Alice 95
By Mollycoddles

“Heather! It’s so good to see you!”

Heather looked up. She was already seated at the booth at Los Hermanos Taqueria, so she was surprised to find herself looking directly into Alice’s round smiling face when she looked up. Because Alice wasn’t standing up, Alice was seated on a mobility scooter. Was that… new? Heather couldn’t remember Alice using a scooter last time that they had met.

“You…uh, you too, Alice.”

Heather and Alice were both students at Los Hermanos High School, yet somehow their paths hadn’t crossed until last year when they were both obligated by their parents to attend the same weight loss camp. The camp had been a complete bust, since neither girl had actually lost any weight, but they had remained good friends ever since. While Alice’s tribulations with the cheer squad kept her pretty busy these days, she and Heather still liked to try to meet up at least once a month to grab lunch.

Had it only been a month since the last time they had lunch? It was hard to believe… especially since… well…

Heather was surprised to see that Alice had grown substantially since their last meeting. Heather was no twig, especially not since she had started dating a boy with a preference for bountiful bottoms, but her gains had been slow and steady. Red-headed Heather was quite pudgy at 250 pounds, her extra chub visible in her round face, thick thighs and ESPECIALLY inflated rump. Heather was second only to Jen when it came to junk in the trunk, although these days there was definitely a very noticeable gap between them.

Heather had gained, yes, but Alice had ballooned. She was huge, so massive that she could barely move under her own power, relying on her motorized scooter to get around with exerting herself. Alice was so wide that she took up the whole sidewalk and so heavy that her scooter was obviously struggling to carry her bulk.

“So…um… how have you been?”

“Just fine,” said Alice. The bigger girl leaned on the handlebars of her scooter and grunted loudly as she hoisted herself to her feet. She stepped off and staggered the two feet to wedge herself into the booth, her belly slapping down upon the table. “Oof, they really make these booths far too small, don’t they?”

“Heh. Yeah, they do,” agreed Heather, all too conscious of how she rode higher in her seat due to her plumped up posterior. “Uh, so what’s with the scooter? Is that new?”

“Oh yeah!” chirped Alice. She grabbed hold of the table top with her chubby hands and struggled to pull herself into the booth, the table digging into her gut. Heather watched as Alice wriggled her way deeper into the booth, her upper pot belly plopping down onto the table top. It looked super uncomfortable. “I just got it recently and it’s great! It makes it a lot easier to get around and never get tired!”

“I’ll bet,” said Heather. She couldn’t help but feel worried. Settling for a mobility scooter was like crossing a very real border into a dangerous country from which there might not be any return. As a big girl herself, Heather well understood the temptations to avoid thinking about her weight. She was always tempted to indulge and ignore the consequences, telling herself that she could always lose the weight again sometime in the future if she really wanted to. But when a girl reached the point that she was so monumentally fat that she needed a mobility scooter? That was extreme. And it meant that losing that weight again was only going to get harder and harder, since Alice was going to getting even less exercise than ever now that she didn’t have to walk anymore. “Do you… do you really NEED a scooter?”

“Well, no, I guess I don’t need it,” said Alice, her chubby cheeks going a little pink at the realization she was getting some push-back from Amber. “But you know how it is. Getting around is just so hard!”

Heather nodded. She did know that! Like Alice, she was also pretty fat and definitely lazy. There was a certain appeal to having a scooter and being able to easily cruise along without exerting any effort at all! But Heather also knew that giving into that urge would only set a bad precedent. And she could see from looking at Alice what that might lead to. Jesus! Alice was absolutely enormous. She was so fat that she was wheezing just from the effort of wedging herself into the booth.

“Laurie and Jen got some too,” said Alice, as if that justified her own laziness. Alice was feeling a little self-conscious since she had been forced to admit that she didn’t need a scooter but rather just that she was too lazy to walk under her own power. What was worse? To be so fat that you needed a scooter because you couldn’t walk anymore? Or to be ALMOST too fat to walk but simply too lazy to do so?

“Jen and Laurie?” Heather couldn’t say that she was surprised. All three girls were the subject of constant gossip at school, where everyone wondered how it was possible for cheerleaders to balloon up like that. Laurie especially as head cheerleader was under intense scrutiny, not just because she was the leader but also because everyone had begun to notice that her gains were outpacing any of her teammates.

“It’s a little funny to think that you all decided to get scooters,” said Heather gently, trying to jostle Alice a little on the subject without upsetting her.

“Yeah, Jen and I pooled our money to get one for Laurie,” said Alice, “You know, a nice gift. Cuz, well, okay, I know I’m fat, right? But, well, wow, Laurie is just… she is just beyond these days!”

“I’ve seen her around school,” said Heather. “Honestly, she’s…well, it’s kind of shocking. She’s so wide that she fills the whole hallway now.”

“Yeah, so she was legit having trouble getting around,” said Alice. “Jen thought it would be a nice present for her. And…” Alice lowered her voice as if she was about to share a terrible secret. “Can I be honest?”

“Of course.”

“We thought if we got Laurie a scooter, well, then she couldn’t get mad at us when we got scooters for ourselves too, right? A pretty smart plan, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, pretty smart.”

“I can’t believe Jen thought of it! But sometimes people surprise you.”

They were interrupted by the arrival of their waitress. “Know what you want?” she asked, pulling out her notepad.

“Oh yeah, could I get the chicken tamales with refried beans?” said Heather, handing over her menu. The waitress nodded.

“I’d like the fajita plate and the beef burrito plate,” said Alice, “Also with a side of nachos supreme. And the molcajete please,” said Alice.

“Okay, just so you know, the molcajete is usually for two people.” The waitress regretted her words as soon as she said them – how could she ever doubt that a girl THAT girl would be easily capable of eating a meal intended for two?

“That’s fine,” said Alice, “I, uh, skipped breakfast.”

As the waitress left, Alice decided to try to change the topic of conversation. She didn’t like always talking about her own weight struggles!

“Remember Amber? Have you heard from her lately?” asked Alice.

“Um… no, she’s been pretty quiet.” Amber had been the duo’s third roommate during their stay at fat camp. At the time, Alice and Heather had each only weighed about 200 pounds. Amber was the fattest girl at camp, tipping the scales at 400 pounds. They had marveled at just how round Amber was, convinced that she must be the fattest girl in the world. But now Alice outweighed Amber by at least 100 pounds!

Of course, that was a long time ago. Amber had been a gainer, excited to continue her own weight gain journey after escaping from camp. So who know how much Amber might weigh now? Heather occasionally heard rumors that she had continued to grow, now weighing so much that Amber’s girlfriend had to store her in an abandoned airplane hangar. But those were just rumors. Who could say if they were true or not?

One thing that was obviously true, though, was that Alice had replaced Amber as the fattest girl that Heather had ever seen.

“I guess she must be busy at college,” said Alice, “cuz I haven’t heard from her either lately. It’s too bad. I really wanted to… ask her some questions.”

Alice remembered how hugely fat Amber had been and was eager to ply her old roomie for tips and life-hacks about living life as a quarter ton cutie. But since Amber had gone silent, Alice would just have to figure it out for herself.

The conversation died down when the food arrived, since both girls were consummate gluttons. When there was food around, there was nothing else worth paying attention to! Quickly, they were stuffing their faces with abandon, their cheeks bulging, their breath quickening, the only sounds were the clink of silverware against plates, the steady smack of chewing mouths, and the occasional unconscious murmur of pleasure. Heather looked svelte compared to Alice, but there was no doubt how her own ass had ballooned to truly ghetto proportions as she shoveled cornmeal into her mouth. Her eyes took on the same glazed, greedy look as Alice’s whenever there was food in the room! She started to slow down as she finished her meal, but Alice mowed through three plates of food in that time and the started on her molcajete – a hot stew of molten cheese and sauce, full of shrimp, meat and vegetables. Heather leaned back in her seat to give her belly a little bit of extra room to expand as she watched Alice gobble this latest decadent dish, her plump cheeks spattered with sauce in her eagerness to gulp in all down. She paused occasionally to take massive gulps from her over-sized soda, but soon it was all gone and Alice was looking even more swollen than usual!

“Ooof, that really hit the spot,” said Alice, stifling a belch. Her eyes crossed and she patted her chest with a grimace as the carbonation fizzed inside her.

“Absolutely,” said Heather, “You ready to head out?”

“Could I get… a little help?” huffed Alice, a sheepish smile on her round face.

Alice was wedged tightly between the seat and the table, her belly pressed into the table.

“Sure.” Heather pushed herself to her feet, wobbling slightly from the uncertain gravity of her newly full gut, and grabbed hold of Alice’s outstretched arms. She tugged with all her might as Alice… well, what WAS Alice doing, exactly? Flexing her butt? There wasn’t much that Alice could do to help get herself unstuck other than wriggling around, but that only served to wedge her in tighter. The booth was a snug fit when they first arrived but now that Alice was full and bloated, she was tuck fast!

“Jeez, Alice, you’re wedged in there pretty tight,” said Heather. “I don’t know if I’ll be able to get you out without help.”

“Oh no, don’t say that!” gasped Alice. She had a horrifying mental image of Heather calling the fire department, of firemen arriving with cranes and ladders to hoist this overstuffed fat girl out of this booth because she was far too plump and flabby to do it herself. Oh Gawd, that would be so embarrassing! “Please, just try again! I’ll help!”

“How can you help?” asked Heather. Alice placed her hands against the table and tried to push herself free, but her arms were too weak and her body was too heavy to see any effect.

“Here, that’s not gonna do anything,” said Heather. “Let me have another go.” She placed one foot against the side of the seat and grabbed hold of Alice’s arms and pulled again… as hard as she could! Poor Heather! She was straining so hard that she thought she was gonna pull Alice’s arms right out of their sockets… but at least this time it worked! She could feel Alice start to slide forward and soon, with a loud pop! Like a cork flying from a bottle, Alice burst free from the booth and flew forward, nearly smothering her smaller friend.

“Ooof, thanks!” said Alice, settling her bulging bum onto the seat of her scooter. “That was a close one. I thought that I might be stuck for real!”

“You were… pretty stuck,” said Heather.

“I guess.” Alice wasn’t paying attention as she shifted gears on her scooter, trying to steer it between the posts of the front door without bumping her overhanging flanks against the doorway. It wasn’t easy! Her whole fleshy body jiggled wildly as the scooter bumped over the threshold but then they were out on the street.

“It’s been good catching up,” said Heather. “Can’t wait to see you again.”

“Aw, you’re not going already? We haven’t even had dessert yet!”

Heather patted her tummy, protruding round and proud over the waistband of her jeans. “Oh I really shouldn’t! I’ve already got too much around the middle.”

“I was gonna hit up the frozen yogurt place down the street,” said Alice. “You know, frozen yogurt is actually healthy?”

Heather licked her lips despite herself. Sure, she was full…. But frozen yogurt DID sound good. And, even if she was skeptical of Alice’s claim that it was healthy, she was pretty sure that she had heard it was… less bad for you than ice cream? So maybe she could afford to treat herself just this once…

“Okay, actually that does sound good. Why not? Yolo, right?”

“Yeah, exactly!” Alice beamed as she led her fat friend to the yogurt shop.

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“Hey, how about a little snack?” asked Alice, nodding her head at a kebab joint across the street. Heather didn’t even have time to answer; Alice was already aiming her scooter for the doorway.

Heather sighed. First it was yogurt… then Alice had wanted to get coffee, so they stopped at a coffee shop and both got massive sugary creamy specialty whips… then Alice was hungry again, so they stopped at a burger joint so she could get some fries….

The two girls were making a whirlwind tour of every restaurant and snack joint in town… and they were loving it! What an excuse to eat! Alice ordered multiple dishes at every stop, plowing her way through plates and plates, never pausing, eating so fast that she was gasping for breath, her belly visibly swelling even under all those pounds of extra blubber, her weight steadily rising as she packed herself ever fuller until Heather could hear that scooter creaking under the heavy load of Alice’s corpulence.

Alice’s greed gave Heather free license to eat as well and, despite her fullness, she took full advantage of that. She ordered less at each restaurant but she still ordered far more than she needed. Years ago, Heather had hoped that her rising weight would eventually give her a nice full hourglass figure, but instead she had blossomed into a full, ripe pear with hips so wide and a rear so round that she almost gave Jen a run for her money. But even though she wasn’t trying to gain anymore, she still loved to eat… and so she did! After a few stops, she was so full that she had to lean back when she walked, her hands placed on the small of her back like a pregnant woman, and she had begun to envy Alice her scooter. Maybe Alice had the right idea after all! It would be so nice to not have to walk right now, thought Heather as her bloated belly jostled with every step.

Heather had ordered more food at every stop so far, seduced by an excuse to indulge, but she had begun to falter severely in her attempts to keep up with her old friend. No one could accuse Heather of NOT having a big appetite. She was severely chubby herself, so thicc that her jeans were constantly tearing in the crotch from the rubbing of her thighs and so bottom-heavy that her colossal butt made it hard to find pants that would button in front. But next to Alice, Heather looked downright svelte. While Heather definitely snacked way too much between meals and could never turn down a tempting treat, she didn’t live for food like Alice did. She did occasionally actually feel full. And after the third stop, she was absolutely bursting. Her stomach was so swollen that she had to surreptitiously unbutton her pants under the table and then tug her shirt down over her waist to hide the open gap. She felt sick and queasy and could feel all those meals sloshing around in her bloated belly with every step.

“I’ll just… watch,” said Heather, one hand on her gut to steady herself. She simply could not eat another bite. She had finally hit her absolute limit. One more bit and she seriously felt like she just might pop.

Alice might have been full but she wasn’t ever full enough to stop. Even when her belly was completely packed after a full day of constant gorging, Alice was always convinced that she could find just the tiniest bit of room in her tummy for just a few bites more. She almost always felt like she was stuffed to the point of explosion yet Alice had become so used to the sensation that she no longer took it as a warning to stop. There was always more room as far as she was concerned! As much as Alice claimed to be disturbed by the dire warnings of Jen’s little sister Jesse – who had ominously predicted that Alice’s constant overeating would some day lead her to eat one bite too many and finally detonate like a nuclear bomb going off – that still didn’t deter her from eating to her greedy little heart’s content.

“Oh…uh… could I get a little help though?” asked Alice as pulled her scooter to the side and dismounted. She nodded at the doorway; it wasn’t narrow but, then again, neither was Alice. She was wide enough at 500 plus pounds that she had trouble squeezing her bulk through standard doorways.

Heather nodded. Alice always needed just “a little help.” First, she needed “a little help” standing up after lunch, when she was too full and too heavy to stand up under her own power. She needed “a little help” to be escorted back to her scooter, “a little help” to carefully position her bloated rear atop the not-at-all big enough scooter seat, “a little help” to maneauver her giant fat ass through the doors of the restaurant, “a little help” to adjust the safety pin holding her pants together. There was a theme here. She needed “a little help” to do almost everything because she was way too fat.

Alice was becoming more and more like their old roommate Amber. Heather recalled how, at only 400 plus pounds, Amber had already become so round and plump and unwieldy that she needed help with simple tasks like getting out of bed and getting dressed. There had been many a time when a then much-svelter Alice and a somewhat-svelter Heather had to help pack their blubbery roommate into her track shorts and T-shirt and tie her shoes – especially since Amber was too fat to reach her own toes anymore by that point! Heather wondered if Alice was the same way. Alice was even heavier than Amber now, so it seemed like she much need help with the little things now.

Alice hardly seemed aware of the commonality, always politely asking with just the slightest hint of embarrassment but never acknowledging that it was all due to her weight. And the bigger she got, the more help she would need. It was clear just from her eating habits today that there would be no hope of her ever reducing, not while she glutted herself with abandon like that! But she didn’t seem to care or understand how the two things were linked. Everyday, everything became just a little bit harder for the rotund cutie. It was a little bit harder to find clothes that fit, a little bit harder to walk, a little bit harder to fit through doors, and, most worryingly of all, a little bit harder to eat enough to satiate her appetite. The only thing that didn’t get harder was eating itself. Eating always felt good, it always gave her pleasure. So while her escalating weight meant more and more things in life were now beyond her reach, Alice compensated by spending more of her time at the dinner table. Food was a constant source of fulfillment for her, and she was going to keep eating and eating and eating…

Heather couldn’t help but wonder where all this eating would eventually lead. If Alice didn’t get herself under control, she would soon find herself as big as Laurie! She watched as Alice ordered a kebab at the counter, the fat girl practically drooling as she watched the man behind the counter slice meat off of a giant rotating spit. Gawd, that girl could eat! Heather was astounded at the sheer depths of Alice’s gluttony! She never seemed to stop eating.

And truth be told? Heather could certainly see the appeal. Eating was great! If she could get away with it, she might eat just as much as Alice did. Even if she didn’t have the same stomach capacity, it was always nice to spend time with Alice… to remind herself what it meant to really eat until you were full! Usually, Heather felt too embarrassed, too constrained by the judgement of society, to really let herself go. But when Alice was around? Who could judge her for eating a little too much? After all, she would always look trim next to Alice! But more importantly, she saw the freedom that Alice took in her own eating and she felt a little bit jealous. Who wouldn’t want a little bit of that?

Despite everything, though, Heather was glad that she had met Alice. Her time with Amber and Alice had, despite the circumstances, been some of her best times. The three of them had some real fun together and not just eating!

“Oh we shouldn’t stay out too much longer,” said Alice, chomping int her pita so that creamy tzatziki sauce spilled out of the other end. “It’s almost time for dinner.”

“You can’t be serious,” huffed Heather, wincing at the pain from her own over-full tummy.

“Jen’s mom will be expecting me back soon,” said Alice. “I’ll have to start back as soon as I’m done with this snack. Hey, do you want to come over for dinner? I don’t think that the Sarovys would mind at all. They always make too much food anyway!”

Heather couldn’t imagine what could possibly construe “too much food” in Alice’s opinion. She blanched at the thought. But she also worried that, if she spent too much time with Alice, there was no telling how big she could get. She was worried that Alice might end up as big as Laurie? Ha! Heather herself might end up as big as Laurie if she didn’t keep some tight reins on this.

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Laurie lifted her cellphone above her head and squinted at her image on the cell camera. Gawd, she just couldn’t fit enough of herself in the frame to really show off her glorious new body the way that she wanted. How annoying!

“Whatever.” Adopting a sensual pout, Laurie tapped the camera button with her pudgy thumb. This would have to do. The selfie captured Laurie’s face, big, round, and puffy with plump chipmunk cheeks and a thick wobble of a double chin. Her eyes, which used to be so seductive, so mysterious, so quickly given to flashing the deadly glare that could freeze a man in his tracks, were now permanently squinting above her fleshy cheeks. Her full lips were pressed together into an even more exaggerated pout by her cheeks. The rest of Laurie’s body was blocked by that fat face. What a disappointment! Laurie was fatter than ever, a massive blob of a girl weighing in at over 600 pounds of pure, unadulterated lard, and she wanted everyone to know.

Gawd, she couldn’t get over herself. Why was this so sexy? Why did she get turned on just looking at herself, just running her fat hands over the tremendous swell of her bosom, over the arc of her belly, just slipping her sausage fingers between the warm soft flesh folds at her sides… Well, the reason was obvious. Because she was damn good looking! She loved the way that she had looked when she was slimmer. Just a year ago, she was a typical bombshell, a slim but curvaceous girl with muscular abs and massive boobs. But over the past year, she had completely lost control of her appetite. Or maybe, more accurately, she had finally realized that she didn’t want to be in control. She was always a greedy girl, so given to indulging in the finer pleasures of life. She loved sex, she loved shopping, she loved eating… especially eating. So naturally, once she really let herself go, she started eating and never stopped. But as hot as she thought she was when she was smaller, she thought she looked SO MUCH hotter now.

Laurie shifted her weight in the seat of her mobility scooter, her flabby love handles sagging over the handlebars as the whole contraption creaked ominously. This scooter was SUPPOSED to support up to 1000 pounds. At least, that was how it was advertised. Laurie was nowhere near THAT fat, but she was still putting the scooter through its paces. She could feel the tires dragging heavily on the carpet whenever she shoved it into drive. There was no doubt about it. It was just not built to support its own hype!

Laurie smiled, trying to look smoldering. She needed to document herself. Just the other day, she’d been going through an old photo album. There were old pictures of Laurie at cheerleading practice, leading her squad in their routine. Laurie with her long raven tresses, her pert teenage body in her flattering cheer uniform, her plump full bosom. A photo taken only a month later already showed the early stages of her growth. Her face was rounder, her breasts bigger, her tummy already starting to pooch over the waistband of her cheer skirt.

Laurie went goggle eyed when she saw the photo. She looked from one to the other and back again, running her trembling fingers around the edge of the polaroid. Damn. She was so small back then. Just a wisp of nothing, her chest practically flat. She bit her lip. Her size was turning her on, but the knowledge of her growth was turning her on even more. To think that she had grown herself from THAT into THIS. It was all her own doing, the consequences of stuffing herself to her utmost limit 24/7, ending every meal only when her belly was so bloated that it was covered with stetchmarks and ready to burst.

Oh, of course, some of her growth was due to Frank and Abida. She supposed she ought to give them a little credit for their help too. But, really, this was Laurie’s doing. Running her hands over her bulk, she could only think about how this was all HER.

In recent photos, Laurie barely looked human; she looked like a pig. Her breasts were so heavy that her back was spasming, it was only because they rested against the shelf of her giant paunch that she could still lift them at all. Her belly spread out over her thick legs, covering herself all the way to her knees. Laurie knew that she would have to squeeze herself into her cheer outfit again soon, an impossible task, but there was nothing else to be done when it came time to do the new routine at the big game. But for now, Laurie was wearing a spacious tent-like muumuu that was still a bit snug around her middle. The way the material hugged her curves was getting her excited, giving her a little tingle in her nethers.

She couldn’t believe how big she was now. She had outgrown all normal clothes, so outrageously fat that she could only wear sweats and shifts and muumuus. Luckily, she had Abida’s connection. Abida had told her that she could special order some sexy clothes in Laurie’s size off the Internet. Honestly, Laurie was skeptical. How was it possible that they made “sexy” clothes in her size? She was so for beyond buxom now that she couldn’t cram her titanic tits into bras anymore; Abida was right now special ordering a new specialty bra with some size beyond the alphabet. Laurie wondered if Abida really did have a connection. Abida must be getting them custom made. Heh. Laurie smirked, her bloated face crinkling around her glossy lips. That was cute. The girl was just obsessed with Laurie and would do ANYTHING that Laurie asked her to do. It would so so mean of her to outgrow clothes just as fast as Abida could supply them. So so mean! Laurie chuckled again. Oh yes, it would be such a naughty naughty trick to play and, of course, Laurie planned to play it.

Because she did not plan to stop growing anytime soon.

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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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