Alice 87  
By Mollycoddles

It was the aftermass of yet another successful sleepover. Every week, Alice, Laurie and Jen met in the basement rec room of Jen’s house for a night of friends, fun, and especially food. They watched TV, they gossiped about their boyfriends and their school life, and they ordered pizza… so, so much pizza. And every week, by the end of the night, all three girls were absolutely stuffed way beyond their capacity. Which was impressive considering that each girl weighed over a quarter ton and needed to eat constantly to ever reach their capacity! As usual, they kept eating until they finally passed out from exhaustion and satiety, each girl collapsed on a couch or an armchair, snoring like a buzzsaw, her gargantuan bloated belly rising and falling in time with her labored wheezing.

Jen’s sister Jesse poked her head through the door, drawn by the loud noise.

“Oh,” she said as he eyes fell on the slumbering forms of the three chubby cheerleaders. “It’s just them snoring. Jeez, I thought the house was gonna collapse from the sound of it!”

Lying prone on the floor, Laurie looked like three enormous quivering pink mountains – two giant boobs and one giant belly. She wore only her underwear, but her burgeoning flesh seemed to swallow up her undies to make it look like she was completely naked. She grunted in her sleep.

“I wonder what she’s dreaming,” mumbled Jen.

In her dream, Laurie wasn’t nearly 600 pounds anymore. She was trim and svelte, just as she’d looked only a couple years ago when she first began her career as cheerleading captain. Her narrow waist led down to subtly flaring hips that stretched out the pleats of her cheer skirt and her ample chest filled out her cheer sweater just enough. Her long raven hair reached nearly down to her pertly rounded but muscular bottom.

She was wandering down the street when a certain succulent smell drew her attention. She inhaled deeply, filling her lungs. Cherry pie! The buxom cheerleader licked her glossy pink lips in desire. Damn, that smelled good! And she could see that someone in the nearest house had placed a freshly baked pie on the window sill to cool.

Laurie couldn’t resist. It was unbecoming for a cheerleader to just… steal someone’s pie, but Laurie stole up to the window and grabbed the pie. She didn’t have any utensils but somehow that didn’t dissuade her.

“They shouldn’t have just left this here if they didn’t want someone to steal it,” muttered Laurie to herself as she plunged her fingers through the flaky crust and pulled out a big gooey handful to slap into her mouth.

“Hmmm,” said Laurie, her eyelids fluttering in ecstasy. This pie was so delicious! She couldn’t help herself! She plunged her hands into the pie, grabbing big chunks of flaky crust and gooey filling, raising it to her mouth and gorging to her heart’s delight. In moments, the pie pan was empty and Laurie was full, her face slathered with bright red pie filling. The raven-haired cheerleader could barely understand what had come over her…but it was sooo good! She couldn’t see over the arc of her tremendous boobs straining the seams of her cheer sweater, but Laurie could feel her stuffed tummy sticking out proudly.

Abida popped her head out the window. To Laurie’s surprise, she was wearing a white lab coat and goggles.

“Oh ho ho, looks like someone has been naughty!” she tittered. “Taking pie that doesn’t belong to you?”

“Uhhhh… what are you wearing, Abida?” said Laurie, arching an eyebrow. “You look ridiculous.”

The door to the house opened and Frank popped his head out.

“Ahhh who do we have here?” said Frank. Like Abida, he was dressed in a fresh white labcoat and wearing goggles and rubber gloves as well as a chef’s toque.

“What the hell is going on?” asked Laurie. “Frank, Abida, why are you dressed like that?”

“Frank? You can call me Mr. Stuff,” said Frank.

“And I’m Miss Stuff,” said Abida. “So you ate our pie, did you, young lady?”

Laurie opened her mouth to deny it, but immediately thought better of it. Her hands and face were covered in gooey pie filling, so what was the use.

“So you’re the cheerleader who loves to eat,” said Frank, stroking his chin. “Since you like our pie, I’ll tell you what, how would you like to have all the goodies you can hold?”

“All the goodies I can hold?” Laurie arched an eyebrow again. “What’s the catch?”

“No catch, of course,” said Frank. “We mean exactly what we say. We’re offering you ALL THE GOODIES YOU CAN HOLD.”

Despite her recent pie binge, Laurie’s slightly swollen tummy gurgled loudly at the thought. Frank and Abida both chuckled at the sound.

“That sounds like a yes to me!” said Abida. “Why don’t you come inside and we can really start to feed you?”

“Turn around,” said Frank.

“What the hell, don’t tell me what to-“

“Turn around.”

Despite herself, Laurie felt compelled to obey. She did as she was told, spinning around so that Frank and Abida could inspect her backside. She closed her eyes as she felt two pairs of hands slide up under her cheer skirt to squeeze the soft lobes of her bottom and finger the hem of her tight little panties.

“A nice pert bottom,” said Abida. “A good start. Now turn around again.”

She spun around to face them once more. The poking and prodding didn’t stop as these two bakers were determined to inspect every inch of their new guest.

“Now these are impressive,” said Abida as she hefted Laurie’s ample breasts in her hands. “Very heavy! How big are you, Laurie?”

“D cup,” said Laurie with a hint of pride in her voice.

“D cup, huh?” repeated Frank. “That sounds far too small. We’ll have to fix that.”

“Too small?” Laurie huffed angrily, unconsciously puffing out her chest to show off. She couldn’t believe that anyone would dare tell her that! At the same time, she had to admit that she was intrigued by the idea that these two strange chefs were going to “fix that.”

Frank gestured for her to follow him. “Come on inside, little girl.”

Laurie obediently followed as Frank and Abida led her into the house’s basement, which she was astonished to see was filled to the brim with bizarre machinery and gears.

“What’s all this?” she demanded, but Abida simply shushed her.

“None of your concern, sweetie. Wouldn’t you much rather worry about your next meal?”

Laurie’s eyes fell on a table loaded with food. Far too much food for one girl to eat! Laurie’s jaw dropped and she could feel herself start to drool. Her belly, full of pie, began to gurgle hungrily.

“Take a seat,” said Frank, pulling out a chair.

“Good to see that you two know how to properly treat a guest,” said Laurie as she plopped herself down into the seat and prepared to grab a plate.

Suddenly, iron bracelets locked into place around her wrists and a belt cinched around her waist.

“What’s going on?!” demanded Laurie. “What the hell is this?”

“Oh, we promised you that you would get all the treats that you could hold. We’re going to make sure that we keep that promise!”

Immediately, the machinery started turning, ferrying an endless stream of food to Laurie’s mouth.

“What the-“ Laurie’s initial protest was cut off as a conveyer belt slapped an ice cream cone at her face. She had to open her mouth to eat just to avoid getting cream all over her cheeks! But the again… it didn’t take much for Laurie to agree to eat. By the time the second cone came at her, she was ready, willing, and eager!

The machine slammed ice cream cone after ice cream cone into Laurie’s eager mouth. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the machine pumped gallons of soda and liters of ice cream into her, her cheeks bulging, her stomach swelling. After a few hours, the hook on her cheer skirt burst under the pressure of her growing belly, her skirt tearing as her gut bounced free and plopped into her lap.

A scale built into the chair kept track of Laurie’s rising weight as she gorged. 130… 140… 200…250…300… The pounds kept piling on as Laurie ate and ate and ate. It seemed like the parade of food would never end, but no matter how much she ate she always wanted more… The feeding machine gave free license to Laurie’s long-supressed inner glutton. She didn’t need to restrain herself! She could just stuff her greedy gullet to her heart’s content. Her belly brew bigger and bigger, inflating like a balloon as she ate. Her ass billowed out behind her, her thighs thickened, her waist spread. A second chin formed, then a third. Her breasts expanded like twin airbags, filling out her overloaded cheer sweater until the stitches popped and the seamed tore. Soon her clothing split off her, her size too much to bear, and Laurie was left in nothing but her bra and panties. And still she grew…

“Had enough yet, girl?” snickered Abida, poking the overstuffed cheerleader in her bulging middle. Laurie burped loudly in response.

“Oof…” gasped Laurie. “What have you done to me…? I’m… so fat…”

“You’ve done it to yourself,” said Frank. “Here, I know how much you enjoy chocolates. Perhaps

The final chocolate proved to be the straw that broke the came’s back. The belt around Laurie’s waist creaked and groaned, the fabric fraying as Laurie’s enormous belly puffed out ever so slightly further after she swallowed. Bang! The belt broke and Laurie’s massively stuffed middle came barreling out triumphant.

Abida chuckled at the sight of Laurie’s massively stuffed gut bulging out in front of her like a beach ball, an enormous tightly-packed sphere so heavy that it nearly pulled the overstuffed girl to the floor with the sheer weight of its gravity.

“Damn, girl, you got fat,” said Abida. A huge grin spread across her face as she patted Laurie’s exposed gut, rubbing the flat of her palm against its taut surface and pausing occasionally to pinch cruelly at the cheer captain’s abundant flab. “How does it feel to be so bloated, piggy? Can you even fit any more in that big fat belly of yours? You look pretty full.”

Laurie looked up, her eyes bleary, her puffy chipmunk cheeks coated with sauce and chocolate. She was absolutely stuffed to the max, her belly throbbing with painful fullness, her naked body stretched so far that she was certain she was about to explode into shreds. But she couldn’t stop…

“M…more… please…” She opened her mouth, her tongue lolling, pleading.

“You sure about that, babe?” said Frank. “Even a fat kitty like you has her limits.”

“M…more… I need… more….”

“I think there’s room for plenty more if you insist,” said Abida. “After all, how much do you weigh now, Laurie? Barely even 500, I’ll bet!”

“We could probably get you up to 600,” said Frank.

“Or 700,” agreed Abida.

“Or even 1000,” said Frank.

“Oooo! 1000 pounds! What do you think about that, Laurie? What do you think about weighing a whole half a ton? So so fat, so so big! You’d be nothing but a big fat blob of lard, just a huge fat-filled balloon, too big and too heavy to do anything but eat. Is that what you want, Laurie? Just say more if you want more.”

“I want…. I want more…”

Frank and Abida smiled at each other.

“You heard the lady,” said Frank. “She wants more!”

“How about some more dessert, then, fatso? Some ice cream, huh? Let’s see if you can stretch enough to hold all this!”

Lying on her back, Laurie was powerless to resist as the two mad doctors pumped her full of chocolate syrup. Her belly rose higher and higher above her, like a big pink mountain, until the stitches in her panties started to die with loud, high-pitched squeals. Finally, it happened: The elastic waistband couldn’t take anymore and snapped apart, setting in motion a chain reaction of thread tearing and seam splitting until all that was left of Laurie’s underwear was a big red welt around her middle. Almost simultaneously, the creaking of her overloaded brassiere reached a crescendo and the hooks of her clasp, buried beneath pounds of flabby back fat, finally burst apart. Laurie’s bra exploded off of her chest like a rocket taking flight and her now beach ball sized breasts bounced out free. Now Laurie was absolutely completely naked, not a stitch of clothing to hide her shame or to hide her burgeoning size. Nothing would restrain her now from growing bigger and bigger, rounder and rounder, wider and wider, fatter and fatter and FATTER until she was so big that she wouldn’t even be able to move a muscle. She looked like a massive zeppelin being inflated for take-off and she was not showing any sign that she would ever stop. Her greed was just too intense.

Abida pulled the hose from the fat cheerleader’s mouth. Laurie’s lips went slack momentarily as she sucked at the air, confused as to why the flow of sweet sweet chocolate had stopped. Then an angry look crossed her face as she realized that Abida was denying her her fix.

“You sure you want more, chubby?” purred Abida, stroking under Laurie’s flabby chin. “You’re starting to get a little bit plump there, aintcha?”

“Don’t you dare stop,” snapped Laurie.

“The lady commands!” crowed Abida, popping the hose back into Laurie’s mouth and cranking up the power. Laurie’s eyeballs rolled back in her head as a new deluge of chocolate hit her tastebuds. Oh gawwwwwd.

She could feel the pressure building inside her gut as the hose pumped gallon after gallon of sweet sugary syrup into the greedy girl. Her stomach was swollen as big and round as a beach ball. Laurie was only vaguely aware of a sharp shooting pain in her middle as she guzzled, but her attention was momentarily drawn away from her feeding by a loud BANG!

Frank and Abida were laughing, pointing at the stuffed prisoner’s bloated paunch. Laurie tried to look down, to see what was so amusing, but, as usual, only saw the bulging tops of her enormous boobs. She couldn’t see that, under the tremendous pressure of her overloaded stomach, her belly button has finally popped out into an outie. The very idea, of course, was ridiculous. Who ever ate so much that their belly button popped? That was something that only happened to pregnant women. But the evidence was right there in front of her.

Finally, something deep inside Laurie snapped. Something beyond all her greed and gluttony, all the constant firing of every pleasure circuit in her brain, something far beyond any sort of rational thought, something deep and primordial in her lizard brain finally snapped and said: No more.

And, as much as Laurie wanted to keep eating, to keep glutting herself, to absolutely cram herself beyond anything she had ever known before, she couldn’t ignore that insistent voice. Something deep inside her knew that she simply could not take any more. She was at her outermost limit. She was absolutely full to the max. One more bite and she would absolutely, definitely, undeniably, 100 %, no-doubt-about-it explode.

She could barely get the words out: “No… no more…”

It took every ounce of strength to say those words. She deeply, achingly wanted to keep eating, but she couldn’t. This was it. She was too bloated to even think about any more. Laurie’s gargantuan belly rose above her like a vast pink dome, shuddering with her every breath, angry red stretch marks spiraling outwards from her popped belly button. She never thought that this moment would come, that she would actually be full!

And yet, as she caught sight of Frank and Abida advancing upon her with yet MORE food in their hands… she suspected they weren’t done with her…

\*\*\*

Back in reality, Jen lay on the couch, snoring loudly. Jesse shook her head. She could see from the way that couch sagged that Jen’s weight had busted all the springs; the family would soon have to buy a new sofa to replace it because Jen’s fat ass had finally wrecked it!

“Am I the only one who sees a problem here?” sighed Jesse. She poked at her slumbering sister’s flabby flanks with one toe, marveling at how deeply it sank into Jen’s wobbly flesh. What a complete hog!

Jen hiccupped in her sleep, her bloated gut bouncing in response.

In her dream, Jen, Laurie and Alice sat at the head of a massive table in a gigantic banquet hall. Each girl was as big and round and heavy as she was in reality, so Alice and Jen were both prize 500 pound heifers while a gargantuan Laurie tipped the scales at 600 pounds. Alice wore her polo shirt and khakis, tightly cined around her waist, while Jen wore her usual baby doll T-shirt and stretchy leggings that showed off her massive ass and thick thighs. Laurie wore her cheer outfit, her skirt and sweater stretched to their max trying to contain the busty benemoth’s outrageously amped-up curves. The three girls looked around in wonder at their surroundings, not sure where they were, until Jen’s sister Jesse stepped out of the shadows.

“Enjoyed another sleep-over, huh?” said Jesse. “I gotta say, I don’t know how you do it. You hogs just never stop eating!”

“You got a problem, kid?” snapped Laurie. “No one asked you for your opinion.”

“We… we don’t eat ALL the time!” protested Alice, her chubby cheeks going pink at Jesse’s accusation. She grabbed at the hem of her shirt and tried to pull it down in a futile effort to hide her rotund middle.

“Yeah, it was pretty great,” bubbled Jen, oblivious to Jesse’s snarky comment. “Like, I totally loooove to eat. Like, what’s better than having a good meal and, like, getting nice an’ full?” She sighed in gluttonous contentment at the thought. “But, like, where are we now?”

“We’re going to make sure that you three pigs finally get what you really want,” said Jesse. “We’re going to make sure that you get all you can eat.”

“Like, OMG!” squealed Jen, clapping her hands together. “That totally sounds awesome! I’m, like, starved!”

Laurie smirked smugly. “Well, I’m glad that our needs are finally being addressed.”

Alice patted her middle. “I could do with a bite to eat, I think!”

Jesse rolled her eyes. Of course these three gluttons wouldn’t see anything wrong with where this was going! She sighed wearily and clapped her hands.

Jen rubbed her eyes in disbelief. A veritable parade of everyone she knew – Jesse, her parents, Craig, Mallory, Frank and Abida, Tyler, Maggie and Gloria, and so many more were piling through the doorways into the banquet hall, each one of them carrying a gigantic tray loaded with delicious-smelling food!

Jen squealed in piggy glee as the first tray was set in front of her. “Like, this is all for me?”

“Yes, Jen. All for you. Eat as much as you want! Eat til you burst, if you want to.”

Jen didn’t need any more encouragement. She grabbed her fork and started shoveling food into her mouth with abandon.

To her right, Alice squeaked in a combination of excitement and surprise as Tyler placed a tray in front of her.

“Eat up, sweetie!” he said, planting a kiss on his girlfriend’s forehead. “We’ve got plenty!”

“A-are you sure? All for me?”

“All for you!”

Laurie didn’t bother to say anything, simply grunting in response as Frank and Abida placed the first tray in front of her. Laurie tried to grab a fork off the table to start eating, but her thick gut pressed too tightly against the table to let her lean forward and her stubby, flesh-swaddled arms couldn’t bend enough to reach.

“Put a fork in my hand,” huffed Laurie. “And make it quick! Mama’s hungry!”

Frank picked up the fork and placed it into Laurie’s sweaty palm. “Bon appetite, babe. Enjoy your feast.”

The three girls didn’t need any encouragement. They plunged into their feast without a second thought, shoving food into their mouths, gorging themselves with absolute abandon as if they were afraid that there wouldn’t be enough food to satiate their ravenous hunger. The only sounds were the constant clinking of utensils against plates and the steady sound of chewing and gulping as the girls binged to their fat-clogged hearts’ desires.

Alice was the first one to look up from her plate.

Alice looked up, her chubby cheeks and double chin slathered with sauce. A look of horror spread across her plump face as she saw her friend Mallory approaching with yet MORE food, giant trays of roast hams and platters of rosemary potatoes and dishes of pasta. There was more food than she ever thought she would see, so much food that even Alice was frightened by the very idea. She felt so so SO full, her bloated belly so stuffed that it was as hard as a rock under her thick layer of pudge. Yet somehow, even now, Alice still lacked the willpower to stop eating!

“Jen! There’s too much food!” sputtered Alice in shock as Tyler deposited yet another tray of shrimp scampi in front of her.

“Mmm isn’t it great?” mumbled Jen through a mouth full of buttered noodles. She slurped them down and plunged her fork back into her dish for another heaping helping. Jen didn’t seem to entertain any of the same misgivings.

Yet it was absurd to think that they could eat and eat and eat and NOT see any consequences. As they ate, they grew…. Alice could feel herself literally swelling with fat as she ate, her belly pushing forward to violently snap the belt around her waist and to pop the button from her khakis mere seconds later. Jen’s ass, already spread out across three chairs, was billowing outwards with every greedy bite that Jen shoved into her eager mouth, the visible split in the rear seam of her stretch pants tearing wider as her body thickened. And Laurie was so round now that she resembled a bowling ball; yet somehow her enormous breasts still kept pace with the rest of her expanding form, ballooning up to the point that they were getting in the way when the bodaciously buxom bitch attempted to get her loaded fork to her mouth.

“Now this is living,” said Laurie, “Isn’t it, girls? We’re finally getting the treatment that we all so richly deserve.”

“OMG this is soooo good!” agreed Jen.

“But… but… but… we’re getting so fat…” said Alice.

Laurie rolled her eyes. “You worry too much, Alice. That just means that there’s more of us to appreciate.” Laurie’s eyes rolled back into her head as she swallowed another gluttonous gulp of Chilean sea bass. Like Alice, she was waaaay past full. She was so tightly packed that every extra bite made her skin positively tingle… yet she also couldn’t stop. Everything tasted sooo good! And Laurie was absolutely addicted to this delicious full-up feeling. She never wanted it to end! Her cheer uniform was a joke now; the hook had long since busted on her skirt and her expanding boobs had already exploded out of her sweater. The straps of her monster brassiere – Laurie had to smile as she noticed that she was wearing the ridiculously unfashionable polka-dot bra that Frank had once jokingly described as a “fat girl bra” – were buried between the rolls of her back fat and the folds of her flanks. Her panties were stretched beyond their elastic limits by her growing thunder thighs and billowing rear. She vaguely wondered whether her undergarments would burst before she did…. Because if this feast kept going, Laurie didn’t know how much longer she could last before she finally ate one bite too many! What a heavenly idea! To be done in by her own gluttony? Gawd, the very concept made her almost giddy with desire. What’s wrong with me? Thought Laurie. Am I actually that addicted to eating and to the full-up feeling that I’m getting turned on by imagining what it would be like to explode like an overinflated balloon?

She didn’t have time to ponder the issue because Frank had another tray in front of her now: cheesecake this time. Gawd, how could she resist?

The food kept coming.

The three girls had indulged far too much, too quickly, and now they were paying the price. Each one of the trio was absolutely massive, way too big to measure, three towering orbs of quivering flesh. They were so pumped with blubber that they couldn’t move a muscle, every part of their bodies so insulated with spongy fat that they couldn’t clench their stubby sausage fingers or wiggle their pudgy toes. All they could do was blink and just barely breathe, every shallow gasp stressing the absurdly stretched skin of their gargantuan, globular guts.

“Well, girls, I’m afraid that this is what comes of overeating,” said Jesse, standing to the side. “We’re going to have to let you three digest until you come back down to a safe level of fullness. Right now, you’re each so stuffed that I’m afraid even one more bite might be one bite too many.”

“There’s… no such thing…” mumbled Laurie, her eyes fluttering at the mind-blowing sensations of pleasure coursing through her tightly packed body.

“Actually… there is,” said Jesse. “And you three reached it. I need you all to relax. You’re in a highly volatile state. I know you’re not eating anymore, but you’re not out of the woods yet. Literally anything could set you off. You’re like three ticking time bombs.”

“Gawd… feels so goooooood,” moaned Laurie. Alice and Jen groaned simultaneously in agreement.

“Careful!” cautioned Jesse. “That’s exactly what I’m talking about. You’re so full that it’s not safe for you to even orgasm. That might be enough to make you detonate.”

Alice blinked. “Is… is that true?”

Jesse patted the fat blonde’s towering belly. She grinned, amused at how Alice, like her friends, was completely, helplessly pinned under her own fat. It was honestly pretty amusing.

“Oh yes, you’re going to have to be very careful until you digest, Alice,” said Jesse. She tapped a finger against Alice’s tightly quivering middle. “There’s a lot of pressure in there and you’re highly unstable right now. But don’t worry. Just think calm, unsexy thoughts for, oh, a few hours and I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

“Oh gawwd, why do you have to talk about orgasms,” whined Jen. She couldn’t help but think about how good she felt, how her stretched skin, so hot and tight to the touch, was giving her an almost sexual rush. She smiled to herself, wishing that Craig was here to pleasure her… Her belly creaked loudly.

“Jen!” cried Alice, panic in her voice as she listened to her friend’s overloaded body creak. “Stop it! You’re gonna explode!”

“Like….I can’t help it!” squealed Jen as her absurdly inflated body suddenly began to grow anew. “Like, how am I NOT supposed to be horny when everything feels this good? Oh GAWD I’m soooo wet…. Gawd, I think I’m gonna cum right now…”

“Stop talking about cumming!” snapped Laurie as loudly as she could in her overloaded state. “You’re starting to get me all hot and bothered!”

From her vantage point, Alice couldn’t see anything over her own tremendous boobs and belly, heaving and jiggling with her every agonized breath. But she could hear the creaks and squeals that signaled both of her friends were ballooning again.

“Oh jeeeez, I can’t hold back,” wailed Jen. “Brace yourelves, girls! This blimp’s gonna blow!”

“Oooooh Gawd!” moaned Laurie. “I’m feeling SO horny… and it’s making me… BIGGER.”

Alice, too, was beginning to feel a familiar tingle in her nethers. How could she think about anything else while her two friends moaned in sexual ecstasy?

“I’m getting bigger! It’s coming! Oh Gawd… oh GAWDDDDD…”  
  
KABOOOOOMMMM!!!!

In reality, Jen burped softly in her sleep and unconsciously rubbed her legs together.

Jen startled awake, nearly tumbling off the couch. Damn, girl! What a dream! She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving with excitement… what a sex dream! Jen pushed herself into a sitting position and frowned as she watched her fat gut flop over her crotch. Damnnn, she was so horny! Unfortunately, Jen was also too fat these days to easily masturbate any more… without special toys, she found that her stubby arms weren’t good for properly reaching over her fupa to give her the satisfaction that she really craved. She relied on Craig’s help to really give her sexual release…

She glanced over at the phone. What was he doing right now? Probably nothing… it’s not like she would be disturbing him if she called him over…

Besides, what boy would ever get mad when his girlfriend called him and said “I’m super horny. I need you to come over and fuck my brains out ASAP!”

She looked over at Alice and Laurie. The two girls were absolutely dead asleep. If Jen was quiet, she could slip upstairs, get Craig to come over for a quickie, and slip back down without them ever knowing! The perfect plan!

Grinning widely, Jen picked up her cellphone and started to dial.

\*\*\*

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,

Mollycoddles