Alice 121
By Mollycoddles

Abida sat across the cafeteria, watching the scene play out. As usual, Alice was sitting with the other cheerleaders. Nothing strange about that. This was high school, after all; all the different cliques always ate together. Except that not ALL the cheerleaders were together. Laurie and Jen were no where to be seen and Abida guessed that the two co-captains were persona non grata since all their diabolical schemes had come to light.

Only recently, Alice, Jen, and Laurie had appeared as special guests on a trashy daytime talk show, the Nikki Lake Show. They were ostensibly invited to talk about their work for fat positivity and body acceptance – Alice, Jen, and Laurie were each absolutely massive, three billowing behemoths who clocked in at over a quarter ton each of soft, squishy fat girl blubber, so bloated that they had to special order extra large cheer uniforms and even those were now completely bursting at the seams as they struggled to contain all that explosive lard! The three tubby teens knew that there would be no way that they could hide their growing girth when they had to perform at the school’s big football game, so instead they leaned into their size and did a special cheer routine celebrating their continuously expanding waistlines. Of course, way too many students had filmed the routine with their cellphones and the whole thing went viral. That’s why Nikki Lake contacted them. But it turned out that Nikki had no interest in actually celebrating their size – she just wanted to embarrass the girls and play to her audience’s schadenfreude with a lot of typical “obesity epidemic” scaremongering.

But Nikki got some far better television content than she ever bargained for when it turned out that Laurie and Jen had been secretly fattening up their co-captain Alice for the past year, in hopes that if Alice was fatter than them, that no one would notice them ballooning as well! Well, that plan had utterly failed. Laurie and Jen couldn’t keep food out of their mouths, so naturally they blimped along with their target. But now? Everyone knew what they were doing! And everyone was pissed at them!

That made things… weird for Abida. Too many secrets came out on that show. Among them was the fact that Laurie was currently in a threesome with her boyfriend Frank and Abida. Abida was annoyed to be so unceremoniously outed as a lesbian. She could feel students’ stares on her back as she walked down the hallways. Everyone knew that Abida worked after school at the lingerie shop at the mall and now they were all whispering about that, whether she used her position there to ogle her customers. Abida bristled at the accusation, even though it wasn’t entirely untrue. After all, that’s how she first met and eventually started to date Laurie. But it wasn’t like she just hit on every girl who walked into her shop!

Only the hot ones. And Abida had a very peculiar notion for what counted as hot. She used to think she just liked busty girls. That was what initially drew her to Laurie. Before she ballooned to 600 pounds, the raven-haired cheer captain was famous as the most buxom girl in school. Abida used to attend football games not because she cared at all about sports but only as an excuse to watch Laurie strut her stuff on the sidelines. Laurie filled out her cheer sweater nicely and Abida was always watching closely, hoping to catch a glimpse down Laurie’s top when Laurie bounced her way through cartwheels and somersaults. But then, as Laurie grew bigger and bigger, Abida realized that there was more to life than just boobs. She found every aspect of Laurie’s expanding figure too delectable to resist. Laurie’s breasts grew bigger as she gained weight, putting extra strain on the shoulder straps of her bras and forcing the varsity letters across her sweater to peel. Her tummy grew too, pooching over her skirt and wobbling wildly as Laurie shook her pom poms. Her butt grew out behind her until her cheer skirt couldn’t cover her entire rump and you could see occasional flashes of her overstretched white panties peeking out. Her legs grew thicker, her arms grew fluffier, a double chin blossomed around her face. What a change! Abida watched with rapt fascination, Laurie’s expanding figure stirring new feelings in her loins that she had never experienced before. Poor Abida! She had already had to deal with one identity crisis when she hit puberty and realized that her interest in girls was sexual… it was enough to come out as a lesbian, now she had to come out as a… what? Not just a lover of girls but a lover of fat girls too!

She and Frank was both pissed as hell at Laurie right now. They were gonna have to deal with that soon. But in the meantime, Abida was content to let Laurie stew for a little while. The problem was, without Laurie dominating her time for once, Abida felt weirdly lonely.

She couldn’t stop looking at Alice, though. Goddamn. Alice was ALMOST as fat as Laurie.

Abida watched Alice chatter with her teammates. The billowing blonde was out of uniform, dressed in a tent-sized polo shirt that never-the-less fit her like a sausage casing and showed off every roll and crease in the fat girl’s soft flanks and absolutely gargantuan cargo pants that still managed to tightly hug Alice’s broad buttocks. Abida remembered the big reveal when Alice had appeared on the Nikki Lake show, when Nikki Lake had insisted that Alice lug herself onto a cattle scale and reveal her weight to the audience. 545 pounds! That was how much Alice weighed. One would think that the revelation would be enough to jolt Alice back into reality, to make her realize that her appetite was completely out of control and that she was getting far too big. But Alice was hoovering down her meal with abandon, shoveling roast beef and mashed potatoes into her eager mouth as if she hadn’t eaten in weeks. Abida marveled, watching the thicky gooey gravy dribble from the sides of Alice’s mouth as the fat girl obliviously stuffed herself.

Alice’s tray was empty in mere minutes and she was shoving her dessert – a big, thick, triple stack chocolate fudge brownie – between her lips when she tapped Lizzie next to her. And Abida could not believe the words she heard come out of Alice’s mouth.

“Excuse me, are you gonna eat that?”

Abida nearly swooned. How could it be that Alice wasn’t just eating her own meal, she was eating the meals of all her fellow cheerleaders too? Was there any limit to the bloated blonde blimp’s appetite? Alice was so wide that she filled nearly the whole bench by herself, her voluminous rear spilling over the sides of the bench and forcing Lizzie to squish to find any room at all next to the overstuffed heifer. Abida could just imagine all those calories going right to Alice’s belly and thighs, ensuring that she would only continue to grow bigger and bigger. How was it that she had never really considered Alice’s figure before? Was it just because Abida was so enamored with Laurie? Sure, Alice still had nothing on Laurie… Laurie still outweighed Alice by a good hundred pounds. Alice was still relatively mobile; she might prefer to scoot around on her mobility scooter out of sheer laziness, but she could still waddle under her own power on the rare occasions that she wanted to. Laurie, meanwhile, had finally grown to the point where a mobility scooter was an absolute necessity; Laurie couldn’t even stand up for more than a minute or two without her fleshy ankles buckling under her. There was also the fact that Alice still looked, well, like a person. She was massively fat, of course, with a gigantic gut, hefty boobs, and a fat ass, but Laurie just looked like a blob of fat these days. What a difference a mere hundred pounds makes! Abida wondered if it really was the weight that made the difference. Or was it something else? Could it be that Laurie’s cultivate laziness was to blame? Laurie loved being waited on had and foot, refusing to ever do any work for herself, losing muscle tone even faster than her fellow cheerleader chunkers.

Whatever! The important thing was that Abida felt like she’d been sleeping on Alice this whole time. Alice’s polo shirt was sliding up her gut as she ate, so that from the back Abida could see Alice’s back fat overlapping the belt of her cargo pants. Abida’s eyes were drawn to that butt, which wobbled every so slightly as Alice chewed her way through Lizzie’s lunch and then turned her attention to Kristine. Abida couldn’t believe her eyes! Alice was literally going to eat the entire team’s lunches! It was like she had learned nothing from all her experiences on Nikki Lake and was only too happy to eat herself into complete blimpitude without a second thought!

How tight were those pants? Abida knew that Jen was the designated buttzilla of the trio – and Abida had certainly sneaked a few watches of Jen’s new Youtube channel where the bottomheavy bimbo imparted beauty advice for fellow pear-shaped girls – but Alice was no slouch in the hindquarters either. Abida wondered how many lunches Alice would have to eat before that big fat ass finally busted the seat of her pants wide open. If she squinted, Abida felt like she could just faintly see the outlines of Alice’s mega-sized undies through the taut fabric, testifying to just how absurdly snug her XXXL pants really were. Abida could see the whole scene in her mind’s eye, clear as crystal, imagining the threads in Alice’s pants snapping one by one as the fat girl ate, Alice obliviously chattering and gulping away without the slightest inkling of the drama playing out behind her, every gluttonous mouthful pushing her pants closer and closer to the breaking point. Abida gripped the table in front of her, feeling flushed and woozy. What color was Alice’s underwear? Her pants weren’t tight enough that Abida could make anything out, but the slender Indian girl could guess. She knew that Laurie and Jen loved to show off their bodies, favoring sexy, frilly, lacy underthings even as they blimped to sizes that no sexy, frilly, lacy underthing should ever be tasked with containing. But Alice? No, it would be different with Alice. She was a sweet, innocent girl – her underwear would be simple, functional. Just some perfectly ordinary cotton briefs, no doubt. Probably a nice simple striped pattern, alternating white and blue stripes, perhaps. Wouldn’t that be funny? It would just be like Alice to not realize that pattern of horizontal stripes would just make her ass look even fatter! My Gawd! She was going to have an orgasm right here in the middle of the lunch room just thinking about Alice’s blubbery butt! What was wrong with her? Abida had always been a consummate breast girl, but now she couldn’t help but think about how much she had short-shrifted asses. When this was all over, she would have to track down Jen too, to get a real show!

Then it happened – it was so fast and so complete that Abida almost didn’t believe it. Surely, she was imagining this! Surely, this was just her fevered imagination running away with her! It wasn’t possible that reality would so perfectly mirror the image that Abida had concocted in her head. As Alice leaned forward to pluck the brownie from Denise’s plate, her butt bulged out behind her with enough force that her cargo pants burst, ripping instantly down her rear seam from her belt loops down between her legs. The tear was wide enough that Abida got a clear look at Alice’s underwear and, indeed, she had chosen a simple blue and white horizontal stripe pattern. Abida couldn’t believe how perfectly she had predicted that! She nearly fainted from the shock, grabbing on to the table to steady herself.

Across the room, Alice sat bolt upright. As oblivious as the chubby little heifer was, there was no way that she couldn’t have felt her pants give up the ghost. She was no stranger to wardrobe malfunctions, to the point that she could instantly suss any popped button or busted seam. You would think that would also make her an expert on knowing when to stop eating, on gauging how much she could shove into her mouth before it was too much! But no… even if Alice knew intellectually when she should stop eating, stop tempting her straining stitchery, she was simply too greedy to listen to that little nagging inner voice that even now faintly told her “Stop!” Her pudgy sausage fingers were at the tear in her backside, touching the fringe of the split in a futile attempt to gauge the damage.

“Oh poo,” Abida heard Alice say. That was so cute. She was too innocent to swear, wasn’t she? So unlike Laurie. Abida was still obsessed with her personal inflatable love doll Laurie, but she couldn’t pass up this opportunity to at least get to look at Alice. Alice grunted some excuse to her fellow cheerleaders as she lurched to her feet and awkwardly wobbled away backwards, obviously hoping that they wouldn’t notice her wardrobe malfunction. She got to the cafeteria door and tried to leave. Abida nearly guffawed out loud as she watched Alice struggle to squeeze her bulk through the door. She was so wide that her flanks brushed the door as she left! Incredible. Abida got up from her seat and hurried after her.

“Alice! Alice, wait up!”

In the hallway, Alice paused and turned around. Her chubby cheeks blushed as she recognized Abida.

“Hey, you okay, Alice? I noticed you, er, had a little bit of a mishap…”

Alice started to stutter an excuse, but Abida hushed her. “You don’t need to say anything, Alice. Look, let’s get you fixed up? You know I’m a seamstress, I can fix this for you right now. Follow me into the home ec room and we’ll get your problem repaired before lunch is over. No one will ever know.”

Alice nodded. Abida could see her eyes were wet and glistening; the poor dear was about to start crying out of embarrassment!

“Thank you so much, Abida,” said Alice as Abida placed a hand on her padded back and gently maneuvered the fat girl toward the home ec classroom. “I don’t know what happened! These are new pants, but I guess they just don’t make them like they used to!”

“Hmm, of course dear.” Abida could barely keep from grinning. It was obvious what happened! Alice just ate too much! But Alice was either too deep in denial to admit it to herlsef or too embarrassed to admit it to Abida. It didn’t matter. Either way, Abida would use this opportunity to get an eyeful. After all, hadn’t she done this before? How often had she finagled her way into fondling Alice’s belly or Jen’s butt with claims that she was just measuring them so that she could let out their pants? The girls were never any the wiser! And, Gawd, Abida was so lonely without Laurie… she really needed this!

“Um, you’re sure this is okay? I mean… what about…”

“What about Laurie, you want to ask? Yeah, well. Let’s just say that Laurie and I still have to have a major talk. What she did is just… appalling. I’m so sorry, Alice. But you have to believe me, I didn’t know anything about it.”

“And… Frank?”

“Frank didn’t know either. We’re both very upset.”

Alice nodded, her thick double chin jiggling. Abida wasn’t yet used to the fact that people now knew she was in a relationship with Frank and Laurie. Alice was taking it pretty good, although it was only natural for her to wonder about Abida’s involvement in the whole situation.

Alice wriggled her way through the door into the home ec room and Abida followed.

“Okay, hun, now if you’ll be so kind as to take off your pants and I’ll get to work,” said Abida as she pulled open a drawer filled with sewing tools. Her ears pricked up as she listened to Alice struggle. Alice was so rotund these days that she pretty much relied on her boyfriend Tyler to get her getting dressed. Even just bending enough to pull her pants down her thick thighs was difficult with all her jelly rolls in the way! Abida stole a glance, her eyes going wide and her pulse quickening as she took in the vast doughy orbs of Alice’s tubby tushie. The waistband of her knickers had rolled down slightly as she struggled with her pants, revealing the top inch of her chubby cheeks and her deep dark ass crack. Abida closed her eyes. Gotta keep it professional, she thought. Or, at least… she had to keep it professional enough that she still had plausible deniability.

“Need help, sweetie?”

“Yeah. Please?” said Alice, leaning against a creaking table for support. She had barely managed to get her cargo pants even halfway down her thighs. Abida walked over, grabbed the sides of Alice’s pants and pulled, tugging them down in one swift motion. It was much easier for her than for Alice, since she didn’t have over 500 pounds of pure jiggling blubber encumbering her movements!

“There! That’s better!” said Abida, picking up the enormous pants and folding them over her arm. “Just one thing to check before we get started. Let’s see how much extra room I need to put in that seat. Hold still for a moment, would you, Alice? This won’t take a minute.”

“What are you going to do?” Alice yelped as Abida grabbed the swell of her panty-clad butt, thus answering the blimpish blonde’s question. Abida fondled Alice’s butt, reaching under plump cheeks to heft them and test their weight. Gawd, her ass was PHAT. If Alice kept expanding, she might even rival Jen as the school’s new booty queen! Abida hooked a finger under the hem of Alice’s panties and pulled, testing the stretch of the waistband, and then released, watching as it snapped back and caused the soft flesh of Alice’s prodigious rump to quiver.

“Don’t worry, I’m just testing to see what I’m working with. I want to make sure when I sew up that rip, I also let them out enough that this doesn’t happen again.”

“Right, right.” Alice was too naïve to guess that Abida was really just feeling her up to satisfy her own lust. Alice laughed. “You know what this is kind of like? You remember when Jen and I were saving up money to buy mobility scooters, so we couldn’t buy new clothes?”

“Yes. You two kept coming to me to adjust your old clothes. You know I was happy to do it.”

“Yeah. You remember we would come to your shop at the mall? And you always had some cookie pies on hand?”

Abida chuckled. Alice and her friends thought that Abida’s shop gave away free cookie pie to its customers as a store policy, something for customers to snack on while they were fitted. They had no idea that in reality it was just that Abida always ran down to the food court to pick up a couple ooey, gooey cookie pies whenever she expected a call by one of the cheerleader chunkers. Nothing made her happier than watching these obliviously swollen sweeties binge themselves sick!

“It’s too bad you don’t have any here,” sighed Alice. Her gut, noticeably bulging from her big lunch, gurgled in response. Abida clucked her tongue. She couldn’t believe that Alice was still thinking about food, after everything else that had happened today. This girl was insatiable! It almost made Abida want to ask Laurie and Frank if they were up to add a fourth to their little soirees…. But no. Alice was committed to Tyler, there was no way that they would be interested. Besides, Abida already had her hands full just dealing with Frank and Laurie!

“I don’t have a cookie pie,” said Abida, “But maybe I do have a little something for you.” Abida reached into her backpack and pulled out a sleeve of chocolate cookies. They weren’t anything special – just mass-produced store-bought cookies that Abida picked up on her way home from school last week, thinking they might make a quick snack for her insatiable girlfriend. Certainly they didn’t compare to a fresh, warm, gooey, straight-from-the-oven cookie pie. Why, they weren’t even half as big! But they were edible and that was probably the most important thing. “How about a little snack while you wait, Alice? It’ll make it feel just like old times.”

“Oh! Thank you, Abida… I wouldn’t mind a little nibble.” Alice licked her licks without thinking, her eyes zeroed in on the package of cookies. Abida smiled smugly to herself. Just as she suspected. She knew that Laurie was such a hopeless food addict that she wouldn’t hesitate to scarf down an extra helping of cookies, no matter how low quality they were, and she was pretty sure that Alice was much the same. Alice snatched the cookies a little too eagerly and tore the plastic packaging open with her pudgy fingers before shoving them quickly into her mouth, one by one, hardly even chewing as she gulped them down. Abida stepped back to watch her handiwork. What a sight! She almost didn’t want to bother sewing up Alice’s pants, just so that she could enjoy the view for a little while longer.

The blonde butterball was stuffing her face while standing in the middle of the room in just her snug shirt and underwear. Alice’s undies were already wedged between the monstrous mounds of her fat bum, the perfect orbs of flesh so soft that they literally quivered as she chewed. Abida wondered how many cookies it would take before Alice managed to burst her panties as well. Abida could see it so clearly in her mind’s eye, just as she had seen Alice splitting her pants, so clearly that she was almost certain she could will it into being. It had happened once, what were the odds that it would happen again? She watched Alice eat obliviously, noting that the two buttons at the collar of her polo shirt were open. Alice was literally so plump that she had to leave her collar unbuttoned to give her boobs just a little extra room in her shirt!

“Mmm, that’s so good,” muttered Alice between bites.

Abida couldn’t believe what she was looking at. In all honesty, you had to wonder why everyone was so mad at Laurie. Alice was such a glutton that she would probably be just as fat now even if Laurie had never schemed to pump her full of empty calories for the greater part of the last year. The girl just had no self control! She shook her head, picking up her needle and thread and attacking the massive tear in the seat of Alice’s cargo pants with vigor. It was hard to concentrate on the task at hand while Alice was gorging herself right there. Abida wished that she had more food for this greedy little fatso… She was so hungry that she probably wouldn’t refuse anything that you put in front of her! My Gawd, what potential!

Abida had worked hard to grow her girlfriend Laurie into the perfect pet blimp, teasing her and coaxing her and pushing her and, above all, feeding her until she was absolutely massive, too fat to walk, too fat to move, too fat to do anything except eat more and get even fatter. On the rare occasions that Laurie ate so much that she felt sick to her overfilled stomach, so much that her chubby cheeks started to turn green, so much that even thinking about another bite might be enough to make her explode, Abida was the one who kept pushing her to eat more. Abida loved to see Laurie after a big meal, when the haughty hottie was so completely stuffed that she couldn’t move, so completely stuffed that Abida and Frank had to strip her out of her constraining clothes because even the slight pressure of snug cotton fabric against her titanically overfilled belly was too much for the bloated beauty to bear… those were the best times, when Abida could marvel at the mountain of Laurie’s gut and imagine how much higher it could get. Abida wondered if one day Laurie could get so big that her belly would brush the ceiling, so big that she would fill the room. It drove Abida mad with desire to think of her girlfriend growing and growing and growing until she was literally the biggest thing in the world, a literal mountain of flesh. And the best part was that Laurie wanted the same thing. Laurie loved to eat – stuffing herself until her belly was painfully distended made her fat pussy so wet that needed Abida to lick her out immediately after every meal. It was heaven!

Alice burped softly as she finished off the cookies, her body bouncing slightly with the rebound. “Excuse me! Um, Abida? You’re not gonna tell Laurie about this, are you?”

“No, of course not, honey. This will be our little secret, okay? No one needs to know.”

Who are you kidding, thought Abida. Everyone in school knows what a colossal fat ass you are. Even if they didn’t see you on Nikki Lake, they know just from seeing you waddle your fat ass around the school! Not that you waddle that much, usually you’re on your scooter. My Gawd, you’re such a greedy little hog that I can’t believe you don’t yet outweigh Laurie. Lord knows you had a real head start!

That was true. Alice had always been plump, whereas Laurie had started the year as a curvaceous bombshell beauty. It was a testament to Laurie’s sheer unbridled greed that she had managed to grow bigger than Alice.

What would you look like if I had my way with you? Wondered Abida. Gawd, the image was arresting. Abida had worked so hard to turn Laurie into a blob, but Alice was a natural fatty. With just a little bit of coaxing, she would probably just blow up like a balloon. I bet I could have you bed bound in just a month, thought Abida. I bet I could have you outgrow the room in two. And in a year? Jesus Christ, you’d be buried in your own lard. And all I’d have to do is keep you supplied with cookie pies… you’d do all the rest, wouldn’t you? You just ate all the other cheerleaders’ lunches and you’re still looking for more food!

“Sorry,” continued Alice. “Things are just kinda weird right now, you know? I’m so mad at Laurie! I can’t believe that she would trick me like that. I thought we were friends! I knew we were all getting fatter, but… I didn’t think she was doing it to me on purpose!”

“Hmm,” said Abida. “It is true that the three of you certainly did, um, fill out this year.”

“I knew we were all eating too much at our sleepovers. I knew I should have been more careful, but Laurie said it was all diet food! And I trusted her! Why would she do this to me? I feel like such a fool!”

“Is it really so bad?” asked Abida. “I mean, yeah, what Laurie did was totally wrong. Everyone in school is talking about it, but… I mean, are the results so bad?” She bit her lip, hoping that she hadn’t overplayed her hand.

Alice shrugged. “I dunno. The weird thing is… I don’t think I mind it that much? Like… oh, Abida, promise you won’t tell? This is too weird.”

“Mum’s the word.”

“I think maybe I’ve always been meant to be fat? I mean, the truth is that I just LOVE to eat. Nothing makes me happier! All I can think about is food. And even when I’m eating, I’m still thinking about my next meal. I was always worried that I’d get too fat, but… well, now I AM too fat! I’m almost at 600 pounds! This is as bad as I always feared! But it’s actually not that bad. I kinda… feel more comfortable this way? Like I was meant to be a big girl? And I know Tyler really likes it. And after those things that Natalie McTaggert said when she appeared with us on Nikki Lake, maybe being fat isn’t the worst thing? Getting fat also really brought me closer to Jen and Laurie, you know? They used to always tease me back when they were thin, like they were trying to drive me off the cheer squad. But as they got chubbier, they also got nicer to me. I thought, oh hey, maybe they know what it’s like now! Maybe we’re actually friends now!” Alice’s voice cracked as she kept talking. “But I guess I was wrong. This whole time they were just laughing at me behind my back.”

“I’m sorry,” said Abida.

Alice sniffled and rubbed a meaty arm across her eyes to wipe away her tears. “It’s fine. I guess I just learned an important lesson.” She took her repaired pants back from Abida. “Thanks, Abida, I owe you one.”

Abida really didn’t know what to say.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

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