Alice 90

By Mollycoddles

Laurie sat on her couch, filling the entire seat with her gargantuan butt clad in mega-sized pastel pink sweat pants. She held a half-eaten tub of ice cream in her pudgy hands, constantly scooping out big globs of melting rocky road with a kitchen ladle (An ordinary spoon just couldn’t get the ice cream to her mouth fast enough to satisfy her cravings, she’d found.), and her pet kitten Pumpkin sat snuggled up into a tight little knot of fur in the canyon between her hemispherical hooters. Pumpkin loved to nap in soft, warm places and the kitten had found that Laurie’s cleavage was the best spot for a catnap. Laurie paused to stroke the kitten’s head with one plump finger before returning to her ice cream. Good thing I’m so blessed in the chest, she thought, or Pumpkin wouldn’t have a place to sleep!

Laurie was amused that Pumpkin had picked her cleavage as her favorite nap spot. Not that Laurie could blame her! If she could spend all her time sleeping between a pair of boobs as resplendent as her own, she would definitely be doing that too!

Jeez, her tits were huge. But they matched the rest of her well. Laurie was huge.

Laurie felt a twinge of pride knowing that she was truly the biggest girl now in every sense of the word. She outweighed each of her besties, Alice and Jen, by a good hundred pounds. For years, Laurie was famous throughout school for her bust; her mammoth mammaries necessitated an end-of-the-alphabet brassiere and put to shame every other girl in the school. That much was still true. No girl in school – heck, no WOMAN in town! – had whoppers that could even approach the size of Laurie’s pillowy pontoons and Laurie’s descent into constant binging and gluttony had only caused them to balloon bigger and bigger. They had long outgrown even the fancy specialty bras that Abida sold at her lingerie shop, forcing Laurie to special order custom undergarments from the Internet. When she even wore bras at all, that was. As big as she was, Laurie preferred to let her girls hang free whenever possible.

Right now, Laurie was braless. Her white tank top was stretched to its limits trying to contain her billowing bosom and her pastel pink sweat top had to be left unzippered to accommodate not just her breasts but also her ginormous belly. Laurie was proud of that too. There had been a time when Laurie was loathe to admit when even a single extra pound crept onto her classic bombshell figure, but these days Laurie reveled in every extra pound and inch. She loved to eat, she loved to grow, she loved to be a big fat billowing blob of flesh.

Her friends Jen and Alice were equally famous around school for their unique figures: apple-shaped Alice was known for her big round belly and pear-shaped Jen was known for her big wide booty. But Laurie had them both beat. Everyone knew about her enormous hooters, but Laurie also now sported a butt bigger than Jen’s and a belly bigger than Alice’s.

But the changes were everywhere now. Laurie was so fat that she could barely move; it took all her effort to rise up from a seated position and waddle just the few feet that she needed to get onto her mobility scooter. She didn’t care. Her fat was like a big warm soft sleeping bag, surrounding her and making her feel so so cozy and warm and sexy. Yes, sexy. Gawd, sometimes Laurie thought she must be insane… insane to think that she was sexy at her size. But she couldn’t help it. She thought she looked like a massive sexy fertility goddess and the feel of her own blubber still made her so incredibly horny!

Laurie’s face was round, so round that her neck wasn’t visible anymore, having been swallowed up under her double chin and above her soft padded shoulders. Her chubby cheeks gave her a permanent squint, to the point that Laurie was beginning to have trouble with people not recognizing her in her driver’s license photo anymore. She had given up on wearing most of her jewelry. Necklaces wouldn’t fit around her thick neck anymore. Her stubby sausage-like fingers were too chubby and plump for rings. The once extremely fashion conscious diva was reduced to wearing muumuus and sweats, the only things that could still fit her outrageously obese body.

She nestled down into the couch, slopping more ice cream into her face. Life was good. Gawd, she honestly couldn’t believe how much she had grown. But also, she couldn’t believe how much her attitude had changed. To think that there was a time she wanted to lose weight, to be thin. It seemed absurd now. Why would she ever want to be small? The bigger Laurie grew, the more she wanted. She was a colossus of corpulence, a titan of flesh. If anything, she commanded MORE respect now that she was huge. When she was thinner, no one dared to criticize her to her face for fear of facing the blinding hot fury of the haughty hottie’s wrath. Laurie’s famously volatile temper kept everyone in line; no member of the cheer squad would ever think of challenging Laurie’s authority, no girl at school would dare to stand in her way, most teachers even found it wasn’t worth the trouble of trying to argue with Laurie. Laurie weighed over a quarter ton now and she could throw that weight around when she needed to. Okay, so it was true that she wasn’t as mobile as she used to be. She was so wide now that she could barely walk, growing winded just from standing on her own two feet for more than a few minutes and relying more and more on her increasingly over-burdened mobility scooter. She knew, of course, that her weight was a frequent topic of gossip at school. Who could stop girls from gossiping? It was only natural that people would want to talk about her. But the important thing was, no matter how much students might chatter behind her back about Laurie’s ever-expanding waistline and ever-inflating bustline, they would still never dare to say it to her face. She was still the queen of school.

The only difference was now this beauty queen was truly queen-sized.

Well, maybe bigger. King-sized? Was that bigger?

“Ugh, that sounds dumb,” muttered Laurie. “Who says a king is bigger?”

Empress sized. Yes. She liked that. That’s what she was.

 Her attention from briefly diverted from the TV by the sound of approaching footsteps.

“Who’s there?” snapped Laurie, shifting her weight on the sofa as she strained to see behind her. The sudden movement caused her giant breasts to heave, popping Pumpkin from her cleavage. The kitten tumbled into her lap with a surprised “meow?”

Jen’s little sister Jesse stormed into the room. “Hey, is Jen here? My mom say she should come home for dinner.”

Laurie grunted in annoyance. She did not like Jesse on a good day and now this little brat was interrupting her routine. She had hoped that maybe she was getting a visit from Jen or Alice… or better yet maybe her lovers Frank and Abida were coming over to surprise her! Jesse was the last person she wanted to see.

“Jeez, don’t get up on my account, fat ass,” said Jesse. “Not that you could, really.”

“Get lost,” said Laurie, turning her attention back to the soap operas on TV. She held another ladleful of melted ice cream to her glossy lips, slurping the milky sludge so vigorously that her double chin wobbled. “Jen’s not here. She’s probably over at Craig’s place, getting her fat ass ploughed.”

“I’m gonna pretend I didn’t hear that,” said Jesse, who did NOT want to think about her older sister having sex at all. “But jeeeez, this is what you look like now, huh? You’re as big as a whale! Jeez, everytime I see you, it looks like you’re even bigger. You must be as big as Natalie McTaggert!”

Laurie flinched at the name. She knew it well. Natalie McTaggert was officially the fattest girl in school history; her weight was recorded by the nurse during an annual physical fitness test and, ever since, successive generations of Los Hermanos High students continued to whisper about it. That was years before Laurie’s time, but with her obsession about being the absolute biggest, of course Laurie knew all about Natalie McTaggert!

“As big as Natalie McTaggert?” whispered Laurie. “Ha! Try even bigger.”

“What was that, Laurie?”

Laurie scowled. “I said fuck off, you little snot.”

“Hmm. Yeah, you seem mad. But what are you gonna do?” Jesse circled the couch as if she was sizing Laurie up, trying to really take in her size. “I know you’re too fat and lazy to actually stand up.”

“I can stand up anytime I want,” snarled Laurie, narrowing her eyes angrily. “I’m just busy right now.”

“Yeah, busy stuffing your face. When aren’t you busy doing that?”

Laurie shrugged nonchalantly, turning her attention back to her ice cream. The truth was that Jesse was right; Laurie knew that getting up from the couch would have to involve a whole lot of inarticulate grunting and unladylike struggle. And for what? Once she stood up, she would just be wheezing and red-faced. Laurie was so lazy and out-of-shape these days that she would likely give up standing entirely sometime soon. Lord knew she didn’t see the attraction in it anyway! “What do you even want anyway?”

 “I thought my sister was getting big, but you really take the cake!” continued Jesse, ignoring Laurie’s question. She approached Laurie cautiously, as if she suspected that the cheer captain’s enormous blubbery gut was as volatile as a bomb about to go off. The younger girl couldn’t resist. She had to check for herself to see that it was all real! She reached out and grabbed a handful of fat from Laurie’s middle, squeezing it between her fingers and marveling as the spongy flesh squished.

“What the?! Hands off, you little brat! That’s not for you!” snapped Laurie, swatting Jesse away. The fat girl did NOT like Jesse’s forwardness. Jesse only dared to be so bold because her older sister was Laurie’s best friend and Jesse probably assumed – quite rightly – that Laurie would have to restrain herself from letting loose the full torrent of her wrath if it might upset Jen. Laurie grimaced, her thick double chin wobbling. That made Jesse probably the only person in the world who could talk to Laurie this disrespectfully and NOT get walloped!

“In fact, you’re fat that you probably DID take the cake,” continued Jesse. “ Maybe if you weren’t so lazy, you wouldn’t have let the cheer squad go to pieces like you did.”

Now Laurie was getting mad. “The hell you say,” she snapped, turning to face Jesse. Her squinting eyes were flashing with barely contained rage. If there was one thing that was guaranteed to piss Laurie off, it was implying that her leadership of the cheer squad wasn’t up to par. Laurie still took her position as queen bee cheer captain super seriously… or, at least, she was serious about everyone treating her with the respect that was due a captain. She seemed way less interested in actually leading the squad in any actual cheers these days. “The cheer squad is doing fine.”

“Really? That’s not what they’re saying at school. Everyone is amazed at how half the squad has just stopped practicing. Alice and Jen are as fat as cows, how are you going to stuff each of those tubs into a cheer uniform let alone get them to cheer? And you? Damn, girl, you’re a whole new level of fat! You can’t tell me that you actually expect to cheer at the big home coming game! Everyone is whispering about how you’re just gonna cancel cheers for that.”

“Cancel cheers? Like hell I will!” Laurie barked, spitting melted ice cream over her thick double chin and into her cleavage. “Let me tell YOU something, you little brat! You think a fat girl can’t cheer? You got another think coming! I don’t care how fat I am, I don’t care how fat I GET, I look fucking hot. I am the sexiest fucking whale you’ll ever see and I’m only getting sexier with every single extra pound I gain. I’m NOT going to lose weight. Ever. I am going to keep getting bigger and bigger and BIGGER. What do you think about that, huh, you little shit?”

Laurie’s tirade left her gasping for breath, her massive chest heaving like an ocean during a storm. She never rose to her feet, but she did sit up and lean forward, enough that she towered over Jesse ominously. Jesse gulped, suddenly worried that she might have bitten off more than she could chew by provoking Laurie. She thought that Laurie had ballooned into a bloated, shiftless tubbie, too lazy to fight back and way too out-of-shape to ever rouse herself from the couch no matter what insults Jesse lobbed at her. But that was definitely not the case! Laurie was still very formidable. If anything, she was even more formidable now that she was the size of a literal hippopotamus, her puffed, heaving form filling the room.

“And ANOTHER Thing! We are NOT EVER canceling cheer! We’re gonna cheer at the homecoming game and we’re gonna fuckin’ blow you away!”

“Oh, you’ll blow, all right,” said Jesse, still trying to maintain a defiant façade. But it was obvious that the younger girl was rethinking the wisdom of her words. She took a nervous step backwards. “You really think y’all have the stamina to cheer? You’re just gonna give yourselves all heart attacks! But I’d really like to see you wide loads try!”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. “Get. Out.”

“Fine! I was just leaving anyway.”

Laurie muttered darkly to herself as she heard Jesse pad away. Laurie never questioned her own abilities as captain, but Jesse’s words made the arrogant cheer captain worry. It was true that Jen and Alice were seriously fat… and Laurie herself was even fatter. The other members of the squad… were they even still practicing their routines? Laurie was still nominally in charge, but she mostly spent most practice sessions yelling at her subordinates while looking for excuses to leave early so that she could spend more time getting stuffed by Frank and Abida. Now that she thought about it, were they actually properly trained? But more importantly, how would the crowds react when they saw Laurie, Jen and Alice on the field? She gulped nervously as she imagined the jeers of the crowd when they were confronted with the sight of the three hefty hoggettes waddling onto the playing field and badly attempting to puff their way through a cheer routine.

And, for the first time, Laurie was actually worried.

Laurie lifted the ice cream tub to her lips and tilted it back, thick gouts of sloppy syrupy melted ice cream dribbling down her cheeks to pool in her cleavage. She was only vaguely aware that she was spilling ice cream all over herself, but Laurie couldn’t bring herself to care. She just wanted to fill her belly!

“Mmmmmore,” she mumbled to herself as she licked the sticky residue from the carton before dropping it to the floor with a loud belch. “Mommmm!”

“What’s that, honey?” Laurie’s mother appeared in the doorway, drawn by Laurie’s yell.

Laurie rolled over on the couch; she was too fat to move in any other fashion and she looked like a seal swimming in the ocean. “Mommm, I’m outta ice cream.”

“Now honey, you know I don’t buy ice cream,” said Laurie’s mother. “But if you want some dairy free soy ice cream, I do have a carton of that. It’s cardamom flavor-“

“Ugh!” Laurie groaned. Her mom was such a hippie! “Fine! That’s fine!”

“Okay, honey.”

Despite Laurie’s misgivings, the soy ice cream wasn’t half bad. Laurie dug into it with the same gusto, scooping it into her mouth with increasing speed. She needed to drown out Jesse’s words and the best way that Laurie knew to distract herself was with food. Laurie guzzled down the ice cream, feeling a familiar tingle grow between her legs as her belly stretched out to hold this new gutload. Her waistband of her pink pastel sweatpants was already rolled down to her crotch, allowing her bloated belly room to breathe. Red stretchmarks lined the surface of that massive white orbs, more and more everyday as Laurie continued to push herself to very limits of capacity. They were a daily testament to how much she could eat and the dire consequences of her extreme gluttony. She was literally outgrowing her skin. But she needed more…

That little brat! Jesse knew how to really cut to the bone. It shouldn’t have surprised her. After all, Jesse’s barbs were one of the major things that prevented Alice from having full confidence in her own growing body and even occasionally made Jen doubt whether her insane binges were a good idea. Laurie snorted. She wasn’t about to let Jesse ruin her day! What business was it of hers, anyway? Laurie was the top dog and the cheer squad was great! How dare Jesse give her guff! Jesse was just lucky that Laurie was so lazy…er, busy today, or else she might have just… have just… she might have just sat on her! That would teach the little snot to pick a fight with a 600 pound heavyweight like Laurie!

Laurie chuckled to herself, the laughter turning to wheezing as Laurie struggled for breath. Gawd, eating was SUCH hard work! Laurie felt like even chewing was becoming more and more difficult as her weight continued to climb, but somehow… somehow she just didn’t care. Why the fuck should she care when it felt THIS good? Her belly was filled with melted ice cream, so full and sloshy that it covered her lap all the way to her knees. She loved to eat and she loved to grow. The only thing better than a full-to-bursting belly – the sinfully stuffed feeling of being all full up, the tingle of stretched skin, the deliciously decadent post-binge stupor – was the knowledge that her gluttony was blowing her up bigger and fatter all the time. Gawd, she just reveled in her vastness. She didn’t know what turned her on more: being stuffed or being fat. The bigger her belly, the wetter her pussy. She wished that Abida and Frank were here to pleasure her, since there wasn’t any way that she could get off without them anymore. Laurie was way too fat to effectively masturbate anymore, her gigantic breasts and belly were just too much of a barrier to her reach. She could still, if she tried really hard, get her vibrator in the right spot to get off, but even that was getting harder. Whatever! As long as she had her obedient lovers around to take care of her, she knew that she wouldn’t have to worry about going without her carnal pleasures.

Laurie dropped the empty carton and belched loudly. Ooof. Gawd, she was REALLY stuffed now. Why weren’t Frank and Abida here? Logically, Laurie knew it was probably a good thing. They never came over without stuffing her silly and the last thing that she needed right now was more food. She was already ready to pop. She just needed to lie still for a little while, maybe massage her overstretched middle until she could digest a little…

Laurie burped again, more softly this time, finding some relief from the pain of her distended gut in releasing some pressure. She was still pissed. Super pissed. She meant every word of her tirade to Jesse. She had no intention of every going back to the way things used to be. The thick but shapely Laurie of the past was gone forever, smothered under mountains of quivering blubber, transformed to a goddess of gluttony, a divine avatar or extreme excess, an expanding singularity of hedonism on a crash course with … who knows? Laurie had no clue where her excessive appetite would take her. But Gawd, she couldn’t wait to find out…

But still. She couldn’t believe that Jesse would defy her like that! And what about the cheer squad? Laurie couldn’t abide the idea that anyone would look down on her leadership or what the squad had become under her control. She needed to make sure that everyone understood that the cheer squad was here to stay. It was NOT going to change. She was not going to go on some stupid crash diet, lose all this delicious weight, just to… what? Appeal to some dumb beauty ideal? She was going to show them. She was going to show them all!

And what about Jen and Alice? Sure, they weren’t nearly as hot as Laurie. That went without saying. But Laurie had for so long thought of them as “the fat girls on the squad” as opposed to herself, the buxom voluptuous captain. But she had to admit it, she was the fat one now. But Jen and Alice still looked good for their size. As fellow femme fatsos, they all needed to stick together. If Laurie wasn’t going to diet, she also wasn’t going to insist that her two bulging besties lost an ounce either!

She was done pretending to shame them into losing weight. The three fat friends were going to be large and in charge together… and they were going to flaunt their extreme, expanding curves no matter what anyone else thought!

But still… Laurie couldn’t help but be a little nervous to think about the big game. How WOULD they cheer at this size? What kind of routine could they possibly do? How would the school react to see the biggest cheer zeppelins on earth representing their team?

Laurie yawned widely, her bosom heaving wildly in response as she leaned back on the defeated couch. “Gotta… think of an angle…” she mumbled to herself.

Laurie was still wondering as she drifting into a stuffed stupor, her chin resting on her chest as she snored loudly. As Laurie dozed, Pumpkin scampered up the mountain that was her owner and curled up at the apex of her breasts. It was, after all, her favorite nap spot!

Hours later, Laurie roused herself from her slumber.

Laurie heaved herself into a sitting position, wheezing loudly at the effort, propping herself up on arms as thick as other girls’ thighs. Pumpkin stared at her quizzically, confused about what could possibly have roused her mama from such a sound sleep, but, seeing that Laurie’s heaving breasts were available, she jumped between them and started purring contentedly.

“Shhh, sleep well, baby,” cooed Laurie, petting the kitten gently with one hand while she reached for a pen on the end table next to the couch, the whole couch creaking under her immense bulk as she leaned. “Mama’s got an idea.”

Laurie’s lovers Frank and Abida absolutely reveled in Laurie’s escalating weight almost as much as Laurie herself. And while she wasn’t sure about whether Tyler or Craig were feeders, they clearly each loved their respective girlfriends’ sizes. What were the odds that the three fattest girls in school could each find lovers who liked their enormity? What was the statistical likelihood of that happening? Laurie guessed it must be pretty low; they couldn’t have just lucked into meeting the only four people who liked them being fat. How many more people at this school must feel the same way?

Laurie scribbled down her dream-inspired idea in the notepad by the couch. This would solve all her problems! Look, it was obvious that she was not going to lose any weight. Jen was not going to lose any weight. Alice was not going to lose any weight. All three of them were doomed to balloon. So why not lean into it? They were definitely not going to drop any major poundage before the big homecoming game, the night when they would be expected to cheer for real. Laurie had been avoiding for months anything that even smacked of actual cheering, instead sitting on the sidelines and barking orders at the slimmer cheer squad members to do all the work for her. But at the homecoming game, the WHOLE squad would be expected to take to the field. There was no way that Laurie could avoid that. She was doomed to stand before the whole school in all her magnificent, obese glory, so that everyone could see her absolutely fail at executing the simplest cheers. Or would they? Laurie chuckled to herself as she reread her notes.

She wasn’t worried anymore! Laurie had every confidence that this plan would work and people would be talking about this amazing cheer routine for years to come…

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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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