybe…maybe Chris just wanted to experience what it was like to touch a fat girl’s big soft belly? The poor boy had never had a chance to know how good that felt. It was just a tummy rub, after all, nothing sordid or sexual about that. And she could tell him to get lost as soon as she was done eating, right?

“O-okay,” said Alice. “I’ll let you rub my tummy, but no funny stuff! I don’t want you getting ideas. You keep it above the waistline, okay?”

“Of course, of course.” He handed over the ice cream dish and Alice accepted it eagerly. She really wasn’t at all hungry… but how could she NOT eat if food was available? The very idea was absurd, you might as well as her to not breathe when air was plentiful!

And besides, this WAS delicious! She spooned soft, sweet cream into her chubby mouth with surprising vigor for a girl as obscenely bloated as she was. All her worries about exploding from her own over-indulgence had completely evaporated as she concentrated on stuffing herself to her heart’s delight.

“Mmmm…” Alice was so lost in her private heaven of gluttonous indulgence that she barely noticed as Chris’s hands slowly moved lower and lower, over the arc of her tremendous tummy. As his finger brushed her navel, she startled.

“H-hey! That’s getting a little fresh! I said above the waistline, okay?”

“Of course, Alice, of course.” Smiling slyly, he deftly plucked the half-eaten sundae from her hands.

“H-hey! What’s the big idea?”

“Oh nothing, I just thought you looked like you’d had enough. Unless…?”

Alice stared, her eyes laser-focused on the cold, creamy treat. Her chubby cheeks were slathered with ice cream, forming a ring around her mouth, but she was too intent on the tasty treat that she didn’t even notice what a sloppy piggy she’d been. Christ grinned. This was perfect. Just perfect!

“U-unless?”

“Unless you’d like some more? But, if you want some more, you have to let me rub your lower belly. Nothing too intimate, of course, just around your waist.”

He eyed the bulk of Alice’s tremendous tummy; her cavernous belly button set right on the equator of her belly, marking where it was widest.

Alice sighed. She REALLY wanted the rest of that ice cream! Deep in her heart, she knew she shouldn’t… she REALLY didn’t trust Chris! But she was helpless. Maybe a year ago, Alice could have resisted. But over the course of the past year, she had completely lost control of her appetite, to the point that she was an absolute slave to her own gluttony. She never stopped eating and she never stopped thinking about food. As a result, Alice was growing chubbier and chubbier by the day. Her fat little tummy was growing rounder and rounder, swelling bigger and bigger, but that wasn’t the only part of her that was changing. Her pussy was growing riper and juicier as well, and it was now so plump that the poor little fatso could barely button up her shorts. Chris wondered how many slurps of ice cream it would take before Alice completely busted her buttons.

“O-okay… I guess that would be okay… just… no lower, okay?!” Alice gulped. She was sure that she was still in safe territory, right?? Tyler wouldn’t be upset about this, right?? She held out her pudgy hands expectantly. Chris chuckled and handed back the Sundae.

I don’t need more calories, said a tiny nagging voice in the back of Alice’s head. The rational part of her brain told her that more sweet treats were, in fact, the last thing that she needed if she ever hoped to lose weight or even just stop gaining. It was no surprise that with Alice’s insatiable appetite and incorrigible sweet tooth that she just kept blowing up. But the problem was that food tasted SO GOOD! No matter how big Alice got, that simple fact was always true.

Chris moved his hands over the soft surface of Alice’s exposed belly, his palms flush with her soft warm skin. He could feel her heartbeat through her tummy, an exciting reminder of how vibrant and warm and alive this girl was. He was getting sooo excited just thinking about how plump and juicy she had grown over this past year, to the point that he almost regretted breaking up with her. What was he thinking? Why had he never thought about how incredibly sexy a fat girl could be? More than anything, he just wanted to push her over and watch her tip helplessly onto her back. Then he’d help her out of her clothes and…. Who knows where it would lead? How deep was that fat pussy now? Chris was 100% sure that Alice was so plump between the legs that he could get lost inside her. The idea was making him even hornier and he was starting to get light-headed from the excitement. But he had to play it cool. He couldn’t overplay his hand or he might lose it all. His fingers brushed the overhang of Alice’s gut, tickling the soft flesh under her belly button. Alice didn’t react. She was too busy eating! Christ thought he would test his luck.

He moved his hands lower. Alice was still too distracted.

Perfect!

Now Chris had his hand at her crotch, massaging her pussy through the straining fabric of her denim shorts. The buttons of her button-fly were quivering violently, barely holding back the gathering tidal wave of flesh that was Alice’s burgeoning belly.

“Mmm that feels good, keep doing that,” moaned Alice absently through a mouthful of ice cream, her eyes closed. It felt so good to just let go, to eat and eat and eat and feel the delicious cold cream fill up her fat little belly while her loving boyfriend massaged her. She was growing moist despite herself, the combination of delicious food and sensual massage was just too much for a fat girl like Alice to handle! She was completely helpless when it came to food, a hedonist with no self-control, and, if she continued down this path, she might reach the point where her need her constant instant gratification bled over into the other aspects of her life. Laurie had already long since passed that point, so now Laurie was constantly hungry and horny. Laurie needed constant food and sex to satisfy her lusts, which was why she had exploded in size. Her body was a monument to pleasure, and Alice was fast following in her thunderous footsteps.

Or was she? Alice swallowed another dollop of ice cream and the top snap on her shorts suddenly burst open with a loud pop!, the noise and release bringing her back to reality.

Wait a second… her loving boyfriend wasn’t massaging her belly at all! She suddenly remembered where she was: She was standing in a hotel hallway, pigging out on illicit ice cream while she let this absolute jerk fondle her belly?? What the hell was she doing? Had she lost her mind!? It turned out that Alice DID still have a modicum of self-restraint… at least when it came to being loyal to her boyfriend!

“Wait… what the hell? OMG, get your hand away from there!” snapped Alice, stepping back and swatting Chris’s hand away. “What do you think you’re doing, mister?”

“Hey, you said to keep going!” said Chris. “You seemed to like it!”

“I… shut up!” Alice huffed. She was embarrassed to admit that she had been so lost in good feelings that she’d almost let Chris get into her pants. Her weekend away from Tyler had left her feeling more lonely than ever, and her sexual frustration had almost got the better of her! Ooo… she was so angry! She couldn’t believe that this jerk was trying to take advantage of her like this! Why, she ought to… she ought to teach him a lesson! But what could Alice do? Chris was taller and stronger than she was. The only thing she could do would be to waddle away in a huff… unless…?

“Get out of here!” bellowed Alice, shoving her colossal gut into Chris. He stumbled backwards with a shout and Alice advanced again, belly bumping him out the door. “You get out of here or… or… or I’ll sit on you! You thought I was too fat before, just think about how it’ll feel if a 500 pound girl clobbers your butt!”

“Hey! I gave you ice cream!” snapped Chris. “The least you can let me do is… hey!” He yelped as Alice slammed her gut into him again, popping the second button from her shorts and knocking his backwards as he scrambled to get away. She might have been shorter and weaker than Chris, but she suddenly realized that her belly was the perfect weapon. She was so heavy now that she could really do some damage.

“Stop it! Stop it!” howled Chris. “Jeez, you fat ass!”

“I’m a fat ass, am I?” snarled Alice. “Well, I guess the truth comes out! You’re not so sweet now that you’re not getting what you wanted, huh?”

Chris scowled.

“And you were so eager to experience my fat belly up close, maybe you’d like to experience my fat ass!” Alice was so livid now that she wasn’t even thinking; she was acting on pure instinct. Chris didn’t even have time to gasp in surprise as Alice twirled around and dropped her pillowy backside right on time of him.

She was sitting on him now, with the full force of her 500 plus pounds of overfed, overindulged, overplumped lard. Her butt blubber spread out as it made impact, ripples cascading through her thick flesh so violently that the third and final button from her new button-fly shorts burst from its moorings. Her new shorts were completely ruined in less than a day but Alice hardly even noticed. She was too elated that Chris had FINALLY got his just desserts!! That jerk was now trapped beneath her.

“Oh my gawwd, get off me, you whale! I can’t breathe!” He struggled to claw himself out from under Alice’s colossal rump, but it was no use. She was too heavy and he was helplessly pinned! Alice grinned to herself as she felt her asshole ex-boyfriend struggle helplessly beneath her.

“You’re lucky that it’s just me,” said Alice, wiggling her massive bottom to get as comfortable as she could with Chris writhing under her. “My butt’s not even all that big! If Jen was sitting on you, then you REALLY wouldn’t be able to breathe!”

“Let me… up! Let… me… up… please… Alice… I’m… suffocating…”

“Oh you big baby, you’re getting exactly what you deserve.” Alice returned her attention to the half-eaten bowl of ice cream; miraculously, she had managed to avoid upsetting the bowl during this entire debacle. She scooped a spoonful and popped it in her mouth. “Mmm, that is tasty! I really appreciate you bringing me a snack, Chris. I guess now I’ll just sit here and enjoy my dessert.”

Chris slapped feebly at the chubby cheeks of Alice’s protruding backside, but there was nothing he could do. He realized with growing horror that Alice really did intend to just sit here and finish her ice cream before she would even think of letting him go.

He could only hope that Alice would finish her dessert with her usual gusto. But, unfortunately for him, it looked like for once Alice was determined to savor it.

Alice smiled smugly to herself. Chris’s entitled rudeness had inspired her to draw on an until now hidden strength. She had never before considered using her weight to her advantage like that! But now… she was glad that she did! She couldn’t wait to tell Jen and Laurie about what she’d done! And Tyler! This felt like a whole new way of life for Alice! She wasn’t ever going to let anyone push her around because of her weight ever again!

But first, she was going to enjoy her ice cream. Nice and slowly!

\* \* \*

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:

Mollycoddles’ Amazon Store: <http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref=sr_ntt_srch_lnk_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6>

Mollycoddles’ Twitter: <https://twitter.com/mcoddles>

Mollycoddles’ Tumblr: <http://mollycoddleswg.tumblr.com/>

Mollycoddles’ DeviantArt: <http://mcoddles.deviantart.com/>

Mollycoddles’ Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/mollycoddles>

Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at [mcoddles@hotmail.com](mailto:mcoddles@hotmail.com) . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Molly Coddles