

# 1. Alice

Alice's mom frowned as she heard a familiar sound: the refrigerator door opening. No doubt Alice was raiding the fridge again; ever since summer vacation had started her daughter had been doing nothing but gorging herself. While all her friends had either gotten jobs or gone off to summer school, Alice resisted all her mother's attempts to get her involved. All she wanted to do was stay home and eat.

Peering around the corner, her mother saw Alice bending over, head deep in the fridge. Alice's chubby butt strained the seat of her cut-off jean shorts.

"Alice, come over here."

"Hmm?" Alice straightened up, surprised, and her mother winced to see what had become of her daughter. The pretty young blonde had always been slightly chunky - her mother had insisted that she join the cheerleading squad to keep her weight down but the other girls tormented the rounder Alice mercilessly- but since the end of the school year Alice's weight must have doubled. She looked practically inflated.

The plump teenage girl waddled over to her mother, half-eaten cookie in her hand. "Yes, mom?"

"Alice, don't you think that you're a little.. big for that outfit?"

Alice looked down. Her chubby belly rolled over the waist band of her jeans, which she now had to fasten below her fat rolls. Her stretched t-shirt just barely failed to cover her swollen midriff. Embarrassed, she tried to pull it further down and failed.

"I'll lose weight once school starts again," promised Alice, shoving the last bites of the cookie into her mouth.

Her mother frowned as Alice jiggled her way over to the living room and plopped herself in front of the TV. She was getting noticeably fatter. Her jeans, once tight, were practically bursting at the seams. As vacation continued, she grew lazier and lazier...and also fatter and fatter.

Alice lay sprawled out on the couch, watching TV. Now that she was lying down, the waistband of her shorts, previously hidden under a jiggy roll of soft belly flab, was visible. Her shorts were unbuttoned, and, everytime she breathed, you could hear the zipper grating open a tiny bit further. The exposed portion of her pink panties were

stretched to the limit.

Her mother stormed over to her. "Alice, that does it! You're fatter than ever! You're blowing up like a balloon! Look at yourself!" Her mother poked her soft, bloated belly, which jiggled violently. "You look like you're going to pop!"

"Come on, Mom, it's not that bad," mumbled Alice, flushing bright red again. "Oh, no? Fine, I'll tell you what. If you can button those jeans, then you can keep eating to your heart's content. You can eat until you explode, for all I care. But if you can't, then you're going on one major diet, okay, tubby?"

"Fine!" huffed Alice angrily, struggling to hoist herself out of the chair. She looked down at her rounded gut, which stuck out so far that she couldn't even see her feet, let alone her jeans. She sucked it in as far as she could and felt for the jeans flaps (again hidden by massive belly rolls.) Finally, she found them and tugged. No good. They were still inches away from each other. Her mother smirked, and Alice began to sweat.

If she couldn't do this, then she would have to diet! No more tasty ice cream sundaes! No more chocolate bars, no more burgers, and pizza! She gritted her teeth and tugged again, Groaning.

"It's no use, fat girl," laughed Alice's mother, "You've gotten way too chunky to ever fit into those jeans again. Hope you like carrots caused you're going to be eating a lot of them."

"Quiet, I'll not done yet," wheezed Alice. Her face was beet red from the exertion and her fingers were trembling. Could she do it? It seemed impossible. She sucked in her gut with all her might, but her paunch still seemed overwhelming. Had she really gotten this fat over the summer? Without constant cheerleading practice to keep her in shape, without her stupid ex-boyfriend to yell at her, she had felt free to eat anything and everything she wanted. Now she was paying the penalty for her indulgence; she had become too round to stuff herself into her size 18 jeans.

"Uhhhhh," she groaned, yanking ever harder. The flaps came close, but not close enough. She released her breath, allowing her belly to expand to its full size, pushing the flaps apart again.

"Okay, Alice, really, that's enough. You'll hurt yourself, squeezing into those things. Just come over to the bathroom and get on the scale. Then we'll know how much you need to lose"

"No!" snapped Alice. "I CAN fit into these. Just give me one...more...chance."

Alice grabbed both flaps resolutely and yanked with all her might. “Uhhhhhh!” she groaned, “C’mon...you...stupid...sonovabitches! CLOSE!” Her face started turning red again as she pulled harder and harder, sweat forming on her brow. The two flaps slowly inched closer and closer to one another.

“UUUUUUUHHHHHHHGGGGG!!!!” moaned Alice, as the snug waistband bit into her soft, fleshy tummy. The room was silent except for Alice’s labored panting and the barely audible sound of fabric stretching. In the back, the seat of the shorts hugged Alice’s plump ass cheeks like a second skin, the stitching straining against the bulk that it was forced to contain.

In front, the button was 3/4 of the way into the hole. Only a little more and she would be home free.

“Alice, please,” pleaded her mother, “You’ve made your point, you’ll suffocate in those! I’m sorry that I criticized you and I promise that I won’t make you go on a diet!” “No...Mom...you’re...right...if...I...can...button...these...I’ll...PROVE...I’m...not...too...fat! Uhhh...Oof!” Alice gasped in surprise. “I...I think I did it!”

Her mother looked stunned. “Really? Let me see.”

Alice looked down but couldn’t be sure. Her bloated tummy and large breasts obscured her view of her waist. Her mother bent down and lifted the overhanging roll. Sure enough, the shorts were buttoned. They were tight, the button quivered as if it were about to bust off, but they were tightened. The open zipper was stretched wide, offering a glimpse of Alice’s overloaded panties.

“They’re closed!” said her mother, “Except for the zipper.”

“I’ll fix that!” crowed Alice, still elated at actually having successfully buttoned her shorts. She grabbed hold of the zip and pulled up. Slowly, gratingly, it moved upward, biting even more into her tender flesh. Her big stomach forced the zipper off the track in several places but she finally got it up.

“Ha!” gasped Alice, her breathing restricted by the tightness of her shorts. “Told you that I’m not too fat! No diet for me!”

Beaming, she turned and waddled away....revealing the five inch tear in the seat of her shorts.

## 2. Tyler & Alice

Tyler was convinced that he had the worst summer job in the world until the day that Alice came by the restaurant. He didn't recognize her at first, partly because they didn't travel in the same circles in school but mostly because Alice had gained a substantial amount of weight since summer had started. She'd put on even more weight in the last week alone, ever since her mother had given up on trying to get her to diet back to her svelte self.

Why does she look so familiar? wondered Tyler as he watched Alice waddle into the restaurant..

A chunky blonde stood on the other side of the counter, reading the dessert menu. It was obvious that she had just gained weight; she was practically spilling out of her over-tight clothes. Her stretched T-shirt barely reached down the waistband of her straining shorts, which cut deeply into her soft tummy. It clung tightly to the rounded contours of her body. Her breasts were almost as large as her massive stomach, pressing into the stretched shirt so snugly that the outline of her overfilled bra was quite visible. Deep cleavage welled up through the neck of her short every time she breathed. Tyler had never seen her before. He was sure of that, since he definitely would have remembered this heavenly creature. Yet, somehow she looked very familiar.

"Good-morning-ma'am," said Tyler , "Welcome-to-Pizza-By-The-Pound."

"Um, hi," said the girl, "Thanks. You don't have to be so formal, Tyler. I'm probably younger than you are."

How did she know my name? wondered Tyler. Maybe we have met. No, that's ridiculous. She must have just read my name tag.

"Sorry, ma'am, store policy. I have to call everyone 'ma'am,' unless they're old enough to really look like a ma'am, in which case I have to call them 'miss.' What can I get for you?"

"Anyway," said the girl, "I'd like ten pounds of pizza."

"Er, we don't really sell pizza by the pound, ma'am. It's just a marketing gimmick."

"Oh. Well, then how many pizzas would you say make up ten pounds?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I never learned the Imperial system. Twenty?"

A deep frown marred the girl's pretty, plump face. "I guess I should have known I wouldn't have enough money for that much pizza. I just that I'd be able to celebrate in style today."

"Celebrate what?"

"The end of my diet," said the girl, patting her round gut. "Actually, I guess you could say that I've been off it for a week. At least. But I love it! I've never felt so free before and I want to take advantage of this freedom as much as I can. Guess how much I weigh! Come on, guess."

Tyler could only stutter. She had to seriously be at least 200 pounds, but did she really want to hear that? Although he thought that every pound on her frame made her even prettier, he hesitated to say so. He had enough experience with girls to know what they wanted to hear.

Finally, the girl sighed. "Never mind, I'll tell you. I'm only 160, but not for long. I'm out to show my mom that I'm not too fat. She wants fat, I'll show her fat!" The girl grinned wickedly. "Now give me, oh, three large pizzas. That'll do for now."

"Alice!" said Tyler, recognition finally dawning. "You're Alice the cheerleader!" Alice blushed sweetly. She reached down and tried to pull her shirt down over the flabby roll of her lower belly.

"Yes, I am," she mumbled. "Or I..I used to be. I gave that up along with my diet. Oh, you probably don't understand why a girl would ever want to be fat, Tyler. But I've been chunky my whole life and I've finally accepted it. My mother forced me to cheerlead because she thought that it would keep my weight down, but I just couldn't take it anymore."

"I understand, Alice. You've got to live your life the way you want to. If you're meant to be fat- er, corpulent, then you should go with it. Just like I'm meant to be a pizza boy. Oh, here are your pizzas, which I just happen to have right here ready made." "Thanks," said Alice and quickly paid. She looked around the restaurant, seeing that it was empty. "Doesn't look like you have too much business right now," she remarked.

"Oh, no, we never do this time of day."

"Why don't you take a break and join me, then?"

"Join you? I'd love to but, er, I've already eaten. But I wouldn't mind just keeping you company, if you don't mind."

"Of course not, it means more for me."

She took the three pizza boxes and waddled over to a booth. Tyler watched the jiggle and sway of her round rear as she walked. Her butt was so fat that it stretched the rear seam of her shorts to the bursting point; if she bent over, he seriously feared that she'd blow them wide open.

Alice opened the first box and gazed down at its contents: pepperoni, her favorite. She grabbed the first slice and jammed it into her eager mouth, swallowing it almost without chewing. The second and third slices followed in quick succession.

"Time for pizza number two," grunted Alice, rubbing her gorged gut. "I hope I still have enough room for all this food. I'm starting to feel a little full."

"No, I'm sure that you can do it, Alice."

Alice smiled at Tyler's encouragement. Finally, here was someone who could appreciate some meat on a girl! Not like her stupid ex-boyfriend Chris...that jerk had dumped her the moment that Alice started to gain weight at the end of the school year. All she ever heard from him was "Watch out, you're getting chunky" and "Don't eat that ice cream, porky. I don't want to be seen with some bloated blimp." Ha! Blimp, eh? She was practically anorexic then compared to what she was now. She was fat, yes, fat, and if she kept this up, she'd soon be as big as a house. That would show them!

She could feel her stomach pressing tighter and tighter into the shorts. It was getting very uncomfortable, but she was reluctant to reach down to unbutton them. She felt that it would be unlady-like to open her pants in front of a boy. Despite her exhibitionist eating style, Alice was still rather shy at heart.

Oh, well, she thought, as the shorts waistband bit deeper and deeper into her bulging midsection, I can endure a little discomfort as long as I'm eating. I'll just concentrate on all this yummy food.

"Mmmm," she said, "This pizza is great! I could just eat forever."

She greedily started stuffing slices into her mouth, smearing sauce all over her face. More and more pizza disappeared into her already huge belly, making it even more enormous. Her shorts groaned in protest, straining against her fleshy body. By now, her stomach had grown so large that it hung over the shorts, obscuring the button beneath two fleshy rolls of blubber.

With the first bite of the last slice, both she and Tyler heard a loud "BANG!"

Alice looked down but couldn't see the source of the noise over her gigantic gut. Then she reached down and felt for it, blushing bright red. The button on her shorts had been

unable to take the strain and had burst off, rocketing across the room. She and Tyler both heard the sharp “click”-ing as her shorts zipper was forced down several notches.

“Oops,” said Alice, blushing even brighter red than she had all day. “I..I guess I overdid it. Oh, this is so embarrassing, I should have known this would happen. I’ve gotten so fat that I outgrew my clothes. I’d better stop now.” She hoisted herself to her feet, nearly toppling over because of her unaccustomed new center of gravity. She grabbed her shirt and yanked it down over her swollen gut.

“Oh, look at the size of this thing!” moaned Alice, “I look like I’m pregnant! I really have gotten too fat. I can’t believe that I let myself blow up like this. I’d really better go before I burst anything else.”

Tyler looked sad but he agreed. “Whatever you think is right, Alice.”

“You don’t sound very convinced.”

“Well, it’s just that...if you think you should go, then you should go. But the way you’re talking I think you’d rather finish the pizza. You’ve already finished one and a half, so I think that you want to go all the way.”

Alice smiled. “You read my mind, Tyler. But do you think it’s a good idea? Look at how huge I am already. If I keep eating, there’s no telling how fat I could get. If I get too stuffed and bloated to walk, will you promise to roll me home?”

“Hey, scout’s honor.”

“Alright, then, back to business.” Alice sat down, but, as she did so, a mighty “RIIIP” could be heard throughout the restaurant. Not only had she popped her button, but her rump was so big that she had also split the seat of her shorts. Her colossal panties were clearly visible through the tear.

“Well, you can’t go out in public like that,” said Tyler, “So I guess you’re stuck here. Tell you what, why don’t you wait here and I’ll go get you some new clothes.” “Do you have any clothes here in my size?” asked Alice, eyeing the tempting Pizza.

“No, this is a restaurant, why would we have clothes? I’ll just pop on over to the mall down the street and pick up a new pair of shorts for you.

“You’d buy pants for me? Why, we’re not even going out. That’s so sweet! For being so nice, I promise that I won’t put on any more weight.”

“Er...is that supposed to repay me or something?”

“Of course. That way I won’t bust those new shorts open and make you waste your money.”

Tyler laughed. “Don’t worry about it, Alice.” As he left the shop, Alice felt her gurgling tummy and looked longingly at the remaining slices of pizza.

“It would be a shame to waste these,” she said to herself. “And when I said that I wouldn’t get fatter, I meant after I put on my new shorts. Yep, that’s the way to rationalize.” She dug in with renewed vigor, the only sounds the satisfied “Mmmm” that escaped her lips after every bite and the grating sound as her zipper was forced further and further down.

Now there were only two slices left. Alice stared at them, glassy-eyed. Her breathing was laboured, coming in short gasps due to the distention of her gigantic, bloated paunch. Her T-shirt had worked its way up until it bunched below her heavy, bra-busting melons. Her belly had grown absolutely enormous.

“That’s it,” she gasped. “I couldn’t...eat...another...bite. Too full. Oh, I’m so stuffed! Why did I eat so much?”

“C’mon, Alice, you can do it! Are you really going to give up now? You’ve come so close!”

“Tyler...that’s...so...sweet. But...I’m...really...stuffed to the max. One more bite and I know that I’ll just pop!”

“Alright then, maybe you should put your new shorts on now.” He held up the shorts that he had bought for Alice and she frowned suspiciously. They certainly would have been big enough for her at one point, but now she wasn’t so sure. If she put them on, she would have to stay true to her word and not gain a single ounce more...until she got home to change at least. She simply refused to pop out of the new clothes that Tyler had been so kind to buy for her.

“No, I changed my mind,” she groaned, reaching for the last two slices. She grabbed the first and gulped it down. Her belly rumbled dangerously, as if to warn her that it was at capacity.

“Did you hear that?” giggled Alice, “I think my belly is trying to tell me something. I think it’s trying to warn me that it’s about to explode. Is that right, Tummy?” She squeezed her bloated belly, massaging it. It was entirely exposed from the bottom of her big boobs to her deep navel.



“Or maybe,” she grinned, “You’re telling me that you just have room for one more slice. Just one more. What do you think, Tyler?”

“I definitely think the latter.”

“So do I. But if I explode, it’s on your head, okay?” Alice laughed and stuffed the last slice into her mouth. And swallowed.

“Well?” asked Tyler.

“Oh, yeah,” sighed Alice in contentment, “Definitely the latter. Oof, I’m so stuffed, I don’t think I could ever eat again. I don’t even think I’ll be able to get up from this booth.”

“Oh, you’re just exaggerating, here let me help you home.”

Alice struggled to follow Tyler’s lead, but she found that she couldn’t. Her newly swollen gut had wedged her between the table and the chair. She was totally stuck. “I can’t get out, Tyler! I’m too fat!”

“Great, what are we going to do now?”

Alice smiled. “Well, you could go get me some more pizza...”

# 3. Alice

After the incident at the pizza parlor, Alice decided that maybe she shouldn't eat there too often anymore. Or anywhere for that matter. She loved to eat, but her clothes were all becoming unbearably tight. She couldn't afford new ones, her mom most definitely would not contribute to that cause, and she couldn't bring herself to impinge on Tyler's friendship for a new wardrobe.

Besides that, she wasn't quite sure about her getting too fat either. She had always been curvaceous, but she could hardly have even been called plump. Now, however, she was getting dangerously close to actually being fat. While her mom was no longer riding her back, she still stared hard at Alice whenever she pigged out. So Alice tried to hold her weight steady. She even lost five pounds. She didn't diet, but she tried to keep herself from over-indulging in tasty, high-calorie food. At least, over-indulging too often. Still, it wasn't long before she was stopping by the neighborhood Chinese restaurant, or any one of the many fast food joints in town. Before long, the five pounds crept back onto her body, but this time they brought along a couple of friends. Alice hardly noticed the change because she was so busy enjoying the food.

It finally ended one day in early August, when she stopped at the buffet restaurant. Clad in a large T-shirt and the shorts Tyler had bought for her, both of which were now a bit snug, Alice couldn't stop her mouth watering as she read the window menu.

I managed to stay away from the other food places during the week, she thought, One visit wouldn't be too bad.

Unfortunately, trying to stay away from food had only lowered her resistance to temptation. Despite her best intentions, she found herself making a second and third trip to the buffet, each time returning with two large plates. After the last plate, she leaned back in her seat and sighed.

I'm finally full for once, she thought to herself. That food was just too tasty.

Just then she noticed the desert buffet. Well, a little desert won't be too bad, she thought.

She walked over and looked at the variety of treats. Everything looked delicious. She grabbed a couple of brownies and cookies and had barely returned to her seat, by the time she was done them. That wasn't very much, she thought, patting her gut, I can have a little more. This time she grabbed two slices of blueberry pie, and a slice of shoofly and quickly gobbled them up.

Her shorts were starting to really feel tight now, but the buffet was still calling to her.

I think there's room for a tiny bit more, she thought. She looked around again at the desert tray, spying something she had missed before. A large triple-layer ice creamcake. She helped herself to a huge slice of it, and went back to her seat to dig in. She started off eating it just fine, but halfway through realized she was full.

It looks sooo good, thought Alice. I can't waste any of it.

She struggled through the next few bites, enjoying them even though she was almost painfully stuffed. Finally, with only about a third of it left, she decided she had better stop.

As she stood up to take her plate back, she felt her stomach pushing out from her shorts.

"Stupid pants," she said out loud, tugging down on them to help alleviate some of the stress. Upon doing so, her lower belly rolls pushed their way past the top of her shorts, spilling over the front and edges. She had forgotten that this pair of pants was a little bigger than most of her wardrobe, and she didn't have to button them under her tummy. Or at least she didn't have to before this pig-out. Now, apparently, they were just as useless as the rest of her wardrobe. On the plus side, though, there was now just enough room for her to finish her cake. She quickly sat down and shoved it in her mouth. She even helped herself to one final slice, although a much, much smaller one this time as she still felt pretty full. She left the restaurant contented, and headed home.

Upon arriving home, though, she found her mom waiting.

"Where have you been, dear?" asked her mom suspiciously.

"Um, just grabbed a bite to eat" Alice replied.

"It looks like you grabbed more than a bite to eat there," her mom said, indicating Alice's heaving stomach. Alice blushed lightly.

"You said I didn't have to diet if I could still button my pants!"

"Yes, these pants." Alice's mom held up her old shorts (with the tear in the rear). "Would you like to try these on?"

Alice knew that she probably wasn't going to be able to button them, even with the extra room in the rear. "It's almost time for school, Alice, and you should try to look presentable at least. You said so yourself. You're going to begin exercising, starting tomorrow!"

"Come on, lazy!" called Alice's mother. "We've only gone two blocks!" Alice lurched to a halt, wheezing and winded. Her plump face was bright red and sweat poured down her, soaking her workout suit and plastering it to her round body. Even though her mother had promised to let Alice eat anything that she wanted and not to criticize her about her weight, she had

forgotten her promise as the prospect of another school year loomed ahead, and Alice hadn't stopped filling out.

Her mom even went so far as to say that Alice herself said she would lose weight in time for school. Had she really said that? Right now, Alice was dressed in spandex workout pants and a constrictive sports bra that just covered her large breasts. Her full, soft belly rose and swelled dramatically with every ragged breath. The bottom roll hung over the tight waistband, jiggling and bouncing as she ran. Alice sucked in her breath and started off again after her mother.

Thirty minutes later, the agonizing workout came to an end. Alice's mother had hardly broken a sweat.

"Boy, was that invigorating or what?" she said, mopping her brow. Alice couldn't answer. She was too busy huffing and puffing. "I know that I told you that you could eat whatever you wanted," said her mom, patting her on her back. "But, really, Alice, I never expected you to take it to heart like that. 165 pounds is just too high for a girl your height. If you got any bigger, I'd have to roll you home everyday." She poked Alice's smaller but still chubby stomach, causing a slight ripple of fat. Alice's pretty face blushed, embarrassed at her mother's speech. "Nothing to worry about that," said her mother perkily, "By the time school starts I'll have you small enough to make it back on the cheerleading squad. And they'll get you thinner still."

Her mother was as good as her word. By the time school started again, her mother's diet and exercise regiment had worked. Although Alice could never really be said to be thin, she was definitely a lot thinner than she had been during the summer. Alice looked down as the numbers rushed past. She was almost surprised to find that she could easily see the scale; she was used to having her tummy over part of it. 140. Well, she thought, that's only about 10 pounds over my old weight. Hope that's good enough to keep mom off my back. Alice tossed her shoulder length blond hair and looked at herself in the mirror. Although she had lost a lot of weight, she was still fairly voluptuous. Her heavy breasts had only gone down one bra size and her legs were still thicker than most girls were. She pursed her plump lips just to see the effect. Her very pretty face was still a tad round in the cheeks, but the double chin that had begun appearing was completely gone now, leaving her face for the most part as it had been last year. She slipped easily into her old pants. They weren't exactly loose, but they were comfortable, and Alice found for the first time in months she could fasten them around her waist rather than having to button them under her belly. It still poached out slightly, but hardly noticeable in most of her shirts now. Her pants were still snug going over her butt, though, since she seemed to be having trouble losing weight in that area. Alice sighed. Being able to eat as much as she wanted had been nice, but this was probably best. It was embarrassing being fat, and, as much as she wanted to keep eating, high school life is never kind to the larger girls. She had learned that much in cheerleading practice, where the head cheerleader Laurie had always singled her out for ridicule. Even though last year, she could hardly have been called more than "curvy", the ultra-slim cheerleaders had often mocked Alice's tiny bit of extra flesh.

Alice's first day at school had been uneventful. Apart from a few stares from some classmates who hadn't seen her since last year, everything was back to normal.

“Gained a little weight?” sneered Jen before Chemistry class. Jen was Laurie’s second in command on the cheer squad. She giggled to herself, smoothing the pleats of her skirt and crossing her long, silky and tanned legs.

“Maybe a little,” said Alice curtly. She didn’t want to deal with Jen right now; she knew that she would be running off to tell Laurie all about Alice’s extra pounds. No matter that there weren’t that many of them, but no excuse to torture the slightly heftier Alice was wasted. Thank god she didn’t see me during the summer when I was up to 160, thought Alice. She almost laughed.

“What’s so funny?” said Jen angrily, twirling her shortish auburn hair.

“Nothing,” said Alice quietly. Her stomach gurgled quietly, and Alice realized how hungry she was. Her mother, not wanting to spoil her diet, had only let her have a single banana for breakfast. She looked at the clock. It was only one more hour till lunch. Because it was the first day of school, Mrs. Franklin had called off afternoon English. Without that, Alice realized, she was basically free after lunch.

“Are you going to try out for cheerleading?” asked Jen haughtily. “Or are you just going to face the facts?”

“Excuse me?” asked Alice. She hadn’t been listening; she was busy thinking about lunch.

“I don’t think I’m going to come out for try-outs. I want to concentrate on my other interests.”

“Yeah, good idea, fat ass,” sneered Jen.

I wouldn’t go around calling people ‘fat ass’ if I were you, thought Alice angrily, sneaking a glance at Jen’s rounded butt. Jen may have been one of the thinnest girls on the squad but she still had a somewhat larger ass. Why everyone thought it was perfect was beyond Alice. They certainly didn’t say the same about Alice’s rear. Of course, Alice’s was a bit wider than Jen’s... But then Mr. Yarp began talking and all thought of cheerleading left her mind.

Lunch wasn’t as much fun as Alice had thought it would be. She looked longingly at all the treats before her. Her slimmer belly growled hungrily. “Um, I’ll just have a veggie burger today, thank you,” Alice told the woman behind the counter.

“And some fries.” Another delectable smell hit her and she knew she couldn’t resist. “And one...no, two of those giant cookies, too, please.” Embarrassed to be seen with her large lunch, Alice decided to leave the cafeteria and eat outside. Walking out the door, she stopped dead in her tracks. Her old boyfriend Chris was sitting at an outside table, joking around with some of his jock buddies.

Alice frowned. She certainly didn’t ever want to see that jerk again. For a split second, she imagined herself walking right up to him, sitting down at his table, and stuffing her entire lunch into her face in front of him. Wouldn’t he be shocked! But, no, she wouldn’t give him the

satisfaction of seeing her do that. Maybe I am still too heavy, she thought despondently, suddenly aware of how plump her belly and thighs might look to him. Alice quickly turned the corner of the building, losing sight of the outdoor lunch patio.

Her tummy growled hungrily and the delightful smells from all this tasty food weren't helping her situation one iota. I've got to eat soon, she thought, or I'm just going to faint. Aha! Ahead of her, Alice saw the school gym. She could hide out in the locker room and eat lunch there. She knew from experience that that room was totally abandoned during the lunch and recess hour and that the cheerleaders wouldn't be starting practice there until the afternoon. I can't believe that I used to be one of them, thought Alice, but that was last year. She hadn't minded the actual cheering, but the group on the other hand... whatever. That wasn't really my thing anyway. She paused briefly to buy a candy bar from one of the convenient vending machines (I deserve some dessert after all I've been through, she told herself). Several minutes later, Alice emerged again, her face showing some chocolate flecks around her lips. She looked around furtively and dropped some more money in the vending machine. I'm just so hungry today, she thought, no harm in bingeing just a little bit this once.

Alice looked down at herself. Her one binge had brought back all the happy memories of her summer of indulgence. She pushed herself up, stumbled briefly, but then regained her balance. She caught a brief glimpse of her still kind-of-wide butt in the locker room mirror. It pulled the material of her pants a bit tight in back. Her stomach felt full from the effects of her meal. "Whew, I'm going to have to be extra careful!" whispered Alice. "I don't want to end up bursting out of another pair of pants. If that keeps happening, I won't have anything to wear at all, and all that exercising I went through will be useless. It's bad enough that I busted my clothes in front of Tyler last month, but I'll just die if any of the cheerleading squad sees me in a pair of ripped pants. They already think I'm a big fat pig...and I guess they'll keep thinking that this year. Oh, and Mom was so excited about this, too!"

Alice sat down again, slowly, patting her stomach.

"Ahh." Alice sighed contentedly. She hadn't eaten much, but it was more than she normally ate in the past few weeks. A sudden crash- a door slam- brought her back to reality. The squad was coming in for practice!

"Crap," thought Alice, standing up and ducking behind a locker.

"Where's that cow Alice?" asked a voice that Alice recognized with a shudder. It was Laurie. "She should be here now if she wants to make the team."

Her dark eyes glittered as she ran her slim fingers through her black shoulder length hair. Laurie was the head of the squad and she ruled it with an iron fist. She scowled, throwing her shoulders back and her chest out. Although she was a slender girl, Laurie sported an oversize bust that demanded attention. Her melon-sized breasts strained against the tight cheerleader sweater, almost overflowing her bra cups. And that was the way she liked it. Jen

laughed. Laurie's constant sidekick, Jen supported Laurie in everything she did, especially when that everything included tormenting Alice. Jen was not quite as buxom as her mistress was, as she stored her excess flesh in a different part of her anatomy.

"Shut up, Laurie," said Denise, a small redhead with glasses, "There's no reason to be so mean. Alice may be kind of chubby but she's a nice girl. She always tries hard." Denise took her glasses off and narrowed her eyes at Laurie.

Laurie tried hard to think of a comeback. "Yeah, hard to, um, eat a lot."

Denise rolled her eyes. "That wasn't even witty, Laurie, that was just stupid. Maybe if you weren't so mean, we wouldn't have such a high cheerleader turnover rate. Did you ever think of that?"

Laurie obviously hadn't. She stopped suddenly. The other remaining cheerleaders paused to ponder the point, although, being cheerleaders, this was very difficult for them to do. Also, they were pretty friendly with Laurie, having met her approval, and so didn't really want to cross her.

Jen, dense as a doornail (though still not matching the dimwitted-ness of her friend), tried hard to concentrate. "Um, does this, like sound like math to anyone else? Like, math is hard." Jen always agreed with anything that Laurie said. She was a slim girl with a perky rounded butt, always on display in her tight cheerleader skirt. "Ha! I'll bet Alice is too busy stuffing her fat face in the cafeteria to even bother showing up," laughed Jen, regaining control of the situation, "Maybe she decided to go into a more appropriate sport- like sumo-wrestling."

"Nah, that's not the Alice, I know," said Laurie, "If anything, I'll bet that big bloated blimp ate too much over the summer and now she can't even fit through the door or get out of her house." The cheerleaders giggled at the image. "Or maybe," continued Laurie, "She got so fat that she couldn't even get out of bed. No, I'm probably wrong. She probably ate too much and exploded."

"Or maybe she's right behind you."

"Yeah, or maybe-what?!" Laurie spun around to see a furious Alice standing there.

"Hi, Alice," said Laurie smoothly, "Nice to see you again. Are you here to try out for the squad? I heard that you weren't going to stay." She threw a quick, smug glance at Jen, who smothered a laugh.

"Maybe I am," said Alice defiantly. "What do you care?"

"Yeah, right. You're bigger than last year, Alice; you'll never be a cheerleader. I'll bet you can't even get your flabby ass into a uniform."

"That's what you think, Laurie! I am NOT too big!"

“Fine, Alice,” sneered Laurie. “If you want to be a cheerleader, you have to wear the uniform. That is, if you can fit that bubble butt of yours into it.”

Alice looked at the uniforms. Although she was thinner than she had been all summer, those uniforms were designed to be tight even on the more svelte squad members like Jen. Alice remembered the daily struggle that she had last year to get into those things. “Fine!” she huffed defiantly; “I’ll show you!” Alice pulled her tight T-shirt over her head, revealing her soft midriff. The other cheerleaders nodded in appreciation; although as Alice bent over slightly, a small roll of blubber appeared, her breasts could rival almost any other team member’s. With the exception of Laurie’s of course, whose enormous melons simply couldn’t be matched. Alice’s nearly overflowed the straining cups of her C-Cup bra. Next, Alice grabbed hold her of jeans and slowly wriggled them down her hips. They were tight and it was a trifle difficult to get them over the aforementioned bubble butt. Finally, her derriere was free, covered in a pair of skimpy black panties. Alice tried to fasten the skirt around her hips but found that it would not connect- it was at least two inches too short to reach all the way around her hips. She began fastening it around her waist. Her face set in determination, remembering the summer’s first fight with her Mom. If she had managed to squeeze herself into a pair of jeans back then, then surely she should easily be able to fit into this cheerleading outfit.

“I don’t feel like wearing the skirt today,” she said to cover her embarrassment, “Just hand me the alternate uniform. Laurie shoved the spandex pants at her. Alice glanced dubiously at the bright spandex leotard. “I hope I can fit into this,” she thought to herself. She stuck one thick leg in after the other and then just managed to wriggle the clingy material over her wide rear. It was stretched pretty tight. Next she tackled the sports bra. It must have been at least a size too small but if Laurie could fit into HERS, Alice shouldn’t have too much trouble with it.

“Fine, Alice, so you got your tubby butt into the uniform. Now get out of it before you totally stretch it.”

“I don’t think so!” said Alice, fire suddenly lighting in her eyes. “You said that if I wanted to be a cheerleader I had to fit into the uniform. Well, I did, so there! I’m back on the squad!”

Laurie laughed harshly. “That’s ridiculous! Whoever heard of a plump cheerleader?”

Even Jen was concerned. “But you told me before that you didn’t want to still be a cheerleader. I always thought you just did it for your mom or something!”

Alice pondered this for a moment. “Well, I did... but I changed my mind. I’m here to stay. And, Laurie, we’ll just see if this school appreciates me as a cheerleader!” And with that she turned and stalked away, pausing only to buy another candy bar...



## 4. Alice

After that first meeting with the cheerleaders, Alice resolved not to eat too much. The rest of the first week went fine, with minimum run-ins with either Laurie or Jen. The weekend also went fine, with Alice following her mother's diet. At the start of next week, Alice felt confident. She only gained two pounds last week, and she attributed them to her small binge the first day. As she went through the cafeteria line the next week, she took her usual medium portions of whatever healthy was being served that day (but not salads, she hated them). On Wednesday however, she added a small plate of French fries. They served fries everyday, and Alice loved them. One small plate was not going to matter. The next day she also added a candy bar from the vending machine. Hardly a big dessert, she thought to herself. On Friday, to reward herself for doing so well that week, she had two.

The next week found Alice becoming nervous about the upcoming cheerleader practices. She didn't want to face Laurie's angry words, or Jen's scathing glares. As a result, she found herself continuing to add small things to her tray come lunchtime. A cookie one day, or maybe having a regular hot dog, instead of a fake vegetable one. She also began to visit the vending machines at least once a day outside of lunch, normally to grab something to eat on her way home, where her diet was still consciously enforced. On Friday, her plate consisted of two slices of pizza, a large plate of fries, and two cookies. She also made no less than three stops at the vending machine that day. That weekend also found her grabbing a snack whenever her mom went out. Soon Alice found that she was munching in between meals. If anything, the days she only ate healthy food, she found herself hungrier between meals. The last time that she had dared set foot on the scale she found that she had swollen up to almost 150 pounds. "That's not too bad," thought Alice, getting off the scale and admiring herself in the mirror. She wasn't noticeably fatter than she had been at the start of the school year. Her clothes were slightly tighter, digging into the soft flesh that had settled around her hips and thighs, but otherwise she only looked slightly rounder rather than massive. Not that that helped when she was dealing with Laurie and Jen. The two head cheerleaders continued to tease Alice every chance they got. Alice still didn't think of herself as overweight, mostly because she had been so much heavier over the summer that 150 didn't seem that much. She was careful to suck in her slight potbelly during cheerleading practice so that Laurie and Jen wouldn't have as much ammunition. It didn't help much, as the skimpy cheerleading outfits left very little to the imagination. Packed into a snug v-neck sweater and short skirt, Alice's hefty thighs and rounded contours were plain for all to see. The first practice session was the worst. Laurie arched a fine, disapproving eyebrow as the squad piled out of the gym onto the field. The trim head cheerleader smirked as she noticed Alice's hips swaying slightly as she walked. Man, thought Laurie, I can't believe that cow thinks she can be a cheerleader. Well, she won't last long. She stalked up and down the line, glaring at each cheerleader in turn, raven tresses trailing behind her, mammoth mammaries bouncing slightly. She paused as she reached Alice. Laurie glanced briefly at Alice's plump, protruding stomach. "It's obvious that we have more work ahead of us

than usual," she sneered. "Cause there's more of some of us than usual. All right, everyone, let's start with some jumping jacks!" Laurie started and the cheerleaders followed her example. Alice tried her best, jumping up and down in time but her slightly fleshier body made it difficult to keep time. By the end of the warm up exercises, Alice was wheezing and gasping for breath. She found it difficult to move with the same grace and agility as the other cheerleaders. Not only was she a bit wider, the constrictive uniform restrained her motions. Laurie cut the practice short, claiming that it was obvious "not everyone was up to the challenge today." (With another meaningful glance at Alice, and a snicker from Jen). Alice found it harder to perform the same cheer exercises, which had been the standard routine last year. "I'm probably just a little out of shape after the summer," Alice said to herself after the first practice session. "I'll be fine after a few more sessions, I'll be right back in the swing of things."

In the locker room, Alice tried to avoid the other cheerleaders, not wanting them to glimpse her more voluptuous form. At least practice was over for now, thought Alice. She was hot and sweaty and couldn't wait to get changed and get home. Her stomach gurgled urgently and she realized that she hadn't had anything to eat since her post-lunch candy bar. "Hungry?" asked Denise, toweling off. Although Laurie reserved most of her criticism for Alice, the squad's chunkiest member, Denise had been the recipient of several scathing remarks prior, concerning her scrawny size, and slightly above average intelligence.

"Yeah," said Alice, "but I'm trying to cut down. It's really hard because I just really like to eat."

"Nothing wrong with that." Alice looked the smaller girl over.

Easy for her to say; it was obvious that Denise never had to watch her waistline. "But if I gain any more weight, Laurie and Jen will be on my back even more. They already think I'm way too fat to be a cheerleader as it is. I'll bet they'd love to see me gain weight so they could just laugh."

"Don't mind Laurie," said Denise, "She's probably just jealous that your chest is almost big enough to rival hers. You're the only girl who comes remotely close to being as busty as Laurie is. I'll bet they wouldn't be so smug if they packed on a couple pounds themselves."

"Yeah," said Alice, distracted, "I'd love to see that."

"We all would, but it'll never happen. Those two bitches never eat anything but salad, if that. Too bad, too, cause I bet they'd swell up like blimps if they started eating, even just normally. Have you seen Jen's butt? You can tell she doesn't have a high metabolism or anything by the way she piles on flesh back there. Laurie too, probably. Those boobs of hers are just fat anyway. Now that I think about it, I'll bet it wouldn't take much to make them really obese."

"Uh-huh", Alice said. She wasn't fully paying attention. Part of her was thinking that she needed to grab a small snack on her way home, since she was hungry. But the back of her

mind did take note of Denise's comment. It didn't bother to tell the rest of her brain just now, because Alice wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the bunch (though not nearly as brain-dead as Laurie or even Jen), and it would probably be forgotten. It just filed away the information for later use.

Over the course of the next week, Alice tried once again to take her food intake down. This occurred when during English class one day, Alice's books slid off her desk, and she leaned over to pick them up. While doing so she heard Laurie whisper to one of her friends "Look at Alice's butt, I'll bet her pants split."

"They will when she finishes that candy bar on her desk" Jen replied. Alice was careful to keep her blush hidden. Her rear did feel a bit tightly packed into her khakis, but hardly like they were going to split. Laurie was so mean, Alice couldn't stand it. The only comments Alice could come up with about Laurie involved her sweater splitting from the strain of her knockers. Laurie would take that as the deepest compliment too. If only there was some way to get back at her. She seemed to vaguely remember having a good idea about it, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

Alice worked hard to be aware of when she was putting extra things on her plate. And she tried not to visit the vending machine either. Well, okay, just once maybe. To make it even harder, her Mom had become busy with work, and no longer took extra care to make sure Alice was continuing her diet at home. Without her moms' vigilance, Alice found herself several times grabbing seconds of a meal, or getting a snack later. She tried hard to stop this, but most of the time, she wasn't even aware she was doing it. And she stayed away from the scale too.

One night during the first week in October Alice caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror while changing. She had been pretty pleased with her efforts to not pig-out, and so was a bit surprised to see she had filled out a bit. Her face seemed rounder, and her arms looked a bit beefy now. Her breasts were large enough to fill out her D cup bra again (She vaguely wondered how big Laurie's bra was? DD? E?). Her legs also looked a bit softer. Her stomach was where the most change had occurred. It now bulged out noticeably. Not too large, but as she pulled her pants on, she did have to fight a bit to get them buttoned. She pulled on a tight tank top to wear. Her hooters were barely contained in it.

She breathed deeply, and watched her cleavage spill out of the neckline. Not as much as Laurie's would have, but still an impressive sight. I can wear this tomorrow I guess, Alice thought to herself. I don't look too fat at all, just a little thick. She changed out of them to go to bed, never having noticed that upon exhaling, her potbelly spilled about half an inch over the waist of her jeans. This pushed the tank top up, exposing her deep belly button and newly acquired love handles spilling out the sides.

The next day Alice could barely wait for lunch. Feeling good about looking sexy, she got a large bowl of pasta, and a large plate of fries. She also grabbed herself a bag of chips and a brownie from the snack line. Upon sitting down, she hungrily dug in. All thoughts of her diet had been lost in her mind due to her anticipation of eating (and flighty nature). She ate the noodles and sauce with gusto, and soon she was finished them, and the bag of Doritos. As she finished,

she leaned back, full. She was still hungry, and eager to start eating those fries, but due to her diet, she hadn't eaten such a large amount in one sitting in awhile. As she was about to start in on them, Laurie and Jen appeared sitting next to, and across from, her.

"Hey chubby" Laurie greeted her. "Enjoying your lunch there?"

"Yeah" Alice mumbled in reply.

"Well, uh, um..." Laurie seemed to have lost her train of thought.

"You look like you're enjoying several other peoples lunches too!" Jen managed after a bit of thought. "Yeah" Laurie chimed in giggling.

"It's a regular lunch, just leave me alone" Alice said angrily, "Anyway, I'm Done."

"But you have all those fries left, and you like, looked so eager to eat them" Laurie said. "And besides, you shouldn't just throw all that food away, and waste it. Children are starving in uh... Elbonia, or some country" she finished Sarcastically.

"Fine, you can eat them" Alice said. She did not really know why she said it. She didn't think Laurie ate normal food, and frankly, she'd rather have finished them herself, or at least thrown them away, rather than GIVE something to Laurie. "You probably couldn't even eat them anyway."

"Fine," Laurie said, as usual speaking before thinking (mostly because the thinking part never happened). Her jealous, competitive nature had gotten the better of her. "I can eat them. I certainly don't have to worry about MY figure, or staying on a diet, so this won't hurt me." She began eating the fries, not quickly, but not too slow either. Alice realized just how large a plate she had gotten for herself. She wondered if Laurie could even eat them all. Laurie did slow down at then end, but she managed to finish all of them, licking the salt of her fingers while grinning at Alice.

"Well I proved you wrong" said Laurie, "though now you'll probably still be able to fit into your cheerleader outfit at practice tomorrow. Unlike that shirt. Isn't it a bit too small?"

Laurie smirked, indicating Alice's midsection, full from all the pasta she had eaten. It was plainly visible from underneath the fabric. Alice tugged the tank top down, but to no avail.

"Don't forget your brownie!" Jen snickered.

"Would you like it?" Alice offered, again not knowing why she was doing it.

"Fine, we need you to stay on the team so we'll have more chances to make fun of you porky," Jen said, and quickly ate Alice's brownie, seeming to enjoy it.

"Now hurry up to the gym." Both she and Laurie fell over laughing at this thought. Having had enough, Alice stalked off, looking back to see the two of them laughing at her still, and

digging into their salads. Though she was angry at them, she also felt kind of happy. Like she had accomplished something. On the way out, Alice was smiling as she stopped at the vending machine, and grabbed two chocolate bars to make up for her missed fries.

# 5. Alice

What a day! Another week and a half had passed. Alice dragged herself up the stairs, her meaty thighs almost rubbing together. She walked up stairs slower and more carefully than she had before; her larger boobs had begun to bounce and jiggle as she walked, meaning that she had to be more careful lest she injure herself or burst out of her skin-tight shirts. As she reached her room, she dumped her school stuff on the floor and placed a box of Chinese take-out on the bedside table. Alice looked at herself in the mirror again. She still avoided the scale, afraid to confirm that she had gained any weight, but the mirror was no more forgiving. She combed her blond hair and washed her pretty, rounded face. A shower would just hit the spot right now, thought Alice numbly. Her ballooning knockers spilled out as she pulled her shirt over her head and unclasped her bra with a sigh of relief. It was definitely getting time to go up to the next cup size. She undid her stretched jeans and threw them into a corner; they left a red mark all around her ever expanding waistline. She had some trouble maneuvering herself into the shower, mostly because it was a tight squeeze to begin with and her added girth did little to help that, so she sucked in her pudgy gut and pulled through. After a quick shower, she pulled a tight pair of panties up over her widening rear end; she had to wriggle a little but they fit. After slipping into a bra, Alice collapsed onto her bed (which groaned slightly beneath her new weight) and switched on the television. Alice sat on her bed in bra and panties, eating leftover chow mein from the box, watching TV. She had gone out for dinner with Tyler and Denise. She justified the large meal by reminding herself that she had been extra good during the day. This is really a major exception, she told herself.

By this point, almost every meal had become a major exception. The only meal that she ever even tried to eat healthy was lunch, and that was mainly because Jen and Laurie were there to tease her. And she frequently failed even then. Alice smiled. Actually, she thought, Jen and Laurie had been her greatest allies in losing weight. Every time one of them saw her with a chocolate bar or a bag of chips they would make rude comments to her and she ended up offering it to them, or they would snatch it away from her, laughing that she didn't need the extra calories. Although they certainly meant ill, Alice couldn't help but think their attitude would have a beneficial effect on her waistline. And, she added mentally, it should be fun to see what it might do to their figures, heehee! Alice remembered that today at lunch, she had noticed that both girls seemed a bit softer, maybe a little flabbier. Jen had been wearing hip-huggers that seemed to hug her hips more closely than usual. And Laurie had on khakis and a button up blouse. Her overfull bosom stretched the buttons where they covered it, even more than usual. And Alice had also noticed that the belt Laurie wore wasn't pulled quite as tightly around her waist as it normally was. Indeed, it was getting close to the last hole to fasten it in. She sat down across from Alice and grabbed the bag BBQ chips on Alice's tray. "You shouldn't be eating these," she had told Alice, and then proceeded to eat them herself. Laurie had also managed to eat more fries off of Alice's plate than Alice herself had. And Jen had eyed the chocolate bar Alice had hungrily the whole meal, making comments that chocolate was the last thing Alice

needed.

Eventually, she ended up giving it to Jen. Actually Alice was pretty sure she had also gotten a large cookie from the lunch line too, but it hadn't been on her plate when she reached for it. And she had seen chocolate chips in Jen's salad, something Alice didn't think was normally there.

Alice herself wasn't immune from the effects of over-eating. She was getting a bit too curvy for her own good. Very thick was what most people referred to her as, though never in earshot. Her weight had reached around 160, making her old clothes become increasingly snug. She did her best to ignore this; whenever she could get away with it, she left her pants unfastened and pulled her shirts down to cover the V-gap left by the open zipper. Her panties didn't put up much resistance, so she wasn't aware of it. Without the usual pressure of her overly tight pants against her tubby belly, Alice felt free to indulge in all sorts of forbidden culinary delights. She shoveled the last of the chow mein into her mouth, her swollen gut forcing the sheer material of the panties to roll down slightly. She leaned back, groaning, and started to flip through the channels, when her mother appeared in the doorway.

"Watching TV again?" she said. "You know you shouldn't just sit around all day, not getting any exercise."

"I do get exercise!" protested Alice. "I was walking around all day and cheerleading practice really took a lot out of me! I just need to relax a little now." "How was practice today, anyway?" asked her mom.

"Oh, it was fine," lied Alice. Truth be told, it hadn't gone well at all. She had feigned a sore ankle to avoid having to perform the intense exercises because she didn't trust her uniform. Like her other clothes, it was getting too tight for her to make swift movements. Even with the leotard instead of the skirt. "You're really starting to get fat, huh?" laughed Jen sitting next to her on the bench.

She pointed at Alice's slightly bloated abdomen and pantomimed herself having a huge gut. Jen had also been excused from today's practice; Alice suspected that she had decided to sit out so that she could sit near her and continue her mockery. Apart from them, it seemed that everyone else except Laurie was jumping around insanely. Laurie rarely seemed to actively participate these days, preferring to march up and down the line, shouting and occasionally insulting the other girls. Laurie always insisted that she alone had the routine memorized down to the last detail, so well that she didn't need to practice at all. Alice couldn't help but wonder how long Laurie could afford to do that before she simply forgot the proper steps. Jen wore her standard cheerleading outfit. She seemed to be rising slightly higher in her seat than usual, and Alice thought that maybe all the candy bars that she had swiped from Alice were going straight to her curvy rump. It had grown a bit so that now the short skirt no longer covered as much as it used to; the very bottom of her rounded cheeks occasionally peeked out, covered only by her stretching cheerleader panties. Some changes had seemed to come over Laurie, too, although they weren't quite as obvious yet. Only this morning, she had been complaining about the fit of her cheer sweater. Although Laurie had loudly declared that her colossal breasts were still

growing, and were to blame for her sweater's newfound tightness, Alice suspected that the slightly pooched tummy she now sported might also have something to do with it. And Laurie's stomach had always been flat before. Now that she thought about it practice hadn't been that bad after all... "It's great, Mom, all the exercise is really helping me lose weight!"

"Is that so?" her mother said suspiciously, "It won't help you much if you keep eating like that." She pointed at the empty container.

"Oh, that. That's nothing, really. Won't make a difference with all the running and jumping I'm doing on the squad." Her mother frowned.

"I hope so. Seriously, Alice, I think you're starting to get heavy again."

"What have you got there, Mom?" asked Alice, trying to change the subject, her eyes straying to the large bags her mother held under her arm.

"Nothing of concern to you, young lady," replied her mother, "I've just got his candy for the trick-or-treaters on Halloween. And I'm trusting that those are the only people who are going to be having any."

"Oh, come on, Mom, I wouldn't steal the Halloween candy! What do you think I am, some sort of food-obsessed maniac?"

"No, dear, I just worry about what the other girls will say. Good night, sweetie." After her mother left, Alice decided that she might as well get some sleep. She changed into pajamas. Her pajama pants, as always, were loose even now around her bigger midsection, but the buttons on her shirt strained slightly against her bloated mammaries and bulging belly. Alice inhaled quickly, causing the buttons to strain tighter.

"Maybe I should be a little bit more careful," thought Alice as she exhaled, allowing the stretched gaps to close again, "I know that I'm eating healthier, I must be, but it simply can't be that ALL my clothes are shrinking in the wash. Can they?? If I don't stop, I could get absolutely enormous. Maybe along with Jen and Laurie..."

By the next day, her promise to herself to be more careful had been lost, forgotten and buried under hunger, denial, and her usual flighty self. Her mom was gone when she woke up, as she normally was now that she went to work early everyday, and she didn't have time to leave something for her daughter to eat. Alice was used to this, and went to fix her own breakfast. This normally consisted of a bowl of cereal, and a pop tart. Her mom had bought an enormous economy-sized box back during the summer, and it was still mostly full. Today she forwent the cereal, and grabbed two strawberry pop-tarts instead. Since she had gotten up a bit earlier, she had time to make herself some waffles too. She heated herself 3 in the toaster oven. When they were done, she smothered them in butter (real, since the fake stuff seemed to have run out), and then doused them in syrup. Alice was so busy thinking about how good they would be that she didn't notice that 1/3 of the syrup container had been poured on them. She quickly dug into them, alternating bites of pop tart and waffle. She also got herself a large glass of milk to drink. When she finished them, Alice found her stomach still rumbling. She heated up



another pop tart (blueberry this time), and two more waffles. She glanced up at the clock. Oh no, Alice thought, I've got to get to school soon. In her haste, even more butter and syrup was smothered on these waffles, and as she quickly devoured these, some syrup was spilled on her shirt, but Alice failed to notice.

Since Alice was wearing athletic pants and a loose blouse, she didn't feel the effects of her large breakfast and completely forgot it when lunch came around. Finally some clothes that didn't shrink, she thought to herself, while loading her tray down. She grabbed two hot dogs, two large chocolate chip cookies, a brownie, her usual large plate of fries (the smiling old lunch-lady had been giving her more and more, but Alice once again was not aware of it), and she had also had her requisite candy-bars from the vending machine. It didn't surprise Alice all that much when Laurie and Jen sat down with her at the lunch table. It didn't take long for Jen to notice the syrup stain on Alice's blouse.

"You should be more careful while gorging yourself" Jen chuckled.

"Yeah, you don't wanna like, ruin those oh so chic clothes of yours" Laurie added in. Not that Alice didn't follow the latest fashions (she was a cheerleader now). But Laurie's family was mega-rich, and she had free reign of a lot of that cash. Consequently she only wore the most expansive name brands she could find, and mocked anyone who wasn't wearing them (namely everyone but herself and Jen. Alice actually had plenty of money in her bank account from her grandmother, but she always felt she should save some of it, for when she wanted her own house or something).

"Have you gotten a new bra yet?" Alice asked, remembering Laurie's claim from cheer practice yesterday.

"Not yet, why?" Laurie asked snidely, "Are you jealous?" She took a deep breath, and her huge melons strained against her v-neck shirt, the outline of her giant overfilled bra plain to see. Alice also took a deep breath, but she DID feel a pang of jealousy. Her own chest just wasn't that massive, though she did put on quite a display, her bigger tits managing to fill her loose blouse. Jen also inhaled, filling out her C-cups in her own shirt, but it was nothing next to Alice's. Still, it did seem a bit larger than it used to be. This made Alice feel better about herself, that is, until Jen poked her in the tummy.

"Looks like your boobs aren't the only thing that have like, gotten bigger, huh?" she remarked.

"Yeah porky, you should watch yourself. We totally don't want to you to explode," laughed Laurie, her chest shaking. "Maybe you shouldn't eat those cookies..." She gathered them off of Alice's tray onto her own. "We can't trust you to throw them out, so I'll do it for you," Laurie said wickedly. Alice hardly noticed. She was busy noticing something else. And that was that both Laurie and Jen had regular trays, not salads. Granted each of them had only grabbed the minimum: a hotdog and some nachos, but still. Alice had never seen them eat anything but salads before. Well, except for what they took from her. The rest of the meal went as usual. Alice managed to eat her two hotdogs, and her brownie, and some of her fries. The candy bars

were given to Jen after she made a few more comments about not wanting Alice to get chocolate on her shirt as well. Laurie managed to snatch most of her fries before Alice could get to them. Whenever Alice caught her, Laurie would say something about doing Alice a favor, and that she would just exercise off the few she took anyway. If only you took just a few Alice thought sadly. French fries were her favorite, and she had even put extra salt on them. She would have to be more careful about them. Still, the two hotdogs (smothered in relish and mustard as she liked) and brownie managed to fill her up (combined with her big breakfast).

When Laurie and Jen stood to leave, after finishing their own plates (Alice noticed that Laurie had eaten the two cookies, rather than thrown them out as she said she would, but Alice decided to hold her tongue.), Alice breathed a sigh of relief. She also noted that Laurie's belt was once again not done as tightly as it used to be. As they walked away, she looked at Jen's round derriere, stuffed into cutoffs. Was it her imagination or did Jen's thighs seem to be filling out the legs more? And had her butt always been that wide??

Alice stopped at the vending machine on her way out of the cafeteria to make up for the candy bars she had given to Jen. She had had four, right? That was it, she thought to herself, as she walked away. Eating two of them, and saving the other two for the end of the day. They didn't last that long, and on her way home, Alice thought she found herself once again hungry (her loose clothes once again giving her more space than usual), and she decided to see if maybe she could find where her mom had stashed the bags of Halloween candy. After all, her mom had gotten more than enough for the whole neighborhood for the next two Halloweens; just a few wouldn't be missed.

# 6. Alice

Alice rummaged through the large candy bowl, just to see what sort of goodies her mom had bought. She had definitely gone all out- her mom wasn't about to be caught empty handed like she had been last year. Alice popped a bite-size snickers in her mouth. Heavenly! And there was another...and another. Alice sat down as she found a cache of Mounds beneath the pile. After that, she went for the kit kat and the Almond joys, and finished up with the Mr.Goodbars. The problem, of course, was that there was too much variety. Just as she got sick of one sort of candy, she'd discover another, untasted treat. It wasn't until she saw the bottom of the bowl that she realized how much she had eaten.

"Uh," groaned Alice, rubbing her distended belly, "I can't believe that I ate so much candy. Oh, no! If mom finds out that I ate all her candy, I'm really going to get it. I'd better go out and buy some replacement candy...but if I do that now, I'll probably eat it all again before Halloween. I've seriously got to get my eating under control." She straightened up and pulled her shirt down over her ever-expanding waistline. Alice frowned. She didn't think that her eating had been that bad lately, but it looked to her that she was definitely still getting fatter.

Luckily, her mom had bought enough to fill two bowls. Alice lurched to her feet, grabbed another bag and refilled the bowl.

"There, that takes care of that. Hmm, this bag is different. Oo, M&Ms!" Alice grabbed the new chocolate candy and stuffed it into her mouth. She wasn't all that hungry anymore, but, hey, who can pass up M&Ms? It wasn't long before most of this second bowl had followed the first.

Alice quickly ran to the store to buy replacement candy before her mother got home. For the rest of the week, she followed the same routine. She couldn't help but stuff herself with candy when she got home from school, but then she'd have to buy more replacements before her mother got home. Luckily, she'd saved up enough of her allowance to buy cheap, bulk bags of candy bars and the store was having all sorts of pre-Halloween sales. More troubling to Alice than her constant candy cravings, though, was the fact that her increasingly frequent binges were beginning to show effects on her belly, hips, and ass. I might have enough money to keep buying candy, she thought, but I don't think I've got enough to start buying new clothes!

After yet another candy "meal," Alice felt way too stuffed to even move. Now, I'll definitely have to buy more candy, thought Alice miserably, but if this is any indication, I just can't be trusted around this stuff. Laying spread eagle on the floor, her stuffed tummy rising like a mountain in front of her. Her shorts had burst open during the binge, and every labored breath caused the zipper to grate open a few additional notches. She sucked in her growing gut and pulled the two flaps together. It was a tight squeeze, but she managed. With a moan, she hooked the snap and tried to yank the zipper up. Good, she thought, that's a good sign. If I can

still cram myself into these shorts, then I'm still a bit thinner than I was during the summer. These shorts always were a little bit tighter than that pair I was wearing when mom put me on this stupid diet.

Alice lay down on the bed and struggled her zip her pants up, but the zipper refused to budge. "C'mon, zip, damnit! Oh, great, this is getting to be just like over the summer when mom made me cram myself into those tiny shorts. Geez, I couldn't have blimped out that much already, could I?"

She knew what she had to do. Slowly, dreadfully, Alice made her way to the bedroom, pulled the scale out from under the bed and gingerly stepped onto it. She looked down, but was surprised to find that she couldn't see the numbers. Her oversize jugs and protruding gut blocked her view. With a grunt, she bent over to get a better look: 168. She hadn't quite reached her all-time high, but she was getting close. "Great, what am I going to do now? I know! I'll just take the rest of the candy to school! Mom won't care as long as she thinks I'm just giving it away to friends, and that way I won't be tempted to eat anymore. Man, I'll bet that Jen and Laurie go bananas over this loot." Jen and Laurie certainly hadn't been bothering with their normal diets lately. It had taken surprisingly little to get them to start eating like pigs; Alice suspected that after a lifetime of deprivation, they were only too ready to indulge.

"Of course," she mumbled, looking down at her jiggly body, by that logic, I should be able to resist yummy food, since I've always indulged. Well, I guess that's why I'm not as huge as I could be. Since I always used to eat so much, I've been able to resist better than some other girls. Somewhat."

Alice's mother didn't object to the plan, apparently under the impression that Alice must be sharing the candy with her classmates simply because no one could carry such a huge bag to school and eat it all themselves. Alice first offered the candy to Jen and Laurie on Monday at lunch.

"Oh. My. God!" squealed Jen as she sat down across from Alice, "What happened to you? You're, like, huge!" Jen apparently hadn't noticed that she was gaining at a rate almost as fast as Alice; it was only because she'd started at a lower number that she could still be classified as, well, thin. But only barely. Her ass was packed into her cut-offs, so much so that the rear seam looked as if it might tear. Her softer flesh was spilling slightly over the waistband of the shorts, and her newly deepened belly button sank into the slight layer of excess flab around her midriff.

"Yeah, you've really been pigging out lately, haven't you?" sneered Laurie. Laurie's hooters had grown to such generous proportions that Alice was sure that she must have broken down and bought a new bra; there was simply no way that that old one which had been practically bursting yesterday could now comfortably accommodate those monstrous mammaries.

"Well, you know, with Halloween coming up and all, there's just candy everywhere. I don't know, I'm just in a bit of a slump because of the holiday season, but I'll lose this weight

soon enough."

"Yeah, right," said Laurie, stifling a giggle, causing her enormous bust to sway and shimmy.

"What's with the bag, anyway, chunky?"

"Oh, that's just Halloween candy. My mom bought so much that I thought I ought to bring some to share. Besides, I really probably shouldn't eat anymore of this stuff."

Jen's eyes lit up. "Candy? Ohmygod let me see! She practically jumped out of her seat to see the treats that Alice had brought. candy was Jen's favorite thing in the entire world and she pounced on the bag before Alice could offer a second time. Happy as a kid in a, er, candy store, Jen scooped large handfuls of candy out of the bag. She dropped most of it into her stylishly undersized backpack, but she paused to chomp down on the occasional candy bar.

"Ohmygod! (munch munch munch) This is (munch munch) too cool! Halloween is, like, (munch munch) the best time of year!"

"Yeah, whatever," said Laurie, eyeing the bag enviously. "Listen, Alice, don't think I don't know what you're doing. I can see right through you...despite your layer of blubber!"

Alice was startled. "What are you talking about, Laurie?"

"Yeah (munch munch chomp), what're you talking (crunch) about, Laurie?"

"Oh, it's so obvious what you're doing. Always sitting with us at lunch, always offering us food..."

"Actually," said Alice, thinking back, "I think you usually sit with me at lunch."

"Shut up. The point is it won't work: You think that if you're nice to us, we'll stop teasing you, right?"

"Um..."

"Well, forget it! I've said it before but I'll say it again, we don't need any fat butterball cheerleaders on the squad and if I thought that you couldn't keep up I'd ax you in an instant. If only the other girls didn't want to keep you around... I don't know how it is that you keep coming to practice. If you sit out one more time, I'll personally see to it that you never cheer again! Jen!"

"(Crunch chomp munch munch)Wha?(munch)"

Laurie snatched the kit kat bar away from Jen and crammed it into her mouth. "That's enough candy for you, Jen, you're starting to really chunk up in back. You want to end up as fat as Alice here?"

"I am not chunking up!" snapped Jen defiantly, rubbing her swollen buns for emphasis.

She lurched to her feet with some difficulty. "Ha, Alice, you wouldn't last a minute. Just

wait until the annual fitness test! Then everyone will see what a lard ass you've become. I'll bet you won't be able to do a single sit-up!

As she twirled and stomped away, with Jen trailing, Alice noticed that now Laurie wasn't even wearing a belt today.

The next day's events repeated the previous'. Alice showed up at school with two bags of candy this time, and offered them to Laurie and Jen at lunch. By that time Alice had almost gone through half of one of the bags. Once again, Jen jumped at the opportunity to take some of the candy off of Alice, heaping the rest of the first bag, and a good bit of the second into her now-empty backpack, and purse. And as soon as she finished her meal, she began cramming the chocolate bars into her mouth. Laurie too helped herself to most of a backpack full of candy "to keep them away from Jen" so she said, and had quite a few bars during the meal. But nowhere near as many as Jen. Alice was amazed that the girl could eat so many. "Maybe you should take a break..." Alice mumbled to her, not wanting all the candy to end up being eaten by Jen. As much as Alice wanted to lose weight, she was still hungry!

"What did you say?" asked Jen around a Snickers.

"Yeah, what," demanded Laurie while chewing on her 3rd Milky Way.

"Oh, nothing," Alice told them, smiling politely, and digging into the candy herself, not wanting them to disappear before she could have some. By the end of the meal, there was still a third of the last bag left. That should be enough to get me through the day, Alice thought to herself. The whole week was a similar routine, with Alice bringing more candy everyday. This was because Jen was consuming most of it, and had taken to eating it during study halls and class. Alice was unknowingly consuming more herself, not noticing, compared to what Jen was eating. At practice for the week, Alice offered some to the whole squad, all of whom happily accepted, even Denise. As they were changing back into their regular clothes, Alice got a good look at Jen's tummy. It had always been completely flat, and even had a well defined six pack. Now it had lost all trace of definition and bulged out over her panties. Or rather her thong, thought Alice. Jen's once perfect ass was a little too round now, and starting to get fat, and her panties looked quite tight on her. Her hips had also gotten bigger too. Now that Alice thought about it, Jen hadn't actually participated at all in practice today. She had always found things to run and get for Laurie, all the while munching on a Kit-Kat, or Butterfingers bar. And Alice had even started to get the king-sized ones! Laurie herself had once again done nothing but walk up and down shouting and insulting the other cheerleaders. The candy in her mouth muffled most of the insults. Most of the insults were as usual, aimed at Alice. Geez, I give them all this candy but they still insult me, thought Alice. Of course, seeing how much they were eating, she didn't notice that she was constantly shoveling candy in her mouth herself! As a result, her own clothes continued to grow snugger, but Alice was too caught up in indulging her sweet tooth to really notice. She had grown exhausted after about five minutes of practice, and had quickly fallen behind. It hadn't helped that her plump body jiggled constantly, especially her tits', which were now bursting out of her bra again, and her ass, which was starting to get cellulite on it.

Saturday was Halloween and Alice volunteered to hand out the candy (which she had

continued to replace after bingeing on it). Through out the night she had happily gave kids as much as they wanted, since she had bought enough to cover the next 10 Halloweens. And in between visitors, she happily snacked on the candy herself. There weren't many trick-or-treaters, yet one would conveniently show up just as she was finishing off one bowl of candy, and so she would refill it without ever realizing that most of the chocolate was ending up in her belly, not the kids'. As she was about to finish her 6th bowl of candy, once again, a knock on the door announced another trick-or-treater.

"Wow, there sure are a lot of them!" Alice naively said to herself. She opened the door and was surprised to see a young girl there, and Jen! The young girl was dressed as a witch, and Jen was dressed provocatively as a harem girl. Alice's eyes almost bulged out of her head when she saw Jen. Not nearly as much as Jen was bulging out of her costume, though. To start off with, it looked several sizes too small for her. Her breasts filled out her top, with a little excess to spare. Jen had never been nearly as chesty as Laurie, or even Alice, but now she could definitely qualify as having "big boobs". But that was the least noticeable thing about her. Her stomach jutted out more than yesterday, and even hung over the waistband of her harem pants. Love handles also spilled generously over the sides where the waistband dug into her flesh. The diaphanous material that made up her pants allowed Alice to see Jen's legs. She was amazed, Jen's once silky-smooth, and slender legs had gotten much meatier. Her thighs were starting to become thick and there was no muscle visible on them anymore. Indeed, the once trim Jen now looked quite voluptuous. Even as she looked at her face, Alice was almost positive that it was rounder now, and as Jen looked down, Alice noted the forming of a slight second chin. There were also chocolate stains around the edges of Jen's lips. Looks like someone's been snacking tonight too, Alice thought to herself. Then she noticed that Jen was giggling.

"Hello, Jen, what are you doing here?" Alice asked.

"I'm taking my neighbor's kid Katie trick-or-treating" Jen replied haughtily, and still giggling.

"I see," Alice said, now annoyed, "What's so funny?"

"Oh, nothing..." Jen chuckled. Actually Jen was laughing at Alice, who looked ridiculous in her tight jeans and way-too-small T-shirt that could barely contain her increasing girth. Alice's bust strained the top of the shirt, while the bottom rode up two inches over her flabby gut, which was also splurged out over the front, sides and even back of her jeans. Her face now sported a definite second chin. "Now are you going to give us any candy or not?"

"Alright, alright" Alice said as she went over to refill the bowl with various candies and brought it back. Jen was sure that Alice's rear was going to burst right out of those jeans when she bent over, and her hips wiggled back and forth exaggeratedly as she walked back towards them.

Alice gave Katie and generous handful of candy for her bag.

"Ahem" Jen said holding open a bag of her own.

Alice rolled her eyes and gave two giant handfuls of treats to Jen for her own bag. Which, noted Alice, was about twice as large as Katie's and almost filled to the brim.

"Is that all?" Jen said disappointedly, taking another large handful for herself.

"Fine, take all you want!" Alice told her angrily. Jen gave her a sneering smile, and heaped almost half the bowl into her bag, filling it all the way up. She really should lay off the chocolate, thought Alice looking at Jen as she happily unwrapped a Hershey Bar. She's starting to break out. It was true, Jen had gotten a few pimples on her otherwise perfect face. Not that it did much to mar her beauty at all, her candy consumption was the only explanation Alice could come up with. She had found one on her own face the other day, but it was probably because she hadn't been washing her face enough, she wasn't eating that much candy... was she?

"Thanks tubby, seeya at school on Monday!" Jen laughed, as she and Katie left. Alice couldn't even think of anything to say. She was watching Jen's rump sway back and forth as she walked away, but really, she was noticing that Jen had an equally large bag of candy in her other hand. Her midsection rumbled. Oh well, Alice thought, the previous mental pathway already gone from her head. I'm hungry, I hope Domino's will deliver at this hour.



# 7. Alice

Alice was just a little worried now that the holiday season was upon her. She was sure that she had managed to survive Halloween without piling on too many extra pounds (although she was reluctant to step on a scale to actually prove her belief) but Thanksgiving and Christmas promised that there would always be plenty of tempting treats on hand for the next few months.

She heaved a sigh as she heaved herself out of bed, something that was becoming increasingly difficult. At least, with all that cheerleading practice, I should be able to work off some of these extra calories, thought Alice to herself. And considering that both Jen and Laurie seemed to be swelling bigger and bigger these days...well, it was only a matter of time before they outpaced her! Alice smiled at the thought as she stuffed herself into some fresh clothes. The pants, like most of her clothes, were too binding around the waist to be entirely comfortable. She struggled to get the snap done, squirming desperately to get the tight clothes over her thighs. Eventually, she just gave up. Since it was a weekend and she wouldn't have to deal with Jen, Laurie, and their superior attitudes she didn't even bother buttoning them but instead pulled down her sweater to cover the gap. The sweater itself was packed full of Alice's melon-sized hooters and Alice's bra felt uncomfortable and constrictive. Breast flesh oozed over the top of the cups and the body band cut into the flab on her back.

"I really need to get some new clothes," thought Alice. "These old ones just don't cut it anymore. Guess it must be a sign that I'm growing up. I'm definitely going to do that soon, yup." In the back of her head, a nagging little voice insisted that she'd packed on a little weight but Alice resolutely ignored it. She simply knew that she couldn't have blimped out that much.

It was a brisk Saturday morning and Alice didn't have any plans for the day. Denise was off visiting relatives out of town and most of the rest of the squad had taken off on their own ways for the weekend. Alice pondered what to do for the rest of the day; It was a nice day and it seemed a waste to spend it indoors.

"Alice!" called her mother from downstairs, "Breakfast!"

Not surprisingly, Alice's mother had prepared a meager breakfast of oatmeal and juice. That might be enough to sustain you, thought Alice bitterly, looking at her mother's svelte figure, but this isn't going to keep me until 10 o'clock. Geez, it's hard being a teenage girl; you need nutrients, you know!

"Any plans for the day, dear?" asked her mother, distracted behind the morning paper. "I hope you're not going to waste it all indoors watching TV like you did over the summer."

"Mom!" protested Alice, "Summers around here are too hot to do anything! You know that."

“Yes, but it’s not too hot today. You really should go out and get some exercise, sweetie. You know how you tend to chunk up during the winter...”

“Thanks a lot, Mom,” mumbled Alice under her breath and subconsciously inhaling to reduce her now considerable paunch. “Well, since it’s such a nice day, I think I’ll probably just go for a walk.”

“That’s good,” said her Mom, nodding with approval. “Just don’t get lost. And if you’re going to stop for lunch, try not to get anything with cheese or sugar, hmm?”

Alice fumed to herself as she left the house. “I wish Mom wasn’t always so critical!” she huffed, “That’s all she ever talks about: Alice, you’re too fat! Alice, you’ve gained weight! Blah blah blah!” She paused briefly to run her hands over her prominent curves. “I don’t think I’ve gained that much weight at all! I couldn’t have! If she thinks I’m fat, she should see Jen and Laurie... those two are well on their way to becoming certified Goodyear blimps! Ha!”

The idea stayed with Alice as she walked down the street. If she COULD get her mom to see Jen and Laurie, maybe she wouldn’t be on her case so much. Certainly, she’d have to admit that Alice wasn’t hugely obese...

Her stomach gurgled urgently; already, the oatmeal had worn off. “Well, I’m not going to go stuff my face now!” thought Alice, frowning as she remembered her mom’s warning, “I’ll just poke around a while before I go into town. It should AT LEAST be lunch time before I eat again.” Alice turned off the street and started up a nearby hill. It wasn’t very steep but Alice was so out of shape that she was huffing and puffing and flushed red by the time she reached the top. Her tight pants chaffed her thighs as she lumbered over the crest of the hill, panting.

“(Gasp!) Whew, I don’t remember this hill being so steep!” she said to herself, “C’mon, Alice, you can do it! Think of it as exercise.”

There wasn’t much up here, although she did get a nice view of the town below. Alice’s tummy gurgled and bubbled again, and she frowned as she lifted her sweater slightly to get a better look at it. It was bigger than it had been before, hanging over her pants’ waistband in two distinct folds. She grabbed a handful of flesh and jiggled it slightly before pulling her sweater down again. “I’m not that fat,” she reassured herself, although the delusion was getting harder to maintain.

There was some forest up here- or, more properly, some dense brush – and Alice headed into the woods, hoping to push any depressing thoughts of her recurring expansion out of her mind.

She hadn’t been walking long before she realized that she had been here before.

An old wooden treehouse gave it away. Or it would have been, except that it wasn’t in a tree. For lack of a better word, then, it would probably be a clubhouse.

“Ooo!” said Alice, “I remember this place! I used to play here when I was little. Wow, I haven’t seen it in years!”

With a grunt, she got down on her hands and knees and peered inside. Due her to swollen size, it was getting harder and harder for her to bend down but Alice tried her best to ignore this sign of her increased poundage.

“I used to spend hours hiding up here,” thought Alice, “Now those were good times.” Of course, most of the time that she had come up here, it had been because she had just raided the cookie jar and needed a quiet hide-out to devour her loot in secret. But still, good memories.

“I wonder if I could still fit in there,” she thought, looking at both the small doorway and her own chubby body. With her plump thighs, rounded belly, and large breasts, it might be a squeeze- but she thought she could make it.

She lay down on her stomach- another activity made difficult by both her increasing waistline and her inflated jugs- and pushed herself forward through the door. Her head fit through easily, although she did snag her hair a bit. Quickly, she poked her fleshy arms through, grabbed hold of the sides of the doorway and pulled with all her might. Her upper torso slowly pinched through, although her massive chest compressed to the point that she could barely breathe. The suddenly, her upper half popped through, and air rushed back into her lungs. She lay gasping for breath for several seconds – inhaling so deeply she feared her bosom might actually pop out of her sweater- before continuing with the job.

Unfortunately, things got a lot harder from there. Alice’s wide hips could not be compressed as her bust could and they were firmly wedged into the doorway. She pushed with all he might but her thighs and belly completely filled the doorway and refused to budge.

She squirmed desperately, trying to shove herself farther into the clubhouse but she was simply too fat to fit through the door.

“Oh, crap crap crap!” moaned Alice, twisting in a vain attempt to free herself. This was yet another reminder of just how much weight she had put on. Her soft body was squished tightly into the small opening and she didn’t see how she could possibly get free.

“Um..are you okay in there?” said a familiar voice from the outside, causing Alice to jerk suddenly.

“Oh no,” swore Alice to herself. It was Jen.

“Yes. I’m just, uh, waiting here.”

“Oh. My. Gawd!” said the voice, stifling a giggle. It was Jen, all right. “Is that you, Alice?”

There was no point in denying it. “Yes,” said Alice sheepishly. “What’re you doing here, Jen?”

“Well, we just finished a picnic and now we’re watching you, fat ass! Are you stuck? Ohmygawd, you are such a blimp! I can’t believe this! Wait’ll Laurie gets a load of this! Laurie! Over here!”

Several seconds later, Alice could here the distinct noise of labored breathing. "That... damn...hill," gasped Laurie's voice, "Since when has it been so steep? What's your problem, Jen? I-oh!"

They both broke into hysterical laughter.

"Yeah, great, laugh it up," snapped Alice sourly. "Why don't you two do something useful and give me a hand here?"

"I don't think we'd be able to move you," sniggered Jen's voice, "We'd need a crane! Haha!"

"Hey," said Jen's voice brightly, "This is just like in Winnie the Pooh!"

"Yeah, great," said Alice, kicking her chubby legs. She managed to twist herself around but accomplished little more than causing her sweater to ride up- revealing the "v" of her open pants.

"Fine, Alice, we'll get you out. Jen, grab her legs and we'll pull her out." Alice felt two pairs of hands grab hold of her legs and pull with all their might. She moved slightly, causing large rolls of blubber to surge up around the plugged doorway but nothing else.

After several minutes, Jen and Laurie let go, wheezing terribly.

"Geez, Alice, you weigh a ton!" said Laurie, "I think we'd need the entire football team to get you unstuck. Hey, Jen, we should get them! I bet they'd like to see what sort of girl cheers for them."

"Oh, be quiet!" cried Alice, "You guys don't have to be so mean! Just get me out of here!"

"Yeah, whatever," laughed Laurie again, "C'mon, Jen, grab her ass; if we can't pull her out, maybe we can push her in!"

"What good will that do?" asked Jen, "Then she'll just be stuck inside. Whatever!"

Alice felt two pairs of hands sink into her fleshy behind and shove her.

"Oof! I can't get a hold of you this way," shouted Jen, "Your butt's too soft and squishy!"

"Just give one more shove," said Laurie. "If that doesn't work, we can just leave her here till she loses some weight."

"What?" cried Alice, horrified. Would they really leave her here? She twisted herself around to protest, just as Jen and Laurie pushed again. It was the magic combination; Alice suddenly popped through, landing in a pile inside.

All three girls were silent a moment, wheezing to regain their breath.

"See?" said Jen after she'd regained her breath to a degree, "That didn't do any good. Now she's just trapped inside."

The two girls turned at a sudden splitting sound. Alice had stood up inside the fort, her head easily bursting through the rotted roof wood. Jen and Laurie began laughing as Alice gingerly picked her way out of the wreckage of the fort, stepping over one of the low walls.

Alice was really embarrassed now. She was panting, her rounded face beet red, her heavy breasts heaving, her blond hair disheveled. With embarrassment, Alice suddenly remembered that she hadn't bothered to button her pants this morning. She glanced at the two laughing cheerleaders angrily.

Laurie fell backwards, convulsing with laughter at the sight.

Eventually, she recovered enough to get up again- except that she couldn't. Her own bloated tummy made it difficult for her to rise from a lying position and she finally had to call for Jen to help her.

Jen bent over, exposing her widened rear. The back seam of her pants was pulled snug, separating each cheek of her expanded butt.

Laurie and Jen had each put on considerable weight, too, by the looks of things. Laurie's potbelly stretched her shirt tight, revealing the slight depression of her belly button. She still tucked her shirt into her khakis, and the creases around her waist belied how tight those pants really were. The button looked like it was hanging on for dear life and Laurie looked like she was having trouble breathing. Her face had become rounder and plumper, and it looked as if she was starting to get a double chin. But the biggest change was in her breasts- if Laurie's jugs had been big before, they were absolutely huge now. They trembled violently as Laurie wheezed and panted, seeming ready to pop out of her constrictive top.

Jen too had developed a rather noticeable gut, made all the more obvious by the tightness of her spandex leggings. The outline of her panties was clearly visible

"Can't fit into those pants anymore, huh, chubby?" laughed Laurie as she stood. "Well, that's not surprising, seeing as you've outgrown that door, too! Maybe if you stop stuffing your fat face all day you won't get too fat to squeeze through regular doorways, too! Ha ha!"

"It was a small doorway!" protested Alice, "I'd like to see you fit through there!"

"Ha! Easily! That'd be no problem for a skinny little cheerleader like me!"

"Yeah?" shot back Alice, "Prove it!"

"Fine! I will!" Laurie gasped, recovering from her giggles, before throwing herself on the ground. Just as Alice had before, she tugged herself through the hole. And, just as Alice, she had some difficulty maneuvering her blubbery hips through.

"Uhh," grunted Laurie, squeezing her bloated frame through the hole.

"C'mon, Laurie!" cheered Jen, "You can do it! Push a little harder!"

Laurie struggled, trying to push herself in but she had gained too much excess flab to

easily fit through the tight doorway. She pushed and groaned, slowly twisting herself around and aiming her rounded butt into the air. Both Jen and Alice heard a strange whining sound as Laurie writhed around- Her desperate movements were causing the overloaded seams of her too tight clothes to squeal in protest. Her body jiggled and bounced as she pushed and squirmed with all her might and finally – finally – squashed her way inside.

Laurie stood up, her face flushed with the exertion. “Showed you, didn’t I?”

In the excitement, the button had finally popped off her slacks. She laughed triumphantly, causing the zipper to grate down a notch but she didn’t notice it.

“Oh, yeah,” agreed Alice, covering a smile with her hand, “I guess you were right. Well, thanks for your help. I guess I’ll see you guys on Monday!”

And with that, Alice ran off. But she didn’t get far before she burst out laughing.

# 8. Alice

A few weeks had past since the tree house incident but Alice was still feeling good about it. She knew for sure that Jen and Laurie were gaining weight just as fast, if not faster, than she was. Unfortunately, some knowledge can be dangerous and this was that sort of knowledge. Knowing that her two nemeses were packing on padding, Alice didn't feel quite so pressured to stick to her diet regiment. If she'd been secretly snacking between meals before, she was doing it in public now.

Of course, her mother still disapproved. And she wasn't going to let Alice forget it, especially now that they were on their way to Thanksgiving dinner at Alice's grandmother's house.

"Now, Alice," said her mom, "You know how your grandmother likes to feed you, so you'd better be extra careful about what you eat or you'll be a whale by the time we go home. Okay, honey?"

"Mom!" protested Alice, "I'm not gonna overeat! I've been sticking to the diet, really."

Alice's mother cast a withering glance at her daughter as they pulled into grandma's driveway. Alice had tried to dress nicely for this event, since it was a family occasion. Her long blonde hair was pulled back to reveal a pretty face that, while always slightly chubby, had definitely grown chubbier in recent months. She wore a nice turtleneck sweater that had been the right size for her several weeks ago but was now pulled tight enough around her enhanced knockers that it was obvious she must have taken a few too many trips to the fridge lately. Her slacks were tight around her thighs and rear but not tastelessly so.

Alice felt herself getting red. Did her mom suspect that her daughter had actually gained weight? She'd told her mom that she had her eating under control, that she'd shed a few pounds, but the opposite was true. After the tree house incident, Alice was filled with a new confidence- enough that she actually pulled out the scale and took a look at her weight. Which, as it turned out, hadn't gone down at all! Instead, it had skyrocketed. She had finally surpassed her old all-time high of 170 pounds. She was a whopping 175 pounds now! 175 pounds of pure blubber, she thought miserably. If she didn't stop gaining, she'd soon look like a float in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.

That image didn't help to cheer her up at all. She couldn't help it, she thought about food constantly and the constant reminders from Jen, Laurie, and her mom just reminded her that she was always hungry.

Alice heaved herself out of the car. Her mother, climbing out the other side, glanced

meaningfully at her daughter again. She certainly didn't like the way Alice had been blimping out ever since the school year began. She had hoped that getting back on the cheerleading squad would be enough to melt all that excess flesh right off her, but it just wasn't happening.

She just couldn't understand it. Alice had always been chunky, ever since she was little. Alice loved eating and there had been times when she had had to hide the cookie jar just to keep her daughter from stuffing her face between meals. It didn't help that Alice never even seemed to be aware of how much she was eating. She could demolish an entire pack of oreos and still be convinced she was just eating a "light snack." But why was Alice such a butterball when no one else in the family was? If she didn't slim down soon, thought Alice's mom, I'm going to have to take some drastic measures...

Her thoughts were interrupted as Alice's grandmother came out of the house to greet them with open arms. Like Alice's mother, her grandmother was a svelte woman. Even in her old age, she retained her naturally petite figure. Unlike Alice's mother, however, her grandmother didn't see this as a good thing necessarily. She was an immigrant from the old country (For our purposes, who cares which one?) and if there was anything that she thought was more important than eating it was feeding others. Alice always loved trips to her grandmother's house because there was bound to be some tasty baked treats on hand.

"Alice!" shouted grandmother, grabbing her pudgy granddaughter and squeezing her into a hug. "It's so good to see you again! Oh, you poor thing, you're so thin! You need to go inside and help yourself to some pie right now!"

"Mother, don't encourage her," growled Alice's mom. "She's trying to lose weight."

"Lose weight?" said Alice's grandmother. "Really, she's so young. That's all baby fat. It doesn't count at all." Grandmother swept them inside, where relatives were already gathering. And snacks and food were already laid out. "Cookie?"

Alice felt obliged to accept, despite her mother's dirty looks. Perhaps it was her imagination but it felt like her grandmother offered her more treats than she did to anyone else. Of course, Alice was her favorite granddaughter, so that might have been part of it. And Alice was also the most rotund guest at the gathering so maybe it her grandmother just assumed it made sense to use her to get rid of leftovers.

Unfortunately, most of her other relatives were full-blooded Americans who couldn't appreciate the importance of curves on a growing girl. She caught several disapproving looks from some aunts and uncles.

"Oh, there's Alice," said someone, "Looks like she's put on some weight."

"-she's bigger than I remember-"

"-when did she get so fat?-"

Embarrassed by the whispered comments, Alice couldn't help but grab a few extra snacks from the buffet table to make herself feel better. Nibbling on the end of a cookie, she



plunked herself down on a couch and braced herself for the worst.

“Oh, hello there, Alice,” said Aunt Myrtle, flashing an empty smile. “It’s so good to see you again.” She winced openly as she took in Alice’s fuller figure. “My, you’ve grown since the last I saw you! Been hitting the fridge, have you?”

“Er,” said Alice self consciously, “Yeah, well, I’m on a diet.” She felt herself turning red as she realized that she still had half of an uneaten cookie in her hand.

“I’m sure you are,” said Aunt Myrtle dubiously. “Alice, you should really try to watch your weight.

You know what they say, all a girl really has is her figure. And if she let’s that go to pieces...!” She shook her head, clucking sadly.

“I prefer to think a girl’s got more than just her figure to worry about,” muttered Alice under her breath but she didn’t want to say anything to a relative. Especially since her mother was in the same room. Aunt Myrtle turned to talk to some distant cousin and Alice quickly crammed the rest of the cookie into her mouth.

“Tifa,” said Myrtle pulling over an emancipated girl, “This is Florence’s girl, Alice.”

“Mmm,” mumbled Alice, her fleshy cheeks bulging with cookie. Tifa smiled nastily.

“Hello, Alice,” she said, her words dripping with disdain, “It’s been a while, eh? So what have you been up to? Not still cheerleading, are you?”

Alice gulped down the food in her mouth and briskly wiped her sleeve across her full lips. “Yeah, as a matter of fact, I am,” she said, just a tad defensively. She got enough of this guff from Jen and Laurie; she didn’t much feel like hearing it from relatives, too, especially not when they were all celebrating a holiday dedicated to eating. It wasn’t like she was the only person eating, thought Alice. It just so happened that she was the only person on whom those extra calories ever showed up.

Tifa’s eyes opened wide in disbelief. Quickly, she looked Alice up and down, taking in her chunky face, her copious bust (now filled out so far it seemed ready to split her sweater), her rotund belly, and ample, meaty thighs.

“You can’t be serious,” blurted Tifa without thinking. “You’re way too huge to be a cheer- I mean, that’s nice. Do you go to a lot of practices, then?”

“Of course,” said Alice hotly. “I go to all of them.” That wasn’t really a lie, thought Alice. She did attend every practice session, even if she did sit a lot of them out. But then even Jen and Laurie sat out a lot these days. If only she could get these stupid relatives of hers to come see a game, she thought miserably. Then they’d see that she wasn’t nearly the enormous cow

that they seemed to think she was.

Alice had continued to bring goodies to school in hopes that Jen and Lauries' greed would soon cause them to surpass her in size and it looked like it was starting to work. She'd seen the two head cheerleaders' progress just before they all broke for Thanksgiving holiday.

At the last cheer meet, neither of them had done a single exercise, instead just standing at the front of the line and yelling at the rest of the squad for being too slow and lazy. Laurie's gut was larger than ever, hanging out of her sweater and over the waist of her cheer skirt. She constantly tugged on it absently, seemingly unaware of its growth. Ever time she pulled on her sweater, it caused her melon-sized hooters to bunch together and bulge from her neckline like rising bread dough. Laurie's whole body was becoming softer and flabbier, her cheering outfits no longer fitting her as loosely as they once had, and she had a definite double chin now. It wasn't as defined as Alice's admittedly, but it was there. Alice had even overheard some of the other cheerleaders in the locker room gossiping about Laurie's expansion.

"Oh my Gawd," whispered Kristine, a lanky brunette with short pigtails, "Can you believe Laurie? She's always yelling at us that we can't do anything right but she never does any of the exercises herself anymore! Who does she think she is?"

"And have you noticed how fat she's getting?" said Lizzie, a tall black girl with long frizzy hair. "I don't know if she's gaining weight because she's not doing the exercises or she's not doing the exercises because she's gaining weight."

"She'll look like a weather balloon pretty soon," said Denise, a small scrawny girl with glasses.

"Hey, Alice, you hear that!" called Kristine, "The rate Laurie's going, soon she'll be bigger than you!"

"Ha ha," said Alice sarcastically, although she couldn't help but smile at the thought.

"Sorry, we're just teasing," said Kristine. "Laurie picks on everyone but you've probably got it worst. You know, I have to admire you, still coming in to cheer even when you've...um... put on some weight. I don't think I'd have the courage to face the queen bitch that way."

"Thanks," said Alice dubiously. It was a backhanded compliment at best but she meant well.

"I tell you, I'll be glad when Laurie can't do the cheers anymore," said Lizzie, "I'm sick of her yelling at us all the time. When she gets so big that we have to roll her onto the field, we'll finally have an excuse to get her off the team! No offense, Alice."

"What?" said Alice. "What's that supposed to-"

"Hey, have you seen her lapdog Jen lately?" interrupted Denise. "You know how she does anything that Laurie does? Looks like that includes getting fat!"

Jen, too, had been steadily swelling up like a blimp as she constantly gorged herself on the high calorie snacks she stole from Alice's lunch. She now had a noticeable gut that stretched her cheerleading sweater. It wasn't nearly as large as Laurie's paunch but that was mainly because Jen tended to accumulate adipose in other areas, such as her hips and derriere. Jen's rump had reached monumental proportions. She still wore her old pants, now way too tight for her. They looked like they were painted on and the rear seam seemed to be on the verge of giving her a wedgie. Her massive behind shook and jiggled when she walked and, since Jen still walked with her usual sultry shimmy, it shook and jiggled a lot.

The three cheerleaders broke into giggles, thinking about Jen and Laurie. Alice didn't much care for the cheerleaders – even though they weren't trying to be mean, she still felt like they regarded her as different just because she was plumper.

"So," said Tifa suddenly, snapping Alice out of her thoughts, "Every practice, huh? Well, I guess stranger things have happened. You've got more bounce to the ounce, as they say. At least that's going for you."

"Yeah, unlike you," grumbled Alice as Tifa walked away. "I'd rather be a little hefty than a skeleton like you." Disgusted, Alice tried to think of something else to take her mind of her snotty cousin. Food came to mind. No, no, she scolded herself. She'd promised her mother that she wouldn't eat. Especially not after the way her scrawny ass relatives were treating her, like she was some sort of insane eating machine unable to control herself. She'd show them. But she didn't.

There was too much good stuff and too many people offering it to her. She couldn't resist grabbing treats – cookies, nuts, chips – from finger bowls around the room, telling herself each time that she could afford to snack just this once. By the time dinnertime rolled around, she already felt slightly bloated.

"Supper!" called Alice's grandmother. Alice looked up to see a gigantic turkey had been placed at the center of the dining room table. Not only that, it was surrounded by plates and plates of mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, stuffing, casseroles, and pies.

The relatives all gathered around the loaded table. Alice found it was rather cramped and her rounded gut prevented her from pushing her chair in as far as she would have liked. She blushed slightly, hoping that no one would notice what a tight squeeze it was for her. Alice's mother glared at Alice quickly, silently warning her to go easy on dinner. Alice felt ready to say something nasty but she bit her tongue. Her mother was really getting on her nerves. She took a little turkey but nothing else. Poultry isn't too fattening, she thought to herself as she cut into the giant bird.

"Some stuffing, Alice?" asked her grandmother, pushing a steaming dish toward her.

"No thanks, Grandma," said Alice, "I think I've got enough on my plate for now."

“Ridiculous,” said Grandma, scooping some stuffing out and plunking it in front of Alice without waiting for reply. “You can’t have Thanksgiving without stuffing. And that turkey’s so dry. Put some gravy on it, will you, dear?”

“Mother,” said Alice’s mom, “Don’t feed her like that!”

“Nonsense, she’s got the rest of the year to diet as much as she wants. Let the girl enjoy a good meal one day in the year.” That shut her mom up. Alice smiled slightly, silently thanking her Grandmother. As exasperating as her constant force feeding was, it was gratifying to her put Alice’s mom in her place. Even though Alice was rather full – and stuffing herself wasn’t going to help her shed any pounds – she felt she had to finish this plateful. It was a small victory over her domineering mother, at least.

No wonder they call this stuffing, thought Alice after cleaning her plate. I’m absolutely stuffed! Her belly was swollen and the pleats of her cable-knit sweater were flattened out across her bulk. But now Grandma was piling mashed potatoes and greens on her plate (“You need your vegetables before you can have dessert, dearie”) and she didn’t have the strength to protest. Slowly, she ate her way through the food, each bite going down slower and harder than the last. She hoped that by eating slowly she could discourage her grandmother from giving her too much more food- but no such luck. Even before she was done, some yams and ambrosia appeared in front of her. And cranberry sauce. Who can resist cranberry sauce? Alice didn’t have any trouble with that since it was soft and squishy and went down easily. And, finally, after that, there was pie – three kinds. Apple, peach, and pumpkin. Grandma gave her small slices of each, although small to Grandma wasn’t small to Alice.

And after dinner, Alice felt like she was going to burst.

A cousin was offering her some finger sandwiches and it had come to the point that, even though she felt rude for doing it, she had to decline. There was no way that she could force down another morsel, she thought groggily. Her stomach bulged so far in front of her that she could barely see past it. She gingerly sat on the couch, wincing at the pain of an overfull belly. She felt like she had swallowed a beachball. Her slacks were desperately tight but Alice didn’t feel comfortable with unsnapping them in front of all the assembled relatives. Her pants were so tight that she felt as if they would cut her in two. She surreptitiously put one hand on the side of her bulging gut to feel its size; it hung over the waist of her pants, ready to fall out of her sweater if she moved too quickly. If she just stayed still for the rest of the day, though, she should be fine...

Driving home, Alice’s mother wasn’t happy at all. She was going on and on about Alice’s weight, telling her how she was never going to get any thinner if he kept eating like a pig blah blah blah. Alice barely heard her. She was so gorged she could barely stay awake. Her clothes felt like they were on the verge of bursting off her. She stroked her enormous, tight stomach, which bubbled and gurgled quietly as the moving car jostled it. For once, she felt like she’d had a decent meal, a big, tasty, filling meal. By the third plate, she’d given up worrying

about dieting. Why worry? Just enjoy the moment.

And for once, she had.

## 9. Alice

Back home, Alice went back out into the woods. She sat down on a stump and buried her head in her hands. The whole Thanksgiving gathering had been nothing short of a disaster. Despite all her promises to control herself, her appetite had gotten the better of her and she'd spent the entire day gorging on sweets and snacks. Even worse, it had all happened in front of her mother. And she'd been an absolute glutton at dinner, filling her gullet until she felt like a stuffed Thanksgiving turkey herself. There was no way that mom was still going to believe Alice when she said she was still on a strict diet.

Slouched forward with her head in her hands, Alice gazed miserably at her rotund body. Her fleshy belly sagged into several distinct rolls when she leaned forward. They were clearly visible through her shirt. Great, she thought, now I can't even hide my pot belly under my shirts anymore. At this rate, I'll grow out of everything I own by Christmas. That'll be nice. Hey, Mom, can you get me bigger clothes for Christmas? Cause I'm too porky to fit into my old ones. She'd love that."

Alice couldn't deny it any longer. She was definitely gaining weight. She'd tried to convince herself that her pants were shrinking in the wash, that her boobs were swollen because it was that time of the month, and that the frayed stitching in her panties was due to too many violent rinse cycles. But after listening to all that criticism, all day, she had to admit that she was the fattest person in her family. Maybe the fattest person in the whole school. Hell, she felt like the fattest person in the state.

"Hello?" said a voice. Alice jerked her head up to see a gangly boy with a dark mop of unruly hair and a worried expression on his face. It was Tyler.

"Hey," said Tyler, half smiling, "Long time, no see."

"Oh..." said Alice, blushing crimson. She hadn't seen Tyler in quite a while, not since the pizza place incident. She was still a little embarrassed about that whole thing, back when she'd been so giddy about not having to diet that she'd gone and made a total fool of herself in public. And in front of a boy no less! He had to think she was a total pig.

"What're you doing here, Alice?" he asked. "Are you okay?"

"Sure, I'm okay," said Alice, wishing that her hoarse, squeaky voice didn't betray that she was on the verge of bursting into tears. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I dunno." Tyler shrugged. "You just sound... kind of funny. I'm sorry for interrupting, do you want to be alone? I guess this is the sort of place people come to be alone."

"No, it's okay, might as well join me," said Alice wretchedly. "Misery loves company." She was just waiting for him to say something about the incident at the pizza parlour. What had

she been thinking that day? She'd acted totally out of character, almost as if she was controlled by some sort of malevolent puppet master. No, more like she was a character in a story subject to the arbitrary and fetishistic whims of some omnipotent narrator!

Tyler must think she was a shameless exhibitionist. And a greedy pig on top of that. He'd probably gone along with the whole thing simply because he was too shocked to do anything else. If it had been anyone except Tyler, she might have even suspected that he went along with it so that he'd have something to laugh about with his jock friends afterwards. That was the sort of thing Chris – her stupid ex-boyfriend who's been mentioned in passing in some previous chapter waaaay back in the day – would have done. But she'd seen Tyler in class, always quiet, always keeping to himself. He didn't tease people. He meant well.

Tyler sat down. He fidgeted a little and cleared his throat awkwardly. "So..." he began. "I haven't seen you around school much. What have you been up to lately?"

Eating and getting fatter obviously, thought Alice venomously. How much weight had she gained since their last meeting? She tried to do some quick calculations but her head was swimming with numbers. She'd been ballooning so fast and so furiously that it seemed like every time she stepped on the scale, she'd see a new number.

"Nothing much. Went to visit some relatives for Thanksgiving. Nothing else to report, really."

"Yeah, I went to a family reunion. It was okay. Lots of aunts and uncles asking why I'm not a math whiz like cousin Jane or a football star like cousin Irving. That's always fun."

"Heh. My relatives do the same thing. Except that they're always talking about my wei... Oh. You might as well say it, too, Tyler, since I know you must be thinking it."

"Thinking what?"

"That I'm huge. I'm a big fat blimp. I've gained ten pounds since the last time I saw you and I can't stop! And I know you probably think it's because I go around stuffing myself in public like I did that one time, but I don't!" Yeah, but what difference does that make if I still do it in private, she thought to herself.

"I figured you didn't," said Tyler. "I mean, you were just so excited that your mom took you off your diet...I thought you were just celebrating."

"It doesn't matter! It's just...I'm so fat!" Alice blurted. She waved her chunky arms down to draw emphasis to her rounded body. Her pudgy belly rose like a mountain before her, still overstuffed from her huge dinner. Her meaty tits tested her bra and, behind her, she knew that her ass must be reaching the point where it could rival Jen's.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I keep trying to diet, to lose some weight. But no matter what I do, I just seem to keep ballooning bigger and bigger. Sometimes I feel like there's nothing I can do about it...like I'm a raft attached to a pump and being inflated constantly. Do you know how much I weigh now, Tyler? 175 lbs! I'm sure I'll hit 200 by Christmas and who

knows how heavy I'll be by the end of the school year. I'll probably be the size of an elephant."

She sat down heavily. She was so depressed about her weight that she was almost surprised that the stump didn't buckle beneath her bulk.

Tyler bit his lip uncertainly. "I don't think you're –" he began but stopped. There was no use denying it, Alice was more than pudgy these days. She was getting bigger.

"I think it looks good on you," he said.

Alice looked up suddenly, tears streaking her pretty, rounded face. This was something different. She'd expected that Tyler would try to tell her that she wasn't fat. She could argue with him about that. But this took away her main excuse to feel depressed.

"And, honestly, I don't know where your relatives get off on telling you that you're too fat," he continued, staring at his feet and shuffling back and forth. "I mean, it's your body. It's no concern of theirs. As long as you're not unhealthy or anything, why should they care?"

"Wait, wait," said Alice, "Go back to what you said before. It looks good on me?"

Tyler blushed just a little. "Um...yeah. I mean, you know, you wear it well. You're cute."

Alice smiled weakly. "Thanks," she patted him on his knee. Tyler shifted awkwardly and stuttered something. Alice pretended not to notice but she couldn't help but be surprised. She didn't have much experience with guys. Her only previous relationship had ended badly when Chris dumped her for "porking up" too much over the summer. Even with her limited knowledge of male behavior, she could still recognize what Tyler's uneasiness meant. He really did like her. He wasn't just saying it to make her feel better. He truly and honestly thought she was cute.

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Cute. Alice couldn't stop thinking about that. Someone thought she was cute. Even with all her extra flab, Tyler still thought she was cute.

After the meeting in the forest, Alice felt a little bit better about herself. Perhaps she was fat, she thought. Perhaps she never would qualify as petit. But that didn't mean she was an unattractive beast.

In the locker room before practice, Alice pushed her long blonde hair out of her eyes and examined herself in the mirror. She couldn't help but notice the jelly rolls around her jiggy midsection, bunched up around the waistband of her undies. Her plump, rounded face now sported a definite double chin.

Alice pulled her sweater down over her big boobs and jumbo tummy. It didn't completely reach her skirt and left a narrow strip of bare, pink belly flesh. She sighed, resigned that there wasn't anything she could do to disguise her blimping figure. These cheerleading uniforms left very little to the imagination. Alice briefly wondered if Tyler ever came to see the school football



games. Probably not. That's just as well, I wouldn't want him to see me busting out of this tiny little uniform anyway, she thought.

But there was always the big homecoming game at the end of the year. Everyone came to that. Even Tyler would have to be there, right?

Alice couldn't believe what her eyes. Both Jen and Laurie had picked up some pounds over the break. Alice still thought she was bigger than both of them..or was she? She wondered how much the two girls weighed. If they were still lighter than she was, they weren't going to stay that way long.

Laurie wasn't even making a pretense of joining the vigorous workout. She stood apart from the other cheerleaders, chewing angrily on a chocolate bar and hurling insults at the rest of the squad while they worked.

Alice noted with just a hint of wicked glee that Laurie had filled out even more over Thanksgiving. It looked like she no longer needed Alice around to have an excuse to eat. Maybe Laurie was too cheap to have her uniform altered or maybe she was still in denial about her increasing pudginess, but her outfit was hanging on to ever massive, womanly curve on her body. Her tits jostled for space in the constricting top, mashed up and together by the unrelenting fabric.

Jen, meanwhile, sat across the field from them, jotting down notes about each cheerleader's performance in a playbook. She sat at a standard high school desk-chair combo that some custodian had helpfully left on the field for some earlier function –maybe the drama club was out there doing something, I don't know. In any event, Jen was having some trouble fitting her bulbous bum behind the desk. The space was just too narrow for her giant booty, which peeked out from under her too-short cheer skirt. The flashing white of her stretchy panties could be seen every time she tried to readjust her position and cram herself between desk and chair. She tended to scrunch up her face in distaste with every attempt, which only served to emphasize the prominence of her new double chin. Her chubby, almost chipmunk-like cheeks wobbled and her thicker arms jiggled as she struggled fruitlessly.

"Awful, just awful," Laurie snarled, marching up and down the line. "You, like, should be ashamed to call yourselves cheerleaders. I cannot believe how out of practice you all are. I swear, if I don't see some improvement, you are all off the squad! We've got the big game coming up soon and I don't want anyone here messing things up when we're out in front of the crowd. Especially you, fat ass!"

Laurie whirled about to face Alice, glaring into her eyes venomously. As she turned, her enormous bust swayed and shimmied violently and Alice could almost swear she heard the faint pop of failing stitchery. Alice briefly imagined the scene if Laurie's magnificent hooters did break free from their bonds and smiled inwardly at the thought of the bitchy captain's humiliation. But if Laurie was starting to rip her shirt, she hadn't popped enough threads to burst it apart yet.

"I'm not going to mess up," mumbled Alice, embarrassed. She knew she was fat. Why did Laurie always have to rub it in? And, in this cheerleading outfit, she was especially

conscious of the size of her ass, of all things. It jutted out behind her and she felt that the short skirt did a poor job of covering it. If it weren't for Jen's massive cheeks, she would probably be famous for having the biggest, widest butt on the squad.

"Whatever, fatso," said Laurie, grinning evilly. "Of course, I probably don't need to worry about you being too fat and slow to keep up with the rest of us. Next week is the annual fitness test, as you know, and I'll bet you fail miserably. And once that happens, I can finally get rid of you."

That was enough.

"Bite me," said Alice.

The entire squad froze. A slight smirk danced across Laurie's face.

"Like, what did you say?" said Laurie.

"I said 'bite me,'" said Alice, her courage building. "I'm sick of your attitude. You think you're so great just because you're the team captain and you've got massive boobs. Well, whoop dee do. I don't think you're a very good captain and I certainly don't think that you're a better cheerleader than I am because you're thinner."

"Ha! Of course, I'm a better cheerleader cause I'm thinner. That goes without saying, lard ass."

"If you're so much better, why don't you prove it? All you ever do is yell at us. I don't think you can do any better."

Laurie stood straight, her huge, fleshy bosom testing the limits of her sweater. What was she now? Her chest was steadily swelling as she gained more and more weight, and Alice could only guess that she had to be in the double E cup range, possibly even an F. Her tubby tummy hung over the waistband of her skirt, the soft, jiggly flesh just beginning to sag.

"You don't think I can do any better, do you? Ha! Shows how much you know, fatso. Why do you think I'm team captain and you're just team...team...you're just ordinary person on the team, huh?"

Alice shrugged. "If you're so good, why don't you actually try doing some cheers instead of bullying us around? A good captain ought to lead by example." The assembled cheerleaders mumbled agreement uncertainly. They weren't used to anyone challenging the status quo, least of all someone at the bottom of the pecking order like Alice.

"Delighted!" said Laurie sarcastically. "Jen, hold this!" She tossed her chocolate bar to Jen, who caught it and – with hardly missing a beat – began to nibble on it herself. "What do you want to see? A triple whirl barrel-stocker? A flange-whammy colon curl? How about something challenging- a nice end-of-term Octobased pyramizz-a-rosy?"

Alice's head reeled. Those were all really complicated moves, moves that Alice knew for

a fact she couldn't do, even at her thinnest. Even if Laurie was getting out of shape, Alice didn't want to challenge her to do something that she herself couldn't at least match.

"Maybe later," said Alice, trying to act nonchalant. "But first I want to see you do something that I know you can handle- how about a cartwheel?" The cheerleaders began to giggle and Laurie glared at them menacingly.

"Done!" Laurie tossed her head and threw back her shoulders – her enormous bosom pressing through the shirt's material so tightly that you could almost discern the outlines of her nipples – and began to prance down the field. Her cheer sweater rode up slightly as she ran, revealing the pale, pasty flesh of her burgeoning gut, and the soft cellulite on her legs and thighs wobbled and jiggled with each footfall. When she moved quickly, there was no disguising the fact that Laurie was definitely getting fat!

And then she flipped over into a cartwheel. Or something close to one. The flip was awkward since she hadn't taken her new center of gravity into account. She tumbled over with a grunt, her sweater sliding up around her head, getting caught only briefly on her titanic bust. The squad started giggling as Laurie struggled to her feet, her face wrapped up in the twisted sweater, her meaty, flabby stomach and heavy-duty bra in plain view.

"Everyone, get in a pyramid!" barked Laurie, obviously pissed. Her face was crimson, although it was hard to tell if that was because of the exertion of having performed a simple cartwheel or the embarrassment at having failed. The team didn't move, except for Lizzie, who actually toppled over, she was laughing so hard. "Get in a pyramid right now! OR YOU'RE OFF THE TEAM!! AND I'LL MAKE SURE CHEER SQUAD NEVER GETS MENTIONED IN ANY OF YOUR COLLEGE APPLICATIONS!!!" That put an end to that. The cheerleader instantly stopped laughing and scrambled to obey.

"Alice, get on the top," snarled Laurie.

"But," began Alice, "that doesn't make any sense. I should be on the bottom..." She knew she was the heaviest girl in the pyramid and, all matters of hurt pride aside, it only made practical sense for her to be on the lowest level.

"No, I want Denise on the bottom!" Denise's head snapped upwards, her eyes betraying her confusion. Denise was the smallest, scrawniest girl on the team. If Laurie honestly thought she could hold them all up, she had to be out of her mind.

Alice clambored to the top of the pyramid and perched herself on Kristine's back.

"Errrrrghh." Kristine couldn't suppress a strained groan as she felt Alice's increasing poundage bearing down from above. Her arms began to shake and she broke out in a sweat. Farther below, Alice could hear similar reactions from girls all through out the pyramid.

A week ago, Alice might have felt embarrassed about this, humiliated because it was yet another undeniable sign that she was bigger and fatter than she'd led herself to believe and,

worse still, everyone on the squad knew exactly how heavy she had become. Now, however, she didn't feel that way at all. Instead, she just felt pissed. Pissed because Laurie was making them do this stupid exercise just to get even. Was she trying to force the cheerleaders to acknowledge that Alice was chunkier than she was? Or was she trying to turn them all against her by making her crush the entire squad beneath her flabby bulk? Either way, it was petty and vindictive.

And then Denise buckled. And the pyramid collapsed with a collective groan.

Laurie laughed. And behind her, Jen laughed so hard she fell over on her expanding ass. And then, still unused to her new center of gravity, had some difficulty getting up again.

"Geez, get off me!" mumbled Kristine, her face smushed into the grass. "You must weigh a million pounds! Ohhh, sorry, no offense.." Alice quickly slid off Kristine's back, clutching at her foot. Kristine's expression changed as she caught sight of Alice lying on the ground.

"Are you okay?"

"Owowowowow!!" wheezed Alice, holding her foot tightly. "I think I broke my foot in the fall!"

"Yeah, right," said Laurie. "You fell from, what, five feet? Nobody broke anything in that fall."

"I broke my glasses," said Denise timidly, holding up the two halves of her smashed spectacles.

"Shut up," snapped Laurie.

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"I can't believe Alice tried to embarrass me like that!" snarled Laurie, lying on the couch in her living room later that night. "I'll show that tubby bitch a thing or two. That twisted ankle might get her out of the fitness test, but I'll find a way to kick her off the team."

Jen grinned and nodded eagerly at Laurie's tirade. Laurie eyed her co-captain disapprovingly. Jen's button-fly jeans were absurdly tight around her chubby gut and wobbly butt. The top button was open, allowing the soft, pale flesh of her growing tummy to bulge through. Jen's famously wide rump now extended over a foot behind her and almost as much to either side it seemed. The stitches in her back pockets were frayed and worn. The pocket over the vast, round orb of her left cheek had almost fallen off. Right now, Jen was making things worse by slowly but surely mowing through a pack of oreo cookies.

"Jen," snapped Laurie, "Put down that cookie!" Jen pouted, sticking out her lower lip, but obediently replaced the cookie.

"It's not fair," she whined, "I'm hungry! You made me work out all morning without anything to eat. I deserve a break!"

“No, you don’t,” said Laurie nastily. “You’re working out exactly because you keep eating cookies. Face it, Jen, you’re starting to get kinda pudgy. The way you eat, I can almost see you getting fatter. I’m trying to help you. I like you and all, but I can’t have a fatty on my team. It’s bad enough that I can’t get rid of that cow Alice but I’m sure as hell not gonna sit around and see my co-captain blow up into the Goodyear blimp!”

“I am not blowing up!” snarled Jen, leaping to her feet. The sudden movement forced the second button on her button-flies to \*pop\* open.

“See?” said Laurie. “Listen, Jen, next week is the annual fitness test. This is our chance to make sure that blimpo Alice gets booted off the team. If I know her, as long as she’s got a sprained ankle, she’ll sit on her fat ass, eating. She’ll be so out of shape by the time it’s healed that there’s no way she’ll pass. Do you honestly think she’ll be able to do a pull-up? Ha! The only thing is, we won’t be able to justify kicking her off for failing if we fail, too. Didn’t you learn anything from today? We were lucky that Alice fell on her fat ass but we can’t count on that next time. Now do you understand why you’ve got to keep working, blubberbutt?”

Jen scowled and grabbed her pants to redo up the fly. She had some trouble and had to suck in her chunky gut to get the buttons to reach each other. “You’re porking up, too, ya know,” she said defensively.

“Yeah, right. Look, Jen, I know it’s hard to accept that you’re turning into a lardball but there’s no need to start, like, projecting it on me. Cuz that is so obviously not true.” She lurched awkwardly to her feet and thrust out her increasingly monstrous boobs. The size of her awesome knockers was matched only by her rising belly. Laurie was putting on weight all over, but her stomach and breasts were beyond belief. Her bulging belly spilled out of her sweatpants, the drawstring not drawn nearly as tight as it once was. Her breasts filled her short crop top so much that the bulging bottoms of her jumbo melons peaked out from beneath the bottom.

Jen struggled to do a sit-up. As she barely managed to push herself into a sitting position, she heard a series of soft pops. This time, the top three buttons on her button-flies had busted open, revealing even more of her swollen midsection and the top of her tight low-cut panties.

“But it’s not just Alice,” mused Laurie, striding back and forth and causing her large bust to jiggle and bounce. “I don’t think the other girls are taking this seriously either. Did you see the way they reacted today when Alice talked back? I almost think they agreed with her. Gawd, can you imagine what would happen if they all started thinking like her? We’d have a whole squad of blimps stuffing their fat faces all day.”

“Yeah, that would be awful!” agreed Jen emphatically as she struggled to do another sit-up. This time she was careful to hold in her breath, so her button-flies stayed closed.

Laurie rolled her eyes. “If you can’t keep your pants closed, why don’t you try something

else. Like touching your toes?”

Jen muttered to herself but heaved herself up and obediently stretched her arms down to her toes. Or half-way there.

“I need a way to show them why they need to keep working hard to stay fit and trim like me.” She tossed her head haughtily, throwing her long raven tresses over her shoulder, and ran a hand along her thigh. She smiled, admiring her own body and completely oblivious to the fact that there was a lot more of her these days. “And I think I know just the person to do that...”

# 10. Alice & Laurie

Christmas vacation was fast approaching and Alice had mixed feelings about that. Her ankle injury had kept her on her back and out of practice for about a month. And with nothing to do but sleep and snack, it also meant that she gained even more weight. By the time she felt ready to walk again, even her new clothes were feeling rather snug. She was afraid to step on the scale and confront her new size but she knew that she had to be expanding. Of course, everyone gained weight over Christmas, Alice knew, and she wasn't relishing the idea of having her mother get even more snippy than usual.

She heaved a heavy sigh as she spooned the last mouthful of yogurt into her mouth. Screw it, she thought, I'm just destined to be big. After half of year of denial, Alice was sick and tired of starving herself in a futile attempt to shed a few pounds. While she couldn't bring herself to admit to the exact extent of her heavier weight, she had stopped making the pretense of avoiding the high fat, high calorie snacks she loved.

She waggled her foot experimentally and found that it didn't really hurt anymore. Which, of course, meant she no longer had any excuse for lying around the house and eating all day. Mom's going to throw a hissy fit, she thought miserably as she shifted her bulk into a sitting position. Her expanded belly rolled onto her lap as she sat up, pushing against the fabric of her pajama shirt. Even her pajamas had started to grow snug as her inactivity and overindulgence had caused her to blimp over the last month. The buttons down her front pulled tightly against her ample chest and fleshy middle; she no longer even bothered to fasten the bottom three over the swell of her jumbo tummy. Or rather, she'd given up on the second two to the bottom. The very bottom one had burst of its own accord. Her pajama pants, too, were hardly as loose as they should have been. The draw string was almost completely gone, sucked into the waist of her pants in a pathetic attempt to loosen them. Even at their loosest, her pants were still cutting slightly into her tubby girth.

A sudden knock on the door snapped Alice out of her self-pity. "Who could that be?" she wondered as she heaved herself to her feet. Her mother wouldn't be home for a few hours yet and she wasn't expecting anyone else. As she hobbled to the door, she caught a brief glimpse of herself in the mirror- her chubby body packed into straining pajamas with several missing buttons. She even noticed several new stains down her front. Blushing, Alice realized she hadn't been too careful as she'd eaten her breakfast and had gotten some yogurt and pop-tart filling on her clothes.

"Nothing to do for that now," she said. "Guess I might as well see who's coming to bug me."

Alice waddled to the front door and opened it a crack, expecting to see some solicitor or maybe a Jehovah's Witness. She was just a little surprised to see the cheer squad – minus Jen

and Laurie – standing on the other side.

“Hello, Alice!” they chorused.

“Err..hi,” said Alice weakly, still keeping the door closed. She didn’t want them to see her in such a state. Besides her slovenly appearance, Alice knew she’d gained far too much extra flab to face the cheer squad. All at once, her old insecurities came rushing back. I can’t let them see this huge gut, she thought desperately, I’m sure if I work extra hard I can drop all these pounds before I see them again, I’m sure of it!

Alice gulped. “How’s it going?”

“Great!” gushed Kristine, a lanky brunette with pigtails. “But we came to see how you’re doing! We haven’t seen you since you hurt your ankle and we wanted to come by and make sure you’re recovering. We heard your mom say that you’d just about healed, so we figured it was time to celebrate! C’mon out, we’ll take you out to dinner.”

“Celebrate? Oh, um, no, sorry, my foot’s still all busted up. I can barely walk. We’d better reschedule.”

“What? What’re you talking about, girl? If you don’t want to come out, let us in. We’ll order a pizza.”

“No, really, there’s no reason to celebrate. I’m still bedridden. Honest!”

The squad member looked at each other dubiously. Alice desperately stammered out a couple more lame excuses, but it was obvious that the girls weren’t buying them. They were in the mood to party and nothing was going to stop them.

Alice grimaced. It didn’t look like these girls were going to be discouraged.

“Okay, just wait down here a second and let me get dressed quick. I’ll be right back.”

That seemed to satisfy them. Alice lumbered back to her room to dig out some decent clothes while the girls made themselves comfortable in the living room. Alice caught a brief glimpse of her tubby form in the hall mirror. She’d definitely gotten larger since she’d broken her ankle. She wasn’t sure how much larger but enough that she knew the squad was being polite by not mentioning it. Whatever. There wasn’t anything wrong with the way she looked. She was just more voluptuous.

Alice grabbed the first pair of pants she found at the top of the drawer. They were older but not as tight as some because she’d recently let them out. She loosened the drawstring and yanked her PJs down her meaty thighs. She tried to pull the pants up and nearly swore out loud when she found that they didn’t fit. She could pull them over her thighs but they were stretched tightly across the cheeks of her butt. And if these pants were too confining, she didn’t think any of her other clothes could possibly look any better. She decided to leave the top button open and just pull her shirt down over the gap rather than waste time trying to get them closed.



But shirts were a different story and Alice knew she didn't have to wear a top where the buttons were on the verge of bursting. She undid the buttons, the PJ top springing apart as she did, and pulled on a bra and a baggy T-shirt. Or rather, a T-shirt that used to be baggy. By now, Alice's massive melons were obviously pressing into tight fabric.

She hurried back down the stairs, her buxom attributes bouncing as she ran. She found the other cheerleaders still congregated in the living room.

"Hey, everyone!" chirped Alice, trying to sound cheery and hoping no one noticed her inflated figure. "Sorry about that. What were you guys planning on doing?"

"Well, this is your party," said Kristine brightly. "So we thought we'd treat you. We're going to order some pizzas. Our treat!"

"Thanks," said Alice politely. She wasn't particularly hungry since she'd been snacking all day. More importantly, though, she wasn't sure what time her mother would be getting home today and the last thing she wanted was for her diet-obsessed mom to catch her scarfing down a high fat treat like pizza. "But, uh, I've already eaten. And, anyway, I've put on some weight lately and-"

"Yeah, well, you don't have to eat anything, Alice, but we haven't eaten all day. You don't mind if we get something then, do you?"

Alice smiled half-heartedly. What can I do? She thought. I can't tell them that I'm afraid my mom will catch us with pizzas. They'll think I'm some pathetic doormat whose entire life revolves around food and diets.

"No, that's fine," she said out loud. "Get whatever you want, but don't get too many. I really shouldn't eat any." Suddenly self-conscious, she pinched a handful of the soft flab that had accumulated around her middle. Geez, I really do have a spare tire there, she thought surprised. When had she become this round?

As the cheerleaders fell to arguing about toppings, Alice dropped herself into a nearby chair to rest. Personally, she liked mushroom and pepperoni best, but she didn't think it would be a good idea to point that out. That would just make her more likely to start eating again when the pizzas arrived.

"Alice, we're getting ham and pineapple, okay? Is that all right with you?" asked Denise, sounding worried.

"What? Oh, sure, that's fine. Nothing for me, please."

"Are you sure?" asked Denise. "Listen, Alice, um, if you're hungry, you shouldn't be embarrassed about eating. I mean, it's not like you're that overweight. Um."

Denise squirmed uncomfortably and fidgeted with her glasses. "Okay, I guess I'm going to be the one to speak for the squad. We're sorry that we gave you such a hard time about your weight."

“What?” said Alice, perking up. She hadn’t expected this.

“Yeah,” continued Denise. “I guess we never really stopped to think about it, how Laurie and Jen were always such a pair of bitches to you and are always trying to get you kicked off the squad. I know they yell at most of us but you always got it worst and we didn’t stick up for you. Because we thought it was good as long as it drew attention away from the rest of us. But you’re also the only one who’s ever had the courage to stand up to those two bitches.”

“Yeah,” agreed Denise. “When you challenged Laurie last month, I almost died! That was awesome.”

“Thanks,” said Alice humbly. “I didn’t really think much of it. I was just so upset about her constant criticism that I just blurted it out.”

“Nothing to be ashamed of. You’re a big cheerleader, maybe a little heavy, but it’s time that people recognized that. So we’ve talked it over and we’ve decided never to hassle you about your weight again.”

That surprised Alice. Besides Jen and Laurie, the other squad members had never been that mean to her. At worst, they’d just been pretty insensitive. Still, it was a really nice gesture and just the thing to make Alice feel a little bit better about her increasing curves.

By the time the doorbell rang, Alice was laughing and giggling excitedly. The other girls had done a great job of cheering her up and Alice no longer felt like the hefty blob of lard she had this morning.

When she answered the door, she yelped in surprise. The pizza delivery boy was a familiar face – it was the same scrawny, messy-haired guy she’d met at the pizza shop over the summer and later in the woods after Thanksgiving. It was Tyler, and he was juggling a stack of deep-dish pizzas so that he could get a good look at his customer .

“Oh!” he yelped back, equally surprised. “Alice! I didn’t know you lived here.”

“Yeah, yeah, I guess I do.” Alice mumbled, blushing furiously. She brushed a strand of sandy blonde hair out of her face and subtly shifted her bulk so that the open door blocked Tyler’s view of her rounded belly and cantelope-sized hooters packed into her sloppy clothes. She grabbed hold of her shirt front and held fast, praying that it didn’t slip up to reveal her unfastened pants.

“Who is it? Is it the pizza?” shouted Kristine, bounding to Alice’s side. Without a thought, she pulled Alice back out, flinging the door all the way open. “What’s the matter, girl? Hiding back here, what’s that all about?”

“Um,” stammered Alice, letting go of her shirt and bobbing uncertainly as Kristine brushed her aside. She managed to avoid falling over backwards but was mortified that Tyler might have caught a glimpse of her open fly. She still hadn’t gotten over her ridiculous summer display, when, drunk with a new and fleeting sense of rebellion, she’d stuffed herself to bursting with greasy pizzas at the restaurant where Tyler worked. For some reason, she didn’t want him

to think that she was like that all the time, that she frequently gorged herself on pizza until she broke out of her clothes.

“Here’s the money,” said Kristine, shoving a wad of dollars at Tyler and bouncing off with the pile of pizzas. “Join us whenever you’re ready Alice! And tell your boyfriend to beat it then”

Alice buried her face in her hands, embarrassed beyond belief. “I can’t believe that Kristine!” she hissed between her teeth. Out loud to Tyler she just laughed nervously and said, “Don’t mind Kristine. She didn’t mean anything by that! Seriously, she’s just kidding around. I don’t know where she got that idea…”

“It’s okay,” said Tyler, smiling a bit. “There are worse things to say..I mean..uh..you know. Um, anyway, enjoy your pizzas.”

“They’re not for me!” said Alice hurriedly. “I mean, I might eat some, but they’re not ALL for me.” She remembered again with embarrassment her pig out at the pizzeria all those months ago.

“Hey, it’s okay,” said Tyler. “Nothing’s wrong with enjoying a good pizza. Speaking of which, if you ever feel like a pizza, you can just stop by the restaurant. You know, for old times sake.”

“Sure,” said Alice. “That sounds good...fine...okay.”

“Good,” said Tyler. A brief yet intensely awkward silence followed. “So..youwannagooutsometime?”

“What?” said Alice, stunned.

“Nothing, it’s stupid. Forget it.”

“Did you just ask me out?!”

“Uh...yes. Yes, I did. I mean, you know, if you’re okay with that..”

“Yeah,” said Alice numbly. She was totally shocked. She was fatter than ever before and yet this boy was actually asking her out on a date. This was just too weird! “That sounds great. I’d like to go out sometime.”

“Great. Maybe next Saturday?”

Alice nodded. Words didn’t come to her easily right now.

“Wonderful!” Tyler wasn’t nervous at all now; he seemed genuinely excited. “I guess I will see you then.”

Alice waved goodbye, still in shock. Sure, Tyler had said that she was cute. But she’d never expected anything to come from that. Maybe being pudgy isn’t the end of the world after all, she thought happily, as she walked back to join the other cheerleaders. They’d lost no time

in tearing into the pizzas and seemed to need little encouragement to start indulging.

“You know, I didn’t even know you guys ate pizza,” said Alice, watching wistfully as Kristine downed her second slice. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you guys eat anything but salads before.”

“That’s because this is the first time we’ve eaten together without Jen and Laurie being around,” said Lizzie, a tall black girl with long frizzy hair.

Alice looked around the room at all these indulging girls. Despite all her promises, the sight and smell of pizza was really starting to make her mouth water. Well, maybe one slice couldn’t hurt...

Alice found that getting any pizza was harder than she expected. All the girls were hungry and were snatching up slices as fast as they could. But Alice was quick and managed to grab a few slices and cram them in her mouth. A little too fast, she knew, as she felt her already stuffed tummy slosh a bit. But while the other girls started off fast they soon slowed down. Soon only Alice was still eating with the same gusto.

“What’s wrong, guys?” she asked, her mouth full of chewy cheese and crust. “You’re not giving up yet, are you?”

The other girls looked at each other uncertainly. “We’ve eaten plenty already, Alice!” said Kristine. She raised her sweater to reveal her slightly distended tummy for emphasis. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so full.”

“Yeah,” protested Lizzie. “This was really quite a pig-out.” She too had slowed significantly. Always a dainty eater, Lizzie seemed to spend more time wiping her face between bites than actually eating. If her belly had grown at all, it was completely obscured by her baggy cheer sweater.

Denise was the only girl who looked like she was making a real effort. As skinny as she was, her belly popped out almost immediately, bulging over the rim of her cheer skirt and edging her sweater up slightly. But even she looked like she was faltering.

“Oh, come on,” said Alice. “You said it yourselves – Jen and Laurie aren’t here and it’s our only opportunity to indulge. I can’t believe that you’re all going to give up so easily.” Alice meant it, of course. Partly because she knew that if the girls didn’t give her a hand, she’d end up eating everything her self. And she didn’t need to blow herself up any more than she already had! But besides that, she kinda felt lonely eating alone. Okay, maybe I am corrupting them, she thought gleefully, but misery loves company. And eating in a group was always more fun...

“Count me in!” said Denise suddenly. “I know I’m small but I’m not gonna let you say that I didn’t put away my share!” She pushed her glasses up onto her head ( always a sign of determination!) and grabbed yet another piece.

Of course, everyone knows how competitive cheerleaders are. It's part of the job description. No sooner had Denise announced her intentions than Lizzie and Kristine both jumped into the fray.

"Ha!" scoffed Lizzie, "There's no way that a skinny little thing like you could even make a dent in these pizzas! I'll bet I could eat twice as much as you!"

"You're on!" said Denise, grinning evilly. She rolled up her slice and jammed the entire thing into her mouth at once, fixing Lizzie with a steely, determined glare.

Soon all the girls were attacking the remaining pizzas with an almost insane gusto. For such a skinny girl, Denise made the best showing. She crammed slices into her mouth, two at a time, hardly even pausing to wipe the sauce off her bulging cheeks. She kept going even after both Lizzie and Kristine had given up.

Lizzie and Kristine both lay sprawled on the couch, their huge, round bellies in the air, stretching the material of their cheer sweaters. Lizzie had even raised the hem of her sweater up so that it fit as a tight roll just beneath her already generous bosom, leaving her new gut exposed. Kristine hadn't gone that way, but her overloaded stomach was doing its best to raise her sweater by itself. It peeked out from under the fabric, spilling over the crotch area of her skirt. She had secretly unbuttoned her skirt, though, just so that she could breathe a little easier. Bloated and drowsy, they could only manage shallow breaths as they watched Alice and Denise continue the contest.

"I haven't eaten so much in years," moaned Kristine, peering over her mountainous belly at the other girls. "I feel like I've gained about a million pounds."

"You think you feel fat?" laughed Lizzie. "I feel like the Hindenburg over here. I'm not going to be able to fit into any of my clothes after this pork out."

Denise scarfed down another slice of pizza and groaned loudly. Her belly looked like she'd swallowed a basketball and, seeing as how she was the skinniest girl in the room, her stomach looked even bigger than it was.

"I couldn't eat another bite!" she moaned, rubbing her globular paunch.

"That's it?" asked Alice incredulously. "That's all you can eat?"

Denise grinned sheepishly and shrugged. "Hey, look at me." She waved her twig-like arms to emphasize her skinniness. "Where do you think I can put any more?"

Alice wasn't quite sure how to feel about this turn of events. She was sort of happy that she'd won- since winning is always nice. But she really hadn't planned to pig out like this, and winning would only confirm to the other cheerleaders how much Alice was capable of eating. Of course, now that she knew they didn't seem to hold her weight against her, well, that wasn't such a bad thing. Still, she didn't feel that it would be right to let Denise give up so easily, after she'd put so much effort into this contest.

“C’mon, Denise, you can do better than that! You’re not going to leave all this pizza and make me be the human garbage disposal all by myself, are you? I’m probably the only one who doesn’t need any more meat on her bones.”

Denise chugged the remnants of a liter cup of soda and tossed the empty container aside. “Ooo,” she winced, holding her tummy carefully. “Now I think I’ve really overdone it. I feel like I’m going to pop!”

“Stop being such a drama queen, Denise,” laughed Alice. “Haven’t you ever had soda before? You probably just need to burp a little.”

Alice’s laughter was cut short by a sudden noise – the noise of a key turning in the front door’s lock. Her mother was home!

“Crap!” yelled Alice, jumping up and dropping pizza parts all over herself and the floor. She quickly brushed herself off and subconsciously sucked in her ample, chubby gut, hoping against hope that this might actually make her look thin enough to please her mother. Looking around the room, she realized that her’s wasn’t the only exposed belly. Denise had raised her shirt to massage her swollen paunch and both both Lizzie and Kristine seemed to be playfully comparing the extent of their own abdomens’ distentions. Mom wasn’t going to like this one bit!

“What on earth is going on in here?” snarled Alice’s mom as she entered the room, her eyes flashing. She quickly took in the scene – scattered pizza boxes on the floor, bloated cheerleaders scurrying to cover their exposed tummies, her sheepish daughter standing in the middle of this mess – and turned on Alice.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she cried, pointing a bony finger at Alice. “I thought you were on a diet! How do you ever expect to slim down if you go and stuff yourself like a pig the minute I’m out of the house? Can’t I trust you to go an hour without spoiling your diet? And it’s bad enough that you can’t control yourself, look what you’ve done to the rest of these girls!”

She swept her arm dramatically across the room to indicate Alice’s teammates. Now that her mother had returned the whole binge didn’t seem like nearly such a good idea.

“Mom, it’s not what you think-“ started Alice but her mother just interrupted her again.

“Look at yourself! You’re spilling out of your clothes! You’ve got pizza sauce all over yourself!” Alice looked down at her plump body. She did indeed have some tomato sauce spilled down her generous bosom, which did, indeed, seem ready to pop out of her shirt.

“Alice, I swear if you don’t get some self control you’re going to turn into a real blimp. And it looks like you’re intent on taking all your friends with you. You girls should be ashamed of yourselves.” She turned on the other cheerleaders, who just looked bewildered. Denise, usually so small and refined, suddenly released an earth-shattering belch.

Alice groaned. Burping probably helped Denise to feel a lot better but it only supplied Alice’s mother with more ammunition for her tirade.

"I don't believe that young girls like you could just go and let their figures go to pieces. You're all so beautiful and you're going and throwing it away. If you're not careful, soon you'll be as huge as my daughter. How could you encourage her like this? Alice can't help herself. She can't control her eating at all and you lot are just making it worse!"

Unexpectedly, she grabbed Alice by the front on her stretched shirt and pulled her close. One hand reached down to caress her bloated, gorged potbelly.

"You're even bigger than before!" cried her mother in disgust, raising the hem of Alice's shirt to expose the pale, jiggly flesh of her expansive abdomen. "You can't even button those pants anymore! Disgusting." Alice cringed, remembering that she'd left her pants open. After eating all that pizza, the situation was even worse. Her rotound gut, loaded with fattening goodies, had inflated and lowered, forcing the zipper of her pants to slide down somewhat over the course of the meal, so that she looked like an even bigger slob than she had before. Alice's mother smacked her lightly on her tender stomach, causing her excess adipose to wobble.

"Alice, what's happened to you? I know you've always been chubby, but you've never been this fat before. You're blimping out faster than ever! But I know exactly how to fix that. I was talking to Mrs. O'Shea this afternoon and she told me her daughter has the exact same problem that you do. She used to be a skinny little thing but she's just started piling on weight this year and her mother started getting concerned. She recommended a wonderful total immersion image enhancement program that she's going to send her to over the holidays! And I think that you ought to join her, Alice."

"What? Wait a minute, you want to send me to fat camp?! That's it!" Alice tore away from her mother, furious. "What's your problem, Mom? All you ever do is badger me about my weight! And I'm sick of it! Yes, I'm fat! I know it; I don't need you beating it into my head. Because, you know what? I don't care. I don't care if I'm pudgy or chunky or even obese, because this is just the way that I'm meant to be. I never would have cared, in fact, if you weren't always yelling about it!"

"Don't you take that tone with me, young lady!" shouted Alice's mother back at her. "That's exactly what your problem is: you don't care. You don't care how you look at all! How can you ever expect to make it anywhere when you're such a jumbo butterball? How can you be a decent cheerleader? How can you ever get a date? It's impossible!"

"No, it isn't!" Alice crossed her plump arms across her massive chest and looked her mother straight in the eye. "I am a decent cheerleader! I might be wider than the other girls and the uniform might not fit quite as well, but I can do it! And, by an ironic coincidence, I just got a date right before you came home. The pizza boy asked me out!"

"Sure, he did," snapped her mother. "He probably thinks he can get some extra business since you obviously eat so much! I was going to wait until after Christmas to ship you to camp, but maybe I should just do it right now! Go pack your things! You're out of here!"

"I will!" huffed Alice, "But I'm not going to fat camp!"

“Oh, yeah, fatso? Then where are you going?” Alice paused for a second. “Well...I...I... I’ll go stay with grandma! At least she’ll let me live in peace!”

“Yeah, and eat in peace, too,” snarled her mother. “If you’re going to your grandmother, you’ll definitely need to go to fat camp when you’re done. If you can still fit out the door, that is!”

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Meanwhile, across town, Jen and Laurie were also preparing for bed. They were having yet another sleepover and, as was their custom at sleepovers, they discussed their diabolical plans for showing up the rest of the squad.

“It’s, like, so easy I can’t believe that I never thought of it before,” laughed Laurie nastily, bouncing on her bed. She was wearing a pair of short pajama shorts and a tight tank top that fought to restrain her bouncing boobs as she hopped up and down. She’d been wearing these same pajamas for years and didn’t seem to realize that her increasing poundage made them way too small for her. Her chubby tummy hung over the waistband and her hefty thighs had caused the side seams to fray slightly. Her top could barely contain her mammoth breasts and creamy melon flesh oozed out the top and bottom of the tiny garment. When she moved, the tank top made audible creaking noises.

She sat down heavily and her boobs sloshed to and fro, nearly popping out of her shirt. Indeed, a tiny snapping noise alerted her that she’d managed to break another stitch in her shirt. She ignored the sound and continued talking.

“What we need to do is to show them why they need to listen to us. We used to have some great cheerleaders on the team, nothing like the lazy bunch of lardbutts we have now. Remember back when we were freshmen, when that skinny bitch senior was captain? She took this team to, like two state championships before she left for college. We need to bring her back so that she can yell at these stupid cows and whip them into shame. I can’t wait to see the look on Alice’s face when the two time state champion comes home just to tell her that she’s a cow! Ha ha!”

Jen stood up awkwardly. She, too, had put on some substantial weight. She was dressed only in a short nightie that reached down just below her waist. She filled it to its limits, her tubby thighs and chunky tummy stretching the material tight. Her rounded backside was still her biggest asset, so much that she could barely walk in the nightie. She’d taken to hiking it up over her butt, so that her colossal rump and pathetic panties were in plain view. But she still didn’t seem to think that she’d gained much weight.

“Like, yeah, that would be so sweet! You know what else is so kewl? I remember that girl was totally flat! So after she humiliates all those lazy bums, like, if she tries to get all high and mighty on us, we can be, like, don’t go there, flatass! Ha ha!”



“Flatass? Um...yeah, I guess that was pretty flat, wasn't it? The only thing flatter was her chest. Yeah, I'll bet she wishes she had these puppies!” laughed Laurie, raising her shirt. She had some trouble because it didn't want to fit back over her bloated knockers. Underneath, Laurie's groaning bra was holding on for dear life. Everytime she breathed, her overloaded DD cups creaked loudly. The soft meat bulged over the tops of the cups, threatening to tumble out if she wasn't careful.

As Jen bent over to get a closer look, both girls heard a sudden ripping noise. Jen straightened up and put her hands to her butt. Her tissue-thin panties had given up the struggle to restrain her ballooning rear and had split right down the middle.

Laurie laughed so hard that she almost fell over backwards. A sudden POP! Put an end to her laughter, though, as her bra finally busted in two and her heavy, hanging hooters surged free, pushing against her thin tank top with increased ferocity. Her swollen nipples made obvious indentations through the ripping fabric of her shirt. Laurie quickly pulled up her shirt to get a look at the damage.

“Well,” she smirked. “What did I tell you? Who's got the biggest tits in town? Me! Can you think of any other girl who's burst her DD bra before? I think not! I am the biggest!”

She cupped her hands under her jumbo, jiggling jugs and hefted them to test their weight. “No one has bigger, rounder tits than I do! If I ever meet a girl who wears a bigger bra, I'll resign as captain!”

“By the way, what's the name of the old captain?”

“Oh, I don't know. Something like Amber.”

# 11. Laurie & Alice

Today was a good day for Laurie. First, that fat pig Alice was still absent. She'd been out with a twisted ankle for such a long time that Laurie had begun to suspect she was faking it. Good. If Alice didn't want to comeback, then her plan was working perfectly.

The other reason Laurie was happy was that she'd finally convinced the old team captain, Amber, to come and put the free of God into the squad. Laurie remembered the days when Amber had been team captain back when Laurie had first joined as a freshman. Laurie had never thought much of Amber's physique, she was a real skinny bitch, but damn, could she motivate the team. It seemed like she never stopped moving, not even to catch her breath.

She looked around the empty sports field, before turning her attention to her team. As usual, they fell far short of her impossible standards.

"Alright, you losers," snarled Laurie with an evil grin on her face. "I've got a special treat for you today. I notice you've all been slacking lately. If you want to get anywhere as cheerleaders you're going to have to work those flabby asses of yours off. I know some of you are feeling sorry for blimpo Alice. And it shows in those sympathy guts."

She paused to squint at a random squad member's paunch for emphasis—unfortunately, she happened to stop in front on twiggy Denise, probably the only cheerleader who DIDN'T have a gut. That kind of ruined the point. No matter. She whirled on her heel, her hefty hooters bobbing, and continued her lecture.

Laurie was one to talk. She was so confident in her own abilities—and her own figure—that she hardly exercised anymore and didn't watch her diet at all. Most of her weight was still concentrated in her colossal breasts, which had grown to such monstrous proportions in recent months that sometimes she tended to stoop forward. Youth and an amazingly supportive bra were the only things keeping them perky. At night, when she released her grateful melons from their too-tight confines, they sagged slightly, a sign of things to come. The rest of Laurie's chunky body was positively petite next to her gigantic gazongas, but she was still growing.

"You slackers disgust me," she continued. "You don't even know the meaning of the word cheerleader. You think you've got spirit? Not likely! Now I know someone who's got spirit. She's got spirit by the boatload. I am talking, of course, about the old team captain, Amber. I took the liberty of calling her in to give you slugs a real display of cheerleading prowess. I had to twist her arm a little, because she didn't think she could still find her old cheer outfit...but she should be here any minute!"

"Yeah, so you should all, like, pay attention!" shouted Jen from the sidelines. Like Laurie, Jen constantly skipped practice. Her pudgy gut spilled out of her cheer sweater, which constantly edged up over her paunch no matter how often she pulled it back down. Her thick

legs and thunder thighs nearly overwhelmed her skirt and her wide, rounded rear stuck out behind her like a shelf. The single rear seam of the skirt, always under far too much pressure from Jen's shapely buttocks, had finally begun to split this morning, although Jen hadn't noticed. Every sharp movement she made only popped more stitches.

"Shut up, Jen, I—whoa!" Laurie suddenly lost her balance as a sudden earthquake. Still unaccustomed to her voluminous bust, she fell forward with a grunt. Behind her, Jen, pulled by the weight of her fat rump, fell backwards. The rest of the squad fell in various directions, according to many different factors.

"What the hell was that?" said Laurie, pushing herself up. Falling down made her angry, and now she was even angrier since she'd injured her big, sensitive boobs. Denise was pointing, mouth agape. Laurie turned to see what she was pointing at.

Laurie's jaw dropped as she saw the former team captain appeared on the field. When she was a freshman, she remembered Amber as being a scrawny little twig of a girl, totally devoted to exercise and cheerleading. This couldn't be the same girl! She was an absolute behemoth! Laurie thought she could even feel the ground tremble a little with Amber's every lumbering step. She couldn't even hazard a guess as to Amber's weight now. If she weighed less than 500 pounds, Laurie would eat her hat!

The enormous strawberry blonde blimp was almost entirely spherical. Each giant breast was at least the size of a mature watermelon, testing the limits of the clearly inadequate cheerleading sweater she was wearing. Her giant paunch hung out of her sweater, spilling over the cheer skirt that she had to fasten beneath her lowest roll. There was simply no way that a girl that size could ever have fit the waistband around her actual waist! The skirt had been let out several times to accommodate her monstrous girth but even that wasn't enough to encircle her enormous middle. Several safety pins were strung across the open gap in the skirt's side, desperately straining to keep the garment from shredding completely. She was so huge that she had difficulty waddling even the short distance across the field and seemed to depend on another, much smaller, girl for support.

"Hey, Laurie," said the big girl, out of breath and wheezing from the laborious trip across the field. Her rounded face was red from the effort and sweat beads glistened on her forehead. "It's me, Amber. Sorry I'm late, I had some difficulty with my uniform. It's gotten a little tight lately. Lucky for me, Sally came up with this ingenious safety pin idea." The smaller girl, a petite brunette with an enormous bosom almost as vast as Laurie's, grinned widely and waved. She had her entire body pressed up against Amber's side, as if she was fearful that Amber would roll over without her.

"WHAT. THE. HELL," shrieked Laurie, jumping up and down in rage. Her enormous bust bobbed and jiggled as she hopped and her long raven hair swirled around her head. "You're Amber?! That can't be! This has got to be a mistake!"

"No mistake," said the fat girl, "I'm Amber, used to be the captain about two years ago."

"No, no!" yelled Laurie, "What happened to you?! You're huge! My God, how did you

manage to get so freakin' fat?!"

"Me? Fat?!" Amber started in mock shock. She straightened her back and tossed her pony-tailed head in phony indignation. "

"I don't believe that any cheerleader would ever get so fat! What have you been doing, eating sticks of butter? You're even bigger than Alice!"

Amber chuckled. "Sure, Laurie, what ever you say. Let's just say that I wasn't the first cheerleader to pork up when she left the team. And from the looks of things, I don't think I'll be the last."

Laurie laughed evilly. "Yeah, as you can see we've got a couple of real cows in the squad this year. I keep warning them that they'd better watch their waistlines or they'll be as big as houses soon." Laurie waved her hand across the line, encompassing Denise, Kristine, Lizzie, and Jen in her comment.

Amber looked down at Laurie, her triple chins quaking. "Actually, I wasn't talking about them, Laurie. I was talking about you."

Laurie jolted, causing her massive, bra-busting tits to shimmy and shake again. "What are you talking about?! I'm not fat!"

"Not yet. But you'll get there yet. I see you've already started growing yourself a little tummy."

Amber poked one blubbery finger into Laurie's pudgy gut. Laurie was too shocked for words, until she heard her teammates snickering.

"Shut up!" she snapped at the team before rounding on Amber, "I wouldn't talk, you disgusting pig! I'm not fat and I'll never be fat. I don't know what you did to totally blimp out like that, but it won't happen to me! How dare you even imply that! I'll have you off the team for that!"

Amber laughed, sending ripples through her porky, flabby body. "You forget, Laurie, that I'm not on the team anymore. I graduated. I don't have time for cheerleading anymore, and the second I stopped I ballooned up into a jumbo butterball. I can tell from that chunky stomach of yours that you've got to work for that nice figure, Laurie, and once you've got something else to occupy your time other than cheerleading you might not find it so easy to stay so svelte."

"Shut up, you stupid whale!" shouted Laurie.

"Just think," said Amber dreamily, a far-away look coming into her eyes. "Fattening dorm food, tons of it. All you can eat cafeterias. Why, I didn't put on the freshman fifteen, I put on the freshman 500! And I'll bet you do the same."

"I will not!" cried Laurie. "You're the only fat girl here! I thought Alice was huge, but now I know what huge really is! You're so freakin' enormous I can't believe it! How do you even get around? I'll bet you need your stupid girlfriend to roll you around you're such a giant fat ass. And

how do you get through doors? Or fit into cars? Or find clothes that fit? You're completely round, you bloated oinker!"

Amber was biting her lip, trembling visibly. Laurie started to get a little nervous. Had she really upset Amber? She didn't care a lick for Amber's feelings, but she was acutely aware that Amber was over three times as big as she was. If Amber wanted to, she could easily squash Laurie beneath her enormous rotund bulk just by falling over forward.

The truth was something far different, however. Laurie's insults had actually had the exact opposite effect on Amber, who was now so incredibly turned on that she could barely contain herself. Every fat insult Laurie hurled at her only made her hornier. If I don't get alone with Sally soon, there's no telling what I'll do, she thought.

"It's okay, baby," cooed Sally softly, "I'll take care of you. Let's get away from the mean little bitch, okay?"

"Mean little bitch?" yelled Laurie. "And who are YOU, anyway? Her personal assistant? Does she need you to help her get out of bed in the morning? Does she need you to feed her? She's probably so damn lazy now that she needs you to prechew her food!"

Amber put one flabby hand to her mouth, trying to stifle her laughter at Laurie's outburst. Her vast bosom began to quake with suppressed laughter, sending ripples through her enormous, bloated body. The shaking movement was becoming too much for her poor, overloaded cheer uniform, and Amber could feel even more threads in her shirt popping and tearing with each giggle. Each gasp of laughter busted more stitches down the shirt's side - beginning just under her armpits and working down toward the bottom hem, Amber's pale soft flesh exploding free.

"Careful, baby," cautioned Sally but Amber couldn't stop. Her boobs bounced and jiggled, tearing the flimsy sweater fabric like paper. Her gargantuan gut heaved in and out, pushing against her skirt with such force that the safety pins were being bent out of shape. Amber tried to stop laughing but the fact that she was bursting out of her clothes, that she'd soon be completely naked in front of everyone, was only making her laugh harder. PING! The first safety pin bent open, allowing the skirt to loosen and sag. On the opposite side, the seam was splitting, exposing the tender flesh of her jumbo thigh.

Finally, she couldn't hold it anymore. "Hahahahaha!" she howled with laughter and the sweater completely shredded along the lines of stitching. With a loud ripping sound, her skirt gave up the ghost and fell to the ground, leaving Amber in nothing but her enormous, straining bra and giant thong panties. Unrestrained by fabric, her belly loomed even bigger, hanging over her underwear in three enormous rolls and almost reaching her plump, stubby knees.

Amber let loose another gale of laughter and this time her quaking body was too much for her monstrous brassiere- the back clasp popped open and the bulky undergarment flew forward, hitting Laurie in the head. Amber's FF cup melons surged free.

This only made Amber laugh harder, so much harder that it looked like her thong panties

- which were already overloaded with her big, fat buns and lower potbelly - would also break. Luckily for her, Sally stepped in, taking her by the hand and leading her away.

“C’mon, honey, let’s go, you’ve had enough fun,” she said as she led the laughing behemoth away.

“Hoo hoo ha ha! Did you see that?” laughed Amber. “That was the best!” She paused briefly. “Hey, Laurie!” she called back.

Laurie lifted the enormous bra cup off of her face to see. “What now, you fat stupid cow?”

“Bite me!” Amber shook her flabby derriere at the stunned team captain and then continued to follow Sally.

“Like, wow,” said Jen, “I don’t think she was even embarrassed at all by that.”

“Shut up,” said Laurie.

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Alice, meanwhile, had indeed recovered. She was at her grandmother’s house, finally away from her nagging mother.

“This is great,” said Alice to herself, grinning at her reflection in the mirror. “Without mom around criticizing me all the time, maybe I can finally get some peace. I know she just wants me to lose weight but I all her nagging just made me feel depressed. And I eat when I’m depressed. Without her around, I should be able to drop a few pounds. And maybe a few pants sizes.”

Alice still didn’t know how much she weighed. She was desperately curious to know, because she suspected she might have lost a pound or two, but she refused to step on the scale.

“Not till I’m sure,” she promised herself and adjusted her leotard. This was an old leotard and a bit tight, tighter than it was supposed to be. She rarely wore it precisely because it made her feel fat and the last thing she wanted was for anyone to see her in this shape. But since she was alone in her grandmother’s spare room, there was no one to judge and she was ready to do some exercises. It was bright yellow with blue leggings and it stretched tightly across Alice’s ample curves, bunching slightly around the rolls of her tubby tummy.

“Let’s get started!” said Alice, trying to sound enthusiastic. “We’ll start with some jumping jacks.” Exercise was never fun. “One, two!” Alice jumped up and down, her jiggly flesh bouncing as she moved. After a few minutes, she was thoroughly exhausted. Looking at herself in the mirror, she realized she was bright red. Man, she was out of shape! The worst part about exercising was that her sports bra no longer gave her the support she needed. She knew she

must have grown in her chestal region, just as she'd grown in her butt and belly. She knew, of course, that she still couldn't compare to Laurie. Nor could her backside compare to Jen. But still.

Now that Alice had caught her breath, she was about to start another exercise. A sudden knock on the door distracted her.

"Hello, Alice? This is your grandmother. Are you okay?"

"Yes, Grandma," said Alice. "Um, I'm not hungry right now, thanks." Ever since she'd come over, Alice's grandmother had fed her nonstop. Alice knew that it was an Old World thing, but she was desperately trying not to overeat too much. She didn't want to give her mother any more ammunition the next time she saw her. She needed to prove she could slim down on her own.

"No, no," said her grandmother through the door, "It's not that. Someone's here to see you."

"Someone to see me?" said Alice, surprised. Who would come to see her? A happy thought popped into her head: could it be Tyler? It had to be, who else would come to see her?

Alice threw open the door, expecting to see her date-to-be in the hallway. Instead, she got a nasty shock. There, standing beside her grandmother, was her mother, scowling as usual. Alice realized with embarrassment that her skin-tight spandex leotard left very little to the imagination, hugging every swell and bulge of her bloated body.

"Mom, it's you!"

"Yes," said her mother slowly. "It is. Alice, I came over because I wanted to apologize for being so hard on you. I realize now that I shouldn't pester you so much about your weight."

"Really?" Alice was shocked speechless. She couldn't believe that her mom was being sincere. But Alice was standing before her in a straining spandex outfit and she hadn't made one comment about it. She MUST be sincere!

"Yes, and to make up for it, I want to give you a special treat. A surprise."

"Wow, thanks, mom. You don't need to do that. That's great. What's the surprise?"

Her mother smiled. "Follow me and I'll show you."

"Wait a sec, should I change first?"

"No, don't bother. I've already packed some clothes for you from home. Just get in the car and I'll explain on the way."

Alice said goodbye to her grandmother, thanked her for her hospitality, promised to

write, and then waddled after her mother to the car, eager to see what the surprise was.

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Alice watched the landscape speed by as the car drove down the road. She was pissed at her mom. The surprise had been a surprise, but it was hardly a treat.

"I try and I try," Alice's mom was saying, "Lord knows I do. But no matter what I do, it seems like you just can't lose any weight. Every time I look at you, it looks like you've grown even fatter. Sorry, Alice, but this calls for desperate measures."

"Fat camp?" said Alice incredulously, "I have to spend WINTER BREAK at fat camp? Can't I at least do it over the summer like everyone else?" Alice hadn't even thought there would be any camps in session over the winter break. What kind of screwy system was this?

"No," said her mom. "We've waited too long already, and I won't wait for you to gain another pound before I take action. It turns out that the camp runs a special winter session for crisis cases like you, Alice. Think of it, you'll have lots of fun with all the other fat girls and, on top of it, you'll come back fit and trim. Isn't that nice? You'll finally be slim."

Alice couldn't deny that she wanted to slim down, but she didn't want to give her mother the satisfaction. She crossed her plump arms across her ample chest and slid down in her seat, sulking. Winter was the one time of year that she could get away with being a big girl, always bundled up under layers and layers of clothes, and with the holidays everyone else would be gaining weight, too. Of course, Alice usually blew up more than most during the season, but that was beside the point.

"Trust me," said Alice's mom curtly. "You'll thank me for this when you're older."

Alice doubted that very much.

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Alice's mom only stopped to drop her off at the office before leaving. It looked like a regular summer camp, log cabins out in the woods, the whole bit. Except that it was covered in snow! The camp commandant, a tall sturdy woman, grinned at Alice as she watched her mother leave. Perhaps it was meant to be a comforting grin, but it made Alice uneasy.

"So," said the woman, "another problem case, eh?"

"No, that's not true!" squeaked Alice.



"I know your sort," said the woman. "Fat and lazy. Spend the whole day snacking and watching TV, probably. Never even try to exercise. And I'll bet you even raid the kitchen at night."

"No, no," protested Alice, "I really do try—"

"Shut up, grunt!" shouted the woman. "You're in my camp now so kiss those lazy ways goodbye! Because everybody loses weight at Sgt. Sandra Sphincter's Crazy Christmas Image Enhancement Camp! Guards! Take this pig to her room!"

Alice could only splutter in protest as a pair of burly guards grabbed her from behind and dragged her off.

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Alice's room was a small dorm-like room out in one of the farther cabins, with nothing but a pair of bunk cots and a closet. When she came in, she realized that she wasn't the only girl who'd been sent to special winter camp. That made her feel slightly better. Misery loves company. Alice saw that she had two roommates.

The first was a freckle-faced redhead. She was about Alice's size, but unlike Alice, who tended to store her fat evenly all over her chunky body, this girl seemed to store blubber mainly in her rear end. Just like Jen, thought Alice smugly.

"Hey," said the redhead, "We've got a new recruit. How's it going? My name's Heather."

"Hi, I'm Alice," said Alice. But her attention was distracted by the second girl, lying on one of the lower cots.

This girl had to weigh at least 500 pounds; she was absolutely huge. She was so fat that the bed groaned beneath her every time she moved and Alice could feel the wooden bed frame start to buckle. Strangely, she was wearing what looked like the remnants of a cheerleading outfit. Her sweater was tightly stretched across her vast bosom. The seams down the sides had started to split and every time the girl breathed in Alice could hear more stitches popping. Her chest was so enormous, in fact, that the bottom quarter of her ridiculously inflated boobs peeked out from under the hem of the straining garment. Alice could see the over tight body band of the girl's hefty bra through the tears. The straps were way too taut, digging deep into the girl's soft, flabby sides. In front, the bottom of her overfull cups looked ready to bust apart, unable to contain their fleshy load.

Below her globular jugs, the girl's giant belly was completely bare, an enormous pink mound that rose and fell slightly with every breath the girl took. She looked like she might even be taller lying down than standing up, and the top of her beach ball sized stomach actually pushed against the underside of Alice's bunk when the girl inhaled.

Almost hidden under the folds of her gut, the girl wore a tiny cheerleading skirt. The skirt had obviously been let out several times, and it looked like someone had even haphazardly sewn additional material into the waistband. It didn't help much. The girl had outgrown even those drastic measures and now the skirt was held together by safety pins. And when I say safety pins, I don't mean that there were a bunch of safety pins down the length of the skirt. I mean that the safety pins were connected in a chain leading from one half of the skirt to the other. She was so big that it took a chain of at least four safety pins to bridge the gap in her skirt. Her black thong panties, nearly swallowed up by her bloated, fleshy thighs, looked as flimsy as a rubber band and just as inadequate for concealing her size. Alice wondered how a girl this size could even get out of bed.

Alice wondered now how she could have gotten sent to a fat camp. Sure, she was overweight, but she looked positively anorexic next to this girl! Alice didn't think she needed help with her body at all after seeing this enormous mass of quivering flesh.

"Hi," said the enormous girl. "My name's Amber."

"Hi," said Alice miserably. "Hey, I recognize that uniform! That's from my school! But you're not on my squad."

"Your squad? Oh, you're a cheerleader, too? Small world. I used to be the team captain until I went away for college. That's when I gained all this weight. I was home for the holiday season when the new captain called me in to talk to the new team. You should have seen the look on her face!"

"So what are you doing here?"

"That bitch Laurie called my parents and said she was 'worried about me,'" said Amber, "It was just the excuse they needed. They threatened to cut off my finances if I didn't get some help here. They've wanted to send me to fat camp ever since I started college because I just couldn't stop eating." A slight smile spread across her chubby face. "I used to be sooo skinny back in high school but I really started packing on the weight when I left for college. You know, freshman fifteen, although it was more like fifty for me. And I started dating Sally then and, well, she helped me eat even more."

Heather nodded. "Yeah, well, I guess I've got a similar story. I was always skinny, but I decided that if I gained some weight I might be able to grow bigger breasts. It didn't work out nearly as well as I'd have liked. Everything I ate just went straight to my big fat butt at first, but eventually I started growing all over. Luckily, it turned out that my boyfriend Justin didn't mind at all. He actually liked me better with more meat."

Alice gaped. This was bizarre. She'd never heard of anything like this, of people who thought that gaining weight was actually sexy. She wondered if Tyler felt that way about her. Was that why he said she was cute with a few extra pounds? Did that mean he was really serious? Alice still found it hard to believe that he could have actually meant what he said. Even

after he'd asked her out, she still suspected that he was just being nice.

Speaking of which, she was going to miss out on their first date! Alice groaned. "Oh, no!"

"What's wrong?"

"I'm supposed to be going on a date this weekend with a boy! Now I'm going to miss it!"

"Don't you worry," said Amber soothingly as she shifted her vast bulk in her bed, "I have a feeling that we won't be here long."

"What makes you say that?"

Amber smiled. "Let's just say, I've got some friends on the outside."

# 12. Tyler

Tyler was fretting. He was getting quite good at it.

Tyler had always had lingering, uncertain feelings about members of the opposite sex who possessed what some of high school's more Neanderthal elements might refer to as 'some junk in their trunk'. As a skinny, uncommunicative slacker whose social skills usually only extended to bizarre conversations with the school potheads who ordered pizza at 2am, Tyler wasn't really looking for any more problems in his life. In addition to school, his job, his divorced parents, his non-existent love life and his pet gerbil Harry, he didn't need any more issues complicating things.

So he tried, whenever possible, to tuck those horribly enticing thoughts of blooming love handles and overgrown tummies in the back of his mind. So long as he didn't think about it, he reasoned, it wouldn't be too much of a problem. Okay, maybe keeping his desires a secret would cause him to have a nervous breakdown when he was forty, but judging by his parents, that seemed to happen anyhow. Just ignore it, he told himself, and everything will remain normal.

And then he met Alice. And that plan got shot straight to hell.

Alice was sweet, funny, kind and above all, innocent. Where previous girls Tyler had liked had seemed so together and in control that they never needed someone like him, Alice seemed to be assaulted by all sides - idiot ex-boyfriends, rampaging mothers, conniving squad captains. And because she couldn't cope - who could? - she came to him. Or more specifically, to the increasingly huge pizzas he made.

He kinda felt bad about that. He wasn't sure if there was a rulebook for chubby chasers, but using the emotional distress of pretty girls to add some flab probably wasn't on their ethical 'To Do' list. But he decided that, with his luck, this kind of dream couldn't last. The gods had sent him enough miracles - letting Alice into his life, and then letting him watch her expand dreamily, across the border from chubby into plump and borderline Fat. He knew the other shoe was going to drop sooner or later, so he might as well enjoy it while he could. Besides, he was bringing pleasure and comfort to a girl who obviously needed it.

With the situation rationalised, Tyler felt like he was getting a handle on things. Then, the plan had been blown straight to hell again. Because, in a moment of adolescent weakness, he'd asked her out. And she said yes.

She said yes. She said yes. She. Said. YES. There were miracles and there were miracles, but Tyler was beginning to wonder if he'd accidentally sold his soul to Satan. He had skipped all the way back to the pizza parlour and strutted through the rest of his shift feeling like Casanova on Viagra. Until he realised that his plan to just play along with Alice's appetites,

wherever they may take her, could no longer work. If they were going to go out (even if it was just for five minutes, which is how long Tyler estimated it would take her to dump him), he needed to be honest with her. Confess his adoration for her ballooning bod and face the consequences. He would've done it when he asked her out, if he hadn't been stunned into an idiotically happy silence by the sight of Alice's obviously overindulged tummy.

So here he was, standing outside Alice's home a few days before their 'official' date, trying desperately to figure out a way of telling a girl she was fat and that he liked it that wouldn't result in her hitting him. Unknown to him, it was a problem that had been wrestled with by countless other young FAs. So far, a satisfactory answer had not been found.

He took a deep breath, and stepped up to the door and knocked. As the door opened, his nervous smile froze and a look of horror crept into his eyes. Standing in the doorway was not the adorably pudgy object of his adoration, but the lean, skeletal figure of Alice's mother, eyeing him with contemptuous suspicion, a Martini in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She glared down at him.

"Yes?" "Um... I'm... s-sorry... Is, ah... Is..." In Tyler's mind, alarm bells were ringing. He hadn't considered this contingency. He desperately tried to make a connection between his brain and mouth. "Is Alice in?"

"Who wants to know?" she snorted, blowing smoke in his face. Tyler tried not to gag.

"I'm, ah... a friend. Tyler?" He hoped this would be enough. She was looking at him like he was a dead rat. She laughed. She had this weird, cackling kind of laugh. It wasn't pretty.

"So she was telling the truth. The little blimp found a guy desperate enough to chase her." Tyler winced. Is THAT what Alice had said? "Well, sorry boy. You can't go hoggin' tonight. Or any night for quite some time. By the time Alice gets back, she'll be slim and svelte and beautiful enough to get someone way better than you."

I've hit a new low, thought Tyler. I'm being insulted by a girl's mother. A spark of unfamiliar anger flared within him.

"Where is she?" he asked, in a level tone that was nevertheless as cold as ice.

"Sgt. Sandra Sphincter's Crazy Christmas Image Enhancement Camp."

Tyler looked at her for a minute to make sure she wasn't joking. With mounting horror, it dawned on him what the old witch was saying.

"Fat camp?" he said. "You sent Alice is FAT CAMP?!"

"Don't say that like she doesn't need it. The little piglet needed to be taught some discipline."

Tyler bunched his hand. Into a fist. For a moment he fantasised about shoving this hideous harridan in the big pizza oven back at the restaurant, just like in Hansel and Gretel. But

it passed.

"She's not the one that needs to be taught a lesson," he said. "You might be seeing her sooner than you think." And with that, he turned around and walked away.

"What the hell do you mean by that, you little punk?!" Alice's mother called after him. But he didn't hear her. All he could think was, Well, that's another plan shot to hell.

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Of all the places Alice could've made new friends, she never would have guessed 'Image Enhancement Camp' - or 'Boot Camp for Fat Booty' as Amber had dubbed it - would've been top of the list. She was having a blast. Their cabin was large, but it was camp policy to keep 'new inmates' separate from the rest of the camp population for the first few weeks, so that the girls who'd been here longer didn't give them any comfort or encouragement. Luckily, that wasn't a problem. Alice thought Heather and Amber were the sweetest people she'd ever met, even though the two were very, VERY different.

Heather was more similar to Alice. She was bubbly, innocently sweet and a little naïve, and had been open and welcoming since the first moment she'd been shoved through the door. Amber was somewhat different. No less kind or sweet, but she was far more... worldly. Alice had never met a lesbian before - she didn't have an ounce of homophobia in her body, but living in a small town, there wasn't a big gay and lesbian population. She swore as easily as Alice said please and thank you, but never in a mean or snarky way, except when referring to her parents. Despite her proper upbringing, Alice found herself nurturing similar thoughts towards mummy dearest herself. If nothing else, Amber had certainly expanded Alice's vocabulary.

And she was enraptured by both girls' stories. After initially being stunned by their tales of weight gain, she soon found herself curious to know more, but she wasn't sure how to broach the subject. Luckily, she didn't have to. Heather leaned over - giving Alice and Amber a view of her expansive, jiggling rear (Alice noticed Amber bit her lip and smiled a little at this) and pulled open a drawer beside her bed, filled with the meagre personal items they had been allowed to take with them. She pulled out a wallet and removed a photograph from it. "There!" she said triumphantly. "This is what my 'it's for your own good' mother wants me back to."

She handed the photograph to Amber, who whistled. "Nice progress, Heather sweetie," she said. "Makes me nostalgic for the days when I was that scrawny."

Alice felt her curiosity piqued as Amber passed her the photo. It showed two friends, sitting on a park bench and laughing uproariously. One of them - an exotic-looking brunette - looked fairly hefty - about 170-180 pounds, Alice estimated, with most of it going to her bust and hips. The other... Alice looked up at the proud, smiling face of Heather to compare. Yep, it was her all right. The picture showed a diminutive high school senior, with incredible red hair tied up

in a ponytail that reached down beyond her shoulders. She wore a belly top that revealed her trim middle and cargo pants - a (failed) effort to conceal her less-than-substantial butt. Alice was never one to judge by these standards, but the girl looked pretty... flat in the chest area. She looked up again. The Heather that stood before her was the same person, but you'd never have guessed it apart from the face her face remained broadly unchanged, save for the development of a cute little double chin. She still had the same sparkling green eyes and fiery red hair (a legacy from Irish ancestry, Alice learned). But apart from that, incredible developments had taken place. Her previously non-existent bosom had thrust forwards, verging on the D range and bouncing and shifting with the slightest movement. Downstairs, Heather's once bony hips grown round and womanly and her flat bum looked like a pair of inflated basketballs. She was almost spilling out of her tight camp uniform, with slightly flabby love-handles and a tubby tummy poking out between her shirt and shorts.

"Wow..." was all Alice could whisper. "You really, uh, blossomed?"

"Did more than that!" she said happily, jumping on her bed and reclining happily, resting her hands on her mammoth gut. "Fattened up good and proper! All for my boy Justin!" A look of sadness suddenly crossed her face... "Justin... by the time I get out of here, I won't be the girl he fell for! I don't wanna go back to the skinny little flatass I used to be!"

"None of us do," said Amber. "And we're not going to. We're getting out of here, one way or another..."

Alice wasn't sure exactly how big Amber was. She was so huge that she couldn't have weighed less than 500 pounds; she was almost perfectly round, and she had some difficulty moving around at her size. Her enormous, jiggling gut hung out of her bursting camp shorts, and her shirt continuously rode up her gut, bunching into rolls just beneath her giant, watermelon-sized knockers. Her large, globular boobs pressed against the flimsy shirt with such pressure that the stitching was breaking and the outline of her heavy-duty brassiere. Amber's camp uniform seemed to have been sized for a much smaller girl.

"Don't worry," said Amber, "My girlfriend Sally would never let them starve me into submission. She'd freak. She'll be here to bust us out in no time."

"Um," said Alice, "Speaking of, uh, busting out...uh...no offense or anything... but..uh..isn't that uniform the wrong size?"

Amber grinned widely. She seemed to be enjoying Alice's discomfort. "You mean, am I too fat for this uniform? You bet I am! I'm so damn fat that you couldn't find a uniform big enough to fit me. Just you wait, though, if Sally doesn't get us out soon, well, I'll see to it somehow that this uniform is even smaller soon..."

"Besides," said Heather, "They purposely try to give you a tight uniform to make you more self-conscious, so you won't resist their weight-loss propaganda. Wait till they size you, Alice. You'll see."

"Joy," said Alice sarcastically.

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"C'mon, you've got to let me in! There's a girl in there who's not supposed to be here!"

Sgt. Sandra eyed Tyler suspiciously. She didn't like people who tried to get into her camp. Well, she didn't like them when they weren't campers, because non-campers didn't pay fees. So she wasn't going to make any money letting Tyler inside. She was a huge muscular woman and she filled the front doorway of her camp cabin, the only entrance into the fat camp complex, towering over the scrawny Tyler.

"What's this girl's name?"

"Alice."

Sandra ran her fingers down the list of campers. "Alice, Alice, Alice...oh, yes, her. The chunky blond. Nope, looks like she's supposed to be here. Her mother signed her up. Just who are you anyway?"

"Um...well, I guess I'm sorta her boyfriend."

"Oh, of course. I know your type. You think your chick's just perfect or something, because you're blinded by love. Bleh. You totally miss that your girlfriend's a big chunk. That or your one of those freaks that like fat chicks. Whatever your deal is, you can just get lost. You'll get your girlfriend back when she's nice and slim. Till then you can just wait."

She turned on her heals

One of them was a tall, tanned, well-built guy about Tyler's age, wearing reassuringly scruffy clothes and a mean expression on his face. His eyes were blazing fury, all fire and brimstone. He was pacing the sidewalk outside the camp gates, muttering something that Tyler couldn't quite catch, save the occasional bitter expletive.

The other was... Tyler couldn't believe he hadn't noticed her before. For one thing, she was hard to miss. The girl had to be over 250lbs. She was wearing hipster jeans - Tyler was amazed they made them to fit her size, and judging by the thicks love handles that spilled over the waistband and the tightness with which the denim clung to her massive thighs, they didn't - and a belly shirt. Tyler was surprised and enthused to see a girl that wasn't afraid to show off her body, especially when sporting a belly that, if he hadn't seen the rest of her equally meaty figure - he might have guessed at being pregnant with twins. She was sitting on the sidewalk, looking glum. She glanced up and gave him a dirty look.

"Dropping someone off?" she asked bitterly. "Another poor soul who needs to be saved from donuts and chubby thighs?"



This triggered a violent response from her male compatriot, who kicked a trash-can hard enough for it to dent severely. He decided to choose his words carefully. "No, actually..." he said slowly. "I was trying to get someone out."

This was enough to get their attention. The guy stopped pacing and the girl, with some difficulty, got to her feet. Then, slowly, she smiled at him curiously, and wandered over. "Really," she said.

"Yeah, my..." Well, he might as well say it, he thought. "My girlfriend, actually. Her mom packed her away to this place against her will, and I was trying to get in to see her."

The two strangers exchanged glances, as if the same idea was dawning on each of them at the same time. Then, the girl extended one chubby hand. "I'm Shelley," she said, "and this is Justin."

Tyler took her hand and shook it cautiously. The girl's excessive poundage gave her a painfully strong handshake. She took out a candy bar (caramel and hazelnut, Tyler noticed - Alice's favourite) and started chewing thoughtfully, her pretty, double-chinned face moving rhythmically with every mouthful.

"We're organizing a break-out. You in?"

Silence for a moment.

"Yeah."

# 13. Alice

This is ridiculous, thought Alice. She'd been at this stupid weight loss camp for two days and it was worse than anything she'd expected. First, she wasn't allowed to eat anything. She hadn't realized how accustomed she'd become to between meal snacking until she was deprived of it. It didn't help matters that the actual meals themselves were so meager that they could hardly sustain a child let alone a growing teenage girl. Then there were the uniforms...

The camp commandant had all the inmates lined up for inspection. Alice didn't like this at all. Even though Alice cared little for fashion, even she thought the camp uniforms were way too frumpy. Worse, they weren't even the right size. The sport shorts were too short, barely covering her thick thighs, and the waistband dug into her pudgy tummy. Her tender rounded gut spilled slightly out of the snug white T-shirt, which stretched perilously across her bountiful bust. A frown crossed Alice's pretty rounded face as she struggled to adjust her constraining clothes and get just a tad more comfortable.

Things were just as bad for the other girls. Heather's outfit strained to hide her chubby middle and hefty jugs but it didn't come close to obscuring her massive ass. Heather's plump butt cheeks were crammed so tightly into the shorts that she had difficulty walking. Whenever she moved, her shorts would edge their way downward, wedging into her crack and exposing the top of her panties. Below, one could easily make out the imprints of her underwear through the over-stretched fabric. Heather constantly had to reach behind herself and yank her shorts out from between her blubbery buns.

"This is ridiculous," she muttered to Alice. "You'd think they would have measured us before they gave us uniforms. I don't think I'll be able to do any exercises in these stupid things. If I even move too quickly, I'll bust the seat wide open."

If Alice and Heather were having some problems with their uniforms, it was nothing compared to the troubles that Amber was facing. By far the biggest girl in camp, Amber would have presented a unique challenge to even a sympathetic fashion designer. And, believe me, whoever designed these outfits had no sympathy for a larger girl.

Amber's blimped bod was bursting out all over. Her T-shirt barely covered her enormous watermelon-sized tits let alone her gigantic, jiggling belly. Her flabby stomach was entirely bare as her shirt stretched across her voluminous bosom as a tight roll. Amber's bloated gut hung over her crotch, nearly obscuring the front of the too-small shorts. In back, the shorts were hiked up way too far on account of her chunky rear. Amber's monumental backside ate up all the fabric of her shorts. There were already cracks forming in the side and rear seams, warning that those shorts wouldn't hold up under that kind of pressure for very long. Amber's bulky trunk-like legs were completely exposed through the broken seams.

Sandra strode briskly up and down the line, peering at the line of chunky girls through

narrowed eyes. Sandra didn't look like she'd ever had to worry about her weight – she was lean and muscular and flawless. Alice felt all the worse knowing she was being judged by someone like that.

“Disgusting,” clucked Sandra under her breath. “The whole lot of you. Just a bunch of fat, greedy pigs, that’s what you all are. God, I can hardly stand to look at you. You!” She pointed at Alice. “What’s your name?”

“A-A-Alice,” stammered Alice. She felt herself going red. Oh no, she thought, please let that be the end of it. Please don't let her embarrass me in front of everyone.

“Alice, eh?” Sandra laughed. “Oh, I've heard of you, piggy. Your boyfriend was here yesterday trying to bust you out. Isn't that a laugh?”

Alice's heart skipped a beat. “Boyfriend?” she murmured to herself. Who could that be? Was Sandra just making fun of her? Or could it be?... Had Tyler come to help?

“Well, Alice, why don't you come over here so that we can all get a good look at you? And see what this boyfriend of yours finds so appealing?”

Reluctantly, Alice stepped forward. She was painfully aware of the ill-fitting uniform, which felt like it was getting smaller by the minute. She considered trying to surreptitiously pull the rear out of her ass crack – since it was starting to itch and ride up – but decided against it. She knew all about people like Sandra. She would use any sign of discomfort, any acknowledgement of tightness, as a victory to be paraded in front of everyone. Just like Jen and Laurie, thought Alice darkly.

“You're a chunky one, aren't you?” said Sandra slowly as if she was considering this carefully.

Alice laughed nervously. “Um..yeah...I suppose..”

“Yeah, look at you. I'd even say you're kinda fat, wouldn't you?”

“Um...well...I guess..”

“Those shorts look kinda tight on you. Yes, you really are a little Miss Chubbybuns. That's what I'm calling you from now on. Okay, Chubbybuns?”

Alice grimaced. “Er...”

Sandra glowered menacingly at Alice. “Do you have a problem with that?” She poked a finger into Alice's hefty chest, almost pushing her off balance. Alice waved her flabby arms about as she stumbled backwards, her corpulent body wobbling. Sandra laughed harshly.

“Get back in line, Chubbybuns. Let's see who else we have here. You!” She aimed her finger at Heather, standing just to Alice's right. “Stand forward!”

Heather muttered under her breath but did as she was told. Sandra walked around the

bottom-heavy girl, stroking her chin and cooing to herself in amusement. When she was done, she stood before Heather and fixed her with a steely glare. Heather didn't wilt under Sandra's gaze, but returned it, her green eyes flashing with contempt.

"Well, well, looks like we've got a fighter here. What's your name, tubby?"

"Heather. Did my boyfriend come by yesterday too?"

Sandra ground her teeth. "You've got a mouth on you. Good to see you use it for something besides eating. But from the size of that ass, it looks like you don't use it for that very often." She slapped Heather hard across her buttocks, causing Heather to squeak in surprise and grab her bouncy booty in surprise. The slap and Heather's sudden movement proved too much for the overstrained shorts, and when she turned back to the crowd, Alice noticed that the rear stitching over her butt crack had finally started to fray, revealing just a glimmer of her teal panties beneath.

"With a fat ass like that, you need a special name," mused Sandra, "I'll call you Blubberbutt. Now get back in line, Blubberbutt!"

"I've got a name for you, too," mumbled Heather as she returned to her place next to Alice, still rubbing her tender bum.

"Are you okay, Heather?" whispered Alice as Sandra turned her attention to the next girl in line.

"I'm fine," snapped Heather. "I just got spanked by the bitch queen of the universe, but otherwise I'm marv –oh!" Heather's attention was suddenly distracted when the next girl in line answered Sandra's call to step forward. Both Alice and Heather had forgotten that the next girl was Amber.

You could literally hear jaws drop as Amber lumbered forward. She was as big as a whale. She was so fat that she made even the biggest of the other girls look puny in comparison. With every movement, you could hear threads tearing all over her over tight outfit. Could it be possible? It almost looked as if Amber was even bigger than she'd been when she first came here.

"Holy-!" began Sandra in absolute shock before regaining her composure. "You are friggin' enormous! You could paint the words "Goodyear" on your belly and you wouldn't be able to tell you from the blimp! Looks like that uniform isn't the right size, eh, blimpo?"

Amber grinned. "Yes, these clothes are too baggy. I prefer something a little tighter. Especially around the belly."

The line of girls gasped at Amber's comment. Amber merely grinned, her three- no, four – chins wobbling. Sandra turned crimson, sputtering in fury at Amber's impudence.

"You think you're funny, blimp?"

"Yes," said Amber, taking a deep breath and stretching to her full height and width. Everyone suddenly realized that, although Sandra was definitely muscular, Amber was at least three times as big as she was. As she inhaled, she seemed to balloon to an even greater size, inflating like a giant beach ball. Her splitting shirt began to ride up even more, revealing the very bottom of her globular hooters and threatening to snap back up to her neck. Her shorts, already tearing at the seams, started to rip further, exposing her drum tight underwear, which, itself, looked like it would start breaking if Amber kept going. And she did. She was taking the deepest breath that Alice had ever seen a girl take, and she was growing so big that it almost seemed that she wouldn't stop until she popped. Maybe the other girls had the same thought because the line stepped back nervously as Amber reached her full bloated size. Sandra looked powerless and tiny next to this monstrous zeppelin. Her point made, Amber slowly began to exhale, shrinking back down, her clothes groaning in mild relief.

Sandra was not amused; in fact, she was furious. She pulled out her whistle and blew shrilly into it, the piercing noise causing many of the girls to clap their hands to their ears.

"For that little display of disgusting..uh..fatness, you all have to run fifty laps around the field!" barked Sandra. "And that's just to start! Then we'll see who's laughing! Go!"

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Lap running was hard for everyone, but especially for Amber. While most of the girls loped gently down the track, guts jiggling, breasts bouncing, Amber could only waddle slowly. She was by far the biggest girl in camp, so huge that she even seemed to have difficulty walking sometimes let alone jogging.

"A little help here, girls?" said Amber, waving her fleshy arms helplessly as Alice and Heather approached. Amber was sitting on her massive bottom, leaning against a tree.

Alice and Heather looked at each other dubiously but dutifully set to work, trying their best to lift this enormous behemoth off the ground.

"You know," said Heather, "I don't mean to be rude or anything, but Goddamn, Amber, I've never seen anyone as big as you. I think you're almost as tall lying down as you are standing up."

"Taller, actually," said Amber wistfully. "Or I was, at least."

"Don't you ever worry about... you know?" asked Alice. "I mean, it looks like it's even getting hard for you to, um, walk. Maybe you should cut down a little?"

Amber just laughed. "Hard to walk? Isn't that the whole point of this?"

Throughout the day, she could barely do any of the exercises. Everything that required

her to lay or sit down was a joke – once she plopped down, she simply couldn't get back up without help. And the best part was that Amber was really in no hurry to get up. And that just made Sandra more and more furious with her.

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The last straw came a week later. Everyone was feeling under the weather. Who wouldn't after a full week of starvation and constant exercise? Alice especially hated being woken before dawn, at 5 a.m., everyday to go out running. Before dawn was her sleeping time! On this particular day, Alice found herself being shaken awake out of a particularly nice dream.

"No," she mumbled, waving her hands. "Don't wanna. Sleepy."

"Wake up, sleepyhead," said Heather groggily. She, too had only just woken up and she couldn't help yawning as she struggled to rouse Alice. After a few minutes, Alice finally gave up resisting and pulled herself up.

"Bleh," she said, rubbing her eyes. It wasn't even light out yet. "What time is it?"

Heather squinted at the glowing face of her wrist watch. "4 a.m."

"4 a.m.? This is even earlier than usual! We don't have to be lined up for another hour."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. But I heard Sandra blow the stupid wake-up bugle, so she must want us up."

"You're kidding!"

"No," said Amber's voice from her bunk. "I heard it, too. Help me up, will you, girls? Then let's go see what's up." Amber waved her flabby arms for assistance.

"Here we go again," sighed Heather and grabbed ahold of one arm. Alice grabbed her other, and the two girls struggled to pull her upright. It was hard work. Odd, thought Alice. Both she and Heather, and most of the other girls at camp, seemed to have lost a little weight this week. Alice, being naturally chubby, hadn't seen much progress. Her clothes still fit her way too tightly, and her pudgy tummy still bounced and jiggled with every exercise they did, but she had noticed that her legs didn't seem to rub together when she walked anymore. Heather, however, was naturally skinny and had only gained her weight through hard work. Deprived of her snacks, she'd already slimmed noticeably. Her tummy was slightly flatter and her hefty boobs had shrunk just a tad, so that they didn't test her shirt as they had before. Her butt weight, though, hadn't changed at all, and she still had to yank her knickers out from between her plump buns every few minutes. The only girl who hadn't slimmed at all was Amber. She seemed even bigger than ever. Idly, Alice wondered if it were somehow possible that Amber was absorbing all the fat that other girls were losing. But no, that would be ridiculous.

With a mighty heave, Alice and Heather finally got their titanic roommate to her feet. Amber nearly stumbled and fell flat on her massive paunch but didn't.

"Alright, then, let's see what this is all about," she said, waddling toward the door.

"Um," began Alice. "Shouldn't you put some pants on first?" Amber had slept in nothing but her top and some old panties, both stretching to bursting around her wide girth. Amber looked down to the best of her ability. Her multiple chins made it hard to look down, but, even if she could, her jumbo chest and monstrous rotund belly blocked any view of her lower body. Grinning, Amber shrugged her shoulders.

"As far as I know, I might have pants on already. Let's go. Oof. Oh, bother." Amber had tried to waddle through the doorway but found that she was now actually too wide to fit. Her hips brushed against either side as she tried to pass through.

"What's wrong?" asked Heather. "C'mon, hurry up! Sandra will blow her top if we're late." Heather was in no mood for delays this early in the morning.

"Just a sec," said Amber, shifting her weight slightly. She tried again. Amber's bulk was only slightly too big for the door. This time she actually started to get through before she found she couldn't go any further. Her thunder thighs were wedged in tightly.

"What's wrong now?" groaned Heather behind her.

"I'm stuck, that's what's wrong!" said Amber. She squirmed but it was true. She'd actually outgrown the door!

"You're stuck? How can that be? You fit through this morning! Jeez, what's with you, Amber? It's like you're blowing up more everyday!"

Amber only smiled coyly. "A little help, girls?" she said sweetly.

"That should be your catchphrase," said Heather. "Alright, Alice, on three, let's push." They heaved their shoulders into Amber's soft, doughy backside and pushed with all their might. Amber popped out of the door and out of the room.

"That wasn't so hard," said Alice brightly. She always tried to be positive. But she couldn't help but worry. If Amber had managed to outgrow the door in a week, who knew how big she would be before the end of camp? Alice dreaded to think what they'd have to do if Amber expanded to the point that they wouldn't even be able to shove her through the door. What would they do then? Knock down a wall? Leave her to sleep outside? She shook her head. They'd worry about that later. Right now, they had other problems.

As they approached the main cabin, Alice saw plump, groggy girls stumbling toward it from all directions. So Sandra did blow the wake-up bugle, thought Alice, I guess Heather and Amber didn't just imagine it.

Inside, Sandra had everyone line up as usual. She glared at our heroes as they plodded

in, but saved an especially venomous stare for Amber, with her enormous size and her flimsy underwear. Amber's underwear was so tightly stretched that it left very little to the imagination. The outlines of her public hair could be seen through the front of the stretched fabric and her ass crack was clearly visible through the tissue-thin material in back. Amber lumbered into the cabin, this time taking special care to turn sideways so she could maneuver through the door.

Inside, Alice noticed a strange smell. It wasn't that it was unfamiliar, it was just something she hadn't expected to smell here. It smelled like..food! Was that hamburger? Steak? Uncontrollably, she felt her empty tummy start to gurgle. Embarrassed, she looked around, hoping that no one had heard her stomach. But the other girls were too busy listening to their own stomachs. Soon the room was filled with the growling, burbling noise of pudgy tummies too long denied a decent meal.

Sandra's face broke out in a nasty grin. "I can see..er, hear that you girls are all hungry, eh?" She marched down the line, sneering. Great, thought Alice, a new way to torture us! It would be just like her to bring in a feast just to make us smell it.

Sandra stopped in front of Alice and jabbed her suddenly in her tubby abdomen. "Like you need any more food. Right, Chubbybuns? But you might get some tonight by the looks of it. I've got a special treat for you this morning. In fact, it was so exciting that I decided to give it to you early, instead of waiting till 5. It's time for...weigh in!"

Several girls groaned but Sandra put up her hand for silence.

"Now, now! I know that weigh-in isn't fun, so I thought I'd make it into a game. And who ever wins gets this nice reward."

Sandra clapped her hands curtly and her toadies suddenly wheeled in the source of the good smell – a vertible feast! Alice's mouth started to water as she saw it; everything she'd been denied this week. It wasn't just burger. It was burgers AND steak AND fries AND vegetables AND cake AND pudding AND..well, just everything.

"That's right," said Sandra. "The winner gets this delicious feast."

"What, all of it?" blurted out Heather. "There's way too much for one person-"

"Yes, exactly," said Sandra nastily. "The winner is the girl who's lost the least amount of weight."

The girls looked at each other, confused. "Don't you mean most weight?"

"No, I mean least. The girl that's lost the least weight has to eat this feast. That's right. HAS to eat it. ALL of it."

"Sounds more like a punishment than a reward," muttered Heather.

Sandra laughed. "Exactly. Line up!" The girls began to line up as another toadie brought out a scale. Some cast worried looks at the feast, which didn't seem quite so inviting anymore.



Only Amber was still staring with a look of pure excitement on her rounded face.

One by one, the girls were weighed with a camp counselor shouting out each girl's weight. When Heather stepped on the scale, he called out "180!" Heather winced; she'd actually dropped twenty odd pounds since she'd started camp. At the very least, she thought, I won't have to eat all that.

Alice was next. Bracing herself, she closed her eyes and stepped on the scale. She felt the scale depress under her feet and imagined the needle spinning round and round. As a new arrival, she knew that she couldn't have lost that much weight...but still...

"174!" called out the counselor.

Alice shrugged as she stepped off the scale. She'd lost one pound. Normally, she'd be overjoyed but now she didn't care. It was too much effort for too little pay-off. Besides that, she knew she was naturally chunky and she couldn't fool herself into believing she'd be able to keep this blubber off once she was out of here. Besides that, she didn't think being a little heavy was as bad as she once did. After all, Tyler even seemed to find her attractive that way. Wonder what he's up to, anyway....

Alice's thoughts were interrupted as Amber pushed past her to take her turn.

"Me! Me next!" she huffed, already out of breath from this quick burst of movement. The counselor looked up from the scale and blanched as he took in Amber's elephantine form, expanding and contracting with each mighty breath.

"I don't think...I don't," he turned to Sandra for help. "She's too big! Jesus, look at her! She'll break the scale!"

"Let her on," said Sandra coolly.

"Yesyes," said Amber excited. "Let me on!"

The counselor shrugged. "Go ahead," he said dubiously. Amber stepped forward, her round blubbery gut pushing the counselor out of the way. Her giant stomach was so big and blubbery that it not only prevented her from seeing the scale but the counselor had trouble as well. He had to lift her beach-ball sized gut to see the numbers.

"What does it say?" asked Amber breathily. "Tell me! Tell me!"

"It's still going," mumbled the counselor. "It's gone all the way around...this scale only goes up to 200 pounds, I don't have any idea how much you weigh!"

"Awww," said Sandra with mock concern. "The poor piggy doesn't know how much she weighs." She patted Amber on her vast, jiggy belly. "How sad. Looks like you've been eating too much, Amber. That's what causes this sort of thing. Oh, I know how much you must love to eat. That's probably what you like to do all day, isn't it? Just eat and eat and eat. But now look what all that eating has done to you. You've gotten so big and round and fat that you don't even

know how much you weigh anymore.” She grabbed Amber’s bloated middle and gave it a quick jiggle. After she released it, it continued to wobble for a good minute. “Poor poor little blimp. Well, we’ve got something to make you feel all better, don’t we? Because it looks like you’ve won our little contest. You get to eat the feast!”

Amber’s eyes lit up. “Really? I do?”

“Yes, piggy,” said Sandra smoothly. “All of it. Every last bite. I don’t want to see a single morsel on that table when you’re done. I want everything to be in your big, fat belly, do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am!”

“Good, I – wait a minute, why are you so enthusiastic? You do know that this is a punish-“

“Let’s start right now!” cried Amber, plopping her huge rear into a chair that creaked beneath her. She dove right in, grabbing burgers and cramming them into her mouth, an entire patty at a time. Sandra could only stare. Obviously, she hadn’t expected this!

“Glop! Gulp! More!” said Amber. Within minutes she had devoured everything within arm’s reach. She waved her fat arms helplessly.

“More!” she cried. “C’mon! Get that food over here!” Still stunned, Sandra motioned for her toadies to move additional plates closer to Amber.

Amber continued stuffing her face. She ate like a horse! Alice couldn’t help but feel a little sad to see all that delicious food disappear, but she wasn’t surprised. If there was any girl in this camp who could finish that feast without busting a gut, it would be Amber!

“More,” said Amber. “Hungry.” They laid another setting in front of her, a nice piping pizza this time, and Amber dove in with gusto. She was eating like a girl possessed. Alice had never seen anyone eat so much in one sitting ever. Did Amber eat like this all the time? No wonder she’d grown so huge.

“More,” called Amber huskily. She was a mess, her face splattered with food, crumbs down her gigantic bosom, stains on her shirt.

“Jeez, I think she’s going to make it!” whispered Heather. “That would be awesome! I’d like to see the look on that bitch Sandra’s face when Amber finishes the last bite!”

“How are you feeling, Amber?” asked Alice with concern. “Are you feeling full? Do you feel like you have to stop?”

“Stop? Hell no! I’m just getting started!”

Alice looked at Amber’s girth and bit her lip. Amber was obviously way beyond gorged. Even someone of Amber’s size, who could no doubt hold huge quantities of food, had her limits – and Amber looked like she was fast approaching them. Her belly stretched out in front of her

so far that Amber was unable to reach even partway around it with her pudgy, stubby arms. It was so full, so tight, so fully-packed, that it looked like she an inflated balloon ready to bust. Sweat was pouring down her face as she finished the last plate, and her cheeks and forehead were flushed red

“Done,” she said with a gasp and passed out. The assembled girls cheered. Sandra gnashed her teeth.

“Stupid back-firing plans,” she seethed.

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For days, Amber lay on her bunk, too gorged to move. The doctor had pronounced her too full to do anything and so even Sandra had laid off. They’d simply dumped her back in her bed and left her to sleep off the effects of her incredible binge. It didn’t seem possible, but now Amber was even bigger than when she’d first come to camp. Heather complained about sleeping above her, because she could feel Amber’s massive belly lifting up her mattress slightly. That problem was solved in the middle of the first night when Alice and Heather both woke at the sound of a loud crash. At first, Alice had a ridiculous thought – maybe Amber had inhaled too deeply in her sleep and literally burst apart at the seams? She turned her head and breathed a sigh of relief to see that Amber’s giant, bloated body was still intact. Instead, her increased poundage had finally over loaded the flimsy bulk, which had splintered beneath her and dropped her onto the floor. Amber continued to snore, too drunk and stuffed to even wake up at that. Alice noted that, even lying on the floor, the top of Amber’s paunch still grazed the top bunk.

The next morning, Heather surveyed the carnage with a critical eye.

“Great,” she said. “You think it was impossible getting that fatso out of bed in the morning? Now we’re going to have to lift her fat ass off the floor every morning!” She shook her head solemnly before exploding into a giggle fit.

“I love Amber and everything, but she’s seriously huge. Is it just me or is she getting bigger every day?”

“I was wondering the same thing, actually.”

“But how is that possible? I mean, we’re all eating the same gruel. I don’t see how we haven’t been able to lose any weight on this nasty stuff, but I’m even more confused by how she manages to actually gain weight on it!”

“That’s because she’s not eating it.”

Alice and Heather spun around to see a strange girl sitting at the foot of Amber’s bunk.

She was a small redhead, almost scrawny, with an enormous, top-heavy rack packed into an overmatched croptop. She grinned like a cat.

“Who’re you?” demanded Heather. “And how did you get in here?”

“I’m Sally, Amber’s girlfriend,” said the girl. “And I get here by sneaking in through the woods. That fence around camp doesn’t go all the way around, you know. There’s a missing section about a mile out in the forest. You should tell your boyfriend that.”

“Boyfriend?” said Alice.

“Yes, there’s that skinny guy with messy hair who keeps skulking around-“

“Tyler!” yelled Alice.

“Yes, whatever. And then there’s a fat girl and some jock, too.”

“Shelly and Justin!” cried Heather.

“Yes, those three have been trying to get in here for the last week. It’s pretty funny. They think all they have to do is pretend to be pizza delivery boys or something and they’ll get in. Like that ruse ever worked.”

“Well, why don’t you tell them there’s an opening in the fence?” snapped Heather.

Sally shrugged. “Well, I thought they’d like to discover it for themselves. It’s been so much fun to watch them. Besides, it wouldn’t due to have them busting you out. Don’t you girls want to lose weight here?”

“NO!” shouted Alice and Heather in unison.

Sally smiled. “Girls after my own heart. Well, I guess I’ll tell them. But first, be a sweetie and tell Amber when she wakes up that I’m leaving her this bag of candy.” She held up a plastic bag. “I know I usually sneak by with food while you two are asleep and she’s awake, but I thought we’d have some variety this time and do it the other way around. She thinks the world of you two. Which one of you is Heather? You, right?” She pointed at Heather. “The red hair, yes. Hmm, you do have a nice butt. And you must be Alice. I see why Amber likes you so much. Love those lovehandles. Anyway, I must be going. But I’ll be sure to give Justin and Tyler your regards and let them know the way in.” She stood up, her massive tits quaking in her little croptop.

“Oh, before I go, either of you two want some candy?”

# 14. Jen, Laurie, & Alice

Jen wriggled her voluptuous hips and round bubble butt into a clingy tube skirt and turned to look at herself in the mirror. Her ass stuck out behind her like a shelf. She grinned widely. She knew that her shapely butt was her best feature and she was happy to see that it had become even more prominent lately. Laurie kept telling her that she was gaining weight, but Jen liked to think that most of her extra pounds had settled on her already massive bum, making her even more desirable than ever. Guys loved a chick with some junk in the trunk, thought Jen, and no one had a better ghetto booty than she did.

Jen shook her heart-shaped rear and gave herself a playful slap. Her rump jiggled and quivered.

“Hee hee!” giggled Jen, “I don’t know what Laurie is talking about; I’m just as sexy as I ever was.” Jen carefully ignored the pounds that had settled on the rest of her body. Her breasts were bigger and heftier, just beginning to sag, and putting a bit of a strain on her tubetop. Her jutting tits were constrained by the tight garment and a good amount of cleavage welled up out the top. Jen’s midsection was soft and chubby, her belly gaining flab almost daily. But Jen didn’t notice any of this. Jen dismissed Laurie’s criticism easily – Laurie was a bitch to everyone, after all! – and Jen’s boyfriend Craig hadn’t said anything about her newfound tubbiness. So, in Jen’s bubble-headed opinion, she was doing just fine. Still, Jen wanted to be sure she still looked attractive.

“Mooom!” called Jen.

“What? What is it, dear?” Jen’s mom bustled into the room, called by her daughter’s plaintive call. Jen and her mother shared the same, pear-shaped figure. Unlike her daughter, Jen’s mom was a sticky woman but she shared her daughter’s same massive hips and buns. Jen’s mom hailed from the old world and, like many European sorts, worried constantly that her children weren’t eating enough. In her opinion, Jen was practically wasting away and she was glad to see that Jen’s backside and love handles had been expanding as of late.

“Mom, Laurie, like, keeps saying that I’m getting, like, totally fat or something. Do you, like, think I’m gaining weight?” Jen struck a pose, causing her blubbery derriere to shake and shimmy.

“What? Like, no way,” said Jen’s mom. “Laurie doesn’t know what she’s talking about. If anything, you’re too thin, Jen. Like, I totally worry about you all the time. You’re a growing girl, Jen. You shouldn’t be so thin at your age.”

“Thanks, mom! That’s totally what I thought, too. I gonna go over to Laurie’s, okay? And if she tries to say anything, I’ll let her know what you said, okay?”

Jen gave her mother a quick hug and kiss and bounded off for Laurie's, her bulging fleshy parts wobbling.

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Laurie couldn't help laughing when Jen told her what her mother had said. Like Jen, Laurie was also bulging more. The head cheerleader was feeling pretty good after hearing through the grapevine that Alice's mom had sent her away to fat camp. And there was talk that that huge hog Amber was jiggling some pounds away there, too! Laurie grinned at the thought. Served that whale right! Laurie still couldn't believe that a bloated blimp like Amber had the gall to imply that she, Laurie, would get fat soon! Laurie knew she was damn fine, especially with her massive chest.

It was still Christmas vacation, but, here in California, the weather was still warm enough to let Laurie get away with wearing tight, skimpy clothes. That's the good thing about warm climates. She never had to cover up her best assets. Today, Laurie was dressed in a tight, button-down blouse tucked into a pair of clingy slacks. Laurie's extra pounds were especially evident in her inflated gazongas, which were now in the E cup range. Laurie popped a DD cup bra at a sleepover with Jen several weeks ago, and that finally forced her to go out and buy the next cup size. Laurie now wore a heavy-duty multi-hook E cup. It took her a good ten minutes every morning to get her enormous tits saddled up. Lately, she'd noticed that it was getting harder to get all those hooks together. Was she starting to outgrow an E cup? Laurie smiled to herself. Even though her big bouncy boobs sometimes made her back ache, she was ridiculously proud of her huge bust. Nobody had such big sexy boobs, she thought. Her whole body was meaty now, her thighs tightly packed into the legs of her slacks and her flabby lovehandles spilling over the waistband, but her hooters were bigger than anything.

She eyed Jen's growing butt critically. "Are you kidding? Your mom doesn't think you're getting fat? Dude, Jen, you are like, totally porking out. You, like, need to do some serious reducing exercises or I'm, like, gonna totally have to kick you off the cheer team."

"That's not fair!" pouted Jen, stomping her foot angrily. Her flabby body wobbled in response, testing the limits of her straining tube skirt. "I am not getting fat! You're just jealous because I'm so voluptuous."

"Yeah, if voluptuous means "fatass." Don't you remember that sleepover we had a couple weeks ago? When you busted out of your panties? If that doesn't make you a big fatass, I don't know what does."

"Hey!" protested Jen, screwing her pretty face into a scowl. "You're busting out all over, too! I, like, totally remember you broke your bra that same night."

"That's totally different. Having a big pair of tits is good, having a big fat ass isn't." Laurie

leaned back in her chair and stretched her arms up above her head. Her jumbo, quivering melons strained against her blouse. The buttons down the front were already stretched to the limit, wide gaps opened between each button. Jen could glimpse Laurie's industrial strength pearly white E-cup bra through the gaps. As she stretched, the buttons and seams of her blouse whined loudly.

"Besides, Craig and Josh are gonna be over soon. You want Craig to see his girlfriend blowing up like a blimp?"

"I am not a blimp!" whined Jen, plopping herself down on Laurie's bed, which creaked beneath her. "And, like, you're putting on blubber in other places than just your breasts. I'll bet Josh thinks you're totally huge!"

"I AM totally huge, dumbass!" snapped Laurie, motioning at her bulging bra balloons. "Now shut up, cuz Josh loves my giant tits. I need a bit of meat to balance out my outrageous top-heavy figure, of course. Not like you, you're just getting dumpy and chubby."

"Shut up! Like, I am totally not!!!"

"Yes, you are!"

"Shut up!" Jen jumped up angrily, stitches down the sides of her overly tight tube skirt ripping from the sudden motion. Her creamy white thighs and skimpy thong panties could be seen through the tears, but she didn't even notice. She was totally pissed at Laurie and her mean comments.

"Why don't you, like, make me, you bubble-butt bimbo?" snapped Laurie as she also jumped to her feet. Her colossal breasts sloshed inside her tight top as she moved and the middle button popped right off her top with a loud \* ping.\* It shot across the room and hit Jen right in the face. Laurie guffawed loudly, chest shaking, as Jen yelped in pain.

"Oh, you are, like, such a bitch, Laurie!" Furious, Jen leapt at her friend and smacked her across the face. Laurie grabbed Jen's wrists and the two girls fell to the floor, wrestling. Squealing, Jen kicked at Laurie, not even realizing that her frantic movements were tearing her restrictive skirt to ribbons. She had trouble actually getting close enough to Laurie to do any damage because Laurie's billowing bra-busting knockers blocked her every move. Laurie pushed Jen away from her with an angry yell, arching her back and sending her straining buttons flying.

Their fight was suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door.

Both girls froze. "Who's there?" demanded Laurie crossly, wheezing just a bit.

"Laurie? Jen?" said Laurie's father's voice through the door. "Craig and Josh are here."

"Ohhhh, crap!" yelped Laurie, throwing Jen off her and onto the bed. "Just a minute, dad! We're, like, totally not ready." Laurie threw her long raven hair back and quickly tried to comb it into some sort of order with one hand while her other hand adjusted her destroyed blouse. She

only lost a couple buttons in the middle of her shirt, so it wasn't too bad. Her enormous breasts were still pressing forcefully against the blouse so that the once small gaps were now much bigger. She released the top couple buttons (the sides of her blouse flinging apart instantly) and liked the effect. Now it just looked like she was purposely leaving a few top buttons open to expose some yummy, rippling cleavage rather than that she'd lost a couple buttons. She didn't want to look like a slob.

"What about me?" squealed Jen. There was no way that she could pass her ripped skirt off as some sort of fashion choice.

"It's your own fault, fatso!" hissed Laurie angrily as she primped. "I told you you were packing on too much blubber and you should have known better than to try and stuff those buns into a skirt like that. I don't think I have anything that will fit over that obese booty of yours!"

"Shut up! My booty is hot and I am NOT fat! C'mon, you must have something."

Laurie sighed, annoyed. "Go grab my cheer skirt or something, will you? A skirt will give you some more room in the ass."

Jen immediately threw open Laurie's dresser drawer and pulled out Laurie's cheer skirt. She wriggled out of her own shredded tube skirt and struggled to fasten Laurie's cheer skirt around her rounder, fuller hips. It was hard work, she had to suck in with all her might to get it to hook.

"Okay, we're ready!"

The door opened and the two cheerleaders' boyfriends stepped inside. Craig and Josh were big, bulky football players – total jocks through and through. Jen flounced up to Craig – he was surprised to see that she wore a thong with a cheer skirt – and threw herself around him, mashing her pudgy belly and soft breasts into him. Laurie pulled Josh over to her, her massive cans preventing her from pulling him as close as she wanted.

"Hey, boys!" cooed Laurie, "Glad you could visit. Are you ready for some fun?"

"Sure, what do you feel like doing?" answered Josh coyly.

"Go to the mall!" yelled Laurie and Jen in unison.

"Are you guys okay?" asked Craig, suddenly noticing their disheveled appearance. "Were you fighting?"

"No, stupid," said Laurie, "We're just, like, totally..uh...this is, like, the new style. Now shut up and wait here, we have to get our shopping outfits together."

"But you just spent all morning getting dressed," protested Josh.

"Like, didn't I tell you to shut up? This is girl stuff, so just wait here and shut up. C'mon, Jen!"



Jen clapped her hands in glee and followed Laurie into the walk-in closet, their recent tiff all but forgotten in the excitement of a new shopping trip.

Josh and Craig sat down on the bed. Both boys couldn't help but notice how fat their girlfriends were getting. They weren't looked forward to the mall trip as much as the cheerleaders. Besides the fact that shopping for clothes bored them, they were embarrassed by their girlfriends' recent expansions. They didn't want people to see them walking around the mall with a pair of inflated cows like that!

Craig turned to Josh. "Dude, have you noticed how fat they're both getting?"

"Yeah, no shit. I thought cheerleaders were always supposed to be anorexic or something. But these two are turning into a real pair of porkers. At least Laurie still has a killer pair of tits. If it weren't for those amazing boobs, I think I'd have dumped her bitchy ass long ago."

"Yeah, Jen's ass is just out of control. She's gonna start getting it stuck in turnstyles soon if she doesn't cut down on the snacking. How bad do you think they're going to get?"

"I dunno, but Chris on the team used to date that chick Alice, you know?"

"That butterball? Really?"

"Yeah, she was always kinda chunky, but she's really blown up like a balloon recently. Last time I saw her, I'd say she probably weighed almost 200 pounds. She looked like she was gonna explode. Chris dumped her tubby ass long ago. Good thing, too. Can you imagine how embarrassing that would be to be stuck with a fat chick like that?"

Craig nodded. "Yeah, totally. But what are you saying? Do you think Jen and Laurie will get as fat as Alice?"

Josh considered it for a moment. "Nah. Alice was always chubby but Jen and Laurie were nice and trim till this last year. They probably won't get THAT big." He was quiet for a moment. "But if they do, we're gonna have to take some drastic action."

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Alice was not impressed by the hole. Sally had broken in through a "gap in the fence." Alice naturally thought that meant that a section of fence was missing. Instead, it just meant that the fence traveled over an uneven patch of earth, and there seemed to be a small gap in one place between the ground and the fence.

Sally slithered through the hole easily despite her massive jugs. Heather and Alice exchanged dubious looks. Neither one of them were nearly as svelte as Sally, so squeezing through that hole wasn't going to be easy at all. And they looked practically anorexic next to

Amber! How on earth was a bloated blimp like Amber going to fit through?

Justin poked his fingers through the chain-link mesh. "Hey, Heather. How you doin', babe?"

Heather grabbed Justin's fingers in her hand and pressed herself as close to her boyfriend as she could. "It's miserable in here," she said. "They hardly feed us at all and the commandant here is some sort of diet Nazi! You guys have got to get us out of here."

Shelly grinned widely. "Don't worry, girl, we'll get you out fast. At least, it looks like you've lost some weight."

Heather scowled. "Oh, shut up!"

Shelly laughed. "Hey, just kidding. Don't worry, your saviors are here now."

Alice smiled shyly seeing that Tyler was with the group. Even though she and Tyler hadn't technically even been on one date yet, Sally had called him her boyfriend. Alice hoped that Tyler felt that way too. She really did like him, and he seemed so much nicer than her ex. Chris had been a big jerk of a jock, and she'd really only gone out with him because, as a cheerleader, she'd felt pressured to date guys from the football team. But she didn't have anything in common with him and, besides, Chris had nagged her constantly about her weight. Tyler loved her in spite of her chunkiness. No no, she had to keep reminding herself, maybe he even likes me this way. It was still weird to think that Tyler was doing anything more than just tolerating her roundness.

"You okay, Alice?" asked Tyler. "Are you holding up?"

Alice felt herself blushing. "Yes, yes, I'm fine. I..I'm just tired of this place. Tyler, I'm...I'm glad you came to help."

Tyler smiled back. "I couldn't leave my favorite girl to waste away."

"Okay, Amber, you next," interrupted Sally.

"Amber? ? Her?" Shelly said, surprised. "Look, no offense, but...but she's huge! What if she gets stuck? Heather and Alice will be trapped inside. If you ask me, we ought to have Amber come out last."

Tyler and Justin mumbled agreement, but Sally shook her head. "No, no, it's going to be hardest getting Amber through, so we're going to need people pushing AND pulling. That's why we're going to have to do her first."

"Alright, let's do this!" said Amber eagerly. Amber looked downward, her double chin becoming a triple one in the process. All she could see was her own enormous bust almost spilling out the top of the stretch-out neck of her T-shirt. Below that, her vast stomach bulged out beyond even her enormous watermelon-sized knockers. She definitely could not see her feet at all! Bending down would be difficult. Groaning, she leaned forward, stretching her pudgy arms

out in front of her. Her too-tight, too-short t-shirt rode up, revealing her flabby back, as her shorts were pulled down, revealing the waistband of her jumbo XXX large knickers.

“EEERRRGG!” grunted Amber, her face starting to turn red with the effort. “I think I need some help, guys!”

Heather sighed and rolled her eyes. “Honestly! C’mon, Alice, let’s give her a hand.” The two smaller girls stood at either side of their titanic friend and gently tried to ease her to the ground. It was hard work! Amber was so heavy that Alice and Heather had to strain to support her. Amber slowly lowered herself to her knees and then slowly, slowly started to lean forward.

“Ohhh,” moaned Heather, “You weigh a ton! You feel like you’re full of cement not fat!”

Even though she was beet red and sweating with the effort, Amber managed to smile. “Why, than you,” she said through clenched teeth. “You really know how to sweet talk a girl. Uh!” Amber grunted as she reached the ground. She was now lying on the ground on her massive stomach. She was so big that her belly lifted her several feet off the ground and even had trouble pushing herself forward the small distance to the hole.

Amber scooted forward, huffing and puffing with the effort. She poked her pudgy arms into the hole and struggled to pull herself through. Sally grabbed hold of her hands.

“C’mon, give me a hand!” she called and Tyler, Justin, and Shelly joined in. Inside the fence, Alice and Heather positioned themselves to push on Amber’s wide ass.

“Heave!” yelled Sally and everyone heaved. Gawd, Amber’s heavy, thought Alice as she pushed. She was pushing with all her might and Amber barely moved. Amber waved her plump arms and everyone outside the fence pulled as hard as they possibly could.

“Stop it!” cried Amber, “You’re going to pull my arms right out of the sockets! Try pushing harder.”

“We are pushing harder!” snapped Heather. “We’re pushing as hard as we can, but your fat ass is too big to fit through.”

Amber giggled but Heather wasn’t in a light-hearted mood. “Yes, Amber, we know how much you’re loving this, but this is serious.”

Outside, Sally also looked like she was having fun. She was jumping around spastically, giggling to herself. She moved close to Amber and whispered into her ear. Alice didn’t know what she was saying, but it made Amber chuckle. Amber’s massive girth shook and shimmied as she laughed.

“What do we do now?” asked Alice.

“We’ll have to try again,” said Heather. “Everyone outside, ready? Now Amber, suck in that giant potbelly of yours, will you?”

“Sure,” said Amber and she inhaled as hard as she could. Heather and Alice threw their

shoulders against Amber's enormous bum. Their shoulders sank deeply into her soft adipose as they heaved. They could hear the kids on the other side of the fence groaning as they pulled.

Suddenly, Alice heard a loud ripping and an "oops!"

"What's wrong?" asked Heather, popping her head up.

Shelly and Tyler looked at each other with embarrassed expressions. "Uh, she said her arms were hurting," said Shelly, "so I tried pulling on her shirt instead. And it tore off."

"No surprise there," said Heather. "That shirt was so stretched it was on its last legs anyway. No big loss."

"Yeah," said Amber, smiling. "And I won't get cold with all this blubber to insulate me." She laughed, sending ripples through all her exposed cellulite. Her massive bra strap also looked ready to rupture. Alice wondered what cup size she was – maybe a G cup? Who could tell?

Shelly shrugged. "This just isn't working. We've got to find a new plan."

Everyone pondered this. Then Alice said: "Why don't we just enlarge the hole?"

They thought about this. "I guess we need to get some wire cutters," said Shelly. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

# 15. Alice

After the group was rescued, they knew they needed to split up and head off the camp grounds as the administrators would soon realize what had occurred. E-mail addresses were exchanged, and soon Alice was climbing into Tyler's car.

"Thank you so much for doing this for me," Alice said as she buckled her seat belt. "As great as those other girls were, I couldn't stand another second at that place."

"Happy to do it," Tyler replied. "I can't believe your mom sent you there though, what was she thinking?"

Alice looked down with a pout and put her hand on her belly. "Oh, I know exactly why."

Tyler leaned over and touched her shoulder. "You look beautiful, Alice, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise." Both of them blushed, and Alice looked the other way, with a smile. "Wait, I got something for you." Tyler reached to the backseat and pulled out a hot pizza box. "I thought you might be a bit hungry, so I picked this up before I got over here." Alice took the box and opened the lid, the smell of the pizza hitting her nose immediately.

"Oh my God, yes! Mmm, this looks delicious!" Alice immediately tore into the pizza, finishing the first slice before Tyler could even pull out of the parking lot.

After fifteen minutes of munching, Tyler quickly looked over and saw the box was empty. There was tomato sauce all over Alice's face, and it was clear her belly was near-ready to burst the waistband on her shorts.

"Do you wanna change? You probably don't want to stay in that forever." Tyler offered.

"Yeah, this is kinda a tad uncomfortable," Alice responded as she tried pull the waistband of her shorts down to give her more breathing room. "But I don't have any other clothes with me, and I'm not in the mood to go home yet."

"Well, we could stop by my place; my sister's old clothes are still in her room, and she's about your size," Tyler said.

"I bet her stuff probably won't even fit, the way I'm pigging out," Alice said miserably as she tugged on her shirt, which refused to cover her bloated belly. Tyler blushed seeing this, and turned his eyes back to the road.

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Tyler parked the car outside his house and walked Alice up to the door. Tyler pulled the key out from under the rug, and let Alice and himself in.

Alice saw a pleasant middle-aged woman approach the door with a smile. "Hi, Tyler! Who's this?"

Tyler began to stammer. "Oh mom...th-this is Alice. From school."

The woman looked Alice over and said, "Ooh, that's nice, Tyler. Are you a cheerleader?"

Alice was momentarily confused until she realized the similarity between her tight camp outfit and her cheerleading uniform.

"Yeah, actually," Alice said. "I haven't been in the games for awhile 'cause I hurt my leg."

"Ah, well, I guess that's why--" Tyler's mother began before biting her tongue. She'd almost asked why Alice was just about bursting out of her outfit, but thought better of it. After all, Alice was a guest and a friend of Tyler's. It was none of her business how big she was. "Just make yourself at home, kids. We have food in the fridge, if you haven't eaten."

"Wait Mom, are any of Megan's college clothes in her closet upstairs?" Tyler asked.

"Well, sure." Tyler's mother looked confused. "But why do you want those things?"

"C'mon, Alice, let's go." Tyler grabbed the girl's hand and led her up the stairs. Tyler's mother watched as Alice climbed the staircase, her bottom jiggling with each step, and saw the seams in the back of Alice's shorts were beginning to fray from the pressure. Guess that's what happens when you date a young pizza vendor, she thought.

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In fact, Megan's clothes DID fit Alice, much to Alice's surprise. She'd become so used to struggling with overly tight garments that she had almost forgotten what it felt like to actually be comfortable. Megan's old jeans fit Alice's butt and thighs perfectly – in fact, they were rather flattering! Megan really knew how to dress, thought Alice. UnfoShe looked at herself in the mirror.

Alone in Megan's room, Alice felt like she could truly examine herself for the first time in weeks. As usual, she saw a tubby blonde with her hair done back in a ponytail. Her bright blue eyes and soft red lips gave her rounded face a pleasing, innocent look. She wasn't bad looking, she had to admit. Yes, she was still chubby. Very chubby. Borderline fat, almost. But it didn't seem to matter that much anymore. After meeting Heather and Amber and realizing that they were happy despite their weights – or perhaps because of their weight – Alice couldn't get upset

about a couple extra pounds. Her stay at weight camp had done her good, she decided, even if she hadn't lost any weight.

Had she lost any weight?

She looked around the room. She knew there had to be a scale here somewhere. Every girl had a scale in her room! Alice knew that she'd only lost one pound by the time Sandra Sphincter had weighed her, but could she have lost more since then? No, that was too much to hope for. Besides, it was silly. Did she need a scale's confirmation to make her feel good? Hadn't she just been telling herself that she didn't need to be thin to be happy? And didn't Tyler like her just the way she was, flab and all?

Still...

She spied a footscale shoved halfway beneath Megan's vanity dresser. Alice gingerly bent down and pulled it out.

This is ridiculous, she thought. I know that I'm just as fat as ever. I can see that just by looking in the mirror. But maybe...

She bit her lower lip in dread.

And ever so gently stepped on to the scale.

She squeezed her eyes tightly shut as she listened to the gentle WHIRR of the scale's dial spinning around. When the noise stopped, she sighed deeply, bracing herself, and opened one eye.

Gotta do it quick, she thought, like tearing off a band aid. On three. One...two...three..

Alice looked down and saw nothing. Or rather, she saw her own voluminous cleavage. Oh, yeah, she thought. Sighing, she squeezed down her massive boobs and bent forward slightly to look at the scale.

175.

"Oh, great! Just great!" Not only had she not lost any more weight, she'd actually GAINED back that one pound she had lost.

There was a knock on the door. "Are you okay, Alice?" asked Tyler's voice. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah," said Alice, sagging down upon the bed. "Come on in. Your family seems really nice. Thanks so much for letting me come over," Alice added as Tyler came in. "I really do appreciate it. I mean, you've already done so much just rescuing me from that awful camp!"

"It was no problem," said Tyler, coughing modestly. "I was happy to do it. I mean, I

wouldn't want you to blow your whole vacation in a prison camp!"

"Thanks." Alice grinned sheepishly. Then her face fell. "But now I'm going to have to explain to my mom why I'm not there anymore! Oh, no, they're probably going to call her and tell her I ran away! Oh, I am so dead..." Alice buried her face in her hands. "Argh! I guess I need to call her right away. Can I use your phone?"

"Sure."

Alice heaved herself to her feet and followed Tyler from the room. "And to top it all off," she mumbled, "I haven't even lost a single pound!"

"Is that a bad thing?" asked Alice.

Alice considered this. "No," she said. "No, I guess not."

"Hello, mom?"

"Hello, Alice. How's Image Enhancement Camp?"

"Oh, it's...great." Alice grimaced as she lied through her teeth. She was grateful that she could do this over the phone. Her mom would have had a fit if she could see how little her daughter had changed. Alice still had the same rounded face, chunky thighs, hefty hooters, big booty, and chubby gut that had convinced her mom to send her to camp in the first place. Tyler, watching her from across the room, couldn't help but admire the way her clothes clung to those curves. Even though they weren't exactly snug, they still showed off Alice's generous figure to nice effect. Right now, Alice had her back turned to him as she stuttered to explain her disappearance to her mom. His eyes wandered down to take in the hefty twin globes of her pudgy ass.

"How much have you lost?" asked Alice's mom, right to the point.

"Well...It's not so much a matter of lost as...haven't gained."

Pause.

"What?"

Alice tried to change the subject. "I'm doing fine, otherwise," she said, trying to sound chipper. "Mom, I need to tell you something, just so you won't worry. See, the camp might be calling you soon and.."

"What do you mean 'haven't gained?'" persisted her mom.

"I mean...I haven't gained anything more."

"Well, I would hope not, you're already too huge as it is! Is that the best you can do? I sent you there to lose weight, not to plateau!"

"C'mon, mom, it's not that easy!"



“Not that easy?? I don’t care how hard it is, I sent you there to lose weight and lose weight is exactly what you’re going to do! You know how much that stupid camp cost?”

“Mom, I ran away from camp,” blurted out Alice.

“WHAT?!?!”

“I ran away,” said Alice defiantly. “I didn’t like it. They were nasty and mean and pushed me around all day and told me what I could and couldn’t do and eat, and I’m sick of it! And I’m sick of you always telling me I’m too fat! Just lay off already!”

“Alice, you ARE too fat! How’re you ever going to do anything if you’re a fat hog? You’ll get kicked off the cheer squad! You’ll never find a boyfriend-“

“I DO have a boyfriend!”

“What? Oh, that weird kid with the messy hair? He doesn’t count, I mean a real boyfriend“

“Shut up, mom!”

“Don’t you take that tone of voice with me, young lady!” shouted Alice’s mom, so loud that Alice nearly dropped the phone. “I’m tired of fighting with you about this! You go back and finish camp right now! I don’t want to see you in this house again as long as you’re a blimp, so you’d better drop some pounds and fast!” She slammed the phone down, leaving Alice listening to a dial tone.

Alice crumbled to the floor, falling upon her well-padded rear and bouncing ever so slightly, and began sobbing. Tyler immediately rushed over to comfort her. She threw her arms around him and started bawling loudly.

“Good gracious, what was that all about?” asked Tyler’s mom, coming into the room.

“Alice’s mom is upset because she...uh...thinks Alice is...too big,” whispered Tyler, as he patted Alice’s broad back.

“Too big?” Tyler’s mom looked perplexed for a moment before she realized what he was talking about. “What? That’s a ridiculous thing to have such a row about! Dear, are you okay?”

Alice sobbed. “She said I shouldn’t come home until I’m not a blimp anymore!”

“Well then, you’ll just have to stay here, you poor dear!” said Tyler’s mom. “I mean, you’re not a blimp. I...uh..your mom is....er...oh, Tyler, tell your girlfriend to go wash up for dinner.”

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After that heated exchange between Alice and her mother, Tyler's parents decided that Alice would stay at Tyler's house for the remainder of break, which Tyler readily agreed to. In contrast to Alice's mother, who usually made her daughter keep a strict checklist of what she ate around the house during long vacation (although Alice had learned to fib convincingly over the years), Tyler's family merely wanted to keep their son's prospective girlfriend happy, especially having Christmas away from home.

The house was always well-stocked with snack foods as Tyler had an unusually fast metabolism, and Alice took full advantage of what was at her fingertips. No one in the family ever saw her without food, especially when she was watching lounging on the couch with Tyler.

The effects were soon obvious. Megan's clothes, bought after she had experienced her originally Freshman 15 a few years back, were just snug enough to show off her voluptuous figure when Alice first tried them on her first night there. By Christmas dinner, a few days later, they'd reached their breaking point.

"Could you pass the potatoes, Mr. Hiller?" Alice asked, still chewing the stuffing she was eating.

"Um, are you sure you're not full, sweetie?" Tyler's mom looked at Alice's belly, which was straining the button on her pants severely. She was happy to have another girl in the house, especially since Megan had decided to spend Christmas Eve at her new fiancé's home, but she worried about Alice overdoing it sometimes.

"Nuh-uh," replied Alice, who didn't find her weight nearly as pressing without her mom hovering over her back. Tyler's dad passed her the bowl and Alice scooped another load on to her plate. Alice began digging into it, but a few spoonfuls in, she heard a ping. Suddenly, her belly spilled onto her lap, and out of the corner of her eye she could see her pants button on the floor. Alice was blushing beet red.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, Tyler's dad chimed in with a smile. "Well, at least she's a fan of your cooking, dear."

Tyler's mom stood up from the table and started walking toward the kitchen. "Don't worry about it at all, Alice. Those were old pants and I'm sure that Megan wouldn't have been able to fit back into them anyway."

"Th-thank you, Mrs. Hiller," stammered Alice. "I'm sorry, I guess I didn't realize what a pig I was being. It's just that your cooking is so good.."

Mrs. Hiller smiled. She was very proud of her cooking, even though her family never seemed to appreciate it enough. Oh, sure, they ate it, but they rarely bothered to praise it... Tyler was just a skinny little thing who hardly seemed to eat enough for her liking, her husband just shoveled food without tasting it, and Megan? Before she left for college, that lazy girl was always on some new fad diet. But here was a girl who really appreciated all her hard work!

"Never you mind that, you're our guest! I take it as a compliment that you like my

cooking so much. Speaking of which , does anyone want some ice cream for desert? Mint chocolate chip?"

Alice was immediately distracted by this enticing offer, and dove into her bowl immediately. Tyler couldn't help but watch. She's amazing, he thought. Most definitely.

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After dinner, Alice excused herself to Megan's room. Once again, she paused to look at herself in the mirror. Was she bigger? Her stuffed tummy poked out of the gap left by the pants defeated button. Gently, she tugged at the zipper and it slid down easily, as her globular stomach poured out. With the zipper fully lowered, Alice frowned at her reemerging paunch, the lower quarter covered by a stretched pair of blue cotton panties.

She really felt awful about busting Megan's pants. She should have known better! She hadn't been watching her waistline nearly as devoutly as she should. Sure, even if she was comfortable with her weight...that didn't mean that she wanted to KEEP gaining.

There was a knock on the door. "It's me, Tyler!"

Alice sucked in her gut and quickly pulled her zipper back up. "Come in!"

Tyler pushed open the door. He had another plate of ice cream in his hand. "Hey, you okay? My mom wanted to know if you'd had enough. She was worried that you cut dessert short because you were embarrassed."

"More? Thanks, but I couldn't. Tyler, seriously, I gain weight so easily. It's only been a few days since I got out of weight camp and I already feel like I'm ballooning up again. I mean, these clothes used to fit and now I'm popping out of them! What am I going to do? I need to seriously lose some weight or my mom will never take me back, and instead I'm porking out and getting fatter and fatter!"

She pointed at her soft, bloated tummy that eased back and forth with her breathing.

"Shhh," said Tyler, patting her shoulder. "You'll be fine. I'll help you, if you want. I'm sure we can get a few pounds off if you really want them off. It's a shame, though. I mean, they look so good on you."

Alice blushed. "Thanks, silly. But I wouldn't worry. The way my metabolism works, I'm sure I'll gain them back in no time. I just need to drop them for now, so that my mom lets me back into the house and, at the rate I'm going, I wouldn't even be able to FIT into the house even if my mom does let me in! And I don't want to mooch off your family forever."

She sank down heavily on the bed. Tyler sat next to her and tried to comfort her.

“There, there, it’s okay. We’ll deal with your mom soon enough. Now do you want this ice cream or not?”

“No, no thanks. Well...” Alice eyes it hungrily. She was still a bit puckish to be honest. “Sure, what the heck. I guess I’ll start the diet in the morning, eh?” She grinned. Man, was that an old excuse. She spooned some ice cream into her mouth.

“Mmmm,” murmured Alice, scooping some more ice cream into her mouth. She knew she shouldn’t but she just couldn’t help herself...Alice could almost feel the rich, creamy ice cream making her fatter, settling on her hips and butt. “That’s good stuff! Really good!” She quickly scarfed down the rest of the ice cream, only pausing when she hit the bottom of the bowl.

“That’s such good ice cream, thanks, Tyler,” said Alice, smiling as she felt the delicious coldness of the ice cream in the pit of her full tummy. “I don’t suppose there’s anymore downstairs?”

“Well, yes, there is, actually.”

“Great!” Alice leapt to her feet and pounded out the door. God, that was good ice cream! She hadn’t noticed at dinner, but now...wow! Tyler’s parents had retired to their room (she could hear their television through the master bedroom door as she waddled past), so she didn’t need to be embarrassed by her appetite for once.

Alice opened the freezer and peered inside. “Aha!” she said to herself. “There’s that carton of ice cream!” She snatched the carton out of the freezer and pulled a new spoon from the silverware drawer. She briefly considered finding a bowl, but then thought better of it.

“Screw it!” she thought. “I’ll just eat it from the carton. Less dirty dishes that way!”

She jammed the spoon into the hard ice cream and pulled out her first spoonful. And then her second. And her third. Heavenly! Before she knew what she was doing, she’d finished the whole carton.

“Oooo,” moaned Alice, clutching her stuffed stomach as it pressed against the waistband of her pants. Even without the button, they were starting to feel confining! She quickly looked around her and – finding that she was alone – surreptitiously pulled down her zipper. Her belly, even rounder than it had been right after dinner, swelled out like a balloon.

“Oh great, I’m getting so fat!” groaned Alice. She rubbed one hand along her big, corpulent gut, pausing briefly to poke at her deep, dark belly button. She felt stuffed after that snack, but her belly made a quiet little gurgling noise.

“What the?” she thought in surprise. “I can’t still be hungry!” She realized there was a ring of melted mint ice cream around her mouth and she eagerly licked her lips to get that last bit of tastiness. It was good. “That’s got to be a digestive gurgle...right?”

It gurgled again. No, she realized in awe, that was most definitely a hunger gurgle. Was there anything else around here to eat?

She pulled open the refrigerator door and bent over to look inside. That was difficult, since her belly was so full that it twinged slightly as she bent over. She pried the leftovers from Christmas dinner. Just what she needed! Tyler's mom had made so much that there would be no way to finish it all before it went bad. So they wouldn't mind if she helped herself to a little.

The first bowl she grabbed contained – appropriately enough – stuffing. Alice stuck her spoon in and shoveled it into her mouth. That was good stuffing! Her cheeks bulging, Alice continued to eat and eat. Her swollen tummy filled out more and more, sliding out of her unzipped pants.

“Mmmmm,” Alice moaned, squeezing her eyes shut. “That’s sooo good!” she sputtered through a mouthful of stuffing. “But, mmm, I’m so full now I couldn’t possibly eat another bite.”

Holding the Tupperware bowl full of stuffing in one hand, Alice cradled her tubby gut with her other. It looked like she'd swallowed a bowling ball – and it was so heavy that it felt that way too. She released her hold on her potbelly as it grumbled again, and renewed her focus on the stuffing, throwing the rest of the bowl into her mouth. Her abdomen expanded bigger as she swallowed.

She staggered back to the fridge and grabbed a handful of Tupperware boxes before trudging over to the kitchen table. She was so bloated now that she just wanted to sit and eat. She pulled the lid off the first box and grabbed some yams with her hand. No need for a fork now! She stuffed them in her mouth, smearing them all over her face. The next box had some corn. Delicious! And string beans! And turkey!

“Mmmmm.” Alice didn't want to do anything but eat and eat. She was so hungry, but she paused in shock when she felt a slight twitch at her crotch. She looked down in surprise to see that she'd popped a thread in the crotch of her pants.

“Whatever,” she thought. “I've already ruined these pants, so who cares?” She crammed a roll into her mouth and chewed it deliberately as she felt another POP! Another thread in her pants let go as her growing gut put increasing pressure on the by now too-tight trousers. Stitches right below the open zipper were popping as Alice continued to eat, stuffing food into her mouth with wild abandon.

Alice was briefly distracted from her meal by a series of loud pops that indicated the seat of her pants was breaking, but she only stopped for a second. Before she knew it, she was back to eating.

“Mmmmm, I'm sooo hungry!” she groaned between bites. She wondered for a second why Tyler hadn't followed her downstairs, but then decided that she'd prefer to gorge in privacy anyway. She crammed half a baked potato into her mouth as her bloated body continued to swell. What difference did it make? Whether she ate or not, Alice just couldn't stop ballooning so she might as well enjoy the process. Her stomach blew up in front of her like an inflatable pool

toy, pulling the seams of her pants apart.

Finally, finally, Alice pried open the last container with her pudgy fingers. She was finally sated, and she'd grown absolutely huge in the process. She was almost dizzy as she looked at the last of the peach pie she was so full.

Alice felt her thighs touch the arm rests of the chair, and her full butt cheeks press against the backrest. She struggled to stand up but she was hopelessly wedged in, and becoming more tightly wedged by the second.

"Ooooo," she moaned through puffy lips. "Help me, I'm stuck!" Despite herself, she couldn't help but stuff a sliver of peach pie into her mouth. She knew it wouldn't help things...but she just couldn't help herself! She couldn't stop eating...

She shoved another slice of peach pie into her mouth and madly chewed it. The chair began to buckle under her weight as her clothes ripped and tore. Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Alice even swore her cotton panties were beginning to unravel from the strain

Just one more bite...that was all that was left of the pie...but Alice felt so stuffed that she was sure she would explode if she even thought about eating another bite...

But still, it looked so tasty...

"What the hell," mumbled Alice and jammed the last slice into her mouth. And then exploded. Kaboom!!

Alice awoke with a start. She was still up in Megan's room, where she'd gone right after dinner. She rubbed her eyes and looked down at herself; her chubby tummy rolled over the waistband of her snug pants, but when she grabbed a handful of adipose and pushed it aside she could she the hole left by her burst button. She sighed. So it had all been a dream, thank goodness!

She only hoped that she could stick to it.

# 16. Alice & Laurie

Once Christmas was over, Alice did her best to stick to her new regime. But it was hard. For one thing, she really didn't want to lose weight anymore. Rather, she didn't care whether or not she lost weight. Since Tyler liked her no matter how big she was and the Hillers weren't nagging her about her girth, slimming down wasn't a very pressing need. Especially since the sooner she slimmed down, the sooner she'd go back to live with her mom. And Alice really had no desire to do that! Still, she knew that she couldn't sponge off the Hillers forever, so she made it her goal to drop some flab before she wore out her welcome. School was starting again tomorrow, so she had to get home soon!

Alice puffed her way down the street. Jogging was probably her least favorite exercise of all, but she was committed! Her fleshy body undulated as she pounded down the pavement, her large breasts bobbing and swaying despite her sturdy sports bra. Alice hated the frumpy sweatsuit she had to wear while jogging, but nothing else fit her...and she definitely wasn't going to go out in public in spandex!

"I think I'm doing pretty good," thought Alice as she waddled up a hill. She hadn't weighed herself since Christmas but she was positive that she's lost a couple pounds. She shook her head sadly. She didn't think that Tyler liked that very much, but he seemed to understand why she was doing it.

"Besides," she'd told him, "with me, pounds never stay off for very long. And they always bring some friends when they come back."

Alice stopped to lean against a tree, huffing and puffing. This was hard work! And Alice couldn't believe how out of shape she was. True, she'd always been chubby... and she'd always hated exercise...but it seemed only since her twisted ankle had ended her cheerleading practice that she'd really gone to pot. Alice wiped her sweating brow with one fleshy hand and pushed her blond bangs out of her eyes.

"What a work-out!" she mumbled to herself. "After that run, I must have dropped like ten pounds!"

"Hey, you," said a familiar voice.

Alice paused. Oh no, she thought, it can't be. Still panting, she turned around slowly. Sweat was pouring off her, soaking her flimsy sweat suit and causing it to stick to her boobs and gut. Her blond hair was disheveled and she felt an absolute mess. So she wasn't happy to see her ex-boyfriend Chris leering at her from behind.

"How's it going, hot stuff?" laughed Chris, still leering.

"Fine," said Alice crossly. "Just fine." Alice and Chris had not parted on good terms at all.

He was on the football team with Craig and Josh, and she'd agreed to go out with mainly because she was a cheerleader and it was expected that jocks and cheerleaders should go out together. She was excited when he first asked her out, because he was her first boyfriend. Before she'd started cheerleading, she always knew that she was too round to attract a boy's attention – her mother always told her that, at least – so she was happy when Chris wanted to go out with her. In retrospect, she didn't think much of the relationship. Chris rarely seemed to have any time for her since he was so obsessed with sports. The only times he really talked to her were when he wanted to fool around, and Alice never felt ready for that. He always got so pissy when Alice rebuffed his advances, since he seemed to believe that a cheerleader's main duty was to "put out" whenever a jock wanted her too. Alice was much too shy and nervous around boys to go all the way, and Chris had never forgiven her for that. And he was constantly badgering her about her eating, glaring at her if she ever ordered anything more substantial than a salad and criticizing her snacking habits. If anything, his cruel comments made her so depressed that she just ate more and got bigger.

After a month of dating, Chris unceremoniously dumped her at the end of the last school year.

"Look, Alice, nothing personal," he'd said, "but I think we need to see other people, you know? It's just that I'm on the team, you know, and the guys are starting to talk. I only asked you out cause I thought you'd drop some weight if you kept cheerleading. But you're just as fat as ever. So...see ya."

Alice wasn't sad to see the relationship end, but it still hurt. Especially the nasty things he'd said about her weight.

"You look good," said Chris. "Put on a couple pounds?"

"Maybe," said Alice, feeling defiant.

"I can tell," said Chris. "Man, I'm glad I dumped you when I did! I'd hate to be stuck with a tub like you! I mean, I knew you were getting fatter, but I never thought you'd get THIS fat."

Alice was getting angry now. She glared at Chris, breathing slowly to try and keep her temper. Chris couldn't help but notice how her big heavy knockers rose and fell slightly with each breath, pressing tightly against the thin material of her sweatshirt. Underneath, the imprint of Alice's sports bra was quite visible. He's seen her large tits bouncing and jiggling as she jogged, as well as the bounce of her wide booty.

"God, Alice, you've really turned into a whale! How much have you gained since last year?"

"None of your business, Chris! We aren't dating anymore, so it's no concern of yours how big I am. Why don't you just get lost?"

But Chris was fascinated by Alice's expansive girth. He advanced on her, poking a cruel finger into her soft, yielding belly flab. Alice squeaked in surprise as his finger disappeared up to



the second joint. She stepped backwards to get away from him, and bumped into the tree.

“Wow!” giggled Chris. “What a gut!”

“You jerk!” she snapped. She turned to stalk off, but only succeeded in tripping over the tripping over the tree’s roots. Alice lost her balance, stumbled forward, and fell flat on her face in the mud. Chris howled with laughter.

Poor Alice! She pushed herself to her feet, and shot a furious look at Chris. It didn’t have the desired effect, since she was even more of a mess now. Her sweat shirt was all tangled about her, exposing the rolls of her big, tubby tummy.

“Where are you even out here exercising?” laughed Chris. “There’s no way you could lose that belly. I’ve seen you eat, and I know you’d never be able to control yourself enough to lose that blubber.”

“You don’t know anything!” yelled Alice.

“Yeah, I used to think you might be able to,” continued Chris, not even paying attention. “Boy, was that a mistake! I wasted a whole month waiting for you to stop stuffing your face before I figured out you were destined to be a blob!”

Alice’s lips began to quiver as she brushed some twigs and dirt out of her hair. She was trying her best to restrain herself but she just couldn’t. Chris’s hurtful words were just too much. She burst into tears, bawling and sobbing. With Chris still laughing, she turned and thundered away down the road.

Alice burst through the front door of the Hillers’ house, still sobbing loudly. She scanned the front rooms quickly. Good, no one was home. All alone, she made a beeline for the kitchen and threw open the pantry door. She knew she shouldn’t eat. That was the last thing she should be doing. But Chris had been so mean and she was so depressed now. And when Alice was depressed, all she wanted to do was stuff her face.

She grabbed a box of chocolate chip cookies and, still hiccupping with sobs, crammed a biscuit into her eager mouth. It tasted delicious, but Alice was so miserable she hardly thought about that.

“I wonder when Mrs. Hiller will get home,” she thought. “Gawd, I couldn’t stand for her to find me like this, all messed up and pigging out. I need to find someplace private.”

Alice waddles into the hallway, still munching on cookies, and hid herself in a closet. There, no one would think to look for her there. She sobbed, cramming another cookie into her mouth. She was such a failure! Why couldn’t she lose weight? Why couldn’t she stop eating? Big fat tears rolled down her chunky cheeks as she thought about how disappointed everyone would be when they found out she couldn’t stick to her diet. She’d been trying, she really had! This was the first time since that fateful Christmas dinner when she’d popped her buttons in front of all the Hillers that she’d gone off her diet. But for all that denial, had it made a difference? Chris still thought she was a blimpette!

And so would everyone else. She imagined her mother, shaking her head angrily, when she saw Alice coming home, waddling down the driveway just as fat and rotound as ever. She imagined the Hillers, fretting and worrying about her size, as she ballooned bigger and bigger with each passing meal. She imagined Tyler, finally getting disgusted by her lack of self control, angry that he had to keep buying her more and more food to satisfy her growing belly and bigger and bigger clothes to cover her blimping body. She imagined herself so big that she got stuck in doorways, so huge that she outgrew the Hiller's station wagon, larger and larger like a helium balloon being slowly and steadily inflated. As big as a circus fat lady. As big as a blimp. As big as a whale. Bigger than the planet!

With a sob, she crammed another cookie into her mouth. She just didn't care how fat she got anymore. It was just too much to deal with. Sniffing, she shoveled handfuls of cookies into her mouth, quickly gulping them down without even bothering to taste them.

"I don't care!" she sniffed. "Tyler doesn't care, so why should Chris care? What's it his business how fat I am? Maybe I like myself like this! Maybe I don't want to be a little twig like all those other stupid bimbos on the cheer squad! Maybe he should shut his stupid mouth!"

By the time her hand hit the bottom of the box, she was an even bigger mess than ever. Besides being sweaty and disheveled from her run, she was covered in cookie crumbs, all over her face and down her deep cleavage.

Alice dropped the empty box and leaned back against the door of the closet, keeping her eyes closed. Now that she was finally beginning to calm down, the weight and fullness of her bloated belly revealed themselves to her. She hadn't noticed how stuffed she was before!

"Oooh," sighed Alice, "I'm going to have such a stomachache from this binge!" She rubbed her swollen tummy with both hands, futilely trying to massage away the pain she was now feeling from her overindulgence. She could feel her massive snack roiling around in her full belly. Slowly, dreadfully, she raised her sweatshirt to steal a glimpse of herself. "Wonder what the damage is now," she thought grimly. Her pale white belly stuck out like a mound, easing in and out with her breathing. Her potbelly hung slightly over the waistband of her sweats, and her navel was dark and deep.

Alice felt her tummy gurgling and just managed to stifle a belch. There was no reason not to burp, she knew, since there was no one else around to hear her, but force of habit made her try to reduce the noise. "Hic!" Alice's whole body jiggled as a hiccup forced its way out of her.

"Ow!" Alice winced as her full tummy bounced. Slowly, cradling her gluttoned gut, she rose to her feet. "This is what I – Hic! – get for stuffing my face like that," she muttered. "Hic! Thank God Tyler and the Hillers weren't around to see me makes such a pig of myself. Hic!"

She quickly brushed the cookie crumbs off her protruding front and straightened her rumpled sweatshirt. Still hiccupping, she wiped her eyes and cleared her throat. Alice pushed

open the closet door, and, with a quick glance to make sure she was still home alone, waddled down the hall and up the stairs to the master bedroom, pausing only to drop the empty cookie box in the trash. Alice hoped that the Hillers wouldn't miss it; they seemed to always have so much junk food on hand that she doubted they'd notice one box of cookies missing. Still, she dreaded them finding out that she'd cheated on her diet.

In the bathroom, Alice examined her reflection in the mirror. Her round face was streaked with tears and her blue eyes were all bloodshot. She grabbed a washcloth and dabbed her face. Next, she turned on the shower, planning to rinse herself off a bit. "Even a fat girl like me can't sit around caked in mud," she thought miserably. "I don't care how large I get, I'm not going to wallow in filth like an actual pig!"

Sighing, Alice pulled her sweatshirt over her head, causing her big hooters to bob and sway in her straining sports bra. She worked her sweatpants down over her meaty thighs and thick legs, and dropped them on the floor. She gazed sadly at her large reflection in the mirror, then happened to notice a scale on the floor next to the toilet.

"I shouldn't," she mumbled to herself. "It'll just depress me. And if I'm depressed, I'll just eat more. And that's the last thing I need now. I've got to get back on the wagon. This was just one lapse. I can make it."

Even so, she found herself moving toward the scale. Her morbid curiosity was just too much. Gingerly, she placed one foot on the scale platform, then the other. She squeezed her eyes shut in fearful anticipation. When she heard the dial stop spinning, she slowly looked down. Or rather, she tried to. Her massive belly and rounded boobs prevented her from getting a good look at the numbers, so she flicked on the electronic voice with a toe.

"180," pounds droned the scale.

"What? That can't be right! I've gained more weight!" She groaned. "I knew I shouldn't have eaten that entire box of cookies! Why did I have to go and do that? Everytime I think I can slim down, I go and do something stupid like that."

Sighing, she turned back to the shower. "But that extra weight might just be all those cookies in my stomach, no extra fat," she mused. "Weighing yourself right after eating is probably pretty stupid. At this weight, there's no way that I'll be able to stay on the team..."

In the showed, Alice quickly scrubbed down, washing the sweat off of her soft, flabby body. She even soaped between the developing jelly rolls of her belly, loathe as she was to admit they even existed. But when you're naked, it's hard to escape reality.

That night, at Laurie's house, Chris told the head cheerleaders about his encounter with Alice. Laurie grinned evilly.

"I told you she'd started jogging down that road, didn't I?" she said, twirling a raven lock around her forefinger. "Isn't it hysterical? That cow is actually trying to lose weight."

"I said just what you told me too," said Chris proudly. He was stilled pissed that he'd

never gotten lucky with Alice. Sure, she was a big bloated butterball, but still. He had a reputation, and was angry when he got rejected by anyone. He'd agreed to help out in Laurie's evil plan because he thought it would be a good way to get back at Alice. "What happens next?"

"Knowing Alice, the first thing that hog will do is run right home and eat till she pukes. And the more she eats, the fatter she gets, and the worse her cheerleading will be. The perfect excuse to finally get rid of her for good! I can't believe how hard it's been to get her off the team. You'd think they'd let me throw off the fat girls just on principle!"

Chris sniggered, glancing up and down Laurie's own bulging body. He didn't say anything, but even he could see that Laurie herself was almost as big as Alice. Was it possible she was even bigger? Laurie's long black hair drew attention away from her increasingly chubby jowls, but she still dressed like a thin girl – and that drew attention TO the increasing chubbiness of her body. Her pudgy tummy hung over the tight waistband of her Daisy Duke shirts, and her love handles hung over the sides. Her tank top wasn't even long enough to cover all of her enormous knockers anymore! Laurie's breasts had grown so huge and full with fat that they hung just slightly out of the bottom of all her shirts. Her shirts were mostly belly shirts to begin with, but now they were nothing more than boob tubes.

"I'm sooo brilliant that it's hard to believe!" she sneered. "Isn't that right, Jen?"

"That's, like, totally right!" called a voice from the adjoining bathroom. Jen started through the narrow doorway leading back into the bedroom with a goofy, obsequious grin. But she didn't quite make it.

"Wha??" Jen gulped in surprise. She seemed to have trouble moving forward. She turned and looked behind her. Jen's broad booty was stuck in the door, her wide hips brushing the opposite sides of the narrow doorway. Jen tried to throw herself forward, but her butt was wedged in firmly.

"Laurie!" she whined. "Like, I'm stuck! Come give me a hand!"

Laurie sighed and waddled over to the bathroom to help her fat-bottomed friend.

"I've said this before," grunted Laurie as she grabbed hold of Jen's hands and pulled. "But it looks like Alice isn't the only one getting chunkier. You've put so many inches on that big behind of yours that it could have its own zipcode!"

"Nuh uh!" protested Jen. "My butt is curvy, not fat! Everyone loves it! I have the best butt in school! Even better than Heather O'Shea!"

"Who?"

"You know, that skinny girl in my math class, the one who suddenly grew an ass this year?"

"Oh, her. Yeah, but have you seen her lately? She blew up all over, and I heard her parents sent her to fat camp over the vacation. Just like Alice had to go to. So you'd better be

careful, or you'll have to go too."

Laurie turned to Chris and batted her eyelashes at him. "Don't you think so, Chris?"

Laurie still thought she was dead sexy, but Chris was just grossed out by her soft, flabby tummy, her wide dimply thighs, and her big floppy tits. Her grimaced, thinking about poor Josh and Craig, who still had to date these two porkers. He was lucky he'd got out of fat city when he did. What was it with cheerleaders at this school?

Laurie yanked and yanked, grunting with the effort. Jen yelped in pain but her massive thighs remained stuck fast. The door into the bathroom was rather narrower than most doors, because that bathroom had been a later addition to the house, and it was this knowledge that kept Jen was getting freaked out about getting stuck. In her mind, it was due only to the narrowness of the door, not the wideness of her thighs.

"Why can't you get a normal size door in here?" whined Jen, rocking back and forth in an attempt to uncork her ass. It was no good.

"There's no need," snapped Laurie, "because most people don't have giant fat asses like you." She reached through the door, behind Jen, and smashed her palm into the soft, wobbling cheeks of Jen's rear end.

"Now push!" said Laurie, and she shoved Jen's bottom with one hand, while pulling on her arm with the other. Jen pushed against the wall with the other. It felt like Jen might sloooooowly be moving, but it was just an illusion. She was still just as stuck as ever.

"Don't just stand there," yelled Laurie at Chris. "Why don't you help us out here? Do you want Jen to be stuck here forever?"

"It might do her some good," muttered Chris.

"What was that?"

"I said, it might do her some good. If she was stuck there until she lost some weight, she wouldn't have this problem."

Laurie stared at Chris in disbelief for a second – purely because she was used to being the only one to mock Jen's weight – and then burst into cruel laughter. Jen didn't think it was so funny.

"C'mon, stop it!" she said petulantly. "That's not funny! Help me out!" She waved her arms feebly, and pushed again against the walls with all her might. Her bum stayed fast, pressing tightly against the edges of the doorframe. Jen tried again, squeezing her eyes shut and gritting her teeth. This just made Laurie laugh more.

"You might have a point there, Chris," she said. "Jen's been getting kinda porky lately. I mean, look at that ass! That's not shapely, it's just enormous. I swear, sometimes I don't even know how this lardass fits into the desks at school with that behind. With all these tubby cows

on the team, don't you think the football team will be totally embarrassed to have them cheering them?"

Laurie stopped when she noticed that Chris seemed to be eying her own fleshy thighs and meaty lovehandles. "Fat cows like Alice, I mean," she added quickly. "She's really fat, isn't she, Chris? Tell us again how huge she's become."

"Oh, yeah, she's really gotten big. I can tell you, tthe team will be so embarrassed to have a puffball like Alice cheering for it at the big end of year game," agreed Chris.

"Hmmm," said Laurie thoughtfully. "You know, Chris, I think you're onto something. I think I WILL keep Alice on the team, after all."

"What??!"

"What better revenge for this whole year than to humiliate her in front of the whole school?"

"Oh...but..." Chris struggled to think this plan through. "Revenge for what?"

"Well, obviously for...being fat...and on the cheer squad...and...er...that embarrassed me!" Laurie finished venomously. "I'm the captain, after all, how does that reflect on me!"

"A little help here," squeaked Jen quietly. She was still pushing against the walls with all her might, her face turning red with the effort. Finally, with a gasp, she gave up, and her arms went limp. She stood, huffing and puffing for a minute, as Chris and Laurie watched her.

"Yessss," said Laurie, "I think having Alice jump around, with those big boobs flopping around and those thunder thighs chafing, would really lift spirits. I'm getting happy just thinking about it! And you, Jen, you can just stay in that door until you lose some inches off those bloated buns of yours. Lord knows you need to, or else you'll be just as big as Alice. And think of that: you can be the blimp twins of the cheer squad!"

"That's not funny! I'm not a blimp!"

"It'll be a whole new act!" continued Laurie, not listening. "Alice and Jen, the world's fattest cheerleaders! What an attraction. First, we'll roll you two onto the field...and then we can use your enormous guts as trampolines. Heehee!"

"Not...funny!" Jen threw herself at Laurie with all her might, and this time the effort was enough. Her butt popped out of the doorway with a pop! And Jen lunged forward at Laurie. Laurie was so surprised that she didn't have time to move, and the two cheerleaders fell to the floor, wrestling.

Chris could only shake his head. Cheerleaders just aren't what they use to be!

# 17. Alice

“You okay back there, sweetie?”

“Um, y-yeah, Mrs. Hiller.”

Alice felt sick to her stomach, and it wasn't just because of the stack of pancakes she had for breakfast before she left the house. She'd dreaded facing her mother again for the first time since she escaped from the weight-loss camp she'd been sent to at the beginning of break. However, she knew she couldn't spend the rest of the year at Tyler's house, as tempting as it was. She was sure she put on weight due to the huge dinners Mrs. Hiller made for the family, and not to mention the many snacks kept around the house in a vain attempt to put some meat on her new boyfriend's bones. Alice knew it wasn't unusual for a teenager (especially one with her distinct lack of enthusiasm for unnecessary physical exertion, cheerleading besides) to put on a few pounds over Christmas break, but she knew her mom would have a fit as soon as she walked through the door.

Thankfully, she still fit into most of Tyler's sister's wardrobe, and was satisfied that at least her prominent belly's expansion would be relatively hidden from view. Tyler didn't tell her that she still looked heavy from behind, and that she was very noticeably wider from just a month ago, if just for the simple fact that he was kind of enjoying it. Alice was resting her head on Tyler's shoulder, breathing in the pleasant smell of his t-shirt, which had, for a startling change of pace, actually been washed for this particular day. Tyler was holding Alice's hand, which he had surreptitiously moved closer to her round middle, a move she was too nervous to notice.

Tyler leaned in closer to her ear. “It'll be fine, Alice. Why do you need to impress her anyway? She's been treating you badly for awhile, from what you said.”

“I know, but I have to live with her, you know? Ever since Dad took that job in Singapore, she's been such a...y'know, B-word.” Alice could never bring herself to say a swear, even when she was probably justified. She sat up as saw her house approaching through the car window. “I think I just have to face this, and whatever happens...ugh.” Alice slumped back into her seat as Mrs. Hiller parked the vehicle. Getting out the side door, she placed her hand on Tyler's shoulder. “I think you should hang back; I don't think my mom's particularly enamored with you at the moment.”

Tyler looked upset. “Are you sure? I mean, I don't know if you should be facing her alone.”

In the front seat, Tyler's mom twisted around to face them, her face a mask of concern. “If you want, I could..”

Alice shook her head. “No, no,” she said. “Thank you so much, but I couldn’t ask you to do that. I think it’s best if I just do this alone.”

“Alright, just call me if anything happens.” Tyler leaned in and kissed Alice and gave her a quick hug, his hands pressing in to her fleshy flanks.

As soon as they pulled away, Alice giggled, which she was not known to do very often. She waved goodbye as Tyler’s mom drove away, and then steeled herself for the encounter she’d been delaying for weeks.

Up until now, Alice had felt confident that her heavy winter outfit disguised her increased poundage. But now she was beginning to doubt that. As she walked toward the front door, she noticed small gaps between the buttons of her jacket, which were being stressed by her pudgy middle. Alice sucked in her stomach and the gaps closed. It was effective, but she didn’t know how long she could hold it. Holding her breath, she pressed the doorbell and listened to the harsh ringing sound reverberate through the house.

She waited, hardly daring to breathe, listening intently for the sound of footsteps within. And waited. And waited.

After a full minute had gone by, Alice began to relax. “I guess no one’s home,” she said to herself. She breathed out, letting her round tummy slowly fill out her jacket again. She bent down to look for a possible spare key to let herself in while suddenly, above her, the door swung open.

“Get up and get inside. Take your shoes off; I don’t want you scuffing the floor.

Startled, Alice looked up with an unhappy face. “Hi, Mom.”

Alice’s wraith-like mother glared down at her chubby daughter with barely disguised disgust. Her right eye was twitching angrily. Alice quickly remembered to suck in as she straightened up and walked inside.

“So,” began her mother, closing the door behind her, “I hear that you didn’t like image enhancement camp. I hear that you ran away. And I hear that you didn’t lose any weight. In fact, I SEE that you gained weight.”

“Mom!” cut in Alice, “Stop it! First of all, stop badgering me about my weight! I don’t know why you care so much. I’m not that fat and I’m okay with the way I look! Second, I haven’t gained any more weight!”

Alice, of course, knew that this second statement was a lie, but she hoped that her mom wouldn’t be able to see her extra puffiness through the layers of jacket and sweater she was wearing. As long as she kept her gut sucked in, she reasoned, her mother would be none the wiser.

“ ‘I’m not that fat!’” repeated Alice’s mom, “Alice, baby, please! That’s not the point! Fine, fine, maybe you’re not “that fat” now, but what about in the future? What about next month?



Next year? The way you eat, you've been swelling up like a beach ball all year. And I'm going to see to that this stops right now!"

"I am not swelling up!" shouted Alice angrily. Or rather, shouted as well as she could while holding her stomach in. She should have known that she'd have to listen to another of her mother's long lectures...but she honestly didn't know how much longer she could hold herself in before she had to release her belly.

"Alice, Alice, Alice!" said her mother. "You can't honestly tell me you're not fatter. I thought you were a butterball last summer, but you're even bigger now."

Alice knew it was true. She'd only weighed 165 lbs over the summer, and now, last time she'd checked, she was 180 lbs. She hoped and prayed that it hadn't gone up since then... God, why couldn't her mom just leave her alone?

"Whatever, Mom! That's not important; what is important is that I'm okay with how I look. I know I'm kinda chunky, but that's no reason for you to give me all this grief. Nobody else cares! Now I'm going to my room!"

Alice turned to leave, but her mom grabbed her arm and twirled her around.

Dammit! thought Alice. She'd hoped that she could get away, so that she could finally let out her breath but her mom was having none of it.

"Don't you take that tone of voice with me, young lady!" snarled her mom. "You're my daughter and I'll raise you as I see fit!"

Her mom continued ranting, but Alice wasn't listening. God, she really needed to breathe! She was straining to hold her sizeable paunch in, but it was becoming more difficult by the second. Alice almost wondered if her face was starting to go blue from the strain.

"And another thing! Don't think I don't know you've gotten even tubbier since you've started dating your freaky geek friend there! I don't care if he doesn't care that you're a big fat cow, but I do! And take off that coat! Don't think you can hide that potbelly I know you have!"

"I don't have a potbelly!" squeaked Alice, now really straining to hold in her gut.

"Oh no? Then take off that coat. You're inside, why don't you just take it off, huh? Unless you're trying to hide something?"

"I'm...I'm..." Alice was lost for words so she just shrugged her shoulders. As long as she could keep her gut in, she should be okay without the jacket. Slowly, hesitantly, her fingers fumbled with the buttons to open her jacket.

"See?" she said, opening the jacket. Underneath, she still looked chunky, with her hefty boobs and pudgy tummy in a tight sweater, but as long as she sucked her belly in with all her might, she only looked a little bit poochy rather than huge.

Her mother scowled. "Fine, I suppose you haven't got THAT much of a potbelly." She

narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "I was positive she'd have a bigger potbelly," she muttered under her breath,

"See, Mom, it's not that bad," said Alice, quickly buttoning up her jacket again. "You always think that I can't be trusted around food, that I'm always going to be getting fatter and fatter once I'm away from you. But when I'm away from you is the only time that I'm not gaining weight!"

This was a lie and Alice knew it. She'd been packing on pounds regardless of whether her mom was around or not. But her Mom didn't know it! And if she could keep her stomach held in...and keep away from any scales around the house....her Mom wouldn't find out. In fact, Alice's comment seemed to have hit a chord in her mom.

"You..don't gain weight when I'm not around?" she said quietly. A look of concern crossed her normally angry face.

"Yes," said Alice. Then she added: "You know, it's hard to lose weight when you're always badgering me. You know I eat when I'm upset and all your yelling just gets me so... so..frustrated, Mom! Please, stop talking about my weight and I'm sure I'm slim down much quicker."

For once her mom was quiet. In fact, it looked like she was thinking this over.

"Really, Alice? Do you really mean that?"

"Yeah, Mom, I do. Please."

Her mother arched one perfectly manicured eyebrow. "Well...I suppose it's worth a try... Lord knows nothing else seems to work."

Alice couldn't believe her ears! She was so excited that she almost let out her breath, which would have allowed her stomach to inflate to its full, button-busting size. She caught herself just in time.

"Really? Do you mean that?!"

"Sure...why not? How much worse could it get?"

"I mean, really? Do you promise? Because you've said you wouldn't bug me about my size before, and you've gone back to —"

"I said I'd be quiet and I will!" snapped her mom. Alice smiled a bit as she heard this. Finally, the pressure was off.

But Alice's mom was not finished yet. "However, that just means I'm not going to mollycoddle you any longer. Most importantly, I'm not buying you any more clothes and certainly no junk food. If you want to stay a size 20 or whatever the hell you are at this point and eat properly, then I'll provide. But if you want to keep blowing out of your jeans with the pizzas your slacker boy keeps shoving in your face, I want no part of it."

Alice was thoroughly embarrassed and confused at this point. The fact that her tummy kept grumbling at the sight of a package of Oreos behind her mother didn't help matters. "Wh-what are you saying."

"Alice, my baby," her mother said with an off-putting smile as she walked up to her, "you're going to have to get off that fat butt of yours and get a little job." Alice's mother patted her daughter's bulging belly in a particularly condescending way.

Now standing alone in the kitchen, Alice didn't know what she was supposed to do. There'd be no more arguments with her mom over her weight, but only because the woman acted as if she was giving up on her. In five minutes, Alice's mother had made her feel like a complete failure.

"Now go to your room and get changed. We're having carrots for dinner."

She didn't need to tell Alice twice. Alice practically ran up the stairs, her enormous size causing a huge clatter as she ran. She got to her room and slammed the door shut. Quickly, she unbuttoned her jacket and released her belly. Her stomach burst out to its full size, stretching her sweater pleats and causing the sweater's hem to ride up the curvature of her belly slightly.

Her tubby gut spilled over the waistband of her jeans, hanging just slightly over her crotch. Alice gasped and wheezed, trying to catch her breath after holding in her stomach for such a long time, but her quick shallow breathing only served to make her already enormous abdomen look even bigger.

"Finally!" she gasped. "Phew, I don't think I could have held this tummy in for another second." She looked down at her mighty front, slowly easing in and out with her labored panting. Gingerly, she ran one plump hand over the arc of her soft flabby stomach. Pausing briefly to give a quick – but unfortunately futile – downward tug on the sweater's hem.

"Thank God, I think Mom bought that story," she said to herself. "Finally! I hope she stays true to her word this time. Maybe then my life here won't be so miserable. And maybe then I can at least stop gaining!" If past experience was any teacher Alice knew that she was unlikely to lose any weight, especially not now as she knew that Tyler liked her chubby look. And without the threat of never being attractive to men hanging over her, why should she reduce?

"Hopefully, I'll just stay this size," said Alice. She rolled her eyes. "A mere 180 pounds. But I can't let Mom find out how much I really weigh. I'd never hear the end of it then. I've got to go shopping and get some new, baggier clothes. Then I can hide this extra weight and convince her I'm the same size I was when I left for fat camp."

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Dinner was, as usual, an unpleasant affair. It wasn't just carrots. There was some steamed broccoli as well, but it still wasn't nearly enough to satisfy a girl half Alice's size, let alone Alice herself. So it was little wonder that, after supper when her mom had gone to bed, Alice helped herself to a little snack in the kitchen

She opened up the refrigerator and found a half-full carton of eggnog, taking it and the Oreos and sat down on her couch with a heavy thud. Alice spent the next half-hour devouring her snack. When she was finished, Alice leaned back, and noting her mother was upstairs, unbuttoned her overstressed jeans. Alice rested her hand on her rounded stomach, satiated but still worried. She knew she had to call someone to get a job; to (as much as she didn't want to admit it) validate herself in front of her mom, to prove to her she wasn't just a pig who sits around eating cookies all day. Usually.

Alice grunted as she moved her hefty body toward her cell phone on the floor, her belly still full. Grabbing it, she dialed "1", and immediately heard Tyler's voice. "Hey, Alice! What's up? How'd it go with your mom?"

"It's a long story...My mother took me back in...but she's not happy about my weight. She said that she wouldn't harass me about it anymore..."

"Well, that's good!"

"Yeah, I suppose. But she also said that she's not going to feed me anymore!"

"At all?"

"Well, she'll give me carrots and broccoli from the looks of it. But that's not nearly enough; I'll starve within a week! She says that I need to get a job."

"A job? Like any job?"

"I suppose. I'll have to start looking in the morning."

"Well...if you're interested, I could get you a job at the place I work."

Alice thought about it for a second. Did she really want to work at a pizza parlour? Surely the temptation would be way too much for her. She knew her willpower was nothing to brag about, and being surrounded by greasy, cheesy pizzas all day would surely make her weight skyrocket at an even more astronomical rate. But, on the other hand, if she was around pizza all day, she'd probably get sick of it really fast. So that probably wasn't that big of a problem. And, besides, it meant she'd get to spend more time with Tyler.

"Would that be okay?"

"It wouldn't be a problem at all. I could get you an interview when I go into work tomorrow. It doesn't pay very well and it's kind of a sucky job...but it's as good as you can expect in food service."

"Well...sure, that sounds fine. Would you do that for me?"

“You bet I will.”

“Thanks, Tyler.”

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Normally Alice would feel self-conscious about her plump form, but today things were different. Just knowing that Tyler appreciated her ample curves was filling her with a new-found confidence. She settled on a pair of jeans that almost fit – she had to hold her breath and suck in her gut to hook the button and her chubby gut hung slightly over her belt – and a low-cut T-shirt. She pondered for a moment whether she ought to wear a baggier shirt, something to disguise her belly. If I wore something looser, I could just leave it untucked and leave the top button of my pants open without anyone noticing, she thought as she looked at herself in the mirror. No. No, she wasn't going to do that. Resolutely, she tucked the hem of her shirt into her pants and nodded at her reflection. Her shirt clung to her rounded belly, revealing the slight indent of my belly button, but that wasn't so bad. In fact, she looked rather...womanly. In addition, the snug T showed off her large knockers, which had also been gaining weight. They bulged up out of her low neckline giving her a nice bit of cleavage. All in all, a good effect, she thought.

“I can't believe I'm doing this!” she said to herself. Alice wasn't used to showing off in public. She was normally so shy...but did she really have anything to be shy about? Yes, she was chunky. Maybe even downright...fat. But she'd always been fat and she probably always would be. And if someone accepted her that way...well, then what did she have to be ashamed of?

Besides, she was just going to the mall, and there were always lots of people hanging out there that were far larger and more shameless in their dressing than she was. So she wasn't really just following the fashion, wasn't she? In any case, today was the day that she was going to buy some decent clothes, so that she could look presentable to potential job applicants. Tyler was talking to his boss today, and she knew that she was probably a shoe-in for the after-school shift at “Pizza-By-The-Pound,” but she knew it never hurt to dress nicely for an interview. Besides, if she didn't get the job, she'd have to look good for future interviews.

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Walking through the mall, Alice put a little extra spring in her step and sway in her walk, causing her voluptuous figure to bounce and jiggle provocatively. In this day and age, seeing a chunky girl in tight clothes walking through the mall was no big deal, so nobody even paid her any mind as she walked by. Even so, Alice couldn't help but feel that people were staring at her.

A lifetime of thinking of herself as the ugly fat girl made it difficult to believe that they wouldn't. But what if they weren't staring at her because she was ugly? Maybe, just maybe, they were, like Tyler, staring at her because she was desirable. It was a crazy thought, of course, but Alice liked it. It made her feel more confident. Grinning, she tossed her long blonde hair and stood up straight – a motion which caused her large boobs to jut out even more. Let them stare! She was fat, yes, but she was a hot fat girl.

Alice paused briefly as she passed the food court. The pizza place was in there, and Tyler would be working now. She considered popping in to see him before she went shopping, but thought better of it. I'll surprise him by showing up in my new outfit, she decided, and hurried on her way.

Alice liked shopping at the "Fresh 'n' Sassy" boutique, because it was really the only place where a tubby girl could find decent looking clothes in her size. The last thing she wanted was to be confined to some horrible tarp-like mumu that would make her look like a circus tent! Alice quickly scanned the racks of clothes, picking out some nice dress slacks and sweaters. She didn't get much chance to shop as her mother was always trying to keep her from buying new clothes under the impression that allowing Alice clothes that fit her expanding body would only encourage her to keep gaining. Alice bit her lip. What size was she, anyway? Her current jeans were a bit snug, so she must have blown up at least a little over the holidays. She wasn't bursting out of them yet, so that was a good sign. Alice grabbed a few garments and made her way into a changing room.

Inside, Alice unsnapped her jeans and pulled them off. She examined her waist, finding, to her dismay, that the tight waistband had left a red mark around her gut. The physical reminder of her increased size almost soured her mood, but Alice was determined not to start feeling sorry for herself. She was the hot fat girl, wasn't she? Damn straight!

Alice grabbed the first pair of slacks and pulled them up her thighs. They didn't make it all the way over her hips on the first tug. Frowning, she gripped the sides and pulled harder. This time they made it, but the fabric was stretched tight, so that there wasn't a crease or fold anywhere. That wouldn't do! It made her bum look enormous! She didn't bother fastening them as it was obvious that this pair would make her look like an absolute blimp.

Alice sighed to herself. In the next stall, someone was grunting and groaning, no doubt having similar issues with the clothes they were trying on. Alice smiled to herself. At least she wasn't the only one struggling with some extra pounds!

Alice pulled up another pair of slacks and, with a bit of effort, fastened them around her waist. They looked good, although they felt a little tight. She turned slightly to get a view of her profile. Not too bad. She turned just a little more to gaze at her bum. Her backside filled out the seat of the slacks to the point that the rear seam was almost giving her a wedgie...it creased just a bit between her plump butt cheeks. Still, it definitely wasn't on the verge of bursting, and that was good news! For once, things seemed to be working out for this little butterball!

"I think that works," she said out loud, satisfied that she'd found something in her size.

The grunting from the next stall fell silent. Suddenly, a familiar voice yelled out: “OHMYGAWD, is that you, Alice?”

“Oh no,” muttered Alice under her breath. Jen was in the next stall. And if Jen was here, that meant that Laurie was going to be here too. And they were the last people that Alice wanted to run into. She quickly undid her trousers, pulled them off, and threw them into the pile of clothes she was buying. As she grabbed her own jeans and quickly pulled them over her thighs, she could hear urgent whispering in the next cubicle, followed by a loud “Nuh uh!! Alice is here?!”

Oh, great, thought Alice, just as I thought. Laurie IS here!

Alice pushed open the stall door, hoping to make a break for the check-out counter. If she was fast, maybe she could get out of here before Jen and Laurie had a chance to get out of their stalls – but it was too late. Alice’s rivals were way ahead of her, already standing directly in her path, grinning like a pair of sharks.

“Hello, Alice,” said Laurie in a voice dripping with malicious glee. The raven-haired beauty had run from her own stall so quickly that she hadn’t bothered to put on her own clothes...or even a shirt! She stood before Alice wearing a snug pair of pants and a store bra, with the tags still hanging off it. Alice hadn’t seen Laurie since before Christmas, but, wow, had she changed! Alice was shocked to see that Laurie had gained a lot of weight; she’d practically ballooned up to Alice’s size. Most of her weight was still concentrated in her gargantuan breasts, the pale flesh of which bulged slightly over the tops of her mammoth brassiere cups. But the rest of her was bigger was well. Without a shirt on, it was obvious that she’d gained some weight in her stomach, which now sagged over her beltline. Her flabby tummy was split into three sizeable jelly rolls, which eased visibly in and out with her breathing. New love handles spilled over the sides of her pants. Her face was chubbier was well, her cheeks had filled out and she even looked like she had a double chin now!

“Well, well, well,” she sneered. “It looks like our favorite cow is back in town!”

“What?” Alice stared at Laurie, dumb-founded. Did Laurie actually say that? Had she called Alice a cow? How could she say that, when she herself was now at least as fat as she was?

“You heard her, you fat pig!” snickered Jen, who was standing right behind Laurie. Alice didn’t know how she could have missed Jen, who was even wider than Laurie. Jen had grown into an overly voluptuous pear since the last time Alice had seen her, and her thighs were so wide now that Alice was surprised that she’d even fit through the narrow stall doorways. Unlike Laurie, Jen was fully dressed but no clothes could disguise her gain. Her thick meaty legs disappeared into a skirt stretched tightly around her monstrous hips. Her pink button-down shirt revealed that she’d begun to gain up top as well. The shirt strained around her pooching tummy and bloated boobs, gapping slightly between the buttons.

“Buying new clothes again, are you?” said Laurie. “I guess when you’re blowing up like a balloon it really puts a strain on your budget, doesn’t it? How was fat camp? It doesn’t look like it

did you much good.”

“I...I...I...” Alice realized that she had been instinctively sucking in her gut, and that made her angry. She wasn’t ashamed of her rounder shape this morning when she’d been getting dressed! She wasn’t ashamed when she’d been strutting through the mall. Why should she be ashamed now? Just because these two bitches were making fun of her?

“That’s none of your business,” said Alice angrily. “Maybe it didn’t, but why should I care? I think I look fine just the way I am.” She released her belly, which swelled back out to its full size.

“Oh?” laughed Laurie. “So you’re proud of being a fat little piggy, are you? Gawd, Alice, everytime I think that yo won’t get any lamer...or any fatter...you prove me wrong! How much do you weigh now, blimp?”

“I...I don’t kno – that’s none of your business!”

“Haha!” snickered Jen, “She’s gotten so fat she doesn’t even know how much she weighs. She probably can’t even see the numbers on the scale over that giant potbelly of hers!”

“Stop it!” shouted Alice, so loud that people in the store turned to look at her. “Where do you two get off on calling me fat? You’re just as big as I am now. What have you guys been doing to yourselves?”

To her surprise, Jen and Laurie just started laughing.

“Awww, listen to the poor widdle piggy!” guffawed Laurie. “She thinks we’re fat! That’s rich!”

Alice was completely taken aback. Was Laurie actually serious? Did she not realize how hugely fat she and Jen had become?

“But...but you are fat,” said Alice. “I mean, you guys are at least as big as I am. If you could see around your tits, Laurie, you’d realize you’ve grown a great big gut! And Jen, your butt is out of control! You look like you get stuck in doorways with that monster caboose! How can you guys not see that?”

Jen stopped laughing. A concerned look passed briefly across her normally vacant features, as if she were seriously trying to consider what Alice just said. Because, of course, it was true. Jen WAS having trouble fitting her widening thighs and blimping buttocks through that narrow closet door in Laurie’s bedroom. It seemed like everytime she went over to Laurie’s house and tried to get something out of the closet, she get wedged in snugly. That wasn’t always the case, was it?

“Nuh uh!” she snapped, suddenly angry. “That totally never happens to me! Stop making fun of my ass, okay? It’s just fine.”



To Alice's surprise, Jen even seemed to be blushing. Their confrontation hadn't gone unnoticed, as several other customers turned to see what the commotion was all about. Laurie grinned, obviously relishing the attention, but Jen seemed suddenly self-conscious. Her hands, which she had planted on her jumbo hips, crept around to her backside, as if to gauge the size of her buns and maybe, just maybe hide them.

"Alice, stop pretending," said Laurie loudly. A little too loudly. It was a voice calculated to get everyone in the store to turn and watch this spectacle. She was ready to tear Alice apart in front of this crowd and she loved it. "Stop acting like you can look good in normal clothes. We can all see what a total fatass you are, with that big belly and those thunder thighs. You're totally embarrassing yourself."

"You are fat," said Alice calmly. She was pissed now. Pissed at these two ...bitches who were always making fun of her, trying to kick her off the cheer squad, and making her life a living hell just because she was chunky. "You're just as fat as I am. I may be fat now, but I've always been fat. But you guys, you USED to be thin and really recently. I don't know what happened to make you both balloon up but you have! And you're blowing up much faster than I am."

"That's not what I see," sneered Laurie, standing up straight. Something creaked. Laurie smiled, looking down at her massive cleavage. Great, thought Alice, she's still transfixed by her own giant knockers. She wouldn't believe she was fat if she was the size of the Goodyear blimp, as long as those twin watermelons were on her chest. "That's not what everybody else sees!" She cocked her head to the growing crowd, as if hoping to hear a murmur of confirmation. She heard a murmur, alright, but it wasn't what she expected."

"...Is that girl serious? She doesn't think she's fat?...."

"...Jesus, she's so oblivious...that's so embarrassing..."

"...Not fat? Ha! She looks like a zeppelin..."

"What the hell?!" Laurie scowled. This was not what she was used to hearing. She turned her back on Alice, whipping around to face the crowd, her hefty chest balloons bobbling and jiggling. "Are you all crazy? I'm not the fat one! Look at Alice!" She pointed an accusing finger at Alice.

The crowd, however, knew what it saw. An old woman clicked her tongue sadly and shook her head. "Poor girl is delusional," she whispered to an old man, who nodded his head solemnly. A pair of preteen girls giggled behind their hands as Laurie glowered. A middle-aged woman raised a disapproving eyebrow. "I can't believe they let her walk around here without a shirt on! And a girl of that size. That's indecent. Suppose the children saw that!"

As if in response, a salesgirl briskly walked up. "Miss, could you please return to the stall or put a shirt on? You're violating our dress codes..."

“Shut up!” snarled Laurie. She was mad now! How dare these people not recognize what a slim, sculpted goddess she was! Did they actually think this was funny?! Were they laughing at her?!? How could this be!?

“Miss,” said the salesgirl severely. “Please put your shirt on or I’ll call security, okay?”

“Fine!” growled Laurie. As she whipped around to face Alice again, a sudden series of sharp pops drew everyone’s attention. Laurie looked down, almost smiling smugly. God, she was such an exhibitionist! However, this time, her big breasts were still firmly encased in her brassiere prison. What the?!

“Uh...Laurie...” said Jen nervously. The crowd erupted into laughter.

“You’re going to have to pay for that,” said the salesgirl, who wasn’t even pretending to be polite anymore.

“What?” said Laurie. What was going on?

“You split your pants, Laurie,” whispered Jen.

Laurie’s hands shot to her behind. It was true! She could feel a wide tear in the fabric, where her inflating derriere had burst the flimsy back seam wide open. Her pale flabby buttocks, clad only in black thong panties, were on display for the whole world.

“You’re going to have to pay for those,” said the store clerk.

# 18. Laurie

“I can’t believe this!” shouted Laurie, throwing open the door to her room. “How could this have happened?! I mean, I know how it happened to you – “ She waved dismissively at her friend Jen, as the pear-shaped cheerleader waddled into the room after her. “But me!! How could I have actually gotten...gotten...”

“Fat?” finished Jen.

“Shut up! I’m not fat! I couldn’t be!” Laurie yelled again, throwing herself onto her bed. Oh, she was so embarrassed! Despite her continuously rising weight, Laurie had kept herself in denial all year – and that denial had finally come crashing down after her embarrassment in the clothes store. There was no way that she could believe anything else now; she had definitely porked up.

She rolled over, onto her side – Laurie’s enormous breasts made it difficult and uncomfortable for her to lie on her stomach for long – and just managed to catch a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror in the corner. Her large hooters still dominated her figure, but the rest of her was definitely more fleshy as well. She sat upright, causing her bulbous bosom to bounce up and down. The buttons down the front of her blouse pooched severely over the swell of her colossal bust – as well she expected them to – but she was surprised to note that they seemed to strain even after the top had passed her chest. There were visible strain lines as the blouse struggled to cover her increasingly tubby tummy. The blouse wasn’t tucked into her pants. Indeed, it didn’t quite reach her pants anymore. So she could clearly see that she had a noticeable muffin top, her soft belly and love handles spilling over the waistband, her slit of a navel deep and dark.

She stood up to examine herself further. She knew her pants were too tight. After all, she could feel them pinching her waist. She’d been able to feel that tightness for weeks now, she realized. She had, hadn’t she? But she’d ignored it, confident that she, Laurie the ultimate cheerleader, simply couldn’t have gained weight. She was the sexiest girl in school, the desire of every man, the envy of every woman. How could she have turned into this...this...this blimp without realizing it?

Silently, she turned to eye her friend. Jen, too, was definitely fat. Most of her new flab had accumulated on her wide butt, making her into an exaggerated bottom-heavy beauty, but she’d swelled up all over as well. Her flat tummy now pooched out, hanging over the waistband of her skirt. Jen’s bloated ass made it difficult for her to cram herself into pants, so she almost always wore skirts these days. Even so, her bum was so inflated that she had to be careful when she moved around that she didn’t split her clothes.

“You,” said Laurie, suddenly cross, “I should have known!”

“What?” said Jen, confused.

“You did this to me, you fat bitch!” snarled Laurie. “I can’t believe I didn’t see this sooner! You and your fat ass, always snacking, always eating. You always have to have some food around, don’t you? If you weren’t such a greedy pig, then I wouldn’t be exposed to all your fatty foods and I wouldn’t be a hog now!”

“Hey!” snapped Jen, “That’s totally not fair! I, like, never made you eat anything. It’s not my fault that you’re always stuffing your face!”

“WhatEVER,” said Laurie, rolling her eyes. “I don’t care what that stupid cow Alice says about me and I don’t care what you say. What I care about is what I say, and I say I look great. And Josh agrees. She still thinks I’m dead sexy.”

Laurie’s mind wandered back to Josh. Her sexy football playing boyfriend was due to come over today. He had told her earlier on the phone that he had something really important to talk about, and Laurie was dying to know what it was. Usually when he talked like that, it meant that he was about to buy her something, like some fancy jewelry or some new clothes. Laurie smirked. As long as she had her looks, she could twist him around her little finger. And even if she had packed on a few...okay, a lot of pounds...Josh couldn’t see past her giant tits, so she didn’t have anything to worry about. In fact, the whole reason she and Jen had gone shopping was so that she could find some sexy new lingerie for when Josh came over tonight.

The lingerie! She’d gotten so freaked out about her new discovery about her body that she’d totally forgotten about it. Josh would probably be coming over soon, and Laurie planned to surprise him...all she needed to do was put on her brand new underwear under her clothes, so that Josh could unwrap a very special present tonight.

“Look, Jen, I don’t have time for this crap, okay? I mean, okay, maybe we...we both gained a little weight...but we’ll be fine. Look, it’s not that noticeable, is it? If it was, then we would have noticed it long ago. We’ll totally drop it really quick now that winter break’s over and we’re practicing again. But, right now, I need to get ready for Josh.”

Grinning, she picked up her shopping bag off the floor and pulled out her purchase: A mega-sized lacey black bra and a pair of skimpy thong panties.

“I am gonna look so hot in this,” gushed Laurie. “Josh will buy me sooo much stuff!”

Jen nodded, but seemed less enthusiastic. She was worried about her own boyfriend. Josh had grown silent and withdrawn recently, and she had no idea why. Could this be the reason? Could it be that he was disgusted with her expanding size, her slowly inflating bottom? Laurie’s capacity for denial was faltering now, but Jen’s had been decimated. Her bottom was huge, huger than it had ever been before, and she was massive all over besides. This was terrible.

Jen was lost in her thoughts as Laurie retired to the bathroom to change, still chattering about her plans to seduce Josh.

She hardly had to make any effort to take off her blouse. Merely poking the straining buttons was enough to pop them out of their buttonholes, the two halves of her top almost flying apart as the buttons released. When she finished the last button, she shrugged the blouse off her shoulders and looked at herself in the mirror. Her current bra was plain and white, a dull, utilitarian thing. At her size, it was difficult to find anything nice, which was why she was especially excited about her new purchase. Her big round boobs welled up out of her constraining brassiere like a pair of golden cantelopes packed into her underwear. Below that, her soft, flabby belly bulged over her belt and her thick thighs pulled the fabric of her slacks tight. She tried hard to ignore that.

Laurie reached behind her back and fumbled at her brassiere clasp, but her fingers couldn't quite grasp it.

"Jennnnn," she wailed, "Come give me a hand, huh? I can't get this bra off."

Jen poked her head into the bathroom. "What's wrong?"

Laurie waved her arms behind her head, making another futile grab at her brassiere clasp. All she accomplished was to squish her big boobs into her chest as she flailed. "My bra won't come off! I can't reach!"

Jen bent forward to inspect the problem. Laurie's famously straining bra had strained too much; the hooks were twisted and mangled by the weight of her gargantuan chest.

"Ohmigawd, we'll never get this bra off! Your huge fat boobs have, like, totally bent the clasp. The only way out is if you, like, were to bust out of it."

"Ha. Ha," said Laurie sarcastically.

"Gawd, do those things ever stop?" continued Jen, "I don't think there's enough letters in the alphabet! They're totally getting bigger...just like the rest of you, Laurie!" Jen couldn't resist the temptation to throw in a cutting comment, especially since she had so often received them in the past from Laurie. Now that Laurie was starting to become self-conscious about her blimping size, Jen felt like she had to take the opportunity to snark at her a bit.

"Was that a fat joke, you bitch?!" snapped Laurie, "You're one to talk; you're totally bigger than I am!"

Jen fell silent for a moment, but quickly regained her composure. "I am not!"

"Are too!" Laurie leapt to her feet, her melon-heavy hooters swaying and jiggling wildly as she made a swipe at Jen. Jen dodged, but fell over backwards, landing with a loud "oof!" on her well-padded bottom.

"Owww!" she moaned, "My butt! I hurt my butt!"

"Well, that must hurt a lot," smirked Laurie, who suddenly felt like she had the upper hand again, "since there's so much of it."

“Owwwww! That’s not funny!”

Laurie grimaced. “You started it, you know.”

“Ohhhhh...yeah, but I was just saying that you have huge tits...that’s a good thing..ohhh...I mean, like, you’re always bragging about them...” Jen rolled over, rubbing her pronounced and tender lobes.

“Alright, alright, I’m sorry. Now help me get this stupid brassiere off. I need to be in my sexy underwear by the time Josh gets here.”

Jen struggled to her feet, wobbling unsteadily due to her new center of gravity. Laurie turned her back to her friend, motioning behind her to the ruined clasp again.

Jen sighed quietly and squinted at the bra. And she suddenly had a good idea! “It’s, like, hard to see what I’m doing here. Why don’t you stand up straight?”

“Yeah, whatever,” said Laurie testily, but she complied. As she did so, the force of her massive tits finally overwhelmed the hefty garment and the hooks tore out from their stitching. The overly constrictive brassiere practically flung across the room as Laurie’s unbelievable knockers exploded free, bouncing and jiggling like big swollen balloons full of jello.

“Ahhh!” sighed Laurie, rubbing her bloated boobs. “That feels a lot better. See, I totally knew we could get that goddamn bra off.”

Behind Laurie’s back, Jen couldn’t help but roll her eyes. Laurie may have finally admitted that she was getting chubbier and chubbier, but she still didn’t seem to realize that her increased poundage was responsible for her exploding undergarments. In fact, she didn’t seem to realize that she’d just popped her bra; she simply thought that Jen had managed to unhook it!

Whatever, thought Jen, she’ll learn soon enough when she actually goes to look at that bra and finds it ruined. And people think I’m the dumb one!

# 19. Josh & Laurie

“Hello, babe.”

Josh knew the time had come. He was going to get out of this relationship. It was over. Because Laurie had changed. Actually, she had expanded. Before Josh’s very eyes, his once drop dead gorgeous girlfriend was swelling up like the Goodyear blimp. He couldn’t believe how much weight Laurie had gained over the last year. It was unreal. Worse, Laurie seemed to be oblivious to her growing size, meaning that she still dressed and acted like a slender bombshell – walking around all sexy, wearing tight clothes. She couldn’t get away with that sort of thing anymore. People were beginning to talk.

He’d been putting this off for a while, hoping that it was just a phase. Laurie wasn’t the brightest girl, but even she would eventually have to realize how fat she was getting. But she didn’t. She just kept getting bigger and bigger, like a raft inflating with air, and he was sick of it. The guys on the team were laughing at him and his porky woman. It was time to cut his losses.

That’s why he had told Laurie that he had something very important to tell her. But when he came over, he’d found that Laurie had misunderstood his intentions.

When he walked into her room, he found Laurie stretched out in her bed, wearing nothing but some skimpy lingerie – a frilly little camisole and some tight little panties. She rolled her shoulders back and grinned at her boyfriend.

“Like what you see, babe?”

Josh could barely keep from gagging as he surveyed the woman before him. Laurie’s additional poundage was clearly on display. Her bountiful melons, usually such a turn-on, were literally bursting from her camisole; they looked like they would spill out of the straining garment if she stood up too fast. The tight stretchy material of the camisole restrained her size somewhat, although the stitching in the garment looked stretched beyond its intended carrying load, but her bulging tummy poured out of the slight gap between the bottom of her top and the top of her panties. Her undies also looked overly snug, pinching into her thick thighs.

“Er...yeah...yeah, I suppose so.” God, she was disgusting! Josh quickly turned his head to keep from having to see her flabby belly and fat thighs.

Laurie sensed that something was wrong. She knew she was fatter, of course, but surely Josh hadn’t noticed. Cuz, you know, boys are totally unobservant about that sort of thing. Still, Laurie wasn’t feeling as confident as usual, so she decided that she’d better get Josh into bed fast. Surely, as soon as they were having sex, Josh would remember the REAL reason they were dating...because Laurie was dynamite in bed, even if she had a few extra rolls.

“Well, aren’t you going to show me how much you like it, hmmm?” Laurie motioned Josh

to come sit on the bed next to her. Reluctantly, her boyfriend walked over and sat down. He cringed slightly as he felt Laurie roll over to him – the bed sagged and creaked under her vast tonnage – and run her fleshy arm against his face. She pulled him down and started to undress him.

“No, no, you don’t need to do...that...I,” protested Josh, but Laurie wasn’t listening.

“Like, be quiet, babe! I know what I need to do. And I’m totally ready for a night with my man. It’s been too long, hmmm, baby?”

*Yeah,* thought Josh miserably, *and there’s a reason for that.*

Laurie fumbled with Josh’s shirt buttons, slowly undoing one, then another, as she lowered herself down on top of him. Josh had to hold his breath to keep from groaning – she was really heavy! He felt like he was being crushed beneath her added weight!

“Mmmmm,” Laurie murmured to herself as she felt Josh enter her. She sighed and squeezed her eyes shut, and slowly, rhythmically began to ride up – up and down – slower and then faster. Her entire flabby body jiggled as she bounced up and down on her crushed boyfriend, her pussy clenching around Josh’s poor, abused shaft. Poor Josh! Laurie was knocking the wind right out of him, but she was too absorbed in her own pleasure to even care.

“Ohhhhh yesssss,” she sighed, leaning forward to run her hands on Josh’s buff chest. Her big fat boobs bobbed and swung with her every motion.

Laurie’s entire meaty body jiggled and shook like a mountain of gelatin as Josh pumped away. Even as she gasped and moaned, Josh was finding the heavy weight atop him very distracting. God, she was a big fat pig! Still, you couldn’t beat those delicious knockers of hers. Josh squeezed his eyes shut and grabbed at her breasts, squeezing her huge pillowy bosom in an attempt to distract himself from the rest of her vast, inflating body. It worked. He ran his hands along the sides of her jiggling udders even as Laurie continued to sigh and moan.

“Hmmm,” she sighed, “That’s right, play with baby’s big boobies. You like baby’s big boobies, don’t you?”

Josh grunted in reply. Even with her added weight, Laurie’s chest was stupendous, even better than it used to be. He could feel himself coming closer to climax just palming those monsters. Laurie was still moaning and talking about her tits, as usual – Laurie LOVED to talk about her tits; she thought they were the most important thing in the world. Josh wasn’t listening. He had blocked out everything except the rhythmic bounce of her bustline and the soft, gelatinous feel of breast flesh in his hands. With a groan, he arched his back and climaxed into his enormous girlfriend with enough power to make her stop silent with a brief squeak.

Josh’s body relaxed and he dropped his hold on Laurie’s breasts. His member was still erect, still plunged inside Laurie, who continued to slide up and down for the moment. She was giving Josh a look he well knew – that he’d had his turn and now it was time for him to finish taking care of her.



“Oh, oh, oh,” gasped Laurie, jugs bouncing and swaying. “Oh, Josh, come are finish me! Oh, I’m going to pop!”

“Yeah, you’re not kidding,” muttered Josh, abruptly pulling out from Laurie and shoving her aside. Now was the perfect time; he’d just had one fun last ride on that fat bitch and wasn’t going to waste any time returning the favor. Gasping, Laurie stopped moving, although several protuberant parts of her body continued to shake. She awkwardly raised herself up onto her elbows, her massive breasts sagging, and peered at him in confusion.

“What?!” Laurie yelped. “Why’d you stop?! I was just about to…”

“Yeah, I know. I stopped cuz, well, look at you! You literally DO look like you’re going to pop. Jeez, Laurie what’s happened to you? You used to be such a babe, but now you’ve turned into a real oinker. I can’t stand to be with you anymore”

“What?!” Laurie struggled to sit up. “What the hell are you talking about? I mean, maybe I’ve put on a couple of pounds, but –“

“A couple of pounds? Face it, Laurie, you’re a big Goddamn blimp. Look at yourself! I don’t know how you could have let yourself go so badly. You look like you’ve literally been eating non-stop.”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. “Shut up! You jerk, you’d better just shut up! I don’t need to take that kind of crap from you! Maybe you’ve forgotten, but I’m the head of the cheer squad! Any guy would die for a shot to be with me! Everyone knows I have the hottest body in class. I have the biggest boobs in the entire school –“

Josh laughed harshly. “There’s more to being hot than just a great rack, Laurie. You may have the biggest tits around, but you’ve got the biggest everything now – the biggest gut, the biggest ass, and the biggest thighs! I’ll bet you’re even fatter than that girl you’re always talking about, that Alice chick…”

Laurie couldn’t stand for that. “You ass! Shut up! How dare you say that! Alice is a total cow!” Laurie was so furious that she was literally shaking. She tried to hold back, but she couldn’t keep tears of rage from streaming down her face. But, as angry as she was, she was still desperately horny – Josh had primed her pump and then pulled out just before completing the job. “Listen, Josh, this is your last chance: Shut up and come finish the job or this relationship is over!”

Silently, Josh grabbed his pants off the floor and started pulling them up. Laurie’s eyes bugged out, as she suddenly realized that she was no longer in her usual position of power.

“Haha, very funny, Josh. Seriously, this is your last chance.” She leaned back in bed, trying to look inviting. She cursed silently to herself as she heard the bed’s springs groan loudly – almost as if to agree with Josh about her inflating size.

But Josh was gone.

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Laurie crammed another cookie into her mouth. She knew that she shouldn't be eating, but she was just so depressed that she couldn't help it. Josh was right; she was a fat cow, getting fatter by the day. She was so miserable she didn't care how many calories were in these Oreos. She just wanted to eat and eat and eat her troubles away.

"Jennnnn," she wailed, "We're sooooo fat! This is the worst thing that's ever happened to us!" She burst into tears again, burying her face in her hands. Jen patted her consolingly on the back. Jen was really worried; she'd never seen Laurie this upset! Laurie had always been the so in control of every situation that it frightened Jen to see her got to pieces like that. For once, Jen had to be a big girl and take care of things! But what could she do?

"Like, it's okay, Laurie! Like you said before, we'll get through this..."

"No, we won't!" yelled Laurie. "Did you hear what Josh said? He was so disgusted that he couldn't even make love to me...He had to cut me off...he couldn't even wait until I came. Booohoo!"

"Like, what a jerk!" Jen wasn't sure how to feel. Josh hadn't said anything mean to her. She was happy that she still had a boyfriend. For once, she had something that Laurie didn't. But she had to wonder – how long would that last? If Josh felt the same way that Josh did, then the next time that they met would probably be their last time as a couple.

Laurie was still blubbering like a baby, her face streaked with tears, mascara and eyeliner running down her cheeks. Her normally perfect black hair was all disheveled and she kept stuffing more and more cookies into her mouth.

"Well..." Jen thought hard, trying to come up with something reassuring to say. She wasn't very good at it. This whole situation was worrying. Laurie was usually so in control that it was almost scary to see her go to pieces like this.

"Um...at least...at least you're still thinner than Alice, huh?"

Laurie howled.

"Ugh! I can't believe what I'm hearing! 'At least we're thinner than Alice.' Like that's anything to be proud of! A hippopotamus is thinner than Alice! Gawd, if we were fatter than Alice, we wouldn't be able to walk! They'd have to roll us around! And...and...Jen! You're a genius!"

Laurie abruptly stopped crying.

"What?" said Jen.

"It doesn't matter how fat WE are," said Laurie, smiling evilly even as she sniffled, "as long as Alice stays fatter. So if we're fat, then we just have to make sure that Alice stays even fatter."

Jen screwed up her face with the effort of thinking. "But...how are we going to do that? Alice is pretty fat, yeah, but I think..I think I already be bigger than she is!" Jen was on the verge of tears. Could it be true? Could she really be even rounder than that fat cow? She'd always thought that Alice was a blimp, but now that she was even fatter...oh, it made her feel awful.

"Shhhh," said Laurie, sitting Jen down into a chair. She stroked her friend's strawberry blonde curls to help calm her down. "You're not fatter than Alice. And you won't be. Listen, I've got a plan. Alice can't resist food. You know that, you see that hog snacking all the time. That's why she's so fat. Well, we just have to give her a little nudge in the right direction."

"Huh?" Jen was confused.

"Well, Alice loves to eat, right? If we can keep her eating. . . she'll be as big as the Goodyear blimp. Like, look at this!"

Laurie dashed across the room as fast as her tubby out-of-shape would let her, pulled open a dresser drawer and rooted around inside for a few moments. She pulled out a plastic canister and presented it triumphantly to Jen.

"What's that?" asked Jen, still uncomprehending.

"It's weight gain powder!" shouted Laurie. "Josh uses it to bulk up for football practice!" She winced and her lip wobbled slightly as she remembered Josh. What a jerk! Well, he was gone so this was HER powder now. "If you use it while you work out, it helps build muscles, but if you use it and don't work out...it all turns to fat! So here's the plan: We'll invite Alice over for, like, a slumber party or something. She's always so self-conscious and eager to be accepted that she'll jump at the chance! All we have to do is keep her stuffed with junk all night long. And dump this in every drink she drinks!"

Jen looked skeptical. "But she won't gain that much weight just from one night."

"Yeah, but who says we'll just do it one night? I mean, like, she drinks stuff at lunch every day in school, right? And we can go out to eat after practice and she'll drink then, too, right? There's plenty of opportunities! Before you know it, she'll be busting out of her cheer uniform and I'll look like a super model again!"

"You mean, we'll look like models again, right?" ventured Jen.

"What? Oh, yeah, whatever. WE'LL look like models." Laurie grinned evilly. She always had the best ideas.

"Soon we'll see who's the REAL fat ass around here. I guarantee, in a few weeks, Alice will be so fat that they'll have to roll her to practice. And I'll look like a supermodel next to her!"

"Um," said Jen, "You mean 'we'll' look like supermodels, right?"

Laurie eyed Jen skeptically. In her mind, Jen looked almost as bad as Alice. Her monumental rump was wider than ever.

“Yes, Jen,” said Laurie smoothly. “That’s exactly what I meant. Exactly.”

## 20. Alice

Quietly, Alice scraped her feet against the floor as she sat outside the office of Ben Jenkins, manager of “Pizza-By-The-Pound” and obviously a busy man as his door had been closed for over half an hour. She wished Tyler could have waited with her, but she knew he was working the register only 20 feet away, and he could whisk her away at a moment’s notice if she made an idiot of herself during the interview. But Alice was feeling pretty good about herself at the moment, and the outfit she’d bought last week certainly helped. It was a relief for Alice to be in clothes that both fit her and looked nice, and although she needed to undo the button on her skirt during breakfast that morning, she was pleased that her shirt was only snug enough to show off her curves. Finally, a day without a wardrobe malfunction! Hallelujah!

The door opened and Ben popped his head out.

“Ah, hello there,” he said, catching sight of Alice, “You must be Tyler’s friend.” He shook her hand vigorously.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Jenkins,” said Alice politely. She felt silly saying it; Ben was only in his early 20s, older a few years older than Alice herself. Still, it’s best to be overly formal than rude, she thought.

“So why do you want to get into the fast-paced world of pizza making?”

“Uh...I like pizza, sir?”

Ben laughed. “Don’t we all. Well, you seem enthusiastic and you like pizza, so I guess you’re hired.”

Alice was stunned. “What? That’s it?”

“Well, this isn’t exactly rocket science,” said Ben. “

“Now, Alice, there isn’t much to this job,” said Ben, “Throwing together a pizza is easy to do, but there’s one thing that I won’t stand for. And that’s freeloaders who eat all my profits. Some kids think this job is just an excuse to get a lot of free pizza, and I won’t stand for that sort of thing. Let me make myself clear: Any employee caught stealing food in my establishment will be immediately fired. Do you understand?”

Alice opened her mouth to respond, but before she could say anything her rounded stomach suddenly released a loud, hungry gurgle. Oh crap, thought Alice, blushing furiously, now he’ll never hire me! He’s going to think I’m just some greedy pig here to steal his pizza.

“Yes sir!” chirped Alice in a high squeaky voice. If Ben had heard her belly grumbling, he didn’t acknowledge it.

“Let me introduce you to your co-workers,” said Ben, “Not that there are that many of them.”

He led Alice back to the kitchen, where Tyler and a few other kids were hard at work.

“Ahem! Everyone, give me your attention. I’d like you to meet our newest worker. This is Alice! Alice, you already know Tyler. This two over here are Frank and Maggie.”

“Hey,” the boy named Frank gave Alice a friendly wave. He was a big, hulking brute who looked like he belonged in a zoo, but his face was open and friendly. Alice recognized him as the linebacker from the school football team; they’d never spoken, but she’d seen him plenty of times while she was cheerleading. The girl named Maggie was a toned Hispanic girl with long black hair. She eyed Alice suspiciously, but gave her a friendly nod.

“Maggie here is the shift manager,” said Ben. “That means, when I’m not around, she’s the one in charge.” He turned to Maggie. “Maggie, could you make sure Alice gets a uniform? And show her the ropes, eh? Shouldn’t take too long. Haw haw! I’ve got some paperwork to finish in my office, but call me if you need anything, okay?”

“Sure thing, boss,” said Maggie.

“Thank you, Mr. Jenkins,” said Alice politely, “I promise I’ll do my best.”

As soon as Ben was back in his office, Maggie thrust a finger into Alice’s face. “Okay, newbie, let’s get one thing straight: I’m not your friend here. I’m your supervisor, so don’t try to slack off just because I’m younger than you are! I run a tight ship, and Ben might be Mr. Nice Guy, but I’m sure not!”

“Um, okay,” said Alice, startled. Behind Maggie’s back, both Tyler and Frank were rolling their eyes as if they’d heard this speech many times before. Maggie whipped around and both boys pretended that they hadn’t done anything. Scowling, Maggie grabbed a pressed white uniform and shoved it into Alice’s hands.

“Here,” she growled, “Go get dressed and we’ll start you on making pizzas. You do know how to make pizzas, right?”

“Er, yes, of course.”

“Good. Go get dressed; there’s a bathroom in the back.”

Alice took the uniform and started for the back door, but Tyler stopped her briefly. “Don’t worry about her,” he whispered, pointing at Maggie, who had turned away to fetch something from one of the ingredient fridges. “She’s alright, she just gets all power trippy sometimes with the new people. Are you going to be okay?”

Alice smiled. “Yeah, I think it’ll be okay.” Tyler gave her a quick peck before Maggie turned around again, and he had to pretend to be working. Alice went into the bathroom and closed the door.

The “uniform” really wasn’t anything except an apron and plain white T-shirt. She tied the apron around her waist, hoping that it would protect his nice skirt from stains – she’d have to remember to wear raggy old pants when she came into work in the future. Next she pulled off her nice shirt and pulled the T-shirt on instead. It was a snug fit; Maggie had just thrust it at her without bothering to check if it was in her size. It was as tight as sausage tubing on her tubby body. It clung tightly to her jiggly, pudgy belly so that the indent of her belly button and the creases of her fat rolls were clearly visible. In addition, her large knockers put a strain on the shirt seams, making it rather uncomfortable, and her flabby arms barely fit through the small sleeve holes.

She was embarrassed to walk back on in public in the unflattering shirt, but Tyler gazed at her approvingly when she appeared in the doorway. That gave her some more confidence. Frank didn’t make any mention of her size, and Maggie even looked a little sympathetic when she saw her.

“Sorry about that,” she said, “That’s the only size we have. We’ll get something in your size before your shift tomorrow, okay?”

“Sure,” said Alice, trying to stay upbeat. She wasn’t used to people seeing her large girth on display and not hassling her about it. Maybe she would like working here!

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Later that afternoon, Alice heard a voice that made her blood run cold.

“Hello, Frank,” it said icily, “Is Alice here?”

Oh no, thought Alice, It’s Laurie! She’s come to make fun of me. How did she figure out that I’m working here? Darn it, I must have let it slip in the locker room that Tyler was going to get me a job here. The last thing I need is that big meanie coming around to remind me what a fat greedy oinker I am.

Alice hoped that Frank would say that she wasn’t in, but why would he? He didn’t know the history between the two girls, so he would have no reason to think that Alice wouldn’t want to meet with Laurie.

“Sure, she’s right back here,” she heard Frank’s voice say, and then saw his head poke around the corner. “Hey, Alice, someone’s here to see you.”

Alice sighed and walked out to face her eternal tormentor. Laurie and Jen stood on the other side of the counter, both smiling widely. But this time, their smiles looked different than usual. Alice was still surprised to see that the two of them seemed to have gained even more weight recently.

Laurie was dressed in a thick green turtleneck sweater that touched the very tip of her new double chin. Her enormous, watermelon-sized jugs looked even bigger than Alice remembered, so big that they stretched the pleats of her sweater almost into non-existence. Despite what must have been a massive monster brassiere, her grandiloquent breasts had

begun to droop under their own vast weight. Beneath her bust, Laurie's new tummy pooched out and over the waist of her king-size jeans. Her sweater looked like it wanted to pop up over her gut and let her stomach breathe free. Her long black hair hung down to her shoulders, framing a face that was increasingly moon-shaped.

"Hello there, Alice," said Laurie. She was smiling in a way that might almost be friendly, but her voice was still haughty.

"Hello," said Alice. She was acutely aware of how sloppy she must look. She'd been making pizzas for several hours, and her face, shirt, and apron were covered with grease and tomato sauce. Alice wiped her hands on her apron. Her shirt was shiny and slightly translucent in places with the yellowish grease.

"Listen, Alice, I'm...I'm sorry that we're always giving you such a hard time. Now that we've gained a little weight, too, we can see that, you know, us big girls gotta stick together."

Laurie smiled a forced smile. Yes, she thought, us big girls. Of course, if she was honest, she would have pointed out that she and Alice were still big in different ways. Laurie was a buxom, voluptuous knock-out just on the verge of being too chubby, while Alice was a big fat ass. Laurie's eyes quickly scanned her chunky adversary. Clad in her unstylish fast food uniform, Alice looked worse than usual. Her plump torso filled out the white shirt, stretching it just enough that you could see the slight indent of her deep belly button. Alice already had grease stains down her front – probably from stuffing herself like a big fat pig, thought Laurie smugly – that made it easier to see the outlines of her heavy-duty brassiere holding in her hefty boobs.

Alice wiped a flabby arm across her greasy forehead.

"What I'm trying to say, Alice, is...is..." Laurie's striking face contorted with the effort of mouthing those dreadful words: "I'm sorry."

Laurie smiled in what she hoped looked like a disarming and sincere way. Of course, she didn't really mean it. She wasn't sorry in the least, but if this is what she had to do to get her plan underway...then sacrifices had to be made.

Alice blinked dumbly. "Wow, I..I don't know what to say," she stuttered, "Thank you, Laurie. That...that really means a lot."

Alice was totally flabbergasted! She hadn't expected to hear those words come out of Laurie's mouth in a million years. Maybe Laurie's added girth really had made her realize how mean she'd been.

"Listen, Alice, no hard feelings? Maybe someday we can even be friends?"

Alice looked warily at Laurie's pudgy, grinning face. She wanted to believe that Laurie really was being sincere but that grin was like a shark's.

"Y-yeah," said Alice nervously, "That would be great." Alice felt a little exposed, standing



here in her greasy work clothes.

“Great, I’m so glad that you said that,” said Laurie unctuously, “Because Jen and I totally feel really bad about the way we’ve been treating you all year. And we really want to make it up to you. See, we just had a great idea about how we can start. When do you get off work here?”

“Uh, around six.”

“Excellent. Why don’t you come over to my place then? We’d like to have you over for a good, old-fashioned sleepover.”

“A sleepover?” Alice felt like her head was spinning. Was this really happening?

“Sure, just us gals.” She gave Alice a sad, worried look. “I mean, you do want to start being friends, right? Cause if you don’t..” She trailed off, her voice dropping. It almost seemed that Laurie was going to cry. Her plump lower lip quivered slightly. Alice could hardly believe it! Laurie, the queen bitch of the school! Crying! There was no way that this could be an act.

“Yeah, that sounds like fun,” said Alice, “When should I come over?”

“Whenever, you’re off,” said Laurie, “Oh, Alice! I’m soooo glad you’re coming over. I promise that we’ll have lots of fun. We’ll have plenty of snacks and we’ll give each other make-overs and we’ll watch spooky movies – oh, it’ll be rich!”

Alice had to admit that it sounded like fun. “That sounds great. I suppose I just need to stop off at home to get changed and grab my sleeping bag and stuff.”

“Excellent,” said Laurie. She turned to Jen, who had been quiet the entire time. “Wouldn’t you agree, Jen?”

Jen nodded eagerly. Jen, too, was fat. She still stored most of her flab below her waist, giving her an exaggerated pear-shape. She was wearing a baggy pink sweatsuit, the sort popularized by Jennifer Lopez, but even that couldn’t disguise her inflated figure. Alice noted that her looming gut and blossoming pushed against the zipper of her sweatshirt, filling the garment so that it wasn’t as loose as it should have been. When she turned slightly, Alice saw that her big bum completely filled the seat of her pants, stretching the rear seam. The word “JUICY” was written across her wide rump in white letters, but her enormous bottom put so much pressure on the fabric that the words had begun to peel off.

“I’m so totally stoked that you’ll be there!” said Jen, as if she was repeating a line she’d rehearsed.

“We’ll see you tonight then, Alice,” said Laurie, turning around. Alice watched as the two chubby beauties waddled off. She couldn’t help but wonder how much each of them weighed these days.

Suddenly, she was aware that Frank was standing beside her.

“Oh! Hello, Frank, I didn’t see you there.” She felt a little embarrassed to know that he’d

seen the whole exchange.

“Sorry,” he said, “I couldn’t help but overhear. Alice, are you friends with Laurie?”

“Um.....kinda, maybe. Not really. This is the first time we’ve really talked in a friendly way. Usually she’s just mean to me.”

“Mean to you? Why?”

Alice blushed. “Mostly cuz I’m...uh...” She waved her hands in front of her hefty pot belly. “You know, fat.”

Frank snorted. “That’s ridiculous. That girl’s twice your size.”

“Do you think so?” That brightened Alice’s mood. “Maybe that’s why she’s being so nice to me now...”

“Could be. Word is she just lost her boyfriend, too. So I guess she’s single.”

Alice looked perplexed at the large boy. “Frank, you know Laurie?”

Frank grunted. “Yeah, I see her around. She used to date Josh, the team captain.”

“You can’t be thinking about..asking her out?” said Alice, shocked. “Laurie’s the meanest person I’ve ever met!”

“Oh, yeah? Then why are you going over to her sleepover?”

“Cuz she’s...” Alice paused. “Because it seems like she’s changed.”

“Well, there you go,” said Frank, getting up to return to the kitchen and leaving Alice to ponder how her evening meeting would go.

Alice pondered all day. Truth be told, she was rather nervous? How would Jen and Laurie treat her? Had they really changed? They seemed different. They must know that they were just as big as Alice now. They simply couldn’t still be in denial. Alice’s tummy gurgled and churned as she fretted the day away. Unfortunately, there was only one thing guaranteed to take Alice’s mind off of troubles: eating! Alice couldn’t resist. She grabbed a slice of pizza and quickly stuffed it into her mouth, her cheeks bulging. Not bad!

Later in the day, Maggie walked past Alice, glaring at her chunky co-worker. Alice was spattered with even more sauce from her furtive gorging.

“You...haven’t been eating any pizza, have you?”

“No, of course not,” lied Alice. She could feel herself flushing bright red. She knew she shouldn’t be swiping pizza, especially not on her first day, but she was just so nervous. And eating always calmed her down. She just hoped no one would notice. Besides, she told herself, it was just today. Once she got over this nerve-wracking meeting, she wouldn’t need to binge again.

By the end of her shift, Alice was full. She'd been snacking all day. She knew she shouldn't, of course, but free food? How could she resist? Alice was regretting her indulgence now as she stripped off her uniform. She pulled her greasy white T-shirt up over her head, her plump boobs jiggling slightly. Her skirt fit her more tightly than it had this morning, her tubby tummy prevented her from getting the button hooked. She sucked in her gut as far as she could – which wasn't easy considering how full of pizza she was – and snapped the button closed. Sighing, she relaxed her stomach, which pressed tightly against her skirt waist. Well, it fit, at least.

Alice shook her head. She wasn't at all sure that going to Jen and Laurie's sleep-over was a good idea. But she didn't want to upset those two prima donnas. They had extended an olive leaf, and she'd be a fool not to accept it!

She pulled off her greasy T-shirt and put her own shirt back on. She struggled briefly to pull it over her distended gut, since it didn't want to reach her skirt. I've got to get changed before I go to Jen and Laurie's, she thought. I'll get some comfy PJs and they've never guess I'm full of pizza.

She only hoped it would work.

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Laurie answered the door with a flourish. Alice was surprised to see that she had already changed into her night clothes – and that her night clothes consisted of nothing but a sports bra and panties. She also wore a flimsy open bathrobe, but Alice guessed that she wouldn't be wearing that to bed.

"Baby! Honey!" Laurie cried, apparently genuinely pleased to see Alice, "So glad you could come!" She peered at the bundle under Alice's arm. "What have you got there?"

"Oh, nothing. Just my jammies and stuff."

"Oh, yes, yes, come in! We were just about to get changed ourselves. Weren't we, Jen?"

Jen was sitting on the living room couch, grunting. From Alice's viewpoint, she couldn't tell what Jen was doing because the sofa back was between them, but it looked like she was trying to squeeze into something. Laurie quickly ushered Alice into the hallway bathroom.

Inside the bathroom, Alice pulled out her own pajamas. Compared to Laurie, she felt positively overdressed! She brought a pair of pink cotton jammies. She stripped down and briefly surveyed her form in the mirror. Unlike Jen and Laurie, she was pretty well-proportioned. She didn't have out-sized hooters or a gigantic ass. True, she did have a substantial gut that overhung her panties, but she had the rest of her to balance it out. She sighed and pulled her pajama pants on. She was horrified to find that they were slightly snug on her.

"Oh no!" she whispered, "How can this be? I know these were loose! Have I gained more weight? Crap, it must be all that pizza I ate today; I'm still kinda stuffed. Ohhh, I hope they don't say anything."

She was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Everything okay, sweetie?" called Laurie's voice.

"S-sure," stammered Alice, "Everything's fine!" She quickly turned to her shirt, pulling it on and trying to button it. Oh no!

"Need some help, sweetie?" Laurie said, her voice dripping with honey. Alice spun around, and Laurie suppressed a smirk as she took in the other girl's bulk. Alice was dressed in pink cotton pajamas that had once been loose, but were now beginning to get snug as Alice's size continued to balloon. Her flannel top was tight around her chest, and Alice hadn't been able to button the rest of her top. Her pale plump hung out, free and naked.

Alice, meanwhile, was shocked at the size of the newly expanded Laurie. She knew that Laurie, too, had been slowly blimping out all year, but she hadn't realized just how fat she'd become. Laurie stood before her now in nothing but bra and panties. Her tits were enormous, as usual, two great zeppelins nearly bursting out of her bra, but her belly, too, was bigger, hanging down over the crotch of her tiny panties.

"No, no," said Alice quickly, "I'm just finishing up here."

"Here, honey, let me help you there," said Laurie kindly. The buxom brunette grasped Alice firmly by the shoulders and spun her around so that the two were face to face.

"I see why you're having trouble here," said Laurie softly, "I know the feeling." Gently, slowly, Laurie began to fasten the remaining buttons on Alice's top. Alice felt herself blushing bright red. She felt uncomfortably close to Laurie right now; even if she didn't have a deep distrust of the girl, Alice felt like her personal space was being violated. But she stood silently as Laurie worked each button into its corresponding buttonhole. The buttons slightly gapped across the arc of her potbelly, but Laurie simply tugged a little harder to get them in. Her shirt didn't quite reach her pajama pants, so a thick slab of pink belly flesh was visible in the gap.

"There we go," said Laurie smoothly, standing back as if you examine her handiwork. Alice wished that she'd thought to bring looser pajamas, but she'd just been so flustered. She couldn't help but feel that Laurie was judging her, that this entire weird offer to help her close her pajamas was little more than a ploy to get an up-close view of just how fat she was. But she sure seemed like she was being sincere...maybe Alice was just being paranoid?

Jen flounced into the room, derailing Alice's train of thought. Jen wore an oversized green sports T-shirt as a nightgown, but it wasn't quite oversized enough for her anymore. It was actually rather clingy around her wide thighs and chubby gut, reveling the small depression of her belly button. Jen's own bust, while smaller than both Laurie's and Alice's, had grown enough to raise the shirt slightly, giving the other girls the briefest glimpse of Jen's white knickers.

"We've got all sorts of yummy food!" squealed Jen, waving around the room. She wasn't kidding! They had bags of chips and bowls of popcorn, as well as cartons of oreos and several liter bottles of soda. An open pizza box was on the coffee table and several slices were already

missing; apparently, Laurie and Jen had been unable to restrain themselves to wait for her to begin gorging. If this was any indication of how they normally ate, it was no wonder they were turning into rotund blimps!

Jen plopped onto the couch, kicking her thick legs briefly in the air. She grabbed a handful of popcorn and stuffed it in her mouth. Laurie had to work hard to keep a sneer of contempt off her face at Jen's gluttony.

"Oh, don't worry, Alice," said Laurie, catching sight of Alice's expression. "This is all low-fat, diet stuff. See?" She picked up a liter bottle of Coca cola and pointed to the label. "You can eat as much as you want and you won't gain an ounce."

Alice smiled weakly. She could feel herself blushing again. Had Laurie said that because she was mocking Alice's weight? Or was she genuinely concerned? If she and Jen were actually conscious of their weight, it would be the latter.

The truth was, however, that Laurie was lying. The soda wasn't diet any more than the cookies were low-fat or the chips low-cal. Laurie had spent all morning switching labels, pouring full-fat chips into diet chip bags, and slapping "diet" stickers on boxes of cookies. With any luck, Alice wouldn't know she was consuming massive numbers of calories until it was too late. An ingenious plan!

Jen grabbed a handful of potato chips and began munching. Alice followed suit. Laurie was a little annoyed that Jen already seemed to have forgotten that the food here was all full-fat; she was already contentedly stuffing her fat face! Oh well, thought Laurie, we have to make some sacrifices to make the ploy convincing.

And so they did. Jen turned on the television so they could all giggle about "Fire Maidens from Outer Space" and "Attack of the Eye Creatures," while Laurie made them all milkshakes. Of course, she added a special ingredient to Alice's – several tablespoons of weight gain powder. But Alice didn't notice the addition other than to note approvingly how creamy the concoction was. And all through the night, all three of them continued to snack. Even though Alice was still completely filled up from her binging at work, she couldn't resist all the tempting treats around her. And it didn't help that Jen and Laurie kept insisting that she try new ones.

"Here, Alice, try this," said Laurie, waving a chocolate nonpareil in her face. "It's a fancy kind of candy I just discovered today! You'll love it!"

By now, Alice was beginning to feel positively sick; she was so crammed full of food. Her bulging tummy was beginning to force her pajama top up, while the lowest jelly-roll hung out over her waistband.

"No thanks," she wheezed, patting her belly, "I'm kind of full."

"Oh, you can eat one teeny tiny little candy, can't you, Alice? Just one? You won't regret it; it's amazing!" Laurie scotched up to Alice and pushed the candy between Alice's lips before she could protest.

"Hmhf!" mumbled Alice, chewing. Laurie was right, it was great. But she still felt funny being fed by the increasingly insistent cheer captain.

Jen and Laurie, too, were showing the effects of the evening binge. Laurie's swollen middle popped over the edge of her snug little panties, hanging over so far that it nearly covered her entire lap when she sat. Jen's tummy was so swollen that her nightshirt was no longer comfortable. Without embarrassment, she hitched it up to fit as a tight roll across her chest, letting her bulging, stuffed abdomen breathe free as it rolled over her own tight thong undies.

"Gawd, Jen, you've gained a little more, eh?" said Laurie, eyeing Jen's full derriere as she bent over to grab a handful of popcorn. She meant it to be a playful ribbing, but Jen looked hurt.

"What?"

"Haha," said Laurie stuffily, "I'm just kidding, Jen. I mean, we've all put on a few over the holidays, eh? Hey, Alice, you know what's fun at a sleepover? Weighing in! Let's all see how much we weigh."

Alice grimaced. "I dunno..."

"Come on, it'll be a great bonding experience! Be a good sister big girl and play along, eh?"

"Okay..but you guys, too, right?"

"Um," Jen bit her lip and grimaced, "I, uh, think I'll just stay out here."

"Huh? Why?"

"Oh...I just don't feel like..." Jen coughed nervously, reluctant to tell the truth: That her big derriere was too wide to fit through the narrow bathroom door. She didn't want to risk getting her hips stuck in that doorway again. It had been embarrassing enough when only Laurie was around to see her predicament. If that cow Alice saw that Jen had become too pear-shaped to fit through a door...she'd just die!

"C'mon, sweetie, let's get you weighed. It'll be fun. We'll bond!" Laurie firmly put her hands on Alice's shoulders and started steering her toward the narrow bathroom door

"I'd rather not-" said Alice meekly but felt herself being steered right for the scale. Her feet found the scale and she meekly stepped on, as Laurie gripped her tighter. Alice looked down at the scale. It was hard to see the number over her own stuffed gut, but she heard the dial spinning ominously.

Then it stopped at: 201!

"Oh no!" cried Alice, "I've broken 200!" She was in shock! For so long, she had been teetering on the brink of 200, but she didn't think that she'd ever get this big! Was it possible that she actually weighed that much? She just couldn't believe it. Alice felt huge. She felt like a

whale, a colossal hippopotamus. She almost felt like crying as she grabbed a handful of blubber from around her middle and gave it a worried squeeze.

Laurie grimaced. She was delighted to know Alice's true weight, and nothing would have made her happier than to hear that Alice was even fatter than she'd expected, but now she was worried that the plot might be ruined. If Alice thought she was too fat, then she'd be more likely to make a real effort at dieting. Laurie couldn't allow that.

"There, there," she said, patting Alice's back, "That's not so bad. Remember, you're among fellow fat girls now. Why, I bet I'm heavier. It's my turn now, so let me on."

Gently, Laurie pushed Alice off the scale and took her turn on. Laurie squeezed her eyes shut. She knew she probably weighed even more than Alice, but she also knew that wouldn't last for long. Soon Alice would be twice as big as Laurie. It grated her to have Alice know her weight, but, again, sacrifices...

The scale made a clunking noise as the needle stopped spinning. Laurie tried to look down but found her view blocked by her enormous hooters.

"Shit, I can't see the dial," she muttered, "Alice, would you be a sweetie and read the number to me? I'm having some trouble seeing it."

Laurie couldn't help but puff out her chest with pride. Even in her heavy state, her melons were still the envy of all.

"Sure, Laurie." Alice bent down to look at the scale, and Laurie suppressed a giggle as she heard the fabric in Alice's pajamas creak and groan in protest. "It says 205."

205! Laurie swore inwardly. That wasn't possible! Was she really fatter than Alice? No matter, most of that weight was still concentrated in her tits...and while Laurie was confident that she's stay put at 205, she had no doubt that Alice would soon be blimping to 300, 400, and beyond...

"See?" she said sweetly as she hopped off the scale. "We're all big here. That's why we're all eating diet food here, right?" She put a friendly hand on Alice's shoulder. "That's why we'll all be losing weight soon enough."

Alice smiled a little. She was surprised that Laurie was taking it all so well. So well, in fact, that Alice felt a little guilty for the sense of schadenfreude she felt at seeing Laurie's higher weight. I can't stay mad at her, thought Alice, not even after all the mean teasing..it just seems like she's making such a real effort to change...maybe we will become friends after all!

Poor Alice! She just had no idea what the night had in store for her...

The night wore on. The girls ate. And ate. And ate...

By 10pm, Alice was ready to pop. She gazed groggily at the bounty before her. They hadn't even put a dent in this feast! She felt absolutely stuffed, but she was so dazed that she

wasn't thinking straight. If she could have seen herself, she would have been shocked at just how full and bloated she looked. Her round, chubby face was smeared with chocolate and pizza sauce, which was also staining the front of her snug pajama top. Her belly was so full that it puffed out like a beachball. It didn't help that her pajamas had been overly tight to begin with; now she was practically bursting out of them. With ever labored breath, her titanic, rounded tummy put excess pressure against the buttons down her front, causing little crescent-shaped gaps to appear between through which her soft, pale abdomen could be glimpsed. Her top was riding up her stomach, exposing a liberal spare tire of quivering tummy, which hung over the constricting waistband of her PJ pants.

Groaning, Alice shifted her weight, attempting to sit up. Her movement caused her flabby gut to spill out even more, almost covering her entire lap.

"What's the matter, Alice?" said Laurie, her voice suddenly full of concern. She knelt down by Alice's side, and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Aren't you hungry?"

Alice shook her head. "No, full," she mumbled. That was an understatement. Her literally belly ached with fullness. Her shirt felt like it was about to bust open from the force of her massive gut.

"Here, have another cookie," said Laurie kindly and shoved the treat into Alice's mouth. Cheeks bulging, Alice meekly chewed and swallowed the tempting treat.

"No more, please," muttered Alice thickly as she finished, barely conscious now. Alice let ready to explode, but the two haughty cheerleaders weren't done feeding her.

"Just a little more, sweetie," said Laurie, "I promise you're going to love this."

Laurie held one hand behind Alice, cradling her head, and placed the other lightly on her bloated belly, as Jen tilted the liter bottle of soda into Alice's helpless mouth. As full as she was, Alice was too dumb and bloated to even resist. Her plump lips closed around the bottleneck and she began to chug, her eyes glazing over as she did.

"Good, good girl," cooed Laurie, rubbing Alice's stomach as it filled with soda pop. With every swallow, you could literally see her girth increase, her swollen tum pushing the waistband of her PJs down. Her filled tummy began to bulge even more, pushing her buttons apart.

PING! The lowest button on her PJ top popped off, careening across the room. Alice's drum-tight belly hung out even more, gurgling and groaning with the strain of digesting her massive feast. She was so drowsy and bloated, though, that she didn't even notice the loss of her button; all it meant to her was a reduction of the pressure on her swollen tummy and that was all that mattered. Jen, however, did notice the loss. She motioned to Laurie to get her attention and then pointed at Alice's ruined top, giggling behind her hand. Laurie smiled approvingly.

"There now, wasn't that good?" said Laurie soothingly as the last of the soda dribbled down Alice's throat. Laurie pulled the bottle from between Alice's slack lips with a soft \*pop\* and



placed it beside her. Watching the scene, Jen suppressed another laugh. It was like watching a new mommy feed a giantly oversized baby.

Alice didn't respond except to belch loudly, causing her big bloated tummy to ripple. "So full," she moaned, "Wanna sleep."

"Shhhh," said Laurie, gently placing Alice's head on a pillow. "Just lie here for a few minutes and you'll be fine."

The moment Alice's head hit the pillow, the bloated beauty was out like a light. She moaned softly everytime she breathed in, as though the simple act of inhalation was stretching her even more painfully. Laurie stood up and stretched like a cat, surveying her handiwork.

"God, what a hog," giggled Laurie, running a hand over the huge pale dome that was the unconscious Alice's belly. Laurie couldn't help but be pleased with how well her plan was working out, and she was almost ecstatic as she looked proudly at her creation. Yes, this was her creation, wasn't it? Alice, formerly merely fat, now fast on her way to becoming a jumbo whale. It was Laurie's doing, and she felt a twinge of pride in how well her little piggy was coming along. She was so tightly packed that it was a wonder that she hadn't exploded.

Alice's stomach gurgled as it struggled to digest her massive feast. She burped softly in her sleep and stretched, causing another button on her too-small top to blow off. Laurie stifled a nasty laugh as her overstuffed abdomen bounced out.

"Can you imagine it, Jen? Our fat little piggy here, even fatter," she laughed, patting Alice's big bouncy belly. Laurie picked up another cookie and crammed it into her mouth. No reason to hold back now. If Alice kept eating like she had tonight, she'd be a blimp in no time. And the fatter Alice was, the thinner she would look. She imagined what Alice would look like when they were done with her – an enormous globe of a girl. Perhaps that loser boyfriend of hers could roll her to school.

Jen plopped down on her own expansive rump. She looked at the slumbering Alice, who was so stuffed so literally looked like she was going to blow like a megaton bomb.

"I dunno, Laurie," said Jen, scratching her big ghetto booty, "Don't you think that maybe, I dunno, maybe this is a little bit immoral? I mean, it seems kinda mean."

Laurie laughed harshly. "Listen, Jen, if you want to be the fattest girl on the team, go right ahead. If you want all the girls to laugh and point at 'Big Fat Jen and her Big Fat Ass,' go right ahead. But me, I don't intend to have anyone laughing at me." She narrowed her eyes evilly. "And if I need to make Alice bigger to make me look smaller, I don't have any problem with that. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Are you doubting the plan, Jen?"

"No, but —"

“Good, because I’d hate to think I couldn’t trust you, Jen.”

Jen shook her head. She wasn’t much of a thinker; she usually let Laurie do the big planning. But as she looked at the sleeping Alice, she couldn’t help but feel that they were doing something that they shouldn’t be. No, no, that was silly. She was just being silly, of course. Laurie must know what was best. Laurie always knew what was best.

Jen was quiet. But, perhaps for the first time ever, her mind was working hard...

## 21. Alice, Laurie, & Jen

Something wrong, Kristine?"

Alice looked quizzically at the lanky black girl as she tugged at her clingy spandex pants.

"I'm having trouble getting my pants on," said Kristine quietly. Alice gave her teammate a quick glance over. Kristine was one of the tallest girl on the squad, and her wavy black hair and creamy chocolate skin made her a striking presence. But she'd definitely gained a little weight over the break, her rounded booty making her spandex pants cling a little tighter than usual.

"Well, it's right after Christmas break," said Alice, "It's pretty normal to pick up a few pounds, isn't it?"

Kristine nodded by seemed distracted. Alice was glad to see that she wasn't the only girl to bloat up over the winter. While she still far outweighed most of the cheerleaders, it was comforting to see other girls were also self-conscious of their figures. Alice carefully suited up as well as she could. She hadn't practiced her cheers at all since before the holiday and two weeks of lazy living and good eating had not been kind to Alice's already chubby body.

Standing in her bra and panties, the young blonde looked as round as an apple. She pulled her skirt up and struggled to snap it closed around her ample middle. It was a difficult task. Alice sucked in her stomach and clipped the skirt closed. She grabbed her sweater and pulled it over her head. With a twinge of horror, she realized that her hefty belly was too large to fit into her sweater anymore. She tugged on the sweater's hem, trying futilely to cover the exposed innertube of doughy flesh around her midsection, but it just kept popping back up. The sweater only reached down to her belly button, leaving a stripe of soft pink flesh out in the open. Alice felt herself blushing. She was glad that Jen and Laurie were so sympathetic to the plight of the fat girl now. If she had shown up to practice popping out of her sweater last semester, they would have laughed at her.

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Out on the field, a new, pudgier Laurie awaited the arrival of her team. When they appeared, she was not happy as she noted their increased girth. But they, in turn, were simply shocked at Laurie's new size.

If the other girls had filled out a bit, Laurie had blimped. Her old uniform was not built to withstand the sort of pressure it was being put under. The raven-haired diva was still a busty beauty, but whereas she had once been slim with large breasts she was now fat with enormous breasts. They dominated her zaftig figure like a pair of grand pontoons, rolling and quivering

inside her threadbare sweater. Her curves had slowly grown soft and round over the school year, but had become downright dangerous over winter break. Her sweater was absolutely filled to bursting with bust, her cleavage welling up from her neckline. Laurie's once sculpted face was round and chubby now. Her arms were thick and her legs trunk-like. Her cheer skirt barely fastened around her tubby paunch, and cut into her gut so much that a thick flabby roll over lapped it and hung over her crotch.

"The first order of business," said Laurie, "is that we're going to order some new uniforms. Since you cows haven't lost any of the weight that I told you to, we've got no choice but to order an entirely new wardrobe." She shook her head. "Disgusting!"

She waddled over to Kristine and eyed her slight pudgy pot belly. She poked a plump finger into her soft middle and sniffed derisively. Kristine had mostly plumped around her hips and buttocks over the winter. Lizzie, standing next to her, now sported a slight pooch of a gut. Only Denise, the team stick, seemed untouched by winter pounds.

The truth, of course, was that Laurie's own uniform had become completely too tight. But she didn't want to admit that was the real reason that she was ordering new outfits and that she didn't care one whit how uncomfortable the other girls' uniforms became.

"Wait! Wait for me, you guys!"

Laurie turned to see Alice lumbering across the field toward them. She stifled a snort. It was obvious from the way Alice's buoyant boobs and rounded belly bounced as she moved that her sleepovers with Jen and Laurie were having a definite effect on her figure. Alice's cheer uniform wasn't just tight; it was almost bursting! The ballooning blonde was becoming really apple-shaped. Her face was rounder, with plump cheeks and a dainty double chin. Her big, bobbing boobs shook and jiggled as she ran, barely restrained by what must have been a monstrous brassiere, and her tubby gut was rolling out of her inadequate sweater. Her chubby thighs looked huge in her skirt, rubbing together as she moved.

"I'm here!" she gasped as ran up to Laurie. Alice doubled over, panting. This fat girl obviously wasn't used to such strenuous exercise. Laurie grinned. Nothing made her happier than to see additional evidence of Alice's weight gain. Alice was so out of shape that Laurie doubted there was any chance that she'd be able to do any of the cheer routine; even putting this jumbo hog on the bottom of a cheer pyramid would probably be too much! Laurie had to restrain herself. It was tempting to lay into Alice and really chew her out. She loved insulting her chunky nemesis, but she knew that would ruin her entire plan. If anything, Alice had to continue to believe that they were now friends and that Laurie only had Alice's best interests at heart.

"Out of breath?"

"Yeah," wheezed Alice. Her round face was blushing bright red with the exertion of her brief jog across the field.

"Aw, that's too bad, hun," said Laurie sympathetically. She patted Alice on the back and tried her best to disguise her glee. "You look like you could use a rest. Look, Alice, why don't

you sit down with Jen?”

“Really?” Alice beamed. She knew that she should work out. She was kind of out of shape, she knew. But she was winded from her run across the field and Alice really didn’t much like exercise. She was eager for any excuse to avoid having to go through the routine, especially since she was vaguely aware that at her weight it would be nearly impossible for her to keep up. Plus, she was really excited to hear Laurie say that she could sit this one out! Laurie never let anyone sit out except for Jen, who was her best friend and co-captain. If she was giving Alice that same privilege, then that must mean that she was moving up in the world.

Alice plopped down on the bench next to Jen. Between Jen’s enormous backside and Alice’s overall girth, there was barely enough room on the bench for both of these bloated beauties. Jen was absently picking her teeth, watching the other girls try to do jumping jacks as Laurie barked commands. She eyed Alice’s fat physique approvingly as the big beautiful cheerleader settled her big bum on the seat. Of course, Alice’s butt wasn’t nearly as wide as Jen’s. Jen had grown so pudgy over the holidays that her bottom stuck out like a shelf. When she sat down, she almost looked taller, since her bulbous bubble butt was so big. Her cheer knickers were always on display, since her increasing pear shape meant that her thunder thighs and fleshy buttocks were too much for her skirt.

“Like, hi, Alice,” she chirped. Always the airhead, Jen giggled as the other girls worked out. She was lay by nature and didn’t at all mind sitting out. “Look at them all! They’re, like, sooo out of shape!”

“Heh, I guess,” said Alice uncomfortably. “But everyone gains some weight after the holidays, right?”

“Yeah, I guess so.” Jen looked over at Alice and smirked. “Um, like, you’re gonna be coming over for another sleepover this week, right?”

“Oh? Yeah, sure,” said Alice, nodding. Jen grinned, noticing that the gesture emphasized Alice’s increasing double chin. No doubt about it, she was getting bigger. Jen couldn’t believe that she honestly seemed to buy all their lies about the sleepover snacks being diet food, but, hey, she wasn’t complaining! The more she ate, the better she and Laurie would look in comparison.

“We’re going to have to delay it until Saturday, though,” said Jen, “I’m having Craig over for dinner tonight and my mom is really making a big fuss. She’s weird like that.” Jen stood up awkwardly and waved at Craig across the field, trying to get his attention. But Craig was busy running plays with his teammates and didn’t notice his tubby girlfriend trying to catch his eye.

Jen frowned. Inwardly, she worried that Craig wasn’t happy with the way she looked. She’d begun worrying after Josh had dumped Laurie for blimping out, and now she was ready to convince herself that Craig was intentionally ignoring her because of her added poundage. Was he ashamed to be seen with a steadily inflating lady on his arm? Was he trying to avoid her in front of the guys? Without thinking, she reached behind her and tugged at the hem of her skirt, futilely trying to cover her colossal backside. Jen’s bodacious bottom was simply too large for

her skirt to cover. When she stood up, her skirt always seemed to fall just short of covering those luscious basketball-sized globes, revealing the barest hint of rounded butt-cheek where it met with her thickening legs.

Then something else across the field caught her eye. Jen giggled. “Like, what are they doing over there?”

Alice looked in the direction that Jen was pointing. Across the field, sitting on a bench, were Tyler and Frank. Tyler had obviously only come to watch Alice. The scrawny mophead looked pitifully out of place on the football field. He waved at Alice as she looked toward him, and she smiled shyly and waved back.

Tyler looked even more slight next to Frank. Frank was an enormous mountain of muscle and flesh. As a linebacker, he had to be. Ignoring the noise of the sports practice happening around him, he was calmly turning the pages of a book he’d brought with him.

Alice was delighted to see her boyfriend had come to watch her perform – even though she was rather embarrassed at the same time to think that he would see her just sitting there doing nothing rather than actually practicing. But someone else was not so pleased. Laurie had stopped barking orders at the squad as she caught sight of Tyler’s wave, and now she stood glaring at him.

“I’ll be right back,” she snapped at the girls, “You porkers keep practicing!”

With a snarl, she spun on her heels and stomped across the field, her fleshy body wobbling with each step.

Frank put down his book as Laurie approached.

“You!” shouted Laurie, pointing an accusatory finger at Tyler, “Stop distracting my team! Who do you think you are, anyway?”

“Um, I’m just here to...”

“I know why you’re here!” snapped Laurie, “You’re here to gawk at cheerleaders, you perv! I don’t need some little dork like you around, so you better split before I really get mad!”

“But-“

“No buts! Move!”

“Hey.”

Laurie turned at the sound of Frank’s voice. Frank had put down his put down his book and was standing up. Frank was an enormous bear of a boy, towering a good foot over Laurie. She craned her neck to get a good look at his somber face.

“Oh, it’s you,” she said dismissively. She vaguely remembered him from having seen him on the football team in the past and also from working at the same restaurant where she’d

gone to torment Alice. Otherwise, though, Laurie didn't have much to do with him; as head cheerleader, she thought that associating with anyone other than team captain was rather beneath her. "What do you want?"

"Tyler here isn't staring at your team. He's here to see Alice over there. And it looks like she's not even practicing right now, so I don't see how he's being a distraction. So maybe you could lay off."

Laurie stared at Frank with evil eyes. She didn't like to be told what to do. But the revelation that Tyler was just here to watch blimpo Alice was somewhat mollifying. If he saw her just sitting around on her fat ass instead of working out, he'd soon realize what a raw deal he got in dating a cheerleader. And the blow-out when he dumped Alice would be especially sweet to see after her own pain and humiliation with Josh. She smirked at the thought of sweet, fragile little Alice being told she had simply grown too fat for her loser of a boyfriend.

"Alright then, dork, I guess you can stay. But you better keep your eyes glued to your lady's fat behind. If I catch you gawking at my team..." She wagged a plump finger in his face for emphasis. She spun around to return to the team, but the swift movement was difficult given her new center of gravity. Her colossal knockers had too much inertia and she nearly fell down as she turned.

"Oh!" she cried as she fell, only to stop before she hit the ground. A pair of strong hands had grabbed her to break the fall. As they propped her back on her feet, she realized that Frank had caught her.

Frank grunted as he lifted Laurie back up. There was no denying that this was a big girl! Laurie's tubby figure and enormous bust made her heavier than ever, and Frank worried that he might give himself a hernia as he placed her upright.

Laurie was furious. She could hear the snickers of the rest of the team across the field. Even Alice and Jen seemed to think the incident was funny, since they were giggling behind their hands. Even Jen! That ballooning big-bottomed bitch! How could she laugh at Laurie like that?!

Laurie looked at Frank, her face flushed crimson with rage and embarrassment. "How dare you!" she snarled, "How dare you touch me!"

"You were going to fall," said Frank matter-of-factly.

"I was not! And I don't need any help from you, even if I did. I know you'd love ANY excuse to get your hands on my beautiful boobs, wouldn't you?" For emphasis, Laurie thrust out her bulbous bosom. The fabric of her cheer sweater strained visibly against her massing melons, so much so that the stitches were fraying. While most of the cheerleaders had gained enough over winter vacation to make their cheer uniforms snug, Laurie's was hanging on for dear life.

"Then why didn't I?" said Frank. He was rather annoyed at Laurie's behavior, and he

was trying to keep his eyes from straying to her hefty hooters. This plump boobilicious babe was obviously used to guys staring and thought that the mere sight of her chest was enough to subdue any man.

Laurie glowered at him, seething. Finally, tired with the effort of keeping her big bosom out, she sighed and sagged. “Whatever. I don’t have to waste my time with you. Shouldn’t you, like, be out kissing your football or something? What are you even doing here, anyway?”

“Nothing much,” said Frank, “You know, unlike Tyler, I actually was just watching you guys practice. And I was wondering, if maybe you’d like to go out sometime?”

Laurie stared. Was he for real? Was he really asking her out? At once she was pissed – the news that Josh had dumped her must be getting around, but at the same time she was flattered. She could obviously still attract the boys, after all!

Still, a girl in her position had to be choosy. And after the way Frank had talked back to her, she didn’t much feel like being nice. He certainly had guts, dissing her like that and then asking her on a date!

“Oh, ha ha,” said Laurie, smiling devilishly, “Oh, sweetie, I’m sorry but no.” She looked Frank up and down, as if you measure his worth. “It wouldn’t do for someone like me to be seen with someone like you. I am head cheerleader, after all.” She patted Frank’s belly in mock sympathy.

“I mean, you are a bit pudgy, after all. I like my men big and tough, not big and fat. Just look at this gut! Hee hee!”

Frank looked down at Laurie. He was nearly twice her size, of course, but Frank was also much taller and his bulk was both muscle and fat. Laurie, on the other hand, was pure fat, and her smaller frame meant that it was much more noticeable. Her thick legs protruded from beneath her skirt, and her pudgy tummy had slipped out from beneath her shirt, hanging over her waistband. Her enormous bosom had grown so vast that it was sagging downwards; only her monumental brassiere was keeping it relatively perky. The very idea that she could be calling him fat was ludicrous. But what could he say?

Frank shrugged. “Alright then,” he said and turned back to his book. Laurie was a little stunned by his acceptance. She wasn’t used to seeing men take her rejection so well. Usually they ran off in embarrassment. Once, she’d even made a guy cry! But Frank was just sitting here, perfectly calm. It was bizarre!

She didn’t have much time to ponder the situation before a familiar voice behind her called out: “Well, hello there, tubby!”

Laurie stiffened. It was Josh! That jerk! Laurie felt her face go red with anger as she recalled his cruel parting shots the night that he had dumped her. She still couldn’t believe that this jackass had the nerve to call her fat! Her! As the head cheerleader and one of the most powerful girls at school, Laurie had managed to run enough damage control to keep most



people in the dark about the real reasons for the break-up, but it would get harder and harder for her to keep this quiet if Josh felt the need to keep harassing her. Especially if he felt the need to keep harassing her with fat jokes!

“Hey, fat stuff,” said Josh, looking over the plump form of his ex-girlfriend. Laurie rose to her full height and glared haughtily at him. Josh couldn’t help but chuckle. Laurie thought she looked imposing, but with her added poundage she just looked ridiculous. She was ready to pop out of her cheer uniform, her enormous breasts pushing the sweater to its limits, her growing potbelly filling the waist of her skirt.

Laurie tensed as she heard a snicker behind her. Someone on the cheer squad was daring to laugh at her! At her! Laurie, the ice queen who had ruled the cheer squad with an iron fist for years! She suddenly flashed back to that fateful day last semester when she had invited the former captain, Amber, to talk to the squad in the vain hope that she could motivate them into getting back in shape. She’d been horrified to see that Amber had completely blimped out in college, reaching virtual sumo wrestler size, but she’d been even more horrified at what Amber had said: her prediction that Laurie too could not escape the same gradual inflation. It was already coming true! She could no longer deny that she was steadily gaining weight after Josh’s cruel words, but she’d hoped that she could divert attention from her own waistline by always keeping one step behind Alice. But now that Josh was here, there was no way that she could keep people from noticing.

“What do you want?” said Laurie icily. She glared at her ex-boyfriend with undisguised contempt.

“Nothing from you, obviously,” said Josh, “I’m here to talk plays with Frank here. So you’d better run along. I think I hear a pie calling your name.”

“Shut up!” yelled Laurie, pumping her fists in the air. All three boys couldn’t help but stare at the ripples her sudden motion sent through her bloated bustline and bulging belly. Josh, who was standing closest to her, even took a tentative step backwards, as if afraid that her bulk might destroy her top. “You’re horrible and I hate you! I can’t believe what a jerk you are! How could you do this to me? And in front of my whole team!”

“What’s going on here?” asked Frank. He was a bit surprised to see Laurie in such an agitated state; she always seemed so collected. Tyler shrugged helplessly.

“Nothing,” said Josh dismissively. “Let’s just say that I finally came to my senses.”

“He dumped me because he said I was fat!” hissed Laurie. “Which is totally ridiculous, right? I mean, look at me!” She waited for the boys to praise her ample chest, but they were too busy investigating the rest of her body – which had filled up and out, from her jiggling gut to her thick calves. The whole situation became increasingly awkward, as both Frank and Tyler realized that they could no, in good conscience, tell Laurie that she wasn’t indeed fat.

Thankfully, something happened to distract Laurie from the silence.

“What’s this?” said Chris, walking up. His eyes fell on Laurie and he burst out laughing. “Cripes, what happened to you? You’ve blown up like a balloon! And I thought Alice porked out! Haha!”

“I know, isn’t it pathetic?” laughed Josh, reveling in Laurie’s humiliation even more now that he had a comrade-in-arms. Truth be told, Josh had long since tired of Laurie’s superior attitude, her haughtiness, her insufferable arrogance. For a while, he’d been able to overlook her rotten personality just for a chance to get his hands on her perfect body, but now that she’d packed on enough blubber for a family of seals she didn’t even have that going for her. He was honestly happy to see her get her just desserts. He and Chris both guffawed as the porky cheerleader fumed in impotent rage.

“She looks like she could be in the Macy’s Thanksgiving parade!” howled Chris, “What on earth is wrong with her? Has she got some sort of fat disease?”

“Yeah,” said Josh, “It’s called being a big greedy pig and stuffing your fat face full of food 24/7. Seriously, Laurie, maybe if you didn’t eat so Goddamn much junk, you wouldn’t have turned into such a blimp. You’d better watch out or they might just kick you off the cheer squad.”

“Kick ME off the cheer squad?! What the hell- I’m team CAPTAIN! I AM the cheer squad!” Laurie stomped over to Josh, her eyes flashing. “Nobody kicks me off of anything!” She raised her hand to smack Josh across the face, but he grabbed her wrist and easily held it away, still laughing. Laurie struggled, but only succeeded in making her flabby body wobble and jiggle more.

“Let go of me, you jerk!” Laurie shrieked, pulling away. Josh released his grip, and Laurie stumbled backwards, collapsing into a jiggly heap.

As she fell, all the boys heard a loud tearing sound. Laurie’s sweater had split down the side, exposing her vast doughy flank and the side of one monumental boob. A roll of blubber hung over the side-strap to her bra. Laurie was so furious and ashamed that she could only stutter.

Chris and Josh broke into renewed gales of laughter.

“Haha! Wow, Laurie, getting too big for your britches, huh? I always knew you’d bust out in a big way! But this is too much!” laughed Josh.

“Too much for that sweater, too,” said Chris. “Way too much, I’d say! Ow!”

Chris yelled out in pain, falling upon Josh. The two boys tumbled down in a pile as Frank watched them, rubbing his sore knuckles.

“Maybe you two should go find something better than harassing the lady,” he said. Frank, although normally a calm and collected fellow, had finally had enough of these two jackasses and plugged Chris right in the face. He knew that Laurie was an arrogant bitch, of course, but, really, these two just had no class at all, picking on her like that.

“You fugging addhole!” yelled Chris, holding his face, “You punned me in da node! Whad da fud??”

“Yeah, you’re lucky that’s all I did,” said Frank quietly. Laurie stared up in surprise, her mouth hanging open. Even Tyler edged away a little, afraid of this sudden dangerous tone. “I’ve had just about enough of you two jokers. What’s with all this crap you’re pulling? Do you think you’re in second grade? Leave the girl alone. In fact, you’d better apologize to her, or I might really get mad.”

Josh opened his mouth to retort but thought better of it. Frank was a big guy, after all.

“Sorry,” he muttered as he picked himself up. His eyes and sullen mouth said that he didn’t mean it at all, and they all knew that he’d be back to his old ways the next time they met. But he wasn’t going to say anything now. He grabbed Chris and pulled the other boy to his feet. Chris nodded in pseudo-apology.

“Let’s get out of here,” muttered Josh. He turned to Frank: “I don’t know what you’re problem is, but I think you’d best remember that I am the captain of the team. You’d better take some time out and think about where your loyalties lie.”

“So you think that gives you the right to be an ass to everyone? What’re you gonna do, fire me? Screw you.”

Josh was silent. Frank was a star player, so he wasn’t willing to do that. Not yet.

“He hibbed me in the node,” whined Chris.

“Yeah, well, you just assaulted another player!” said Josh, remembering Chris’s injured face. “That’s gonna count for something. You’re benched for...for...two games!”

Frank shrugged. “Whatever.”

“Yeah, we’ll see.”

Scowling, Josh turned and stomped off. Chris teetered after him, still whining about his nose. Frank shrugged again.

“I really can’t stand it when people act so immature, ya know?” he said.

Tyler nodded dumbly. “Uh...yeah.”

Frank bent down to Laurie and offered her his hand. Laurie reluctantly took it and Frank pulled her to her feet.

“You okay?” he said.

“What...Yeah...yeah.” Laurie wasn’t quite sure what had happened, but one thing was for sure – when Frank was around, no one would dare make fun of her weight.

“You better get a new sweater,” said Frank simply. “This one tore when you, uh, fell

down. I guess you should be getting back to the locker room.”

“Yes, of course. Right.” She nodded, still dazed.

“Well, be seeing you then. Come no, Tyler.” Frank started off. Tyler, equally dazed, started to follow.

“Hey!” Laurie yelled at Frank’s back. Frank paused and turned around.

Laurie cleared her throat. “You know...about that date... I’ve reconsidered.”

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That night, Jen had more than enough to eat.

Jen’s mother never let anyone leave the table hungry. She came from a large immigrant family and still believed deeply in the importance of a good meal. Further, despite the best attempts of American culture, she refused to be convinced that thin was healthy. No, a good layer of fat, that’s what a girl needed: it was sustenance for hard times. She made sure to keep her family well-fed, and Jen bore the brunt of her aggression.

Much to her mother’s delight, Jen had always been a big eater. But it was only recently that her eating habits were having an effect on her figure other than her perky backside.

“Would you kids like some more vegetables? More steak?” She began shoveling more food onto Jen’s plate before her daughter even had a chance to answer.

Craig glanced over at his expanding girlfriend. She was chowing down without any regard for how much food her mother at dumped on her plate. In fact, her rounded bum was so big that it hung over the sides of her chair. Jen’s snug pink halterneck let her belly hang free, so everyone had a clear view that she wasn’t just increasing in her bum. Jen was definitely packing on inches in front too, as her round tummy poured over the waist of her pants. She squirmed uncomfortably as she ate, her pants tight around her hips and butt, but she didn’t seem to draw the connection between her increased consumption and her snug clothes.

In fact, sometimes Jen seemed like a fish, who would continue to eat and eat as long as there was food in front of her. Jen wasn’t used to having to control her appetite, because she so rarely ate dinner at home with her family.

Jen sighed and leaned back in her chair, pushing out her overloaded tummy. As she inhaled, the pressure against her slacks proved too much and the top snap gave way. Her bloated stomach poked out, pushing against the second snap in line. Her belly was perfectly round and so stuffed that it resembled a fully inflated balloon.

“Jen, would you like some more mashed potatoes?” Jen’s mother, like her daughter, tended to be oblivious to things that didn’t mesh with her worldview. She barely noticed Jen’s newfound roundness or her popped jeans.

“No, please, Mom,” mumbled Jen as her mother scooped another helping of mashed

potatoes onto her plate. It looked like Jen had finally hit her limit and was starting to resist being fed. She literally felt stuffed to bursting. "I couldn't eat another bite! I feel like I'm going to pop." She rubbed her full, sloshing tummy for emphasis. She hiccupped and her whole bloated stomach bounced and wobbled. She groaned.

"Nonsense, potatoes are good for you. A little extra never hurt anyone. You girls today are so obsessed with your figures. Why, I watched on Oprah the other day that there's this new thing called anorexia, where girls make themselves sick because they're so obsessed with staying thin! No daughter of mine is going to be unhealthy. Eat up, Jen, it's good for you!"

"Honey, if she's done, don't force her," said Jen's father.

"I'm just trying to be a good mother!" said Jen's mother defensively. She looked like she was about to cry. "But if Jen doesn't like my cooking..."

"No, no, it's great, Mama," said Jen quickly, scooping another spoonful into her mouth to prove it. "Mmmm, it's, like, delicious!"

"Why don't you try some of these carrots, too?" said Craig helpfully. He was interested to see how this would play out.

"Oh, yes, what a smart boy!" said Jen's mom, oblivious to the withering look that Jen was shooting at her boyfriend. "And you, Craig, I can't have a guest not getting enough. You eat up too!"

She dumped another helping on Craig's plate. He was getting full as well, but he was a bulky football player, after all; this was nothing that he couldn't handle. Plus, Craig knew enough to eat slowly. As long as there was still some food left on his plate, Jen's mother would hesitate to force more on him. He had learned this after several meals at Jen's house. But he was surprised that Jen, despite years of this treatment, had not figured out this simple rule! He shook his head slightly as he watched his bloated babe force down still more food. Well, he certainly hadn't begun dating Jen for her intellect. Jen was a total ditz in many ways.

But he had to wonder, why had he never shared the secret to avoiding Jen's mom's feeding with Jen? He should have. Jen's mom was only doing more damage to Jen's already suffering waistline and if he didn't want to be dating a total cow, he'd better share it with her soon.

But he didn't have to do that now, he thought, gazing again at her stomach. What was wrong with him? Why did he suddenly find her plumpness so fascinating?

After the last of the meal disappeared into Jen's expanding tummy, her parents wanted to retire to the sitting room. But Jen was so stuffed and bloated that all she wanted to do was lie down and sleep. Her stomach stuck out a foot before her, a perfect rounded dome of flesh. Even breathing was painful she was so full! Jen wheezed and gasped, leaning back in her chair to alleviate some of the stress.

"Ohhh," she moaned, cradling her bloated tummy, "Craig, baby, I think I ate too much. I

don't think I'll be able to stand up. Ohhh, I just wanna go upstairs and lie down in bed..."

"Here, Jen, let me give you a hand," said Craig. He reached beneath her, taking an extra moment to savor the plushness of her denim-clad rump, and gently lifted her to her feet.

Jen sighed and hiccupped. "Oh, Craig, like, thanks! You're, like, my hero!"

"Anything for you, Jen." His eyes traveled the length of the corpulent cutie's physique. She was bigger these days, all right. Her clothes looked like they were painted on! "Do you need help getting up the stairs?"

"Hic! Maybe a little," said Jen shyly, blushing just a tad. Gawd, this was kind of embarrassing! She'd eaten so much at dinner that she could barely even waddle without jostling her engorged gut. She was so worried that Craig was disgusted in her, so why couldn't she control herself and keep from stuffing her chubby cheeks? Old habits die hard, and Jen was used to her mother stuffing her like a Thanksgiving turkey at every chance she got. How could she ever break out of this cycle before she turned into a real blimp?

Jen wobbled up the stairs, burping and hiccupping softly. Her swollen tummy poked through the open fly of her jeans. She had never been so stuffed in her entire life, and she had to lean backwards to balance out her rounded stomach.

"Here, Jen, let me help you," said Craig, placing his strong hands against Jen's back to help support her. Jen was thankful for the help; she was so dumb and bloated that she was almost tipping over backwards.

"Thanks, Craig! \*Hic!\* Yer such a sweetie. \*Hic!\*" Jen felt ridiculous, but at the same time, she couldn't help but feel a little excited. It was kind of fun to have Craig around to help her, to pamper her, when she was so obscenely full. In fact, being so crammed full of food seemed so decadent and opulent...and with a strong man there acting so attentive it was almost downright arousing.

It was just too bad that Craig wouldn't feel the same way...

As they reached her room, Jen stifled a belch. She grabbed the flaps of her jeans and pulled them together, quickly snapping them shut. She groaned as she felt the fabric bite into her bloated middle, but she wasn't ready to just leave them open.

With a groan, she flopped down on the bed. With a great effort, the ballooning babe rolled over onto her back, her giant midsection rising above her like a big pale dome. She whimpered at the pain of her full belly, and the tight top snap popped open again. Jen was so stuffed that she didn't even seem to notice it this time.

Craig sat down next to her overfull girlfriend. He was a lot bigger than she was, and further Jen's mom had concentrated mainly on her own daughter ignoring his plate somewhat, so while he was full, he was far from stuffed as Jen was.

"You okay, babe?"

Jen belched again. Her enormous stomach quivered slightly.

“Ohhhhh, Craig, sweetie, I’m soooo full! My belly hurts so bad. \*Hic!\*Oh, I wish my mom would stop always trying to \*hic\* feed me like that!”

Craig smirked. It hadn’t looked like Jen was really trying to resist her mom’s attempts to stuff her, but whatever.

“Hey, babe, chill,” he said soothingly, “You want me to massage you? I’ll bet I can make all that pain go right away.”

“Like, noooo, don’t even touch me!” said Jen, “I’m sooo stuffed that I think I’ll bust if you even touch me!”

“You sure, babe? I got magic fingers!”

“No, I – ooooh!” Jen’s protests melted as Craig brushed his fingers over her distended stomach. Slowly, gently, he began to knead her drum-tight belly – something that should have felt painful, but actually felt rather good. Sure, she winced at his touch because she was so full, but it actually felt nice to be massaged when she was so completely stuffed stupid.

As Jen squirmed, she heard a loud tearing sound. She froze. The seat of her pants had lost the fight to her monumental rump and split wide open. Jen sat up as much as could, her hands flying to her exposed rear.

“Oh my Gawd!” she yelped. She spun around to face Craig, only to find his eyes wide with shock and his mouth slack. It was exactly as she’d feared! The same thing that happened to Laurie was about to happen to her. She burst into tears, burying her face in her hands.

“Oh, like, Laurie was right! I’m soooo fat! Oh, Gawd, Craig, I’m like totally gross! I just know you’re going to dump me!”

“Jen, stop crying!” Craig threw his arms around his girlfriend. In truth, he had been worrying about Jen’s increasing weight, about how he looked in front of the rest of the school for dating a girl so massive, about how he could get away from her...but now he was completely ashamed that he’d even considered dumping her. The truth was that he really liked Jen. Sure, she was a ditz and sometimes she didn’t think for herself...and she put way too much stock into what that bitch Laurie said. But she was a sweet girl and Craig really did like her. And, he was beginning to realize, her new bigger body wasn’t the turn-off that he’d expected.

“Hell no, I could never dump you, Jen! Not for being fat. In fact, I think you look really good!”

“You’re just saying that!” howled Jen.

“Oh no I’m not! And I’ll show you...”

Craig flipped Jen over onto her back.

“Oh, Craig!” squealed Jen, clearly delighted to find that her monster booty didn’t repel her lover. She arched her back, causing her pants to split even farther. Craig caught a glimpse of taut pink panties underneath.

“Oh, hell, that ass of yours is too goddamn hot,” he muttered, “Take off those pants, Jen, I want to make love to my woman!”

“Tee hee!” Jen giggled as she struggled with her waistband. It was hard in her position, on her hands and knees, and Craig seemed to get agitated when she took too long. He ran his hands along the curves of her bulbous backside, still whispering to himself.

“Soooo, you’re, like, not going to dump me, right?”

“Hell no, Jen, why would I dump you? How could I leave a girl with an ass like this?” He eyed the split in her pants. Her butt was so big and round that even with that tear, her pants still fit her pretty tightly, and her underwear looked similarly stretched.

“Hey, Jen,” he said slyly, “Let me see you really work that ass. I know you’ve got too much butt for your jeans, but do you have too much for your panties, too?”

“My panties?” said Jen, confused. Then it hit her. “Like, I dunno.” She grinned coyly. “But, like, let’s find out!”

Slowly, seductively, Jen arched her back, aiming her big round derriere up in the air. The force of her bowling ball-sized cheeks proved too much for the flimsy cotton fabric of her undies, and they tore right up the back just as her pants had. Jen squealed as she felt a cold draft on her exposed buns.

Craig grabbed both sides of the torn fabric and tugged, splitting Jen’s pants and panties completely. Jen squealed and wiggled her bottom as Craig grabbed big meaty handfuls of her butt blubber.

“Oooo, careful,” moaned Jen, her bloated belly wobbling as Craig pumped into her. “I’m soooo- hic! – full. Hic!”

“Ohhhhh, Craig, be careful, my belly hurts! Ohhh! \*hic\*”

“Sorry, babe, but you’re just so hot! This big butt of yours is beautiful!”

“Tee hee hee! You like my butt, Craig? You like my big bouncy booty?”

“Jen, I LOVE your booty! No one’s got a better ass than you... and that’s not all. I love all of you! Mmmm,” He reached around and grabbed hold her lovehandles, causing Jen to squeak.

“Eep! Craig, I...oh! I thought that...oh...that you wouldn’t like me...anymore...because... because I was get...getting so fat...”

“No way, babe! I love your body! You’re so hot...and you’re just getting hotter all the time...” Was this true? Craig almost couldn’t believe the words coming out of his own mouth,



but here he was saying them. It must be true! He looked down at Jen's quivering bum and imagined how much bigger and rounder it could get. Jen's broad backside already rivaled the perfect chubby cheeks of Jennifer Lopez or Kylie Minogue... And if she kept getting bigger, so would her most prominent asset.

"My...ass...isn't...isn't...too big? Oh...oh..."

"Never! Your ass could never be too big..."

"Ohhhh," Jen sighed, closing her eyes in ecstasy.

"My ass...could never be too big," she repeated happily, dreamily.

Jen sprawled out on her bed, stuffed and exhausted. After her enormous meal and that vigorous sex marathon, she could barely think straight. She still had the hiccups, and every one jostled her overstuffed abdomen. Jen lightly ran a finger over the pale dome of her rounded gut. She was thrilled to find that Craig still liked her even at her larger, rounder size! He certainly still appreciated her growing behind, and Jen knew that no matter how much she gained, most of it would end up there.

Laurie's night was going quite differently. She and Jen usually hung out together in the evenings, but tonight Jen was busy at dinner with Craig and her family. Their usual stuffing session/ sleep-over with Alice had been postponed, so she was all alone. After the incident on the football field, Laurie was feeling low and depressed. She knew she was bigger than she'd used to be, but her humiliation had really driven that home. Not even her upcoming date with Frank was enough to completely ease the sting of that.

Alone and miserable, Laurie turned to the one thing that she knew would always comfort her – food.

She knew she shouldn't, of course, but what good was logic when you're feeling that low? All she could think about was getting some comforting, numbing ice cream down her gullet. And, oh, how she binged!

Now she was lying passed out in bed, completely stuffed and snoring like a buzzsaw. An empty carton of chocolate ice cream was cradled in her pudgy arms, sitting atop the dome of her bloated belly. It rose with each breath, trembling and gurgling. She had stripped down before her feast and now wore nothing but a halter top and a pair of loose-fit boy shorts – her chocolate-stuffed tummy had pushed down the waistband almost to her crotch. It whined and burbled as it struggled to digest and Laurie moaned softly in her sleep.

Suddenly, she groaned loudly and rolled over. Her head was swimming, her mind a daze of chocolate-drugged dreams...

Laurie dreamt that she awoke with a start. Something was different. She rolled over in bed, and started to launch into the usual rocking motion that she used to get out of bed these days. But she was shocked to find that she flew out of bed immediately. She tripped over her own feet.

Laurie looked down at herself. Her body looked as it had at the beginning of the year – slender with huge hooters. Laurie stared at her beautiful body in the mirror, her button-down shirt tied into a knot below her heavy breasts and leaving her perfect flat wash-board stomach exposed. She was wearing a pair of khaki slacks, cut so that they were tight around her curvy hips and rear, tapering down to hug her long legs.

“Oh, thank God!” said Laurie. “What a horrible dream?”

“What dream?”

Laurie turned and was surprised to see Jen in her room.

Jen giggled. Jen was dressed in a T-shirt and a pair of tight cut-off jean shorts. Jen, too, was back to her old self, thin but curvy. Jen turned to admire her firm, perky bottom in the mirror.

“I dreamt that I got fat,” said Laurie, “As fat as a pig. As fat as a circus fat lady. As fat as Alice!”

“Ohhh,” said Jen, almost as if in a dream, “That doesn’t sound so bad.”

“Doesn’t sound so bad? What are you talking about? Did you, like, even hear what I said? As fat as Alice! I looked like a helium balloon!”

“I dunno,” said Jen, “I think you’d look good fat.”

Laurie couldn’t believe her ears. “What the hell are you talking about, Jen? No one looks good fat.”

“I dunno,” repeated Jen. “I think some people do. I’ll show you, see?”

Jen reached behind her to grab her meaty rear end with both hands.

“Ohhh,” sighed Jen, a slight smile playing across her glossy lips. Laurie arched her eyebrows as she saw the cause of Jen’s excitement. Jen was lightly rubbing the palms of her hands in circles on her backside. Her buttocks were growing, swelling like a pair of party balloons.

“Jen, what’s the matter with you?? You’re blowing up! Oh my Gawd, Jen, you’re getting fatter!”

“Mmmm,” sighed Jen as she continued to stroke her plumping bum. “So? What do I care? Craig totally said he looooves my big butt! And he loves the rest of me too!”

Jen pointed at her tummy, which immediately began to inflate as well.

“I just wish there was more of you to love,” whispered Jen as she moved in closer to her friend. Laurie was surprised to feel the warmth of Jen’s body so close to her, but she felt powerless to protest the invasion of her personal space. In fact, she almost welcomed it.

“Mmm,” mumbled Laurie as she poked her tongue into Jen’s mouth. She reached down to heft Jen’s thick leg out of the way. In fact, Laurie was growing, swelling like a balloon. Jen realized with a start that she too was inflating.

Ping! A button shot off her top as her swelling bustline overcame it. The pressure increased on the second button as gaps began to appear. Her growing breasts pressed against the material with increasing urgency, her erect nipples leading the way. Ping! Her second button flew off, revealing deep cleavage.

As proud as she was of her breasts, Laurie couldn’t help but blush. Jen giggled and poked Laurie in her swollen pontoons.

“Looks like someone’s becoming a big girl now,” she said, “Getting too big for your britches, Laurie?”

“Like, shut up! I’m thin again, don’t you understand? You’re the fat one, Jen, and it looks like you’re getting fatter. What’s going on?”

Jen snickered. “Oh, Laurie, you silly girl! Don’t you see? You’re not thin at all, girl! Look at yourself!”

Laurie looked down at her body. Her boobs were still getting bigger, but that wasn’t all. She felt her tummy start to swell, her thighs begin to fill out. She was getting bigger all over! Laurie started as the third button flew from her shirt. Her frilly white brassiere peeked through the opening as her blimping tits pushed the sides of her shirt apart. They appeared ready to spill out. Her pants felt tighter around her hips and thighs.

Jen giggled as she leaned forward, her own growing gut causing the snap on her shorts to pop open as she did so. Her zipper slid down with a soft hiss as her belly plumped up and out. The waistband of her knickers was stretching to accommodate her increasing girth, but not nearly fast enough: her flabby tummy was overlapping it and hanging over, her belly button dark and deep.

Jen gently pushed Laurie over. By now, Laurie was so swollen with fat that there was little she could do to resist. She toppled over back onto the bed with an “oof,” her bloated body jiggling. She was still expanding, like an air mattress hooked up to a tire pump, her body spreading in all directions. The remnants of her clothes were becoming tighter and tighter. Laurie tried to fumble with the fly of her pants, to release the button, but found that she could no longer reach her own crotch over her ballooning belly.

“Jen,” she whined, “Help me! My pants...they’re too tight.”

Jen heaved herself over to Laurie to look into her eyes. Laurie could barely breathe with Jen's increasing bulk bearing down on her. Jen was blimping so severely that she looked like she was about to go pop.

"Like, do you need help, Laurie?"

"Yes...ow, they're so tight...I can't reach them...please, Jen...help me..."

Jen grinned as she slid down to inspect the situation. Laurie's blossoming belly was pushing harder and harder against the crotch of her pants. Unlike Jen's shorts, Laurie's had apparently been well-tailored. Her tummy was oozing over the waist and filling the crotch of her pants, but the unforgiving waistband was cinching tighter and tighter. Laurie could barely breathe due to the constriction.

"Like, what's the problem, Laurie?"

"The problem is....I...can't....breathe...."

Jen grinned as she watched Laurie turn red. Her hands fluttered to Laurie's waist and she absently stroked the abundant flesh of Laurie's big round tummy.

"I don't know if I should," teased Jen, "Laurie, you're such a big girl, after all. Does a big girl like Laurie need help doing anything?"

"Jen...please....I need your help now! Ohhh, Gawd, these pants are sooooo tight! If you don't unsnap them, I'm going...I'm going....I'm going to p-p-pop! Ow!"

Laurie flinched as the hook of her pants snap bent enough to pop out of the clasp.

"See, sweetie? You didn't need my help at all..."

Laurie blushed with desire and embarrassment. Why was she so aroused? It didn't make sense! Despite herself, her hand began creeping downward, straying toward her crotch. She couldn't help it and the very thought made her pant. But she found that her new found weight meant that she couldn't quite reach!

With a grunt, Laurie tried again, but her ballooning gut blocked her access to her own vagina. She was too fat to masturbate, she realized with a combination of dread and excitement.

"Aww, poor baby," said Jen sympathetically. She stroked Laurie's expansive flanks sadly. "Do you need some help, girl?" Her hands fluttered down to Laurie's crotch, below the already defeated waist clasp, and gave the zipper a little tug. It slid down easily. Jen poked a finger into the soft flesh below, drawing a sharp gasp from Laurie. Laurie's low-cut pink panties were stretching as thin as tissue as her thighs grew, but Jen just giggled.

"Look, Laurie, we match!"

Laurie strained to look down. Her view of her own undies was blocked by her massive

hooters, which were causing her overloaded brassiere to creak and groan. But Jen pointed at the open V of her own busted crotch, where her rounded stomach was also cradled by straining pink cotton material. Jen stroked Laurie's exposed knickers through the open fly, cooing softly.

"These won't last long, girl."

Jen reached up and squeezed Laurie's massive whoppers in her hands. Laurie's boobs were so gigantic that Jen couldn't come even close to handling them. Laurie sighed as Jen tenderly massaged her mammoth mammaries, kneading and rolling her gelatinous udders. Laurie could feel the multiple hooks at the back of the giant undergarment protesting at the additional strain they were under. Laurie's bodacious boobs needed more and more hooks to keep them under control, but even six were too few now that her bosom was inflating like a pair of basketballs.

Still grinning, Jen kept one hand on Laurie's bountiful bosom, but moved the other down, skittering over Laurie's oh-so-sensitive paunch, down to her over-stimulated crotch.

"Ohhh," said Laurie softly, her cheeks flushing as she felt Jen's fingers delicately brush her sex. She sucked in and held her breath, hardly daring to breathe as tickly tendrils of pleasure moved outwards from her crotch, spreading through her bloating body. Her clothes were quivering on the verge of destruction, but even as they grew tighter and tighter, Laurie dreaded the release of their explosion. She was teetering on the very brink of explosion herself, and in the very back of her mind she worried that the jolt of her clothes ripping might send her over the edge too soon. She didn't want this to end; she'd never felt this good before!

As if sensing her worry, another button blew off her straining shirt with a violent crack. Laurie's swollen melons and burgeoning belly jiggled and shook at the release and Laurie gasped – but didn't climax, thankfully. She still had a ways to go. She was as tense as an overtightened violin string and her skin as tight as a drum.

Bang! The last button sprang from Laurie's shirt and the two halves of her top fell limp as her blimping melons bounced out, quivering with pressure. The flesh of each pumpkin-sized tit was spilling over the lip of each bra cup; the stitches holding the cups to the bodyband were gasping.

"Almost done," sighed Jen softly, still stroking Laurie's quivering sex through her soaked knickers. Laurie could barely keep from moaning at the intense feelings. She was ready to come, but Jen was too skilled. The bootylicious beauty wanted to tease Laurie a little longer. "I'm not ready to let you come yet, my precious little piggy," she whispered.

"Mmmm," purred Laurie, her eyes shut, her senses dulled with pleasure.

"No," said Jen, "I want you to finish undressing before you come. You're almost there now, girl. It won't be long now."

Indeed, all that was left of Laurie's clothes were her rapidly unraveling undergarments. It wouldn't take long for her swelling melons to bust her brassiere completely, for her widening

hips to tear her overloaded panties to shreds.

As if to emphasize the point, Laurie heard a sudden snap. She twitched, thinking that she'd made it to the next stage, that her burgeoning belly had popped her panties, but it just wasn't so. She could still feel the cruel bite of elastic all around her middle. She opened one eye curiously.

Jen giggled and pointed at her own growing gut. The waistband of her undies had split and a large tear ran down her left side. Defeated, the garment slipped down her silky thighs and Laurie sighed as she caught a glimpse of Jen's exposed sex. Jen's swelling belly soon obscured it as Jen continued to blimp just as fast as her raven-haired friend. Jen's bra, not equipped to handle the massive cargo that Laurie's was, tore in half and slipped from her body. Jen was now completely starkers, a ballooning blonde babe of blimp-like proportions.

The only clothing left between the two dream babes were Laurie's straining knickers, which were clinging to life with a frustrating and almost supernatural tenacity. The threads along the sides were tearing. Laurie could feel them going, but slowly...to slowly...

"Jennnnnn...please....I need...need you to...touch me...please..."

"No, Laurie, not yet. I said I wanted you naked. And I'm not gonna budge from that."

Whining, Laurie tried to reach down with her turgid, swollen arms, but she couldn't even reach the waist of her undies with her enormous boobs and colossal belly in the way. There was nothing to do but wait...her panties were cutting into her more and more each second as her belly rose higher and higher, like bread dough baking in a pan, holes appearing in the breaking cotton garment as it was pushed way past its limits.

"Jennnnnn, it's...sooo...sooo....sooooooo..."

"Tight?"

"Yessss."

"Well, if it's so, so, sooooo tight, Laurie, then you shouldn't have any trouble getting out of them..."

"Yeah, but..."

Laurie's objection was interrupted by the sudden bang! Of her overburdened elastic finally giving up the ghost. The split panties blew apart, flying to her sides as her mammoth gut surged forward, jiggling like a tub of pudding.

Finally, both girls were completely naked, two rotund beauties.

"Finally," breathed Jen, closing in on Laurie for a kiss. Even after all that had happened, Laurie was shocked to feel Jen's soft, plump lips against her own, but she soon lost herself in the wordless pleasure of the kiss, so deep and dark and forbidden. Laurie felt everything slipping away from her as her mind, her soul, every fiber of her being got sucked into that kiss,

into feeling Jen up against her, filling her entire world with her being...

The Jen pulled away, their lips parting from each other with a moist \*pop\*.

Laurie waited with bated breath, eyes still shut, anticipating what would come next, craving the touch that she'd been denied for so long...but it didn't come.

She opened her eyes, curious. Jen was there, attempting to reach down Laurie...but both girls were so fat that she couldn't get close to her without their bellies pushing each other apart.

In fact, Jen seemed to be receding into the distance, as Laurie's beanbag stomach expanded even more.

"Nooooo!" howled Laurie as her massive body pushed her friend farther and farther away from her. The two girls looked like a pair of overinflated zeppelins, so big and round that neither one could even move a muscle. Jen rolled over helplessly, flashing Laurie a sheepish look before her head vanished from view. Laurie watched Jen drift off into the distance, still growing larger and larger, nothing but enormous blimp of a girl with a tiny peanut head.

Laurie jolted upright, gasping. What a nightmare! In the moonlight, her big pale belly, quite bare, looked like a glistening white dome. Her sheets were soaked with sweat. When she moved, she realized with horror that her panties too were wet, but not from sweat. God, she was aroused! She felt her own dampness as she moved in bed, her legs separating with a moist noise.

She was still clutching the empty ice cream carton.

Horrified, Laurie threw it across the room. That dream was just too weird! The idea of being so fat...the idea of being with Jen...Gah, it was just insane! Sex dreams...gah, they are always so weird and strange. It must have been all that ice cream that she ate before bed. Yes, that was the only logical explanation.

And why was it that evening dreams Laurie never seemed to hang around long enough to come?

Well, she was awake now. And in reality, she was not too fat to reach herself. Not by a long shot. So she could take care of that right now...

## 22. Alice & Laurie

Alice swiped her forehead with one thick arm. Working in the pizza kitchen was sweaty work!

Between her constant snacking at work and her weekly stuffing sessions at sleep-overs with Jen and Laurie, Alice was still a growing girl. She attributed her tightening clothes to too much nibbling at work, which she was desperately trying to stop. But there were a couple problems with that. First, poor Alice was truly a greedy little kitty at heart, so she found it almost impossible to stop eating when yummy treats were available all around her. Even if she wanted to, she still tended to pop morsels into her mouth without thinking, eating entirely on autopilot. But the real problem was that Alice's increasing poundage had very little to do with her work snacking: It was mainly a result of too many sleep-overs.

The naïve chubbette still hadn't caught on to the true purpose of the sleep-overs. She took Laurie at her word that she and Jen had come to see the error of their ways in picking on her. She had no clue that Laurie was actually actively fattening her up like a prize piggy in hopes that as long as Alice stayed rounder than Laurie and Jen no one would notice that the latter two were also swelling. Laurie and Jen could no more resist food than Alice, and so the sleepovers were having an effect on all three girls. Just last week, they had all become so wide that it was becoming difficult for all three to sit on the sofa without their thighs touching. But Jen and Laurie were only gaining from eating too many cookies and too much pizza, while Alice was gaining from those PLUS the secret ingredient that Laurie always made sure to dump in Alice's milkshakes.

The blond babe was almost as round as an apple these days. Her tummy was edging further and further in front of her, as her thighs and butt also expanded. Alice's bras were beginning to pinch her, as well. She was so round and tightly-packed that she looked like a cherry bomb ready to explode as she waddled around the kitchen of Pizza-by-the-Pound. The worst part, though, was that Alice's supervisor Maggie was always regarding her suspiciously. Alice knew that Maggie must think that her inflating girth was the result of snacking on the job—and maybe it was a little, but Alice was certain that she hadn't been nibbling enough to warrant such a gain. She couldn't believe that she might get in trouble for snatching food from the kitchen when she hadn't even been doing that!

Alice heard the kitchen door opening, jolting her out of her thoughts. It was Frank, the big yet quiet football linebacker who worked alongside her making pizzas in the afternoon. He nodded 'hello' to Alice as he walked past to get dough out of the oven.

"Hey, Alice? You know Laurie, right?"



“Laurie?” Alice was surprised to hear Frank mention that name. She’d seen Frank and Laurie discussing something during cheer practice this afternoon, but she hadn’t gotten a good idea what they were talking about. She was actually rather curious, now that she thought about it. “Yes, she’s the captain of our cheer team. We’re good friends...I think. Why do you ask?”

Alice bent over to reach the pizza boxes stashed under the counter, her broad bum pressing against the overloaded seams of her tight pants with unacceptable pressure: Her trousers split up the seat with a loud jagged RIIIP.

Alice bolted upright, her hands flying to the wide tear over her hefty bottom. She spun around, her face going bright red.

“Oh Gawd, Oh Gawd,” she bubbled, almost in hysterics. This was so embarrassing! She knew that she was still gaining weight, but to bust her pants in front of a co-worker?

Frank politely looked away, pretending to be distracted by something in the distance.

“I’m so sorry,” blubbered Alice, “I just- I just, look, I know I’ve put on some weight! Oh, God, please don’t tell Maggie! I know that she thinks I’m stealing food because I just keep getting bigger! But it’s not true.”

“Hey, it’s okay, I’m not going to say anything,” said Frank. He felt pretty bad, since Alice was almost on the verge of tears in embarrassment. “They really need to make better uniforms here, don’t they? They’re so flimsy they rip at the slightest provocation.” He was just saying that to make Alice feel better, of course, and Alice knew it, but the kind words helped calm her down.

“Heh, yeah,” she said uncertainly. She craned her neck to catch a glimpse of her rounded backside – and the wide split where her fattening bum forced the fabric apart.

“I think we’ve got some spare clothes in the back,” said Frank, “though...uh...I don’t know what size they are...”

Of course, Maggie still hadn’t bothered ordering the next size up, so both kids knew that any new clothes were going to fit Alice just as snugly as these old ones. But, maybe, if she didn’t make any sudden moves, she could go another day without tearing her seat.

“I’ll go check.” Frank ducked into the back, as Alice, still red-faced, scooped her broad butt up against the wall and hoped that no one would walk in before Frank returned. When he did come back, he was carrying an extra pair of pants, but his expression showed his skepticism that they would be much better than the pair Alice had just ruined. Nonetheless, she accepted them thankfully and waddled into the employee bathroom to change.

Frank continued to work as the muffled sounds of a struggle issued forth from the locked bathroom door. After a few minutes, Alice emerged, still flushed, her bulbous chest heaving as she gasped for breath. She’d obviously had to work hard to get those pants over her plump thighs. She wore her shirt untucked to disguise how the tight waist was biting into her soft flesh – possibly, she’d even left the button opened and hoped her untucked shirt would disguise that.

“Thanks, Frank,” said Alice miserably as she came back to work, “I think these will be... better.” She moved awkwardly enough that it was apparent that, no, they really weren’t. Still, better than nothing.

“Don’t mention it,” said Frank, “Soo, anyway, about Laurie...”

“What about her?”

“Do you know what kind of food she likes?”

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“So who’s this guy you’re going out with?”

“Some guy on the team. You know, Frank.”

“Oooo,” Jen cooed. She knew Frank from seeing him hanging out with Craig. “I’ve seen him around, he’s pretty cute!”

“Humpf,” said Laurie. “Maybe a little. But that doesn’t mean he’s getting anywhere with me. I’ve got standards.”

Laurie stared at herself in the mirror. Her eyes wandered to her increasingly flabby waistline, where a thick roll of blubber now oozed over the band of her low-cut knickers. She pinched her lovehandles tentatively – No, this would not due at all. She stood up straight and puffed out her chest. At least, her magnificent tits still seemed to retain most of her excess weight.

“Oh, like, I’m sure you do,” said Jen. “Like, I’m sure that you won’t have any trouble stringing him along.”

Laurie watched her own reflection. She still looked gorgeous, with her firey eyes and her long raven hair, but her face looked...rounder. And her soft tummy was impossible to ignore. Uncharacteristically, she needed reassurance. She turned to Jen.

“Jen, you do think I’ve still got ‘it,’ right? You don’t think I’ve been...”

“Porking out?” finished Jen.

“Jen!”

“Well, like, you kinda are,” said Jen nonchalantly. The bootilicious bimbo was lying face-down on Laurie’s bed, thumbing through a fashion magazine and popping candies into her mouth. Like Laurie, she too was puffing up. Her always prominent bum rose behind her like a pair of mountains, the lower curves of each succulent cheek almost hanging out of her cut-off booty shorts. Somehow, though, even though her ass was reaching the point that it would soon

need its own zipcode, Jen wasn't worried. Ever since she'd learned that Craig liked her badonkadonk butt, she was perfectly content to stuff her face and watch her bottom spread.

"Look, shut up!" snapped Laurie, "I know I've gained a...few pounds, okay? But it's not nearly as much as you!"

Jen shrugged, hardly seeming to care. Laurie gaped at her.

"Whatever, Jen! I don't know what's wrong with you all of a sudden, it's like you don't care that you're totally blimping out. If you want to have a butt that people can use as a floatation device, then fine for you. But some of us actually care about our appearances. This is totally serious! What am I gonna do? I can't keep Frank staring at my tits all night! He's bound to notice that I'm...that I'm...you know!"

"Well, like, what do you usually do to distract guys from how fat you are?"

"I'm not fat! I'm just...more voluptuous, okay? And usually I just make sure to have that bloated cow Alice standing nearby, but I can't invite her to tag along on this date! There's got to be another way." She eyed something slung over a chair in the corner and frowned. She'd hoped it wouldn't come to that, but she didn't think she had much choice now! She wobbled over to the chair and picked up – a corset.

She'd never worn it before. She'd never had to. The old girdle had once belonged to her mother, but Laurie's fantastic physique had never before needed an extra hand.

"Jen, I need your help. I need you to help me...get into this corset." Laurie blushed angrily as she said the embarrassing words. A corset! How had it come to this? She was the captain of the cheerleaders! She was the hottest girl in school! And now she was so fat that she needed a corset? She winced at the idea of stuffing herself into that binding garment, with its tight unforgiving strings – it was an admission that she was fat, fat, fat. And she hated it.

Jen hopped off the bed as quickly as she could with her massive hind quarters. As her feet hit the floor, it caused a slight ripple to reverberate through her gelatinous bum, her sloshing only kept to a minimum but her restraining shorts.

"Okay, like, hold still!"

Laurie raised her arms as Jen wrapped the corset around her friend's midsection. Unfortunately, Jen found that the garment didn't completely fit around Laurie's tubby middle, so she had to work hard to get it closed. Frowning, she pulled the strings loose and proceeded to relace them in hopes that she could get the girdle to fit. After a few minutes, Laurie began to get impatient.

"C'mon, Jen! Is it done yet?"

"Jeez, Laurie, I'm working as hard as I can. Give me a second!"

A knock at the door drew both girls' attention.

“Hello, girls,” said Laurie’s mom, “Are you getting ready for a big date?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. Laurie’s permissive mother rarely disciplined her daughter, instead always striving to get Laurie to view her as a friend rather than a mom. As a result, Laurie was used to getting her way. Over the years, she had grown from a spoiled brat to a ballooning bitch, a change to which Laurie’s mom seemed oblivious.

“Mooom! What are you doing in here? Can’t you see I’m getting dressed?”

Her hands shot to her naked chest in a futile attempt to cover her billowing bazoombas. Laurie’s mother just laughed. Part of her “hippie” attitude toward parenting meant that she didn’t have much regard for personal boundaries; Laurie always had to contend with her

“Oh, Laurie, please I’m your mother, you don’t have anything I haven’t already seen. Besides, nudity is perfectly natural.”

Laurie glowered but refused to move her hands from her cupped bosom. She was seething – but her breathing stayed regular simply because she was unable to do breathe in deeper with her tight girdle.

“What do you want, Mom?” she snarled.

“I just wanted to check in on you kids before the big night! Do you girls need any help?” She eyed the snug girdle, noting the rolls of flab that escaped over the lip of the garment and below its bottom. She nodded at Laurie’s auburn-haired friend. “Hello, Jen.”

“Hello, Mrs. Belmontès!”

“Do you need help with that girdle, Laurie? Goodness, do you even know how to wear that thing? Are you sure you don’t need some help, honey?”

“Mom!” Laurie shrieked, “Will you get out? Gawd! The last thing I need is some help from you. Get out!”

“Okay, honey, whatever you say, I don’t want to intrude-“

“Good! Then go!”

As her mother left, Laurie glared after her. When she was satisfied that she was gone, she dropped her hands. Her boobs bounced slightly as she did so.

“Aw, Laurie, you shouldn’t be so hard on your mom,” said Jen, “She just wants to help.”

“I don’t care, I don’t want her in here,” snapped Laurie, “Would you want your mom hovering around when you don’t have any shirt on? Look, why don’t you make yourself useful for once, you bimbo, and pull this thing tight?”

“It already is tight, Laurie! And don’t call me a bimbo!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Jen, if you had as much brains as you had booty, you’d be a

genius. Too bad that's not the case."

"What? Are...are you insulting my butt? Shut up! Craig says my butt is beautiful! He called me a...he said I was his bootilicious beauty!"

Jen sighed dreamily, but Laurie just rolled her eyes again. "Oh, gag me," she muttered, before saying aloud: "He can call you her favorite fat ass for all I care, get to work!"

"I dunno," said Jen skeptically, "That's already looking pretty tight." She attempted to force a finger between the lip of the girdle and Laurie's burgeoning flesh. It wouldn't fit. "If I pull any tighter, this girdle might pop – or you might!"

"Shut up and do what I say!"

"Alright, alright." Jen grudgingly grabbed hold of the strings and pulled again.

"Tighter," gasped Laurie. Jen pulled again, yanking the corset strings with all her might. Laurie gasped as the air was forced from her lungs. She reached into a heart-shaped box of bonbons on the dresser and pulled out a chocolate truffle. Jen rolled her eyes as her pudgy friend popped it into her mouth.

"Like, this would be easier if you would, like, stop eating for a second."

"Shut up, Jen! I'm really stressed out now! I don't need you getting on my back."

Jen yanked again – hard enough that the wind was blown right out of Laurie and the chocolates in her mouth went flying across the room.

"That's it!" said Jen as she struggled to tie the laces, "There's no way I can get these any tighter without snapping the strings. If you're not thin enough now, you never will be, Laurie – you'll just have to distract Frank with those giant boobs."

Laurie could only make a choking, gurgling noise in response as she leaned against the dresser for support and struggled to inhale. After a few minutes, she finally she looked in the mirror. With the corset pulled so tight that she could barely breathe, she had finally achieved a modicum of slimness. She looks like she had at the beginning of the school year: a svelte raven-haired bombshell with enormous, melon-heavy hooters. The corset even made her boobs pop out more than usual, maker her look even bustier. That was always a plus. The big problem was that she was so constricted in this girdle that she could barely move; her face was slowly starting to turn red because she was having trouble breathing.

"That's better," squeaked Laurie in a voice barely above a whisper. It was all she could manage.

"You look, like, pretty uncomfortable," said Jen.

"That doesn't matter," said Laurie in a high-pitched voice. She was so tightly-packed that she could barely move.

“Like, Laurie, you’ve got some back cleavage here-“

“Quiet!” She waved for Jen to hand her the dress. It was a slinky red number with a plunging neckline that dipped between her hefty hooters to reveal her cavernous cleavage. Jen shrugged and grabbed the dress. Laurie could hardly move in her restricting girdle – and truthfully she was afraid that any rapid movement would blow her over-stretched underpinnings apart.

Jen helpfully held up the slinky dress. Laurie stepped into the dress and Jen helped wriggle it up her voluptuous hips. The dress had once fit Laurie nicely; now she looked perfectly poured into it. With the help of her corset, Laurie was just able to fit, although her enormous bust posed a unique challenge.

Jen was up to the challenge. “Okay, Laurie, like, I’m going to tape this dress to your boobs now, so hold still, okay?”

Laurie snorted. Jen grabbed a roll of fashion tape off the dresser, and pulled off a strip. Jen slapped it against Laurie’s ample left breast, causing the busty diva to squeak. Jen then grabbed the left strip of Laurie’s top and dressed it against her chest. It stuck. She repeated the process with the right side, making Laurie grimace.

“Jeez, Jen! Be careful! They’re tender, you know!”

Maybe you shouldn’t have called me a bimbo, thought Jen angrily. But outloud all she said was: “Well, like, you have to make sacrifices for beauty, you know.”

Laurie examined her reflection in the mirror. “Yes,” she said, “Yes, you do.” She did an awkward twirl, hampered by her right clothes and her heavy bosom. “How do I look?”

“Fine,” said Jen. “Just don’t breathe too deeply.”

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Frank looked at his date. Laurie’s face was a tense orange color. She was grimacing in obvious pain as she could barely breathe in her overly snug corset. Frank didn’t know about the amazing structural integrity of Laurie’s undergarments, of course, but he did notice that she looked substantially slimmer than she did at school and he had his suspicions.

Ever the gentleman, he pulled the chair out for Laurie. Laurie sniffed and took her seat as if it was expected that Frank would be her servant.

As her plush rump hit the seat, Laurie could feel a single thread in her sexy dress snap. She tensed, praying that her girdle would keep her from popping anymore stitches. After a moment she relaxed when she failed to feel anymore of the tell-tale twitches from her bottom that would signify a seam tearing out.

Frank took his seat across from her.

“So I hear you like Italian food,” said Frank. That wasn’t exactly true – but Alice had

mentioned Laurie's insatiable appetite for pizza, so this was his closest guess.

Laurie nodded. Her pretty face was actually starting to turn purple.

"Yeah, it's good. This place is alright." She scrutinized her menu intently. Honestly, this was a very nice restaurant and she was pleased – maybe even a little surprised. She was used to having boys treat her to the finer things. For years, this stunning babe had been able to bend men to her will with her beauty and body. When she'd first started dating Josh – long before he started taking her for granted – he had brought her to some nice restaurants. But this! Chez Giovanni was one of the best restaurants in town.

A waitress appeared at Laurie's elbow. "Good evening, and welcome to Chez Giovanni," she said. "I'll be your waitress for the evening. Could I start you off with any drinks?"

"I'll have a root beer, thanks," said Frank.

"Just water," said Laurie curtly.

"Excellent," said the waitress, "and would you like anything to start off? Any soup or salad?"

"I'll have the garden salad," said Laurie, "Dressing on the side. In fact, you probably shouldn't bother coming back, that's all I want."

"I'll start with the same," said Frank, "Although I do think you should come back." He smiled reassuringly at the waitress. He felt rather bad for her, having to deal with Laurie's snippy attitude! He made a mental note to leave a big tip.

The waitress nodded. "Alright, I'll be right back with that."

"So," said Frank as she left, "How are you?"

"Fine." Laurie glared at her hands in her lap, fidgeting. Frank tried to keep his eyes wandering to Laurie's magnificent cleavage. It was hard, considering that Laurie was wearing a ridiculously provocative dress – and her chest bulged with every breathe she took.

"How's the cheerleading business? You guys seem to be doing some really nice...uh... cheers these days."

Laurie shrugged. "It's okay. Sometimes. It's hard work, you know. Not many people appreciate that. And it's especially hard for someone like me, a captain has to keep everything together. And that's hard to do when you have some real lardasses on the team."

"Excuse me?"

"Oh, you know, like that Alice. You know her, you work with her at that stupid pizza place. I tell you, if I could, I'd kick her right off the team now! But stupid school regulations say I can't do that cause it would be-" She mimed air quotes "- 'arbitrary and capricious.' Feh! But you should see her. She's getting fatter every day." Laurie leaned forward to whisper

conspiratorially. “The only thing that she’s cheering for these days is more snacks. You should see that cow eat! Jen and I had her over for a sleepover the other day and she must have eaten a million calories!” Laurie grinned happily now that she was talking about one of her favorite subjects.

“Um...well, she’s a little plump, I guess,” said Frank, “But I’m sure she’s a fine cheerleader.”

“Ffft! For now! But, mark my words, soon enough she won’t just be too fat to do a handstand or a cartwheel. She’ll be too fat to stand up.”

“Wait, why did you have her over for a sleep over if you hat her so much?”

“Oh, I don’t hate her! I just...Look, I’m saying this for her own good! A hippo like that shouldn’t be cheerleading. She’s just embarrassing herself! And I don’t want her to feel bad now, so I?”

“Look, could we talk about something else? I’ll have you know Alice is a nice girl and I really don’t like gossiping about her.”

“Ooo, well, aren’t we the gentleman?” said Laurie, snickering. “Fine, Mr. Knight-in-shining-armor, what do YOU want to talk about?”

Frank thought for a second before saying: “That’s a really nice dress you’re wearing.”

“Well, of course, it is!” said Laurie, “I wouldn’t wear anything that wasn’t really nice! A girl has standards.” She looked Frank over. “Sometimes,” she mumbled.

“You know,” said Frank, “It looks rather like a dress I saw Glinda wearing in a production of ‘Wicked.’”

“Really? I looove the costume design in that show! It’s simply divine!” bubbled Laurie.

“You don’t say! I guess I don’t know much about costume design, but it’s a great show.”

“Well, let me tell you about it then-“

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Laurie talked excitedly about all the wonderful costumes she’d seen in ‘Wicked’ for quite some time. Frank nodded thoughtfully, occasionally interjecting his thoughts about the show (which had more to do with the plot and characters than Laurie’s more superficial observations did). He was thankful to have found something in common with this ravishing beauty, besides a mutual appreciation for Laurie’s looks. After seeing Laurie’s behavior on the field at school, he had almost been afraid that he would have to spend the whole evening telling her how pretty she was and stroking her massive ego. It was nice to find something else they both enjoyed!

Laurie was still jabbering when the salads arrived. She paused to pick at her greens daintily, but she didn’t look very happy about her food.



“You don’t have to put on a show,” said Frank.

“What?” squeaked Laurie.

Laurie pecked at her salad again. It wasn’t much, but she couldn’t afford to be seen eating more. Laurie was still sensitive about her recent gain and didn’t want Frank to think she was some sort of greedy pig. Not like she had any reason to try and impress this lunk.

“A show. About not eating. That doesn’t impress me. I know that you like to eat and there’s nothing wrong with it. I didn’t bring you to a restaurant so you could not eat. What’s the point of that? I went through all this trouble to find out what your favorite kind of food is and to bring you here to treat you to a nice meal, and now you’re going to make all that effort a waste by not even ordering a proper meal? Frankly, I don’t see how you can even call this a date.”

Laurie’s eyes bugged out of her head. Her mouth went slack as she tried to think of a nasty retort.

“What...what...how dare you!” Laurie’s full lips curled into a snarl. If she wasn’t afraid of busting her girdle, she would have whipped her open palm right across Frank’s face for that insolent remark! Well, sorta insolent. Technically, it wasn’t really insolent at all, but Laurie still felt stung. He’d seen through her façade and called her out on it. It rather made her feel naked.

“I’m just saying-“ began Frank, but Laurie cut him off.

“I know what you’re saying! You think I’m trying to impress you, don’t you? Well, I’m not! Watch! Waitress! Oh, waitress!”

“Yes?” The waitress jogged over. “Are you ready to order?”

“Yes, I am,” snapped Laurie, looking again at the menu. “I would like theeeeeeee....pasta primavera. And an extra side of garlic bread. And some Bruschetta.”

“Yes, ma’am, now we have very large portions here so-“

“And some stuffed mushrooms!”

“Uh, ma’am, are you sure? That’s a lot of –“

“Don’t question me! I know what I want.” She threw down her menu and glared at Frank, daring him to question her. The waitress looked at him quizzically.

“You heard the lady,” he said. “I’ll just have the pasta pomodoro, please.”

Laurie ate with gusto, determined to show Frank a thing or two. She was absolutely pissed that he had questioned her, even about such a minor detail, and she wanted him to feel the sting in his wallet. Of course, there was the added incentive that Laurie was naturally a heavy eater, a bad habit that had only become worse in recent months.

Frank ate his dish, but Laurie didn’t let him get much off of her four plates. She ate and

ate and ATE, shoving food into her mouth like a remorseless eating machine. When she was finally done, she leaned back and sighed. Her belly looked like a watermelon, pushing against the fabric of her dress with such intensity that not even her corset could keep it in check. But if she wasn't wearing the girdle, her gut would have billowed instead of merely bulging.

The waitress appeared to clear their plates. "Would you two care for any dessert?"

"Strawberry cheesecake," huffed Laurie without looking at the menu. She had no intention of eating the dessert, of course, but as long as she was getting a free meal and Frank was being so insistent on it, she might as well splurge. She liked to make men pay dearly for a shot with her.

The waitress nodded but Laurie continued.

"Not a slice...a whole cake..."

The waitress looked dubious. "Uh, ma'am?"

"You heard me," wheezed Laurie angrily. She was determined to make this the most expensive date ever.

"Do you want that for here or...to go?" asked the waitress, eyeing Laurie's distended middle.

"I think we'd better get that to go," said Frank, "Thank you."

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Laurie wobbled her way to her front door. As usual, the bodacious busty beauty had barely been able to control her eating when confronted with delicious food. She'd filled herself until her girdle strained, but, miraculously, her dress hadn't split.

"Well, this is good night," said Frank as he escorted her to the front door. "I've had a wonderful time tonight, Laurie. I hope we can do this again."

Laurie looked Frank up and down. He was a big guy and he was looked pretty tasty in his over-dressed suit – It was kind of cute how he'd tried to look good for this date, just a little something that showed that, despite his apparent nonchalance tonight, he really was eager to make a good impression. Laurie couldn't help but approve of that. Plus, there was just something about a sharp-dressed man...

And, of course, it didn't help that poor Laurie had been on a sexual fast for weeks now. As the school's top cheerleader, she was rarely without a gaggle of admirers and she could have her pick of any man. She hadn't been starved for intimacy since she hit puberty and her curves started developing with dangerous vigor. But for some reason she hadn't had many

suitors since her break-up with Josh. Deep down, she feared that it might have something to do with her expanding waistline, but she told herself over and over that Josh must be warning people about her to keep them away just to punish her more. The nerve!

Finally, there was the fact that Laurie was so stuffed and woozy that she was practically drunk on food.

“It’s not good night,” said Laurie, “Come up.”

With Laurie, it was an order, not a suggestion. She unlocked the front door and wobbled in, pulling Frank along. She led him up to her room, where she closed the door.

Grunting, she flopped onto the bed where earlier that day Jen had been lazing. Frank briefly looked around the room, taking in her décor. Laurie favored decorating in red and pink, it seemed. He dropped the wrapped-up cheesecake on her bedside stand.

“I need some room,” snapped Laurie, turning her back to Frank. She waved her hands to indicate what needed to be done.

“Right away, your highness.”

Frank reached behind Laurie to fumble with the strings of her laced-up dress, revealing Laurie’s stretched girdle.

“What about this?” asked Frank.

“Goddamnit, untie that, too! I need *a lot* of room.”

As the strings loosened, Laurie worked hard to stifle a sigh of relief. Finally, she could breathe again! As the corset loosened, her flabby tummy reasserted itself with a vengeance.

“That’s what I like,” sighed Laurie, “More room to breathe. Let my big titties free.” She cupped her massive mammories.

Laurie’s gigantic boobs burst free as the corset fell away from her body. Although always stacked, Laurie’s bust had ballooned to almost cartoonish proportions as she’d grown fatter and fatter in recent weeks.

She rolled over onto her back, clad in just her knickers, her bare jugs and tummy sloshing. Frank tingled as he drank her all in.

Laurie twirled a finger at her date. “Undress,” she demanded, “I want to see what you can offer me.”

Frank stripped obediently as Laurie lazed on the bed. At this point, Laurie knew that he wouldn’t be leaving – she could tell by the way he was entranced by her stupendous figure, how his eyes kept straying to her unfettered teats.

Frank’s pants dropped to the floor and he tossed his shirt to the side.

“No,” said Laurie, “All of it. Off. I need to know what I’m getting here.” She absentmindedly fingered a roll of blubber folding over the waistband of her panties. Again, Frank obeyed. Laurie looked him up and down.

“Oh, is that all?” she giggled, peering down at his crotch, “Is that what you think you’re going to give me? Oh, sweetie, haha, I wasn’t expecting much, but that is just too disappointing.”

Frank looked down at himself without a word.

“Really, little boy, it takes a lot more than that to satisfy a real woman like me. I know you’re dying to get your hands around these super tits but you’re not getting there for free. You have to bring me home, too. I need to know that you can bring me home, because, baby, I’m tired of little boys who can’t make it all the way.”

That was the truth! After Josh leaving her before she came in their last sex session and that frustrating sex dream the other day, she really, really needed to find someone who could bring her to climax.

“I’ll do what I can,” said Frank. That wasn’t the reaction that she’d expected at all!

“Oh, will you? I just don’t know, sweetie.”

“Well, you won’t know till you try.”

Laurie leaned back. “Okay, honey, let’s see what you got. Get your fat ass over here.”

Frank lowered himself onto Laurie, who squeaked at the pressure. “God, you’re big!” she muttered, “But not big in the way I need... Jeez, stop taking so long and get inside. Oh, sorry, I guess you’re already inside, tee hee.”

“Actually, no, I wasn’t inside.”

“What? I –“

Laurie’s comments were cut off as Frank entered her and, to her surprise, she did feel it. She felt it a lot more than when she was with Josh, that was for sure. Laurie’s pussy was so tight and her plump body so round and full-packed, that it gave the illusion that a single prick and this corpulent cutie might just pop. Luckily, that impression proved wrong, as Laurie moaned loudly when Frank slow slid himself inside her.

Still, Laurie tried hard not to let it show how pleasurable the sensations were.

“Hmmm, that’s...so..small,” she whimpered, “I need...I need something to fill me...to fill me up...fill me up all the way.” She spied the cheesecake next to the bed.

“I need someone to...fill...me up...someone to...feed me...feed me...”

“What was that?”

“Mmmm, more food,” sighed Laurie. “Feed meee...”

“What?” Frank stared at Laurie, confused. What was this about? She’d already stuffed herself to bursting at dinner.

“You look hungry,” said Frank, “Hungry for a lot of things.”

Laurie narrowed her eyes slyly. Frank had judged her right: He could tell that Laurie was exactly the sort of spoiled diva who would keep eating as long as there was food, not just out of hunger but for the heady rush of overindulgence. Laurie did everything in excess. And if she was going to get some, she was going to get it all.

“Me hungry,” moaned Laurie, gesturing at the leftover cake and then pointing at her mouth.

Frank paused. “You sure?”

“Mmm, yeah. Feed me, little boy, give me all you’ve got..Let’s see if you’ve got enough to fill me up.”

Frank grabbed a slice and dutifully plunked it into Laurie’s mouth, even as he began thrusting his hips. Laurie rolled her eyes in ecstasy – although it was hard to tell if it was because of the cake or the sex.

Laurie usually preferred to be on top, straddling her men – it put her in a position of dominance but more importantly it gave her made it easier for those thrusts to tickle her clit. But Frank’s weight above her was putting enticing pressure on her overfull stomach, making her feel more than ever on the verge of bursting. The connections between her overstuffed tummy and her overstimulated pussy were simply delicious. This was a whole new world of sensation for her, but it wasn’t enough.

Laurie opened her mouth again for another load of rich creamy cheesecake.

“More.” She said, “I need more.”

Frank slathered some cheesecake in her face and she lapped it up eagerly. But in her mind, all she wanted was more, more, more.

“Mooore,” said Laurie petulantly, arching her back like a cat – a move that thrust her big jiggling milk bags into Frank’s face. How much more could this plump princess possibly hold?

“God, no, you’re doing it wrong!” snapped Laurie as Frank moved to push another handful of cake into her mouth. She snatched it from his hand and crammed it into her mouth, cheeks bulging. She mumbled something through a mouthful of food, pointing at her crotch. Frank stared, confused. Laurie rolled her eyes, annoyed.

She swallowed. “Get down,” she said, “You’re too slow.”

“Too slow? Do you mean...too slow feeding you or...?”

Laurie groaned in annoyance. “Both! Look, I’ll show you how it’s done – you get on the bottom.” Awkwardly, painfully, Laurie propped herself up, her bloated belly gurgling under the strain of its massive payload. She grabbed Frank by the back of the neck and rolled up over onto the bed. She wobbled over and straddled him, reaching down to find his manhood and lower herself onto him.

“Yesss, that’s better,” she cooed, as she slowly began moving her body up and down. “Much better. And I don’t have all your weight crushing me now, fatass.”

Slowly, rhythmically, Laurie began to bounce herself on Frank’s shaft. Her stuffed tummy sloshed and shimmied as she moved, forcing her to whimper softly as she moved. Despite its size and fullness, she still opened her mouth helplessly like a baby bird as Frank brought the next handful of cake to her lips. She snapped it out of his hand, smearing frosting all over her lips. As Frank’s hand moved away, Laurie used her own hand to grab another slice and push that in.

Laurie was eating at double speed now, as both she and Frank pressed more and more cake into her gluttonous gullet.

“Hmmm, yes, that’s tasty,” huffed Laurie, her eyes glassy, her face covered in pastry cream. She used one finger to wipe off some stray cream before licking it off, while slowly running her free hand over the expanse of her jumbo tummy. Her hand eventually moved up from her paunch to fondle her favorite part of herself, her gigantic jumbo jugs.

She decided it was time to really tease Frank.

“How bout these, Frank? Do you like these?” She leaned forward, dangling her watermelon-sized boobies in Frank’s face. “Do you like my great big tits?”

Frank nodded, but he was too rapt up in what he was doing to respond.

Laurie laughed, still bouncing on his member – causing her jumbo jugs to bounce and sway wildly. Without her monumental brassiere to hold them in check, each fleshy funbag wobbled like a water balloon filled with gelatin. Laurie leaned over to grab another handful of cake, purposely smothering Frank between her pendulous breasts as she did so. With a smirk, she straightened up and popped the cake into her mouth. As full as she was, her eating was beginning to get sloppy and some of the cake missed its target. She hardly noticed the smear of icing trailing down from the left side of her mouth as she continued to tease her new boytoy with fabulous bosom.

“Look at how big I am, Frank. Do you know how big I am? Can you even guess?” She sucked her breath in sharply at the twin sensations between her legs and in her blimping belly. “Guess, Frank. Guess what size bra I wear.”

“I wouldn’t even try,” said Frank, “Your bosom is too magnificent for mere numbers.”

Laurie giggled in spite of herself. It was flattery, but Laurie loved flattery.

“Then I’ll tell you a letter...You know, Frank, I used to be a double D at the beginning of the year. But, let’s just say that I’m still a growing girl. A growing girl who’s outgrown all the bras on the rack. My rack needs special care, boy. These babies are...well, we share the same letter, hmmm?”

Frank looked puzzled for a moment as his eyes drank in Laurie’s mammalian whoppers, still bobbing and jiggling as she rode him.

“I’m an L cup, little boy. Can you believe that? Can you handle jugs this big? Do you want to know how I got such luscious titties, little boy?”

“How’d they get so big, Laurie?”

“The boob fairy did it,” said Laurie cryptically, “She started visiting me early and she never stopped.” She didn’t want to say the truth, that they were growing now because she was turning into a fat little piggy.

“Squeeze them,” demanded Laurie, “Jiggle my big boobs.”

Frank obligingly reached up and cupped each mega mammary. Her rounded breasts were firm as a pair of ripe canteloupes.

“Yesssss,” she hissed, her face growing flushed. Laurie’s bloated knockers were extremely sensitive and she loved the sensations of strong hands fondling her chest. Frank continued to pump between her thighs as his fingers moved across the surface of her vast bust, drawing sharp grunts of pleasure from this porky princess.

Laurie’s obsession with her own boobs was so complete that having them fondled was almost necessary for her to reach orgasm. She squeezed her eyes shut as she felt Frank’s strong fingers knead the soft, malleable flesh of her melon-heavy knockers.

Frank pumped faster. Laurie thrust more, squishing herself against him. Her pussy was soaking wet, dribbling fluids all over.

“Yesssss....more...more....more...”

She called out for more and more cake, eating faster and faster as three hands shoved the food into her. Her tummy swelled outwards like a big bag of wet-cement, groaning under its massive payload. Laurie was being stuffed at both ends and she loved it, but the question was: How long could she hold up? One way or another, she was certain to pop tonight.

“Ohh! Oh! Yesssss....Oh...Yes...That’s it...I’m going to...going to...oh, don’t stop...grab my boobs, don’t stop...make them...shimmy and shake...”

Frank squeezed each hemispherical hooter, causing Laurie to yelp and buck as the electric sensations spiraled out from her engorged nipples and sensitive areola.

It was too much, and Laurie yelled out as she exploded in orgasm.

“Ohhhh, I’m burstinnnnng,” cried Laurie, her vaginal muscles spasming like crazy – her clenched loins were enough to set Frank off and the two of them climaxed simultaneously.

“Ohhhhhh,” Laurie cried out, clutching her stomach. As she came, she felt another, quite different sensation as the granddaddy of all stomachaches ripped across her belly. She rolled over, grabbing her enormously swollen gut. Frank, gasping, propped himself up on his elbows to get a better look at the swollen diva.

Laurie lay on her back, barely able to breathe she was so stuffed. Her naked belly rose before her like a mountain, taut and shiny. The hefty honey moaned in a combination of afterglow pleasure and intense overstuffed pain – her distended watermelon-sized gut rivaled even her overfull jugs.

Frank shook his head as he gazed down at the bloated beauty lying before him. Laurie was so stuffed and stupid that she couldn’t do anything but whimper and moan. She looked ready to pop.

He wagged a reproachful finger in Laurie’s face. “And that, my dear, is what happens when you get everything you want.”

Laurie’s bleary eyes fixed on the tip of his finger, noticing a dollop of whipped cream still clinging there. Laurie groaned and licked the cream off.

“Well, looks like someone’s being a little piggy tonight.”

Laurie could only belch in reply.



## 23. Alice & Kristine

Alice was fatter than ever. The poor girl had been gaining weight all year, despite her best efforts. Well, what she thought were her best efforts. The truth was that Alice had an insatiable sweet tooth and found it impossible to pass up any tempting treats. The chunky cheerleader was becoming downright fat. Her natural inclination toward gluttony wasn't helped by two factors: First, she'd recently found a part-time job working in a mall pizza kitchen, a job where she was constantly surrounded by yummy, greasy junk food. Secondly, Alice had recently befriended two very bad influences; Laurie and Jen, the number one and number two on the school's cheerleading squad. Both Laurie and Jen ate like horses, so it was hard not to eat a lot when you were around them. Plus, and Alice didn't know this yet, both of those girls had ulterior motives in befriending her: They were actually trying to fatten up Alice, so that they would look better in comparison.

Unlike Laurie, who was naturally top-heavy, and Jen, who was naturally pear-shaped, Alice gained all over: she had large, hefty boobs and a wide rear, thick thighs and curvaceous hips, but mostly she had a rounded belly.

Alice had a problem. The problem was that she getting fatter. As she waddled behind the counter of Pizza-By-the-Pound, it was obvious that she'd gained even more weight. Her new uniform was already too small, her growing gut poking out beneath its hem, the material stretched tightly across her boobs and potbelly, revealing a slight depression at her deepening belly button.

She wasn't sure what her new weight was, since she was too embarrassed to step on a scale to learn the truth. She knew she had surpassed 200 pounds, but didn't dare check to see how far past that weight she'd gone. 200! What a huge number! She couldn't believe that she had grown so much. And it all came from overeating!

Sighing, Alice absently picked up a calzone and took a bite. She knew she shouldn't, but the aroma was simply too enticing and it made her cavernous gut gurgle urgently. Besides, it was just one...

"Ahem."

Alice stiffened as she heard a voice behind her. It had to be Maggie, Alice's stern supervisor. Unlike Alice, Maggie was a slender hard-body who had no difficulty resisting the cheesy, greasy treats that constantly surrounded her at work. Maggie always watched Alice like a hawk, suspecting that the chubby blonde's increasing waistline was due to her stealing food from work. Of course, that was completely ridiculous...mostly.

Embarrassed, Alice pushed the rest of the calzone into her mouth and chewed

vigorously, hoping to hide the evidence of her indulgence before Maggie confronted her. As she chewed, she heard footsteps behind her.

"Hello, Alice," said Maggie, appearing next to her.

Alice smiled weakly and nodded, her mouth full of food. She hoped her cheeks weren't obviously bulging, even as she felt them obviously blushing.

Maggie looked Alice up and down. Alice's uniform was fairly new but it was already tight on her, clinging to her bulbous gut tight enough to reveal the depression of her belly button. It rode up slightly when Alice moved, revealing a narrow slab of flushed pink belly flesh. Grease stains meant that the shirt was practically see-through, and Maggie felt embarrassed for Alice to see that it wasn't hard to see the outlines of her hefty brassiere.

"So, Alice, we need to talk."

Alice nodded and tried to swallow surreptitiously.

"Alice, you've only been working here a short time and you've been great at making pizzas and all. But I need to remind you that you can't eat the merchandise."

"But I wasn't-" protested Alice.

"Ben is a pretty laid-back boss," continued Maggie without breaking, "but that's one rule that he's pretty strict about. And I don't want to have to report you."

"But I'm not eating the food!" said Alice. It was a lie, of course, but she honestly didn't think that she was eating enough food to get in trouble. Sure, a bite here and there but that was hardly a lot, was it?

"Alice, please. I know you've been snacking."

"I haven't! Really!"

"Alice. Don't lie to me."

"But I haven't! I...I think you're just picking on me cuz I'm fat!"

"No, Alice, I'm not picking on you because of your weight." Maggie was starting to get annoyed. "I've seen you eating. Where's that calzone you just shoved in your mouth?"

Alice sputtered, the flush on her cheeks spreading across her face. "...I only had one&..."

"Only had one? Really? Well, that's not what this belly says." Maggie grabbed a handful of flab from Alice's exposed gut and jiggled it. "This thing has been getting bigger ever since you started working here and don't think that I'm stupid. Gee, you start work at a pizza parlour and start gaining weight? Could there be a connection? I wonder!" Maggie was clearly angry now, but Alice could only protest weakly.

"No, it's not from eating here...I just...gain weight really easily...It's not my fault I'm fat..."

"Look at yourself!" shouted Maggie, "Seriously, that's a new uniform and you're bulging out of it! You're covered with grease and you're ready to pop! Maybe if you had some self-control, then you wouldn't have to eat everything you see and you wouldn't be so fat! Listen, Alice, I don't care what excuses you cook up, I'm not going to jeopardize my job just because you can't stop yourself from stuffing your face. You can blame it on whatever you want, but this--" Maggie poked a sharp finger into Alice's exposed gut. "--says more about what you've been doing here than anything you could say."

Maggie turned and stomped off before Alice could say anything. But what was Alice supposed to say? She honestly didn't know why she was still blowing up. She had curbed her eating mostly; except for the snacks she ate at her sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, but those were mostly low-cal, diet foods, so what harm could they do? Damn her bad genes and her tight jeans! Alice just couldn't win.

Her lower lip quivered as she turned back to her work. After getting chewed out by Maggie, she hardly felt up to continuing here. When Alice got depressed, she tended to eat. But, no. Not that time. I'll show I've got some willpower, she thought sadly. She felt her eyes watering, and sniffed as hot tears ran down her chubby cheeks. She wiped them away absently. She didn't want to just start blubbering here at work.

Tyler and Frank were talking at the front counter when Maggie stormed in. Instantly both boys fell silent, well used to their stern supervisor's explosive temper.

"That Alice," said Maggie angrily, "she's eating all the profits."

"What?" said Tyler.

Maggie jerked a thumb over her shoulder. "Don't play dumb to protect your girlfriend there, Tyler. I caught her red-handed, popping calzones in her mouth. I don't know what the boss was thinking hiring someone with such an obvious eating disorder to work in a restaurant! All she does is eat all day!"

"I don't think that's really fair-" began Tyler, but Maggie cut him off.

"And don't think you're off the hook either, mister! She's your squeeze, so you'd better get her stomach under control. If I find out she's been snacking again, I'll fire the both of you!"

Tyler knew, of course, that Maggie didn't really have that authority, and, even if she did, the threat of losing a crappy part-time after-school job wasn't that intimidating. Still, he knew that Alice needed the money and didn't want to jeopardize her job.

"Hey, listen, I don't think you're being fair at all! Everyone snacks when they work at a restaurant. C'mon, you know it's true! You're just hard on her cuz -"

"I'm hard on her because she does a lot more than just snacks! She gorges. Consumes.

Gluts herself silly. And I want it stopped, understand?" Maggie shot him a withering look.

"I'm going home for the night. You two go help Alice cleaning up in there. Don't forget this conversation." Maggie threw on her jacket and stomped out, across the food court. Tyler and Frank watched her go.

"Ahem," said Frank, clearing his throat when Maggie was out of ear-shot, "You really need to stand up to that girl."

"Stand up to her? But I was!"

"Yeah, a little. But you need to be a lot more forceful when your woman is involved." He stroked his chin. "I mean, it's none of my business, but if Maggie was talking like that to my girlfriend, I would have to give her a piece of my mind. Loudly!"

Tyler shuffled his feet. "Yeah, I know. You're right."

"I mean, you're a nice guy, Tyler. But sometimes a little too nice."

Tyler gulped. "I guess I'll have to have a talk with Maggie in the morning. And put a stop to this."

"Guess so."

The two boys were quiet. They overheard some hiccupping sobs coming out of the kitchen.

"But first I think I'd better go console my girlfriend."

"Yes, I think that would be a good idea."

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Alice's expanding waistline and inflating bustline weren't just concerning Maggie these days. It was the talk of the entire cheer squad as well. Even more so, though, the cheerleaders loved to talk about the changes taking place in the bodies of the team captain and her favorite sidekick.

The other cheerleaders were all gossiping about their leader's increased girth. None of them noticed that they too had grown wider and rounder over the course of the school year. As Laurie grew rounder, her size seemed to have an almost subconscious effect on the cheer squad, who were all now bulging out of their uniforms.

Kristine was stuffing herself into a pair of spandex biker shorts, now too small for the growing bottom-heavy beauty. Like Jen, Kristine tended to gain in her hips and butt, although she also had heavy boobs to balance it out, giving her an extreme hour-glass figure. The shorts bit into her flabby chocolate flesh, causing an extreme muffin top, but the increasingly round black girl didn't seem to notice.

"Look, there's Laurie's favorite lapdog now," sniffed Kristine, nodding her head at Jen in the corner, "Of course, judging by the size of her, she's going to need a bigger doghouse pretty soon."

All the cheerleaders giggled and snickered.

"Hmm, yeah, but I think Alice is Laurie's new "big" pet, if you know what I mean," added Lizzie. Lizzie, too, was bigger, sporting a new potbelly that hung over the waist of her shorts. "She hardly does any work on the team, either. The only cheering those two do is for more snacks!"

Kristine leaned forward, her own rounded backside testing the integrity of her shorts, and whispered conspiratorially, "I swear, Jen has the biggest butt I've ever seen. If she keeps growing, soon she won't be able to fit that massive ass through doors. I wouldn't be surprised if she smashed a toilet the next time she went to the ladies room... or got stuck in the stall!"

"And have you seen how Alice's gut hangs?" added Lizzie, "That girl was always plump, but she's getting so fat now it's embarrassing! She looks like the Pillsbury doughboy. She's so round, that if she pushed her over, she'd probably roll away." Just as Kristine was eager to mock Jen's mammoth rump while remaining oblivious to her own padded rear, Lizzie was happy to poke fun at Alice's bloated belly while ignoring her own flabby middle.

Denise giggled. Surprisingly, she was the only girl untouched by mysterious gains, remaining just as waiflike as ever. "You guys think they're big? You should look at Laurie! Used to be that everything she gained went right to those giant boobs, but I think those pontoons must be all filled up now...because she's starting to put it on everywhere else as well."

"Haha!" laughed Kristine, "Yeah, to think I used to be jealous of her big boobs. But now they're just freakishly huge. I'll bet if she didn't wear a bra, those hooters would reach down to her ankles. She's unbelievable!"

"They look like a pair of blimps to me," said Lizzie. "Good thing they aren't actually filled with helium, or they'd be enough to carry that fat bitch away."

"She'd need helium-filled boobs that big just to lift her fat ass!" agreed Denise.

The girls all laughed at the image of Laurie, her enormous bust inflating with hot air to the point that it lifted the helpless girl up off the ground, carrying her away into the distance.

"That would serve that bitch right," snorted Lizzie. "Maybe then she wouldn't give us all such grief."

"Yeah, you'd think that someone as fat as Laurie wouldn't go around telling us that we're out of shape," said Kristine, adjusting her shorts. "Someone really needs to look in a mirror."

"If she could find one wide enough," said Lizzie.

They all laughed again.

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Jen and Alice sat in the corner. They couldn't help but overhear the catty remarks.

Alice felt her cheeks go red, but Jen just giggled.

"Like, do you hear that?" she asked, taking a big bite out of her candy bar. Jen appeared unperturbed by the snide comments, blithely stuffing her face as always. Jen nonchalantly reached behind her and yanked her panties out of her buttcrack. The ever-increasing spheres of her bulging buttocks made it harder for her to find underwear that fit and her knickers were in a near-constant state of wedgie these days.

Alice looked over her bottom-heavy friend. Jen had always had junk in the trunk, enough to give her walk a little wiggle, but these days her walk had become a waddle. Whenever she moved, her movements echoed for several minutes in her pounds of hefty butt blubber, jiggling her panties and pants deeper into her crack and lower down her huge thighs. Jen's choice of clothes was hardly flattering for a girl of her mass. Right now she was wearing a pair of baggy, low-rise jeans that barely covered her wide butt. Unfortunately, the jeans were no longer baggy across her backside and instead stretched tightly, struggling to contain her big, squishy lobes. The jeans waist fell below Jen's ass-crack and when her butt ate her panties, it left her coin-slot on display for all the world to see.

Jen stood up, the sudden motion sending waves through her ass and stomach. Her new gut hung over the waist of her pants, and she had to lift it up to undo the button. She quickly stripped her pants off and pulled on her cheer shorts. They barely fit her. She grunted as she pulled it around her thick thighs, struggling to raise it high enough to cover her enough derriere. Jen's butt was so large now that the shorts were stretched to their limit, the stitching in the rear seat gasping for breath and groaning whenever she walked.

"It's so unfair," said Alice miserably, "I can't believe they're talking about us that way! I mean, we do totally do work, right? We do routines just as much as anyone else, right?"

"Sure!" said Jen. Both girls clung tightly to the delusion that they were still exercising regularly. Jen, however, no longer cared that her ass needed its own zipcode. Quite the opposite, ever since learning that Craig adored her vast buns she took new pride in her rump. She reached behind herself and pulled her panties out of her asscrack.

"Like, don't worry about them," said Jen. "Maybe they haven't noticed, but, like, they're not exactly skinny either these days. Kristine's got a butt like a pair of volleyballs and Lizzie has a real paunch going. Like, they're all totally porking out. They'd better cut back on the snacks themselves if they want to fit into their uniforms for much longer."

"Yeah," giggled Alice, "That's true. But... you know... it's not nice to say..." Alice scratched her nose self consciously. She was all too aware of her own size, something that made her reluctant to return the snide comments the rest of the squad was trading. Jen, both more comfortable in her flesh and naturally bubble-headed, didn't share her reservations.

Jen held a candy bar out to Alice, who took it gratefully. Jen then looked around conspiratorily. "But you know what? I think Laurie IS getting a little fat."

Alice almost choked on her candy bar. She never thought she'd hear that day when Jen spoke a bad word about the team captain!

"I mean, I know she likes to think it's all just going to her boobs," said Jen, "But, like, you gotta admit, she's packed on quite a few pounds right here." She patted her own gut.

"Yeah," said Alice, "I hate to say it, but you're right. Laurie is definitely looking a lot rounder these days. And not just in the bust."

Jen nodded, cramming another bite of chocolate into her mouth. Alice couldn't believe she was hearing this. For once, she truly felt like she had been accepted as a confidante. If Jen would confess something like that to her, then they must truly be friends! At the same time, Alice couldn't help but feel a bit sorry for Laurie. Poor Laurie! As captain, everyone focused on her. Everyone noticed whenever she gained an ounce. Maybe that was why she had always seemed so mean...she just had to put up a string façade to survive.

"Yeah, it's gotten especially bad ever since she broke up with Josh," continued Jen, "He, like, dumped her because she got too fat and she's only been getting fatter and fatter ever since. Now she's dating this Frank guy and, well, she's still not losing weight. I don't know how long that relationship will last if this keeps up. I mean, I don't think that Frank appreciates a woman with curves the same way that my Craig does."

Jen ran her hands over her bulbous buns. With a grunt, she reached down the back of her pants and dug her panties out of her butt again. They seemed to recede deeper between her cheeks almost every time she moved. Her colossal butt shelved behind her, giving her a distinct waddle/sway and jiggling her panties and pants deeper into her crack, and lower down her huge thighs.

"Look alive, piggies!"

The two girls were jolted out of their conversation as Laurie strode into the locker room, carrying a cardboard box under her arm. The raven-haired captain always made a splash when she entered the room, her colossal chest and confident manner demanding attention. Lately, her new-found girth made her even more difficult to ignore, as she piled pounds onto her once lithe frame.

All the cheerleaders struggled to their feet as Laurie glared down at them. It was only then that they noticed that Laurie wasn't dressed in her usual attire. She was wearing a pair of spandex shorts, cut almost scandalously low on her waist and clinging tightly to her chunky thighs. Her short-sleeved top was also cut low with a deep, plunging "v" in front. A series of laces held the V relatively closed, although the straps pressed tightly into her balloon-like breasts when she breathed. Laurie had long fantasized about sexing up the squads' uniforms, just to call more attention to herself, but, as long as she'd been stuck with the old uniforms, she couldn't do that. Now, however, the squad's ballooning waistlines had given her the perfect

excuse to do what she'd always wanted. And it was obvious that no teacher cared enough to doublecheck that Laurie's order met the school dress code.

They had probably assumed that a girl of Laurie's weight would know better than to order something so tight and unflattering, but they hadn't counted on Laurie's ego being even more massively bloated than her body.

"I hope you greedy guts are all happy," sneered Laurie derisively, "Thanks to your incessant eating, I've had to order new uniforms for the whole squad! Don't think I haven't noticed just how pudgy you little primadonnas have become lately. Jen! Is that a candy bar?"

Jen blinked stupidly, her cheeks bulging, chocolate smeared on her face. She was used to Laurie harassing the other cheerleaders about their eating habits, but not her. The rest of the cheerleaders, also shocked at this turn of events, slowly turned to look at Jen.

Laurie stomped up to Jen and stared her right in the eyes. They were so close that their noses were almost touching... At their current size, it was unavoidable that Laurie's bulbous bosom pressed into Jen's own ample bust.

Laurie whipped a finger into the air and dragged it across Jen's chocolate-smeared face. She inspected her now-chocolate stained finger furiously before shoving it into Jen's face.

"What's this, chubby?" she sneered. "Chocolate? Well, isn't this nice. Can't go without your snack, can you, Jen? You're disgusting."

Jen swallowed the chocolate in her mouth and started to protest.

"Like, it's just one candy bar-"

"Just one candy bar," said Laurie, whipping around. She walked back and forth, her large, unsupported bust bobbling with each step, her shiny black tresses whipping behind her. "And just one more after that. And another and another and pretty soon, THIS is the result!" She grabbed a handful of garments out of the cardboard box and threw them at the assembled cheerleaders.

"New uniforms. You need them, seeing as you're just about ready to bust out of the old ones. All of you. Especially YOU, Jen."

Jen began to protest again as the other girls inspected the new outfits, but a devilish wink from Laurie told her that the entire tirade had been a farce. Laurie needed to put the fear of god back into these blubberbutts and an "attack" on her favorite lapdog was exactly the thing to show them that no one was safe from the wrath of Laurie.

Alice, too, had caught the wink, so she wasn't surprised when Laurie looked her up and down with a cold, calculating gaze.

"And don't think you're off the hook either, tubby," said Laurie, poking Alice in her soft tummy. "I want all of you changed and on the field now! Get to it! I'll whip you all into shape -



and I mean a shape that isn't round - see if I don't!"

"We can't wear these!" protested Kristine, holding up the skimpy garment. "These are obscene! We're going to get in trouble!"

There were murmurs of agreement from the rest of the squad. Even Jen and Alice had to agree that these new uniforms were ridiculous. But Laurie just snarled, her full lips curling, and the girls were silent.

For the next fifteen minutes, the locker room was silent but for the grunts and groans of five chubby cheerleaders trying to stuff five wide rumps into five tiny pairs of spanky pants. It took a while, but, finally, they were on. It was obvious from looking at them that these uniforms wouldn't last long. They might have looked sexy when the girls were thinner, but now they just looked ridiculous, if not obscene. Jen's butt cheeks hung out of the legs of the shorts, the side seams creaking whenever she moved. Alice's clung tightly to every part of her apple-shaped frame.

Only Denise was able to fit in hers; in fact, she was practically swimming in it! It was almost ridiculous how Denise alone seemed to be immune to the slow inflation that had affected every other cheerleader in school.

There was no time for mulling that quandary, however, as Laurie hustled the chunky cheer squad out of the locker room and onto the field. As they waddled into formation, Laurie cast a withering glare over her teammates. Pathetic!

Of course, she knew WHY they'd been performing so poorly lately. Laurie knew exactly why. But that was her little secret for now, and this was something that she hadn't even shared with Jen. But she would. Soon.

In the meantime, she needed to show these marshmallows a thing or two about cheering.

On the field, the entire squad was completely pathetic; they could barely do the routine. Heck, they could barely do the warm-up exercises.

"Let's start with some jumping jacks!" barked Laurie, an order that only grew groans from the chunky bunch. Nevertheless, an evil glare from their corpulent captain was enough to get them moving.

For once, Laurie did more than just yelling. She tried to lead the exercises herself, something nearly impossible for her with her overly tight uniform and gigantic, wobbling knockers. Laurie's impressive bust bobbed and bounced with her every move, threatening to blow the laces right off of her top. The rest of the girls tried to follow her movements but to no avail. After only a few minutes, Alice had to stop. The round blonde was red-faced and panting, the small exertion simply too much for her flabby body to take. It wasn't much longer before Jen doubled over in pain, wheezing loudly. The other girls followed shortly afterwards.

"Gawd, you hogs are pitiful," said Laurie, coming to a rest. Despite her words, it was

obvious from looking at her that she wouldn't have lasted much longer herself. Her face was bright crimson and her entire body was slick with sweat; a large damp patch had appeared on her chest under her boobs, where her uniform was drenched in perspiration.

"Alright, you... you tubs," she gasped, "Don't ... think we're quitting yet just because... just because you're a little winded!"

"Awwww, c'mon, Laurie!" whined Jen, "This is hard!"

"That's enough out of you, bubble butt," snapped Laurie, drawing giggles from the rest of the squad. "Now we're going to...going to do something easy!" Laurie knew that she couldn't take much high strenuous exercise, so a bit of stretching was in order.

"Here's something that even you lot should still be able to do. Everyone, touch your toes - if you can find them!"

Alice looked down. She couldn't even see her toes over the arc of her big pink belly! Still, she slowly began reaching for the ground, groaning with the effort. She heard a loud "Oomf!" come from Jen next to her as the wide-hipped girl stretched toward the ground. Alice was so fat these days that she could barely reach her knees; Jen only made it slightly further. Laurie hadn't seen her toes in years over her shirt-shredding bust, but even she made an effort, straining to reach for her feet.

Riiiiip!

A loud, tearing noise shot through the air. It was only by sheer strength of will that Laurie prevented her hands from flying to her butt, for the noise and the sudden release of fabric pressure there told her she must have split her cheer panties. But there was something else: The noise was too loud for just one pair of shorts and all the other girls looked oddly embarrassed. Alice was flushing, Jen was biting her lip, the rest of the girls were eyeing one another nervously. Then it hit her! Every girl in the squad, stuffed into tight uniforms like sausages ready to pop, had busted her shorts at the exact same time.

Laurie cleared her throat. "Everyone hit the showers," she yelled, "Practice is over!"

All the girls slowly began backing away, moving back toward the gym, nonchalantly holding their hands behind their bums to hide the rips caused by their growing derrieres.

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Despite her humiliation at work and on the cheering field, Alice was still excited about one thing: Her weekly sleep-over with Jen and Laurie. She'd really started to look forward to it, seeing her two teammates as real friends. She was enjoying a small snack in the kitchen before heading out when her mother walked in. Alice had tied her blond hair back into a short tail, a style that only made her increasing double chin more noticeable. She was dressed to minimize her ballooning girth, in a loose pink hoodie and large baggy jeans. Of course, Alice's mom knew what Alice looked like, so it didn't fool her one bit. She sneered.

"Well, well, well, isn't this a pretty picture?" Alice's mother peered down at her chubby daughter reproachfully. "Having a little snack, are we?"

"No," squeaked Alice, "I was just-"

"Stuffing yourself like a little piggy? Yes, I can see that." She poked Alice's soft gut. "It looks like you've been eating too much, piggy. Look at this belly!"

Alice was on the verge of tears. How could she let her mother catch her like this. She opened her mouth to protest, but all that came out was a loud belch. She clapped her hands to her mouth in embarrassment, but her mother only laughed bitterly.

"So that's all you have to say for yourself, huh, piggy? Haven't you had enough to eat yet?"

Alice was aware that her face was smeared with chocolate. Her hoodie was riding up her round tummy, revealing the lowest jelly roll and her deep belly button.

"No, you haven't. You never get enough, do you?" Alice's mother sneered in disgust. "You just love to eat and eat and eat some more, like a prize hog, like a cow, always eating, always glutting yourself."

She advanced on Alice and grabbed a handful of belly meat. "And this is what happens, Alice, when you eat so much, when a girl eats as much as you. She becomes fat. She grows bigger. And bigger. And bigger."

"Stop it!" Alice slapped away her mother's cruel hands.

"You know what your problem is, Alice? You can't stop eating! That's all you do: Everytime I see you, you're stuffing yourself like a pig. And look what you've become! You're a fat butterball turkey!"

Alice glared at her mother through narrowed eyes. Her lips were trembling, her ample bosom rising and falling in time to her ragged breathing.

Oblivious, Alice's mom continued her abuse.

"Lord knows, I've tried to stop you! I've tried to instill you with a sense of pride, make you actually care about your looks. But no, all you care about is your immediate satisfaction, you greedy little glutton."

Alice wasn't scared anymore. She was angry. In fact, she was furious. She was ready to explode and for once, it wasn't because she'd been overeating.

"Look, just lay off, okay?" shouted Alice suddenly, "I'm tired of you always harping about my weight! Yes, I know I'm fat! Are you happy? I'm fat!" Hot tears ran down her plump cheeks as choking sobs wracked her flabby body. "Why don't you just leave me alone, you...you bitch?"

Alice's mom looked startled at this outburst and opened her mouth to say something, but Alice cut her off.

"Just can it, Mom, I'm sick of all your crap! What are you going to say now? That I'm a whale? A blimp? That I can join the circus as a fat lady? That I'm going to eat until I explode? I've heard it all before! I don't care, okay? Now I'm leaving!"

Alice turned her back on her mother and started for the door. Her face was bright red and she was trembling in rage. She only hoped she could get out before she REALLY lost it.

"And just where are you going, young lady?"

"I'm going to Laurie's place! Just like I do every Friday!"

"Ha!" Alice's mother laughed harshly. "You would! I've seen that girl. She's blimping almost as fast as you are, Alice! And with those huge breasts! Those zeppelins are going to start sagging something awful soon and I don't even want to think of how her back will feel by the time she's 20! And the veins will come, the nipples are going to start pointing south! I don't know where she finds clothes that fit her!"

"Why...why are you telling me this?" snapped Alice, "What business is it of yours what my friends look like?"

"I'm just trying to warn you what comes of letting your figure go to pieces, piggy. A girl like that Laurie, well, I don't know how she expects to get a job when she looks like a stripper! Where's she going to work? Hooters?...well, she'll probably fit right in with those sorts of busty bimbos. And I'm sure she wouldn't object to unlimited fried food there either, the way she stuffs herself."

"Shut up, Mom!"

"And that other girl you hang out with. What's her name? Jennifer Sarovy! She's no wisp herself. She might not have a freakish chest, but she stores all her fat in that bloated bottom of hers. It's so large!. She'll have loads of cellulite soon, mark my words. And I can imagine the trouble with clothes. She'll soon be too fat to fit through doors, and you can see that butt bounce when she waddles past! It's so huge and gross! It's not healthy for such a young girl to have dimples on her cheeks, or should I say bowling balls? It's like cottage cheese in two bean bag chairs!"

"Mom," Alice turned and glared at her mother. Alice's stare was so angry and her voice so low that her mom was jolted into silence. "I don't know what your problem is, but I've put up with you making comments about my weight for too long. But if you're going to start making fun of my friends too, then you can just go to hell, you anorexic bitch. I don't care what you say; I'm leaving."

Without another word, she turned and left, leaving her mother stunned and gawping in the kitchen.

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"Pass the oreos, would you, sweetie?"

Jen obligingly handed the half-empty bag across the couch to Laurie, who grabbed it and immediately began piling the tasty treats into her own mouth. Jen settled back on the sofa with a grunt; simply leaning over to pass the bag around Alice, who currently sat between the two girls had been a chore. Part of that was because Alice was growing larger and larger everyday, but part of it was also due to Jen's own increasing size.

The three corpulent cheerleaders were enjoying yet another fattening sleepover. Laurie was determined to fatten Alice into obesity, but she was oblivious to the fact that the sleepovers were having the same effect on her. Jen, however, was beginning to see the truth.

Not that she really cared. The sleepovers made Jen pack on pudge as well, but it still mostly settled on her expansive rear. Jen had always been proud of her shapely buttocks, so to her these extra pounds just meant that she was getting sexier and more bootilicious all the time.

As for Alice and Laurie, it was a testament to their willpower that they were able to ignore the full extent of their expansion. Anyone watching the titanic trio would have seen three big, beautiful, bountiful babes ballooning into bulging blimps - a bloated blonde with a button-bursting, belt-breaking belly; a bootilicious bimbo with a broad, bodacious budunkadunk butt; and a busty bitch with bulbous bra-busting boobs.

Each hefty honey had inflated to such a degree that there was barely enough room on the couch for their three plush bums, their wide hips practically wedged together. Despite their long history of animosity, their mutual corpulence was making them feel more at ease in each others' presence. These sister fat girls were beginning to have fun together, watching goofy flicks and chowing down.

When they were all together without anyone else watching, they barely gave a second thought anymore to how ridiculous their weight made them look.

Laurie wore knickers and a simple black sports bra stretched around her ample bosom. Her midsection had grown soft and doughy, spilling over her panties and nearly obscuring them. In fact, her belly was so big now that it almost looked as if she weren't wearing anything below the waist. She absently popped cookie after cookie between her plump lips, oblivious to the hundreds of calories that were pumping her ever fatter and fatter.

Even more disastrous for her figure, though, was her new relationship with Frank. There was something about him; although Laurie was totally in control in every other aspect of her life, she liked that Frank refused to let her push him around. It made things interesting. His candor on their first date had surprised her, but now she'd taken his words to heart and no longer even tried to hide her monstrous appetite. As spoiled as she was, Laurie never refused herself any pleasure, whether in the bedroom or at the table. And since that first vigorous night of

lovmaking, Laurie had found food to be an inextricable part of her lovelife. It was something new and exotic, and she took every opportunity to combine her twin lusts for sex and food. Almost every marathon of sex involved Frank feeding her some tempting goodies as her pleased her succulent body. The result was that this greedy little piggy looked like she was being fattened up for the kill, swelling into a buxom beachball of a babe.

But tubby Alice was still the true heavy-weight of the bunch, but only by a few pounds. Her pink cotton pajamas didn't fit her anymore. Her gut hung out of her pants, covering her crotch with its thick, blubbery rolls. The buttons on her pajama top didn't reach across her monstrous belly anymore, so she left most of them undone, only bothering to snap the top few across her big jugs.

"Ugh, I can't believe how out of shape all the girls on the squad have become!" moaned Laurie, popping a chocolate into her mouth. "We're going to have to work them extra hard or they're all going to turn into a pack of porked-out piggies!"

Jen giggled, but Laurie wasn't laughing. "It's not funny, Jen! I'm the team captain, so it reflects badly on me if my team can't compete. I don't know what's wrong with them. After all, I'm setting such a good example!"

Both Alice and Jen looked at Laurie's massive tits, rising and falling with her every breath, straining the over-matched sports bra, cleavage rising like bread dough, and then to her bloated, flabby middle sitting on her thighs. Neither girl said anything, although they exchanged knowing glances.

"It's a good thing I have my own exercise regime to keep me fit!" Laurie grinned slyly.

"Oh? Like, what's that?" asked Jen, smiling broadly. "Frank?"

Laurie giggled and snickered.

"Are you still dating Frank?" asked Alice. She was curious to hear more, since she saw Frank pretty frequently at work. Jen's commentary at practice made it sound like the relationship was doomed, but the giggle in Laurie's voice said otherwise.

"Oh, yes," said Laurie, "He's a sweet little boy. Not up to my usual standards, of course, not nearly popular enough. But he's a fun diversion. I'm slumming, you know." She laughed. "But, I do have to admit, he's not bad in the sack."

"Haha, you dirty slut!" laughed Jen, slapping playfully at Laurie, "You have to tell us what you guys do."

"Ohhhh, I don't know," said Laurie, playing coy.

"Alice, she has to tell us, right?" said Jen.

"Yes, of course!" agreed Alice.

"Well, fine!" laughed Laurie, "There's one thing that Frank does that is amazing. Here,

let me up and I'll show you."

"Urgh!" Laurie shifted her weight and attempted to stand up. To her surprise, she was stuck fast, trapped between the armrest and Alice's plump flank.

"I can't get up!" said Laurie in shock.

"Like, what are you talking about?" said Jen, attempting to get up. She grunted as the same realization hit her. Alice was next, straining to raise her bulk off the sofa.

"I'm stuck, too!" moaned Jen.

"Me too!" said Alice.

The three blimping bunnies had eaten too much and grown too big. Now they were trapped by their own indulgence. The three girls struggled and strained, each attempting to raise herself off the couch, but nothing worked. They were stuck fast!

"This is, like, soooo embarrassing," said Jen. "What are we going to do?"

"Maybe if you two didn't eat so much," said Laurie, huffing. "Now I'll have to call for help!"

She cleared her throat and yelled.

"Mooooom! Help us!" shrieked Laurie.

"What's the matter, honey?" came her mother's voice

"We're..." Laurie scowled, hating that she had to say it. "...we're stuck."

"You're stuck? How's that possible?" Mrs. Belmontes looked over the three girls as she came down the stairs. All three had been growing wider and wider, so it was no surprise. "I guess you girls have been looking a little healthier lately. But it shouldn't be too hard to get you out. Here, grab my hands, sweetie, and I'll give you a tug! Laurie! Put down that candy bar!" Laurie sulkily dropped the chocolate bar that was just about to enter her mouth. The problem was that all three girls in this titanic trio had become hopelessly addicted to eating. They were constantly snacking, seemingly oblivious to the extra inches that their incessant nibbling added to their hips and waistlines. It was only on the increasingly frequent occasions that a girl heard a seam rip or felt a button pop that they were forced to confront their insidious swelling.

At least, Alice and Laurie were still in denial. Jen knew what was happening, but the constant gurgling of her hungry belly prompted her to keep indulging. That and the knowledge that Craig appreciated her new monster butt meant that she had no incentive to curb her growing appetite.

Laurie's mother pulled on Laurie's arms, grunting in exertion. At the same time, her buxom daughter attempted to stand, pushing her thick legs against the floor. After a few minutes, she released her grip, gasping.

"Honey, I don't think I'm going to be able to get you out," said Mrs. Belmontes, "Your thigh is too wedged under the arm there. I'm going to have to try and get you out, Alice, since you're the one in the middle."

"Oh, okay," said Alice. She felt vaguely embarrassed, hoping that Mrs. Belmontes wouldn't notice how fat she was. If she strained her back, Alice would feel really bad!

Alice blushed furiously as she noticed that Laurie's mother wasn't wearing a bra. Part of Mrs. Belmontes' hippy philosophy also meant that she frequently walked around their home without a brassiere, despite the strain that put on her D cup breasts. Mrs. Belmontes' hefty hooters shoved right in Alice's face, causing the pudgy blonde to blush as she saw the indents of her nipples through the fabric. Laurie's mom had huge nipples!

Mrs. Belmontes grunted as she pulled and Alice yelped in pain. It hurt having her arms yanked.

"That's not going to work," said Laurie's mom, letting go. "Let's try something else. Okay, sweetie, I'm going to give you a big bear hug, so when I pull, I want you to push okay?"

"Um..." Alice wasn't sure what to make of that! But she didn't have much time to think before Mrs. Belmontes crouched down in front of her and wrapped her arms around Alice's thick torso. With her face right in Alice's bosom, it was definitely more than a little awkward for the chunky cheerleader! Nevertheless, now that she had a good grip, she still tried to pull Alice forward.

"You two help, too!" said Laurie's mom from between clenched teeth. Alice felt hands from either side push into her fleshy flanks as both Jen and Laurie tried to push her forward. All three girls were squirming now until Alice suddenly flew forward, popping off the couch like a cork from a bottle -- and landing right on top of Laurie's mom. The two women fell together into a heap.

"Oh no!" cried Alice, "Mrs. Belmontes, I'm so, so sorry!" Now Alice was the one to get a faceful of boob -- and there was a lot! It was obvious where Laurie had inherited her endowments from. Even worse, Alice knew that Mrs. Belmontes must now know exactly how much she weighed. Not that Alice's increasing poundage wasn't obvious just from looking at her, but getting crushed beneath her surely must have driven the point home. She rolled off Laurie's mom and struggled to her feet.

Mrs. Belmontes had had the wind knocked out of her, but she could still laugh at the whole situation as she raised herself up.

"Oh, Alice, it's no big deal. Honestly, you girls are so stressed out about everything! You need to find your base."

Mrs. Belmontes looked Alice up and down, noting that the tubby teen couldn't button most of the buttons on her pajama top. It looked like Alice had A LOT of base. She was so broad, after all, that only a few minutes ago she was trapped on a sofa!



Now that Alice was up, both Jen and Laurie could also move. Laurie's mom noted her own daughter's mammoth gut and Jen's wide thighs.

"Well, you three really are a bunch of big girls!" said Mrs. Belmontes cheerfully.

"Mother!" said Laurie sharply.

"Oh, what's the matter, Laurie? I think it's great that you don't feel bound by the arbitrary beauty dictates of society. You should feel beautiful at any size! Right, Alice?" Smiling, she tickled Alice's exposed belly, causing the ballooning blonde to giggle and squirm in embarrassment.

"Mom!" Laurie was struggling to her feet, her entire body quivering as she strained to stand up. "Mom, you're embarrassing me!"

"Laurie, honey, you take everything too seriously! I'm not embarrassing you. I'm not embarrassing her, am I, girls?" Laurie's mom turned to Alice and Jen in turn. Both of the chunky cheerleaders shook their heads to indicate no.

"No, ma'am, not at all," said Jen. Unlike Laurie, the bottom-heavy bimbo had elected to stay seated, possibly because she didn't want to be seen struggling against her new center of gravity in front of Mrs. Belmontes.

"They have to say that!" protested Laurie, "They can't tell you the truth! C'mon, Mom, just leave us alone, okay?"

Mrs. Belmontes looked hurt. "Well, fine, if that's the way you want it. You'll call for mommy's help when your big butt gets stuck, but the second the trouble's over, I'm tossed aside!" She put her hand to her forehead in a dramatic "woe is me" gesture.

"Mom! Don't talk about my butt like that in front of my friends!" hissed Laurie, her hands involuntarily moving behind her to touch her behind. It was bigger, of course; if nothing else, the recent problem with the couch proved that Laurie was spreading wider and wider just like her two fat friends. But Laurie still liked to think that her ass was the most svelte of the three, dwarfed as it was by apple-shaped Alice's wide thighs and pear-shaped Jen's famous bubble butt.

"Oh, don't act so silly, Laurie; they're your friends, I'm sure they don't think less of you. You big girls stick together, hmm?" She patted Laurie's chubby cheek reassuringly as Laurie fumed. Dammit, she was 16, but her mother always treated her like a child. She was about to say something nasty, when she caught sight of Alice out of the corner of her eye. Alice was looking at Laurie's mother with something that almost approached envy. Laurie remembered hearing Alice tell stories about her own mother, who obsessively monitored Alice's weight and berated her for every new pound. Laurie felt a sudden twinge of guilt for her wicked plan, her plan which had caused Alice to swell ever larger as Laurie and her accomplice stuffed the naïve blonde with fattening treats every week. More so, Laurie thought Alice might indeed wish that she had a mother like Laurie's, one who might be annoying but was at least understanding.

"Mom! I'm...I'm sorry I snapped at you. Thanks for helping us up."

Laurie's mom seemed surprised at her daughter's expression of gratitude.

"It's no problem, honey. Now you girls play nice, okay? And be careful; I don't want to have to come help you all again!"

"Okay, Mom."

"And, girls, don't worry about that couch, okay? And Laurie, don't you worry about your butt..."

"Mom!"

"Alright, alright, I'm going!" With a laugh, Mrs. Belmontes headed up the stairs.

Laurie shook her head in exasperation. "Ugh, sometimes that woman just drives me crazy!" she said. "Now what was I saying?"

"You were about to tell us what you do with Frank!"

"Oh, that," said Laurie coyly.

"Does it have something to do with that big butt your mom likes to point out so much?" Jen teased.

"What!? No, shut up!" Laurie shot Jen a warning glare, but found she couldn't get mad at her bubbly friend. She tossed a pillow at her. "You filthy slut, just because you like to have Craig's grubby hands all over your giant ass doesn't mean we're all so skanky!" She laughed.

"So spill!"

"No, I don't think I will. If I'm coming to say anything, I want to hear some stories from you two first!"

Jen started to protest, but Laurie cut her off. "Shouldn't have made fun of my butt then! Sorry, that's the way it is. But, here, why don't you go first Alice? What do you do with that dork of a boyfriend?"

"Haha," giggled Jen, "He's such a little shrimp! He's, like, half your size!" She hadn't meant the comment to be cruel; she'd just said it because the disparity in size between the tubby Alice and scrawny Tyler struck her as funny and Jen had no internal censor. Alice, however, was rather sensitive about her size, especially considering the confrontation with her mother earlier that evening.

"Tyler and I haven't...you know," mumbled Alice, going red, "I mean, he says he likes the way I look but... that was a couple pounds ago."

Alice looked down at her flabby body, her swollen gut spilling out of her top, her hefty thighs and thick legs.

"Oh, God, I'm soooo fat!" wailed Alice, burying her face in her pudgy hands. "God, everything's just gone to pieces! My mom is being a total bitch and I just had the biggest blow-up at her! She's always on my back about my weight and I can't take it anymore! And that's not all! At cheerleading today, I split my undies!"

"It's not fair! Why do I have to be such a blob? I mean, you guys are big, but you both wear it so well. I don't have nice big boobs like you, Laurie, or a sexy booty like you, Jen. I just have a big fat gut that keeps getting bigger!"

"Now, now, Alice, that's not true!" cried Laurie, suddenly touched. She felt a twinge of guilt, just a twinge, below her usual veneer of haughty self-satisfaction. Sure, she was happy that Alice was fat. She liked that Alice was still blimping bigger and bigger, porking out like a prize hog, because it made even someone as out-of-shape as Laurie look slim. Maybe. Of course, the truth was that both Alice and Laurie weighed almost the same now, both having just surpassed 200 pounds, but Laurie continued to tell herself that she would look good as long as Alice continued gaining.

But, at the same time, she felt really bad for this poor blonde chubette. She didn't want Alice to be miserable.

"Girl, I don't know what you're talking about," said Laurie, "'No sexy booty?' Please! You've got yourself a nice, round butt that any girl would love to have. I bet plenty of guys at school would give anything to give that plump rump of yours a squeeze. You've got yourself some killer curves." Laurie glanced across the couch to where Jen sat, the auburn-haired bimbo's own massive backside pressing firmly against the couch's armrest.

"Oh, yeah!" piped in Jen, suddenly realizing she was expected to say something as well. "And it's crazy to think that you don't have anything up top to get attention. You totally have a beautiful chest!" Jen coughed slightly, catching sight of the tip of Laurie's pendulous boobs on the other side of Alice. It was difficult to say anything about anyone else's bust when Laurie was in the room; her own marvelous melons tended to put all other girls' bosoms to shame.

Alice sobbed, her globular gut wobbling. "Thanks," she said in a wavery voice, "I know what you guys are trying to do and I really appreciate it. But it's no use, I know that I'm just fat. A fat, ugly tub!"

"No, sweetie, don't say that!" Laurie put a comforting arm around Alice -- she could barely reach now that Alice had become so wide but she managed. She pulled Alice's head down to rest on her shoulder and hushed her sobs.

"Shhhhh, baby, it's all good. Don't you cry. You know Laurie wouldn't lie to you, sweetie, and I'll say it now: You are not a fat, ugly tub. I'll bet there's some other reason that you and Tyler haven't done anything yet." Probably cuz he's afraid of being crushed, thought Laurie inwardly but she bit her lip. "Like, let's think. How long were you with Chris before you started doing stuff?"

"Umm.. I..." Alice stuttered.

"Whoa, wait a sec, sweetie, you're telling me you never did anything with Chris?"

"Well, we weren't really going out that long" said Alice, "Just a month or so. And we hardly ever saw each other. I think he just asked me out because he wanted to date a cheerleader. And then he dumped me when I started to get fat...fatter..."

Alice looked like she was ready to cry again, so Laurie took over the conversation. "Shhhh, that Chris is an ass. I've seen him hanging out with Josh, my ex. Those two can go to hell for all I care. They didn't know how good they had it. We're a couple of fine hotties, Alice, and don't you forget it."

Jen cleared her throat.

Laurie rolled her eyes. "Yes, yes, you're a hottie too, Jen."

"Good!"

Alice wiped her eyes and sat up.

"Thanks, you guys," she said, "I'm really glad that I have friends like you."

"Listen, Alice," said Laurie, "I'll bet I know what the problem is. You're a virgin, right?"

Alice started to blush so Laurie plowed ahead. "Yeah, and I'll bet that Tyler is too. So I bet you too are so nervous and shy that neither one of you wants to make the first move. I'll bet that boy is dying to get a piece of you but he's too dorky to know how!" Laurie leaned in conspiratorially, her mammoth mammaries dangling inside her top. "Lucky for you, I know every trick there is to seduce a boy. You stay with me, Alice, and you'll have that Tyler begging for it."

"Really?" Alice looked slightly happier, but not much. She was still thinking about other problems as well, namely her mother. Although she was happy for Laurie's help, she still felt stressed out. She sniffed again as she picked up a tub of chocolate ice cream and popped a spoonful into her mouth.

"Thanks," she said as she swallowed, "I really appreciate that! And it really means a lot that you guys are trying to cheer me up...but...well, I just need some comfort food now," said Alice, sobbing.

The taste of ice cream was enough to set her off. Her big round gut immediately started grumbling, demanding more. And Alice was ready to fill that demand.

She plunged her spoon into a tub of chocolate ice cream and began to shovel it into her greedy mouth with abandon. Both Jen and Laurie stepped back as their chubby friend began to eat. And eat. And eat. Alice was stuffing herself stupid, binging like she'd never binged before.

Her belly puffed out as she ate, rounding out into a perfect sphere.

"Sweetie, don't you think you've had enough?" said Laurie tenderly. As much as she loved to see Alice glut herself, she was beginning to get worried. It was kind of scary how much Alice was eating!

"No," sniffed Alice sullenly, "Still hungry." She belched loudly, then covered her mouth in embarrassment before breaking out in fresh sobs.

"Now you know that's not true, sweetie," said Laurie, poking Alice in her soft, doughy stomach. "You're all full up."

"No, wanna eat," muttered Alice, reaching for the next ice cream tub. "More."

Alice's belly trembled as she sobbed, the quivering motion eventually causing her lowest fastened snap to blast open. She grabbed another slice of pizza and crammed it into her mouth. Alice didn't even taste it, all she wanted to do was eat, eat, eat. She didn't care if she got fatter. She didn't care if she looked like a slob. She wanted to eat and never stop, filling her maw with treats, anything to fill her up and make her feel better. As she demolished the pizza, she pushed a cookie into her mouth.

Laurie was right. She was full. But she was so upset, so angry, that she wasn't ready to stop. She'd eat until she felt better even if it meant that she had to eat until she burst.

She imagined her mother standing over her, shaking her head in disapproval. But the image only made her want to eat more, to show her mother once and for all that she was in control of her own body and if she wanted to eat then she would eat. And she would eat as much as she wanted...

Alice's internal censor clicked off; there was nothing now to warn her to slow down or stop when her belly reached capacity and she was ready to eat until she was literally sick. She grabbed a liter of cola and tilted it back, glugging the fizzy contents quickly. Jen and Laurie watched as their friend's gut literally swelled outward with the carbonated load, pushing her straining buttons farther apart.

After a half hour of gorging, her friends couldn't watch it anymore.

"That's enough, girl," said Jen, finally breaking in. She grabbed hold of the bottle and pulled it away from Alice's lips. Alice looks disappointed.

"M'not done!" she complained. Her breathing was shallow she was so full, but the pain of her full belly was subdued by her emotional binge.

"Yes, you are," said Laurie, stepping up behind Alice, "I think you need to lie down." She grabbed Alice by her shoulders and lowered her to the floor. As Laurie placed a pillow beneath her head, a loud belch erupted from Alice's mouth, sending shock waves rippling through her corpulent abdomen and causing her lowest fastened button to spring free. Alice didn't notice it, but the sudden feeling of fullness hit her like a brick wall.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," she moaned, "Oh God, I ate too much. Too much! Ow, ow, ow, why

did I do that?"

"Hmmm, you sure packed it away, all right," said Laurie, "Maybe if you'd listened to me instead of going on a binge, you wouldn't feel this way now." Laurie tried hard not to admonish Alice for her appetite these days, since her plan relied on Alice continuously obliviously gorging herself. But she was annoyed that Alice would rather be eating than listen to her good sex advice. "Now look what you've done!"

She lay sprawled on the floor, so stuffed that she had to wheeze for breath. "Ohhhh, I...feel sick," she mumbled, still struggling to breathe. The vast pale dome of her stomach rose before her like a mountain, quivering slightly with each labored breath.

"Shhh," said Laurie, "Just relax. Lay back and rest." She didn't have to tell Alice twice; within moments, the growing girl was snoring like a contented cow.

"She always eats till she passes out!" said Jen.

Laurie snorted. Though she didn't have much room to talk since her own eating habits were equally out of control, she did think that Alice had overdone it.

"I've never seen anyone stuff themselves like that!" said Laurie, "Lucky for her, the only thing she popped were a couple buttons."

"Yeah," said Jen, "Good thing she's still in one piece."

## 24. Alice & Laurie

"So then Jen says 'Good thing she's still in one piece!' Pretty funny, huh? God, that girl can really put the food away when she wants to. Poor thing must have a real bitch monster for a mother from what she says."

The next day, Laurie was back in that same basement room, now telling Frank the amazing story of Alice's amazing binge. Stories of food made Laurie feel a might peckish, though, so she told the tale between bites scooped from a plastic cup of chocolate pudding.

Frank looked Laurie up and down. Today, Laurie was wearing a snug polo shirt and a pair of short boyshorts. The shirt clung tightly to her large, watermelon-sized knockers; the outline of her industrial-strength bra was, as always, faintly visible whenever she inhaled. Laurie had unbuttoned the three buttons at the shirt's collar, and the gap created was spread wide by her flaring melons. He had a clear view of her deep, inviting cleavage.

"Well, she's lucky that you're looking out for her," said Frank.

"Mmm," agreed Laurie, her mouth full of pudding, "Yeah, exactly. Jen and I totally had to tuck her into bed, then, cuz she totally passed out after stuffing herself like a pig. I'd be mortified if anyone saw me eating like that, but, of course, not too many people have my self-control. I think a lot of girls would have done the same thing, just stuffing themselves to bursting to deal with that stress."

Laurie spooned some more pudding into her mouth, but this time, a small dollop fell off her spoon and landed on the swell of her enormous hooters. Oblivious to her accident, Laurie continued to eat. Without a word, Frank grabbed a paper towel from the rack, moistened it under the tap, and dabbed it across Laurie's chest.

"What?" The buxom beauty strained to look down at Frank was doing. "What's that?"

"You just got a little pudding on yourself there, Laurie. That's what happens when you try to eat and talk at the same time." Without another word, Frank grabbed another paper towel and tucked it into Laurie's collar, forming a bib that protected most of her bulbous front. Gently, he took the pudding cup and spoon away from Laurie.

"Hey, I'm not done!" she protested. She pointed at the bib. "And this isn't funny!"

"It's not supposed to be funny. Here, sit down." Frank put his hands on her shoulders and maneuvered her to the couch, where he had her sit. Her plush bum hit the cushions with a whomp, her pudding-filled tummy causing the snap on her boy shorts to blow open as she sit. Frank sat next to her, scooped out another spoonful of pudding and placed it in Laurie's mouth.

"There we go," he said, "Now you won't have to worry about making a mess. Now you were saying?"

Laurie swallowed. "I was saying that the girls at cheer practice today –" (She paused as another spoonful went into her mouth) "- are all totally out of shape! I really had to – gulp – but them through the drill! And, of course, it goes without saying that – gulp – Alice is still the worst of the lot. Though Jen isn't too far behind."

"So what are you going to do? You have a little pudding on your lip there."

Laurie licked her lips to catch the stray pudding. "Oh, I've got a plan, don't you worry about that. I know exactly what I'm going to do."

"Are you trying to get Alice kicked off the team?"

"No! No, of course not...no, I just..." Laurie stuttered a bit. Her original intent had been to get Alice off the team, but she didn't really want that anymore. She liked having Alice around because she made Laurie look thinner by comparison, but it was more than that. She actually kind of felt friendly toward the little chubbette these days.

"I just think that...that ... look, don't worry about it, okay? I'm the team captain and I take care of my team. I know exactly what I need to do that's best for us all – me, Jen, Alice, everyone. So don't – gulp – worry about a thing."

"Sure thing, Laurie. Here, take this last bite." He placed the last spoonful of pudding at Laurie's lips and the greedy girl took it eagerly. Frank then carefully untucked her bib, quickly dabbing her lips to pick up any last pudding residue, and tossed it into the wastepaper basket.

Sighing, Laurie leaned back on the couch. "Mmm, that was good, baby." She patted her stuffed tummy. "I guess you're good for filling me up that way."

"Oh, is that the only way I'm good to do it?" asked Frank. He eyed her chubby tummy, now pushing out over her unbuttoned shorts. Those shorts must have been pretty uncomfortable on her now.

He leaned over and tugged on the zipper tab, slowly sliding it down as Laurie breathed out.

"Oh, I see where you're going, little boy," said Laurie, smiling. She pushed him away and stood up, quickly wriggling her unzipped shorts and panties to the floor.

In a single movement, Laurie pushed Frank back down on the couch and straddled him. Smiling coyly, she pulled her tight shirt off over her head, releasing her massive melons to jiggle freely in the air. Laurie's L-Cup brassiere still fit her fairly well, although her boobs welled up out of the top of the undergarment. Laurie liked the effect. In her mind, anything that made her bosom look more spectacular was a good thing. She tossed the shirt aside. With a saucy smile, she reached behind her back and unhooked her monster bra. Laurie's useless over-the-shoulder boulder holder fell away, letting her jugs swing free like a pair of pendulums. She



leaned forward, just enough so that her big fat nipples were just grazing Frank's chest.

"See anything you like, Frank?" she purred, "Anything you'd like to play with?" She stretched, lithely, like a cat, making her tits jiggle.

"Oh, I see a lot of things I'd like to play with."

"Hmmm, I bet you do. Here, baby, why don't you let Laurie show you what to do?" She reached down and took hold of Frank's hands and started to guide them to her chest.

"See, Frank, you know that Alice and Tyler haven't gone all the way yet? Lucky for them I had some good advice on what to do. Like, a certain something you know I like."

It was no secret that Laurie's idea of sex was ridiculously boobcentric. While many women may enjoy the sensation of having their chests fondled during foreplay, for Laurie breast-play was almost a sex act in itself. Few girls enjoyed a titty-fuck to the extreme that she did.

"But Laurie, your chest always gets all the attention,' said Frank, "Don't you think the rest of you will get jealous?"

He moved his hands downward, gently stroking her flabby belly, moving over the wide slow arc of her tummy, fluttering across her moist crotch, to land on her flabby behind.

"You haven't paid any attention to your beautiful huge ass! Your poor fat booty, it hardly gets any love, and it's so big! Soon you'll be making Jen jealous."

He grabbed two generous handfuls of butt blubber and began to knead her soft flesh. It was pleasant, but what Laurie really longed to feel was a pair of strong hands cupping her voluminous breasts.

"Oh, oooh, oooh, it's...it's not that big, is it? Has it really gotten that fat? It's so hard to see it with these boobs, oh they need to be played with!" Laurie's hemispherical hooters were pulsing with anticipation, her nipples literally bursting with desire.

"Oh, we'll get to those in good time, Laurie."

"Mnnn, no, Frank, I...oh!"

Laurie's protests were cut short as she felt his strong hands cup her buttocks. The hippo-like beauty queen delighted in the sensations she felt from a man fondling her buns; it was rare that any boy even noticed that there was more to her than her pendulous bosom. But she was spoiled from always having her way and she didn't like that Frank was ignoring her requests.

"Baby, that's good," she cooed, "But, baby, that's not all I've got for you." She thrust out her big chest, leaning over her man so that the tips of her large nipples grazed his chest. She hoped that would give him the right idea. But Frank continued to ignore her.

"You've got some nice creamy thighs here, too, Laurie," he said, moving his hands up

from her ass to her thick, trunk-like legs. "These are getting pretty big, too, you know. But I guess you need these big legs to support all that weight..."

"Yes, yes, all that weight up top," said Laurie meaningfully.

Frank just smiled but didn't respond. Laurie was getting annoyed that he wasn't even acknowledging her enormous assets.

"Frank, that's enough of that! You know you'd better grab hold of these puppies. NOW. If you know what's good for you."

"Oh, really? Or what?"

"Or you ain't getting ANY tonight."

"Hmmm," Frank murmured thoughtfully. He didn't seem to be falling for her bluff.

"Baby, you better show my boobs some love! Or..."

"Or what?"

Laurie was getting antsy now. She wasn't used to not getting her way! "C'mon...I'm telling you! Is this so hard to get through your stupid skull?"

"Well, if that's your attitude..."

"No! I...I didn't mean...Ohhhh...p-please...my boooooobs...I need you to...I need you to touch my boobs..." Laurie was used to every man going straight for her enormous rack, and that was something she liked. Her jumbo jugs were actually highly sensitive, so much that it was difficult for her to get off without having them groped. Frank's stubborn refusal to play with them was driving her wild. She wasn't used to having to wait for any pleasure.

She thrust her chest into his face, each tingling tit throbbing to be touched.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, pleeeeeease," begged Laurie. She would have sworn that her boobs must have been visibly pulsating; she was so horny.

"Is it time yet? Do you think it's time?"

"Ohhhhh, God, yessssss, pleasee, Frank!"

"What did you say, Laurie?"

"I said, pleassssse! I need you to touch my big beautiful boobies! I'm dying to feel you squeeze them! Oh, please, Frank, I'm just bursting!"

"Well, if mi'lady insists..."

"Oooooo," Laurie cooed. The feel of fingertips against her massive mammaries was just the release she needed, her moist crotch suddenly releasing a veritable flood.

"Mmm, baby, you think those itty bitty titties can hold this massive cock? They're so small, and my dick's so big."

"What? My titties can handle anything; bring it on, little boy!" His hands were all over her breasts, her massive udders rolling and quivering as he flipped her over.

Of course, Laurie's breasts could take anything; her cleavage canyon could swallow a kielbasa, so there was never any real doubt about that. As Frank straddled her, Laurie grabbed her huge hooters and squeezed them together around Frank's manhood. He thrust back and forth between her enormous mounds and Laurie laughed.

"Baby, you may be big, but nothing's bigger than my babies." She squeezed her boobs tighter milking her man for all she was worth. Frank pushed back and forth, easing his shaft between those two monstrous pillows of flesh, Laurie's enormous endowments shaking and shimmying in time to his thrusts like airbags full of gelatin.

"Mmmm, you feel that, baby? You feel my big soft boobies?" Laurie smiled to herself, pleased that her enormous endowments could still give a man pleasure. Not that there was any real doubt of that, but her vast size meant that she naturally tended to, well, sag a bit these days and that's a heavy burden to bear when you're only 18. Feeling a hot throbbing cock plunging through her swollen cleavage helped assuage her worries.

Frank grunted, Laurie giggled. It didn't take her long to make him climax.

Laurie winced as ropy strands of semen blew onto her face. Frank was shuddering and wheezing, still recovering from his orgasm, but he started to apologize as he noticed Laurie's soiled face.

"Save it," interrupted Laurie, pushing herself up and lolling her tongue to lick at the sticky substance. "I know a better way for you to apologize."

Laurie pushed Frank off her chest and motioned to her own soaking crotch. Frank understood – now it was his turn to eat.

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Heads turned as the three plumping porkers waddled into the cafeteria, each one carrying a tray before them. Laurie and Alice made some effort to eat modestly while in public, but Jen had given up all pretext of moderation. The only one of the three feminine fatsos who had come completely to terms with her expanding waistline, Jen had loaded her tray with all the available treats – mashed potatoes in thick, creamy gravy, greasy fried chicken, buttery vegetables, and a big fat chocolate chip cookie. If Alice and Laurie hadn't been such relentless snackers when they weren't subject to disapproving stares, Jen would easily have outpaced the both of them.

The three growing girls struggled to find enough room on the narrow bench for their three bulbous behinds. Jen's famously wide seat took up more room on the bench than either of her two friends, but Laurie and Alice were hardly slouches when it came to filling space.

At the other tables, students were tittering at the sight of the three husky honeys.

"Talk about a wide load!" giggled Cindy Hawkins, snapping a picture of Jen's bulging buttocks on her camera phone. She showed the picture to Nancy Williams next to her and both girls broke into renewed titters.

"It barely all fits in the frame!" laughed Nancy. "But at least it still fits in her panties..."

Jen shifted in her seat, her cheer skirt riding up enough to expose the soft, wobbly flesh of her buns spilling out of her spanky pants beneath.

"Well, it ALMOST fits," said Nancy .

"Those are three goddamn fat asses," said Polly Chung, leaning over. "How much do you think they have to eat to stay that big?"

"More than they're eating now," said Nancy, "I don't know who they think they're fooling with those small lunches. A girl doesn't grow to be as big as a house just by nibbling. "

Andy Rodriguez couldn't take his eyes off Laurie's ginormous bosom, which was supported as much by her oversized bra as by her swollen tummy below these days.

"Look at the size of them!" he whispered to Jeremy McTaverish. "Those things can't be real, can they? I know that Laurie Belmontès has always been huge but now she's ludicrous! Could that all really just come from overeating?"

Jeremy could only nod in stupefied wonder.

"If she does enough of it," piped in Marcus Greenbaum. "And, believe me, she does. Haven't you heard how she eats when no one's watching her? She stuffs herself like a prize hog. They say it's a wonder that she hasn't ballooned even bigger!"

"Well, how would they know that if no one's watching?" said Andy suspiciously.

"They find evidence," said Marcus, laying his finger to the side of his nose, "The trash can in the girls' locker room is always filled to the brim with candy wrappers and potato chip bags every day. You tell me who else would be leaving that behind?"

"Could be any of them," said Jeremy, "It's not like her friends there aren't packing on the pounds as well! Look at the ass on Jen Sarovy! She's as wide as a truck!"

"Yeah, and Alice there is growing pretty hefty, too. She used to be pretty chubby, I'll grant you, but now she's as big as a manatee."

Laurie frowned across the table at Jen. The bottom-heavy bunny was wolfing down her lunch with abandon, paying no mind to the giggles and stares that had accompanied the three chunky cheerleaders as they waddled into the cafeteria.

"Jen," she hissed, "Slow down, dammit. You are embarrassing us!"

Jen looked up quizzically, her fleshy cheeks bulging with food, a rivulet of gravy dribbling from the corner of her mouth.

"Whad a boo talking about?" she asked, sputtering morsels of food. A few flecks hurled across the table to land on Laurie's pendulous bosom. The fuming ice queen reached up to brush them away.

"I'm talking about that," said Laurie. "Sweetie, why don't you slow down and chew your food? You're making us all look bad. Isn't that right, Alice honey?"

Alice nodded. "It...it might be good to slow down a bit, Jen. People are kind of staring."

Jen craned her neck to look around the room, but, of course, students turned away to avoid catching her eye. After doing a full sweep, Jen shrugged and returned to chowing down.

"I'm hungry," she said as she pushed another forkful into her mouth. "Besides, I don't know what you two have your panties in a twist about. I mean, like, you guys eat like this too, ya know, when we're at sleep over."

"Jen!" snapped Laurie, scandalized. "That's different!"

"Yeah," said Alice, "That's, you know, just us...among friends."

"Yeah," agreed Laurie, "Among friends."

"Besides," said Alice, looking down at herself and adjusting the hem of her sweater which had started to slip up over the curve of her rotund belly, "I should be cutting back on that anyway...I'm getting in trouble at work..."

"What's that? Oh, you mean that bitch Maggie?"

"Yeah," said Alice, obviously not comfortable with calling Maggie a 'bitch' despite the former's cruel treatment of her. "She's always on my case for being so...big. She thinks I'm stealing food from work because I keep blowing up, but I swear I'm not! Well, not much..."

"But you're not gaining because of our sleepovers!" said Laurie, "It's all diet food! You should be able to eat a ton without gaining an ounce!"

Of course, that isn't true about any kind of food, not even diet food. But Laurie was so invested in her deception that she almost believed it – after all, she was consuming just as much of this so-called "diet food" as was Alice.

"Well, I just...I dunno...I don't like her yelling at me..."

"Hmmm," said Laurie thoughtfully. "That sucks indeed." Laurie decided to change the subject; she didn't want Alice dwelling on her inflating size for too long, lest she start to get suspicious. Also, Laurie didn't like to talk about it much either. It made her feel kind of bad to deceive Alice like this.

"Anyway, you know what's coming up?"

"What?"

"Valentine's Day! So I bet someone is going to be getting a special present from their favorite dwee – I mean, boyfriend!"

"Oh wow," said Alice, "Valentine's Day IS coming up! I had totally forgotten about it. Gee, do you think Tyler will get me something?"

"Pbbbt," scoffed Laurie, "Of course he will! What kind of question is that? Didn't Chris ever get you anything?"

"Um, not really," said Alice, "We weren't on good terms at that time, though. He was angry at me for, um, gaining some weight and he just told me that he wasn't going to get me any chocolate because he didn't want me to pork up any more." Alice sighed miserably. "Also, he was kind of upset that we weren't...you know..."

"Oh," said Laurie flatly.

"Well, you know, it just didn't feel right with him..."

"Oh honey, I know," said Laurie sympathetically. "Um, so, does it feel right with Tyler? You said before that you hadn't yet..."

"Yes, it does," said Alice, "It feels really right. But I've never...I mean, I don't know if he...if it's the right time..."

"Honey, this is Valentine's Day. There's no better time. And let me tell you, if he feels the same way about you that you do about him, then, well, he's going to be expecting something to happen. Something big. And if you like him, then this is the time."

"Something big?" Alice gulped nervously. "Like what?"

"You gotta seduce that boy," said Laurie, "It shouldn't be hard...By the looks of that dork, he's probably never been with a woman before..."

"Laurie!" Jen flashed her friend an angry look. "Like, stop it! That's, like, Alice's boyfriend you're talking about!"

"Oh, right, sorry." Laurie was surprised to hear Jen snap at her like that. That wasn't like Jen at all! Come to think of it, Jen had been doing a lot of weird stuff lately. Laurie wondered if Jen was beginning to go soft. She did seem to enjoy hanging out with Alice a lot. Well, Laurie was enjoying that, too, but at least she hadn't lost sight of their ultimate goal, no matter how much she was beginning to feel bad about it. Laurie had noticed that her constant warnings about Jen's figure no longer seemed to have the same effect, that Jen almost seemed resigned to becoming a bulging, big-butt cow. Not just resigned, in fact. Jen seemed happy with her increasing size. Probably because she thinks that ridiculous rump is still a shapely bum, Laurie thought darkly.

"But Laurie's right," said Jen, "You should, like, seduce him. Let him know why you're the girl he desires!"

"But...but I don't know anything about seduction!" wailed Alice.

"Oh, it's easy," said Laurie, "First you get some sexy lingerie. In fact, later on, we'll take you out shopping so you can get just the right outfit. Right, Jen?"

"Totally!" chirped Jen, brightening at the prospect of shopping.

Alice wasn't quite as enthusiastic. Thinking of the vast selection of sexy lingerie that would be on display at the mall's fancy adult boutiques was making her feel very intimidated! Even if she could fit her wide frame into something scandalous, would she know what to do? This would be her first time!

"Also, Alice baby, and this is important: When you're with your man, in the bedroom – say you've got some candle lit, something sheer and sexy on -- just push your boobs together and arch your back."

"Well, that might work," said Jen, "or you could bend over and shake your booty!"

Laurie sniffed. "No, Jen, she should put that little dweeb's face between her tits!"

"No, she's got to put it between her cheeks!"

"Between her cheeks? Ew, don't be stupid! Everyone knows that the way to a man's heart is through a woman's chest!" To emphasize the point, Laurie puffed out her own chest. Jen did not back down. Both girls were eager to impress upon their innocent friend the importance of their own respective attributes – Laurie thrust out her bulbous bosom as she extolled the virtues of breasts, while Jen cocked her hips to showcase her rounded rear.

"But I don't have boobs like you, Laurie, or a butt like you, Jen! All I have is this big gut!" Alice looked down at her flabby tummy.

"Girl, you are tripping. You might not have all the boob that I've got or all the ass that Jen's got, but you've got the best of both worlds. You got nice curves all over. Trust me, you work that ass and those tits and you'll have Tyler eating out of your hand."

"You think?"

"No doubt in my mind." A pause. "But, seriously, stick his face in your tits."

"No, shake your ass!" said Jen, " Alice, like, remind me later, and I'll show you how to do a little something called a booty clap."

"A boo—what's that?"

"Oh, I think your boy will appreciate it."

"Jen! That's so vulgar! Alice, don't listen to this slut; just suck on your own boobs there

and he'll be putty in your hands."

"My own boobs? I don't think I can reach them into my mouth!"

"Well, I guess not everyone has my talents," said Laurie, "but we'll find something for you to do..."

She trailed off as the rest of the squad entered the lunchroom. Lizzie, Kristine and Denise took their positions at the table, the overloaded benches groaning even more as additional weight was added to them. While Kristine and Lizzie were downright svelte compared to the Big Three, they were still packing far more pudgy than was usual for cheerleaders. Denise, oddly, remained rail thin.

Laurie eyed Denise scornfully as she rested her petite butt on the seat next to her. The bony girl was the closest thing the squad had to a standard cheerleader physique these days. People thinking of cheerleaders might imagine a chest like Laurie's but the reality of it was that the corpulent captain's expansive knockers – as well as general chubbiness – made her unfit for most of the physical exertions required in cheerleading.

Laurie waited until most of the squad was distracted, deep in conversation amongst themselves, before she turned to Denise.

"Denise, sweetie, can I talk to you?"

"Hmm?"

"Sweetie, I want to tell you that I'm worried about you. I heard that you got a C on your algebra test last week."

"What? Yeah, well, it wasn't my best work. It's no big deal."

"Honey, anything that could affect my team is a big deal. You do know that if you don't keep your grades up that I'm required to kick you off the team, hmm?"

"Yeah...but that's for failing grades! It was just a C. C'mon, Laurie—"

"Just a C for now, Denise, but I don't like where this is going. I'm concerned that you need to get those grades up, okay? I think I may have a little something to help you."

Laurie unzipped her backpack and pulled out a handful of what appeared to be granola bars.

"What are these?" asked Denise.

"Brain food," said Laurie, tapping her forehead meaningfully. "Trust me, sweetie, these contain plenty of, like, the protein and carbs that you need to really concentrate on your studies. They totally helped me and I know they'll help you. Promise me you'll eat them, right, hun?"

"Sure," said Denise. She was a bit confused, because she was sure that her grades



weren't that bad. In fact, she was pretty sure that some of the other cheerleaders had worse grades. But she was flattered by the attention. "Sure, Laurie, I'll do that. Thanks a lot!"

Laurie smiled sweetly. "No problem, hun, what are captains for?"

Across the cafeteria, three boys were having a similar conversation.

"Well, we haven't done anything yet...not really," said Tyler.

Craig and Frank exchanged worried glances.

"You do know that Valentine's Day is coming up?" said Frank, "Alice might be expecting something big to happen."

"Of course he knows that Valentine's Day is coming up!" interrupted Craig, "She'll be expecting you to really rock her world! Let me tell you something that always drives Jen crazy: Right before you get into bed, just smack her ass. Chicks love it! Shows you're in charge."

Frank laughed. "No way! Laurie would kill any man that tried that. It's all about one thing." Frank cocked an eyebrow and hefted a pair of imaginary breasts. "Laurie cannot resist having her, well, chest area fondled. She's absolutely boob crazy, not that I can blame her. Who wouldn't be for those? Take my word for it, Tyler, give her a good massage right there and she'll fall to pieces."

"That's easy for you to say!" said Craig, "You're dating a human pool toy – with her own floatation devices! But for normal girls, the behind is the place to think about."

"Normal girls? Oh, and what's that supposed to mean, hmmm?"

"Nothing, man, just sayin' that most girls don't have boobs that have their own zipcode. So when you're dealing with a girl like Alice, who is lovely but, you know, not as...attributed as your woman, Frank, then you need to use a bit more finesse."

"By which you mean ass smacking?"

"Yeah, exactly!"

"Well," said Frank, "It's funny that you mention that, Craig, because Alice, who like you said is just lovely, right Tyler, is also lacking in certain attributes that your Jen has in abundance."

"You mean..."

"I mean, Alice doesn't have a rear like two bowling balls shoved in a pair of panties. And I'm not saying that's a bad thing, we all love Jen, but let's face it. She's not built like, how did you say it, a normal girl." Frank grinned.

Craig chuckled. "Well, I guess that we're in agreement that we've got most assuredly unique girlfriends."

"I dunno," said Tyler , "If we're going by the theory that a girl likes to have her...uh, biggest asset...uh...pleasured...then maybe she'd like a ...a tummy rub?"

All three boys turned to look at the table where their girlfriends were sitting. Alice was nibbling on a cookie that she'd probably snatched from Jen's plate, her round face smiling sweetly, her double chin wobbling. The plump blonde had a very noticeable potbelly that bulged out past her admittedly ample breasts, spilling out of the bottom of her stretched sweater to fill her lap. In fact, it looked like it filled her entire lap these days. Alice's deep navel was just barely visible as the hem of her sweater rose above it with every inhalation, then settled down to cover it when Alice breathed out.

"Yeah," agreed Frank. "That might be.

Craig nodded.

Frank was quiet a moment. "Either of you guys have any idea what Laurie might like for Valentine's Day?"

"She's your girlfriend. You don't know?"

"Well, I want it to be something special," said Frank, "So I'm still thinking."

"Get her a custom-made Z-cup bra," chuckled Craig, "Then she wouldn't be spilling out all the time."

"Hey, man, that's my woman you're talking about!"

Craig laughed. "Just trying to help, dude!"

Frank stroked his chin. "Actually, knowing Laurie, that might not be a bad idea. But it's not exactly...romantic."

"You could get one with hearts all over it?"

"That's...not exactly the 'from the heart' gift that I'm thinking of," said Frank. He looked over at the girls again. "I guess I'll have to do some detective work."

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Laurie was dressed casually. That is, as casual as she ever got – even when she was slumming, the busty bombshell managed to look stunning. Her tight jeans outlined her growing backside, cutting into her wobbly love handles as she sauntered through the mall's food court. She sported a snug "Obama" T-shirt, her massive melons stretching the president's trademark smile into a grimace.

The pumped-up princess leaned against the counter of "Pizza-By-the-Pound," her large breasts nearly touching the tabletop as she studied the menu.

"Can I help you?" asked a bored-looking Hispanic girl.

"Hmmm, yes, I think you can," said Laurie. She eyed the counter girl up and down. The girl behind the counter did the same, her eyes resting on Laurie's heaving bust longer than warranted. Laurie's pert left nipple gave the president a disturbing unicorn horn. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yeah," said the girl. Of course, EVERYONE at school recognized Laurie. Her enormous melon-sized tits and snobby attitude had been the talk of the school before she started porking up this year – now her ever-expanding waistline and shrinking clothes had added even more fuel to the gossip fire. "You're Laurie Belmontès."

"Good, good. Now I'm not here to order any food. I'm here because...well, I have a proposition for you."

"What? I don't swing that way," said the girl. "Why don't you go ask your friend Jen Sarovy, I hear that you –"

"Shut up, I'm not talking about that," said Laurie, still smiling through her eyes betrayed a sinister fire. "You work with a girl named Alice, right? I think you might be her manager?"

"Yeah, I know Alice. What's it to you?"

"Weeeeelll," said Laurie, absently tracing a finger on the counter, "I hear that you're being kind of mean to her. See, Alice is a good friend of mine. So I wanted to ask you a little teensy weensy favor, see? I want you to stop being such a bitch to her, okay? See, Alice is a very sensitive girl and I don't like seeing her sad."

"Alice," said Maggie, "should stop eating food that she hasn't paid for then."

Laurie laughed. "Oh, sweetie, you're funny. I like how you take this so seriously. Listen, I think we can reach a little agreement, hmmm?"

Maggie looked intrigued. "I'm listening."

"You're Magdalena Juarez, right? I think I know your little sister. Gloria, right? She's a freshman, and I hear that she's thinking about trying out for the cheer squad this year. Now, you know that I'm the captain, of course, so I have final say in who gets on and who doesn't."

Maggie laughed. "Is that the best you can do? Gloria's going to get on the team whether you say so or not. She's twice the athlete that any of the cows on your team are."

Laurie's smile didn't falter but her voice got low and dangerous.

"Oh, honey, just a little tip for you: You'd better think very carefully before you say anything to make things worse for you."

"Worse for me? Who do you think you are?" snapped Maggie, "You might be hot stuff at school because you run the cheer squad, but out here, you're nobody. You think you're so special because you've got those huge tits? Well, that's all you have. That's all you are. Nothing but a big set of boobs. You like that, Boobs? Huh? You like being all boobs?"

Laurie didn't like that tone of voice at all. Her pretty face started to flush. Unfortunately, Maggie mistook it for a flush of embarrassment rather than fury. She continued to twist the knife, not realizing her mistake.

"You think that rack makes you queen of the heap, but the only reason they're so big is because you're so fat! Everyone knows it! When you waddled into the cafeteria yesterday, you should have heard the snickers. I can't believe you didn't notice. If you stopped stuffing yourself long enough to look in a mirror, then maybe you'd know that you're turning into a real porker!"

Laurie's breathing was growing more rapid as her anger level rose, her melon-heavy jugs heaving inside her constricting shirt. Obama looked like he was having an epileptic seizure.

"Careful, Boobs, don't wanna burst our top now, do we? That'll be some change we can believe in. Haha!"

Still smiling, Laurie reached up casually, grabbed Maggie by her hair and twisted her head around. Maggie yelped in surprise as Laurie brought Maggie's ear to her mouth.

"Now you listen to me, bitch," hissed Laurie, "I've had enough of your crap." Maggie started to yelp but Laurie hushed her. "You be quiet. I'm only going to say this one more time. You stop grieving Alice or I will ruin you. Don't think I can't do it. If I hear you make one more comment about Alice popping down pepperoni or whatever, and I will make sure that not only does your sister never make the cheer squad, I'll make sure that she doesn't make the gymnastics team or the triatheletes or even the goddamned glee club. And I won't stop there, either. You're going to find it awful hard to keep this nice little job of yours with the rumors that I'm going to start. I don't think Mr. Jenkins will want to keep a manager that spits in the food now, would he?"

"I'm not scared of you," said Maggie through clenched teeth, "No one would ever believe \_"

"Oh, really? I think they would, honey. I do still have some sway in this town. I'll make sure that no one in school ever eats here again and I'll make sure that everyone knows it's all because of you. Do I make myself clear?"

Maggie was silent. She had to admit that Laurie had her in a bind. "Fine! Fine, just let me go!"

Smiling sweetly, Laurie let go of Maggie's hair. Maggie straightened up, rubbing her sore head and glaring at Laurie venomously.

"Don't you forget this little talk, okay, sweetie?" said Laurie, ignoring the evil eye. She hefted her purse over her shoulder and turned to leave. As she took a step away from the counter, she turned back and stared seriously at her adversary. "Because I won't."

Maggie watched the overfed cheerleader stomp away, her entire bulging body wobbling as she moved. She was still thinking about it when Tyler showed up for his shift half an hour

later.

"Hey, Maggie," he said, "I want to talk to you about something."

"What's that?" she replied absently.

"I've seen how you treat Alice," said Tyler, "And frankly, I don't care for it at all. You're being really unfair to her and just picking on her because she's... a little big. You have no proof at all that she's doing anything wrong and...and I insist that you stop! You can say what you want to me but I'm not going to stand for this abuse against Alice anymore. So you'd better quit it!"

"Hmm," murmured Maggie, distracted. She didn't like people telling her what to do, especially not her underlings at work, but her hair was still smarting from her encounter with Laurie earlier...

Tyler was bracing himself for a tirade from his tetchy supervisor. But surprisingly, Maggie didn't explode in anger.

"Okay, Tyler," she said, "I'll stop."

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Laurie was livid. She was trying to cook dinner right now, but she was having trouble concentrating on her stirfry while still thinking about her encounter with Maggie. How could Maggie have said those things about her weight? It was ridiculous!

"That bitch said I was nothing but a pair of boobs and the only reason they're so big is because I'm fat! That's ridiculous! Right?"

Frank looked at his gaining girlfriend as she bent over to scrape at the bottom of the pan with her spatula. She was still wearing the same T-shirt and jeans, although in this position her tubby tummy now pooched out from under her shirt, forming a roll that hung over the waist of her pants. The blubber roll hid the fact that Laurie had unbuttoned her jeans to get more comfortable. Laurie had eaten a snack before coming home from the mall – Frank had seen the empty chip bags and cookie wrappers in the trash – but she was still hungry enough to start work on an early dinner.

"Baby, she's kinda right," said Frank.

"What? What did you say?" Laurie turned on him, eyes flashing.

"Just sayin...you are kinda...big. You have to admit that, Laurie."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Laurie through clenched teeth. Her grip on the spatula tightened, her knuckles going white. "I am certainly NOT big."

Laurie glared at her boyfriend. Of course, she knew that he was right. She was a big girl. Once merely busty, Laurie's insatiable appetite – and the new-found sexual excitement of

eating in bed – meant that she was never totally full. It also meant that she'd been steadily blimping for quite some time, and, although most of her weight still went to her pendulous pontoons, her hips, thighs, and tummy were also much more generous these days. Laurie wasn't exactly sure of her own weight, since the last time that she'd stepped on a scale was at the slumber party where she'd learned that she was 205 pounds. She knew that she must be bigger now, just because back then she could just see the very tips of her toes over her mammoth mammaries if she bent over. But now, she couldn't see anything beyond her own breasts because she'd become so top-heavy that leaning forward wasn't really an option anymore.

"Don't be like that, Laurie," said Frank, "I'm just saying that you've gained a little up top. I thought you liked that. I certainly don't mind."

"That's not the point," snarled Laurie, "Maggie was totally disrespecting me! And she started calling me 'Boobs' like it was some sort of nickname! And--- stop laughing!"

Frank was chuckling at the idea and his laughter only became more pronounced when Laurie twirled around. Her heavy cleavage bounced dramatically within the confines of her tight top as if to punctuate the appropriateness of the new name.

"Oh, c'mon, I didn't mean anything by it...Boobs."

"Stop it! It's not funny!"

Still laughing, Frank walked up behind her and put his hands on her hips, his chin on her shoulder. "Aw, I think it is. Just a tad. It's a cute name, don't you think? And, besides, I thought you were proud of your boobs, Boobs."

"Stop it!" Laurie scowled. "Stop talking about how fat my boobs are. Because they're not fat! They're just...big!" She swatted his hands away as he made a reach for them. "I think we all know who's really the fat one around here! It's you. That's why you can't have any of this food I'm cooking now!"

Laurie switched off the oven and piled her stirfry onto a plate. There was a lot of it. Certainly, it looked like she'd made enough for two people, but she was determined to keep it all for herself now that she was pissed at Frank.

"Aw, Laurie, don't be mad. I just meant that, you've put on a little bit of weight. There's nothing wrong with it. In fact, I think you look good, but I don't think you should deny it –"

"Shut up," she snapped. Angrily, she grabbed a fork and started shoveling noodles into her mouth. "This has nothing to do with that. I'm doing this for your own good." She spooned another bite into her mouth before finishing the first, her chubby cheeks bulging as she chewed vigorously, her narrowed eyes still pouring into Frank with furious intensity. "A big fat boy like you doesn't need any more food. I, on the other hand, have a certain figure to keep up. You seem so happy about these boobs, don't you? Well, I'd better eat alllll this stirfry then, if you

want me to keep my... voluptuous physique. What do you think of that, you jerk? Huh?!"

Frank was silent as Laurie slurped down more noodles. She was obviously angry but Frank was honestly not trying to be mean. Laurie's denial regarding her weight couldn't be healthy. All he wanted to do was get her to see that, yes, she was a little rounder these days, but that it wasn't a bad thing. Her stomach was already puffing out from this latest meal, pushing the zipper on her open pants down a notch, but Laurie was too busy huffing and griping with indignation to notice.

"With your flab, I should be calling YOU 'Boobs'," she snarled as she stuffed the last mouthful into her face. Laurie dumped the now-empty plate into the sink and circled her large boyfriend. She grabbed a handful of flesh from Frank's gut and gave it a savage jiggle.

"Nasty," she sneered, watching his soft belly shake. "That's just disgusting. I don't know where you get off on telling me that I'm fat."

"I'm just saying that you can't say Maggie's wrong," cut in Frank, "You have gained a lot of weight lately, baby. And a lot of it's gone right here." He pointed to Laurie's enormous jugs, now heaving as she huffed in anger. Laurie squinted, her lip quivering in rage, her face going red as she strained to control her temper.

"You ass!" she howled suddenly, hurling her fists at Frank's chest. "You fucking jerk! You don't know shit!" Frank recoiled slightly from the fury of Laurie's sudden outburst. He was used to Laurie's general bitchiness, but he's never seen her lose her temper like this. Screaming, the tubby cheer captain punched Frank again and again.

Frank grabbed her soft wrists and held them away as Laurie was about to complete another arc. "Stop that," he said.

"Shut up! You stupid fat jerk! I'm not fat, damn you! You're fat, you gross fat hog! This fat on you is just gross. It's revolting and you should really shape up, not me! Look at you, you disgusting fatty fat. Maybe you should work out and lose all of this jiggly blubber."

She made another futile effort to smack Frank but the bulky boy held her wrists tight to prevent her. "Stop that," he said again.

"No! Don't you tell me what to do! Have you forgotten who I am? I'm Laurie Belmontès! I'm the head of the cheer team! I run the school! Every boy wants me and every girl wants to be me! You should be down there licking my feet and thanking your lucky stars that I ever even looked at you! But instead you're standing here, calling me fat—"

"I'm not calling you fat."

"Yes, you are! Calling me fat and telling me that that horrible girl was right! Right to talk back to me, to call me a big-boobed booby! Well, it's not right! I don't get treated that way! I don't ever get treated that way, not from her, and not from you, you...tubby lardbucket!"

"Laurie, please, will you listen—" Frank was starting to get angry himself. He was taking a lot of abuse from his irate woman

"No, you listen!" Laurie was so furious that she was wheezing – partly from anger and partly just because the tantrum was already taking a toll on a girl as overweight and out of shape as she was – and hot tears were streaming down her face.

"WILL YOU BE QUIET!" shouted Frank suddenly. Laurie was stunned into silence by his outburst, so much that she stumbled backwards, tripped over her own feet and landed with a splat on her broad, cushioned bottom. Frank's face was contorted in anger, her brow furrowed, and he waved his finger at his girlfriend as he yelled.

"I'm tired of this!" Frank continued, "Laurie, you are being ridiculous! If you weren't so self-absorbed maybe you'd be able to see the truth, but you're just deluding yourself! It doesn't matter how much you say that you aren't, because the truth is, you are! Yes, you are fat! You've been gaining weight all year and you'd have to be blind not to see it! You can insult me all you want, but it's not going to change the fact that you're getting fleshier all the time!"

Frank paused to breathe, his chest rising and falling rapidly. His face was going red, though whether from the exertion of the outburst or just plain fury (or a combination of both), it was impossible to tell.

Laurie opened and closed her mouth, gawping like a fish. She was totally shocked! She'd never seen Frank lose his temper before; she was used to him stoically taking all the abuse she could dish out and she certainly wasn't used to hearing him call her "fat." She stared at him through bulging, blood-shot eyes.

"The worst part is that you seem to think that being fat is the end of the world," said Frank, "But you're every bit as sexy as you ever were. You have to realize that you don't have to pretend that you're still thin to be sexy! But I'm tired of listening to your moaning, so until you calm down and see reason, I'm going home!"

He turned and started to walk out.

Oh no, thought Laurie, seeing her boyfriend make his way toward the door. He's actually leaving! Oh shit, oh shit! I didn't want him to actually leave!

Laurie called out: "Frank! Wait!"

She stumbled to her feet and bounced after her retreating boyfriend. Despite herself, she didn't want to see him leave. Despite all her dismissive language, she had grown to love this boy who so quietly listened to her tirades, who indulged her weaknesses and, most of all, put up with her bitchiness. She remembered her previous relationship with Josh – Josh had little use for Laurie beyond being a trophy girlfriend. Laurie had known that, but she hadn't minded because the feeling was mutual. Josh had been a looker, a muscular youth who led the football team, and someone whom Laurie could use to show off in front of other girls. But outside of the bedroom, they had had little in common, and Josh usually just blew off anything she had to say.



And then, when she'd started to uncontrollably pork out, Josh had simply dumped her. Frank wasn't anyone too important in the school's pecking order; he mostly kept to himself and didn't bother playing politics. He was chunky and goony and, to be perfectly honest, someone that only a few months ago Laurie had considered way beneath her league. But he was so patient and so understanding that he's won her heart and, as loathe as she was to admit needing anyone, she didn't want to lose him...

"Frank! Don't go! I...I'm sorr- Look, I know that I'm ....I'm ....I'm fat, okay?" Laurie literally seemed to choke on the word, struggling to hold back sobs. But she didn't seem to be sobbing in anger anymore, but rather fear. Laurie pointed to her pudgy tummy. "People think that just because I can't see over my boobs means that I don't know. But I know. I can feel it. I can feel my pants pinching. I can tell it's getting harder to cartwheel and summersault. I know that I'm gaining weight, but...I just I just don't like people talking about my weight, okay?"

Frank stopped and turned to face her.

What am I saying? Thought Laurie. Am I actually saying that it's okay for Frank to call me fat? Why do I feel this way? Why don't I want him to leave? I guess... I guess I must really lo- like him a lot!

Laurie was stunned by her revelation.

I'm Laurie Belmontes, she thought, I run the school. I don't need anyone else!

It was the same refrain that she used to convince others of her power and now she was using it on herself.

But I think...I think I may need him!

"B..but...did you really mean that when you said that it made me sexier?"

"Laurie, you know that I wouldn't lie. Everything about you is drop dead gorgeous. Haven't I told you as much? You shouldn't be afraid of your weight."

"So I'm still hot, right?" said Laurie quietly.

"Of course, you're still hot! You're gorgeous. If anything, you're even hotter now."

Laurie sniffled but her cheeks blushed slightly, pleased at the compliment.

"And..." She looked down at her jumbo jugs. "...and my boobs....?"

"Your breasts are still marvelous, Laurie. If anyone says that they're too big, then they're crazy. Crazy or lying." He stepped forward and took the trembling bombshell in his arms. "But the rest of you is just as beautiful."

"So...you like me...fat?"

"I think you're absolutely to die for. Does this mean that you're not going to put up a

front anymore?"

"Well..." Laurie chewed on the thought, smiling as she felt Frank's hands massage her love handles. "I guess I don't mind if you say it. But I don't want anyone else saying it."

At least she's not deluding herself anymore, thought Frank. But out loud he said: "So I get special privileges, huh? Lucky me!" He smiled.

"Yeah," said Laurie, "And you better appreciate it. No one else is allowed to call Laurie Belmontès fat. You're the only person in the world that can get away with that, so you'd better feel lucky."

"Oh, I do," said Frank, "So I guess I should grant you the same privilege."

"What? Oh..." Laurie suddenly felt a little bad for the way she'd berated Frank about his own weight, but just a tad. After all, there was a difference, wasn't there? But the truth was that she didn't mind his flab either. With him now holding her, surrounding her with his bulk, it was actually kind of comforting. She decided to play it off as a sly game, hoping that Frank would take her previous insults as playful teasing.

"Well, if I have that privilege, then I can say this...Frank, you naughty boy, you haven't been watching your weight. Didn't I tell you that you needed to drop some pounds, you lardbucket?" The words were harsh, but this time the tone was teasing and coy. Laurie ran her hands over Frank's hefty stomach, lifting his shirt to see his naked belly and manboobs.

"Look at these, they're like big fat flippers," she cooed, "Jeez, Frank, soon you'll have bigger boobs than me. And I'm not going to stand for that from anyone! But it's a good thing that I'm such a tolerant girl. Hmmm, then again...maybe it's not so bad. Let's compare..."

With her other hand, she grabbed Frank's wrist and led it under her own shirt, placing it on her left breast.

"You need to do something about this big fat ass," she continued, her hand snaking around behind Frank and sliding into the back of his pants. She squeezed his behind and giggled "You're putting almost as much straining on the back of your pants as one the front."

"I could say the same for you, Laurie. The back of your clothes are having the same trouble as the front." The one hands stayed cupping Laurie's enormous tit, but the other reached behind to give her rounded rump as swat. Laurie usually didn't like anyone mentioning her increasing shelf of a behind, but... well, it was different with Frank now.

"Look at all this soft gross flab. This is no way for a man to be...you should be hard here..." She moved her hands down to his crotch..."like you are here."

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Laurie was late to her shopping trip with Jen and Alice.

Jen seemed to understand why, snickering behind her hand as she pointed to Laurie's

slightly mussed hair. The buxom beauty had been in such a hurry to meet her two friends that she hadn't taken the time to get every single strand of her raven hair perfectly in place as she usually did. The average person wouldn't have noticed anything amiss but Jen knew that Laurie was always perfectly coiffed – except when she first got out of bed.

"Someone's been having fun!" said Jen. Alice seemed confused, but Laurie waved dismissively as she fixed her hair.

"That's none of your beeswax, Jen," said Laurie, "We're not here to discuss my love life as exciting as it is. We're here to help Alice with hers. And I know exactly how to do that. Follow me, ladies!"

The three chunky cheerleaders waddled through the mall, with Laurie carefully steering them away from the food court. Both Jen and Alice seemed to naturally gravitate toward it, irresistibly drawn toward the smell of delicious food, but Laurie wasn't eager for another confrontation with Maggie, who might still be manning the counter of "Pizza-By-the-Pound." Not that Laurie was afraid of her or anything; she just didn't have the time or patience for that sort of aggravation right now. She was on a mission.

"You are going to love this place," said Laurie, "This is where Jen and I buy all our intimates. They have something for everyone."

Alice nodded. Her T-shirt was tucked into her jeans, but clung so tightly to her chunky body that you could see all her jiggly jelly rolls – the shirt fabric continuously got sucked into the creases between her flab rolls. Her deep belly button was clearly visible through the straining top. The gaining girl was wearing a belt, not because she needed help keeping her pants up but to cover the fact that she's recently busted the button from her jeans and her zipper refused to stay up the top inch.

The other two were similarly underdressed. Jen's typical short shorts were slowly being eaten by her bottom as they disappeared into a monster wedgie, two plump crescents of butt cheek waxing as she walked. Laurie was packed into a pair of low-cut jeans and a green and black striped polo shirt that both strained to contain her. Her stripes on her shirt were stretched out, giving her breasts the appearance of twin watermelons.

Laurie paused in front of "Ooh La La," a fashionable boutique with scantily-clad mannequins in the window. Laurie poked open the top button on her tight polo shirt and hefted her enormous jugs up and together. Alice stared at her busty friend, not understanding, but Laurie only snickered at her confusion.

"Don't worry," she said, "You'll see in a moment."

A bell went off as the three girls entered the store, alerting the clerk behind the desk.

"Hello, Abida," cooed Laurie.

The clerk behind the counter was a curvy Indian girl with shoulder-length, jet-black hair. She looked up and nearly dropped the magazine she was reading at the sight of the tubby trio.

"L-Laurie!" she stammered, "Hi! You're back!" She looked over at Jen blankly. "And good to see you too, Jess!"

"Jen."

"Yeah, yeah, right, Jen." She turned to look at Alice. "And you too...uh...uh..."

"Abida, this is our new friend Alice. Alice, this is Abida." Laurie leaned over the counter, resting her elbows on the counter and her chin in her hands. It was a position that she's used to great advantage to show off her assets when she wanted to wow a boy.

"You know Abida, don't you, Alice?"

"Oh, hi! Yes!" Alice instantly recognized the girl behind the desk. Abida was an over-achiever well-known at school as the student council president and the head of the debate team. Alice had never seen the girl the least bit flustered, so she wondered why she seemed to be tripping over herself now.

"Abida always knows exactly the best thing to wear to please your man," continued Laurie, "Kind of ironic, isn't that, honey?"

The flustered clerk looked like she wanted to be angry at Laurie's remark, but she appeared to be too transfixed by her endless cleavage to notice.

"Abida, Alice needs something to really wow her boyfriend on Valentine's Day. What can you recommend?"

"What? Oh, well, for a girl of your build, I recommend..." Abida gave Alice a cursory once-over, but it was obvious that her heart was elsewhere. Besides, what outfit in store would fit a fat tub like this girl? She was practically busting out of her street clothes already, so what hope did she have of fitting into some lingerie? "Our bodystockings are very popular."

"Ooo, did you hear that, Alice? That sounds exciting, doesn't it?"

"Bodystocking?" said Alice. She imagined herself stuffed into a fabric casing like a big fat sausage about to pop on a grill. "I don't know, that sounds pretty risqué..."

"Exactly! That's why Tyler will love it!" Laurie turned back to Abida and once again assumed a plaintive, whining voice. "Abida, sweetie, could you get your sexiest bodystocking for Alice here? I think she'd like to try it on."

"Um, you can't try stuff on," said Abida, "It's all in plastic packaging. You know, it's an... an adult boutique...you know..."

Alice nodded, but Laurie wasn't letting up.

"Abida, you know that we can't just buy stuff without testing it," said Laurie, "We have... unique measurements."

To emphasize her point, Laurie puffed out her magnificent bust a little more. The tall cheer captain with her pneumatic chest seemed to tower over the petite cashier. But Alice noted that, for once, there wasn't much menace in Laurie's voice, and Alice surmised that Abida was one of the few people that Laurie didn't need to bully to get her way.

"Well, normally, you're not supposed to try the underwear on before you buy it," said Abida, slightly flustered.

"C'mon, Abida, it's us! Pretty pretty please?" Laurie pouted, thrusting out her chest even more. Alice understood why the busty babe had unbuttoned her polo shirt earlier; if she hadn't, those top buttons would have popped clean off as Laurie's lungs inflated. "I promise we'll be good."

The show seemed to convince Abida. "...I shouldn't, b-b-but, for you guys, we'll make an exception. It's pretty quiet today and the boss isn't here, so what say I just close the store down for a little while and you guys go wild, huh?" There was a troubling note of hope in Abida's voice as she said that.

Laurie grinned devilishly. "I like the way you think, Abida. Now, you go close up, okay? And when you come back, make sure you have something for my friend Alice. Oh, and I'd like to buy something as well, something different. You know a little saucy and..." She grinned "...illegal."

"Oh, yes yes, of course!" Abida scurried off to post a "Back in half an hour" sign on the door and pull the shutters closed. Meanwhile, Laurie lost no time in starting to undress. She peeled her polo shirt off and dropped it over a chair. Without it, the other girls could see her muffin top spilling over her jeans, but their attention was mostly consumed by the mega-mammories now on display, busting over the cups of her L-cup bra.

"Um, isn't there a dressing room around?" asked Alice.

"Pbبت, no, didn't you hear, Abida, honey?" said Laurie, "We're not supposed to be trying these clothes on in any case, so they didn't put a dressing room in. Don't worry, you don't have anything we haven't already seen. We're all girls here."

"Yeah, but..." Alice pointed toward Abida, who was still busy closing shop.

"Don't you worry about her," said Laurie, "I'll keep her distracted." She winked and Jen giggled, as if the two knew something that Alice didn't.

"What's going on?" asked Alice.

"Like, Abida likes girls," said Jen conspiratorially. "And she's crazy for boobs. When Laurie found that out, she figured she could, like, twist her around her little finger. That's why we always shop here. If Laurie, like, shows off a little bit of cleavage, we can get all sorts of discounts!"

Laurie stretched – a movement so lithe that it looked incongruous on a girl of her size –

and reached behind her back to fumble with the clasp of her brassiere. She poked out her tongue and rolled her eyes in an exaggerated expression of concentration, but seemed to give up after a minute.

"Oh, Abida," she called sweetly, "Could you be a dear and give me a hand?"

"What – what do you need, Laurie?"

"I'm having trouble getting my bra off. Could you help me out?"

Abida rushed over, nearly dropping the plastic-wrapped costumes that she'd picked up. She turned her back on Abida, so the girl could get easy access to the back clasp. With this position, she was facing right toward Alice and Jen. Laurie's expression told them both that she really wasn't having any trouble with her bra at all.

As Abida struggled with the clasp of Laurie's brassiere, Laurie examined the three packages that she'd brought back. She laughed. "Oh, thank you, sweetie, I knew you'd find something perfect."

"R-really?" Abida beamed. "I'm so glad! I wasn't sure what size to bring for you, though, because I didn't know your ....bust...size..."

Abida seemed to be fishing for info about Laurie's breasts, but Laurie just laughed.

"Oh, I don't know, honey," said Laurie absently. "I was an L, but they've just been growing and growing so much lately, hmmm. Do you think I need to be re-measured?"

"I..I could get a tape measure..."

"Sure, honey, you do that," said Laurie. She turned to Jen and Alice and tossed them two of the packages. "Meanwhile, why don't you two try on these outfits?"

Jen and Alice exchanged glances. Jen shrugged and tore into her package. Alice blushed furiously as the pear-shaped princess quickly stripped down to her undies. Alice turned her back to the other three girls as she undressed; she lifted her gut to get at the zipper of her pants. The button was already open, but she didn't want to call attention to that fact.

Meanwhile, Abida had succeeded in working open the clasp on Laurie's bra, the sudden release causing Laurie's mammoth bosom to pop out and fling the undergarment across the store. Jen welped as the massive brassiere hit her in the face, causing her to drop her own package. Abida began to stutter again but Laurie only laughed.

"That is, like, not funny," said Jen, pulling the bra off her head. She gazed in shock at it, as if she'd never noticed before just how ridiculously gigantic it was. She turned to look at Laurie; unfettered, the busty blimp's bulging breasts settled against the curve of her belly, sagging almost to her belly button. Abida was struggling to work a tape measure around their bulk, but couldn't seem to get the ends to connect.

"Jeez, Laurie," said Jen, "Like, have some modesty, why don't you?"

Laurie blew a raspberry at her friend. She was proud of her large chest, arrogant enough that she was willing to show it off to any audience. Even at her new weight, Laurie had little shame in displaying her naked curves.

"Having trouble, honey?" said Laurie.

"Um...it...it doesn't want to fit...." Said Abida.

"Well, never mind that," intercut Laurie, "I don't have time for mysteries like this. I'll just try on that outfit you picked for me and worry about my bra size later." Truthfully, Laurie felt like leaving her exact cupsize a mystery to Abida. It would give the poor girl something to wonder about, something to fantasize about.

"Oh, Laurie, let me help you into that outfit!" said Abida, unwilling to leave her crush alone. Laurie seemed willing to oblige her, hanging Abida the plastic-wrapped package.

As Abida pulled the costume out, the other two girls burst into laughter. Abida must have fixed upon Laurie's desire of something "illegal," because Abida had picked out a goofy, cheesy – and very skimpy – faux-policewoman's uniform. It was basically a blue one-piece swimsuit (with a hat, badge and cop accessories) with a low-cut front that would dip between its wearer's breasts.

Laurie stepped into the costume and Abida began pulling it up, working it over the cheerleader's hefty thighs and wide hips, stretching it over her flaring belly and up, up, up. The navy blue material stretched until it looked more turquoise, Laurie's dangerous curves putting an obscene amount of pressure on the flimsy fabric. But the hardest part came when it was time to stuff her bust into the costume. Laurie gently hefted her boobs as Abida squeezed her chest into the top. Laurie smiled, quiet but her fiery eyes told Alice and Jen that Abida was beginning to get a little TOO frisky. Laurie didn't mind showing off her enormous tits but she wasn't too thrilled to find that Abida was finding excuses to actually touch them. She was annoyed but she wanted this outfit cheap for free, so she stayed uncharacteristically silent. She was willing to use all her powers to get what she wanted.

"Thanks, sweetie, that's so nice of you," said Laurie, "I tell you, I really appreciate it, because, let me tell you, it gets pretty hard to get these babies into tight little outfits."

Laurie smiles tightly, carefully adjusting her bouncy boobies to show off just a tad more cleavage. Abida stared, dry-mouthed, licking her lips, eyes locked to Laurie's chest.

"It sure is hard for a girl of my size, you know?" continued Laurie, playing up her part and hoisting her bowling ball-sized tits. "You always gotta be careful that you don't just...bust out, hmm?"

"Oh, Laurie... I'll measure you and find out just what you need."

She pulled out her tape measure again and advanced toward Laurie's swollen knockers, but Laurie held up a hand.

"Now, baby, first why don't we ask my friends what they think of this?"

Laurie turned to her friends, raising her arms as if to say "Ta da!" Both Alice and Jen burst into giggles at the sight. Laurie was dressed in a trampy, campy sexy policewoman outfit, low cut to expose her ample cleavage, with a black vinyl corset around her waist and a badge pinned to her bosom. Her legs were encased in fishnet stockings and her feet planted firmly in stiletto high heels. She placed a police hat on her head and grinned.

"That is, like, so cheesy," said Jen, laughing.

"Yeah, but it works, don't you think?" She struck a pose.

"What are you supposed to be, like, the booby police?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. "Yeah, that's right, Jen. I'm the booby police. What does that even mean? Look, does this work or not? Do you think Frank will like it?"

"It's pretty cute," said Alice.

"I don't want cute," said Laurie, looking at herself in a mirror. She hefted her titanic tits with her hands and tucked them back into her unitard. As big as she was, the outfit only had a tenuous hold on her bosom. "I want hot."

"Girl, that is hot," piped in Jen, "Totally hot."

Laurie twirled to examine her backside in a mirror. Then she quickly spun around again, pointing a finger at her reflection as if it were a gun.

"Pow! You're under arrest!" she said, "Now don't even think of trying to get your hands on this corpus delecti."

She turned to her two friends. "I think this is good. But what about you two? Why aren't you trying anything on?"

"We were waiting for you," began Alice, but Laurie cut her off.

"Pfff! We're not here for me! We're here because you need to find something sexy, Alice. And if you don't have any ideas about what you'd like to wear, then I'll give some to you. Let's see..."

Laurie wobbled over to Alice, her massive melons nearly popping out of her sexy police uniform as she walked. She frowned as she looked down at the round blonde as if deep in concentration about what would look good on Alice's bulging body.

"Stand up," commanded Laurie. With a grunt, Alice rose to her feet.

"...I just don't like changing in public—" began Alice, but Laurie cut her off.

"Abida, do you have an employees' room?"



"Yes, in the back."

"Well, that solves that. Since you're too modest to strip in front of us girls, I want you to get back there and get changed!" Laurie barked. "And don't let me catch you until you're all souped up!"

Alice looked at herself in the mirror. The bodystocking looked like a unitard made out of lace webbing, with slits cut in the sides and over the stomach to reveal tantalizing glimpses of flesh (Not that it was hard to see flesh through the webbing). It was probably the most revealing thing that Alice had ever worn and it wasn't helped by the fact that Alice was a really big girl. The garment stretched over her abundant curves, her flab bulging out through the lace gridwork. When she breathed, she could hear the rustle of straining fabric.

"Can I move in this thing?" wondered Alice aloud. She tentatively squatted down, supporting her weight as she did so by leaning against the bench in the corner. Like the outfit, the bench groaned against her weight and Alice was momentarily worried that she would both burst the bodysuit and collapse the bench. But neither event came to pass. Alice stumbled to her feet, panting with the exertion.

When Alice stepped back into the main room, Jen was already dressed. She was still wearing her normal bra and panties, but over that she was wearing a tight thong that was hooked to a pair of sheer leggings by black garters. If she wore it as it was meant to be worn (without additional underthings), her round bottom would have been quite bare. Her item looked like it came without any top of its own, but Jen was wearing black velvet arm gloves that came up to her elbows.

Alice noted that both Jen and Laurie were pretty tightly packed into their costumes. It was obvious that their costumes only just barely fit them. They both applauded and whistled when they saw Alice.

"Now that is sexy," said Laurie approvingly. "There's no way Tyler could resist that."

"Girl, you look amazing," agreed Jen, "That will totally knock him dead."

"Do you think?" asked Alice, "It's a bit tight." Alice knew that she was still gaining weight. And this outfit was so tight that, while it fit now, she doubted she'd be able to squeeze into it again if she gained another pound. "I think I might need...another size up."

"No way," said Jen, "That would look all loose and shapeless. It's supposed to be tight, Alice! That's how it shows off your body."

"Yeah, but there's... an awful lot to show off." Alice sucked in her blubbery stomach, but she couldn't suck in enough to make the bodystocking feel much looser. Inwardly, she hoped that she wouldn't overstretch it before she had a chance to show Tyler. But both Jen and Laurie seemed genuinely impressed with her look. And they were both pretty experienced with guys, so they must know what they're talking about, right?

"Alice, that is the point," said Laurie, "Look at all that! You've got EVERYTHING a boy could want – a nice set of boobs, a big firm booty, a good solid bit of flesh to hang on to. This outfit will remind him exactly of how lucky he is to have you."

Alice couldn't help but blush at the raise, but it made her feel happy and tingly at the same time. The idea of wearing this for her new boyfriend did excite her somewhat. What a rush!

"So do you like it?"

Alice looked down at herself again. Her fleshy tummy pressed against the webbing with every breath. Honestly, it made her look like a big veiny pumpkin. But Alice was too busy imagining Tyler's pleased face at seeing her sexy attire to notice that.

"I think I do, actually."

"Great!" beamed Laurie. She turned to Abida. "I think we'll take these."

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After the shopping trip, Jen returned home to find Craig waiting for her.

"What's in the bag, babe?" he asked, noticing the shopping satchel with the cursive words "Ooh La La" embroidered on it.

"Nothing that should concern you," said Jen, pushing past him.

"Aw, c'mon! What did you get?"

"No," she said, "This is a surprise for Valentine's Day. I couldn't tell you ahead of time; that would ruin the surprise."

Craig put up his arms in mock surrender. "Can't fight that logic."

"Aw, baby, don't be glum. This –" She patted the bag, "—will have to wait, but I have something else for you right now that I think you will like."

"Ohhh, really? And what's that, babe?"

Jen motioned for her boyfriend to follow her upstairs. Craig obeyed, walking a few steps behind Jen to avoid being smacked by her wobbling, rippling bottom as she waddled up the steps.

Once inside her room, Jen closed the door and pulled something out of her schoolbag. It was the skimpy new cheerleader outfit that Laurie had ordered.

"Like, look at these ridiculous uniforms Laurie bought!" said Jen, "I don't think we ever would have gotten away with actually wearing them to a game. It's like, almost a good thing that we split them!"

She held up the spanky pants to show Craig the tear in the seat.

"You split these cheering, did you, babe?"

"Like, totally!" She grinned mischievously and turned to give Craig a clear profile view of her shelf-like derriere. She ran her free hand along its massive arc. "I just got too much junk in the trunk, hmm? I was, like, sooooooooooooo embarrassed, but then I remembered what happened the last time I split some pants. I remembered that someone liked to see more..."

"Baby, you know what I like," said Craig, reaching out to squeeze that butt that jiggled so tantalizingly close to his reach.

"Uh uh!" said Jen, slapping him away, "I need to get dressed first!"

She disappeared into the bathroom (Craig noted that the tubby teen had to turn sideways to make it through the door) and returned a few moments later, dressed in the skimpy cheer uniform that Laurie had ordered for the team.

Jen's cheer shorts were barely adequate to cover her massive curves. They were so short that the lowest quarter of her perfect bubble butt bulged out the leg hole, the rear seam giving her a permanent wedgie – or it would have, if it had still been intact. Instead, the torn seat was spread wide. When she turned to face Craig, he could see that they were so low that the waistband was barely higher than her crotch. Craig noted with some satisfaction that the tightness that gave Jen a permanent wedgie in back also gave her a prominent camel toe in front, as the tight fabric hugged the outline of her pussy.

"Look at this thing, Craig! It's, like, waaaay too small!" She bent over and pointed at her voluminous rear. "See?"

"Oh, baby, I do."

Craig grabbed at Jen's fat bottom, but the bottom-heavy babe shrieked happily and tried to waddle away. Jen didn't make it far, because she forgot her own size as she tried to get back through the narrow doorway into the bathroom. Her wide hips brushed the sides of the narrow door frame as she tried to force her way through – and then she realized, too late, that her hips were way too wide and the door frame way too narrow. She grunted and heaved, but, no, she was stuck.

"Craig! I'm stuck!"

"What's that, babe? You have a problem?"

"Like, yeah! I'm totally stuck!"

Craig looked over at his gaining girlfriend, his eyes straying approvingly to her plump buttocks, which wiggled and jiggled as Jen strained to free herself from the tight confines of the doorway. Her distended derriere formed a perfect heart-shaped pillow of ballooning blubber, and her struggles only made the sizable split in her seat more prominent.

"Ohhh, this is worse than, like, when me an' Alice an' Laurie all got stuck on a couch last week!"

"What? When did that happen?"

"Like, at the last sleep over..."

Craig walked up behind Jen and placed his arms on her bare shoulders. "Heh, I would have liked to see that..."

"Like, no, you wouldn't. We were like totally stuck!"

"Really? Totally stuck? Just like you are now?"

"Yeah, totally!"

He began rubbing her shoulders. Jen squirmed, trying to free her blimping rump, but her basketball-sized buttocks were stuck fast.

"Crag, get me out of here!"

In response, Craig placed his hand between her legs and cupped her pussy. Jen giggled at his touch, suddenly understanding what Craig was thinking.

"Oh, Craig, THAT's not going to help!"

"Oh yeah? We'll see."

Craig continued to stroke Jen's crotch until it was completely soaked, a large wet spot spreading over the front of her spanky pants. Craig reached down, grabbed the sides of the spanky pants and tore the hole wider.

"Craig! Like, you're ruining my shorts!"

"Ha, they're ruined already, Jen! No way are you getting your fantastic ass back into those tiny things!" said Craig, as he unzipped.

Jen could only squeal in delight as she felt Craig slowly enter her from behind.

Unable to spread her legs due to being tightly wedged into the door, Jen's pussy was especially tight – so tight that she couldn't help but yelp with each thrust.

"Oh! Oh! Craig! Oh! I'm all – oh! – filled up! I'm all stuffed!"

"Goddamn, Jen, your pussy is even tighter than usual."

"Oh! Craig! Keep...keep pushing! I think I'm... almost...almost loose!"

Craig thrust harder and harder against Jen, causing her fat bum to wobble and bounce. It didn't take long to climax.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh!" With his final thrust, Craig exploded in orgasm, the force of his ejaculate popping Jen from the tight confines of the door. Jen stumbled into the bathroom with a squeal.

Jen rubbed her red and swollen backside. "Oh, Craig," she gushed, "That was wonderful." She looked back at her bottom.

"Well, there's another advantage of that bodacious booty," said Craig, giving her a light smack across her rotund rear.

"But you still tore my shorts...more, I mean. Now how am I supposed to cheerlead?"

"I don't think any of you girls are going to be cheering for long in those outfits," said Craig, "Not without splitting something more than just your seats."

Jen pouted.

"Aw, don't be like that babe," said Craig, "You know nothing's better than that sweet backend you got."

Jen giggled again, pleased at the compliment, but Craig's cell phone went off.

"I'll be right back, babe," said Craig, pulling his pants on. "I have to take this call."

"Okay, you do that, I'll get dressed."

Jen slipped off her ruined shorts and threw them to the floor as Craig hurried out of the room to get some better reception. Alone in her bedroom, Jen quickly rifled through the clothes, looking for something else that could cover her expanding butt.

She heard a knock at the door behind her. Weird that Craig would bother to knock, but she decided to give him a special treat. "Come in!" she called.

Jen bent over, thrusting her fat, naked ass out, as she heard the door open. "Craig, I can't fit into anything! My ass is too big for any of my pants!" She put her head between her legs, catching sight of Frank in the doorway. Her eyes bulged in shock.

"Eep!" The pear-shaped princess jumped up in surprise, futilely trying to cover her naked body with her hands. Frank turned away, holding his hands in front of his face.

"I'm sorry, your mom let me in," he said, "I didn't think—"

"What are you doing here?!" squealed Jen, "I thought you were Craig!"

"Yeah, I know!"

"You saw my ass!"

"Um..."

"Like, what are you doing here?"

"I need your help. I – um, are you dressed yet?"

"Wait one second! Don't look!"

Frank's eyes were closed so he couldn't see Jen's desperate hopping dance as she struggled to stuff her bulging buns into an inadequate pair of shorts. True to her complaint, Jen's bulbous butt was too round to fit comfortably into any of her clothes. Frank could hear the rumpy airhead grunting and snorting as she strained.

"Are you dressed—"

"Not yet! Hold on!"

Jen wriggled her bum as she worked the tight garment up her thighs. Finally, she said: "Okay, you can look now."

Frank turned around to see the auburn-haired pear in hot pants and a polo shirt. Jen's hot pants hugged the plump contours of her round rump. Frank couldn't help but notice that her shorts were a bit snug; Jen hadn't bothered to button them, instead letting her chubby gut hang over to hide the open fly.

"Frank, don't you dare say anything about this!"

"Don't worry, I won't tell Craig."

"Like, I don't care if you tell Craig! Just don't tell Laurie!"

"Don't...tell...Laurie?"

"You know how Laurie is! She'll pitch a bitch!"

"But it was an accident..."

"Gawd, it doesn't matter! I don't want to, like, deal with that, do you?"

"Hey, speaking of Laurie, I have a question."

Jen climbed onto her bed, where she sat cross-legged. "Like, what do you want to know?"

"What should I get Laurie for Valentine's Day?"

Jen stared. "Um, I dunno. She likes chocolate."

"I know that, but I want to get her something special too! You're her best friend; you must know what it is that she's always wanted!"

Jen shrugged. "She looooooves clothes, right?"

"Yeah, but she already has all the clothes she needs. She buys any clothes that she wants, so that's not really something I can get her. Is there anything else?"

Jen grinned, embarrassed. "Uhhhhh, dunno."

"Well, maybe someone else would know. Does she have any other friends I could ask?"

"Other friends?" Jen blinked stupidly. "Um, like, I don't think so. I don't know if you've noticed but... Laurie is kind of a bitch." The bubbly bimbo looked over her shoulder furtively. "But don't tell her I said that, okay? You know I loooove Laurie to death, but...you know what I mean, right?"

"Yeah," said Frank, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "No other friends, hmm..." Then he brightened, a smile suddenly spreading across his face. "Jen! You're brilliant!"

Jen stared. She'd never been called that before. "I am?"

"Yes! Thanks to you, I know exactly what to get Laurie!" He grabbed her hand and pumped it in a hearty handshake, a move that puzzled Jen – but, of course, a more traditional hug might have been misinterpreted given Jen's recent exposure...that and any guy dating Laurie Belmontès should know better than to do anything that would give his lady cause to feel jealous. He'd already seen Jen's naked bottom today and he didn't need to do anything more that could make things awkward.

"I've got to go," said Frank, "But say hi to Craig for me, okay?" Frank called as he rushed out, leaving a dazed Jen behind. A few minutes later, Craig re-entered the room.

"I ran into Frank in the hall," he said, "He said he was sorry about seeing your butt. What's that all about?"

"He came to ask what to get Laurie for Valentine's Day," said Jen happily, "He said I was a genius!"

"Oh, did he?"

"Yes!" Jen paused, then a quizzical look came over her soft pretty face. "Craig, what are YOU getting me for Valentine's Day?"

Craig laughed as he put his arms around Jen, reaching down to cup her badonkadonk buttocks. "Well, a genius should know that I can't tell you ahead of time. That would ruin the surprise, wouldn't it?"

Jen just giggled. "Who was on the phone?"

"Tyler. He wanted me to ask you what he should get for Alice."

"Well," said Jen, "That makes sense. I am a genius after all!"

## 25.A Alice, Jen, & Laurie

Alice was a little nervous. Tyler had promised her a nice gift and a nice dinner and after that...well, he hadn't said anything but Alice knew what she wanted. She was ready to take the next step. She wanted to give Tyler a night that he would never forget. She thought about the special lingerie that she had bought for the occasion, the tight bodystocking in her closet right now. She hoped that it still fit.

She looked at herself in the mirror one last time. The bulging blonde knew she had gained even more weight. She really was trying to cut back, but none of her efforts seemed to have any effect on her expanding waistline. She was now so round and chubby that she had difficulty seeing her toes even when she bent over. Her wardrobe was more limited than ever as she found that she'd outgrown a new item every day. Cheer practice was becoming harder and harder as she started to become winded just from walking up the stairs.

The overstuffed girl who stared back at her from the mirror was definitely Alice Grobauch. Although she'd always been a chubbette for as long as she could remember; now she was an honest-to-gosh blimp. Her soft jiggly belly hung over the waistband of her panties, falling low enough to hide her crotch from view. Her large hefty breasts bulged up out of her bra to nearly smother her. Her thick thighs and pudgy calves looked like tree trunks.

But luckily she thought she could still fit into the dress that she'd specially chosen for this night. She grabbed the garment hanging over the back of a chair and strained to pull it up her thighs.

Alice wore a demure strapless gray dress, short but not too short; it modestly ended just above her knees. She wore a gray half-sweater that covered her shoulders and bosom. She'd only purchased it recently, which might explain why, for once, she was wearing something that she hadn't outgrown. Even so, the snug outfit hugged the plump princess's ample curves and the swell of her hefty belly.

Alice walked slowly down the stairs as the doorbell rang. The dress was still loose enough that it didn't greatly restrict her mobility and she didn't need to worry about splitting anything, but she still liked to be careful. She opened the door to find Tyler, dressed in a nice dress shirt and slacks. She was surprised to see that he'd managed to comb his mopy hair into a semblance of order. He looked positively presentable!

"Wow, Alice," he said, looking his girlfriend up and down. "You look amazing!"

Alice blushed. "Aw, Tyler, you're just saying that!" Secretly, she was pleased at the compliment; she didn't often get to hear one.



"No, really! You look beautiful!" He fumbled with a box in his hands. "I, uh, brought you some presents."

"Oh, wow!" Alice should have expected presents for Valentine's Day, of course, but she was still pleasantly surprised. Chris had never really gone out of his way to make her feel appreciated, so having Tyler show up bearing gifts was really exciting!

Naturally, the first gift was a big heart-shaped box of chocolates. "I should have expected that," thought Alice. The size of the box made her mildly concerned; knowing her insatiable sweet tooth, Alice doubted that it would be long before she'd consumed the entire box. She certainly shouldn't be caving in to her cravings any more than she already was, but she was also a teensy bit delighted for another excuse to indulge.

"Thanks, Tyler," she said, "You know I love chocolate." She decided not to say anything about her weight concerns and instead accepted the gift graciously. Tyler coughed and pulled out a second box – much smaller – from his pocket.

"I also brought you this," he said, opening it. Inside was a tiny silver heart-shaped locket on a chain.

"Oh!" squealed Alice in surprise. Now that was certainly not expected at all! She clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, it's just lovely! Wow! Oh, Tyler, you shouldn't have!"

"Nothing, um, is too good for you, Alice," said Tyler, shyly. He tripped over the words, feeling corny and clichéd. But Alice didn't notice. She was too busy trying to fasten the locket around her chubby neck. She turned her back to Tyler.

"Tyler, could you fasten it for me?" she asked.

Tyler took hold of the ends of the chain and carefully cinched them together. Alice turned back to face her man, beaming.

"I think this really will be the start of a very special night," she said with a wide smile.

The restaurant was fabulous Italian bistro, well known for its fine cuisine and large portions. Alice would have had trouble resisting this rich, buttery food on a normal night, but tonight she had an excuse to indulge: It was a special occasion.

But after a big meal of hearty Spaghetti Carbonara and a thick slab of cheesecake for dessert, Alice was no longer feeling comfortable in her dress. Her stomach was so swollen that the dress was stretched tight, the indent of her belly button and the crease of every wobbling flesh fold made clear. Alice gingerly stumbled to the car, leaning backward to help balance out her full tummy, with Tyler helping to support his gluttonous girlfriend.

"Ohhhh, I ate too much," moaned Alice as she plopped into the passenger seat of Tyler's car. She pulled the switch to recline the seat and leaned back, her bloated belly rising like a mountain before her.

"Are you okay, Alice?" asked Tyler with concern.

"Yes...I'll be fine...I just had a little bit...too much," groaned Alice, rubbing her glugged stomach. "Just start driving. I'll be fine by the time we get home."

Obediently, Tyler started the car. Alice whimpered softly every time the car hit a small bump in the road, jostling her overloaded gut. How could she have lost control and stuffed herself this much? She had wanted to give Tyler a special surprise after dinner. She even still had the bodystocking that she'd picked out for the occasion hidden back in her bedroom. But now she was so full that she doubted she had the strength to do anything other than lie back and moan.

Luckily, by the time the two teens had returned home, Alice felt like she had digested enough to move again.

"That's a good thing," thought Alice. She really wanted this night to be special, so the last thing that she needed was to be so stuffed that she couldn't think straight.

"C'mon, Tyler, let's go upstairs," she said, grabbing his hand and leading him up to her room. "I want to be alone with you. After all, it's Valentine's Day."

Tyler stuttered and blushed slightly, embarrassed. Like Alice, he didn't have much experience in the bedroom, so this was new territory.

In the room, Alice pushed Tyler toward the bed.

"Tyler, why don't you lie down? I'll be right with you. I have...a surprise."

The chubby blonde giggled to herself. She knew that Tyler wouldn't be expecting his shy girlfriend to make such a bold display! He probably had no idea what he was about to see.

Alice retired to the bathroom and pulled out the bodystocking that she had bought on her shopping trip with Jen and Laurie. She stared at it for a moment before sighing.

"Well, here goes nothing!"

She grabbed the hem of her dress and started to pull it over her head. It was slow going; it was so tight now that she had to move carefully or risk popping some threads in the process. Finally, she was free. She dropped the dress to the floor and began to struggle into the bodystocking. It had been pretty tight when she first bought it, and, unfortunately, Alice had made no effort to curb her out-of-control appetite since then. As a result, it was now even tighter, to the point that she could hear stitches breaking with her every move.

She stared at herself in the mirror. Her enormous belly looked like a big veiny pumpkin trapped in the outfit's webbing.

"Oh God, I can't go out there like this! I look ridiculous!"

Then again...Tyler had said several times that he liked her thicker.

"Well, I guess...this will be the moment of truth," she said.

She slowly opened the door and waddled out to meet her man.

Tyler was lying on the bed. His eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw Alice in all her glory.

"Hey, there," said Alice, smiling shyly.

"Whoa!" Tyler gawped. "Alice...I...I don't know what to say..."

Alice attempted a little twirl, made awkward by her bulk and the creaking garment. "Do you like it?"

"I love it!"

Well, that was a positive sign. Alice waddled over and sat down on the bed. She tried to do it carefully, but not carefully enough. After the long trek from the bathroom, it turned out that sitting down was the straw that broke the camel's back. With a long, rolling tear, the over-stretched garment split apart, spilling Alice's fat belly into her lap. She stared, wide-eyed at her big pale dome of a gut.

There was a moment of silence. And then Alice burst out sobbing.

"Ohhh, Tyler, I can't b-b-b-believe it! I've t-t-t-totally ruined everything! Baw!"

"What? What are you talking about, Alice?"

"I wanted tonight to b-b-b-be sp-p-pecial! But look at me! I'm a fat ugly cow! What am I doing, thinking that I can be sexy for you? So stupid, stupid, stupid!"

"That's not stupid!" exclaimed Tyler, sitting up and putting his arms around Alice. "I don't care about your outfit, I think you're totally sexy!"

"No, I'm not! I'm fat!"

"Alice, I've told you before that I think you're beautiful!"

"Yeah, I know you say that...but, I mean, look at me! You can't really think that! I'm huge! And I keep gaining weight!"

"Well, I do think it! And I think you just keep looking better and better!"

"Oh, Tyler, you just don't know what you're saying! I know you think you like me like this...but you can't really. I mean, it's not just that I'm fat. I'm still getting fatter! I don't know why, I just can't stop myself! I'm always hungry and I just don't have the willpower to stop eating. I've outgrown all my clothes; I could barely fit into this bodystocking when I bought it and look at it now! I'm so fat that it's burst apart!"

Alice's sobs trailed off as she became aware of something stiff poking her in the small of

her back. She turned around quizzically and gawped as she saw the culprit. Tyler's penis was throbbing and erect, pitching a massive tent in his boxer shorts. Alice blushed and looked away as Tyler began to stutter. Both teens were embarrassed by the boy's obvious arousal, but Alice was, well, honestly she was a bit pleased. Had she done that? Tyler must have been telling the truth about liking her body after all if he had that reaction. But was there more?

Alice turned around and stole another look at Tyler's erection. She shifted her weight, settling down on her haunches. From this position, Tyler had a clear view of his gaining girlfriend's tubby belly as it bulged through the rips in her bodystocking.

"Tyler, do you... like it when I talk like that?"

Tyler blushed and stammered. "Um...actually, Alice...yeah...I kinda do. I dunno, I think it's kind of...I don't know, kind of sexy."

Alice looked again at his crotch. She was finding it harder to look away.

"You know," she said, clearing her throat, "There's something else. I didn't want to tell you because...because it's kind of embarrassing."

"What is it, Alice? You can tell me anything."

"I...I haven't been able to sleep all the way through the night for the last week. I...I've started waking up because I get too hungry. I try to go back to sleep, but my belly just starts growling and rumbling, and I have to go downstairs for a snack. And I try not to eat too much, really. But I can't help it, I'm just too hungry. So every night this week, I've gone down to the kitchen for a midnight snack and I've just stuffed myself stupid. I can't go back to bed until I'm bursting, and then I sleep like a log. I know that you're not supposed to eat before you go to bed. I know it's bad for you because it converts right to fat and I know it must, because I've gained even more weight this past week. Even my loosest jeans aren't buttoning anymore, but what can I do? I can't starve myself, but if I don't do something I'm just going to keep eating and eating and never stop!"

By now, Tyler's erection was almost painfully swollen. He was sweating and clenching his fists, enraptured by Alice's story of unbridled gluttony. That was all the proof that Alice needed. Tyler really did like that she was porking out! Alice sighed in relief. It was if a great burden had been lifted from her shoulders. All this time she had worried that Tyler was just humoring her, that her weight would eventually drive him away. But now she knew that, if anything, her weight would only bring them closer.

Gently, Alice reached down and took hold of the hem of Tyler's shorts. She inched them down until his erect shaft popped out. Once again, she almost looked away in shyness, but the temptation to look straight at it was too overwhelming. She touched it lightly with one finger. Tyler whimpered. The boy was ready to explode! Alice was almost amazed at her own ability to give pleasure.

She was ready to do something that she had never been ready for before.

"You know," she said as she brought Tyler's cock to her mouth, "I'm still kind of hungry right now."

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Jen's Valentine's Day was going well, too. Craig had showered the bubbly bimchette with gifts – besides a fancy box of chocolates (in which Jen had already made a sizeable dent before the evening was up), Craig had also bought her bushel of flowers, a day-pass to a high-end spa, and several CDs from Jen's favorite hip-hop groups. Jen had even started playing the CDs before they left for dinner, taking care to work her amazing butt for Craig's benefit. He nodded appreciatingly.

They had dinner at a Japanese sushi boat bar, where Jen had goggled happily at the little boats as they sailed past the patrons. She'd never seen anything so cute in her life! Naturally, with such a wide variety of dishes to try, Jen just had to try a little of everything. The meal left her feeling uncomfortably bloated, but she didn't have the willpower to object when Craig suggested buying her dessert at a gelateria.

Jen wore a red armless turtleneck sweater and a pair of nice dress pants that strained across her ample bottom. She wore long-sleeved black gloves that came up above her elbow, giving her a rather "Dragon Lady"-esque look. Her tummy, stuffed with food, puffed out under the sweater's hem, causing it to ride up slightly as she walked. The exposed waistband of her pants was obviously straining, pucker lines forming around the button.

Jen shivered in the cold night air as the couple walked up to her front door. The cold made her nipples stiffen, poking out against the fabric of her sweater. She hoped that Craig wouldn't notice. She worried it might ruin the surprise that she had planned for later tonight.

Ironically, Jen was actually better at balancing on her stiletto heels after a huge meal; her bloated belly created a good counter-weight to her well-padded rump. Even so, she huddled against Craig as they walked, allowing the burly boy to carry most of her weight. Craig didn't complain, keeping his arms tucked around Jen. As they walked, one hand slowly meandered down her back, coming to rest against the voluminous orb that was Jen's left butt cheek. Jen didn't complain.

"Like, thanks sooo much for everything, Craig!" gushed Jen. "This has been a totally, like, awesome night!" She smiled mischievously. "Like, but it doesn't have to end yet. Do you want to come up?"

"Hell yeah, baby, you know I do."

Jen smiled coyly, snuggling up to her man, as the couple retreated to Jen's room. Immediately, Jen locked the door and turned to face Craig.

"Hey, baby, I have, like, something to show you."

Craig grinned. "What's that, Jen?"

Jen tapped the quivering button on her pants. The pressure was enough and her swollen stomach launched the defeated button away from her crotch with a loud \*snap\*. Jen barely noticed that she'd ruined a perfectly good pair of pants. She was more intent on making a dramatic presentation for Craig. The zipper slid down, revealing that Jen was wearing a tiny black thong. She grabbed the sides of her pants and yanked them down, giving Craig a full view of her underthings – the black thong and lacy stockings. Then she grabbed the hem of her red sweater and pulled it off over her head.

Jen hadn't been wearing a bra. Her erect nipples popped free as she pulled the sweater off her chest.

She'd been wearing the special lingerie that she'd picked out with Alice and Laurie under her outfit all night. Craig was speechless.

"Baby, you always know how to make an entrance." And I don't mind watching you make an exit either, he thought to himself.

"Yeah, like, and I know what my Craig likes. I know that someone's been watching me all night, always trying to sneak a pinch of this." She turned to the side and stuck her bottom out, running one hand along the smooth curve of her bare rear.

"Heh, well, can't blame a guy for that."

Jen waddled up to Craig and pushed him onto her bed. She spun around and shoved her butt into his face.

"Oh, baby, you likey?" Jen was so intent on making a spectacle of herself that she seemed unaware of just how ridiculous she looked in her frilly underthings. Her stockings barely fit, the flesh of her upper legs puffing out around the stockings' hem – it almost looked like she had two muffin tops on her legs. The garters were way stretched out, struggling to stay clasped onto her flimsy garterbelt. In fact, they tugged at her belt so hard that the garment was slowly being pulled down with her every movement; more and more of her deep asscrack was exposed with every jiggling shake of her ample bottom. But the last thrust proved too much for the poor things, as the left garter suddenly snapped under the power of her enormous buttocks and flew up to slap Craig in the face. He yelped instinctively and clutched at his face.

"Oh baby!" cried Jen, "Are you alright? Oh my Gawd, I am soooo sorry!" She spun around and grabbed Craig's face in her hands and cradled him to her bosom. "Poor Craig, I totally didn't mean to hurt you!"

"That's okay, baby," said Craig, "You just don't know your own power."

Jen fingered the split garter. "Crap," she whispered, "It's busted! And it was, like, brand new!"

"That's okay," said Craig, reaching around to cup her exposed buttock and draw her closer. "I like you better without it." He squeezed the round, globular lobe, making Jen squeak

cutely.

"Oh Craig, I know you do," she giggled, "But I really wanted this to be, like, special. Like, something different. And now it won't be! Stupid garter."

"Baby, it doesn't have to be different to be special. You know what I like." He drew her close sliding his other hand under the remaining garter and giving her other cheek a firm squeeze. Jen's butt squished in his hands like a pair of gelatin-filled water balloons. Jen giggled again, sending shockwaves through her bloated derriere – enough to blast the other garter apart.

"Baby, there's just too much ass here to keep covered," said Craig approvingly. "That's just the way I like it."

"Hmmm," murmured Jen as Craig worked his hands over her bulbous rear, squeezing and kneading the two jiggling globes of fat. Her rump rippled like a disturbed pond.

Jen grabbed hold of his hands and pulled them away briefly. "Okay, baby, that's enough of that for you."

"Aww, come on!" Craig was not happy about having to take his hands off his girlfriend's jiggy rump. But Jen wasn't done with him. She flipped around, so that Craig had a better view of her monstrous globular behind.

"Oh, you don't wanna stop? You like this?"

"You know I do, baby."

"You like alllllll this ass? You like having a girlfriend who's got, like, the biggest ass in school?"

"Oh yeah."

"Everyone knows it too, you know," continued Jen proudly. Why should Laurie be the only one to brag about her assets? "All the girls are always talking about it. And the boys too. Like, who would believe that a white girl would have a booty this juicy? Even the black and Puerto Rican girls at school are, like, totally jealous of this ghetto fabulous booty. They think I, like, wear those special panties that make your ass look bigger, the ones you see on, like, late-night infomercials? Booty pop panties? Yeah, that's them. But, like, I don't need any panties to make this booty pop. THIS booty makes panties pop."

"Baby, stop teasing me!"

"Um, like I'll stop when you make me," giggled Jen, skooching up to Craig and grinding her bulbous tushie in his lap. "I just wanna really make sure that you like it, baby." Jen gyrated her pumped-up bottom, rubbing against Craig's crotch harder and harder. She was quickly rewarded for her move as she felt his dick firming up and pressing into the soft flesh of her chubby caboose.

"Is that proof enough for you, baby?" grunted Craig. He was turning red with excitement, but obviously trying to keep control. He stood up – rather awkwardly due to his hard-on – and grabbed Jen around the waist.

"Baby, I've waited long enough; now I'll show you exactly how much I like that ass."

Jen cooed and giggled as she heard Craig unzip his pants. The pear-shaped piggy was used to being taken from behind; no one could resist the lure of her ever-expanding bum, the acres of soft blubber just called out to be touched and caressed and more. And Jen wasn't complaining. She bent over, offering herself to Craig.

He had some difficulty getting inside her, since her pontoon-like ass cheeks got in the way. But he managed eventually.

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Laurie's Valentine's Day was not going nearly as well. First off, her little black dress didn't fit her as well as when she'd first picked it out. Sure, the plunging neckline still offered a mind-blowing look at her expansive cleavage – some might say a little TOO much of a look since her hefty hooters were in real danger of spilling out of their tight confines every time she moved or breathed, but Laurie was never one to believe in moderation. And that was especially true when it came to her boobs. The dark-haired vixen always strove to call attention to her most pneumatic feature, and, considering how much her boobs had been swelling as she'd gained weight over recent months, that had become a much easier task. With breasts so huge they were in danger of outgrowing the alphabet, it would have been more challenging now for Laurie to find ways to call attention away from her magnificent bustline.

Otherwise, Laurie's black dress was pinching and straining more than usual. The zipper pulled up only after an intense struggle and flesh was oozing over the lip no matter what she did.

But Laurie's dress wasn't the real reason she was annoyed.

Frank's gift was subpar.

The kitten blinked at her.

"What is this?" she said flatly. She'd been expecting some nice jewelry. She always got jewelry, something sparkly and flashy that she could wear around and really make the other girls jealous. Her old ex-boyfriend had showered her in flashy, chintzy jewelry and, although she didn't think much of him, she liked that he was desperate enough to keep her happy that he was willing to empty his wallet like that. But this? How much could a cat cost?

"Well, I was talking to Jen and I realized that you might get a little lonely when there's no one else around," said Frank. "So I thought I'd get you a little friend who'll always be there for you."

Laurie picked up the kitten gingerly, holding it away from her face as if it was a bomb



that might go off. She did not like animals. They were...dirty and smelly and annoying and they didn't have any place in her perfectly-ordered life. Plus, this kitten just kept blinking at her stupidly.

"Thanks," she said, "That's really what I needed." Yeah, right. What she needed now was a good dinner and a good fuck. She had half a mind to call off the whole date and send Frank home with his tail between his legs for giving her such a crappy gift. She smirked at the idea of sending her stupid boyfriend home with some major blue balls, but then she wouldn't get a free meal tonight. Besides, she really wanted to get laid. She'd even bought special lingerie for the occasion and she was not about to let that purchase go to waste.

"Alright, let's go eat," she snarled, dropping the kitten lightly on the bed. It rolled over and stared up at her. The cat seemed completely in awe of Laurie's size. It had only seen a few humans so far and none of them matched up to her. From the bed, it had a worm's eye view of Laurie's milky cleavage canyon, her scowling face peering at it over her enormous wobbling jugs.

"So what are you going to call her?" asked Frank.

"What? I don't know. I don't care; let's go eat."

"Oh, I think you should name your new friend first."

Laurie scowled even deeper, her face starting to flush. She really did not want to put up with this nonsense.

"Listen, sweetie, I'm hungry," she hissed, "And I want to eat NOW. So let's go. And if you think you'll be getting any tonight, then you better be ready to go NOW." To emphasize her point, she thrust out her already jutting chest a little more.

Frank smiled slightly. He knew Laurie was bluffing. She was a girl who liked her carnal pleasures and she would just as soon withhold sex as she would curb her massive appetite. He stood his ground.

"Come on, Laurie, just think of a name. It's so easy. Then we can go."

"Fraaaank, I just want to gooooo," whined Laurie, changing tactics. Her threats didn't seem to be bearing fruit, so now she was becoming whiny and petulant. She bobbed up and down, her bulbous bosom and fleshy tummy quivering.

"And we can just as soon as we name this kitty," said Frank soothingly, "Come on, just look at her, what kind of name do you think would fit?"

Laurie glared at the small cat, which had curled into a little orange ball like a tiny pumpkin on the bed.

"Pumpkin?" she said.

"There you go," said Frank approvingly, "Now we can go eat."

This was more like it. Frank had brought her to one of the most expensive restaurants in town, a fancy steakhouse with famously large portions.

As Laurie sat, she felt her tight panties strain and overtaxed brassiere creak. With her rapid gain, everything was becoming tighter. It was true that eating was now inextricably linked to sex in her mind, so much that the feeling of fullness after a big meal was now almost as necessary to achieving climax as the feeling of a pair of hands cupping her enormous bosom. But it was more than that now. The knowledge of her tight undies – and the fact that no one else in this restaurant was aware of her discomfort – was also rather exciting. Why, if her undergarments broke under the strain, who would know? There would be no outward evidence. Her mammoth mammaries might settle slightly if her bra snapped, but no one would guess the truth: that her mighty curves were just too much for any puny over-the-shoulder boulder holder. Truth be told, Laurie was beginning to enjoy her curves almost as much as she enjoyed the meals that were adding to them. She ran her chubby hands over her thighs, ostensibly smoothing out the wrinkles in her figure-hugging dress, but also just to feel her own softness. It wasn't so bad. She still couldn't bring herself to admit the truth out loud – that she was a rapidly inflating hippopotamus – but in her subconscious, she wasn't entirely displeased with the results of her binging.

The waiter handed them their menus. "For the lady," he said, handing the first to Laurie, "And the gentleman," handing the second to Frank. "Can I interest you in any appetizers? An order of our famous Bruschetta, perhaps?"

Frank opened his mouth, possibly to decline, but Laurie cut him off. "Yes," she said quickly, "Please." Laurie was still kind of pissed at Frank about the whole kitten thing, so she was determined to make this the most expensive meal ever. No way was Frank going to get off easy. He was going to pay!

"I didn't know you liked bruschetta, Laurie," said Frank as the waiter left.

Laurie rolled her eyes as she pulled out a pocket mirror to adjust her make-up. "Of course, I love bruschetta. I've always loved it. It's delicious."

Frank smiled. "Do you know what bruschetta is, Laurie?"

"Yes, of course I know what it is! It's... It's... Look, I know what it is, okay? I'm not stupid!" Laurie was getting flustered; she didn't like Frank calling her out. But she did have to admit a certain grudging admiration for that. Most guys wouldn't have even bothered to press her on something like that, seeing as her queen bitch personality discouraged most challenges. Her ex certainly let her get away with all sorts of crap for a shot at fondling her magnificent boobs. Frank was willing to do a lot for her – he didn't object to paying for the bruschetta, after all – but he didn't let her get away with it without a little needling. That was a new experience for Laurie.

Laurie studied the menu with a new ferocity. Frank's needling had just had her more determined to really sting him with the bill. Deep down, she was a little worried. Frank was less of a push-over than some other men she'd dated, and she wondered how far she could really push him. But forcing her dates to blow tons of cash on her indulgent and luxurious tastes was

Laurie's usual modus operandi and, when in doubt, that was the strategy she always fell back on, even on her first date with Frank.

So when the waiter returned to take their orders, Laurie did not hesitate.

"I would like the 18 oz. T-bone steak," she said pertly. The waiter was momentarily taken aback; girls rarely ordered such huge steaks, since most were trying to impress their dates with their tiny appetites, but always a professional, he wrote down her order without comment.

"I would also like," said Laurie, eyeing Frank with gloating triumph, "...the lobster tail. And a baked potato on the side. And extra sides, the macaroni salad and potato salad. And a side of cinnamon apples."

"There is an extra charge for multiple sides," said the waiter.

"That's okay, isn't it, Frank?" Laurie smiled a cat-like smile.

"Absolutely," said Frank, "In fact, why don't you get a plate of garlic knots, too? I hear they're fantastic."

"I think I will," said Laurie. She turned to the waiter. "Add those in too, will you, sweetie? Thank you!"

"Excellent." The waiter was thinking about the giant tip he was sure to receive from a meal this expensive. "And the gentleman?"

"I'll just have the Chinese Chicken salad," said Frank, closing his menu and meeting Laurie's gaze.

Laurie stared. Suddenly, she saw a major flaw in her plan. She was making Frank pay for an expensive meal, but...she was also making herself look like a greedy pig! She hadn't expected Frank to order something so...slight!

"Is that all, sir?" The waiter seemed disappointed that his tip was probably not going to be as big as he'd come to believe.

"What are you saying? Are you saying that I'm fat?" Laurie hissed under her breath at Frank, her eyes narrowed.

"Well," said Frank, "On second thought, I could do with a nice Tri-tip as well."

He smirked back at Laurie.

The meal was enormous. And it went on forever. Laurie had plowed through the bruschetta – which was actually pretty good even though she still had no idea what it really was – but it hadn't made a dent in her appetite for real food. But when the steaks finally arrived, she was absolutely shocked at their size. Maybe she had bitten off more than she could chew, after all!

But she wasn't going to admit that in front of Frank.

So she dug in with gusto. Across the table, Frank did the same. Eying one another warily, both teens set to eating. It wasn't a race, but there was a definite sense of competition as forks clinked against plates and bites disappeared down throats.

Laurie was beginning to feel uncomfortably bloated less than half-way through her steak, her swollen tummy constricted by her dress. But she was determined not to give up. She mopped some sweat from her brow. She was already so full that she was beginning to perspire...she hoped that it wouldn't ruin her immaculate make-up! Nevertheless, she pushed on. Bite after bite after bite. More, more, more. So filling! Laurie worked her way through her steak, her potato, her salads...she wasn't giving up, no matter what. She'd explode before she admitted defeat! And it looked like that might be more than an idle threat, she realized with dizzying dread. But she had her pride and she wasn't about to be defeated by any boy at anything! By the time this meal was over, she'd be happy if the only thing that burst were her dress seams...

She really should have skipped dessert, afterwards. But Laurie was never good at self-denial.

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"Ohhhhhh, I'm soooo full," moaned Laurie, as she waddled into the bedroom. She was so stuffed that it was almost painful to walk; she needed to lean against Frank for support, so that her lower center of gravity didn't make her just tip over and splat belly-first onto the floor.

"Yeah, baby, I know, I know," Frank winced. He was also way too full, his stomach swollen with way too much dinner. Unlike Laurie, he was putting on a brave face, trying not to let his discomfort show. Laurie, meanwhile, was whining and pouting like a spoiled, colicky baby, apparently oblivious to the fact that it was her own fault she was in so much pain.

"I think maybe we finally found our limits, huh, Laurie?" He gently lowered his overstuffed girlfriend onto the bed. Laurie whimpered and whined as she sat, her enormous, packed gut filling her lap. She rubbed it gingerly as Frank lowered himself onto the bed next to her.

"Owwwwww, it huuuuurts," moaned Laurie.

"Here, let me help," said Frank. He placed one hand behind Laurie's back and the other on her bulging gut and slowly lowered her back until she was lying down. Then he turned her to her side, so that her towering tummy could rest against the bed. He gingerly began to rub her tender tummy, careful not to put too much pressure on it. Laurie gasped and wheezed; she was so full that she could barely breathe, there was hardly enough room in her body to pull in a decent lungful of air. Nevertheless, the pain in her belly was nothing compared to the tingle in her crotch. No use denying it, filling her belly to its capacity was now more than a turn-on for Laurie. It had developed into a full-blown fetish, and was now almost as vital to her orgasms as having her titanic tatas squeezed.

"That feel good, baby?"

"Ohhhh... yes...don't stop..."

Frank gently kneaded Laurie's full stomach, causing Laurie to purr happily.

On the floor, Pumpkin stared up at the two lovers, confused by the noise. Was there another cat in the room?

Laurie closed her eyes, lost in the pleasant euphoria. She almost felt satisfied, but she couldn't shake this growing arousal...not that she entirely wanted to...but...

After a few minutes, Laurie began struggling to sit up. "Help me up, Frank," she said, flailing her uselessly fat arms and trying to push herself up. Frank obliged. She turned her back to him, so that he could see the straining zipper running down the back of her overloaded dress.

"Frank, unzip me," whined Laurie in a husky whisper.

The zipper tab stuck halfway down, pushed to its limit by Laurie's burgeoning flab, but an extra hard tug managed to dislodge it and it continued on its track. The black dress fell away uselessly, Laurie's pillowy pontoons pushing out as they were released from their confines.

"Wait right here," she said thickly, still recovering from the enormous meal. Laurie waddled to the bathroom, her bulging tight belly bouncing painfully with every labored step. Ohhhh GAWD why did she eat so much? She felt literally ready to burst! She was so overstuffed that she simply knew that she had to take the top position during sex or Frank's weight would cause her to pop like a bloated tick. From the looks of it, Frank was feeling similarly stuffed. She probably hadn't needed to tell him to wait right there; he was sprawled out on the bed, his gut rising like a giant mound before him, wheezing and panting and sweating like a beached whale. He looked so bloated that Laurie almost half felt sorry for him. Poor boy looked like he didn't have the energy to do anything besides sleep. But Laurie was more concerned with her own desires. Poor Laurie! She was so crammed full that she desperately wanted to lie back and sleep, but stuffing also made her unbelievably horny! She simply had to get some satisfaction or she would go crazy!

She sucked in her belly and turned sideways to fit through the narrow bathroom door, her nipples grazing the doorframe as she squished through. She closed the door behind her, and Frank listened for the next ten minutes as grunts and swearing spilled out of the locked room. Laurie seemed to be having a lot of trouble getting changed! No doubt she was a little bigger now than she was this morning and her "special outfit" wasn't designed to accommodate that increased bulk.

Finally, the door opened.

Laurie's "uniform" was a disgrace. The little blue hot pants rode up her butt and the fish net leggings were ripped. The uniform's deep plunging neckline plunged even deeper than usual because Laurie's increased bosom had forced the top two buttons open. The rest of the buttons were gasping but they managed to close.

Laurie settled her bulk on top of her man, leaning forward so that her monster boobs grazed his face.

"Who's a naughty boy?" she hissed, "I know someone who thought that he was in charge last time. Someone needs to be taught a lesson." Laurie reached behind her as she straddled him and revealed a pair of handcuffs which were quickly used to clasp Frank's hands to the bed.

"Is that so?" chuckled Frank, but Laurie put her finger to his lips.

"Shh!" she hissed, annoyed. She had trouble staying in control in the bedroom when Frank was there. This was a new experience for her, since she usually relished control. But with Frank...well, she found herself melting in his presence, suddenly wanting to spread herself for him when he poked her tummy or lovingly teased her about her growing size. But she didn't want him to think that he could always be in charge...

Laurie reached into the drawer on her bedside table and pulled out a box of donuts. She kept them there for emergencies, because she liked to have a midnight snack sometimes. Well, every night these days. She'd thought this might make a fun game with her silly cop outfit, but now that she was so full...well, her belly was still screaming at her, but she didn't really feel quite as full anymore now...

She pushed the donuts around Frank's erect dick.

"Now, let the nice policewoman show you how to...how we..." She struggled to find an amusing cop pun, but she was too horny and bloated to think. So instead she just started eating.

"Mmmmm," cooed Laurie as she nibbled at the donut around Frank's dick. The busty bitch was already completely overstuffed from her big dinner, but Laurie was helpless in the face of sweets. Not that Laurie associated food with sex, she could never get enough. Her swollen tummy gurgled and bubbled as she continued to eat, even though she felt ready to split. She ate and ate, skillfully licking and teasing Frank's cock as she ate. In fact, it would be harder to say what gave Laurie more pleasure – the knowledge that she was giving Frank stimulation or the chance to cram some more tasty treats into her overloaded belly.

By the time she finished, Frank's erection was throbbing painfully. She sat up, wiping crumbs from her mouth with one arm. Her bloated tummy bulged in front of her, pressing against Frank's hard-on.

"Mmmm, that was delicious," she purred, rubbing her large gut. "Just hit the spot." A sudden belch ripped from her throat, so loud that she startled herself. But she played it off with adorable mock embarrassment. "Oh, well, pardon me!"

Laurie leaned over to Frank.

"Was that good, sweetie?"

"Oh yes!"

"Was it? Is my fat little baby happy now? You like it?" She whispered in his ear, reaching down to stroke one thick finger up and down the length of his shaft.

"You're a naughty boy, Frank. Trying to tell me that I eat too much, weren't you? I know you said you weren't, but I think I know you. But Frank, you're the one who eats too much. You big fat pig."

Her hand moved from his cock to stroke Frank's belly. "Yes, I think so. See this big fat belly? So gross. You are such a fat whale, Frank. I know you probably like to think that I'm the fat one these days, because I have such big fat titties, but I don't think I have nearly as much belly here as you do." She ran her fat little fingers over the arc of his big stomach.

"I don't know about that" said Frank smiling.

Laurie looked miffed. "I think I do know."

"Well, it looks like you've put on your share of weight, too, baby, and not just in your chest. You've got plenty more to love all over."

Laurie frowned, pressing her plush body against Frank, her hands fumbling with his penis. "Is there a problem with that, Frank?"

"I'm just saying: I may have a big old gut, but you've got some majorly delicious curves these days. And look at how they keep growing! Such a greedy girl, you keep this up and those giant hooters you're so proud of might just explode."

Laurie lifted her ballooning boobs and let them fall with a splut on Frank's gut.

"You keep saying that," she cooed, "But they just keep getting bigger. Now let your baby do her job. I'm feeling a little peckish for some more dessert."

## 25.B Alice

At the next sleepover, the girls were eager to share stories of Valentine's Day. But their new presents weren't the only new developments.

The three girls had each out-grown all their clothes. Both Alice and Jen had come to some sort of terms with their bodies, knowing that their boyfriends liked them curvier. As such, neither had any reason to limit their already ample appetites. They gorged themselves with abandon. Laurie was surprised to see that Jen no longer made even a token effort to distinguish between the fake diet food that the two were supplying to Alice and the real diet food that they themselves were supposed to be eating. Both girls had stripped down to their underwear, casting aside the constraining garments that they were forced to wear during the day. But even their underwear was rapidly losing its battle to contain their growing bodies. Alice's panties were disappearing between the folds of her lower body, the fabric now riddled with holes.

Jen's undies were even more shredded, only managing to withstand the force of her bloated buttocks because they were a thong – but the elastic waistband had snapped earlier that day, so they were barely hanging on. The two girls' brassieres were likewise falling apart. Alice's breasts were spilling over the lips of her cups, swallowing the restrictive undergarment in a sea of flesh.

Both Alice and Jen were looking at Laurie, who had already begun to undress. Laurie had stripped down to her jeans and bra, her swollen, marshmallow-like gut bulging over the snug waist of her pants. As usual, when Laurie entered a room, all attention focused on her magnificent bust. But today, there was another reason for that. A tiny ginger kitten lay curled up, sleeping in the canyon of cleavage that welled over the cups of Laurie's failing bra. Alice and Jen both began to giggle at the picture.

"Looks like you have a stowaway, Laurie!" snickered Jen, reaching out to scratch the sleeping kitten's head. Alice found that picture even funnier, since it almost looked like Jen was trying to reach between Laurie's bulging balloons.

"Oh haha, it's very funny," said a peevish Laurie, "I can't leave Pumpkin alone, can I?"

"Pumpkin? Is that her name?" asked Alice.

Laurie rolled her eyes. "Yeah," she said, "It's pretty silly. Frank got this for me. Can you believe that? What kind of gift is that?"

"What did you expect?"



"Well, a proper gift, of course! A girl's supposed to get some jewelry on valentine's day!"

"I think a kitten is cuter," said Alice resolutely.

"I see you've got three pumpkins in that bra," quipped Jen.

"Haha, very funny," repeated Laurie, rolling her eyes, "Like I haven't heard that one from Frank a million times already!"

"I'd say, you have two puppies and a kitty in there," piped up Alice.

Jen began laughing anew and even Laurie had to laugh. "Okay, that's a new one," said the raven-haired bombshell, "For now, at least. I'm sure I'll hear enough of it soon."

"It's two titties and a kitty," said Jen, unwilling to let go off the joke.

"Shut up," said Laurie, but she couldn't stop grinning.

"Ooo! I've got an idea!" squealed Jen, jumping up. She scampered to her purse, pulled open a pocket and rummaged until she found a small camera.

"Smile!" she commanded, "I'm going to post this to the 'Cats and Racks' section' on Cute Overload!"

Laurie automatically struck a pose as Jen clicked her picture. Laurie leaned forward, placing her hands on her knees, putting on her sexiest pout. Her bulging melons nearly burst from her top, her arms pressing them together to form some massive cleavage. Pumpkin's tiny head looked even tinier, the only part of the kitten now visible as she slipped into that deep boob chasm.

"I can't believe Frank gave you a kitten!" squealed Jen, "That is soooo cute!"

Laurie snorted. "It's okay, I guess. Not exactly what I would call romantic. My last boyfriend always made sure to give me real gifts on Valentines."

"Your last boyfriend was a total jerk! You hated him!"

"Well, yeah, but...you know...It's about keeping up appearances. I don't want Frank to get the idea that he can't give me the attention I deserve."

"Haha, oh my Gawd," said Jen, "Laurie, you are, like, suuuuch a pampered princess."

"Jen!" Laurie was scandalized that her ever-loyal sidekick would say such a thing. She stood up straight and stared at her pear-shaped companion. But the movement was the final straw for her overtaxed undergarment as the understitching holding the bulging cups together let loose with a massive, jagged tearing sound. The inadequate brassiere fell away, and Laurie's colossal cups swung free like a pair of bobbling pontoons. Pumpkin squeaked as she felt her comfortable seat give away under her and she started to fall. Laurie reacted instantly and grabbed the kitten out of midair, cuddling it in her arms.

Jen and Alice snickered.

"Uh huh, not that interested in the kitten, are you? You sure seemed worried about her there."

"I was not worried," said Laurie, scowling. She tried to hold the kitten in one hand while shielding her naked breasts from scrutiny with her other. "I just didn't want it to get hurt, okay? Look, just hold her while I get another bra, okay?"

"Whatever you say, tubby tits!"

Laurie shot Jen another sour look as she disappeared into the other room. Alice and Jen immediately lay down on the floor, cooing over Pumpkin. The kitten stared at the two fat girls with undisguised curiosity. Contrasted with the tiny cat, both chubby cheerleaders looked even more gigantic.

"Who's a little cutie pie?" gushed Alice, poking the kitten in its fuzzy tummy. Pumpkin batted at her chubby finger playfully. Both girls squealed with delight. They hunkered down on the floor as far as their tight garments and hefty size would allow them and made baby noises at the cat.

"GAWD, I can hear you two in here," shouted Laurie, "Why don't you stop gushing over that dumb cat and get ready for bed? I don't want to stare at you in that ratty underwear all night!"

Grumbling, the two tubby teens rose to their feet and lumbered over to their knapsacks to get their sleepwear. Pumpkin watched them intently as they grunted and groaned with the exertion of getting into their clothes. They were not having any success. Both girls were simply too fat.

"Ugh, I can't get my PJ pants on!" said Jen.

"Your pants won't fit? Let out the drawstring!" said Laurie, walking into the room. Alice was shocked to see that the busty babe was completely naked; evidently, bras weren't the only things that Laurie had outgrown. After changing out of her clothes, Laurie had found that none of her PJs fit.

"Like, it's not on them anymore!" wailed Jen. Jen turned to stare at Laurie's naked form. "Um, why aren't you wearing any PJs, Laurie?"

"Because," hissed Laurie, narrowing her eyes slightly, "none of them fit."

"What? Like, what about your underwear?"

"I was...going commando."

Jen giggled. "Is it because none of those fit either?"

Meanwhile, Alice was having trouble buttoning her shirt, huffing and puffing in a vain

attempt to get her big squishy belly confined.

"Having a little trouble here," she huffed, "Um, do you guys think I...I got fatter?"

Jen laughed, still looking at Laurie. "Looks like Laurie has!"

Laurie scowled. "You shut your mouth, fatass! You're one to talk, can't even fit your butt in your pants anymore."

"Ha ha, I only meant your boobs look even bigger!"

"Oh." Laurie tossed her head. "Good."

The three girls sat and stared at each other, the reality of their situation suddenly dawning on them. They had all become too big for their pajamas. Laurie didn't have any underwear and both Alice and Jen's underwear was unlikely to survive the night. Jen's had already split so much that it was useless and Alice's wasn't far behind. Unless they wanted to sleep in their clothes or in the buff, they had to find a way to get some new pajamas.

"What are we going to do?" whined Jen. "We can't sleep naked! We don't have anything to wear!"

"Oh my Gawd, we're too fat for anything!" wailed Alice. She grabbed her hefty gut with one hand and gave it a hearty shake. It wobbled and jiggled. Alice popped another candy bar into her mouth; even in this dire situation, this fat little piggy was too addicted to food to quit eating.

"Quiet," snapped Laurie, "Don't you think I know that?" She tapped a plump finger against her dainty double-chin, deep in thought. She arched an eyebrow at Alice as the blubbery blonde munched obliviously on her candy bar, seemingly unaware of the extra inches it would doubtless add to her figure. While Laurie always encouraged Alice to gorge herself to bursting, the buxom cheer captain still found it a little revolting to think that Alice couldn't put down her candy long enough to address this new problem. Even more revolting, Laurie's own belly was gurgling in sympathetic hunger as she watched Alice eat. Finally she yelled out:

"Mom! Moooooom!"

After a moment, they heard Laurie's mom's voice: "I'm coming, I'm coming! Hold your horses!"

"No, no, no! Don't come down here, Mom!" cried Laurie. "I just need to tell you- no!"

All three girls lunged to get away from the stairs as Laurie's mom came barreling down. Alice just managed to grab her useless pajamas to use as a shield, while Jen ducked behind the couch. Laurie snatched up her outgrown clothes to hold in front of her as her mother stopped on the landing.

Laurie's mom raised one hand to her mouth in surprise. Then she began laughing.

"Oh, you girls have all gone nudist!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight. "Why, this reminds me of my days on the commune back in the 60s. Back then, it was okay for girls to be natural. And I'm so glad to see you girls are in that spirit, celebrating your bodies!"

"Mom!"

"Because you shouldn't be ashamed of your bodies. They're beautiful and natural!"

"Mom! We're not going nudist! We just...we just need some new clothes."

Laurie's mom dropped her arms at her sides. "What do you mean? You have plenty of clothes!"

"No, I mean...." Laurie scowled angrily, but her plump face was beet red with embarrassment. "I mean, we need clothes that fit. We can't fit into...any of our clothes."

"What, none of you?"

The three big girls looked at each other.

"No," said Laurie, "None of us."

"Well, I don't think you have any bigger clothes lying around," said Laurie's mom thoughtfully, "And I don't think your friends are going to fit into your clothes either. You're all... built differently. I'll have to go buy you something. What sizes are you girls?"

The three girls stared at each other again. They were all blimping so rapidly these days that they had no clue what their true sizes were. They were often no sooner comfortable in new clothes than they found that popped buttons and split seams were forcing them to go higher.

"Uhhhhh..." said Laurie. Then: "Gosh, mom, stop asking these embarrassing questions! You don't need to know our sizes, we just need some PJs, okay? Just, like, get big ones!" Laurie figured that since most pajamas were loose fitting, her mother should be able to find them all something that would fit by following those vague instructions.

Her mom put up her hands in resignation. "Okay, okay! I'm going!" She headed back up the stairs, leaving the three naked plumpers alone again.

The three girls sat around, completely naked. Having ruined the only clothes that even came close to fitting them, they were forced to wait in the nude as Laurie's mom made an emergency run to the store. Laurie and Jen rarely felt any embarrassment in flaunting their bulging bodies, and were such close friends that they hardly cared if they saw each other in their undies. Even so, this was a little much.

Unfettered, Laurie's bloated boobs looked as big as watermelons, hanging almost to her deep, dark navel. On a thinner woman, her knockers would have reached past her belly button, but Laurie had grown so tubby that her breasts couldn't quite reach all the way over it. Instead, they splayed to the sides, bobbling like two heavy pendulums. Her fat fleshy belly was so round and soft that it sat on her thick thighs, almost hanging over her crotch and hiding her well-

manicured bush. Alice couldn't help but notice that Laurie had shaved her public hair into a neat little landing strip. Alice was a little embarrassed because she wasn't nearly as fastidious in trimming her bush; her own pubes were a natural tangle, but luckily – and she never thought she'd think this –her belly was so big that it hung down and hid them mostly.

Laurie was definitely still the bustiest girl of the three, her enormous heavy milkbags topped by puffy pink nipples the size of wine corks. Neither Jen nor Alice had ever been slouches in the chest department and their increased poundage had given them some boost there as well, but they both looked positively flat compared to Laurie's mega L-cup mammaries. Alice was the second biggest, slowly bulging out of her D-cups which were still small enough that they didn't fall to the sides of her gut. Jen's bosom was slightly smaller, the bulk of her weight still going to her tremendous thighs and buttocks.

"That was soooo embarrassing," said Jen, "I can't believe your mom saw us naked!"

"I can't believe your mom knows we're all too fat for our clothes," said Alice.

"My mom is a crazy old hippie," said Laurie, "She's always going on about the earth mother and junk. She'll just think we're being dirty hippies too, so don't worry about her." She crossed her arms under her quivering bosom. But the incident had piqued Laurie's curiosity. Alice had grown into such a fat little hog that she couldn't even button her pajamas anymore. That was better than she could have ever predicted! Of course, Jen was also fast turning into a bottom-heavy blimpette to rival Goodyear. And Laurie had to admit that her own clothing troubles were getting harder and harder to dismiss. Busting brassieres was one thing – and one of her favorite things, too! – but when zippers refused to budge and buttons refused to snap shut, that was a problem.

Laurie stroked her double chin thoughtfully. She could tell that Alice was pretty upset about not fitting into her pajamas. That could be a problem. If Alice began to get a clue that she was still piling on weight despite all the "diet" food that she was eating, then Laurie's plan would be ruined. Just how much had Alice gained? She had to know. Unfortunately, she didn't think she'd be able to convince Alice to step on a scale unless she did the same.

"Hey, Alice," she said smoothly, "I'm sure that we didn't really gain any more weight..."

"But...I can't button my pajamas! I must be still getting fatter!" She grabbed her big bare belly and shook it for emphasis. It wobbled like a big blabby bag full of gelatin.

"Well, we'll just find out about that for sure, won't we?"

"What are you saying, Laurie?"

"I'm saying that I think we should get on the scale and find out what our weights are."

"I..dunno," said Alice, uncertainly. She knew she was gaining but she didn't like the idea of putting a number to that knowledge.

"Yeah," piped in Jen, "I, like, don't think so. Your scale's in the bathroom and..." she

motioned down at her voluminous thighs and hefty hips. Jen's pear-shaped bulk had grown wide enough that the auburn-haired cutie could barely pass through the undersized bathroom door. Jen's wide rump had caused her to get stuck before and now she was reluctant to risk a second trip through that tight doorway.

Laurie rolled her eyes. "Well, then, I'll just bring it out here." She attempted to stand up, but found that her size made it impossible to do on her own. "A little help, girls?" Exchanging glances, Alice and Jen waddled over to grab hold of Laurie's arms and pull the busty bunny to her feet. It took some doing. Laurie was pretty heavy these days and both of her flabby friends were in terrible shape. When they finally had her on her feet, both Jen and Alice were panting and wheezing heavily.

"Alright, you two girls wait right here," said Laurie as she padded into the bathroom.

"Like, whatever," said Jen, rolling her eyes. She reached for another cookie. She didn't really care much about her weight anymore these days, but if Laurie was going to make a big fuss about them all getting weighed, then, fine, she'd get weighed.

Laurie waddled back out, turning slightly to fit her bulk through the narrow door. She dropped the scale on the floor and turned to face her chunky friends.

"C'mon, girls, let's go!"

"I've got to keep track of my prize piggies," thought Laurie as she watched Jen and Alice line up. She gave Jen a slight swat across her ample rear.

"Ow! What's that for, bitch?"

"You're not waddling fast enough, wide load! Let's get this show on the road!"

"Well, if you're so eager to see our weights, why don't you go first?"

"Yeah," piped in Alice, "Why not, huh?" Both girls turned to look at Laurie.

"Alright, fine, I'll go first!" Laurie didn't like the idea of weighing herself, but she knew that she had to go through with it if she expected either of her fat friends to reveal their weights to her. Oh well, this was just a necessary sacrifice for the plan to work. Laurie stepped onto the scale, which groaned under her bulk. The dial spun wildly, although Laurie was unable to see it over her own titanic titties. Even if she leaned forward, all she saw were yards of cleavage...at least she could still catch sight of the tips of her nipples, seemingly miles away.

After a minute, the whirring sound stopped, indicating that the scale had settled on its answer.

"Well?" said Laurie, motioning Jen over. "What does it say?"

"Like, can't you read it yourself?" said Jen, smiling broadly. It was obvious to her that, of course, Laurie was too big and round to ever read the scale number. But after always being the brunt of Laurie's fat ass jokes, Jen was savoring this moment. For once, she got to tease Laurie

a little. "Or has someone gotten too fat to bend over a little?"

Laurie scowled. "Whatever, Jen, I already know I've gained a little. That's why I wanted to pull out the scale!"

"A little? Haha, a little bit of gain wouldn't keep you from reading the results. You're, like, storing way too much in those giant milkbags and now they're so big you can't even see over them!"

"Shut up, Jen! Just tell me how much I weigh."

"Hey, Alice," giggled Jen, "How much of this weight, do you think Laurie is storing in her boobs?"

"Shut up! Oh my god, you two are such bitches!"

"Quite a bit, I'd say," agreed Alice.

"Why you...just wait till it's your turn! Oh! What's that?"

Laurie felt something at her feet, but was unable to see over her breasts and belly to discover the culprit.

Jen bent down to look at Laurie's feet. Pumpkin was playfully swatting at her plump toes.

Jen laughed. "It's Pumpkin! She's playing with your feet!" Jen scooped up the kitten. She considered dropping the kitten into Laurie's cleavage as a joke, but, without a bra to hold those boobs together, Pumpkin would probably just slip between them.

"Wow, Laurie, you couldn't see Pumpkin down there? Maybe you have put on a few more inches!" said Alice. She was honestly a little surprised to see the trouble that Laurie was having with the scale.

"So...did you happen to read the number while you were down there?"

"Yeah," said Jen, "Looks like you're a healthy 215. Mostly right here!" She grabbed Laurie's left boob and squeezed it. "Honk honk!"

"Very funny," snarled Laurie, swatting her friend away as she stepped off the scale.

"Oh, like, you know you love it, Laurie! Anything that makes your tits grow is all right in your book, we all know that. Haha, if it was up to you, you'd have boobs the size of the planet and we'd all just, like, live on them or something!"

"That's enough out of you, Jen," said Laurie, starting to get genuinely annoyed. Why was Jen getting so mouthy these days? It seemed like in the rare times that Jen's mouth wasn't full of food, she was starting to get a lot more sarcastic and sassy! Laurie wasn't used to having her old lapdog talk back to her and she wasn't entirely sure how she felt about this

development.

"Why don't YOU get on the scale now, Jen?" Laurie smirked. This was the way to take control back of the situation! Once Jen saw that big scary number and realized that she'd been inflating with calories as well, she wouldn't feel quite so mouthy. And, unlike Laurie, Jen didn't have the consolation of her extra weight giving her extra curves. Nope, all her weight went right to her thunder thighs and ghetto booty. Maybe that was why Jen was so mouthy tonight. She was probably just jealous that Laurie's increased poundage meant that she also had increased pontoons.

Laurie stepped off. Jen shrugged, popped the remainder of a candy bar into her mouth, and waddled onto the scale. The dial whizzed around wildly. Both Laurie and Alice leaned in, eager to see the results. Jen smacked her lips and started picking her teeth with one finger, apparently unconcerned. Jen wasn't worried about her weight at all these days. As long as Craig liked her curves, she was content to balloon into a button-busting zeppelin.

"222!" called out Laurie, "Looks like all that food is having an effect after all...like there was any doubt of that." She rose to her full height, briefly bumping her head against Jen's protruding belly as she did so. Jen just shrugged nonchalantly.

"Like, that don't mean nothin'," she said as she stepped down from the scale.

"Well, you sure beat me," said Laurie, grabbing Jen's gelatinous gut and giving it a hearty shake. "Pretty soon, if this keeps up, we won't be thinking of you as the one with the big ass! We'll just have to call you 'the fat one!'"

"Like, you should talk!" said Jen, sniffing. She bent over to grab another candy bar out of the bag, aiming her round naked ass at her stunned friend. Laurie could only shake her head. She still didn't quite understand Jen's apathy about her increasing size. Certainly, Laurie knew that she wasn't quite as bothered by her own blimp-like girth these days, but that was different...for one thing, that didn't mean that she's totally given up on caring about how she looked as Jen apparently had! Laurie still made the effort to keep up her appearance, but it wouldn't surprise her if Jen soon started coming to school in sweatsuits and stretchpants!

But there were bigger – literally – fish to fry right now! Laurie turned to Alice. It had all been leading up to this moment. She really just wanted to know how Alice weight Alice had gained. Looking at this poor naïve piggy, Laurie knew that Alice was swelling more every day. Alice's belly was still bigger than either of her friend's, her hips and thighs more massive, her face rounder, her double chin more prominent.

Laurie could barely contain her excitement as she watched Alice waddle toward the scale. Look at her! thought Laurie, she's become so fat and round that walking is becoming a chore! I'll bet that she can't climb a flight of stairs without stopping to catch her breath! No way could anyone think I look fat when I've got that little chubbette by my side!

Alice settled onto the scale, which creaked even more beneath her weight. They all had to wait a full minute before the dial stopped spinning.



"How much do I weigh?" asked Alice uncertainly. Laurie and Jen both leaned over, eager to see the results. Poor Alice was unable to see the number herself; her enormous flabby stomach was just too big.

"Oh my god, 237!" crowed Laurie happily. "You're 237 pounds!" Laurie was ecstatic; Alice was still the fattest of the trio! That meant that Laurie's plan was working perfectly! She was so thrilled that she almost wanted to hug Alice's enormous pot tummy and nuzzle her blubber.

"Oh GAWD, I'm a cow!" cried Alice, miserably. "I knew I'd gained weight but...it's not my fault! I just can't stop eating these days! I don't know why, but I'm always so hungry... But all I eat is the diet food at our sleepovers and, well, I guess maybe I snack a little at work." She blushed. The truth was that she was doing more than snacking at work and now she thought she was seeing the results! Alice still didn't realize that most of her new blubber was due to the so-called diet food that Laurie and Jen were always feeding her. In reality, these high-calorie treats were plumping her up like a prize hog.

Oh shit! Laurie swore to herself. She should have known that letting Alice see her true weight could spoil the plan, but she'd been so excited about learning Alice's weight that she hadn't stopped to think about how Alice might react. She had to calm her down now and convince her that 237 wasn't all that bad!

Laurie immediately jumped in to console her fat friend. "Oh, Alice, don't say that! You're not fat! I mean, it's not like any of us are really thin anymore, huh? Remember, we're all big girls here. I mean, take a look at me and Jen." She jerked her thumb toward Jen. "That's a girl there with some real fat on her bones. And you know she's got her fair share in that monster booty. Girl, even J-Lo would look at that big butt and say 'Damn!'"

"Oh, like, you should talk!" laughed Jen. For once Laurie's comment hadn't carried any sting; it was no more than playful teasing and Jen was happy to play along. She snuck up behind Laurie and grabbed the busty beauty's billowing boobs. "Take a look at these things! You've got enough blubber in each of these hooters for a family of seals!"

Laurie laughed, her titanic tits wobbling and shaking, secretly pleased by the attention.

"Yeah," said Alice, "But you two carry it better."

"Oh bullshit!" snapped Laurie, moving forward so that Jen dropped her tits heavily. "You know that is not true! Hey, you said it yourself before: Who's snagged herself a man who's just nuts for a cute little tummy, hmm?" Laurie patted Alice's potbelly with genuine sisterly affection, making Alice giggle despite herself.

"And I don't think Alice is the only one here with that kind of luck," continued Laurie, turning to eye Jen's wide hips. "I know a certain Craig likes his girls with a lot of junk in the trunk."

"Like, a LOT of junk," piped in Jen helpfully. "And I'll bet Frank likes those whoppers of

yours just fine. Though I don't know if he could like them more than you like them..."

"Heh, well...the point is, Alice, is that we're all pretty...fat these days. But we're still damn sexy."

Alice smiled. Looking from Jen to Laurie, both girls had sincere expressions that said it all. There was no way that her two friends – yes, Alice thought, Jen and Laurie really are friends now – could be lying. They really meant it. And that did make Alice feel just a tad like the sexy girl that Tyler thought she was.

## 25.C Alice, Jen, & Laurie

The night wore on and the three girls laughed and joked and ate. And ate. And ATE. And eventually, after all three spherical sweeties had stuffed themselves like greedy little pigs until they literally could not eat a single bite more, they had simply passed out in a pile on the floor. Tonight, three vast dome-like bellies slowly rose and fell with the labored breathing of three full-to-bursting cheer babes. The only other noises were the steady gurgle and slosh of stomachs straining to digest more food than any girl should reasonably eat and the occasional whimper as the girls dreamed.

They were all three slumbering like logs when Laurie's mom returned with some clothes.

"Aw, how cute!" she said, noticing that Pumpkin was curled up into a little ball and snoozing on the apex of her daughter's stuffed taut tummy. "They were so embarrassed to be naked, but it looks like they got comfortable with it. Maybe there's a little bit of free spirit in these girls, after all." She placed the new clothes in a pile by the stairs so that the porky divas would find their new wardrobe when they woke up, and quietly tip-toed back upstairs.

The entrance didn't disturb the three sleeping blimps at all. But as she left, a grimace crossed Alice's sleeping face. As usual, when she ate too much, she had bad dreams. And tonight was no exception.

The tubby blonde found herself in Laurie's basement, sitting on the same couch where so recently she had found herself stuck between Jen and Laurie. She was surprised to see that she was wearing her cheer uniform – a green vest over a white long-sleeved top with the school's initials sewn into the fabric across her bust, and a short green skirt. With a bit of annoyance, Alice noticed that the uniform didn't quite fit her. A thick slab of soft belly poured out from under her top, overlapping the waistband of her skirt.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," she muttered to herself, poking at her flabby gut, "I really do need to lose some weight. If I can just cut back on snacks a little, I should be able to fit into this thing like I used to."

"Cut back on snacks? Why would you do that?" said a haughty voice

Alice looked up to see Laurie standing before her, also clad in the same uniform. Like Alice, it didn't quite fit her. Her gut spilled over the skirt and her chunky thighs were so wide that the skirt looked ready to split, but mostly it was her spectacular bosom that commanded attention, bouncing and jiggling with Laurie's every smallest movement.

"Hey, Alice, how are you today?"

"Oh, I'm fine, Laurie. What's going on? Why are we down here... in our cheer

uniforms?"

"Because I have a surprise for you, Alice," said Laurie sweetly, sauntering over to her fat friend. Alice noticed that Laurie was pulling something behind her, but she couldn't quite make out what it was until the buxom beauty pushed it around in front. It looked like an air tank, complete with hose, on a little cart.

"Uhhhh, what's this?" asked Alice.

"This is your surprise, Alice," said Laurie. "Now then, how does it go? Open your mouth and close your eyes and you will get a big surprise!"

"Hmm, I don't know," said Alice, "What is this?"

"Ffeh! Jeez, don't be so suspicious, sweetie! I'm just trying to do something nice. Watch, I'll show you."

Laurie grabbed the hose, one end of which was attached to the tank's nozzle, and popped the other end in her own mouth. She then turned the tank's knob. There was a slight hiss, a noise like liquid escaping, and Laurie's cheeks bulged. She began to gulp, sucking down whatever substance was in the tank. After a minute, she twisted the knob back and pulled the tube out of her mouth.

"See, honey?" she said, wiping her mouth on her sleeve. "There's nothing to be afraid of. It's delicious!"

"What is it?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. "It's the newest snack for our sleepovers. Try it! You'll like it!"

Alice tentatively placed the tube in her own mouth. Laurie smiled and turned the knob. Instantly, Alice's mouth was filled with a thick cream.

"It's just sweet cream," said Laurie, catching Alice's quizzical eyes, "I got this tank from the dairy where my mom works! Good, huh?"

I didn't know Laurie's mom worked at a dairy, thought Alice as she nodded. It was good! She gulped down the cream as it poured into her mouth, savoring the creamy smoothness of it.

"Do you like it?"

"Mmm," Alice could only mumble since she was too busy sucking down cream, but she nodded her head vigorously. This was heavenly!

The plump girl guzzled the cream as her raven-haired friend sat next to her on the couch. Laurie's eyes strayed to Alice's tummy, which was rapidly filling up with the delightful liquid. Her bloating gut swelled outward as she consumed more of the cream. It was really good! She was startled briefly when she felt Laurie reach forward and gently pat her growing tummy.

"You like that, hmm, honey? Tastes good?"

Alice nodded. She was already feeling full, but the cream was just so delicious that her stomach growled in spite of itself. Laurie laughed sweetly.

"I think someone's tummy is asking for more! Would you like some more?"

Alice nodded, still gulped madly to keep pace. Laurie reached over and twisted the knob, turning up the liquid. More cream came flowing out of the tube, but Alice simply gulped harder. She was filling up more and more, her gurgling belly now sloshing with its creamy load. Her middle now looked like a rapidly inflating bus tire, pushing down the waist of her skirt and pushing up the hem of her top. Alice continued to greedily suck the cream through the hose, as the machine pumped her full of the fattening mixture.

"Perhaps a little more, hmm, sweetie?" said Laurie, smiling as she turned the knob on the tank. The cream blasted through the nozzle with renewed force, causing Alice's chubby cheeks to bulge. A thin trickle of heavy cream escaped her lips, but she kept pace, swallowing the delicious substance as quickly as it came into her mouth. Her stomach, already filled so full, surged forward, breaking the snap on her cheer skirt, which hung open loosely.

Alice's sweater crept up the arc of her belly. She was so full that her stuffed tummy was pressing on her diaphragm, making it hard to breathe. Alice scooted her big bum in her seat, sliding forward so that she could lean back. Her stomach was full yet it kept growing, like a water balloon hooked to a faucet. She couldn't hold anymore, but, with the logic that comes in dreams, Alice knew that the extra cream would simply fill the rest of her body, until she was as round and firm as a fully-inflated beachball.

Almost on cue, she felt her nipples stiffen as her already large breasts received their first dose of cream. Each round melon slowly swelled, puffing out and standing at attention as they became turgid with the sweet heavy mixture. Damp spots appeared on her shirt, one at the apex of each bloated boob, as her overloaded tits sought to relieve the pressure by releasing some of the cream through her milk ducts.

"Still hungry?" purred Laurie, stroking Alice's bulging belly. Red stretchmarks traversed the pale globe as the greedy cheerleader guzzled gallons of sweet cream. Alice couldn't speak through her full mouth, but she nodded.

"Hmmm," said Laurie, "I'll bet you are. Here, let's fix that."

Laurie twisted the knob again – but this time a sickening crunch accompanied the twist. Alice looked over quizzically.

"Oops," said Laurie, holding up the broken knob. She shrugged. "Looks like I broke it. Oh well, that's okay, right, babe?"

Alice nodded, still lost in the delicious cream pumping into her distended gut.

The needle on the tank's pressure gauge was dancing in the red as it continued to chug

away, pushing more and more cream into the overstuffed girl.

"You know what you're going to do now?" said Laurie, still smiling. Backing away from the blimping blonde, she whispered: "Pop."

Alice could only keep drinking. She knew she needed to stop, but she couldn't. It was toooooo good.

Laurie giggled and waggled her fingers in a cutesy little wave. Silently, she mouthed a word at Alice: "Ka boom!"

In the real world, Alice cringed and mumbled in her sleep, smacking her lips slightly at the thought of that delicious cream. Next to her, Jen slumbered fitfully. Her full gut churned and bubbled and she whimpered slightly. She rolled over, releasing a slight burp as she did so. Her dreams were also quite vivid:

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Jen was in her room, combing her hair in the mirror. The curvy cheerleader was naked but for her underpants, a tight pair of cotton panties with the word "PHAT" scrawled across her backside. Jen often favored clothes that drew attention to her best asset, unaware that most people might consider her bum to be, well, just a bit too wide. The bottom-heavy bimbo only knew that she always received comments and compliments about her backside – as well as the occasional pinch or slap on the rear as she waddled through the hallways at school. Such invasions of privacy would have made most girls uncomfortable, but Jen took them as evidence of what she already knew – that everyone loved a girl with some junk in the trunk.

"Do they really?" said a voice behind her.

"What?" said Jen, turning to see Laurie sitting on the bed. Had Laurie been there before? Jen wasn't sure. For a moment, Jen moved to cover her bare chest before remembering who she was talking to. There were no secrets between these two friends, so Jen didn't bother to hide her exposed breasts. Instead, she just turned her attention back to the mirror and her combing. "Like, what are you talking about, Laurie?"

"I was asking, do they really like a girl with some junk in the trunk?"

"Like, of course, they do!" said Jen indignantly. How did Laurie know what she'd been thinking? Or had she said it out loud? "A girl needs something nice and soft for her man to grab."

"Yeah, and you got a lot for your man to grab," said Laurie sarcastically, eyeing Jen's enormous tushie. It looked like two basketballs shoved into her underpants, wobbling and jiggling with the plump girl's every movement. "Some might say that you have too much to grab,

Jen. Some might say that you have... a fat ass."

"Like, what are you talking about, Laurie? My ass is perfect, fat or not."

Laurie stood up and sauntered over to her friend. She draped an arm around Jen's shoulders. "Oh, that's right, I forgot. You don't mind that you're fat anymore, right? You think that just because Craig likes some meat on your backside that you don't need to watch your waistline anymore, hmm?" She hugged Jen close, her other hand snaking down to pat Jen lightly on the bum. "But you do know what happens to a girl who doesn't watch her waistline, don't you?" She stood away, grinning evilly. "She gets bigger."

As Laurie spoke those words, Jen felt an odd stirring in her hind quarters, but thought nothing of it. The bubbly bimbo had no inkling of what was happening, that her already enormous rear was growing even more!

"Like, Laurie, you are acting really weird. I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have that problem!"

"Oh, is it a problem if you get bigger? I thought you were okay with it."

With a grunt, Jen waddled thickly over to an armchair in the corner. Her steadily inflating bottom grew wider and wider as she moved, making the short walk increasingly difficult with every step. Laurie cocked her head to one side, watching as Jen's bloating bottom started to swallow her short shorts. The back hem began to slide out of view as the tightening garment turned into one big wedge. The words sprawled across Jen's rump – "PHAT" – had never seemed so appropriate. By the time Jen had reached her destination the threads holding the letters in place were starting to tear. Jen flopped into her chair with a loud "wump!"

Jen's chair was not very comfortable. She fidgeted in a vain attempt to find a position where her wide rear could be adequately supported. She hardly noticed that she was rising higher and higher out of the chair as her fanny swelled like a helium balloon.

"Like, this is ridiculous!" she snapped.

Jen's butt kept inflating, bigger and bigger, each globular lobe as big as a truck tire now. Most of her backside was now bare, spilling out of the stretched leg holes of her dwindling shorts.

"Jeez, Jen, look at you!" Laurie smiled wickedly. "I always knew that you, well, had more down-stairs than up-stairs... but I never thought I'd see the day that you got this big. Heh, you know what you need? You need a pair of shorts that says 'I wish these were brains' across your ass!"

"Stop it!" whined Jen, "That's, like, not nice!"

Jen started rocking in her seat, trying to get to her feet, but her fanny was too big for her to move anymore. It was literally too heavy to lift!

"Like, stop being such a bitch, Laurie!"

Laurie ignored her complaint. She walked up to her friend and grabbed her bottom. "Wow, you're so big back here that I don't think I could even hug your butt! You must literally have the fattest ass that I've ever seen. Maybe you've got the fattest ass in the world! We might need to get you some of those blinkers that trucks have, so that you can warn people when you're going to back up. After all, sweetie, we wouldn't want you to hurt anyone with that mega-butt of yours."

Laurie put a finger to her plump lips and a concerned look crossed her face. "You know Jen, I was going to share some snacks with you...but now I'm not sure that would be a very good idea. Gosh, I wouldn't want to tempt you with any tasty treats and see you get even bigger! Why, I wouldn't want your butt to explode. Ha ha!"

Laurie was suddenly holding a tray of glazed donuts that Jen had not noticed before. Jen felt herself salivating at the sight.

"I'll just put these tasty snacks here, where you can't reach them." Laurie gingerly balanced the bag on the wide "shelf" created by Jen's voluminous backside.

Jen's ass was so huge now that the poor girl was unable to stand up. She struggled to reach behind her, where Laurie had placed a tray full of sweet, sweet donuts, but she couldn't quite manage. She struggled her best but her ass was still ballooning, putting the treats farther and farther out of her reach.

"Laurie, stop!" whined Jen. "I can't reach it back there!"

"Good thing, too!" laughed Laurie, grabbing one and shoving it into her mouth. "Honey, the last thing you need is more sweets. I'm just trying to help you by keeping these out of your reach. We wouldn't want this giant booty of yours to explode now, would we? Why, you'd take out the whole house!"

Laurie pinched Jen's burgeoning flesh and snickered. Jen scowled and crossed her arms. She was not happy about this situation at all!

"In fact, I've composed a little song to describe your situation, Jen!" Laurie cleared her throat and began singing:

"Jen had a butt that was such a wide load,  
When she walked down the street, she blocked off the road,  
And it keeps getting wider,  
As her jeans keep getting tighter,  
Till one day, it's going to explode!"



The raven-haired beauty doubled over in laughter, but Jen only scowled harder.

"That is totally not funny at all, Laurie! Stop being so mean!"

"Oh, sweetie, are you feeling a little put-off? I thought that it would be harder to insult a big girl like you! But I guess there's really only one part of you that's big..."

"Hey! Stop it! Ow!" Jen yelled as her head bumped the ceiling. When Laurie saw that Jen's vast tush had raised her as far as she could go, Laurie howled even harder. This was hilarious! Jen rubbed her bruised head with one hand and her ballooning backside with her other. Her panties had managed to miraculously stretch to an absurd degree, stretching as thin as tissue paper. The fabric had slid between her mammoth butt cheeks, turning the rending garment into a make-shift thong. It was only barely holding Jen's ass from spilling out. When it finally busted apart, it would release a whole new wave of pale flab!

"Let's see this bad girl slosh!" crowed Laurie. Shrieking with laughter, Laurie smacked her friend across her giant rump. The soft blubber rippled and shook. Poor Jen felt like she was riding on a waterbed, as each sloshing wave bashed her head into the ceiling again.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Stop it! Ow!"

Laurie only laughed again. The diminishing waves up-ended the donut tray, sending a cascade of sugary treats down the sides of her bloated buns. The shock was enough to finally snap Jen's overstretched undies. The shredded remains of her knickers flew in all directions as her bum surged out in all directions – pinning a surprised Laurie beneath it. Laurie only had time to release a muffled yelp before she was buried under tons of bloated butt blubber.

"Like, finally!" thought Jen. "Now if only I could reach those donuts down there..."

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Laurie, too, was having her own nightmares. But while both Alice and Jen had nightmares in which Laurie tormented them (possibly because they realized, on a subconscious level, what their team captain was doing to them), Laurie was having a different sort of bad dream...

In her dream, Laurie was back at school. But something was wrong! She looked around, stunned. Every girl in school appeared to be more endowed than she was! She spied Abida, the normally slender Indian girl now sporting a monstrous pair of triple Ds that wobbled and bounced in time to her steps. And there was that bitch Maggie – surely she wasn't always so buxom? And over there, Denise, Kristine and Lizzie were huddled in a cluster, giggling. But their cheer sweaters did little to conceal their massive melons, which all bounced in unison whenever the girls started to giggle.

Of course, none of them could compare to Laurie's –

--A cups?

Laurie stared in horror. Her once vast bosom was nowhere to be seen. Instead, she was flat as a board. Laurie stared down, clearly seeing her toes for the first time that she could remember. She pulled out the neckline of her sweater to gaze at her chest. She was wearing a tiny double A cup bra, but the truth was that she didn't even need that. She looked like she'd never hit puberty at all. Her chest was almost entirely flat! Strangely, she wasn't 215 pounds anymore; she was as thin as she'd been before she started gaining weight over the past year. Thinner, in fact! Laurie was positively scrawny, her delicate ribs slightly visible to the sides of her non-existent chest.

"What? This can't be happening!" said Laurie in disbelief. "Where did my babies go?!"

"What's that, Laurie?"

Laurie looked up to see Alice and Jen approaching her. Both girls were big. Way bigger than they should have been. She knew that, in reality, neither of her two friends were slouches in the breast department, but neither of them should be above a full D cup. Instead, they both had breasts the size of fully inflated beachballs, enormous eggplants that struggled to pop out of their shirts with every breath. Alice's T-shirt was ripping at the seams with almost every breath, while Jen's short-sleeved blouse was obviously not designed for a girl with such a pneumatic bustline. The pearl buttons struggled against their heavy cargo.

"What the hell?!" shrieked Laurie, "...What happened to you two?!"

Alice looked confused. "What are you talking about, Laurie? What's wrong?"

Laurie jabbed an accusatory finger into Alice's cleavage. She had half expected to discover that it was fake, that it was obviously a wad of rolled up socks or a pair of cantaloupes stuffed in her bra, but she felt nothing but firm, yielding flesh. Laurie was an expert at discerning the feel of genuine boobies from cupping her own delicious darlings so often, so she could tell instantly that these were the real deal.

"Those giant boobs! Where did you get them? Where did everyone get them?"

"Mother nature, duh!" said Jen, giggling. Her breasts rippled and quaked with her titters.

"Oh, I see what this is," said Alice, "Laurie, we're really sorry that you haven't started developing yet, but I'm sure your time will come. You just have to be patient!"

"Yeah," said Jen, "I'm sure it's like, totally normal for some girls to not hit puberty till they're 18." She hid her giggles behind her hand but she couldn't hide her chest shaking anew.

Ping! The pearl button at the summit of Jen's gargantuan knockers finally gave up under the pressure, flying from her shirt and hitting Laurie right in the forehead.

"Ow!" yelped Laurie, "Watch where you point those monsters!"

"Sorry," Jen giggled, her ample chest shaking dangerously. Laurie eyed the overtaxed shirt suspiciously, afraid that it might launch another assault. "You know how these things happen – well, maybe you don't know personally..."

Jen trailed off as her eyes strayed to Laurie's non-existent chest. Laurie scowled.

"Hey, but, like, that's just one little problem, isn't it, Laurie? You always say it's a small price to pay for your trim figure!"

Laurie opened her mouth to reply but she was cut short by a shrill, mocking voice from behind.

"Well, well, well, if it's isn't good old No-Boobs!" said a familiar voice from behind her.

Laurie spun around and came face-to-face with a looming wall of supple breast flesh. It was Maggie. Not surprisingly, this once petite chica now had upper curves to die for, packed into a white shirt straining so hard that it was almost obscene. Maggie laughed derisively, her own assets wobbling.

"What do you want?" said Laurie icily. She tried to affect a haughty demeanor but found it difficult now that she was stripped of the one thing that gave her the most confidence.

"I just wanted to tell you a great riddle I just heard. How is Laurie like an upside-down calculator?"

"How?"

"Cuz they're both 'Boobless!' Get it? See, if you type "5378008" into a calculator..."

"Shut up!" Instinctively, Laurie thrust her shoulders back and puffed out her chest. Normally, when she was her usual size, this had the double advantage of making her look even bigger and more imposing as well as putting a large barrier between herself and any potential enemy. But in her reduced state, it just looked pathetic.

Maggie started howling with laughter. Her jugs bounced and jiggled so much that her middle button blew off, hitting Laurie square in the face.

"Ow! Fuck! Not again!"

"Like, that keeps happening to you!" giggled Jen, pointing to the gap in her own shirt.

"Too bad you'll never be on the giving end of a button buster," snorted Maggie.

"We'll see about that!" snarled Laurie, rubbing her bruised face.

Alice and Jen looked at her in confusion. "What do you mean, Laurie?" asked Alice.

"I'm not going to stand for this anymore! No way is Maggie or all people going to get

away with insulting me! I'm going to get my boobs back if it's the last thing I do!"

"Back?"

"Yeah! I mean...get them for the first time? I dunno, I swear I'm sure I used to have boobs! Well, ANWAY, what was that you said about being flat being worth it for a svelte figure? Well, when I was ...fatter, I had colossal boobs so.... That must be the answer! Point me to the cafeteria, cuz I'm going to fix this—" She gestured vaguely at her absent bosom -- "Right away!"

"But you can't just grow boobs by eating," interrupted Alice, but Laurie shushed her. With dream logic certainty, Laurie knew that this was the right solution. No way would this fail!

Laurie burst into the cafeteria, trailed by her usual entourage. The lunchlady looked up in surprise as the (temporarily) flat-chest vixen smashed her lunch tray against the metal counter and glared at her.

"Gimme one of everything," snarled Laurie, "No! Two of everything! And don't skimp on the dessert!"

Shrugging, the lunch lady dumped a ladle-full of Salisbury steak onto her tray to start.

"More," said Laurie, motioning with her hand. The lunch lady obliged silently, then piled a heap of mashed potatoes next to it, followed by green beans and dinner rolls. By the time she was done, the tray was piled so high that Laurie could barely walk to her seat without spilling anything.

Immediately, she began tearing into her meal. All she needed to do was to get a few calories into her gut and surely they would find their way to the important parts! Laurie was desperate for this plan to work.

Jen appeared at her side. "Ummm, are you feeling okay, Laurie? This is, like, kind of silly..."

"Shut up," barked Laurie, spitting a mouthful of chewed potatoes into her friend's cavernous cleavage. "I need you to go get me another tray. I don't want to waste a single precious calorie walking back and forth to the counter. You too, Alice! Why don't you two balloon-chested bimbos make yourselves useful and bring me some more food?"

Jen and Alice looked at each other and shrugged helplessly before acquiescing to Laurie's demands.

Laurie continued wolfing down her meal, stuffing the last morsel into her bulging cheeks in only a few minutes. She stifled a belch as Jen silently placed a second tray – this one filled to the brim with fishsticks and French fries – before her.

Laurie didn't waste a minute; she plunged in with renewed vigor, barely pausing to wipe the ketchup and tartar sauce that dripped down her chin.

She knew it must be working. Already, she felt the effects. With the first bite, she could

feel her nipples tingling, growing stiff and erect. After a few more, her flat chest pushed outwards, stretching her little girl brassiere.

"Eh? Eh?" She paused long enough to point to her tiny mounds. "I knew it would work! Looks like I won't be flat for much longer!"

Without another word, she turned back to her meal. By the third tray, Laurie was starting to falter. She was feeling full, her tummy stuffed and swollen. She wiped her smooth forehead, which had begun to sweat. Eating was hard work! But her bra was feeling even tighter now, tighter than her full tummy, and that gave her renewed energy. Steeling her resolve, she pushed some more sausage into her mouth. Mmmm. Laurie's body may have been different in this dream, but her unusual kinks were still in effect. Stuffing herself was starting to turn her on, she realized, as she felt a growing tingle between her legs. Too bad she was out in public so there was no way to take care of that problem...although that was a moot point, since her growing belly was swelling out so far as to block access to her ladyparts anyway.

She bent forward to continue her feast, her sweater slipping up over the arc of her ballooning midsection. As the minutes turned to hours, there was no sound other than the clink of silverware against a growing number of rapidly emptying trays, the soft piggy grunting of a hungry girl chowing down and the barely audible squeak of sweater seams fraying as the pressure increased.

"Getting...hard...to eat," grunted Laurie eventually.

"Are you done yet?" asked Alice. Alice was sweating and disheveled. Laurie was running the poor thing ragged, making her scurry back and forth with additional trays of treats.

"No," said Laurie, shaking her head blearily. "Not...full...I can....totally...eat more..." In fact, Laurie was so stuffed full that she could barely breathe and even talking was a chore. But her bosom was growing! It was almost back to her former size, big enough that her inadequate brassiere was choking her, large enough that her sweater was ready to give up the ghost.

"Laurie, you can't eat this much! Girls aren't meant to eat this much!" cried Alice. She poked her finger into Laurie's overloaded gut, which gurgled and rumbled quietly. "There's way too much packed inside there! You need to quit before you simply burst!"

"Not gonna....burst," snapped Laurie, leaning backward. She stretched her chubby arms in a vain attempt to reach the food on the table before her. No dice. Her bust and belly were too big now and they were a constant barrier between her and more food. "I can take... anything...I can handle more...just put...put the food here....so I can reach." She pointed to the rising yard of cleavage that bulged through the stretched neck of her sweater.

Laurie's boobs were finally big. As she ballooned into double D territory, her clearly now inadequate bra was choking her, digging into her back and smooshing her growing melons.

"And Jen...I need you to...help me...get this bra off....so tight...fuckin' thing is fuckin' "

killing me..." She waved her arms uselessly, trying to reach behind her.

"Um, okay," said Jen. She stood behind Laurie and grasped the hem of her sweater, struggling to raise it up. The sweater was so stretched by Laurie's growing melons that this was no easy feat! It didn't help that Laurie wouldn't keep still. She kept shifting in her seat, mumbling and moaning under her breath as though she was having a hard time sitting still. Also, she was in constant motion shoving more food into her greedy maw as Alice piled it atop her copious bust.

Finally Jen raised the hem far enough to see Laurie's bra band. Her growing gazongas had stretched the tiny bra far beyond anything it was ever intended to be. The poor thing was literally groaning in pain, looking for any excuse to just bust apart. What a trooper! It was a miracle that the undergarment hadn't already broken, but it was determined not to let down its maker. This was a valiant brassiere indeed! But Jen was ready to put the dying garment out of its intense misery.

Well, she would try. It was already stretched so far that it was going to be difficult to unhook it. There was no give at all! Plus, Laurie's rapid expansion meant that it was burrowed deep into new folds of back fat.

"Hurry up, bitch!" bellowed Laurie between massive gulps, "I'm dying! I can't keep eating with that stupid bra cutting me in two!"

"Like, I'm trying!" Jen bit her lip and fumbled with the clasp. She grabbed both sides and struggled to bring them close enough together to get the hook out. No way was that happening. There was just too much girl packed into this thing. Laurie should have taken it off several trays ago! Now she was stuck in it.

Laurie yelled again, but her mouth was so full of food that all Jen heard was a mess of burbling. She stepped back and looked forlornly at the bra clasp. There was nothing she could do but let it die a natural death. A few more inches of bustline and she wouldn't need to unclasp it. Laurie would simply burst it apart by sheer force of boob.

It didn't take long.

With a thunderous snap, Laurie's brassiere ripped in two, no longer able to contain her enlarging assets. The bra's sudden release caused a snap-back, propelling the growing girl in the opposite direction.

Laurie stumbled backwards with a grunt, slipping off the bench and falling flat on her bum. Her hefty hooters bobbed and jiggled with inertia, filling Laurie with pride. That's the way they're supposed to be, she thought. No way was Laurie Belmontès going to chair the itty bitty titty committee.

Laurie grabbed a donut out of her cleavage and inhaled it. "Bigger!" she snarled as her already enormous endowments swelled rounder and rounder inside her sweater.

Laurie's breasts had returned to their former magnificence – two ripe round L-cups, plump and bulging like a pair of over ripe watermelons ready to burst.

Laurie stuffed another donut into her mouth. Her bust jutted out another inch.

"You're going to make yourself sick!" cried Alice.

"You're going to make yourself explode!" cautioned Jen.

Laurie waved off the two girls' protests and she plowed into another donut. Jelly-filled. Mmm.

Her boobs inched out another millimeter.

Just enough that her protesting sweater exploded into ribbons.

Now Laurie lay on the floor, covered in food and the remnants of her bra and sweater. No longer a tiny little wisp of a girl, she was a big fat cow with an enormous pair of udders.

"Look! My boobs are back!" said Laurie happily. She attempted to heave herself into a sitting position, but found that she couldn't. Laurie's breasts were so heavy that the poor girl couldn't even walk. She couldn't even sit up. She was weighted down by two titanic tits.

"Laurie! Your boobs are way too big! You look like a freak!" fretted Alice.

"You can't be captain of the cheerleaders with a chest like that!" said Jen. "How will you do cartwheels? Your boobs will go bobbling all over the place! We don't even have any uniforms that will fit you!"

Laurie barely heard her friends' worries. She was too busy admiring the gelatinous globes on her chest. No one could say she was a little girl now! She was a real woman! If only Maggie was here, then her triumph would be complete!

"Hahaha!" crowed Laurie triumphantly. She hugged her massive, planet-sized melons – or at least as much as she could. "Look at me! Look at me! I'm not a little girl anymore! Finally, I'm the biggest! Someone get Maggie!"

Jen and Alice could only gape at the behemoth boobs, two enormous quivering pink mountains so big that they couldn't see anything of their friend other than her head and legs. Laurie was completely pinned beneath her insane bosom. And she seemed quite happy about it!

"You two shrimps are nothing compared to me!" cried Laurie, still elated. If she even knew that she was completely trapped, she didn't care in the least. She was just happy to once again have the most amazingly enormous bustline in school.

"I'm the biggest! Look at these twin blimps! They're bigger than Dolly Parton! Bigger

than Pamela Anderson! I have the biggest tits in the world!"

When they brought Maggie in, the girl was speechless.

"How did you do that?" she cried, poking Laurie in one giant breast. The flesh was soft and yielding and real. Maggie was stunned.

"Now who's laughing?" said Laurie. "Looks like YOU might be on the receiving end of a button buster now! Oh wait, except that I'm SO big I don't think I'm going to find any buttons to bust. Your tiny little titties look like mosquito bites compared to these pumpkins! So don't try and lord your chest over me anymore. I'm the biggest and don't you forget it!"

"But...you were tiny this morning...My boobs were bigger..."

"Yesterday's news! No one cares that you were bigger this morning. All that matter is that now I'm bigger...No! I'm THE BIGGEST! The biggest ever! Ha ha!"

Laurie laughed nastily as Maggie scuttled out of the cafeteria in shame. She was still laughing when they brought in the crane to have her lifted out of the room.

Back in reality, both Alice and Jen grimaced in their sleep as their overly full bellies gave them bad dreams. But Laurie looked quite content. Her dreams may have started out bad, but she seemed to be enjoying them now.

"I am...the biggest," the slumbering vixen mumbled huskily, "Mmm, yes."



## 26.A Laurie, Jen & Alice

Laurie twitched awake as the morning sun poured through the window. Grunting, she pushed herself up into a sitting position, her naked knockers spilling to either side of her chubby tummy. Absently, she scratched her soft, jiggly belly. It stuck out so far that it was no longer easy to tell that she wasn't wearing any panties; her gut covered her pussy when she sat down. For a split second she goggled at her naked body, confused as to where her pajamas were. But then she remembered the disaster of the previous night, when the three tubby teens discovered that they had each outgrown their night clothes.

"Didn't I tell Mom to get us some emergency PJs?" muttered Laurie crossly, before noticing a neatly folded pile of clothes by the stairs. "Oh, I guess she did."

Laurie struggled to her feet and wobbled over to her sleeping comrades. Both Jen and Alice lay sprawled out, grunting softly in their sleep, bellies still swollen from the evening feast. She gently kicked Jen in her flank.

"Hey dumbass, wake up!"

Jen rolled over and blinked her big, cow-like eyes. "Like, leave me alone. I want to sleep... Was having such nice dreams..."

Laurie frowned slightly. She couldn't remember her own dreams, but, for some reason, she felt a renewed sense of pride in her bulbous bosom. Sure, she mused as she glanced down at her ponderous pontoons, the heft and mass of her ginormous mams, their round pillow softness, the way their doughy weight tugged so tightly on the shoulder straps of her biggest brassieres, the way their grand feminine swell pushed all her shirt buttons to their complaining limits, she felt an irrational, literal chest-swelling at all those things, but this morning she felt even vainer than usual. A slight devilish smile crossed her perfect face. But now was no time to lose her head in boob love...

"Stop being so lazy!" she snapped at Jen, gently kicking her slumbering pear-shaped pal in her flaring buttocks. "It's morning! And you need to put on some clothes."

Jen yawned and stretched, suddenly realizing that she wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. "Oh crap!" she yelped. The noise seemed to rouse Alice, who immediately went red. Unlike Jen and Laurie who both seemed relatively shameless about their nudity, Alice quickly tried to hide her breasts and crotch with her hands.

Laurie snorted and rolled her eyes. "Stop being such a baby, Alice, you don't have anything we haven't seen before. Besides, we were all hanging out naked last night, don't you remember?"

"Oh yeah," said Alice quietly but she kept her hands in place. Laurie snorted again and

tossed each of her two girlfriends a set of pajamas.

Laurie quickly pulled on the silk pants and buttoned up her top. Surprisingly, they both fit fairly decently. Laurie cocked an eyebrow in surprise; she couldn't remember the last time that she had managed to comfortably fasten buttons across her voluminous chest.

Then something else caught her attention. A delicious smell in the air. She sniffed deeply. Pancakes? Her mother must be cooking a special breakfast. Laurie suddenly felt an unfamiliar feeling in her gut: hunger. Not the niggling greedy desire for snacking that she usually felt, but genuine, raw hunger pains. The bulging raven-haired beauty spent almost all her time stuffed to the brim, so the only time that ever felt real hunger was in the early mornings when she first woke up after not eating for the last seven or eight hours. But she was feeling them now.

Jen wriggled her bum into the pajama pants. Laurie could tell by the way she briefly paused to inhale deeply, eyes closed in blissful rapture, that she also smelled it.

Alice was unconsciously licking her lips as she buttoned up her pajamas. Alice's outfit, too, was the right size. Too big, in fact, the chubby blonde was positively swimming in it.

"Breakfast?" squeaked Jen hopefully. The bubbly bimbo was positively drooling at the thought, barely conscious that a trickle of saliva had formed at the edge of her mouth, running down her soft double chin.

"That sounds good," agreed Alice. "But...wait...why are my pajamas so much bigger than yours?"

"Laurie's mom musta got you the next size up," blurted out Jen absently. She was too distracted by her grumbling belly to pay much attention to the worried note in Alice's voice, but Laurie caught it immediately.

"But why would she get me bigger pajamas unless...oh no..I must really look fat!" Alice dropped heavily onto the bed, her entire flabby body bouncing slightly inside the voluminous pajamas. Indeed, Alice did look fatter. All three girls had been keeping pace in their expansion, but due to the fact that Alice was apple-shaped, rather than pear-shaped or top-heavy, she still looked fattest.

"I don't know why I'm getting so fat!" she said miserably. "I never eat anything except at our slumber parties!"

That was, of course, a ridiculous lie. Alice had convinced herself that she wasn't overeating nearly to the extent that she was, but the reality was that Alice's gluttony had spiraled completely out of control. She gorged herself to her limits at every meal, and rarely stopped herself from snacking between meals. She was always nibbling on cookies or candy bars. Her addiction to food was so total that she often could only fall asleep at night if she had a cookie in her mouth. Often, as she drifted to sleep, her mouth would keep nibbling and chewing. Alice had finally lost her credibility if she tried to claim that she at least stopped eating

while she was asleep.

"It's...it's all diet food," stammered Laurie, suddenly flustered and desperate to turn Alice's attention away from her sleepover gluttony. If Alice had been paying attention, she might have become suspicious at Laurie's sudden change in behavior but the blonde chubbette was too busy wailing about her own weight.

"I know!" said Laurie, brightening up. "Why don't you take some of these protein bars and nonfat snacks with you? That way, if you ever feel hungry throughout the day, you can just eat some of these? You'll probably stop gaining right away!"

"Really? You think so?" Alice stared at her buxom friend. This had never occurred to her before!

Laurie smiled unctuously. "Oh, sweetie, I am positive that this plan will totally work."

"Oh, Laurie, thank you! I... don't know how to thank you!" Alice grabbed Laurie in an enormous, enthusiastic hug, accidentally burying her face in the valley between her monumental melons. Alice quickly let go, embarrassed, but Laurie quickly moved on. In reality, she was a little surprised at this display of affection, but she didn't let it show. Standing to the side and out of view, Jen watched the scene with a pained expression on her face. She knew the secret about the diet food, that it was not diet at all.

"This is the start of a brand new me!" said Alice brightly. "From now on...I'm only going to eat diet food! I'm going to start exercising! For real! Just you watch, I'm going to start working out and going to the gym and everything! I know that I've fallen through on exercise before, but this time I'll do it for real!"

"You don't need to exercise," said Laurie uncertainly, "I'm sure the diet food will be enough—"

"No, I mean it! I promise to start exercising!"

"Alright," said Laurie, pushing her fat friend away. "That's enough of that. Let's go eat. I'm starving!"

The three growing girls slowly waddled upstairs, drawn by the scent of delicious pancakes, slowly shuffling along and occasionally bouncing against each other like a trio of inflated beachballs when their fat tummies and round backsides bumped.

"Good morning, girls!" said Laurie's mom cheerfully as the ravenous beauties plodded into the kitchen, already gasping from the laborious trip up the stairs. The older woman was busy at the stove flipping pancakes. She had already finished a sizeable stack and was already at work on a second batch. "I thought you would be hungry after your little party, so I hope you don't mind that I made you a little something. Just to make up for embarrassing you last night, Laurie."

Laurie was already flushed from the exertion of walking upstairs, but she flushed even

brighter. She pressed her full lips together in annoyance.

"Mother, please! Not in front of my friends!"

Alice and Jen hadn't even noticed, however. Upon entering the kitchen, the two bulging bunnies had plopped their wide bums into chairs around the kitchen table and started grabbing pancakes from the platter. Their new loose pajamas created a sinister illusion, making each swollen sweetie believe that she could afford to indulge "just this once." Of course, their enormous appetites and non-existent self-restraint meant that nearly every meal for weeks had turned into a "one time indulgence," with the inevitable results materializing around their hips, busts and waistlines.

They hadn't eaten in hours, so they were absolutely famished. For the first few minutes, there was barely any talking around the table as each growing, gaining girl thought of nothing more than shoving enough pancakes into her greedy face to silence her growling belly. The only noises were the soft clinks of silverware against plates and the steady, slobbery sounds of rapid chewing – and the occasional barely-disguised burp, since they were eating so fast that they inevitably swallowed enough air to swell their bellies just a little bit more.

Jen shoveled pancakes into her mouth faster and faster, barely pausing to breathe, her chubby chipmunk cheeks bulging. She stopped only when her mouth was so absolutely full that she couldn't close it entirely. Laboriously, she began chewing, her lips parted so that syrup dribbled down her double chin.

"Dese pa'cathes are dethlithith!" she finally bubbled through a mouthful of food. She grabbed the syrup bottle and squirted another load of pure liquid sugar all over her plate. If Laurie hadn't been watching with mild disgust, Jen might have simply guzzled the golden syrup right from the bottle. Her greed was just that intense!

Jen leaned back with an explosive belch. "Oops! Excuse me!"

Alice giggled at the noise, but Laurie scowled darkly.

"Thankth for th' breakfathth, Mithith Belmontheth!" said Jen happily.

"Jen, slow down, you're making a scene," said Laurie crossly, before pushing a forkful of pancake into her own mouth. Unlike Jen, Laurie at least had the good manner to chew with her mouth closed, even though she took such huge eager bites that her chubby cheeks bulged.

"No, I'm not!" Jen piped in, her brow furrowing. Laurie winced as Jen accidentally blew specks of chewed-up pancake across the table with her every word. The busty beauty found Jen's behavior pretty disgusting, which was ironic considering that her own gluttony was mostly unchecked these days.

"Jen, I know that you just love to stuff your face, but you don't need to show us what you're eating while you're chewing it," said Laurie pointedly. "Honestly, do you even pause to taste what you're eating? The way you eat, it's like you're in some sort of contest."

"Mmm," mumbled Alice, her eyes vacant and far away. "That sounds kind of dreamy. A pancake eating contest! If only there was such a thing..." She sighed, obviously shoving another forkful of sweet fluffy cakes into her mouth.

"Well, there isn't," said Laurie, "The closest thing you'll find is a pie eating contest. And you'll only find those in dorky county fairs in fly-over states." She snorted derisively.

"Oh no, that's not true!" said Alice, "There's going to be one at the school fair next month. Kristine and Lizzie are baking the pies; they're collecting entrance fees to help pay for the new uniforms."

Laurie stared.

"Um, you did know that, though, right?" said Alice. "I mean, you are the team captain, so they must have okayed it...by you...right..."

"Yeah, of course they did," muttered Laurie. They had, of course, but Laurie had totally forgotten. She'd been virtually ignoring her duties as team captain for months now, much too obsessed with her new relationship with Frank, her plot to fatten Alice, and (though she didn't admit it to herself) her constant binging. Laurie's ballooning waistline was interfering with her cheer capabilities and not just because her uniform was becoming too constricting. She didn't bother to participate in any cheer routines, instead just barking orders at the other girls from the sidelines. She tended to excuse Jen and Alice from practice too, so a lack of exercise was just one more contributor to the three teens' burgeoning obesity. It was anyone's guess what would happen the next time the girls were actually called upon to cheer at a game – if they didn't end up flashing the crowd by splitting their cheer uniforms wide open, they certainly wouldn't have the stamina to actually perform any routines. It was an inevitability that had the entire squad holding their breaths. In the meantime, with the captain and co-captain ignoring their duties in favor of stuffing their faces, Kristine and Lizzie had asked permission to run the annual booth at the school fair, hoping to make some money to pay for new uniforms. Apparently they thought running a pie eating contest would make a lot of money for the squad? And apparently Laurie had okayed it without thinking.

"A pie eating contest is such a gross idea," sniffed Laurie. "I don't know what made Lizzie and Kristine think that would be a good way to raise cash. I couldn't imagine joining one of those things. They're so vulgar!" The very idea of a pie-eating contest conjured up thoughts of yokels in overalls and straw hats, gap-toothed girls in gingham dresses, hayrides and hog-calling contests. Truly, it was the sport of hillbillies! For a sophisticated socialite like Laurie, it sounded dreadful. As much as the idea of gorging on pie might give her a slight involuntary tingle between her thighs these days, Laurie was not prepared to admit any fascination in front of her friends.

"I dunno," said Jen, "It's not that bad. I mean, at least you get to eat some pie. So even if you lose, you still kinda win!"

"No one wins that kind of contest," said Laurie. "Especially not girls like us. It's always some huge fat guy."

"I could totally win that contest," said Jen, her mind suddenly swimming with possibilities. Jen loved the idea of winning something for once; everyone always thought of her as second place compared to her friend Laurie, so the idea that she might be the stand-out champion for once was pretty exciting. Jen rarely competed in any contest without her best friend, but if Laurie wasn't prepared to chomp down a whole load of blueberry pies...then that left the field wide open! Jen was certain that she could emerge the winner. Besides, the idea of getting to pig out on pie wasn't such a bad incentive by itself. Her tummy quivered with the slightest growl at the thought of the taste. Sure, she was full of pancakes right now, but blueberry pie was an exciting new flavor the thought of which almost made her hungry again!

"Yeah, just what you need—more calories!" snorted Laurie, oblivious to the irony as she shoved a stack of butter-drenched flapjacks onto her own plate. "The least you could do is pretend to care about your appearance."

"C'mon, like, it's fair food! It totally doesn't count!" said Jen. Alice nodded eagerly, happy to participate in this ridiculous charade of self-delusion if it meant she could get some tasty pie.

"What, you think there're no calories in a pie if you eat in at a fair? Do you even listen to yourself? Jen, I swear, sometimes you are such a bimbo." Laurie stabbed at her breakfast angrily.

"I'm not a bimbo!" said Jen crossly. She frowned in annoyance. The other girls might have taken her more seriously except that, unbeknownst to the pear-shaped princess, Jen had a slight trickle of maple syrup running down her chin.

"Sorry, Jen, but not even you could win a pie-eating contest. Every fattie in school will be competing in it!"

"You don't know what you're talking about! I could TOTALLY win!"

"No, you can't!"

"I'll show you! I WILL enter and I WILL win!" Jen shouted defiantly, rising to her feet in agitation. Laurie stared at her in bewildered confusion and even Alice felt her mouth go limp in surprise. Jen hardly ever got upset. And over this? A silly pie-eating challenge?

"Sit down, Jen, stop being ridiculous," said Laurie, "You know I'm just saying this because I care. You don't have to prove anything."

"You don't think I can do it," said Jen crossly, "You never think I can do anything! I'm never, like, good enough, am I? I'm always just your second-in-command. That's what everyone thinks of me! Well, no more! I'll show you that I CAN do something for myself! I am good enough to win!"

"...This is what you're choosing to excel at?"

"Darn 'tootin!" said Jen, suddenly chipper again. She plopped her wide bum back into her chair, which creaked under her ample weight. "I'll totally win that contest and then you'll

totally have to respect my abilities, Laurie. You'll see I can do things for myself!"

She reached for another stack of pancakes and started chowing down with renewed vigor.

"Except control your eating," mumbled Laurie.

"Um, hello? I'm totally practicing for the contest now!"

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Laurie and Alice both expected their bimbolicious friend to forget that breakfast conversation as fast as she forgot most things, but the idea had fired Jen's imagination. She was genuinely upset that Laurie seemed to doubt her – and now she was determined to prove her busty friend wrong!

So when Jen conscripted Alice into helping her train, Alice didn't think she would actually be doing much. She expected to maybe spend an extra night or two at Jen's house before Jen got bored with the idea. But Jen did not get bored.

Jen took her training seriously. In fact, it was safe to say that Jen had never trained for her cheerleading routines half as much as she trained for this contest. Of course, cheer practice had never included any opportunities for eating pastries, so it wasn't nearly as fun. For weeks, Jen kept her mother and Alice busy, busy, busy, baking and cooking, doing everything they could to keep their bottom-heavy darling full of delicious cakes and pies. Jen only paused in her training when she was asleep. Otherwise, she ate constantly. Even when she had her delightfully wide bum sitting on the toilet, she was still nibbling on more cookies. She was determined that no one would beat her in this contest, so she needed to have her stomach stretched to absolute maximum capacity.

Jen's mother was delighted. The old world woman always fretted about Jen's size, worrying that her daughter was wasting away despite all physical evidence to the contrary. Jen usually complained about her mother's ludicrous cooking, but not now. If anything, she only complained that there wasn't enough of it.

Jen's school grades, already low, plummeted even further as she ignored class assignments and homework in favor of eating. She secretly stopped carrying her books to school, instead stopping at a local pastry shop before class to fill her book bag with donuts and croissants. Her locker at school was filled to the brim with cookies and chips, so that she could stop and replenish her stores between classes. Jen was not leaving anything about this to chance.

It wasn't just Jen's grades that suffered. Her sex life was also slowing down as she put

all her efforts into eating. She refused to pause even when Craig was eager to fool around.

Tonight, Jen was sitting on the couch in a pair of tight jeans, her bulbous backside rolling over the waistband of the tight garment. Food covered the coffee table, some of which hung over the edges. Some packages were already fully abused, some not yet opened. As one hand went into a back of cookies, the other was already cramming food into Jen's mouth.

Craig sat next to her, annoyed. They hadn't had sex in weeks, and it was starting to really get on his nerves.

Jen's mom had gone to restock as Jen ate through house and home. He stared at the voracious eater next to him. Her tight jeans couldn't reach up as high as they used to, and he could clearly see her pink panties, digging into her fleshy flank. The sight of her bloated rump oozing out of her pants was turning him on, so he tried to get her attention. He put his hand as far into her jeans as he could, massaging her enormous backside. Jen didn't react. She continued plowing through the food on the table.

Craig scowled. His jeans were getting uncomfortably tight. Not another night of blue balls to help Jen win a stupid contest!

"Come on Jen, let's head up to your room," he said, standing up. He and tried to pull her arm, but Jen didn't budge or even acknowledge the request. Craig's fattening girlfriend stuffed another slice of pie into her face, her chubby cheeks filled with food, overstuffed and dribbling filling down her lips. Poor Craig's cock was throbbing now. He didn't want to stay, but he really wanted sex. Silently, he stalked out of the living room.

Jen didn't notice him leaving, she was too focused on trying to eat as quickly as possible, to try and fit as much food into herself as possible to stretch her stomach. She didn't care about taste so much, but she had to admit the blueberry pie she was eating needed something. But what?

"Whipped cream!" she excitedly yelled, crumbs flying out of her mouth. It was perfect!

"Somebody say whipped cream?"

Jen squealed as she saw Craig return. The boy was so desperate for some action that he had actually sprayed whipped cream all over his penis!

"Oooo, come over here!" called Jen. She rocked back and forth in a futile effort to rise from the couch but soon gave up and motioned for her boyfriend to come closer.

Craig's penis was fully erect, completely covered in the airy topping. She took a big bite of pie, and let her mouth wrap around her boyfriend's own tasty treat. She slid her mouth as far down as she could, sucking as much of the whipped cream off of Craig as she could. Her already rounded belly puffed out even more as she licked every ounce of the fluffy cream, teasing Craig's cock to within an inch of orgasm. The boy shut his eyes and rolled his head back. But his plans were all for naught. Once the cream was gone, Jen lost interest instantly. She pulled away, took another bite of pie, and went back to eating.



His plan had been thwarted by Jen's complete naivety; she hadn't picked up on his not-at-all subtle hint.

"Jen!" he yelled. She looked at him finally. "I don't have to be here if you're not even going to care if I'm hanging out with you! We haven't had sex in weeks! How am I supposed to know if you love me baby, if you're not even talking to me?"

The pear shaped beauty just looked at him, as she continued shoveling food into her mouth. She blinked, confusion in her doe-like eyes.

"You wanna have sex?" she said. "Like, why didn't you say so? But, like, I'm still going to train."

Craig sighed. "Whatever, I'll take whatever I can get."

Craig helped heft Jen off the couch, where she had been ensconced for the better part of a day. A large dent in the pillow cushion remained where Jen's fat booty had rested. Craig had struggled a bit, as did Jen. She was getting heavy! She grabbed a large cake off the coffee table and trailed him up the stairs to her bedroom. He had to slow down for her. He didn't know if she wasn't as interested in sex as he was, or if she was just getting that slow. He was getting a bit concerned.

Jen went into her bed, clothes fully on, and put the large sheet cake in front of her. She started nibbling. Craig got up behind her, and tried to get her tight jeans off. She wasn't helping at all, as he tried to pull them over the fattest ass in the school. It had been three whole weeks, he wasn't going to let such a small stumbling block stop him now! Craig tried with all his might, but to no avail. "What's taking you so long?" Jen asked.

"Your butt is making these jeans skin tight baby, it's kind of hard to get these jeans off. And I'll bet it's getting hard to get them on... Maybe your booty's getting just a little too...uh..juicy. I need some help!"

Jen spread her legs as wide as she could, not wanting to get up from her cake, as her legs separated so did her jeans. The fabric couldn't hold all that ass, and the fabric ripped at the seams of her ass crack. Her pink panties clearly visible from behind now. Craig moved them slightly to the side and slipped his raging hard on into Jen's backside. It was a tight fit, especially with her panties and what was left of her jeans pushing against it. Jen was too busy shoving her face into the cake to even notice. Craig pounded away at Jen's enormous derriere, each thrust pushing her chubby face deeper into the decadent cake. He hadn't felt this good in a while, but Jen wasn't into it at all. She just knelt there, feeding herself.

Craig felt her large hips, thrusting into them as much as he could. Her face covered in icing, pushed into it further.

"Nfft swo ruffff Cwaig! I'm practhsing!" she spewed.

"Do you really need this much practice to eat, Jen? You look like you might already be pretty good at it. Maybe you should cut back before you eat yourself to a heart attack," Craig

responded...but he did slow his pace. She didn't respond so he continued.

"Don't you think you should stop eating quite so much? I'm just worried that you're going to have trouble because of all this eating, Jen. Like trouble getting through doors."

"Trouble with doors?" she asked after a large swallow of cake. "What are you talking about, I've always turned sideways to go through them!"

Craig sighed. "Yeah, I'm talking about when you ARE sideways."

She wasn't listening anymore, to focused on her training. Craig kept fucking his girlfriend, letting her large ass overtake his body. He was sweating, doing all the work, and was getting close. It had been too long.

He was grunting now, which snapped Jen out of her food induced trance.

"In my mouth," mumbled Jen, rolling over. Craig dutifully ejaculated into Jen's open mouth. The weeks of abstinence had built up within Craig, and he unleashed a large gush of cum into his girlfriend's mouth. Jen could barely keep up with the quantity, gagging as it filled her

up. She swallowed happily. She was not going to waste a single potential calorie.

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The unfortunate side effect, of course, was that Jen gained weight. Fast. Jen ballooned up like the Good Year blimp, swelling faster than ever before. Her insatiable sweet tooth was very near satiated with the constant flow of tempting sugary treats that passed her lips. Jen's body was like a living balloon, being pumped fuller and fuller with so many pounds of quivering, gelatinous fat. The other girls were stunned at Jen's rapid inflation; she was blowing up so fast that she looked like she might just overshoot her goal and explode.

Alice was especially worried. Jen's demands for more cakes and pies were running her ragged. She spent every free moment in Jen's kitchen, stirring, whisking and baking. Jen's mom was glad for the help, but even so it was hard to keep up.

"I'm so glad to see my little Jen finally getting a good appetite!" gushed Jen's mom as she whisked another bowl of brownie batter. "She's always been so thin and that's just not healthy. A girl needs to have some meat on her bones!"

"Uhhhh...yeah, I guess so," said Alice, squeezing a tube of cookie dough onto a baking sheet. She was not quite so enthusiastic about Jen's sky-rocketing weight. Unlike Jen's mom and her strangely old-world notion of health, Alice was pretty sure that being obese was not a sign of health. Alice had to restrain herself from popping some of this raw cookie dough into her mouth or she would soon start ballooning just as fast as her bottom-heavy friend. Her titanic

tummy rumbled, cross with her for denying it food for once.

"Oh dearie, are you hungry?" asked Jen's mom, overhearing the noise. "I'm so sorry, I was so focused on Jen that I totally forgot to offer you anything before we started cooking! Would you like some snacks?"

"Um..." Alice knew that she should say no, but the sweet aromas of cooking were clouding her thoughts. Her willpower was as out-of-shape from lack of use as was her body, so Alice always had a hard time refusing any food. Luckily, she now had a secret weapon that helped to stay strong: the knowledge that, even if she refused a treat from Jen's mom, she could still snack on the delicious diet candy bars that Laurie had given her. She patted her pocket where she had stashed a couple bars for just such an emergency.

"No thanks, Mrs. Sarovy," she said. Those might have been the most difficult words that she had to utter in her entire life, but the thought of the diet bars gave her strength.

"Okay, suit yourself, dearie." Jen's mom returned to baking. Alice turned away from the baking sheet to surreptitiously unwrap one of the diet energy bars that Laurie had given her and pop it in her mouth. That hit the spot! If she could manage to avoid eating junk food and just stick to these special diet supplements, she should be shedding pounds pretty quickly.

Alice grabbed the baking sheet and waddled over to the oven. Eating only diet food was a good start, she mused. But if she really wanted to shed some blubber, she needed to do more. Alice made a mental note to do the one thing that she knew she had to do but had been avoiding for months: She had to go work out at the gym.

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For once, Alice stuck to her resolution. Sort of.

She waddled into the gym, already huffing and puffing just from the laborious trek from her car to the front door. She was dressed for exercise, wearing a tight orange spandex tube top and black spandex exercise shorts. Alice was so plump and round that her orange top made her look like a Halloween pumpkin. Or, it would have, except that the spandex shirt kept riding up over her belly, allowing her flabby gut to hang out in two thick jelly rolls that quivered and shook with every lumbering step.

Heads turned as Alice lumbered past, each step sending a thunderous quake through the floor. The chubby cutie was so out of shape that she was already panting from walking across the gym floor. In fact, she was almost ready to turn around and head home again, but she really, really wanted to lose some weight before she was mistaken for an escaped hippopotamus. She clutched a greasy paper bag in her stubby fingers; always hungry, she had to stop by a donut shop on her way to the gym. Alice hadn't eaten any yet... well, just one or two as she was driving over. The rest would be her post-work out breakfast. It was okay to

have donuts for breakfast, right? She'd eaten nothing but diet bars all week so she could splurge once, and she hadn't been able to resist buying a few donuts when she's driven past the bakery this morning. Already her flabby belly was grumbling ominously in anticipation of the feast to come. But first, she needed to burn a few calories

With a grunt of exertion, Alice mounted the pedal machine and started pedaling. It wasn't easy. Her mountainous protruding belly got in the way of her tree-trunk legs when she tried to pedal, so that her knees constantly bumped her bloated gut and sent shock-wave ripples through the spongy blubber of her belly and boobs. Alice's fat body was a constantly rippling ocean of fat, her bulging breasts nearly bouncing out of her neckline to slap her in her round, double chinned face. It took less than a minute before Alice was completely winded. Wheezing and sweating, she had to pause. Her blubber took several more seconds to stop moving after she did, but, once her entire body was at rest, she leaned over to grab the paper bag of donuts she had brought in with her, tore it open, and stuffed one in her mouth. She deserved a treat after such a strenuous workout after all!

She leaned back with a sigh, her chubby cheeks quivering as she chewed, her ballooning paunch hanging out. After a few minutes of sitting, she decided she'd had enough. She heaved herself to her feet and waddled to the next machine. At least she intended to. Despite her best intentions, Alice found her feet leading her back toward the front door. Her enormous belly was no longer just grumbling, it was outright roaring. It wanted the rest of those donuts and Alice was in no state to deny it.

"That's enough of a work out for now," she wheezed to herself, popping a second donut between her lips. "I don't want my first exercise session to be too strenuous; I might hurt something and then I won't be able to keep up a routine!"

With that rationalization, Alice left the gym. And, despite her promises, she did not return.

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By the time the fair rolled around, Alice and Jen were both fat. There was no denying that at all. Having almost completely failed in her attempts to exercise, Alice still looked like a human bowling ball. But she had managed to disguise her inflated figure somewhat with a frilly white blouse and (relatively) well-fitting denim miniskirt cinched by a fashionable belt. But Jen was dressed in a button down flannel shirt that hugged her ample curves too closely and ill-fitting blue jeans. She had a lot of trouble buttoning her jeans around her wide hips and thunder thighs. They were so tight that when Kristine saw them she suspected that the main reason Jen also wore a sparkly bling bling belt around her waist wasn't to prevent them from falling down by rather to hide the fact that she had to leave them unbuttoned. The belt was just

a tad too short to buckle around Jen's expanding waistline, so Jen had poked an extra hole in the very end.

And, of course, Jen was massive. She was huge. A month of near constant pie stuffing had piled so many pounds onto Jen's voluptuous frame that she looked like an upside-down ice cream cone.

Kristine watched in awe as the two plumpers shuffled toward her. She could not believe just how fat Jen had grown over the last month. She was as big as a house!

"Jen, uhhh, how are you?" said Kristine, as Jen shuffled up to the pie-eating booth. "You sure look...healthy today."

"Yeah, I totally am, I've been working out!" bubbled the bootilicious bimbo. Her massive ass rippled behind her as she waddled to Kristine's side. "When does the contest start? I am totally gonna enter! And I am totally gonna win!"

"You're going to enter the pie contest?" said Kristine incredulously. Somehow, she felt like having a member of the squad entering a contest run by the squad to make money was kind of bending the rules...in spirit if not in letter. But the truth was, Kristine was a little desperate. They hadn't yet had enough contestants sign up to meet the minimum quota for fairground competitions, and she was afraid that she might need to cancel the contest and refund everyone's money. And then she would look quite the fool! Not to mention that the squad wouldn't have the cash it needed for some much needed bigger uniforms.

"We're supposed to start in half an hour," said Kristine. "But we might not be able to. We're still two people short, so we might need to cancel."

Jen was scribbling her name down on the sign-up sheet. "Well, like, now you're not!"

"Well, now we're just one person short."

"What?" Jen stared blankly. Math was hard! It wasn't by accident that she'd gotten all those F's recently!

Both girls looked to Alice.

"Alice, we need one more contestant or we're going to have to call off the contest," said Kristine, "Do you want to join in?" Kristine's eyes briefly traveled the length of Alice's plump body. It was apparent that Alice's exercise and diet regime had paid off, if only because her constant expansion had slowed to a crawl recently.

"Ummmm, I really shouldn't," said Alice, absent mindedly rubbing her plump tummy. But the pies did smell enticing and Alice's rotund stomach was already gurgling in anticipation. She knew that joining the contest would probably undo all of her hard work dieting and exercising, but the aroma of those pies was just too heavenly. She couldn't resist!

The next thing Alice knew, she was sitting at the table, a white cloth bib tucked into the

neckline of her blouse, an assortment of steaming hot pies on the table before her. What happened? She was sure that she must have declined to enter the contest, but here she was. Her mind was a blank, but surely she wouldn't have agreed to join in, not when she was being so good about her diet, not when the pounds had been melting off her? But here she was.

Jen sat on the bench next to her, her generous badonkadonk so wide that the bench started to groan, its legs bending, as the hefty honey started to settle her weight down. When sitting, her weight caused her bulging booty to spread even wider, her soft flesh stretching the material of her ill-fitting jeans. The girls stationed behind her marveled as the spreading butt blubber pressed tightly through the lattice on the bench back. Jen herself almost cooed at the sensation; it reminded her of when Craig would fondle her enormous swollen derriere with his strong hands. Nevertheless, the fat-assed bimbo made sure to keep her mind on the task at hand.

Alice looked down the table. There were probably about a dozen contestants, mostly larger boys, some fat, some muscular. Alice and Jen were the only girls here. She didn't spend much time thinking about it, because the warm smell of freshly-baked pies was making her head swim.

Then the parade of food began.

The crowd cheered, every spectator rooting for some friend in the contest. Kristine and the other cheerleaders kept busy shoving new pies onto the table every time an old one disappeared down someone's gullet.

Everyone here was a veteran eater, but no one was faster than Jen. She was, after all, the only person who had actively trained for this moment. She shoved her face into the pie in front of her, chomping into it like a pig at the trough, blueberry filling staining her teeth and face, dribbling down the bib tucked into her cleavage. She sucked up the pie with the expert Hoovering skills of a girl experienced at eating massive snacks and giving amazing blowjobs. And she wanted more more more! She needed more!

Another pie materialized in front of Jen. Her pie-addled mind was swimming. She'd eaten so many pies that she had a sudden vision of herself reacting like Violet Beuregarde in "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory," that the crowd at the fair would notice a blue blush start to spread across her pie-stained face before her pie-bloated belly began to swell out, her entire body growing bigger and rounder, her blue rotund gut bursting her bling bling belt to shreds, splitting the crotch of her already unbuttoned jeans, blowing the buttons from her shirt, one by one, oozing over the table like blue dough rising in the oven, pushing it over as it grew, grew, grew, pies spilling everywhere, the crowd drawing back as she continued to blimp, rounding into a colossal helpless blueberry.

She squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head to clear out the vision. That was ridiculous. That sort of thing didn't happen in real life no matter how many pies you ate. She wiped her arm across her mouth to clean off some of the pie filling (with little success) and dove

into the next pie with renewed gusto. She knew she could still win!

Meanwhile, Alice stared, bleary-eyed, at the last pie in front of her. The blubbery blonde was totally stuffed to the gills, her slack mouth ringed with blueberry filling, her cheeks bulging as she dumbly chewed that last bite, her blouse riding up the front of her round globular belly. Since Alice was only in the contest as a formality and didn't care about winning like Jen did, you would think that she didn't need to force herself to eat everything in front of her. But Alice was a consummate glutton and once she had begun eating all thoughts of any contest went out of her head. All she thought about was getting as much pie into her yawning belly as possible.

"Hey, Alice, you can slow down," whispered Kristine, "You've won...sort of. I mean, you tied. We ran out of pies and you two are the only ones left."

"Huh?" Alice shook her head to clear away the pie fog. In her feeding frenzy, she hadn't noticed that she and Jen were the only two contestants left. Everyone else had long since given up, leaving the two inflated cheerleaders alone in their piggish gluttony. What people remained in the crowd seemed mesmerized by the enormous amount of food that the two girls were consuming.

Kristine poked Alice lightly in her stuffed gut and found that it was so tightly packed that there was barely an inch of give. The pressure of Kristine's finger forced a belch to burst from Alice's slack lips.

"Congratulations, you two! I didn't think anyone could eat so much pie! Um. Are you going to be okay?" She eyed Alice's colossally distended gut nervously, unconsciously backing away slightly as if afraid that the overstuffed girl might detonate like a bomb. Next to Alice, Jen's stomach was similarly puffed out, taut and glistening with perspiration after the supreme effort of eating so much pie. Both girls were wheezing and gasping shallowly, barely able to draw in any breaths after their greedy feasting.

"I'm...so...full," huffed Jen, her eyes glassy, her chubby cheeks covered in pie filling. Despite herself, she licked at her cheeks to get one last sweet taste. "I think...I overdid it... ohhhhh." She clutched at her overfull, gurgling midsection, which was hot and tight to the touch.

"Me too," sighed Alice. Their gluttony had taken them way past ecstasy into pain.

Kristine's concern deepened. "Do you guys need a doctor or something?" She didn't think that girls could actually explode from overeating but these two cows looked like they were definitely about to challenge that assumption.

"Help...please," mumbled Alice, flailing her uselessly fat arms. With a few grunts and groans, Kristine and Denise managed to raise the bloated beauty to her feet. Alice wobbled unsteadily, as the two thinner girls repeated the process with Jen.

"Are you two going to be okay?" asked Kristine, nervously eying their bloated middles. The two giant guts gurgled and churned, filled to the brim with tasty pie.

"Yeah, we're jesht fine," slurred Jen. She was so stuffed and bloated that she was

practically drunk on pie. She attempted to take a step, but her giant belly threw off her center of gravity and she nearly fell flat on her face. She grabbed onto Alice's shoulders to steady herself, shaking her flabby friend around a bit. The jolt made Alice burp loudly, but she was so stupidly stuffed that she didn't have the energy to be embarrassed.

"Right, Alice?" huffed Jen, "I thin'...I thin' we just need to...walk it off."

"Yeah," hiccupped Alice in agreement. "A little walk...will help us burn off a few calories." The swollen sweetie patted her packed gut for emphasis.

"Ummm...sure, if you say so," said Kristine dubiously. These two fatties would have to run an entire marathon to even put a dent in that pie gorge.

She watched the two plumpers waddle away. Alice and Jen had to support each other as they wobbled along, hands across each other's backs, big swollen bellies pushed out in front, swaying along like a pair of massively pregnant women.

All around them, the fair was practically bursting with exotic taste treats, caramel apple stands and kettle corn concessions, candy barrels and soda jerks. It was like they were a pair of drug addicts walking into an opium den.



## 26.B Laurie, Alice, & Jen

Laurie sat on her bed, pissed. Pissed that Jen and Alice had gone to the fair without her. Those bitches!

"Can you believe that they went without me?" she said crossly, running her hand across Pumpkin's back. The kitten purred happily, oblivious to Laurie's annoyance. Laurie snorted angrily. "Well, who needs them? I sure don't! I don't need anyone except you, Pumpkin!"

Laurie spent most of her time at home lounging in her underwear. She still dressed to the nines when she had to go out and be seen, but, at home, clothes were too tight and confining. Right now, she wore nothing but her knickers, bra and chocolate-stained wife beater. The wife beater was practically bursting at the seams, struggling to encircle her massive jugs and pot belly. It only came halfway down her midsection, seeing as how much extra material was necessary to cover her growing knockers. A big box of bonbons sat on her bedside table. She grabbed one and stuffed it into her mouth, chewing loudly and angrily.

"Just –crunch crunch – I don't want to go to some gross pie-eating contest! Crunch crunch, because those two have no self respect!"

Pumpkin stretched and yawned before jumping down from her lap.

"Ugh, fine be that way!" snorted the haughty hottie. "I don't need you either."

She popped a second bon bon between her glossy lips. Laurie was becoming hot and bothered, a familiar tingle building between her legs as she ate.

"Fuck this," she huffed angrily, "I need some release." With a grunt, she reached over and fished her favorite vibrator out of the drawer in her bedside drawer. Her pussy twitched in anticipation, throbbing inside her too-tight panties.

Laurie grabbed the hem of her undershirt, pulling it over her head and throwing it aside. A few threads popped in the process. She tried to reach behind her with one hand to unclasp her bra, while her other hand grabbed for another chocolate. She crammed it in her mouth, fumbling with the bra clasp, grunting and mumbling as she struggled. She grabbed the vibrator again and flicked it on. A gentle buzzing noise filled the room and Laurie strained to reach it between her legs. No dice. Laurie had eaten too much. She was so stuffed and bloated that it was impossible to reach over the dome of her stomach without putting uncomfortable pressure on her poor tummy. She grunted in annoyance as she struggled to find a way around this giant obstacle. But it was just too hard to do while one hand was occupied with undoing the buckle of

her big lacy brassiere.

"Fuck this shit!" she snarled, shoving the vibrator into her panties with a final burst of power.

Without warning, the door to her room flew open and Frank walked in.

"Hey, Laurie, your mom let me in and..." His voice trailed off as he realized what Laurie was doing.

Laurie glowered at her intruding boyfriend, her cheeks bulging with chocolate. She was breathing heavily, her bulbous bazooms rising and falling.

"What are you doing, Laurie?" A slight smile played across his face. He made a mental note that he really needed to start knocking. After the incident when he'd accidentally barged in on Jen and had her flash her naked ass at him, walking in on girls in their intimate situations was becoming a habit!

Her face flushing a bright red, Laurie struggled to talk through a mouthful of food. "Nffing! Nothing!" She shifted in bed, closing her legs. Laurie was so embarrassed that she could barely talk. Worse, the buzzing noise of the vibrator still filled the room, resisting all her steadfast efforts to ignore it. She knew that Frank must hear it too, and he could see the jiggling lump in her panties where the vibrator was hidden. If he'd had any doubts about what she was up to, that sound would have erased them.

"It doesn't look like nothing to me."

"Well then, what's it look like, fatass? Jeez!"

"It looks like you're having yourself a special dessert."

Laurie narrowed her eyes. The vibrator continued to buzz, tickling her fat pussy and adding to her agitation.

Frank eased himself onto the bed next to the curvy cutie. The bed sank beneath his added weight.

"Now looks like I know your dirty secret, Laurie," said Frank. "Did you eat all this and turn yourself on?"

Laurie's face remained beet red, but she pressed her full lips into a tight line. She was still angry.

Frank leaned forward, whispering into Laurie's ear, his breath tickling her lobe, his finger moving up to trace the outside of her pussy ever so lightly.

"You horny, babe?"

"No," whispered Laurie quietly. But her lips were quivering and a tiny whimper escaped

her throat.

"Someone eat too much, hmmm? Belly bigger than her boobs?"

"No..my belly's not bigger than my boobs..."

"Oh, I think it is, babe. I think poor baby's had too much to eat." He rubbed her full tummy, making Laurie coo despite herself.

"Laurie likes to eat, doesn't she? Baby loves to eat."

"Oohh, yes. I love to eat."

"Why didn't you tell me, baby? Why didn't you tell frank how much you liked to eat?"

"Cuz...ohh..I was...ohhh..."

"Baby afraid of looking like a little piggy? Baby didn't want Frank to know she was a little piggie?"

"Mmm, yessss... I was...so embarrassed because...I'm become...such a fat piggie... mmmm...and I can't stop..."

"What's that, piggie? What can't you stop?"

"Can't...stop..."

"Can't stop what, piggie?"

"Can't...stop...eating..."

"Look at your boobs, babe. Look at how big they are."

"Big...boobs..." sighed Laurie

"You're not a piggie at all, are you, babe?" whispered Frank, "These udders of yours are so big and fat... You're really a cow, aren't you?"

Laurie sighed. "Mooo."

Once again, Laurie was melting under Frank's teasing. She still didn't completely understand why he had this effect on her. She wouldn't stand for this treatment from anyone else – no one else could call attention to her rising weight and expect to survive! But somehow, she had come to like it when Frank teased her about it. As long as he continued to lavish the requisite attention on her expanding boobs. Laurie was always dominant in every other aspect of her life, so it still made her feel a little odd – though deliciously naughty – to have a boy take the upper hand with her.

Frank plucked a bon bon from the box. Laurie instinctively began licking her lips as he brought it over, only to briefly furrow her brow in annoyance when she realized that he wasn't

bringing it to her lips. Instead he lightly touched the chocolatey treat against her inner thigh, drawing it ever so lightly up alongside the lips of her moist pussy (drawing a sudden involuntary shudder from the busty beauty), before up over her rounded belly, between the twin peaks of her pendulous bosom, and up to her waiting mouth. Laurie's lips were already parted in anticipation, her delicate tongue running over her white teeth so eager to taste this next treat.

"You want to eat this, baby? Which lips want to be filled more?"

Frank's other hand fluttered against her inner thigh again, while he held the chocolate treat just out of reach from Laurie's salivating mouth.

"Ohhh...Fraaaank...don't...tease me..."

"Sorry, baby, you only get one or the other."

"Ohhhh...but...I need booothhhhh.."

She craned her neck, futilely trying to reach the chocolate, her tongue poking out. At the same time, she reached over to take Frank's other hand in hers. Chuckling, Frank pushed the chocolate into her waiting mouth before grabbing another from the box.

"Want some more, babe?"

"Mmmmm, just one more..."

He poked another candy into her eager mouth, her tummy puffing out even more. Frank slipped his hand inside her panties, stroking her tenderly.

"That's enough. Frank, I need you to fuck me! Gulp!"

He popped the chocolate into her mouth. "No, not feed -- Gulp -- me!"

"Aren't you listening? I've already had enough chocolate --Gulp-- I need a big hard cock before I explode!"

"Hmm, I think baby needs some more chocolates, is what she needs."

"GULP! Ohhh, Frank, I'm serious...my pussy is on fire -- GULP -- and chocolate is...no helping that..."

With every swallow, Laurie's swollen belly was tingling more and more, a sensation that the bulging girl had recently begun to associate with sexual pleasure. The result was that being stuffed was only making her wetter and wetter.

"Ohhhh GAWD, Frank, enough! No more! I want more...but...I can't take it...I need you inside me or I'm going to DIE. Just be careful, I'm totally full."

They finally finished that box, and Laurie was really full and breathing heavy.

"Well, that box is done, guess there's only one thing left to do," said Frank. He unzipped

his pants, leaned toward Laurie... and pulled out another box of chocolates from her nightstand.  
"Finish the next box!"

"No, I'm done..." protested Laurie, but she opened her mouth to accept another truffle.

"Then why is piggy still eating?" asked Frank, smiling.

"Piggy isn't! I mean, I'm not! You're making me!"

"Okay, I'll stop then."

"Noo! Just..maybe one more..."

"One more for piggy."

"Yes, piggy wants more."

-Gulp-

"Mmm, baby like the fattening chocolate?" said Frank.

-gulp-

"I think that one is making your legs fat"

-gulp-

"That one I saw go to that big belly,"

-gulp –

"Hmm, someone getting full? Where's this chocolate going, baby? Do you feel it here?"  
He cupped a hefty boob.

"Hmmm, it better be going there..It better me making my..boobs fatter," sighed Laurie, her eyes closed, chocolate dribbling down her chubby cheeks.

"Uh oh," said Frank, "I think this one's going to your fat little tummy! Gonna make it even fatter."

Laurie whined weakly as Frank pushed the last truffle into her bulging cheeks. Her belly was so full and bloated now that her undershirt had been forced up, now fitting as a tight roll across her colossal rounded hooters.

Are...are they all gone, Frank? Ugghhh." she moaned. She strained to sit up but quickly gave up, falling back into the bed. Her mammoth mammaries sloshed back and forth as she collapsed into bed.

"Please fuck me, Frank, I'm so horny. But I'm so stuffed and fat that I can't even move."

"Don't worry, Laurie, let me take care of this."

His hands traveled back down over the dome of her distended stomach to hoist down her panties, exposing her moist naked pussy and the still-buzzing vibrator. He pressed lightly on the vibrator, smirking as Laurie bucked slightly in response.

"Oh!"

"You like that?"

"Yessss, but...I need you now..."

Frank pulled off his pants and underwear, clamoring next to his overstuffed girlfriend. She gasped and burped as he grabbed hold of her thick thighs and slowly slid himself inside of her.

Slowly, he began to pump into her, causing Laurie to groan from a mixture of pleasure and pain. Her enormous belly bounced and shook like a mountain in an earthquake as Frank began to move faster and faster. Laurie began gnashing her teeth as if she was chewing on some invisible food; even in the throgs of passion, it looked like her mind was still on something else. Frank noticed that her tongue was constantly darting over her lips, lapping up the last vestiges of the departed bon bons. She said she was full, but Frank suspected that she was still craving more sweets.

"You still hungry though, aren't you, Laurie?"

Laurie didn't respond, just moaning in pleasure at the fucking. Frank put his finger in her mouth, and she started sucking it like a baby instinctively latching onto a nipple.

Frank noticed something else on the bedside table: a bottle of chocolate syrup. He wondered why Laurie had it there. Considering her sweet tooth, Frank wouldn't be surprised if she sucked it like a baby bottle before falling asleep every night. She never seemed to pass up a chance to pump more calories into her soft, rotund tummy.

"You want something to suck, baby?"

Laurie gasped and nodded. Smirking again, Frank grabbed the chocolate sauce and held it over Laurie's face. She opened her mouth, anticipating another sweet treat, and Frank expertly shot a squirt directly into her mouth.

Frank felt himself getting even more excited as he thought about what those extra calories might do to Laurie's already zaftig frame. The effect was not lost on Laurie, who squealed as she felt her boyfriend's turgid dick stiffen and swell in response to her meal.

She liked the feeling. And she wanted more.

"Gimmie," she mumbled, grabbing the squeeze bottle away from him. To Frank's surprise, the busty beauty queen squeezed the bottle and squirted syrup all over her big bodacious boobies. The cold syrup made the bloated birdie squeal and squirm, her cork-sized nipples popping to attention. Without missing a beat, she grabbed one hemispherical hooter

with her free hand and twisted the teat up to her mouth.

"Ohhhhh!" She felt Frank's cock growing even more inside her, filling her to bursting, sending electrical waves of pleasure coursing through her fat, inflated body. Frank might have been in charge up until now, but Laurie felt the need to assert just a little bit of dominance, something to show Frank that she was still a force to be reckoned with, that she was the one with the power to make his cock grow.

"Ohhh, Frank, mmm you like that don't you, you when your baby's just a big bloated sticky mess...Mmmm...oh dear, now look what I've done, I've got sticky chocolate all over my big fat boobies. Ohh I'm such a naughty naughty baby, I've made such a mess. I've just got to lick it allllll up. But oh no, all this syrup..it's just going to make me even fatter, won't it, Frank? Oh dear, whatever will I do? But I can't just leave it there, it's such a mess. Ohhh, I guess I just...don't...have...any choice...I guess I'll just have to lick it allll up and just hope it doesn't make me tooo much fatter, that it doesn't allll settle in my big fat titties and make them even bigger. Can you imagine that, Frank? If this syrup made my giant boobs even bigger? If your baby was the big boob queen of town? Ohhh I can feel that you like that a lot, don't you baby?"

She knew that he did like it because she felt his hot dick hard and tight inside her. And it gave her an extra thrill to know that she was responsible.

"You drink enough syrup and you'll be the big boob queen of the state, baby."

"Ooh!" The praise aroused the vain beauty even more, her vagina gushed at the thought. Her own boobs bounced up and down, slapping her in her face. "F.f.f.frank, slow down! I can't get my nipples in my mouth! It's covered with chocolate and I want it! I mean, I want to clean it!"

"I know you do, baby. Maybe lick enough syrup to become the big boob queen of the country!"

"Ohhhhh!" Laurie was flushing as red as a fire engine, her giant tits turning red as though they knew they were being discussed.

"The big boob queen of the world..."

"OoOoooooh!" Laurie's eyes closed, her full lips formed a perfect O.

"The big boob queen of the UNIVERSE."

Their simultaneous orgasms echoed throughout the house.

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"Oh god, I ate sooo much," moaned Jen. Even by her generous standards of eating,

she'd eaten more than her share. She cradled her stuffed belly in her hands, whimpering softly.

"Oof, I know," said Alice. Her bloated gut looked like a beachball. "I just want to go home and sleep now."

She stopped. The delicious fair smells were just too enticing. Funnel cakes, corndogs, candied apples...in spite of her fullness, Alice's mouth began to water and her tummy grumbled. She knew that the last thing she needed was more calories, but she was powerless in the grip of her all-consuming appetite.

"Um, maybe we could grab one last bite to eat before we leave?" asked Alice shyly. She rubbed her distended belly self-consciously. She burped again, freeing up a little more room in her bulging belly. There was definitely room now for a little snack. And just a few more calories really wouldn't make a big difference after all those pies, right?

She looked to Jen, half afraid that the other girl would laugh at Alice's suggestion or mock her constant hunger. But to her surprise, Jen also seemed to be transfixed by the selection of midway treats. A small puddle of drool was forming in the corner of Jen's mouth as she stared at the food booths.

"Um, yeah, like why not?" said Jen, wiping away her saliva with one thick arm. "Just like a little snack, right?"

The two girls waddled to the closest booth to purchase a pair of caramel apples. The apples disappeared into their bellies in minutes. But that wasn't the end of their feast.

Faced with this cornucopia of delights, neither girl had the willpower to resist and soon they descended into renewed gluttony. Funnel cake, cotton candy, popcorn, they tried it all. It was a whirlwind of indulgence, the blimping babes sampling foods so fast that they barely knew what they were doing.

Alice was vaguely aware of a pain in her groaning stomach, but she pushed it aside as her nostrils caught a whiff of fresh-baked pretzels.

"Mmmm," mumbled Jen through a mouthful of grilled corn. She lifted the cob to her mouth and took another big juicy bite, the juice running down her face. "This is soooooo good! Try it!"

She shoved the cob into Alice's face. Alice didn't even bother to take it from Jen, instead just chomping down on it as Jen held it.

"Okay...I think...I think I've had enough," gasped Alice as she pulled away from the empty cob. She was so full that she could barely breathe. Her belly had become an enormous globe, stretched so tight and full that it was flushing a bright, fire engine red. Her frilly blouse was stretched tight, the ruffles and pleats pulled flat. It had begun to creep up her fat gut, the bottom quarter of her tum hanging out like an inflated inner tube. Alice's denim miniskirt was so tight now that it was strangling her; she literally felt like it was cutting off all her circulation below her waist.



"Yeah," huffed Jen, "Me...too..." The bottom-heavy bimbo looked like she'd eaten an entire cow her belly was so huge. Alice couldn't recall a time that she'd ever seen Jen without first noticing her colossal buttocks, but now her enormous gut was definitely demanding attention. Jen was so round and tight that she looked like someone had blown her up with a bicycle pump. She slowly, gingerly pushed herself to her feet, her sparkly belt groaning as she moved. The belt was stretched even tighter than when she'd first put it on this morning, so much that it was possible to see the straining leather between the sparklies.

"Can't...walk," mumbled Jen, leaning backwards and using her hands to support her back just like a massively pregnant woman might. She almost lost her balance but luckily didn't fall; if she fell on her overloaded gut, there was a very good chance that she might split wide open!

"Okay...now...we really..better leave...before we pop," said Alice, rubbing her tight, grotesquely swollen gut.

Alice stopped. Some delightful smell had hit her nostrils, filling her with a new hunger. In spite of herself, she began to drool again. Her stomach rumbled ominously, as if to warn her: NO. PLEASE STOP. CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE. But Alice paid it no mind. She turned to look at Jen. Jen's face wore the same blank, dumb expression of gluttonous lust; she'd obviously smelled the same thing. Kettlecorn!

Alice lightly pressed her finger into the taut fabric of her miniskirt. It felt like there was still a little give in there.

"Just...a little?" gasped Alice, so stuffed full that she could barely breathe enough to talk. She was sweating profusely, her plump face a bright beet red. This should have been yet another signal to the two tubby teens that they should really stop eating for a little while, but there was no stopping their intense hoggish greed. Food was their master and it was calling them. Their gluttony would be their undoing.

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The kettlecorn was it. They were done. No more. Both girls had gorged themselves way beyond the limits of safety and sanity, so obscenely full that they looked like two helium balloons barely tethered to the ground. By now, both girls were having trouble breathing, so talking was entirely out of the question.

"I..can't...walk," moaned Alice, "stomach...hurts..too much."

"Over...there," gasped Jen. She pointed to a nearby tree. "Let's just...lie down for..a bit."

The two girls wobbled the last few feet over to the tree, supporting each other as best they could. Alice lowered her groaning friend to the ground, plopping Jen onto her broad bum, before she collapsed to the ground herself. All they could do was lie quietly, their colossal guts gurgling and churning, and wait for their meals to digest enough that they could stand up again.

"I can't believe how much we've eaten!" groaned Alice. Her belly looked huge! She could barely see over it it was so big.

"I don't think I'll ever eat again," sighed Jen with a dainty burp. "Haha, like, I'll bet Laurie would freak if she saw us now."

"Yeah, she wasn't happy about this pie contest. And I was trying so hard to lose weight. Now I've messed it all up. We'll never fit in our cheer uniforms again! Laurie's gonna flip!" She burped loudly, her tummy bubbling and gurgling.

"Yeah, well, Laurie's one to talk! She's been packing on the pounds too, ya know. Haven't you noticed that her belly's sticking out almost as far as her boobs? Not that she'll ever admit it. She loves those big ol' titties of hers too much. But, like, she's totally getting way fat."

Jen giggled. Alice looked shocked. How could Jen say something so mean about her friend?

"I thought you liked Laurie!"

Jen stared at her friend in shock. "Of course I like Laurie! Laurie's my best friend in the whole world!" Jen sounded genuinely upset that Alice would even doubt that.

"Yeah, but you said..."

"Um, yeah, I know what I said! Like, we all totally know that Laurie's kind of a bitch. But she's our bitch! You haven't known her as long as I have, so you totally don't know this, but, deep down, Laurie is totally the sweetest girl, like, in the world!"

Alice looked dubious. Jen stared off into the distance for a moment. She shifted in place to get more comfortable, her overfilled belly wobbling like a mountain in an earthquake.

"See, the truth is... I was actually kind of a dork back in middle school."

"Oh, I'm sure that's not true!"

"No, I totally was! I was all pimply and I had these big giant braces and all this tangled hair. Kids were always a little mean to me, even after I started cheerleading. Like, they thought I was too gooney and awkward to do a handstand or a cartwheel. But I, like, really wanted to prove them all wrong! And I was, like, doing pretty good, but then puberty hit. And, you know, like, a lot of the girls start growing upstairs, but not me. I, like, started growing downstairs...and it doesn't stop! Soon I had this big old bottom, throwing me off balance. I started bumping into kids in the hall and knocking chairs over whenever I bent over."

Jen sighed deeply before continuing. "The kids started getting even meaner then, calling me all sorts of names like "Wideload" and "Butzilla." The summer after I started growing, I went away for cheer camp. I thought, like, maybe if I practiced enough, I could learn to cheer right, even with my giant behind? But it didn't go all that well, the kids there were all picking on me too. And then one day, the worst thing happened. I was in the lockerroom and this total

bitch Jane Jacobs grabbed my panties out of my bag and starts waving them around, laughing at them and being all "OOoooooh my god, it's like a circus tent! You could sail a boat with these!"

"And I was, like, almost in tears now. I was barely holding together, the whole squad was snickering at me and I just standing there like a big fat dope with my big fat ass.

And then suddenly there's a voice coming from just outside the room, all "Why don't you give those back, honey?" and Jane turns around to see this new girl standing there. This new student, long black hair, flashing eyes, totally flat, this face with the steeliest gaze ever. "Now now, sweetie, why don't you just give those back to Jen, hmmm?" in just the sweetest, most syrupy voice. And Jane is all, "Why don't you make me? Who are you? Some friend of Princess Too-Much-Tush here?" And just Laurie goes up to her, still smiling the sweetest smile you've ever seen, just grabs her hair and twists and hisses "Oh, sweetie, well, I am now." And Jane just goes to jelly and drops my underwear! And that's how we became BFF!"

"Wow," said Alice, "I didn't realize that she'd stood up for you like that."

"Totally, Laurie made sure that nobody ever made fun of me again! And, of course, she helped me in other ways too. She's the one who helped me totally get rid of my spots and get my hair under control. I'd still be a total dork without her!"

Alice was quiet. "You know, I think I know what you mean. Laurie used to be kind of mean to me about my weight. But she's really been super nice lately. She even gave me all that diet food to help me lose weight! I think they might have been working too, because all that dieting and exercise...well, I think I stopped gaining!"

On cue, her full stomach gurgled to remind her of her broken diet.

"Well, I might gain...a little from this, but this doesn't count, right? I mean, it's like you said, fair food!"

"That's totally right! Everyone goes off their diet at the fair, so it's totally okay. Because we'll start being good once we're done here," agreed Jen.

"Yeah!" said Alice, "And with those diet bars, I'll be dropping pounds really soon!"

"Yeah, totally," said Jen, but her smile faltered a bit. She knew that the so-called diet bars were anything but. If Alice ate them for every meal, she would blow up even faster. Jen was beginning to honestly get worried about Alice's rapid gain. Although, if she were totally honest, she would have had to admit that her own rapid gain was more stupendous. A month of training, of making sure that she was constantly stuffed full of fattening pastries, of never letting a single calorie go to waste, not even her boyfriend's cum, had plumped Jen into an absolute zeppelin.

But she was finding it difficult to concentrate when she was so full. In fact, both girls were so stuffed and bloated that they soon drifted off to sleep.

## 26.C Alice & Jen

Alice was dreaming. She was sitting in an ornate room, at the head of a long table covered with exotic dishes. She barely registered most of the sumptuous treats arrayed down the length of the table, because her attention was entirely focused on the one dish right in front of her, a deep bowl of rich, cream-heavy pasta. Alice was attacking it with a gusto rarely seen in a teenage girl.

In the back of her mind, Alice was worried. She didn't think that she would be able to finish all the food on the table. There was just too much! But she would finish this one dish first, then she would worry about the rest. The plump princess ate and ate, pushing noodles into her bulging cheeks with almost desperate abandon. Even before she's finished one dish, her soft belly was feeling full, pressing against the waistband of her skirt and the buttons of her blouse.

Adding to poor Alice's distress was the fact that no sooner had she begun to gorge on one dish when a waiter in a powdered wig and fancy regency dress clothes would immediately pull it away to replace it with another. An endless stream of waiters was flowing into the room, carrying an endless array of tasty meals on silver platters. And poor gluttonous Alice was powerless to resist! The only thing that kept her from eating to her absolute heart's content was that the waiters would take away dishes – regardless of whether she was done or not – before placing another one down.

As expected, a waiter grabbed the tray before Alice and started to pull it away, even though Alice wasn't yet finished. Alice continued to desperately stab her fork into the entrée and shove more morsels into her mouth until it was completely out of reach. Only then did she turn her attention to the next dish in front of her. Heaving a heavy sigh, Alice grabbed another fork and set to work on this giant bowl of gelatin. As long as there was food in front of her, Alice needed to eat.

Alice leaned back, her plump arms flailing, helping under the swelling of her own belly. Her bloated stomach gurgled and groaned, pressing against her blouse with extreme force. The buttons down her front were hanging on for dear life, the straining material puckered to form huge gaps. The blouse pulled out from the waistband of her tight denim skirt, revealing the pink skin of her full lower pot belly.

Mustering all her strength, the swollen sweetie lurched forward to grab a pastry that had just been placed on the table before her. Her bulging abdomen made it difficult to get at it – first, because it was so large now that it bumped into the edge of the table when she leaned forward and second, because it was so stuffed that even a minor bruise was intensely painful to the poor porky princess.

Once she'd grabbed the pastry, Alice fell backwards again, leaning back in the chair. Wordlessly, she raised the jelly-covered pastry to her lips and began gnawing.

More and more waiters were rushing into the room, carrying more and more trays. It was a dizzying whirlwind of food and Alice was eating so fast now that it barely registered. She shoved food into her mouth with abandon, oblivious to the fact that she was rapidly blowing up, her belly filling out and stretching her shirt, her boobs plumping up and rising from her collar like bread dough, her ass stretching out and straining the seams in her tearing denim miniskirt. She was shocked back to reality momentarily when a button blew off her blouse with a ping! Alice tried to look down at the source of the noise, but her inflating double chin made it difficult. Soft white flesh poured out of the hole left by the defeated button, testing the buttons above and below. She could only stare at herself in horror as she inflated bigger and bigger, buttons flying from her top...

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When Alice came to her senses, she and Jen were lying under a tree, barely able to move. Both girls were gasping for air, still stuffed absolutely to bursting. Alice hiccupped, her drum-tight tummy jostling.

She noticed that Jen was nibbling dumbly on the nub of a corndog. She felt too stuffed and bloated to finish it, but she didn't have the willpower to stop eating. As long as there was food available, she was compelled to push it into her mouth. Her heavy-lidded eyes were blank and glazed; her slack cheeks bulged with food, a thick dribble of drool hung from her lips as she absently sucked on the corn dog as if it were a pacifier. Alice noticed that she was still clutching the last remnants of her feast in her pudgy hand, the few morsels that she'd been too stuffed to finish before her nap: half of a deep-fried twinkie in her left, and a partially-eaten caramel apple in her right.

Next to her, Alice could hear Jen struggling to breathe. Jen's belt groaned with every inhalation. Her vast doughy belly rose up, up, up with each labored gasp, pushing on the dying buckle with all its might.

Alice looked over at her fat friend, her eyes trailing down Jen's monumental middle to the rapidly tearing belt. She wanted to warn Jen that her belt was about to explode, but she couldn't bring herself to stop eating long enough to get the words out. When she opened her mouth, she found herself automatically pushing yet another bite of delicious deep-fried twinkie between her plump lips.

That last bit of corndog proved too much for Jen's overloaded belt. SNAP! It broke in half, flinging the buckle to the side, her enormous spherical gut bulging out even further with the release. It wobbled and sloshed for nearly a full minute, only gradually coming to rest. Jen's fly was already unbuttoned with the zipper pushed way down.

"Ooof!" squealed Jen. "Oh, like, that is a relief."

"Jen! You busted your belt!"

"Oof, yeah, I know. And to tell you the truth, I'm just, like, glad to be free of it. It was totally making it hard to breathe. Look what it did!" Jen pointed to the red welts around her waist left by the constricting belt. "Um, but I think we better get out of here before I bust anything else. Gimme a hand, huh, Alice?"

Alice struggled to rise without success; she only managed to stand up by scooting her butt against the tree behind her. Once she was up, she clasped her hands around Jen's and helped her friend wobble to her feet.

"Okay, let's get out of here for real," said Alice, looking around nervously. Her belly ached and she hoped that they didn't pass any more food concession stands on their way back to the parking lot. She knew for a fact that even in her current state, she would be helpless to resist their siren call. And knowing that Jen didn't care about her own weight anymore, she doubted that Jen would be any better about resisting.

Luckily, they were already pretty close to the exit and it looked like they'd already passed most of the food. The only thing between them and freedom was a few midway games, like the shooting gallery and the "Guess your Weight" booth.

"Hey, Alice, look at those!" Jen was pointing to the prizes hanging in the "Guess your Weight" booth: goofy little foam dinosaurs on leashes. The barker was walking one back and forth in front of the booth in an effort to attract customers. Jen laughed hysterically as if it were the funniest thing she had seen in her whole life.

"Oh, Tyler would love one of those things!" said Alice. "He loves dinosaurs!"

"You should try and win one, then!"

"Oh no, I couldn't! I'd be too embarrassed...I don't want anyone to know how much I weigh, especially after a whole day of —burp!—Excuse me!"

"C'mon, don't be, like, a ninny! You're never going to see this barker guy again, and, besides, yeah, we totally pigged out today, but there's no way that one day of overeating could have undone all your dieting, right?"

"Well, I have been very good about only eating Laurie's diet food," mused Alice, stroking her double chin.

Jen coughed nervously. She knew that Laurie's "diet" food would do nothing but add more poundage to Alice's rapidly inflating body. She was really feeling conflicted about the plan these days. After all, Alice was sort of her friend...Okay, maybe she had started on this plan with Laurie because they needed Alice to look fat so they could look thin...but Jen didn't really care about looking thin anymore as long as she knew boys loved her wide, curvy buttocks. And more to the point, she felt bad about tricking a girl who had come to trust her so much. But what could she do? She didn't dare defy Laurie.

Maybe if Alice sees her weight, she'll figure out that the diet food is all bogus, thought Jen. On one hand, she was afraid of ruining the plan, but she also secretly hoped that maybe if

Alice figured it out on her own they could abandon the plot without her getting into trouble. They wouldn't stop the sleep-overs, of course. Jen enjoyed hanging out with her two chunky friends too much to do that! But they wouldn't have to keep lying to Alice anymore. Besides, Jen was actually really curious to know how much Alice weighed now...

"And I know Tyler would love one of those dinosaurs...okay, I guess it couldn't hurt too much..."

Alice nervously waddled up to the booth, Jen eagerly pushed her forward from behind. The barker stared as the two gaining girl approached. Were these two cows serious? Usually, bigger women avoided the booth, afraid to know the truth. But these two whales were among the fatter teens he'd seen working the carnival circuit and they seemed oblivious to their size.

"Hello, sir, I, uh, I'd like to try and win one of those dinosaurs," said Alice nervously, her cheeks flushing pink. She subconsciously sucked in her belly a little, hoping to disguise her monumental size just a tad. It was useless effort.

"Sure thing, young lady," said the barker, struggling to maintain his composure. He saw Alice's fat stomach pressing against her formerly loose blouse, overhanging the waistline of her snug denim miniskirt, stretching her leather belt. This was ridiculous! Usually, when working the "guess your weight" booth, he'd been told to try and underguess people's weights. Even if he was too far off, at least they wouldn't get insulted and huffy at him.

"I would saaaaay 270 pounds?"

Alice's face fell. No way! No way did she weigh that much. 270?? Really?

"Now just step forward onto the scale and we'll see if you've won anything."

Clenching her teeth, Alice stepped onto the scale platform. The dial spun wildly. She squeezed her eyes closed, afraid to see the truth. She only opened it when she heard Jen crowing.

"Alice! You won!"

"What?"

"That's right," said the barker. "Congratulations, young lady!" He pulled a foam dinosaur off the wall and handed it to Alice.

"Oh wow!" squeaked Alice happily. "Thanks!"

She turned to look at the scale and her smile fell: 242. 242! She was bigger than ever! No way! No way could she weigh even MORE than the last time she weighed herself! Good lord, she was a blimp! How could she have gained that much weight? She'd been so good on her diet. "Mister, I think...I think your scale is broken! No way could I weigh that much."

"Look, ma'am, you won your prize, please don't make a scene," said the barker wearily. He didn't want to have to deal with this crap.

"B..but I couldn't be..." said Alice, tears welling up in her eyes. She clutched the dinosaur close to her bosom like a scared child clutching a favorite, comforting stuffed toy. Alice was terrified that despite her trying to lose weight she still gaining. How big would she get? What if she never stopped? Would she get as fat as the world?

Jen put her arms around Alice's soft shoulders.

"C'mon, Alice, let's go," she said softly, turning her friend around and gently leading her away from the booth. Poor Alice! Jen felt really bad now for encouraging this.

"Oh gawd, am I really that fat?" asked Alice, almost blubbering.

"Like, don't cry!" said Jen, "You're not too fat. Hey, at least you didn't bust your belt like I did?"

"Hmm, I guess so," said Alice dubiously. Her own belt was almost invisible to any outside observer now, since her swollen gut and love handles bulged out into a gigantic muffintop, completely enveloping the straining leather band. But Alice could feel it pinching tightly into her massive midsection, tense and quivering under the intense pressure of her burgeoning flesh. It was definitely on its last legs. Alice's attention returned to the caramel apple she was still clutching tightly in her pudgy hand. Despite her own misgivings, Alice couldn't stop herself. She raised the sweet treat to her lips and crunched another bite. She chewed vigorously, the motion of her jaw making her plump rounded cheeks and full double chin quiver. She swallowed and instantly regretted her decision. A sudden tensing around her middle told her that she'd finally eaten one bite too many.

Pop! Under the flabby overhang of her stuffed stomach, Alice felt her overtaxed belt finally blow apart, the broken halves flinging to the sides as her belly burst free. The sudden release nearly knocked the chunky chubbette over onto her plush tushie, but she barely managed to maintain her balance. She stared down at her even more massive gut, jiggling slightly from the explosion but stuffed so tightly that it barely moved for how big it was.

Alice's jaw dropped as she stared at her ruined belt. Her lip started to quiver, but Jen giggled and hugged her close.

"Aww, like, don't cry, Alice! It's okay!"

"I just broke my belt! Oh gawd, I'm too fat!"

"Like, no, you're not! One big meal doesn't, like, mean anything. Besides, like, your belt lasted longer than mine. That probably, like, means that you're actually smaller than I am!"

Could that be true? Jen's pre-contest training had blown her up like a zeppelin, so she did indeed look quite hefty...maybe heftier than her friend? But it was almost unthinkable that someone might actually be even bigger than Alice, the perpetual heavyweight of the trio. Jen was certainly looking quite round right now, but surely not THAT round.

"Heh, I guess," said Alice, wiping her eyes. The encouraging words from her friend



made Alice laugh through her sobs.

"Yeah, like totally," said Jen, slapping her own tummy for emphasis. "Stick with me and, like, no one will even notice. That's why everyone needs a fat friend, right?"

Alice laughed. She was surprised to hear Jen talk like this. Was Jen admitting that she was fat? Did she not care? Jen certainly seemed blasé about her expanding waistline, in direct contrast to Laurie's belligerent denial and Alice's own worried concern. But Jen's attitude put her at ease.

"Haha, I guess so, Jen! Thanks, that...that actually makes me feel a little better."

Jen hugged her flabby friend again. "Well, like, what are friends for?"

Giggling, the two girls helped each other back to Jen's car. They had to struggle a little to get inside; both girls had to push their seats back to make room for their new bellies and the entire car settled lower to the ground as they settled their widening tushies into the car's bucket seats. But after a few tries, they were in and Jen turned the ignition. The car sputtered to life and they pulled out of the lot.

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Jen waddled through the front door, gasping and panting. Just walking from the car to the front door left Jen wheezing and out of breath, sweating like a hog.

"Mooooom, I'm home!"

Jen's mom poked her head out of the kitchen.

"Oh Jen, I'm so glad you're home. Dinner's not ready yet, so I hope you can wait a little while."

Jen stifled another belch. "Yeah, I, like, think I can wait." She patted her swollen middle.

Jen's mom looked closely at her daughter.

"Jen, honey, you've got a little schmutz on your face."

Jen stared blankly, confused. A spot of caramel stained her plump cheek. Mrs. Sarovy licked her thumb and rubbed it off Jen's face.

"Did you have a good time at the fair? Did you get enough to eat?" Mrs. Sarovy asked, apparently oblivious to just how much her daughter had inflated since this morning. Jen's mom was a little scatter brained like that; it was probably where her daughter got it from.

"Yeah, like, I got – burp – enough," said Jen, swaying too and fro. The pear-shaped porker had trouble fitting into her clothes this morning before her excessive binge at the fair, but now she was busting out of them. Her tightly packed gut bulged over her unzipped jeans, the straps of her ruined belt dangling at her sides. Her shirt rode up, leaving most of her midsection

bare. "I just need to – hic – lie down for a bit. I think I may take, like, a bath, okay, Mommy?" She tapped her stomach. Soaking in a nice warm bath would help to settle her overstuffed gut.

"Sure, Jen, you go relax. I'll call you for dinner. Are you sure you wouldn't like a snack before dinner?"

"Like, no way, Mom, I couldn't, like, eat another bite!" But now that her mom mentioned it... Her eyes rested on an open box of oreos off the kitchen counter.

Burping and hiccupping, she grabbed. Just in case.

She shuffled into the lavatory, reflecting on a long day of eating. She dropped the sweets on a stool, started drawing a bath and then struggled to pull off her too tight clothing while drawing the water. Jen bent over to work the jeans over her wide hips, a sharp PING indicating that she'd popped a few threads in the effort. As she stripped her pants off, she noticed a larger rip in the rear. She must have split her seat earlier when she'd stuffed herself with pie. She shrugged. Oh well!

With a grunt and sigh, Jen turned the faucet to draw a bath. She unbuttoned her shirt and dropped it to the floor.

Jen struggled to get her blubbery hips into the tub, squeezing and squirming to make her way into the bath, water spilling over the sides as she lowered her bulk. With a contented sigh, she lounged back, causing even more water to spill over the rim of the tub. Jen was so enormously stuffed beyond belief, but she still couldn't stop looking at the box of oreos sitting on the stool by the tub.

She awkwardly reached out and crammed her hand into the box, pulling out a handful of cookies. Without thinking, she brought the entire handful to her mouth and pushed them inside, filling up her already bloated tummy. She stuffed her bloated body, growing more and more full as she polished off the family sized box.

As she licked the last crumbs of oreos from her slack lips, she heard a knock at the door.

"Huh? Hello?"

"Hello, honey!" Jen's mother pushed open the door a crack. "I told you dinner's going to be a little late tonight, right? Are you absolutely sure you can wait?"

Jen eyed her overfull gut. "Uh, yeah, I think so."

Jen's mother walked in with a box of store bought large cupcakes, iced so high it hits the top of the plastic container. Jen's eyes bulged.

"I thought of a little snack before dinner so you don't waste away!"

Jen's mom placed the plastic box in the tub, resting it on Jen's fat tummy.

"Um...thanks, Mom," said Jen, resigned. Her mom was relentless!

Her mom left quietly, and Jen lay back in the tub with a sigh. What was she to do? She flipped open the box, picked up the first cupcake and set to work. She was so full but she couldn't stop. Even after a whole day of eating at the fair and a whole box of oreos, she still had to eat.

Jen took a big bite of cupcake and dumbly chewed, her mouth so full that she couldn't close her lips as she ate. Chunks of cupcake fell from her mouth, landing with tiny plops into the water of the tub. Jen didn't notice. She continued to eat, the only noises in the room were the steady sound of chewing and the rhythmic tick of the clock on the wall.

The clock ticked and ticked and ticked. Jen ate and ate and ate. Tick tock. Chew, swallow. Tick Tock. Chew, swallow.

Jen's eyes took on a glazed, faraway look. She wasn't even thinking about what she was doing. This was mindless eating in every sense of the word. It wasn't about sustenance. It wasn't about taste. It wasn't even about pleasure. It was mindless consumption for the sake of consumption. Lying in the bathtub like a fat lazy hippo, Jen could have been the poster child for wasteful American decadence.

Her fat stomach grew with each bite, slowly rising up from the water. Her pink dome of a tummy gradually breached the surface of the water, like a whale rising from the deep. She stuffed herself way too full, finishing the cupcakes, burping loudly after the last one.

Jen tossed the empty container aside and struggled to extricate herself from the tub. It wasn't easy; her wide hips scraped the sides and her butt created a suction effect with the tub floor that made it difficult for her to rise. She grabbed the sides of the tub to steady herself and pushed with all her might, her slick, soaped-up body glistening with wetness, her tummy jiggling, boobs swaying. Even more water spilled over the sides of the tub as she fought to free herself. With a final burst of power, Jen's massive derriere popped loose, sliding up and nearly causing Jen to topple out onto her face.

She bent over to plug the plug, before grabbing a towel to dry down her wet body. Jen caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Most of herself, at least. Her entire body was bigger, but below the waist she really showed the effects of her month of training. She looked like two halves of two different girls, a plump girl with big heavy breasts and a chubby belly attached to an absolutely ginormous ass and thunderous thighs. Sheets of water spilled off of her rump, having been trapped atop her ass shelf when she stood up. The rolls and folds in her bum and hips quivered and shook as she slowly, carefully stepped out of the tub; they were a constantly shaking mass. Jen's butt was so enormous that just walking was almost enough to create a booty clap effect as the ripples in her backside made the twin basketball-sized globes slap against each other with a loud, wet splotching noise. The mirror wasn't wide enough to reflect her entire backside, so she had to waddle back and forth to see it all. "Gawd", she thought, "I'm even more bootilicious than ever before." After a month of binging, she wondered how much she had gained. Was she bigger than Alice? She shrugged. Then again, who really cared?

She had to pay special attention to her crevices, quickly dabbing the towel beneath the

shelf of her hefty boobs, between the rolls of her belly and flanks, and between her giant, dimpled buns.

Finally, Jen reached into the cabinet and pulled out a fresh jar of anti-cellulite cream. This was Jen's most expensive secret. She hoped that using the cream would keep her massive backside smooth, but it took so much to cover it all that she literally used up a jar every day. She scooped out a heaping handful and slapped it on her right buttcheek. She vigorously massaged the cream into her porky posterior, an effort made difficult when every poke and prod sent her gelatinous flesh bouncing and wobbling. It took two handfuls just to finish one cheek. By the time she finished her other lobe, the jar was spent. She dropped it in the trash without a second thought.

"Jen!" came her mother's voice. "Jen, dinner's ready!"

"Aw, like, come on!" moaned Jen. Could she really eat even more? Her stomach was already so full that she felt like she could burst just from the slightest pinprick. And after everything else today, had she really needed to eat all those oreos and cupcakes? The answer was, of course, no, but Jen was never one to pass up food. But now she was packed so tight that she thought she might need to. Except that she knew her mother. And she knew that her mother would never stand for her skipping dinner. Her mother's ideas concerning dinner were so completely bonkers that Jen probably wouldn't even be able to beg off by pointing out that her mother had just fed her the sugary equivalent of an entire extra meal mere minutes before dinner. And dinner didn't seem that late at all!

"Like, whatever," said Jen, resigned to her fate. If tonight was her night to explode... then there was no escaping it.

She picked up the towel and tied around her, hoping to use it as a robe. But the towel wasn't big enough to stretch across her ass. The knot quickly undid itself and the towel slid off, getting caught on her giant ass shelf and dangling from her bulbous behind. She reached behind herself with a grunt, snatched the towel off her naked booty, threw it into the hamper and grabbed a larger one off the rack. This one should work! She pulled it around herself and just managed to stretch it enough to tie at first, but her bum was so large that the towel quickly pulled aside under the knot, so she's still fully exposed in front. Anyone watching her would have laughed; the corpulent kitty had managed to hide her breasts under the towel, but her enormous belly and plump vagina were on full display.

"Whatever," sighed Jen. No one would be upstairs now anyway, so she risked the walk back to her room. The chances of Frank barging in again were pretty slim, right? She bounced back to her room, her naked belly bouncing in front of her, the cold drafty air chilling her exposed vulva. As quickly as she could, she changed into an old t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants. They used to be loose but now most of the drawstring was pulled into the waist. Her flabby tummy spilled over the front of the pants, pushing it down slightly. In back, the top inch of her butt crack peaked over the waistband.

Still painfully full, she waddled downstairs, cradling her belly like a pregnant woman. The pain of her full tummy made her moan and wincing with every step. Stairs were tricky at her size, she had to lean backwards, one hand supporting her back. Her large hips brushed the walls of the stairwell and she huffed and puffed, her breathing deep like she was practicing Lamaze.

"There you are!" said her mother brightly as Jen shuffled into the room. "I was beginning to worry, you took so long!"

"Like, sorry mom," said Jen through gritted teeth. She slowly lowered herself onto a chair. Her huge tush hung over the edges of the chair, but Jen was worried more about the meal to come. Jen's mom was not one to be stingy with food and she always got so upset when her daughter didn't clean her plate. Mrs. Sarovy was so happy in these recent weeks as Jen had trained. Her daughter was eating constantly and nothing made her happier.

The meal was, indeed, huge. Her mother had insisted that Jen finish a second helping of pot roast and three servings of mashed potatoes and vegetables.

Jen was stuffed absolutely to death.

Jen was absolutely FILLED TO THE BRIM. One single tiny little bite more and she would simply blow apart like a balloon filled too full. She leaned back, gasping like an expectant mother with quintuplets practicing lamaze. The pressure in her belly was a pain like nothing she had ever experienced before. It hurt so much that she felt tears stinging her eyes. She poked a finger into its shiny, drum tight surface – the pain drew a sharp gasp from the girl, but filling her lungs with air only added to the pain as her abused skin was forced to stretch a fraction more. Her beachball sized paunch was blushing red from the pressure, making her look like a giant tomato. She couldn't see straight, she couldn't breathe, she couldn't think. If she thought she was full after the pie contest....or after gorging on fair food...or even after polishing off all those oreos and cupcakes... that was NOTHING compared to her fullness now. Girls weren't supposed to feel this full!

"Finished, Jen?"

"Mmmff. Yes, mom."

"Good! I hope you saved room for dessert!"

Jen blanched. "Oh mom, no, I'm about to puke..."

Much to Jen's chagrin, her mother disappeared into the kitchen before she finished her protest. Jen knew she was either going to throw up or explode all over the room. There simply was NO WAY she could force down even a morsel more. She had thought she couldn't eat more earlier but now she was sure! For once, even her insatiable appetite seemed sated. Her pleasure center, usually always dreaming about its next opportunity to indulge in sweets, was strangely silent. It was agreeing: NO MORE PLEASE!

But that was about to change.

When Jen smelled a familiar smell. A deliciously familiar smell.

Her mom reappeared...with a freshly baked blueberry pie.

Jen felt queasy at the sight of it, but for some odd reason today, she couldn't say no.

"A pie? I ...I ...I love pie!"

"Now you're sure, Jen? I know you said you were a little bit full..."

Jen forced herself to belch, freeing up just a little room inside herself. Just enough for one bite. She could take one bite, right? Because that pie looked and smelled heavenly! Curse your expert baking skills, she thought.

"No, I'll have...just a bite, I think."

Naturally, Jen's mom cut a huge slice for her.

Jen couldn't back down. Not now. Not while there was still food in front of her. She grabbed her fork and trudged forth, eating the pie bite by bite. Steady now. Bite. Chew. Swallow. A twinge of pain. A worrying bubbling from her belly. An ominous creak from her chair. Repeat. On and on. Bite by bite, belly closer and closer to ripping, chair closer and closer to breaking. More and more of Jen's generous badonkadonk oozed over the sides of her chair with every painful bite. The stretchy gray fabric of her sweats stretching thinner and thinner as her body plumped. Bite. Chew. Swallow. Bite. Chew. Swallow.

Jen's face looked positively green. She stared at the last smidgen of pie on her plate. Had she really done it? She was so close. Small bites now. She had to cut it up even smaller to fit it down. Nothing too big. She couldn't risk it. She cut the last morsel into two tiny bites with her fork and raised the second to last bit to her lips.

Just as her stomach is about to rip, a cracking noise split the air. Jen's bloated backside had finally overpowered the chair and it buckled under the enormous strain, sending the poor girl tumbling to the floor.

"Oh no! Jen, are you okay?" Her mother leapt to her feet and dashed to Jen's side.

Jen lay on her back, her huge overstuffed belly soaring high above her and rising higher with each troubled breath.

The fall had knocked what little wind still in her compressed lungs out of her, so she could do little other than huff and puff. She was a bloated, sweaty heap, pie filling on her chubby chipmunk cheeks and down the front of her straining T-shirt.

"Did you hurt yourself? Oh my poor baby!" Her mother fretted.

Jen shook her head dumbly. "No, I'm...not hurt..." It was true. Jen's pillowy buns had cushioned her fall, so she hardly felt a thing as she bounced to the floor. "I'm just gonna...lie here a bit..okay?"

Jen's mom looked back to her plate.

"Oh, you left one last bite, Jen. You can't waste that."

Before she could protest, Jen's mom scooped the last forkful off Jen's plate and spooned it into Jen's slack mouth. Jen's eyes and cheeks bulged, but she didn't have the willpower to spit it out. Especially not when her mother was hovering over her looking so pleased! She slowly chewed and swallowed.

And, miraculously, did not detonate.

But she did sleep for three days.

## 27A. Jen & Laurie

After her large meal, Jen barely had the strength to stand up and leave the table. Her gut bulged in front of her so far that she could barely see over it, but it didn't matter; she was so dizzy that she could barely see straight.

"Need some fresh air," she mumbled as she waddled heavily toward the sliding glass door that led to the backyard. She ambled outside and flopped down heavily on a plastic lawn chair.

Jen slept fitfully for three days. After a whole weekend of baking in the hot sun, the ditzzy diva's tender skin was baked a golden brown. Her weight bore down the plastic straps of the lawn chair with such force that they were stretched further and further, her hefty badonk-a-donk nearly sagging all the way to the ground as it oozed between them. Finally, unable to bear the pressure any longer, the plastic straps snapped, dropping Jen the remaining few centimeters to the ground. The slumbering piggy grunted as the slight fall jolted her awake. Her rotund body was covered in a sheen of sweat.

"What happened?" she mumbled, still half asleep. She reached behind herself to rub her tender tush that had absorbed the brunt of her fall.

Jen heard the screen door open and saw her mother bustle into her field of view. "Oh good, you're awake! It's time for bed!"

Jen blinked her eyes in dumb, bovine confusion. "Whazzit? Time for bed? What time is it?"

"Well, you've been sitting out here all weekend, Jen," said her mother, poking Jen in her flabby shoulder. "I think it's about time that you actually went to bed."

Jen rubbed her eyes and looked around. She was sitting in a collapsed plastic lawnchair in her backyard; she vaguely remembered stumbling out of the house after her enormous Friday night meal and collapsing into this chair, letting the cool evening air blow against her poor, overloaded, tender tummy. At some point in her food drunken stupor, she must have stripped her clothes off, because she was sitting here in her underwear. Thankfully, none of the neighbors could see her over the high backyard fence.

"You've been sleeping here for three days, Jen."

Jen gawped. "What??"

"Since Friday. It's Sunday now. I tried to wake you to eat, but you were out cold. You had me worried! You shouldn't be skipping meals; it's not healthy."



“M’not hungry,” mumbled Jen, struggling to rise from the broken chair.

“Here, honey, let mommy help,” said her mother, grabbing hold of Jen under her armpits and helping her to lurch to her feet. The plastic straps stuck painfully to Jen’s fat, sweaty back and butt but they peeled away as she stood.

Jen finally struggled to her feet and surveyed the damage. Even after two days of digesting, she was still huge. Her month of training combined with one day of sheer unbridled gluttony had combined to transform her into a lumbering behemoth. Her spherical belly hung over the waistband of her stretched panties, an enormous bloated brown globe. Jen was still too woozy with sleep to really pay much mind to her newly rounded form. All she knew was that her mother was telling her that it was time for bed and she was ready to oblige.

Following her mother’s voice, she waddled into the house, the red lines across her butt – caused by over two days of pressure – were clearly visible as it wobbled and undulated. She paused briefly at the stairs, nearly toppling over backwards as she leaned back to look up the seemingly endless flight to the second floor. There was no way that she would be able to climb upstairs to her room in this condition!

“Come on, Jen, let’s go. Night time for little Jenny,” said her mother soothingly, stepping around behind her. Once again, her mother grabbed Jen under her armpits and hoisted her up. Working in tandem, the two women laboriously managed to get Jen up one step, then another, then another. By the time they reached the landing, Jen was even more exhausted, puffing and panting like a locomotive.

Jen was barely aware of her mother pulling out pajamas for her.

“Come on, Jen, one leg in!” said her mother holding out a pair of pajama pants for Jen to step into. Jen obediently raised one foot and then the other, stepping into the pants. Her mother pulled them up to her waist... or at least as close as she could get. Jen’s pajamas didn’t fit her after her giant binge. Her bottoms barely stretched around her overloaded blubber butt and her mother grunted with the exertion of trying to cover all of her daughter’s ample ass with the complaining cloth material. After a few minutes, she gave up and stepped back to survey the results. The pants came up about halfway over Jen’s bulging rear, several inches of panties visible over the hem and several more inches of bare buttocks visible over that. Jen still had about an inch of ass crack visible between her two rounded buns, but her mother didn’t think much of it. It’s not like anyone was going to see her as she slept.

Next, she tried to get Jen into her pajama shirt. This was even more useless. She could only button the first few buttons on the top, leaving most of Jen’s swollen brown middle completely bare.

“Well, that’s close enough. How do you feel, honey?”

“Tired,” muttered Jen. “An’ hot.”

“Well, it is supposed to be a hot night. But you’ll be fine, just lay down and try and get

some sleep and you'll feel better in the morning.”

Jen flopped into bed, gasping like a fish, her exposed tummy bouncing and shaking like a pumped-up air mattress. Her mother smiled, watching her well-fed daughter quickly sink back into oblivious slumber. She did worry so about Jen getting enough to eat. She didn't like that Jen had slept through a whole weekend's worth of meals – she must be starving! – but she was sure to make up for lost time at breakfast.

Jen couldn't stay asleep for long. It was a hot night and, insulated with so many pounds of soft quivering blubber, it didn't take long before Jen was gasping and sweating. She was overheating and fast! Annoyed, she kicked off the covers. Then the sheets. It wasn't enough. Finally, Jen struggled upright in bed and ripped off her pajama top, flinging buttons across the room. Next, she lifted her ample ass in the air so she could wriggle her way out of her pants and throw them to the floor. With a grunt, she crashed back into bed, completely nude, and tried to sleep.

The real reason Jen was too hot, though, had little to do with covers or sheets or pajamas. It had to do with her being a giant fat ass. And there was no way that she would be able to shed all her insulating fat like she'd shed her covers, sheets, and pajamas.

“I, like, need to cool down,” mumbled Jen, tottering to her feet. “I'm roasting!” She lurched to her feet and shuffled downstairs, her bronzed flesh glistening in the moonlight. Jen opened the fridge and scanned its contents for some cool drink to help her keep her temperature down. Luckily, she had digested enough that she could once again fit something into her stomach. She grabbed a can of soda off the bottom shelf, popped the top and quickly chugged it down, dropping the empty can in the trash with a loud belch. One hand rubbed her still swollen belly, while the other pulled open the freezer, still looking for something cold. Nothing in there but ice cream and frozen waffles.

The idea of food made her feel slightly ill, but the cool air hitting her face gave her an idea. That carton of ice cream would make a great cold water bottle!

She grabbed the two boxes and ambled to the kitchen table, holding the frigid ice cream carton against her sweltering forehead and the box of frozen waffles against her chest. That was a relief!

With a heavy sigh, Jen lowered her wide load butt into a chair. The chair wobbled and creaked unsteadily, shaking enough below her bulk that Jen started to become alarmed. Acres of butter-soft butt blubber oozed over both sides of the flimsy chair that continued to crunch and groan so loudly that Jen was hesitant to drop her full weight upon it. Slowly, she stood back up. She grabbed a second chair and positioned it behind her. She gingerly sat down again, this time each voluminous butt cheek had its own chair to support it. The trick seemed to work and Jen was able to sit without busting either chair. She sat for a few minutes, eyes closed, enjoying the coolness of the frozen boxes against her bare skin.

Despite her fullness, Jen's mind started to wander to the box of waffles. She was, after all, an insatiable glutton and it was difficult for her to be in the presence of food without popping

it into her mouth. Her round tummy started growling despite itself.

Curiously, she pried open the box, still holding it against her chest, and peered inside. The golden stacks of waffles inside did look kind of tempting. She reached inside, cracked one off and took a bite. She had never eaten uncooked, frozen waffles before, but tonight she found it was just the thing to cool her down and satisfy her nagging gluttony.

“Hmmm, like, that’s actually not too bad,” said Jen, chewing a mouthful of hard, icy waffle. “Could use something a little, like, sweet, though.” She spied a squeeze bottle of honey on the table, so she grabbed it and drenched the waffle. The honey puddle up in all the little waffle nooks before soaking through the pastry and dribbling down onto Jen’s naked breasts and stomach. She didn’t notice and happily crunched through the rest of the waffle. She pulled out a second one and did the same, dribbling even more syrupy honey all over her watermelon-sized gut. She only noticed as she finished swallowing the frozen treat that rivulets of honey were spilling over the arc of her bloated middle, pooling in her cavernous belly button, staining the frozen of her panties with stickiness.

“Oh crap,” she muttered, wiping another waffle across her belly in hopes that it might soak up some of the sticky residue. She had limited success, only smearing the honey over more of her ballooning paunch. She tried again and managed to get more of it. With a grunt, she stuffed yet another frozen waffle into her mouth, lurched to her feet and waddled to the kitchen sink, where she quickly washed off the honey.

“Tired,” she muttered, the waffle still clenched between her teeth. She waddled back to bed, ice cream carton held against her head, waffle carton against her chest, mouth dumbly nibbling on the waffle held between her perfect teeth.

By the time she reached her bedroom, the waffle carton was empty. She dropped it on the floor with an annoyed grunt and peered curiously at the ice cream carton.

“Just, like, a little bit more wouldn’t hurt,” she lied to herself.

The heat radiating off of Jen’s enormous bulk had quickly reduced the ice cream to liquid.

Jen eyed the melted ice cream slurry at the bottom of the box. She couldn’t resist. Licking her lips, she raised the carton to her mouth and began to drink. Delicious! Eyes closed, the swollen sweetie couldn’t keep herself from making little piggy grunts of satisfaction as she swallowed the creamy fluid. With big thick gulps, the ice cream disappeared into Jen’s bulging belly. When she was finished, she threw aside the empty carton and laid back down into bed. She looked nine months pregnant, but, with a belly packed to the brim with frozen waffles and ice cream, she finally felt herself starting to cool down. She dropped the empty box on the floor with a belch and flopped into bed. Now she was finally able to sleep.

And dream.

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In her dream, Jen was wandering through a thick forest. Oddly, she was wearing a small red T-shirt that barely came down over boobs, leaving her full belly to hang out visibly. Even stranger, she was completely naked below the waist, so that her fat pussy and wide rear were on display for anyone to see. Luckily, she seemed to be alone in the woods, but, even if there had been an audience, Jen probably wouldn't have minded. This was a dream and, in this dream, being exposed like this seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

The tubby teenager noticed a door set into the bank in front of her.

Jen knocked at the door and waited, reaching behind her to absently scratch her bodacious bubble butt. A sudden draft against her naked rear made her shiver, goose bumps popping out of her exposed skin.

Finally, Laurie answered the door. The normally style-conscious fashion diva was also dressed unusually, wearing a single piece pink swimsuit that bulged at her voluptuous curves. She also wore black hose stockings, cufflinks, and a bowtie. On her head, she wore fake rabbit ears and a powder puff tail adorned her curvy bum. All in all, she was dressed like a Playboy bunny.

"Um, what do you want, Jen? And why aren't you wearing any pants?" Laurie said, her eyes dropping to Jen's naked bush.

"Cuz, like, this is a dream, duh! It's totally normal! Can I, like, come in? I'm totally freezing my ass off out here!"

"It would take a while to freeze that ass off," muttered Laurie under her breath as she stepped aside so Jen could wobble inside.

"So what brings you out here?" asked Laurie as she closed the door.

Jen slowly lowered herself down onto a chair. Her enormous booty spread in all directions as her weight bore down on it, oozing over the sides of the chair and nearly enveloping it. It almost looked like the chair was being swallowed up her deep dark butt crack.

"I was just, like, thinking that I should pay my old friend Laurie a visit," she said. "I thought I could like, hang out with you. Maybe we could, you know, like, get some honey or something?"

"Honey? Why, I've got plenty of honey right here." Laurie bustled over to her kitchen cabinet, shimmying in her tight bunny outfit. She was so tightly packed that the buxom bunny had to wiggle slowly to avoid bursting her side seams, but she managed to make it to her destination in one piece. She opened the cabinet to reveal pots upon pots of honey.

Jen's tummy growled at the sight. "Do you think I could get a small smackeral, maybe? Just like a tiny taste of honey?"

"Well, I guess I don't see the harm," said Laurie.

Jen squealed and clapped her chubby hands in childlike glee, bouncing up and down in her chair so that the butter-soft flesh of her bodacious booty rippled and shook. She reached out greedily as Laurie pulled down the first honey pot and handed it to her. Jen raised it to her lips and guzzled the golden liquid as fast as she could. When she was finished, she threw the empty pot aside, wiped her sticky lips with her flabby arm, and looked imploringly at Laurie.

“Do you think I could, like, have a little tiny bit more?”

Laurie grimaced. “Um, you, like, just ate a whole pot of my honey. You think that’s cheap? You think I’m made of honey?”

Jen didn’t respond, she only pushed out her lower lip in an adorable pout.

“Alright, fine, just one more.”

“Yay!”

But it wasn’t just one more. Jen ate and ate and ate and ATE until there wasn’t a drop of honey left in the whole burrow. Finally satiated, the plump cutie wiped a thick arm across her sticky face and patted her bloated tummy. She was so full of honey that she looked like an overstretched water balloon. Her tiny T-shirt had ridden up even higher, so that the slightest hint of underboob now peeked out from under the stretched hemline. Jen was a big bloated mess, covered in honey from head to toe.

Jen burped softly as Laurie gathered the empty honey pots from the floor. She wiped her sticky hands against her bodacious booty and patted her full, sloshing tummy.

“Thanks for the snack, Laurie,” she huffed, licking some of the sticky residue from her plump lips. “But, like, now I think it’s time that I was off.”

“Are you sure you won’t have any more?” said Laurie, poking Jen’s bulging gut. Her finger sank deeply into the honey-filled paunch. When she pulled her finger out, the indent remained for a few seconds until the thick honey oozed back into place, filling out the indent again.

“Is there any more?” asked Jen hopefully. She brushed absently at some sticky droplets on her undersized shirt, causing her hefty hooters to jiggle and bounce. She tugged on the hem in a vain attempt to get her shirt to cover her large breasts completely, but only succeeded in getting her nipples to pop to attention.

“No, there isn’t.”

“Oh. Oh well.” Jen sighed and pushed her head into the narrow tunnel leading out of the burrow. It wasn’t easy to get her hefty boobs and stuffed tight tummy through the hole but she just managed with a bit of a squeeze. The real trouble came when she tried to fit her wide hips and plush tushie through. Maybe Jen’s massive honey binge had already added inches to her tubby derriere or maybe it was just something about the angle...either way, there was no denying it. She was stuck. Jen wriggled harder and harder, but only succeeded in wedging

herself tighter into the hole.

“Oh bother! I’m, like, stuck!”

Laurie frowned, watching her fat friend’s full naked bottom shaking back and forth in her face.

“Yeah, that’s what comes from eating too much.”

“Rather, I, like, think that’s what comes from not having front doors big enough!”

Jen was getting more and more stuck but the tight squeeze was also turning her on more and more. The bootilicious beauty found herself trapped in small spaces so often these days that she was rapidly developing a sexual fixation on stuckage. And, without any pants on, there was nothing to disguise her gradual arousal. Laurie quickly began to notice the scent of her friend’s musk filling the small burrow. Glancing down, she noted with bemusement that Jen’s exposed pudgy pussy was glistening with excitement.

“Well well well, look at that,” said Laurie, “Looks like our fat little piglet has a naughty little secret. Looks like someone likes getting her big soft rear stuck here in my hole.”

She bent down to get close to Jen’s chubby pubic mound.

“Naughty little chubbette, plugging my hole,” said Laurie in a husky voice, her mouth so close to Jen’s privates that the bottom-heavy bunny could feel her warm breath. “You’ve simply eaten waaay too much for your own good and now look what you’ve done. You’ve made yourself too plump to fit through this itty bitty hole. Now what am I going to do with you?”

“Um, you could, like, give me a push?”

“No, I don’t think so. That won’t teach you a lesson at all. I think you need to be punished. That way you’ll learn what happens to fat little girls who can’t stop eating.”

Laurie lightly ran her fingers across the vast expanse of Jen’s pumped up posterior. The butter soft flesh wobbled and shook like gelatin under her touch and Laurie wondered just how many pounds of blubber each rotund cheek held. Her wandering fingers traced a path right down Jen’s ass crack to linger near her honeypot. Jen squirmed and kicked her chubby little legs helplessly.

“Isn’t that cute,” said Laurie, “Looks like this tubby little honeypot thinks she can get away. Why don’t you try kicking a little harder, my fat little friend? You’re just completely, helplessly stuck, aren’t you? You couldn’t get away no matter how much you might struggle. You’re totally at my mercy.”

Jen’s massive rump shivered and quaked as if the portly girl was just now considering the sinister possibilities. What would Laurie do to her?

“Such a fat, fat ass,” said Laurie huskily, one hand still tickling Jen’s lips, the other pinching the sleek, supple flesh of her titanic tush. “Was it this big when you first came in? Did

all that honey already make you even more bootilicious? I swear, Jen, anyone else would know better than to try to get out this narrow little tunnel if they had a derriere like this. But not you. You're such a fat little bimbo that you probably don't even know how wide this giant ass really is. And now look what you've done to yourself."

Laurie poked out her pink little tongue and lightly touched the lips of Jen's moist vagina.

"Ohh!" Jen's entire body quivered in surprise, her privates releasing a sudden torrent of juice at the unexpected sensation. Laurie watched in amusement as Jen's hind-quarters tensed, her pussy twitching, her asshole clenching.

"Ohhh Laurie, stop! My pussy's going to pop!"

Laurie closed her eyes and kept licking, her tongue darting in expert circles around Jen's clit, faster, faster, until Jen's initial complaints started to fade away, replaced with small grunts and whimpers of pleasure that gradually become louder and louder. Finally, Jen couldn't take it anymore. She groaned out loud, arching her back as much as she could, so that her fat ass pointed up in the air and her plump tits spilled out of her shirt as Laurie teased her to orgasm. The pear-shaped princess bucked and twitched, her vulva squeezing and spasming, as Laurie stood back to admire her handiwork.

As Jen gradually quieted down, Laurie realized that she was still faced with a big, curvy problem.

"Oh great, I'm totally going to wake up every morning with that fat ass in my face now!" she groaned. "I hope that blimp burns off all that honey quickly! I don't know how much more butt I can take in my life."

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Jen awoke with a massive tummy ache. Too much ice cream and too many waffles. Breakfast didn't help her much: a heavy load of bacon and eggs. Most girls would dash down a simple bowl of cereal or some toast on a weekday morning, but Jen's mother was determined that her daughter shouldn't go hungry, especially after having missed a whole weekend's worth of meals. She had planned to make a thick stack of waffles for breakfast, but, for some mysterious reason, there didn't seem to be any in the freezer. Jen slyly avoided answering any questions about the missing waffles by wolfing down her breakfast in a frenzy. As she shoved the last forkful between her lips, she heard a familiar sound outside: Laurie had arrived to pick her up for school, leaning impatiently on the horn of her SUV. Mumbling an apology, Jen grabbed her bookbag and puffed her way out the front door.

Laurie sat in her SUV, tapping her perfectly manicured fingernails against the steering wheel, an impatient frown on her full lips. That frown deepened as she saw her porcine friend waddle out the front door and bounce her way over to the car. She knew that Jen had gained a lot of weight during her ridiculous training regiment and she suspected that the big pie eating contest might have added even a few more inches after that. But, not knowing just how much Jen and Alice had stuffed themselves at the fair, she was unprepared for the behemoth that now

approached her. Her bootilicious friend was the size of a baby hippopotamus! She could barely squeeze through the front door with her enormously wide derriere and Jen's choice of wardrobe – a short belted sundress – clung to her newly exaggerated curves and made her look even wider. The dress was obviously meant to be a bit longer, but Jen's broad hips and thighs and shelf-like buttocks stretched out the material, making it look almost scandalously short.

Silently, Laurie popped open the door and waited for Jen to clamber in. Jen tried. She grabbed at the seat with her meaty arms and hefted with all her might, but couldn't raise herself more than an inch off the ground. She tried swinging her tree-trunk-like legs up into the cab, but no dice. Laurie peered down at the red-faced beauty and sighed. She leaned over and grabbed hold of Jen's belt.

"On three," she said. "One, two, THREE."

On that note, Jen pulled and Laurie hoisted and, with a mighty groan, the two girls finally succeeded in pulling Jen into the cab. Laurie grimaced as she felt the whole car settle under the newly added weight. How much could Jen weight now? She looked like an elephant seal, swaddled in hot, heavy blubber!

"Well, you look like you had a good weekend," said Laurie sourly, looking the plumping princess over. "Did you win your stupid contest?"

"Uhhhh.. kinda?" said Jen, cheerfully oblivious to the bite in Laurie's voice.

"Whatever." Laurie rolled her eyes. She didn't really care about the results of Jen's dumb contest and the sooner they forgot about the whole thing the better. She was still bitter that she had been forced to spend Friday alone, while Jen and Alice went out to make little piggies of themselves at the fair. Of course, being alone hadn't been all bad as her adventures with Frank and the vibrator returned to mind... Laurie felt herself starting to flush, so she quickly changed topics.

"Notice anything different about me?" she said smugly, sitting up straight and thrusting her chest out.

"Um, like, new haircut?"

"No, try again." Laurie took a deep breath and thrust her bosom out even farther.

Jen scowled in thought. You could almost see the rusty gears turning in the zeppelin-sized bimbo's head.

Jeez, thought Laurie, Jen can really be an airhead. She better guess soon; if I puff out my chest any further, I'm going to pop a button!

"New... make up?"

"Ugh, no, you ditz! My boobs are bigger! Can't you tell?"

"They are?"



“Yeah, airhead, I had to buy a bigger bra. Isn’t it great?” Laurie was beaming with pride. Maybe, subconsciously, she still remembered the horrible dream where her friends had teased her for being flat. Or maybe it was the vague memories of the days before she’d started developing, when other kids actually HAD teased her for her non-existent chest. Whatever the reason, Laurie felt nothing but excitement and pride whenever she thought about her comically enormous mammaries. Her ballooning weight was adding inches to her bustline, so many that her over-the-shoulder boulder holders could barely keep up. Most girls would be alarmed at this rapid growth, worrying about finding clothes that fit right or avoiding back problems, but Laurie was a girl obsessed. Her big soft melons were her pride and joy.

“Um, yeah, that’s totally super,” said Jen, smiling. Jen thought Laurie was already plenty big enough, but she didn’t want to rain on her friend’s parade.

“So, I was thinking, after school, we should celebrate, right?” Laurie turned the key and revved the engine. The SUV groaned to life and Laurie drove out into the street, her arms spread wide around the curve of her pillowy breasts to reach the steering wheel.

“Celebrate your boobs?”

“Yeah, it’s not everyday that a girl gets to grow more beautiful up top.”

“Well, I guess not. Except with you...”

“I was thinking we should check out that new Cheesecake Factory that just opened,” said Laurie, ignoring Jen’s remarks.

“Ooo!” Jen bounced up and down, clapping her hands. She liked the sound of that! Cake! “Yes, that sounds totally awesome!”

“Alright, it’s a date. Let’s meet after cheer practice, at 4 pm.”

“Oh. Um, I don’t think I can, like, make it to cheer practice. I have to stay after school to make up some work...”

“Make up some work? Jen!”

“It’s totally not fair! Mrs. Jones said my history test was the worst in class! She said I have to stay after and take it again or I’m totally going to fail! What a bitch, right?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. Jen’s grades had never been good, but they had absolutely plummeted while she ignored her school work to “study” for the eating contest. Jen had previously gotten mostly Cs and Ds, but now she was getting Fs. Laurie couldn’t help but sympathize with the teacher a little bit. It was obvious that Jen needed to get whipped back into shape. Maybe this would be the incentive to do it.

“Alright, Jen, just meet me on the cheer field when you’re done with your test.”

The two girls drove on to school, both lost in private dreams of delicious cheesecake.

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The day did not go well for poor Jen. Her trouble hoisting herself into Laurie's car was only foreshadowing for the struggles to come, because her month of gorging – combined with her binge at the pie-eating contest and her restless snacking all weekend – had blown her up like an over-pumped air mattress. Everything at school seemed too small. Doorways were barely wide enough to accommodate Jen's ever-widening hips, the broadest points of her thighs brushing against the doorframe every time that she tried to waddle into a classroom. Desks were absurdly tight, cruelly pinching the bootilicious beauty's bursting bloated badonkadonk. There wasn't enough room between the chair and desk to contain all of her ripe young flesh, so her hefty, jiggling stomach spilled out onto the desk in front of her. And it wasn't like the other students didn't notice. There was a lot of tittering and sniggering everywhere she went. Jen was mostly oblivious to the scene that she was making, too busy trying to wriggle her ample ass into the cramped confines of successively smaller desks to notice the whispers that swirled around her. She even failed to notice when other students whipped out their camera phones to capture her colossal caboose for posterity.

"Oh, this will totally go viral," sniggered Janine Finnegan, the girl who sat behind Jen in Chemistry, as she angled her camera phone to get as much of Jen's porky posterior in shot as possible. Jen was too wide to fit entirely in the shot, so it was inevitable that the photo would cut off the farthest edges of her bottom that hung over each side of her chair. Still, the photo would clearly communicate the unbelievable size of this rotund rump. The fully inflated bubble butt stretched the seat of Jen's sundress to the hilt when she plumped down in her seat and the high resolution camera image clearly showed every quivering thread in that straining seam.

"Careful, Jan," whispered Melanie Gonzalez, elbowing her friend in the ribs, "You're sitting in the danger zone. With an ass like that, if Jen farts, she'll literally blow you away!"

"Haha, don't be gross, that's ridiculous!" giggled Janine, but even so, she scooted her chair slightly back. Just to be safe.

Poor Jen! The only respite came at lunch, when she waddled to a cafeteria full of long benches. No desks to pinch her here! Sighing in relief, she shuffled over to the table where she usually ate lunch with the rest of the cheer squad. Jen was one of the first to arrive; only Laurie and Alice were already there. No surprise there, the three girls were the biggest gluttons on the cheer squad, if not the whole school, so the only time that they could be bothered to go anywhere quickly was if there would be a food reward at the end.

Jen dropped her lunch tray on the table and plopped her enormous derriere onto the bench. The entire table shook with her weight, almost causing Alice to miss her mouth and drop her Salisbury steak into her lap. Without a word, Jen started shoveling her food into her mouth. Eating was always a solace, especially after a long, hard day...that was only half over!

"Holding up, Jen?" asked Laurie, arching an eyebrow.

"S'okay," said Jen, her plump cheeks bulging. "It, like, could be better. Dunno what's wrong with this school today! Like, it's almost like they shrank all the desks since last week! I

am, like, totally bummed. It is soooooo annoying!”

“Hmm, well, I certainly couldn’t imagine why you might be having trouble,” said Laurie sarcastically. She was still having trouble believing just how big Jen’s backside had grown in such a short amount of time.

“I’m gonna be so happy to finish this day! I, like, can’t believe I still have to stay after school to make up that dumb work. But, like, after that, we’ll have a great time at…”

Jen clamped her mouth shut as she noticed Laurie making hand gestures at her to be quiet; she obviously didn’t want to discuss their private dinner plans in front of Alice or the rest of the cheer squad, who were now arriving.

“Hey Jen, scoot over, will ya?” Kristine walked up with her own tray. No surprise, the once lanky black girl was looking more well-fed these days. Her backside was starting to spread, her thighs starting to brush together. Laurie’s special energy bars were definitely adding inches to her figure. Laurie failed to suppress a smirk at the evidence of her plan’s success.

Jen scooted over on the bench, but, with her ample ass spreading wider than a bus tire, there wasn’t much room on the bench. Not that Kristine had any choice other than to sit next to Jen: Alice and Laurie had grown so fat these days that the two of them took up the entirety of their bench. Theoretically, there was still some room on the bench next to Jen. Barely. The two girls were sitting cheek-to-cheek, but the opposite cheek of Jen’s plump rump now hung slightly over the end of the bench.

Next came Lizzie. The energy bars had affected her slightly differently; she was developing a pudgy overfilled gut. She shuffled up to the table, her eyes locked on the pair of bums that filled the seat up.

“Ahem,” she said, pointing to the filled-up seating.

“Move on down,” commanded Lizzie, and the two seated plumpers shuffled down the line. This resulted in even MORE of Jen’s enormous booty dangling in mid-air. In fact, by now, nearly one entire cheek was unsupported.

Finally came Denise. Laurie narrowed her eyes in annoyance. Denise alone amongst all the girls on the squad continued to defy all attempts to add any meat to her bones. She was still just as scrawny as ever. This was a girl with an absolutely ridiculous metabolism!

“Could I get in there, please?” asked Denise, prompting Lizzie, Kristine and Jen to scoot over even further. Denise’s tiny butt didn’t take up much room, but it was enough to push Jen’s right butt cheek entirely off of the bench. It flopped out, nearly hanging all the way to the ground, the strong gravitational pull of that monumental moon nearly pulling Jen over the edge to the ground. All four girls still sat cheek-to-cheek, their buns firmly pressed up against each other.

Now that they were all here, Laurie cleared her throat.

“Alright, ladies, I want to remind you all that there’s practice after school today and it’s imperative that you ALL show up. Some of you are looking a little soft and I intend to whip you into shape.”

Kristine, Lizzie and Denise all turned their heads in unison to look at Jen, who was too busy scarfing down her lunch, obviously making quiet piggy grunts of satisfaction, to notice. She only looked up, sauce on her chin, after Kristine elbowed her in the ribs.

“Practice? But I, like, need to make up that stupid history test!”

“Fine, Jen, you’re excused. But only you!”

The other cheerleader grumbled quietly under their breaths; Laurie was always going easy on Jen and cutting her breaks. That was the problem when the captain’s best friend was on the team! And with all the special treatment, it was no wonder that Jen was inflating like a round little blimp.

Across the table, Alice stifled a small belch. The other cheerleaders could also tell that Alice, once a pariah, was now another favorite. Laurie was always letting her sit out practices and telling her that she shouldn’t exert herself too much. She’d always been pudgy, but Alice was quickly puffing into a plump porker too rotund for her cheer uniform to contain.

“The rest of you, I want to see on the field at 2:30 pm sharp! Got it?” Laurie pounded the table for emphasis, the shock waves causing her bloated milkbags to wobble and vibrate. “Have you all been eating your nutrient bars? It looks like some of you may be cheating!”

There was a chorus of mumbled denials as the girls tried to deflect the blame. In reality, it made no difference whether or not they were cheating on Laurie’s diet regiment. The so-called nutrient bars were designed to pile on the pounds and that seemed to be exactly what they were doing now. Except for Denise. How annoying! But at least Laurie’s plan seemed to be working for everyone else. It wouldn’t be long until the buxom beauty looked absolutely slim and sensational next to the biggest pack of plodding, plumping porkers that the cheerleading world had ever seen!

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“Hello? I’m, like, here for my make-up test?”

“Hello. Welcome, Miss Sarovy. Please take a seat.”

Mrs. Jones was a pinched older woman who had obviously been teaching history for a long time – Jen liked to think that she taught history because she had seen so much of it. Mrs. Jones, in turn, disliked thinking about Jen as much as she could. The bottom-heavy bimbo was a walking indictment of the education system, a girl so ditzzy and dumb that she seemed incapable of thinking about anything past her next meal. And judging by how much Jen was blowing up these days, it seemed like that was all she thought about.

Jen waddled into the detention room, briefly pausing to reach behind her and yank her panties out of her ass crack. Her butt was so huge and her waddle so ponderous that she had to be careful or her ass would simply eat not only her underwear but also her dress, giving her a wedgie visible to the whole world. Looking around, Jen noted with despair that the only chairs in the detention room were even smaller and more cramped than the ones in regular classrooms. They also all came with the same built-in writing desk, meaning that it would be quite a squeeze. She sucked in her gut reflexively and slowly lowered herself into the nearest seat, gingerly sliding behind the narrow desk. When she was situated, she sighed, releasing her gut. It bulged out and over the edge of the desk. Meanwhile, her bum pushed into the seat behind her with an ominous creaking noise and her thighs wedged themselves against the metal struts to the sides of the chair. She was effectively wedged in, but she didn't notice.

Mrs. Jones kept her poker face, though it was hard not to show her disapproval. Jen looked like a hippopotamus stuffed into a clown car. She was way too fat for this, and the struggle to fit into the desk had accidentally hiked her dress up just enough that the crotch of her panties was visible between her blubbery thighs. What a mess this girl was! Still, Mrs. Jones didn't have the time or inclination to start a lecture on fashion disasters. She just needed Jen to finish this test quickly so that they could both go home.

"You have an hour, Miss Sarovy," said the teacher stiffly, placing the test paper on Jen's desk. Jen flipped it over and squinted at the big words as Mrs. Jones briskly paced back to her own desk.

Jen stared at the paper, struggling to make sense of the questions. They were hard! Why couldn't they ask her some questions about the best way to form a cheer pyramid or to apply make-up? Or where you could find the best deals in the mall? Those were her style of questions. Whatever!

Slowly, Jen tried her best to answer the questions. But the required essay about "Napoleon's France" only made her think of Napoleon pastries. Oh, that delicious custard! Her belly, cruelly restricted by the edge of the desk, grumbled. It was loud enough that Mrs. Jones overheard it, but she steadfastly ignored the embarrassing noise. How could Jen be thinking of food at a time like this? Did that girl ever stop eating? She was a walking, er, waddling eating machine!

"Time," said Mrs. Jones sharply.

Jen looked up, confusion evident in her big cow-like eyes. Had it really been an hour already? She'd been so busy thinking about food – and especially about the delicious meal she was about to share with Laurie after this test was done – that she'd completely lost track of time. She looked down at her paper. She hadn't finished, but maybe she'd managed to scribble down enough answers to pass just barely.

Mrs. Jones walked up to Jen and snagged the paper off her desk, briskly folding it up and stuffing it into her briefcase. She didn't have much hope that Jen would do any better on this test than she had on the last one, but, well, no one could accuse her of not having given

Jen a chance.

“I have an appointment, you can see yourself out,” said the teacher, squinting at her wristwatch as she made a beeline for the door. She didn’t even give Jen a backwards glance as she left.

Jen was oblivious to her teacher’s disdain, but she soon discovered that she had a much bigger problem in any case. When she tried to rise from her seat, she found that she couldn’t. Her wide rump was wedged too firmly between the armrests.

“Ugh! Oof!” She wriggled her bottom as best she could but only succeeded in sending ripples through her flabby jello buns; the two massive cheeks still stuck firmly in her seat, refusing to budge an inch. Jen grabbed hold of the armrests with her hands and attempted to lift herself up. She squeezed her eyes shut and grit her teeth, grunting with the exertion, pushing with all her might. Veins popped out in her forehead and sweat dripped from her brow, but her rear refused to get in gear.

“Uhhh, Mrs. Jones?” Jen craned her neck to look after her teacher, but Mrs. Jones was long gone. There was no one here to help her. What would she do now?

Oh, of course! Her cellphone was right there in her purse. All she had to do was call Laurie and her friend would come help her! Now where was her purse?

It was right there on the floor. She’d dropped it when she sat down to take the test, but it had fallen slightly out of reach. With a grunt, she bent over as far as her trapped backside would allow and wiggled her fingers out. The purse was just out of reach. She stretched her pudgy sausage fingers out as far as she could, but she could barely even brush it. Her purse was stubbornly beyond the scope of her chubby hand.

What would she do now? No one knew where she was! She was trapped here in the basement, a prisoner of her own plush posterior, a girl whose titanic tushie was so much wider than her chair that she couldn’t rise to her feet. What would happen to her? She would be stuck here forever! What is she died? Years from now, they would discover a skeleton here, trapped in a chair by its giant butt bone! (Jen, in her panic, forgot that butts didn’t have bones.) But worst of all, she was going to miss that big Cheesecake Factory meal with Laurie!

The very idea nearly made her cry.

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Laurie was pissed. She had told Jen to meet her after cheer practice so that the two girls could go to the Cheesecake Factory. And now Jen was late. Laurie wanted to eat NOW! She never liked to be kept waiting and when waiting prevented her from eating, well, that just made her madder.

“Gawd, I can’t wait any longer! What is taking that big butt bimbo so long? The test is only supposed to last an hour! I’ll have to go get her myself!”

Although Jen was convinced that no one knew where she was, that wasn’t entirely true. Laurie had been forced to stay after school to make up a few tests in her day, so she knew exactly where the detention room was located. It took her a few minutes to get there, because her extra weight and tight jeans restricted her movement, but she got there eventually. But she wasn’t prepared for the sight that greeted her when she burst through the doors.

“Goddamnit, Jen! What’s taking you so—“ The buxom beauty paused at the sight before her. Jen was still trapped in the chair. Her eyes were red and bloodshot, her hair was disheveled and her face was streaked with tears.

“...Jen! What happened to you?”

“I’m stuck!” blubbered Jen, mascara running down her chubby cheeks with her tears.

“You’re what?”

“I’m stuck! My butt won’t come out!” To emphasize the point, she hopped up and down in her seat. Her enormous ass stayed plugged.

Laurie waddled over to her friend, her eyes wide. Was Jen’s badonkadonk actually so bootilicious that she could get stuck? Apparently, it was, because Laurie could see the metal legs of the chair pressing deeply into the soft gelatinous flesh of Jen’s thighs and bum.

“I was soooo scared!” wailed Jen, her eyes tearing up again. She began crying anew, burying her face in her hands. “I thought I was gonna die!”

“There there,” said Laurie tenderly, patting her friend’s forehead and holding her close to her bloated bosom. “You’re not going to die. Why would you think that?”

Jen’s sobs turned to hiccups. “Cuz..cuz...no one knew I was here...hiccup! And I... couldn’t reach my...hiccup!...my phone! I couldn’t...hiccup...call for help!”

“Jen, Jen, Jen,” said Laurie, squeezing her friend tightly, so tightly that Jen was nearly smothered between her mountainous mounds. Jen’s hiccups now caused Laurie’s tremendous titties to jiggle and bounce every time she breathed. “You know that I would never let that happen to you. You’re my best friend, and you know I always take care of you. Listen, who’s the one who always stood up for you when the other kids made fun of your butt?”

Jen mumbled something that was inaudible through the cushion of Laurie’s ponderous pontoons, but the raven-haired diva took it to mean “You.”

“And who’s the one who’s got the plan to make sure no one ever makes fun of your weight again?”

Jen mumbled again.

“So if you’d gone missing, don’t you think I would have found a way to take care of you? You know I would have found you no matter what. Who’s my best friend?”

Laurie stepped away to hear the answer, noticing that Jen’s tears had smeared eyeliner and lipstick on the front of her blouse. Laurie frowned slightly, because she hated to ever look less than her absolute best, but she quickly hid her feelings as she caught Jen’s eye again.

“I am,” said Jen, sniffing. She wiped her eyes with one thick arm.

“That’s right. So let’s see what to do about this giant ass that’s got you trapped. Hmm, I suppose just leaving you here till you lose weight is out of the question. We’d miss our date at the Cheesecake Factory.” She nudged Jen’s exposed rear between the two metal support legs with her foot. Jen had a sudden flashback to her dream, remembering only vaguely something about how dream Laurie wanted to leave her a tight spot to lose weight.

“No, no, Laurie! Don’t leave me!”

“Jeez, Jen, I was just kidding. Of course I’m not going to leave you. Honestly, stop being such a ditz.” Laurie rolled her eyes. “You pull, I’ll push!”

Jen repeated her earlier attempt to pull herself out of the chair by pushing against the armrests, while Laurie shoved her full weight against Jen’s backside. Laurie found herself sinking deep into Jen’s buttersoft buns, so jiggly and flabby that she could barely get a handhold in that ocean of flesh. She grunted, steeling herself against the behemoth buttocks, and shoved harder. Jen squealed at the sensation of Laurie’s hands grabbing big handfuls of butt blubber and shoving them forward. It was enough. Jen popped forward, launching out of the chair like a watermelon seed squeezed between two fingers. The pear-shaped princess flew across the room, stumbling to her feet and nearly falling face forward.

“See? I told you I would take care of you,” said Laurie, dusting herself off. She walked over to her friend and took her hand in hers. She smiled a devilish smile. “Now let’s see about that Cheesecake Factory, hmm?”

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The Cheesecake Factory was only a couple blocks from Laurie’s home, and, driving past it, it looked like the parking lot was full.

“I’m just going to park at home and we’ll walk over,” said Laurie, maneuvering around her titanic tits to spin the steering wheel.

“But it’s so far!” whined Jen in response. The porky princess was still touching up her make-up after her crying fit at school, but she was finally presentable again. She was so out of shape that the thought of a short walk sounded way too strenuous. The very idea was making



her weak in the knees! Besides, she would get all sweaty and ruin her make-up again!  
“Couldn’t you just, like, drop me off there?”

Laurie shot her friend a poisonous look. She didn’t like the idea of Jen arriving before her. It didn’t look dignified. Jen got quiet at Laurie’s glare.

Laurie pulled up in her driveway and the two growing girls each spent a few minutes struggling to get out of the car. It wasn’t easy at their size, especially for Jen... her widening hips formed a natural plug that almost trapped her inside the vehicle, but she managed to pull herself out with a little bit of rocking.

“You first,” said Laurie, gesturing. Jen smiled and waddled ahead, while Laurie followed. Jen felt important standing out in front, but the real reason was that the two girls were now too fat to walk side by side on the sidewalk. They would just end up bumping each other constantly with their flabby hips. Laurie preferred walking behind simply because she didn’t feel like turning her head to talk over her shoulder as they walked...er, waddled to the restaurant.

And waddle they did. Jen’s distinctive waddle had grown so thick that she was bobbing back and forth like a punching doll. Her short dress kept riding up over her butt, exposing the lowest quarter of her moon. Laurie’s frown deepened with every new exposed inch of flesh. Eventually the dress crawled up high enough that Laurie could see the beginnings of Jen’s green and white striped panties, wedged between her enormous, sweaty cheeks.

“Oh gawd it’s sooo far,” whined Jen again, reaching behind her to yank her rising dress back down over the soft flabby expanse of her tubby buns. She wiped a fleshy arm across her brow and sighed heavily. “Can’t we, like, rest? Just for a second?”

“Jeez, Jen, we’re almost there, don’t be such a lazy fatass.” Laurie snapped but she was feeling pretty winded too. Her stupendous knockers were heaving like a pair of water balloons with her heavy breathing.

“I’m not a lazy fatass!” pouted Jen, slightly annoyed. To prove her point, she tried to increase her speed but it didn’t have much effect. She was still plodding along at a crawl, huffing and puffing like a locomotive straining up a mountain.

By the time they reached their destination, both girls were drenched with sweat.

The hostess smiled broadly as the two heavy hotties ambled through the door, although her eyes betrayed how stunned she was at their ample size. The hostess was an older girl working her way through college, and who worked hard to keep fit. As such, even though she worked at the Cheesecake Factory, she rarely sampled any of the entrees, knowing as she did what went in them. This restaurant hadn’t earned a reputation as America’s least healthy eating establishment for nothing. She couldn’t help but feel a twinge of pity seeing the two wheezing, flabby girls. They were both younger than she was, probably still in high school. But look at how huge they’d already grown! Was this normal for kids these days? She certainly hoped not.

Even so, she had a job to do. Keeping her smile firmly in place, she approached Laurie

and Jen. "Table for two?" she asked. Laurie held up a finger to signal that the girl needed to wait.

"Yeah, hold that for a second," snapped Laurie, "I gotta freshen up first, okay, sweetie?"

The hostess was trying hard to be professional, even though she didn't care for Laurie's arrogant attitude AT ALL.

Laurie started for the restroom. "Coming, Jen?" she called over her shoulder.

"Right!" said Jen, waddling after her friend.

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In the safety of the bathroom, Laurie examined herself in the mirror. The short walk had left her entirely disheveled. Her perfect hair was messed, her cheeks were flushed and her mascara was running with her sweat.

"Jen, guard the door," she said as her bottom-heavy friend shuffled inside. Jen nodded and posted herself at the door, leaning her bulk against it. If any other woman had needed to use the bathroom, they would have found the door mysteriously jammed. Little would they know that the real reason that the door wouldn't open is that there were several acres of booty blubber pressing against it from the other side.

Laurie quickly unbuttoned her shirt, allowing her swollen belly and bulbous bazongas to bounce out. She frowned as she saw that her enormous rounded teats were completely drenched in perspiration, rivulets of sweats sliding down into the cavernous chasm of her endless cleavage. She grabbed a handful of paper towels and stuffed them between her boobs, quickly mopping up the moisture. She tossed the towels in the garbage before grabbing a second batch. She grabbed hold of her left breast and lifted it, revealing more puddles of accumulated sweat in her underboob area. Gawd, why was she so sweaty? She mopped it up without a word, before repeating the procedure with her right boob.

"Okay, Jen, that's good," said Laurie, quickly buttoning her blouse up again. The buxom beauty subconsciously sucked in her gut just a tad as she worked the buttons up again. She was pleased to feel how they strained when she fastened them across the swell of her bountiful bosom. The strain they felt when she fastened them across her growing gut was less pleasant, but Laurie barely paid any attention to that. As usual, she was mesmerized by the sight of her own colossal bustline and any other concerns were secondary. She sat her purse on the counter and pulled out her make-up kit, to give herself just the briefest of touch ups.

"Um, I gotta dry off too," mumbled Jen, waddling over to the nearest bathroom stall. She didn't want to say it out loud, but Laurie guessed what Jen was referring to. With her fat mostly concentrated in her voluminous rear end, Jen tended to get extremely sweaty around her backside with just the slightest exertion. Jen's deep asscrack was swimming in sweat.

“Oof!” Laurie looked up from her colossal cantelopes to see Jen’s predicament reflected in the mirror. Or rather, to see Jen’s enormous ass reflected in the mirror. The bootilicious bunny had managed to almost squeeze into a bathroom stall, except for her monumental buns and thunder thighs. She could see that fat rump sticking out, the only part of her flabby friend still visible from this angle. The giant quivering rear slammed up against both sides of the narrow stall doorway as Jen tried to force it through. Laurie paused to watch the ridiculous display, marveling at how thick ripples ran through the butter soft blubber every time that Jen made another futile attempt to pull herself through. You could just barely see the feeble muscles tensing and straining underneath all that flab; when Jen tensed, you could see the result in the subtle movement of the fabric across her voluptuous curves – the way the dress hem slid up, the way the increasingly exposed panties would slip deeper into her crack. Jen’s butt almost looked like two planets on a collision course, rolling and bouncing like boulders.

“You need some help, Jen?” said Laurie, applying the finishing touches to her lipstick.

There was a pause. For a moment, the butt remained motionless as Jen considered the question.

“Ummm, yeah?”

Laurie walked over to her friend and placed her hands on Jen’s watermelon-sized butt cheeks. Grunting, the buxom beauty shoved with all her might. Her hands sank deep into Jen’s flesh, accidentally raising the hem of the callipygous kitty’s sundress even higher.

“Goddammit, Jen, your ass is stuck in the doorway.”

“Umm, these doorways are too narrow! It could happen to anyone!” Jen said, a slight quiver in her voice. She was still a little raw after her trial with the deskchair back at school – that is, she was a little emotionally sensitive about her thunderous rump being too wide, but her butt itself was a little sore from that earlier squeeze. The entire situation seemed strangely familiar, too, as if like something in a dream, but somehow she couldn’t quite put her finger on it...

“Yeah, sure, anyone,” Laurie said. She recognized that quiver in Jen’s voice and didn’t want the poor girl to start crying again. Laurie was just annoyed because this whole incident was cutting into valuable eating time. She wanted to hurry up and get to their table!

“I’m going to push again, okay? Just try to suck in...your butt, I guess.”

“What? How do I do that? I can’t suck in my butt!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “I was just kidding, Jen. Jeez! Alright, here we go!”

Laurie shoved her shoulder against the wall of butt flesh, hoping to get some more leverage. Inside the stall, Laurie could hear Jen pushing against the wall with her hands. Both girls were grunting and moaning with the exertion and Laurie began to think that it was more likely that the stall would completely collapse before Jen pulled her badonkadonk bum free.

But then it happened! Their combined effort must have been enough, because Jen once again popped free like a cork, stumbling forward and nearly falling over the toilet. Laurie nearly fell over but managed to cram the doorframe to steady herself.

“Finally!” she gasped. Laurie straightened up and adjusted her hair. The effort of pushing on Jen had already undone most of the work she’d done primping. She was already breaking into a fresh sweat, her cheeks and bosom were both flushed and rosy. Well, no matter, she had plenty of time to primp again by the looks of it; Jen was grabbing handfuls of toilet paper to mop her ass crack. With the size of that ass, Laurie reckoned that she had a few minutes to kill.

“Okay, Jen, just remember: when you want to come out of the stall, you need to turn sideways, okay?”

“Yeah, totally, I know!” said Jen, a little annoyed at being lectured.

But it turned out that turning sideways wasn’t much help. When Jen was finished cleaning herself up, she turned sideways and tried to squeeze herself out of the stall. Her large ass wedged up against one side of the doorframe while her soft flabby tummy pushed up against the other. Once again, Laurie found herself watching Jen’s glacial progress in the reflection of the mirror. Jen’s right buttock scraped against the door, more and more of its expanse slowly coming into view as Jen struggled to pull herself out of her predicament. Finally, it popped free, jiggling and wobbling. But now the doorframe was wedged deep into her cavernous ass crack, one cheek inside the stall, one cheek outside. The wedge between her cheeks made it difficult for Jen to wiggle around, and, until now, Jen’s squirming was the only thing that had allowed her to gradually pull herself out of the door frame.

“Ohhh, Laurie! Help me! I, like, think I’m stuck again.”

“Christ, Jen, again?”

“It’s not my fault! It’s still too small!”

“More like your fat ass is too big. Let’s see what we have here.”

Laurie inspected her friend’s situation. Jen pouted and fumed, silently mumbling “My ass is NOT too big” under her breath as Laurie poked at her soft, supple body. There had to be someplace on that bovine body where she could get a good grasp without just sinking into Jen’s quicksand-like blubber. Maybe she’d have to crawl under Jen and push her out from the inside? Laurie didn’t like the idea of wallowing around on the bathroom floor, but it might turn out that was the only option.

“Jen, lift up your feet, okay?”

“Like, what?”

“You heard me ,just lift up your feet for a sec?”

“Um, but, like, I’ll fall down!”

“No, you won’t. I’ll bet your fat ass is wedged in there so tight that it’ll keep you upright even when you don’t have your feet on the ground.”

Jen frowned. She didn’t like to think that Laurie was making fun of her size, but she dutifully bent her knees, lifting her chubby feet off the ground. True to Laurie’s prediction, Jen’s butt and belly were stuck so fast that she remained in place, hovering in the air, suspended by nothing but the pressure her inflated body was placing on the doorframe. But without floor support, the doorframe started to creak and bend.

“Jen! You’re too fat, you’re going to wreck the whole stall! Put your feet down!”

Jen straightened her legs again, standing firmly on the floor. There was no way that she could stay raised long enough for Laurie to crawl under her. Assuming that Laurie would even be able to fit between Jen’s legs with her own corpulence. And, in any case, Laurie didn’t much want to crawl around on the floor anyway. She had to think of another solution.

“Fuck it, just give me your hand.”

Jen extended her pudgy little hand and Laurie grasped it.

“Just pulling worked before, so it’ll work again. You push, I’ll pull. On three, okay? One. Two. Three.”

Both girls strained on three. Poor Jen! Laurie was yanking on her arm hard enough that it felt like it was going to dislocate it. Jen began howling.

“Owww! Laurie, stop it, that hurts!”

“Shut up, Jen, do you want to get out of there or not? Now shut your yap, suck in that giant gut of yours and push!”

The second push only resulted in Jen crying and blubbering.

“Lauriiiiie! That really hurts!”

Laurie patted Jen on one tubby cheek and rubbed away a tear. “I’m sorry, Jen, I really am, but there’s no other way to get you out. I mean, what do you want me to do? Go to the cook and ask for some butter to grease you down? Jesus, that might actually work...if you don’t just lick it all off first.”

“Hey, I, like, wouldn’t lick it off! I don’t just, like, eat butter...Mmm.” Jen seemed to actually be considering the possibility of eating pure butter. Obviously she needs food, thought Laurie, if she’s thinking about that, she’s been trapped in here too long and she’s probably starving. I know I am, I haven’t eaten since lunch!

“Just one more try, okay?”

“Okay,” whined Jen.

Laurie pulled. Jen pushed. Third time was the charm. The side of the stall began to bend slightly, just enough that Jen’s left butt cheek began to slide out, slowly at first.

“Laurie! It’s working! My butt is moving, I can feel it!”

“Great, don’t stop! Keep pushing!”

More pulling. More pushing. Jen’s badonkadonk was shaking and quivering, an ocean of constantly rippling adipose, as it gradually slid out.

“The door’s out of my butt crack!” said Jen gleefully.

“Shut up,” said Laurie between gritted teeth, “We’re not out of the woods yet. Just one more push!”

Both girls strained and it worked. Jen popped free, tumbling on top of her friend. Both girls stumbled around, bumping into the opposite wall. That averted their fall.

“Yaaaay! I’m free! I love you, Laurie, you’re the best!” Jen threw her chubby arms around her best friend and hugged her close in gratitude, her face nearly lost between her taller friend’s bountiful bazongas.

“Yeah, well, we better get out of here before anyone notices what you did to that stall,” said Laurie, eying the damage. The door had been slightly bent off its hinges by the ordeal. Laurie didn’t want to be held responsible for that, especially when, technically, it wasn’t her fault. Blame Jen and her massive tushie for that. “Let’s go eat.”

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The waitress led the two plumpers to a booth. She first tried to steer them toward a table, knowing that a booth would be a tight fit for these two bloated bunnies, but Laurie would have none of that.

“We want a booth, sweetie, okay? There’s more privacy.”

As usual when she was being bossy, Laurie straightened up to her full height and puffed out her massive chest, making her appear even bigger than she really was.

“Of course,” said the waitress without missing a beat. She had better things to do besides argue and, besides, if she didn’t do something to make Laurie stop puffing herself out, her monumental bazoombas would blast their way right out of her shirt.

The waitress waited patiently as Jen and Laurie scooted into the booth. It was an even tighter squeeze than they had expected. The two girls were already so plump that they barely

fit, their big flabby tummies pressing tightly against the table. With the two hefty hotties on opposite sides, the waitress suspected that they'd be having some real trouble fitting: As one bulging belly struggled to push the table away, it would only press harder into the gut on the other side.

"Our specials today are—"

"We don't care what your specials are," said Laurie, "We know what we want."

"Um, I'd like to hear the special," said Jen.

"Alright, fine, what are your specials?"

"We have a Smoked Bacon and Melted Cheddar with Crispy Onion Rings and B.B.Q. Ranch Sauce—"

"Oh, I want that!" squealed Jen, clapping her chubby hands together in glee.

"—and a pasta carbonara. That's Spaghettini with Smoked Bacon, Green Peas, and a Garlic-Parmesan Cream Sauce. Available with Chicken."

"Ooo, no, I want that," said Jen.

"Well, which is it?" asked Laurie, annoyed at this delay.

"I dunno...could I just get both?"

"Um, are you sure? They're kinda big," said the waitress.

"Don't question my friend when she orders," said Laurie, "She's not an idiot, she knows what she wants."

The waitress kept her poker face. "Okay. And what can I get for you?"

"Chicken Parmesan Sandwich," said Laurie. "Oh, but bring us a plate of those mozzarella sticks to start."

"Okay, mozzarella sticks."

"Oh, and the loaded potato skins."

"Can we get some buffalo wings, too?" asked Jen.

Laurie nodded. "Some of those too. We're celebrating, after all."

The waitress nodded silently and left.

"Oooo, I've never had buffalo wings here before!" said Jen, "This is so exciting!"

"Calm down, wide load, they're just chicken wings."

A quizzical look crossed Jen's face. "But...then how can they call them that if they're not from real buffalo?"

"It's cuz they're in buffalo sauce, Jen. Stop being such an airhead."

"Ohhhh." Jen shook her head. What a weird concept!

Conversation soon died as the food began to arrive and the two girls turned their full attention to their meals. The only sound was the tinny clink of silverware against plates and the smacking, sputtering noise of desperate chewing. Once again, for all their pretenses, the truth came out: both girls were helpless, blimping gluttons who were in complete thrall to their ever-growing appetites. When food was in front of them, nothing else mattered. Jen's mind was often blank, so it was easy for food to fill it completely, pushing out all worries and fears. For Laurie, this was a more recent phenomenon. The haughty hottie was almost always scheming and planning, worrying about her impeccable looks or high social standing, but now there was nothing in her brain but images of gooey mozzarella sticks, juicy steaks, mouth-watering pies, sweet ice cream, food, food, FOOD. It was the only thing that existed for her, a world of food, nothing but tasty treats as far as the eye could see, everything begging to be devoured, to be eaten, to pass between her glossy pink lips and fill her expanding tummy, she wanted to eat and eat and EAT until she had her fill, until there was no food anywhere, until the world was empty of everything that could be eaten, until it was all inside her, filling her all tight and snug and burstingly full, all warm inside like it felt when Frank fed her, when Frank filled her up up up. Under the table, Laurie's belly was slowly rounding out like a basketball being inflated. She barely noticed. Almost unconsciously, her silky legs were shaking and twitching with growing excitement. Food and sex were intertwined for her now. They were one and the same and there was no going back. Lust and gluttony. Gluttony and lust. Laurie could never get enough. Oh Frank. If only he was here, helping her eat, feeding her, cutting her steak and poking forkfuls of pie into her mouth, treating her like the pampered queen that she knew she was, oh gawd, Laurie was getting so horny just thinking about it. Between her legs, her fat pussy was getting moist just thinking about how Frank held her, how he fed her, and all this food in front of her right now, all this delicious decadent sinful food and it just kept coming and coming, an endless feast, AHM waitress, I need a refill on this soda, I expect better service at a place like this, I can't believe I'd even have to ask and YES another order of loaded potato skins, Jen wants extra sour cream and bacon bits. Yes, that sounds good, more of that, more more MORE. Is it enough? Can it ever be enough? Is that even a concept? What could it mean to have enough, to eat enough, to be full enough that you're not thinking of eating? Oh gawd so horny, grinding her legs together, her soft growing belly becoming firm, becoming hard and tight. Danger! Danger, it seems to be saying, contents under pressure. The edge of the table is pressing hard into her gut as it grows, it hurts, a warning to stop, to call it off before the pressure of the table makes her full full tummy rupture like a tire. But she can't stop, won't stop, it feels too good to be filled, to be stuffed and sated like a big fat pig. Fill me. Stuff me. More more more. The feast is a blur. What is she eating now? Entrees? Desserts? What does it matter? Her pussy is throbbing with excitement, her enormous hard belly is so big now that it has settled between her legs, its firm smooth bulk rubbing against her clit with every wheezing breath. Her face is flushing a rosy red, does Jen notice? Does Jen know why? She probably thought it was just



from the effort of eating, she probably has no idea that the feast is having a second effect too, that eating was so entwined with sex now that Laurie could get aroused just by stuffing her face like a pig, a secret that was not helping her rapidly expanding waistline, that would just ensure that she would continue to grow bigger and bigger. Her fork hitting the empty plate, the food all gone. Just in time to save her from herself. Dessert. The waitress had to ask. Were they agreeing to get some dessert? Just a slice of pie. A small thing. Laurie could take it. Only just. Maybe a second slice. Then a different flavor. Something new. Jen too. Both girls weren't done glutting. More food for the swollen sweeties, fill them up up up, fill them till bursting, until they're packed solid, leaning back, bellies in the air, like a pair of preggo heffers. That's not right. This is the Cheesecake Factory. Gotta try the cheesecake. Bring a slice. Two. One for each. No, bring a whole cake. Bring two. Two cheesecakes. One for each girl. The cakes are huge and decadent, but they're gone soon.

And now they were full. So very, very full.

Laurie dropped her fork onto the table with a loud clatter. She was STUFFED. She was so full that even breathing was difficult, her gasps were shallow and ragged and impaired by the edge of the table which pushed deeply against her tender, overfull tummy. Across the table, Jen was in a similar state. Jen's chubby cheeks were turning a deep red just with the strain of breathing.

"Oh...that...was...sooooo good," moaned Jen softly between gasps. Her gut was so overloaded that even talking was difficult. She tried to shift in her seat but she couldn't get comfortable with the table pressing into her.

"Oof, it was...pretty good, I guess. Cheesecakes seemed...kind of skimpy." Laurie huffed. She pulled out her pocket mirror and inspected her face. She noticed a few stray crumbs of cheesecake around her glossy pink lips, so she picked them off daintily and popped them in her mouth. Waste not, want not. That's better. She scooted her butt back in her seat, trying to get away from the table enough that it wouldn't press into her belly so badly. It was a futile attempt. Her belly was too big now, too full and flabby. All she managed to do was to push the table out slightly, pressing it into Jen. The sudden pressure was enough to make the bootilicious beauty belch loudly.

"Jen! Excuse yourself!"

"Sorry! I can't help it! You, like, pushed the table into me."

Laurie shook her head. "Let's go pay and get out of here." She leaned to her side and struggled to pull her credit card out of her purse. And that was when both girls made a simultaneous discovery.

They were stuck. Their bloated bellies were wedged so tightly against the table from opposite sides that they simply could not get out of the booth.

"Oh Gawd, what are we going to do?" said Jen, her lower lip quivering.

“Shut up, Jen, don’t panic. It’s not like YOU haven’t been in this situation before.”

“Yeah. But, like, you haven’t! What are we going to do? We, like, can’t get out of here if we’re stuck! How will we get home?”

“Ugh, why did we walk? I am so not in the mood to walk.”

“So, like, what do we do?”

Laurie thought for a moment. “That’s easy. I’ll call my mom. She’ll pick us up.”

Laurie tapped some numbers into her cellphone and raised it to her ear. “Hey, Mom? Yeah, Jen and I are at the new Cheesecake Factory and we need you to pick us up. What? Ummm...Because it’s too far. Yes, it is SO too far! Like, I don’t care, we’re tired and we need you to pick us up, okay? Wait one sec, Mom.”

Laurie put her hand over the receiver. “What?”

Jen was shaking her head and waving her hands. “Like, don’t tell her to come now! Tell her to come..like, in a little while? You know, like, for digestion?” For emphasis, Jen once again tried to stand, only to have her swollen middle bump against the table. Her full tummy pushed the table out as she struggled, jostling Laurie’s own bloated belly too much for comfort.

“Gawd, settle down, Jen! You’re going to make me sick! You’ll make me puke all over the table!”

“Sorry.”

“No, Mom, not you. I was talking to Jen. Look, just come in like 30 minutes, okay? Good.” Laurie snapped the phone closed and settled in to wait. It was going to be a long 30 minutes, Laurie knew, listening to the loud pops and gurgles emanating from her overloaded tummy as it began the slow and arduous process of digestion. It was going to be long, because Laurie was horny as FUCK. Her stuffing sessions with Frank now meant that she was helplessly turned on by the feeling of a full tummy and this may have been the most full that she’d ever been. She shifted in her seat, struggling to get more comfortable – as comfortable as she could get with this fleshy beachball in front of her.

Jen, too, was squirming in her seat. But the pear-shaped princess wasn’t turned on by overeating. Rather, she was excited to be stuck in this tight space. Craig had lavished so much attention on her bodacious booty, had caressed her so tenderly and pleased her so fully while her colossal hippo hips were wedged into so many doorways, that Jen now developed a slight tingle at the very idea of being stuck. Granted, she preferred when it was her butt or hips getting her stuck, but a belly was good too.

“Oh I can’t believe how much I ate,” moaned Jen, patting her stomach. “I, like, thought I’d never feel more full than that one time at the fair. But I totally feel even more full right now!”

“Hmm,” said Laurie, “Well, Jen, it’s okay to indulge once in a while. But we do have to

be careful not to overdo it. We have to stick to the plan.”

“What plan?”

“ ‘What plan?’ Please, Jen, don’t be such a bimbo. You know, the plan to make sure that Alice always stays fatter than either of us so that we look thin! We have to make sure that we only pig out like this for special occasions or else we’ll turn into big fat porkers too.”

“Special occasions like buying a bigger bra?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Well, like, I don’t think the plan is such an important thing.”

Laurie froze. She glared at her friend with an icy stare. “What?”

“I mean, does it really matter that much? I don’t think anyone would really, like, care or anything if Alice wasn’t bigger than us...”

“Oh Jen, I forgot that you seem to no longer care about the most important things in life: power, status, and, above all, looks. You do know why we’re the queen bees of this school, right? It’s because we are drop dead gorgeous and smokin’ hot. With my boobs and your ass, we are the girls that every boy wants to date and every girl wants to be. If we turned into a pair of butterballs, we wouldn’t have that anymore!”

“Well, it’s just, like...I kinda like Alice. She’s not so bad. I feel, like, kinda bad for doing this to her.”

Laurie leaned forward as far as her globular gut would allow. “We’re not doing anything to her, Jen. We’re simply providing her with food. No one is forcing her to eat. If Alice can’t control her own appetite, that’s hardly our fault.”

“Yeah, but...” Jen scrunched up her face as she struggled to think. It was not a skill that came to her naturally. Laurie must be right, Laurie was always right, but...still, she couldn’t help but think that maybe Laurie was wrong just this once. “I mean, we don’t need to keep giving her food, do we? She’s already way fatter than you, you know.” Jen hadn’t weighed herself since before her training for the pie contest, so she suspected that she might outweigh Alice now. Who cares. Jen didn’t really mind all that much. But she could tell that Laurie did mind, so she was careful to phrase her comments to assuage Laurie’s fears that she might outweigh Alice.

“Oh, how do you know that, Jen?”

“Well, at the fair, Alice went to one of those guess-your-weight booths and the guy said she was 242 pounds.”

“242 pounds! Wow, what a heifer!” Laurie laughed wickedly. Her plan was working after all! No way did she weigh more than that! Alice really was the fattest! Well, fatter than her, at least. Looking at Jen’s wide hips, swollen belly and bubbly bottom, Laurie felt pretty confident that her friend probably weighed even more than that now. She’d have to find out

Jen's current weight once and for all when they got home...

## 27.B Laurie

By the time Laurie's mother arrived, the two swollen spherical sweeties had digested enough that they could get out of the table. Getting into Laurie's mom's tiny hybrid car was another story. Laurie could barely fit her ass in the shot gun seat and the seat belt wouldn't fasten across her expansive waist. Jen had considerable trouble getting into the backseat, her flaring hips barely passing through the car doors. Once they were inside, the whole car settled lower, effectively turning into a lowrider. Laurie's mother had to pump the ignition to get the car started, since it wasn't used to carrying quite this much weight. It sputtered to life and groaned as it began lugging the two heavyweight honeys back home, muffler scraping loudly against the pavement as it chugged along.

Arriving at home, the two still bloated bunnies made a beeline for Laurie's bedroom. Laurie flopped down on her bed with an intense sigh. Jen remained standing.

"Do you, like, think I could...take a shower? Like, to clean up?" asked Jen. She hoped that her flushed cheeks wouldn't reveal the true purpose of her request. She was still ridiculously horny after getting stuck in the booth at the restaurant and she desperately needed relief. Her plump pussy was dripping like a waterfall inside her snug panties, so much that it was a wonder that she wasn't soaking through her dress too. She needed to finger herself to orgasm and fast!

Laurie waved a hand dismissively. "Go right ahead." She wasn't at all interested in anything Jen did right now. She just wanted to lie down and rest. She slid backwards on the bed, propping herself up against the pillows and headboard, and gazed down at her unbelievable belly – which had grown so full and round that for once she was able to see it clearly past the mountaintops of her pendulous bosom.

"Thanks," said Jen. She shuffled toward the bathroom, but paused right before the doorway. Remembering the difficulty that she had before with the narrow door, Jen turned sideways and tried to slide through. With her shelf-like bum behind her and her enormously packed gut in front, it didn't do her much good. The apex of her stomach still brushed one side of the doorway while her butter-soft badonkadonk brushed the other. It was a good thing that the two girls had ended their meal when they did. If Jen had eaten much more, enough to make her tummy pop out even an extra inch, she probably wouldn't have been able to squeeze through the tight space. Not that this all helped Jen at all. The sensation of the doorframe against her bare belly, pressing in on her ever so slightly as she pushed through, brought back recent memories of past squeezes. Jen stifled a soft gasp from escaping her lips. She didn't want Laurie to guess how this squeeze was getting her excited.

Once inside the bathroom, Jen closed the door and turned on the shower to disguise

any noises she might make. Actually, no. She had a better idea. She grabbed the detachable showerhead and pulled it from its perch. Slowly, she lowered her hefty bulk into the tub, getting down on her hands and knees, fat flabby ass held high in the air. Squeezing her eyes shut, she buried the throbbing showerhead in her pudgy pussy and yelped quietly at the electric sensations it sent coursing through her body.

Lost in bliss, Jen couldn't help moaning, just a little. Her whole fleshy body was shaking with pleasure, the gelatinous blubber of her rotund rump jiggling even harder than the rest of her. She thought about how Craig had rubbed her pussy and pounded her ass while she'd been stuck in the doorway at home. She thought about how she'd eaten so much at the Cheesecake Factory that she'd become trapped between table and seat by her own tumtum. Hmm. Yes. Delightful memories. The pulsating water stream tickled her sensitive clit, stimulating her higher and higher. Water dribbled down her thighs and occasionally squirted from between her legs when the hose slipped slightly. Her blubbery body was slick with water and perspiration, making her look even more like an elephant seal or a walrus than usual. She had a sudden strange thought: What if this water streaming against her pussy didn't just stream down her legs? What if it filled her up, blowing her up bigger and bigger like a big bloated water balloon, until she filled the tub, until she got stuck in the tub, her big fat flanks spilling over the sides, her wobbly buttocks heaving and shaking in the air? The very thought pushed Jen over the brink and she exploded into orgasm.

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Meanwhile, Laurie was otherwise engaged. She pulled off her sweater and threw it aside. Taking a few moments to admire her gargantuan melons as they sat snugly in her –for once – perfectly fitted brassiere, she turned her attention to her pants. They were strangling her! She popped open the snap and wriggled out of them with a sigh of intense relief. Laying on the bed in just bra and panties felt sooo much better. She was glad that she and Jen were such good friends that she didn't need to feel embarrassed about her underwear.

She lay back on the bed with another heavy, contented sigh, her stuffed belly and titanic tits rising up before her face like three mountains. She put one hand to the side of her belly, feeling just how insanely full it was. Had she ever been this crammed full of food? She doubted it. Her thoughts once again strayed to her last sex session with Frank and how full she was then, how Frank had rubbed her big fat tits and cuddled her hefty middle, how she ran her hands over Frank's own flabby gut...the thought was rekindling the excitement that she'd felt at the restaurant. She felt herself getting moist in her snug little panties, but what could she do? She couldn't relieve herself while Jen was around.

Or could she? The sounds of the shower running were still coming strong from the bathroom, but Laurie could hear another faint sound in the background. It sounded like... moaning.

Laurie smirked. "That little minx," she said to herself, chuckling slightly. Laurie knew that Jen had a pretty active libido. In Laurie's opinion, that was part of the problem: Jen would stuff anything into her mouth that was even vaguely phallic, so the bottom-heavy bimbo was overloaded on calories from ice cream cones, candy canes and popsicles. Well. If she was occupied in there, Laurie knew she had a few minutes to spare. She just had to be quick. Keeping a watchful eye on the bathroom door, Laurie reached over into the bedside table drawer and grabbed her vibrator. Expertly, she held the little pulsating egg against her soaking crotch and flicked it on. The sensations were immediate and intense. The vibrations sent quakes through Laurie's entire body, shaking her drum-tight tummy (which only served to make her even more excited) and her wobbly gelatinous boobs.

All the food inside her was getting churned up by the motion. In fact, Laurie probably shouldn't have drunk so much soda with her dinner because the vibrations were causing the carbonation inside her to fizz up, stretching her poor tummy even more. Laurie barely registered, she was too lost in pleasure. Sure, it was just a tiny tad bit harder to reach around her belly to keep herself pleased. And, sure, she was feeling a tad more uncomfortably bloated as the fizz bubbled upside her globular gut. And yes, if she listened hard enough, she might have just heard the sounds of threads in her panties straining over the buzzing of her vibrator and the blood pounding in her ears. But she wasn't concerned with that. Laurie started to moan in pleasure but the moan turned into loud, juicy belch. Her free hand shot to her mouth. Luckily, the sound wasn't loud enough to disturb Jen, so Laurie was free to continue. The burp helped relieve the pressure in her stomach, so she turned up the vibrator to tickle her faster.

"Ohhh," gasped Laurie, biting her lip to stifle a louder yelp. "That's sooo good. Oh, if only Frank was here to touch me...and maybe feed me just a little more." Her free hand moved to her left boob and started tweaking her nipple.

"Oh god, yes!" cried Laurie as she went over the edge, falling into orgasm. She bucked and twitch, her boobs and belly bouncing with the motion, before falling backwards into a gasping, sweaty heap.

Still panting and red-faced from the exertion, she quickly hid the vibrator as she heard Jen shut off the shower. She knew what Jen was up to in there, but she hoped that Jen had been too distracted to know what she was doing out here. She smiled her sweetly disarming smile as Jen opened the bathroom door and waddled out.

"Feeling better?" said Laurie.

"Um, like, yeah," said Jen, "I totally feel clean now! Like, move over and give me some room!"

Laurie rolled over to the right side of the bed as best she could, considering her new girth. Jen climbed onto the bed and flopped down. The bed sagged and groaned under the combined weight of the two heavy hoggish hotties.

After the big meal and the supreme effort of masturbation, both girls were left winded

and spent. For a few moments they lied next to each other in silence, the only noises were their ragged gasping and breathing and the low gurgles and grumbles of digestion coming from their two titanic paunches. They could do little else but watch their giant guts rise and fall with every breath.

“Like, that was an amaaaazing meal,” said Jen finally.

“Hmmm,” agreed Laurie.

Jen patted her still bloated stomach. “Like, I think we might have eaten a little too much. But, like, they didn’t need to roll us out, so it’s all good, right? Right?”

Giggling, Jen elbowed her friend in her portly flank, evidently amused by her own joke. Laurie smiled thinly and raised an eyebrow.

“Eating too much is okay once in a while,” said Laurie, “Just for a special occasion. But you’d better be careful not to pork out too much or you’ll just get fat.”

“Hyeah right, ‘Get fat.’” Jen nearly laughed out loud. She no longer shared Laurie’s ineffectual concern with weight. Jen was a mindless snacker and her weight was the last thing on her mind.

“That’s right,” said Laurie a bit archly. She didn’t like the tone of Jen’s laugh. “It’s a real possibility. Especially for you. I have self-control, so I only indulge when there’s a good reason. You, however, do not have my willpower. I mean, look at how you’ve lived the last month. All you did was stuff your face so you could win some silly contest.”

“It wasn’t silly!” said Jen. “I did it because I wanted to show you I could win something! And I think it took a lot of willpower!”

“Oh, yeah, sure, it took a lot of willpower to eat cookies and cupcakes 24/7 until you blew up like a blimp. Sorry Jen, but I don’t think you know anything about willpower.”

“Oh, like, you do? You only pig out on special occasions, huh? What’s the occasion now, again? Oh, that’s right – it’s cuz you’re boobs got bigger!”

Laurie scowled. “That IS an important occasion.”

“Hyeah right! Laurie, your boobs have been growing ever since middle school like a pair of big fat melons on the vine. If going up another cupsizes is the only excuse that you need to eat like a pig, then you’d be as big as a house now!”

Jen started to laugh again, and her own breasts began to shake. She stopped as a loud jagged ripping noise tore through the air. Suddenly, her bra fell away from her chest, dropping across her protruding belly. Her breasts, modest compared to Laurie but still full and round, popped out, jiggling in the still air. Both girls stared for a moment at the newly exposed pale mounds, topped by warm pink nipples that instantly popped to attention in the cool air. Then a blushing Jen grabbed the defeated undergarment and pulled it back up to cover herself. Laurie



howled with laughter.

“Well well well, I guess this is a more special occasion that we thought. Looks like even YOU have a little extra meat up top now. Isn’t that a trip? I thought you stored everything in your ass.”

“Like, shut up, Laurie! It’s not funny!”

“Oh, I think it is. You were having too much fun making fun of me, but now look who’s got the last laugh? I hope you’re not thinking that you’re going to try and challenge me. You might have gained a little bit in the tatas, but you know I’m still the boob queen of this school.”

Laurie sat up clumsily and leaned forward to inspect Jen’s ruined bra. But she stopped when a familiar sound split the air. RIIIIIP. Laurie froze, her eyes bugging out. Jen began to laugh again, so hard that she dropped her bra and clutched her sides in mirth. Laurie’s panties had been tested too far tonight. After straining to accommodate Laurie’s enormous soda-bloated gut, they had stretched and stretched and stretched...but they could only stretch so far. By bending over, Laurie’s bottom had finally put too much pressure on the unraveling undergarment and her knickers had completely split up the back, exposing Laurie soft buttcheeks and asscrack.

“Oh shit,” said Laurie.

“Like, haha!” said Jen, “Now look who’s putting on too much weight! Maybe your boobs are all full up, Laurie! They’re so filled with fat, they don’t have any room to get bigger and now you have to put your new fat in your behind!”

“Shut up, Jen!”

Jen leaned forward and squeezed Laurie’s giant boobs while tilting her head as if she was listening for a response from Laurie’s colossal chest.

“Hmm, like, hello? Any more room in there? Are you babies all filled up? Uh oh, Laurie, I think, like, your tits are dangerously full. We’d better start moving your fat down to your butt before your boobs explode!”

“Shut up!” Laurie swatted Jen’s hands away, but the booty babe continued to giggle at Laurie’s embarrassing predicament. “See, this is exactly what I was worried about! I might have gained a little. Just a tad. Just the tinnest tad.”

“Everyone can see you’ve gained, Laurie.”

“Shut up! They won’t as long as we’ve got Alice and the others around to look fatter! They’re still fatter than we are!” Laurie’s earlier joking about occasional pig-outs was gone now, replaced with a real near panic. She was definitely plumper. There was no denying that – at least not to anyone who was honest with themselves. But Laurie was desperate to keep her own inflated self image, so she couldn’t be fat. At least, not the fattest.

“Yeah, I dunno if Alice is still fatter,” said Jen. “She weighed herself at the fair and she

was only 242 pounds.”

“242 pounds!” screeched Laurie, jumping out of bed. The sudden motion jostled her stomach and she doubled over in pain. That motion in turn caused her panties to rip even further with a loud noise. Laurie ignored them. 242 pounds?!? How could Jen describe Alice as ONLY 242 pounds? 242 pounds was huge! She was a whale! A cow! A blimpette! Could they actually weigh more than Alice? Could they be so fat now that 242 pounds would look small in comparison? In truth, Jen had only been talking about herself; she knew that after all her binging and gluttony that there was a very good chance that she weighed even more than Alice. But Laurie was terrified that she, too, might outweigh blimpo Alice.

“Quick, we need to get weighed!” said Laurie, grabbing Jen’s pudgy arm and trying to pull her off the bed. “There’s no way that we could be bigger than Alice! I need to know the truth!”

“Okay okay! Like, don’t have a cow,” said Jen, pushing herself to her feet. Both chunky cheerleaders waddled back to the bathroom so that Laurie could pull out the scale. They made an amusing sight: Laurie’s panties were in shreds, while Jen was topless.

“Wait here,” said Laurie as they got to the bathroom door. She knew that they would never in a million years both fit into the small room, so instead she took a deep breath, sucked in her gut, turned sideways and scooted in, her nipples grazing the doorframe. She didn’t attempt to bend over to reach the scale, afraid that she’s only succeed to blowing her torn knickers completely to shreds. Instead she just pushed it out through the door with one plump foot.

“Me first,” said Laurie. She was scared to know the truth but she was also so panicked that she couldn’t bear the suspense. She had to know. She stepped on and waited, the spinning of the dial reverberating in her ears like evil laughter. Finally it came to a stop, but when Laurie attempted to see the number she only saw giant belly and zeppelin-sized knockers in her field of vision.

“Jen, what does the scale say? Tell me true!”

Jen leaned over, pushing Laurie’s hefty hooters out of the way. “Wow! I never would have believed it! Laurie, you’re 226 pounds!”

“Oh shit, no way! Fuck, there’s no way that I’m that fat!” Laurie was nearly in tears. How could this be? At least it wasn’t worse. That was a relief that she was still smaller than Alice. But still, that number was way too high. She would need to step up her plan if she wanted to stay svelte compared to the others.

Laurie stepped off the scale. The dial took a full 15 seconds to cycle back to zero, before Jen could step on. Like Laurie, Jen also couldn’t see the dial over her own girth, but unlike Laurie Jen seemed pretty unconcerned about this development.

“Laurie, like, what’s the point? You know I can’t see the dial!”

“That’s exactly the point! I can’t believe you’ve become so large that you can’t see the scale!”

“Like, so what? You can’t either!”

“That’s different! I can’t see the scale because of my boobs!”

“Yeah, and your belly.”

“Yeah, and my bell – No! Just my boobs! Shut up, Jen, you shouldn’t talk, because you weigh... oh my God! Holy shit! Oh fucking hell, I can’t believe this!”

“What?”

“Jen, you weigh 251 fucking pounds! You’re fucking huge! Jesus Christ, you’re even fatter than Alice now! Look what you’ve done! That stupid fucking contest has blown you up like a balloon and now you’re so fat that you outweigh that fucking cow!”

“Hey, like, c’mon, I kinda like Alice.”

“That’s not the issue! Christ, Jen, you’re enormous! If you get any bigger, you won’t fit through doorways! Or double doorways! We’ll have to roll you to school! And if you want Craig to fuck you, he’ll have to roll you in flour just to find your wet spot!”

“Gross, Laurie, you’re being nasty! Stop it!”

Laurie was so worked up that she didn’t care what she was saying. “You look like you could be your own moon, you’re so big! Christ, it’s a good thing I extended the plan to make them all fat or you’d be in a lot of trouble!”

“Like, I don’t care about the plan!” wailed Jen, “I’m tired of the plan! Why do we have to keep going with the plan? Who cares who’s fattest?”

“I care! No one is going to take us seriously if we’re a couple of lardasses!”

“Well, we’ll still, like, be lardasses even if everyone else is a lardass! That doesn’t change that!”

“Yes, it does! If everyone else is bigger, then we look smaller! Don’t you get that?”

“Um, hyeah, duh! I understand that! I’m just saying, like, who cares? We’ll still be just as fat! Wait a minute, what do you mean ‘everyone else?’”

Laurie threw her arms up in the air. “Jesus, Jen, you’re so dense! There are two of us, right? And only one Alice? So if Alice is fatter than us, we’ll still be the second and third fattest girls at school! We need more girls to be fatter! That’s why we’re fattening up the whole team!”

Jen stared in shock. “Like, what?”

“I mean, nothing!”

“You’re, like, fattening the whole team? Like, Kristine, Lizzie, Denise? Like, why?”

“I didn’t say that!”

“Are you, like, gonna fatten up EVERYONE who’s thinner than you? Not just Alice? Who are you doing it to? Are you doing it to me?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Of course, I’m not doing it to you! You’re my best friend!”

“Yeah, like, your best friend until you get fatter than me! Then, like, how do I know you’re not just gonna turn around and make me part of the plan?”

“Jen, shut up, you’re being crazy. You know I’m not doing anything to you. Lord knows you don’t need any help gaining weight with the way you eat.”

“Hey! Stop being a bitch! Just because you’re fat doesn’t give you any right to do this kind of stuff!”

“Stop calling me fat!” Laurie howled. With lightening quick reflexes, she slapped Jen across the face. Jen reeled back in shock, her cow-like eyes glistening with stunned tears, a big pink welt slowly blossoming across her chubby cheeks in the shape of Laurie’s handprint. “Stop being hysterical! I’m doing this for our own good! We need to do this, don’t you understand?”

“Like, no! I don’t! I...I don’t think it’s right!”

“Quiet, Jen, you don’t know anything. You listen to me, okay? You know I know better than you about these things. I’m the expert. If we need an expert in having a big fat ass, then we’ll ask you.”

“But...but...”

“Jen, please.”

Jen raised herself to her full height. “Like, no.”

“No?”

“No, I don’t like this!”

“Well, fine, Jen, but what are you going to do about it? You’re part of this whole thing, too, you know. You can’t just go tell them what we’re doing; you’ll get in trouble too!”

Jen started to waver. “But, like, I didn’t know anything! I was just following orders.” Her eyes started to tear again and she started to sob.

“Jen, stop it! Please, you’re being unreasonable. You have to listen to me!”

Jen’s sobs just got louder. Laurie was at a loss. She didn’t like to see Jen like this, but how could she get her friend to understand that she was doing this for her own good? They couldn’t turn back now! Jen was being crazy, she needed to get a hold of herself. Laurie

grabbed her friend and shook her violently, causing Jen to wiggle around like a bobblehead.

“Come on, you stupid bimbo, listen to me!”

“Stop it!” Jen angrily shoved Laurie away, her hands connecting with Laurie’s chest and pushing her pillowy breasts up into her face. Laurie was so surprised that she let go and stumbled backwards. Jen advanced, her hands still sinking into the soft flesh of Laurie’s ponderous pontoons. Laurie leaned backwards, desperately trying to keep her boob flesh out of her face. She was going to suffocate on her own hooters if she wasn’t careful!

Laurie wriggled free and grabbed onto Jen. Jen struggled back. The two girls fell into a writhing heap on the bed, an angry wrestling match where each other tried to crush the other into defeat. In any other context, the ridiculous fight might have looked sexual: Jen was still topless, and Laurie’s wriggling finally burst apart the last remnants of her underwear.

“Stop it!” howled Jen as Laurie grabbed a handful of hair and yanked on it.

“No! Not until you admit I’m right!” yelled Laurie as she pushed Jen down and tried to straddle her. “I’m going to make you understand!” Jen gasped and coughed, nearly flattened under Laurie’s tremendous heft. But the big-bottomed girl wasn’t defeated yet.

Jen flipped herself over, tearing her hair from Laurie’s grip and kicked her friend in the crotch. Her foot connected with Laurie’s pelvic bone and the buxom beauty toppled over with a yell. Instantly Jen was on top of her. Laurie tried to get up, but Jen needed to stop her. And she did, using the only weapon she had: Her ass.

“Oh gawd no!” Laurie’s cries of protest were drowned out as Jen plopped her ginormous rump over Laurie’s face. Thank God she was still wearing her underwear or else Laurie might have been eaten alive by Jen’s monster butt crack! As it was, Laurie was merely pinned to the bed by acres of soft, pliable blubber. Her faint cries were muffled by Jen’s wide rear. She flailed her arms in impotent anger, smacking at Jen’s booty and sending waves through her flab.

“Mmmmm!”

“Like, what was that? What did you say, Laurie?”

“Mmmmm!”

“Like, I’m going to let you up now, Laurie. But, like, I don’t want you to try anything, okay?”

“Mmmmm!”

“Promise? Pinky swear?”

Silently, Laurie raised a hand with her pinky extended. Jen took it in her own pinky.

“Alright, I’m, like, letting you up now.”

Jen shuffled to her feet. Laurie gasped like a drowned swimmer, her chest heaving.

“Jen! Gasp! What were you doing? You nearly killed me!”

“Well, like, I wasn’t gonna. You’re, like, my best friend, Laurie. And, like, we’ve been through a lot. But I can’t be part of this with you anymore.”

Laurie scowled. “What are you gonna do? You can’t tell anyone, you know!”

“Yeah, well...maybe not. But I don’t have to keep doing this either.”

She grabbed her clothes off the floor and stomped off – the sounds of Jen stomping reverberated through the house like an angry hippopotamus – but in her rage, the chunky cheerleader forgot the size of her own rear. She didn’t bother to turn sideways before exiting the room, so her wide hips collided with the sides of the doorframe. In fact, Jen was so wide that she couldn’t get stuck – she couldn’t wedge herself far in enough to get stuck. All she managed to do was bruise herself – and leave some subtle cracks in the molding.

“Oww!” she howled. “Laurie, look what your stupid door did!”

“Yeah,” said Laurie sourly. “That’s what comes from eating too much.”

“I think,” said Jen angrily, “that this is what comes of not having doors big enough.”

With an impetuous snort, Jen turned sideways and scooted out. Without another word, the bulbous bimbo stormed off, leaving Laurie all alone.

## 28. Alice

After Valentine's Day, Alice gave up all pretext of restraint. The growing girl loved to eat and now that she was certain that Tyler liked her plump body, she saw no reason to pretend otherwise. Actually, to say that Alice liked to eat would be an understatement. She was positively addicted to food. Every waking moment, from the time that she struggled out of bed in the morning with visions of pancakes and waffles in her head to the moment that she drifted off at night to dreams of chocolate ice cream and blueberry pies, Alice was thinking about food. She could barely go five minutes without a snack these days. She ate like a pig at every meal, but she was ready to start nibbling on candy bars and potato chips the moment that she put down her fork. Her body clearly showed her obsession as she piled on pounds and inches, expanding rounder and rounder. Her buttons were popping faster than ever, her zippers were busting off their tracks, her stitches were squealing and tearing – but still she grew. Alice was so rotund now that waddling to the school cafeteria for lunch was an ordeal that left her panting and red-faced.

It didn't help that Alice was always surrounded by devilish temptations. After Laurie's visit, Maggie had stayed true to her word and stopped picking on Alice. Unfortunately, Maggie's critical eye was one of the only things that had been able to hold Alice's growing appetite in check. Now unconstrained, the pudgy plumper couldn't stop herself from sneaking even more tasty morsels at work, popping handfuls of pepperoni and cheese into her greedy little mouth whenever her supervisor's back was turned.

Worst of all was her weekly sleepover. Although nervous at first, it had turned into a real treat, something that she looked forward to every Friday. Partly because she loved the companionship of her two new friends. She genuinely liked spending time with Jen and Laurie, who seemed much nicer now than they ever had been before. And plus there was all that tasty food to look forward to...

Thursday night. The end of another day of indulgence. And only one more day until the next sleepover! Alice smiled to herself, thinking of the fun she would have. Her tummy growled in spite of itself as Alice dressed herself for bed. She was too fat for these old cotton pajamas. The pants looked like they had been painted on, her broad bum and thick thighs filling them to the max. Meanwhile, the buttons on her top barely closed, leaving wide straining gaps. Of the six buttons, she could still close the top four. The bottom two, right over the largest part of belly could no longer reach their holes. The shirt kept creeping up, leaving the lowest quarter of her gargantuan gut bare.

Alice frowned as she caught sight of her soft, ponderous bulk in the full-length mirror. She arched her back and sucked in, watching her rounded tummy shrink before her eyes. The gaps between her tortured buttons slowly closed and disappeared. But the illusion was short-

lived. After a few seconds, Alice released her breath, gasping for air. Her belly proudly swelled back to its full size, almost as if it wanted to show off its mammoth girth. Alice ran a chubby hand over its arc, turning sideways to survey the damage. Her boobs and belly stuck out so far ahead of her these days that she couldn't see all over herself in the mirror at once. She stepped back slightly. And again. And again. With the third step backwards, the apex of Alice's bloated stomach finally came into view in her reflection. But now she couldn't see herself in the mirror; all that was reflected at this angle was belly and breasts.

"That's okay," said Alice, mostly to convince herself. "Tyler likes me just the way I am. And besides, I'm not all that big. I mean, Laurie and Jen are almost the same size as I am these days, so it's all relative, right?"

That much was true. Somehow, Alice's near constant expansion seemed less threatening as long as Laurie and Jen blew up along side her. Unfortunately, it was a vicious cycle, as, unbeknownst to her, Laurie and Jen had the same mindset. As each of the three girls gained more weight, she subconsciously made it acceptable for the other two to gain more as well. At this rate, when would they ever stop?

But Alice wasn't thinking about that troubling question. The porky cheerleader settled into bed, ignoring the loud creaking of springs and the low sag of the bed frame under her increasing poundage. Snuggling under the covers, she was soon drifting off to sleep.

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When Alice awoke, she was surprised to find that she was not in her own bed. Instead, she was sitting on an unfamiliar bench in front of an unfamiliar house.

She rubbed her eyes and looked about her. "What the? Where am I?" Alice was completely baffled. She obviously SHOULD have been in bed. She was still wearing her same tight pajamas, so she definitely hadn't gotten up and somehow fallen asleep in the middle of the day.

Besides that, she knew it must be early morning because she was already feeling the distinctive hunger pains that told her it was breakfast time. Breakfast was really the only time that Alice experienced genuine hunger. Since she snacked constantly throughout the day, she was always teetering just on the edge of satiety. As soon as she felt the tiniest prickle of hunger, she was quick to stifle it with a deluge of snacks and junk food. It was only when she awoke early in the morning, after a good five or six hours of deep slumber, the only time that her mouth wasn't constantly full of food, that Alice felt really hungry.

"I need to get out of public quick," mumbled Alice to herself, "These pajamas don't leave anything to the imagination. If I knew that I would wake up outside, I wouldn't have gone to sleep wearing these old things..." She heaved herself to her feet with a grunt. The most



obvious avenue of escape was the house right behind her, so, what the heck, Alice quickly rapped on the door. Maybe there was someone living here who could help her.

The door opened and Alice found herself staring into a giant pair of boobs. She looked up and saw that it was Laurie. The raven-haired bombshell was dressed in an old-fashioned labcoat that barely buttoned up over her mammoth chest and dangerous curves.

“Oh! Hi, Laurie! I’m so glad to see you. I went to bed and I just woke up here and I have no idea why. Can I come inside? I don’t want anyone to see me in my pajamas.”

“Hmm,” said Laurie, eyeing Alice critically. “So good of you to visit, Alice. You’ve come just in time.”

Laurie stood aside and ushered her chubby blonde friend inside.

“Just in time for what?”

“For our weekly sleepover, of course!”

“I thought that was tomorrow –“ began Alice, but Laurie shushed her.

“Oh, sweetie, don’t be silly. I’ve already got everything prepared for you, just step this way!”

Indeed, Laurie had already set out a table decked with all sorts of delicious treats. Much more, in fact, than Alice was used to seeing at their sleepovers. Ususally, they just had potato chips and popcorn and some ice cream. But today, Laurie had steaming trays of rich creamy pasta, an entire baked ham, acres of freshly baked pies, a giant decadent-looking chocolate cake, baskets of sizzling French fries, tall frosty glasses of sorbet and sherbert...Alice was shocked at the vast quantity of food! She blinked in amazement. If she didn’t know better, she would almost say that the food didn’t end, that the table just stretched off into the distance, eternally groaning under the heavy load of this extreme feast.

Alice’s mouth began to water at the sight of the amazing feast, and she started to waddle forward. The greedy girl was already so fat that she had to totter back and forth to move, shuffling and jiggling like a water balloon.

“Now now, what’s this?” Laurie stood between Alice and the feast, poking a finger into the bulging blonde’s exposed belly. “It looks like someone’s already had too much to eat, don’t you think?”

“Oh, but I haven’t eaten since last night!” whined Alice. She rocked back and forth, trying to see over Laurie’s shoulder. She was so close to that delicious food! Waiting was just torture!

“Haven’t eaten since last night? Well then, you must have eaten enough for an army yesterday because look at the size of this gut!” Laurie cruelly pinched the butter soft flesh of Alice’s flabby midsection, prompting the chunky pajama-clad cheerleader to squeak and bounce

in place.

“I don’t know if I should let you have any more food,” said Laurie, tapping her cheek in thought. “It would be a shame to let this wonderful feast go to waste, but...well, I did promise that I would help you with your diet, after all. And I don’t think I would be a very good friend if I just let you ruin your figure, would I?”

“Oh no, this is just water weight,” Alice lied desperately. She was afraid that if Laurie knew the truth, that her own greed and gluttony were rapidly causing her to swell up into a big ball of blubber, that she might punish her for her lack of self-control by denying her any of that delicious food. Alice reflexively licked her plump lips and her tummy gurgled in anticipation. Almost on cue, the fourth button on her pajama top popped off, allowing the two halves to part more and revealing even more of Alice’s expansive middle. Alice blushed. That was really the worst possible time for that to happen!

But Laurie didn’t seem to notice, merely smiling a devilish smile and motioning for Alice to continue her trek toward the table.

“In that case, please! Have a seat! Enjoy yourself! Eat all you want; there’s plenty!”

Alice was oblivious to the sinister tone that Laurie’s voice had taken; she was too excited by all that food! She practically pushed Laurie aside in her haste to get to the table, wobbling her way to the table as fast as a tubby titan in her flabby condition could waddle. It was a short trip, but Alice was already winded by the time she got there. She tried to plop herself into the chair, but found that her butt was too broad to fit between the armrests.

“Having a problem, sweeties?” said Laurie unctuously.

“Um...no...I just think..this chair is a little too small. It’s like a baby chair!” Once again, Alice was seized with the dread that Laurie would become suspicious, would realize that the only possible explanation for the width of Alice’s fat rump was that she was an out-of-control glutton, but Laurie didn’t say anything.

“Here, I’ll fix that.” The buxom beauty grabbed hold of a wheel protruding from the back of the chair and turned it. Gears ground to life and Alice saw the chair widen before her eyes. After a few moments, the seat was side enough to comfortably accommodate her massive ass. She settled her plush tush into the chair, her soft flabby love handles overflowing the arm rests and prepared to dig in.

But as Alice tried to scoot the chair closer to the table, something strange happened. Metal restraints popped out of the armrests and locked her wrists in place. A belted strap whipped out of the chair and wrapped itself around her middle, cinching tightly around her wide waist.

“Hey, what’s going on?” said Alice, “I’m locked in! I can’t even reach the food like this!”

“Oh, you’ll get your food,” said Laurie, clucking her tongue as she wiggle waddled over to her restrained friend. “Look, Alice, we all know that you love to eat. But I’m afraid, well, you’re

just not eating enough.”

“What? What are you talking about? Laurie, are you feeling okay?” Alice was shocked. She was used to listening to Laurie harp about her weight and eating habits, and now Laurie was telling her to eat more? What was going on?

“Well, see, I like having you around, Alice, because...hmm, how should I put this? You’re fat. Oh, good Lord, you are so fat. You at yourself! You’re as big as a cow.” Laurie grabbed Alice’s hefty gut and gave it a thick shake; her gelatinous flab continued to shake for a good half a minute.

“See, the problem is that I might have put on a couple pounds...Just a couple, but that’s a big deal when you’re as perfect as me. I mean, come on, I need to set a good example as head cheerleader and all.” Laurie struck a pose, her giant breasts bobbling inside her snug lab coat. “So I need you to be fatter than me. Cuz, you know, then no one will notice that I’ve put on just a teensy tiny little bit of weight. But don’t worry, this will benefit both of us. Cuz I like you to be fat and you --” She patted Alice under her double chin. “—You like to eat!”

Laurie stepped back and pulled a lever on the wall. A mechanism inside the chair lurched to life and a motor started purring. The chair moved forward, bringing Alice closer to the feast that, until a few minutes ago, she had been so eagerly anticipating.

Even a glutton like Alice couldn’t have imagined a feast of this magnitude. The machine lifted food into her mouth with a speed that seemed near impossible and Alice chewed and swallowed as fast as she could, struggling to keep up with the mechanical hands that were so relentlessly stuffing her fuller and fuller. She barely had time to breathe between bites as another warm, gooey pie was shoved into her face, soft flakey crust and chunks of cinnamon apple spilling down her chubby cheeks and pooling under her burgeoning double chin, falling into her growing cleavage. She was barely aware of what was happening, her mind lost in a swirling vortex of consumption. Another pie was coming at her. Alice quickly licked her lips, grabbing some stray bits of pastry with her tongue, just a quick but futile attempt at clean-up before the next savory treat. Her belly gurgled and grumbled, unhappy that it was being stretched so, but there was nothing it could do except protest as it swelled under the relentless onslaught of food food FOOD. Her overstuffed stomach was beginning to hurt, a sharp pain borne only of overeating, but Alice’s food-addled brain was still lost in the pleasures of the feast. The greedy girl loved to eat and even now, terrified as she was at her predicament, she couldn’t help but sigh inwardly with contentment at the delightful sensations emanating from her brain’s pleasure circuits. Mmmm, delicious. Even if she wasn’t restrained and forced to eat, there was little doubt that Alice would have still gorged herself to her heart’s content and beyond at this table. Her gut was inflating with every frantic bite, rising higher and higher like a blimp being pumped up for flight. The pajama top creaked and squealed as it fought to contain Alice’s plumping form. Laurie watched Alice’s progress with a wry smile. When she was finished feeding Alice, no one would doubt that Laurie would look like a svelte, sexy bombshell next to her.

Finally, the feast was over. Alice was enormous. She looked like a baby hippopotamus

strapped into the chair, her gigantic gut round and swollen like it was about to burst from the pressure. The belt hadn't loosened as Alice had expanded, so now it was painfully tight on her, the flushed red flesh of her stuffed belly pushing out above and below it, nearly enveloping it. With some difficulty, Laurie unbuckled the belt, allowing Alice's gut to pop out to its full size. The sudden expansion was too much for the next button in line, and it launched from her top across the room. That left only the top three still intact.

"Had enough, sweetie?" asked Laurie.

"Ohhhh, yes, ma'am."

"Why, you're not even half full!" laughed Laurie, poking the overstuffed glutton in her greedy gut. Alice burped in response. Laurie could barely hide her amusement as Alice struggled to rise out of the chair, a movement hampered both by the girl's extreme fullness and also by the fact that, during her stuffing, her rump had expanded even wider to wedge itself between the armrests of the wider chair. With a few grunts and groans, the round red-faced girl finally popped herself out of the chair, wobbling to her feet and staggering across the floor. Laurie giggled so hard at the sight that it looked like her heaving chest might blow out of her tightly cinched lab coat.

"Leaving so soon? Haha, wait one sec." Laurie whipped out a smart phone from an unseen pocket and snapped a photo of Alice's retreating backside. "I totally gotta text this to Jen. She's laugh that fat ass of hers off!"

Alice had instinctively paused when Laurie told her to wait. Despite how creakingly stuffed the big girl was, she couldn't help but notice that Laurie had left a tray of donuts and éclairs on the nearest table, right within reach of Alice's pudgy hands.

"Well, just one more couldn't hurt," said Alice to herself.

Without thinking, Alice picked up an éclair from the table. Despite her fullness, the greedy piggy could not resist the tasty treat. Licking her plump lips, she popped it in her mouth, the sweet cream spilling out the far end as she bit down. She swallowed, wiping the cream around her lips away with her fleshy forearm.

"Oh my!" Alice frowned. "I feel funny."

A strange shiver ran through the stuffed sweetie's rotund body, ending with a loud hiccup. Simultaneously, her entire body swelled up slightly, puffing out like a balloon receiving a fresh pump of helium.

"Oh dear," said Alice, unaware of the strange transformation. "I don't feel very well..." She hiccupped again, and again her body puffed up just a little bit more – enough to blow the next button off her pajama top, which flew across the room and landed with a clatter.

"Hmmm, no surprise there," said Laurie, walking around her blimp-sized friend and admiring her handiwork. "You did just eat enough to feed an army. I just can't believe that you have room for any more in there." She poked Alice's exposed tummy to gauge its fullness. "No,

it really doesn't look like you do."

"Ohhh!" Alice groaned again as she felt her body puff up just a little more. That proved too much for her top and the final button blasted from her shirt. The two halves of her shirt fell apart, allowing Alice's bloated upper paunch and globular breasts to swing free. A rosy blush started in Alice's cheeks, embarrassed to be topless in front of her friend.

"I...I need to get out of here," she huffed, breaking into a quick waddle. As quick as she could in her hyper plumped state.

Alice waddled out the door, wheezing and panting with the effort. She hiccupped again and blinked stupidly as she felt her entire drum-tight body puff up just a teeny tiny tad more.

"What's happening to me? I'm blowing up every time I hiccup!"

"Just keep waddling your fat ass away," said Laurie, standing in the doorway. "My machine was calculated perfectly to feed you as much as you could possibly hold. Seriously, one single teeny little bite more and you would have exploded into bits. Unfortunately, I didn't count on you being such a greedy guts that you'd still keep eating after I released you! You just had to eat that éclair, didn't you, Tubby?"

"It was just one éclair!" moaned Alice. "Hic! Ohhhh!" She groaned and grit her teeth tightly as she visibly bloated even more. Her plump face was flushing pink with the strain of holding herself together.

"Just one éclair too many is what it was," said Laurie. "I'm afraid that there's nothing I can do to help you now. You really shouldn't be so greedy, Alice. You see what happens to greedy girls who never stop eating?"

By now, Alice was so round that she could barely waddle. If she grew anymore, the only way she'd be able to move would be if someone pushed her over and rolled her away. She was as round as a ripe pumpkin and as tight as a drum.

"Are you finally full, Alice? I hope that, at the very least, you've finally learned your lesson about eating too much."

"I'm sooo full!"

"So you wouldn't want to eat anything else, hmm? Not even a tiny little cookie?"

"Noooo, I – wait, do you have a cookie?"

About five steps out the door, Alice hiccupped again. Again, her body puffed up just a little more. Just a little too much. Alice was momentarily distracted, thinking about one more cookie, but she never got to taste it. Instead, the overstuffed sweetie exploded in a shower of sweet cream.

"Ugh!" Alice bolted upright in bed, the sudden movement blowing the lowest button of her pajama top. The fat girl was soaked in sweat, breathing heavily, her bosom heaving inside

the tight confines of her shirt. Blinking, she looked around her. She was back in her own room, in her own house. It had all just been a weird dream!

“Well, thank goodness for that!” mumbled Alice to herself. “I probably shouldn’t have eaten all that ice cream before bed, it gives me the weirdest dream... I think? Now what was that...” Already the details of Alice’s strange nightmare were fading from her memory. Whatever dire warnings her subconscious was trying to communicate – about Laurie’s underhanded motives, about the consequences of overeating – were lost on the chubby cutie, who could remember nothing more than..something about éclairs? Well, those sounded nice, didn’t they?

Alice’s tummy grumbled. It was the early hours of the morning and it hadn’t been filled in hours. Why, it had shrunk so much that the buttons on Alice’s pajamas were ALMOST not gapping at all. Almost.

I think I’ll go down for an early breakfast, thought Alice. It’s good to get an early start.

Because the sooner she got the day started, the sooner she would be on her way to another yummy sleepover with Laurie and Jen. She could hardly wait.

# 29. Laurie

Laurie was at rock bottom. The poor girl didn't have a friend in the world. At least, that's how she felt. For the first time in years, Laurie was alone, without her ever-present lapdog Jen. What was she to do? She hated to admit it, even to herself, but losing Jen's friendship was a devastating blow for the haughty raven-haired princess. Laurie had barely even left her room since her big fight with her former friend, only venturing out to raid the kitchen or use the bathroom. Now a week later, things were becoming desperate. Even Laurie's mother, who usually hesitated to interrupt her daughter's fits, was beginning to worry.

Laurie's mother rapped her knuckles against her daughter's closed bedroom door.

"G'way," came a husky voice from within.

"Laurie, honey, you know I hate to interrupt your grieving process," called Laurie's mom, "but I'm worried that you're not finding closure in a healthy way. You haven't been to school in a week and your teachers are starting to call in. Now I know that you need time, and I don't want to send you back to that patriarchal oppression mill any sooner than I have to, but this is getting out of hand. Can I come in?"

"No."

"Okay, honey, I'm coming in," said Laurie's mom, twisting the knob. She pushed on the door, but found it oddly reluctant to open. "That's weird." She hefted her shoulder against the door and gave it a harder shove. This time, it edged open and Laurie's mom saw the problem. The floor of the room was littered with candy wrappers, empty cookie boxes, and ice cream cartons. Laurie had been burying her sorrows in absolute gluttony and her room was now so cluttered with debris that you couldn't even see the floor. The shades were tightly drawn, so the room was shrouded in darkness.

Laurie lay on her bed in a dejected heap. Already big, Laurie's week-long binge left her looking more swollen than ever, new deposits of soft, squishy fat accumulating around her middle and on her chest. Laurie was so depressed that she didn't even react when her mother entered the room. That was unusual by itself, since Laurie usually protested quite vehemently whenever her hippy mom tried to do some lame mother-daughter connection crap with her, but, even more unusual, Laurie was completely naked. She'd stripped down early in her gluttonous frenzy, after only a few pints of Haagen-Dazs when her pants started getting tight around her overstuffed gut, and she hadn't bothered to redress herself since. Now she lay in bed, her enormous overstuffed belly rising up like a pink mountain, sagging over her plump pubic mound, her thick thighs and hefty legs spread, her gelatinous tits splayed to her sides. Laurie barely registered her mom's entry and just continued staring at the wall through glazed, heavy-lidded

eyes, dumbly chewing the last nub of yet another candy bar.

“Laurie Belmontes, look at you! You are totally letting the bad vibes get to you! I thought I raised you better than that. You know that you gotta let the sunshine in!”

“Mommmm, go away,” mumbled Laurie. She tried to roll over, to turn her back to her annoying mother, but she couldn’t get the momentum necessary to topple the giant paunch that now pinned her to her bed. “I don’t want to talk.”

“Well, you’re going to have to talk, young lady,” said her mom, gingerly stepping through the maze of litter that now covered the floor. “You can’t lie here like a lump forever. It’s totally not groovy. Are you still mad that you had a fight with your little friend?”

“No,” snapped Laurie. “I don’t care about that dumb bitch.”

Laurie’s mother had reached the window. She threw open the blinds, filling the darkened room with brilliant sunlight. Laurie moaned and raised her pudgy arms to shield her face.

“Moooooom, I said to stop it! Gawd, will you go away?”

“There, isn’t that better, Laurie? I bet a little sunlight makes all your problems seem a lot smaller, right?”

Laurie scowled. In the bright light of day, she looked even worse. Her plump face was smeared with chocolate, brown stains all over her chubby cheeks and emerging double chin and even down across her ample chest. Her usually perfectly coiffed hair looked ragged and disheveled, as if she hadn’t bathed in a week. She probably hadn’t. She’d gained even more weight, but it was hard to tell exactly how much because she was so crammed full from her latest binge that she looked like a pumped-up air mattress ready to split at the seams. Her naked belly had the faintest red tinge to it, indicative of a gut filled way beyond its limits.

“Are you just going to lie there and eat your life away, Laurie?”

“I dunno. Maybe.” Laurie stuffed the last bite of candy bar into her mouth, chewing loudly, and dropped her heavy arms to her sides. She didn’t care. How fat was she now? She had no clue. She had weighed 226 pounds last week. Gawd. 226 pounds of pure lard. She was a fucking cow. Might as well put her out to pasture. She could only guess how many more additional pounds she must have gained over the past week. But who cares? Laurie sighed, watching her packed gut rise even higher in front of her as she inhaled, pushing her bulging boobs into her face. She was fatter than ever now. She didn’t care. Let her blow up like a balloon. Let her eat until she exploded. Who would care? Oh did you hear, Laurie Belmontes burst last week. Who? Let’s ask Jen, she would know. Jen, have you heard of a Laurie Belmontes? What? Nope, never heard of her.

Laurie moaned again, partly in misery at the thought of Jen forgetting her and partly at the fullness in her own distended stomach. How could Jen have betrayed her like that? Jen, her best friend in the entire world! The two girls had been inseparable ever since the year that



they'd first met in cheer camp, when Laurie had defended big butt Jen from a pack of bullies. Everything that Laurie did, she did for them. For her and Jen! Couldn't Jen understand that? How could she just abandon the plan? The plan was the only thing that kept the world at large from realizing that both Jen and Laurie had ballooned into grade A porkers over the last year since they had lost control of their appetites and started living to eat, to consume. Laurie's own gluttony had been in charge before, but, in the past week, depression had made it spiral completely out of control. Was there any way that she'd ever be able to get her eating under control again? Not as long as she couldn't get her mind off of that bitch Jen and her stupid insubordination.

"I'm gonna kick her off the cheer team," said Laurie suddenly. Her mother looked at her quizzically, not sure what Laurie was talking about.

"Stupid Jen, she thinks she's better than me! I can have her off the squad so fast! When I get back to school, I'm gonna call for a surprise physical inspection of the team. No way will that fatass Jen be able to pass. She can't even do a cartwheel without falling flat on her flabby behind! And she'd probably split her spanky pants right down the middle if she tried to do a split!"

"Laurie, you're speaking out of anger. You know that you don't mean that. You and Jen have been friends for years, you're just having a little spat. Why, I bet Jen is feeling just as terrible as you are right now."

"I doubt it," said Laurie sullenly.

"Well, be that as it may, I came in here for another reason too," said her mom. "You do know that my birthday is coming up in a few days?"

"Oh," said Laurie dully.

"Yes, and you know that your father and I like to throw a groovy little shindig to celebrate. Everyone will be there, your Aunt Stonefox, Uncle Moonriver, Cousin Amy.."

"Cousin Amy? Ugh, I hate her!" Laurie tried to sit up in bed, sending an avalanche of crumbs cascading down her cavernous cleavage.

"Well, she'll be there. And it would be real groovy if you could be there too!"

"I don't wannnnna! Mom, why did you have to invite Amy!"

"I couldn't just not invite her, that wouldn't be good for my chakras to practice favorites like that. If you don't want to be there, I won't force you. But everyone would be stoked to see you."

Hiding her sly little smile, Laurie's mom picked her way back to the door. She knew that Laurie and her cousin Amy had a bitter feud going back to the days when they were little girls. Their bossy personalities just didn't mesh, since both girls always wanted to be in charge of any situation. The feud had only gotten worse in recent years as Laurie blossomed into a woman,

but Amy, by some accident of genetics, had been passed over by the Belmontes boob fairy. Last year, Amy was still small-chested, barely an A-cup, but had instead started showing her delayed puberty in an overdeveloped behind and thick thighs. If anything, Amy had started to look like a less curvy, less stacked, less hour-glassy version of Jen. And if Laurie's mom knew her daughter, Laurie would not be able to stand the thought of Amy finding her in this pathetic state.

As she left the room, closing the door behind her, she could already hear Laurie rousing herself out of bed, possibly for the first time in days. Her plan had worked! Apparently Laurie wasn't the only schemer in the family!

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Groaning, Laurie pushed herself into a sitting position, swung her chubby legs over the edge of the bed, and slowly lurched to her feet. She pushed her filthy hair out of her eyes and looked down at her naked body. She was a mess and she knew it. It wasn't just the chocolate sauce all over her breasts, she just felt gross and nasty all over. For the first time it dawned on her that she hadn't showered all week. Gawd, she was disgusting. But the thought of Amy laughing at her was enough motivation to raise her from this funk. At least for now. She turned to look at herself in the full-view mirror at the foot of the bed. She was huge, her hemispherical hooters resting heavily on her overloaded belly. She winced slightly at the pain caused by her colossal bosom's pressure on her tender and distended gut, but the discomfort was replaced almost immediately by a feeling of pride. Well, she might be a fat pig but her tits were still pretty amazing. Just wait till Amy saw them! That flat-chested bitch was always jealous that Laurie was so stacked, so these new, bigger boobies would make her blow a gasket! Laurie smirked at the thought. It was enough to make her forget that her swollen belly was actually sticking out further than her bustline right now. But, of course, that was just because she was so full. Once she digested a little, she was sure that would change.

Laurie waddled into the bathroom, turning sideways and sucking in her belly as much as she could to get through the narrow doorway. She remembered how Jen had not been able to squeeze her enormous buttocks through this same opening. Stupid Jen. Laurie was lucky that you could suck in a gut. Jen couldn't suck in a butt!

Laurie squeezed herself into the shower and closed the glass doors. It was a tight fit. She had grown so large and round that she could no longer find a comfortable position inside the shower without her ass smashing against the wall behind her and her nipples grazing the glass in front of her. Whatever. She reached out blindly to find the water knobs, since her large chest prevented her from seeing what she was doing. She found one and twisted it firmly; immediately, the growing Goodyear girl was hit by a blast of freezing water.

"Aiiie!" squealed Laurie, bouncing backwards and smooshing her broad buns against the wall harder. Her bodacious boobs bounced up and smacked her in the face before flopping

against her protruding stomach with a pair of loud SPLATS. Grumbling, she stepped forward, braving the frigid spray, to find the hot water knob. Cold water ran down her cleavage in chilly rivulets, her fat nipples becoming hard and firm at the low temperature. Ah, there it is. Laurie turned the hot water knob and the shower immediately returned to a nice, comfortable temperature. The fat beauty queen sighed in contentment as the warm water washed over her, sliding over her perfect rounded contours and washing her clean. Laurie grabbed a bottle of shampoo off the shower shelf and began scrubbing it into her long raven hair. She had a lot of work to do here!

By the time that she stepped out of the shower, Laurie was feeling a lot better about herself. She was still fat, yes, but her previously greasy hair had regained its normal luster and her skin, now flushed a rosy pink from the hot water, looked smooth and creamy again. She stood in front of the mirror admiring her own form for a few minutes, liking what she saw more and more.

“But shit, what am I going to wear?” Laurie wrapped a towel around herself as best as she could (Her giant boobs were so prominent that they pushed out from the gap when she tied the towel around her chest; that left her front exposed, all the way from her sternum down to her fat belly to her plump pussy) and shuffled back through the tight doorway to her bedroom. She pulled open her closet and looked at her choices. Most of her clothing wasn’t fitting her right these days. She was still blowing up so fast that she was busting seams and buttons faster than she could find new, bigger sizes. Laurie was a ridiculous clothes horse who always loved looking fashionable, so not having something decent to wear was almost unspeakable. She frowned. Gawd, was she really too fat for all her clothes? After a few minutes of rummaging, she found a nice collared dress shirt that had been too baggy when she first bought it; she’d mainly purchased it because, although it was tent-like for most of her figure, it was still tight across the chest, showing off her bosom to good effect. Could it fit her now?

It did. Sort of. Laurie found that the button across the apex of her boobs wouldn’t reach its hole. She was able to pull most of the other straining buttons together, except for the last two which refused to cross the wide expanse of her swollen tummy. Laurie turned to critique the results in the mirror. The large gap left by the one open button across her bosom filled her with enough pride that it was a miracle she didn’t swell up enough to blow the rest of the buttons clean off. Yeah, she liked that. But still, as much as she liked the idea that her tits were still growing, she couldn’t show up at dinner like that. That was way too tacky! Luckily, she found a nice sweater vest in her drawer and pulled that on; it hugged her curves nicely while hiding the fact that she’d left a few buttons open out of necessity. She struggled into a pair of panties and some (relatively) skinny jeans, before completing the outfit with a shiny bling bling belt to cinch her waist. She frowned at the mirror. It would have been a good look, except that it left her with an obvious muffintop. She grabbed the hem of the sweater vest and pulled it down, trying to disguise the bulges at her sides. Good enough. She took a deep breath and felt her tits struggling for room inside her top. Good, that should distract Amy from looking at my waist, she thought. Now she was ready to make her big entrance at dinner.

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The Belmontes family certainly shared one—or rather, two – noticeable traits. Laurie had inherited her mother’s substantial chest, and the other family members had all descended from a common ancestor. Laurie’s Aunt Merriweather was a large woman, bulky and muscular from working the fields on her organic soy farm, but she still couldn’t hide the colossal canteloupes that fought for dominance inside her tie-dyed smock. Aunt Moonchild the folk singer was a petite woman, even thinner than Laurie’s mother, but her breasts flopped nearly into her lap and got in her way when she tried to play her acoustic guitar. Uncle Windstone was a big fat jolly man with a rather, um, pronounced case of macromastia or, to put it bluntly, manboobs, but he barely seemed to care as he traveled around the country in his VW bus.

“Oh my Laurie, how you’ve grown,” gushed Aunt Merriweather when Laurie answered the door. She grabbed her niece in a rib-crushing bearhug that forced the two womens’ giant chests into a competition to see which pair would smother Laurie first. When Merriweather released Laurie and stepped back, the resultant boob bouncing nearly sent Laurie toppling to the floor.

Aunt Moonchild was no less enthusiastic when she arrived, although, thankfully, she reserved her public displays of attention to simply placing her palm on Laurie’s forehead and saying “Namaste!” Laurie breathed a silent sigh of relief. She didn’t have the energy to keep repeating herself after every relative arrived!

But then there was Uncle Windstone, who also had to grab his niece in an affectionate embrace that nearly squeezed the life out of the plumping princess.

“Uncle Windstone! Stop! You’re...I...can’t...breathe!”

“Laurie, I’m just so happy to see you again, I can’t contain myself!” Grinning, he dropped his niece to her feet, and Laurie was left gasping for breath so desperately that she nearly blew her shirt to ribbons just from inhaling too deeply.

Uncle Windstone’s daughter Amy stood behind him in the doorway. Cousin Amy was almost a spitting image of Laurie; she had the same long raven hair, the same perfect face, the same scowl. The only difference – and it was a big one --- was that Amy was nearly completely flat. Other than Laurie’s father, Amy was the only person at the gathering who did not sport an insane chest. Laurie noticed with glee, though, that Amy had bloomed in other ways; she was wearing a long flowing skirt that was obviously meant to hide her flabby thighs and big ass, but Laurie could clearly see by the thick rolling waddle of Amy’s walk that she must have some serious thunder thighs.

“Hello, Laurie,” said Amy sourly. Her gaze briefly flicked to Laurie’s mammoth mammaries before taking in the rest of her. A smirk played on Amy’s lips as she realized just how much Laurie had blimped in the past year. “Well, you’re looking pretty healthy these days, aren’t you? I guess it’s good that you’re more proportional now. I mean, you used to look pretty

absurd, but now, well, you're all evened out. How lovely for you. Of course, you'll probably need a bit more before you're completely evened out. But I think it's just lovely."

"Oh Amy, it's so good to see you too," said Laurie in a voice dripping with venom. "I'm glad to see you're filling out as well. Really becoming a woman, finally. I mean, child-bearing hips are the most important part of being a woman, right?"

The fake smile on Amy's face faltered just enough to give Laurie a twinge of satisfaction. Good, she thought, let that sink in, you flat-chested fat-ass bitch. Without giving Amy a chance to think of a come-back, Laurie swept past her to start talking with Amy's father.

"So you're still driving around the country, hmm?" said Laurie. In reality, she had about zero interest in Uncle Windstone's stupid hippie lifestyle, but she knew that as long as he was talking Amy wouldn't be able to interrupt. Windstone began rambling on about something, possibly how many miles his modified solar powered van could travel per hour, and a disinterested Laurie nodded politely while scanning the room for the nearest bowl of finger foods. Still nodding and mumbling the occasional encouragement, she plucked a bowl of pretzels off the coffeetable and started popping them into her mouth, chewing loudly. Beside her, she could see Amy fuming, absolutely livid at Laurie's earlier barb. Amy's eyes kept straying down to Laurie's chest – no matter how hard she tried, Amy couldn't disguise her naked jealousy that Laurie had absorbed all the family's good genetics. To tease her just a bit more, Laurie picked up a drink with her free hand, then made a big show of not knowing how to continue eating. With a bowl in one hand and a glass in her other, how was she to raise pretzels to her lips? Smirking, Laurie solved the problem by balancing the bowl on her own protruding bosom, then continuing to shovel snacks into her fat face. Amy probably wanted to make some snide comment about Laurie's out-of-control eating habits, but any insults she'd prepared died on her tongue as she came face to face with the reality of Laurie's magnificent mega-mammaries.

A sudden clinking noise caught Laurie's attention, and she turned to see her mother gently striking a spoon against a glass – the babble of other relatives gradually died down as everyone turned to see what Laurie's mother wanted to say.

"Hey, everyone, I want to thank you all for coming here to celebrate the anniversary of my day of awakening into knowledge," said Laurie's mom, "It was a totally groovy day in the dawning of Aquarius. And now to celebrate, I'd love you all to come join me around the table for a real heady be-in."

"Ugh," muttered Laurie, rolling her eyes. She didn't have much patience for her mother's goofy new age nonsense on most days and she had even less today. Her fight with Jen was still, despite all her efforts, fresh in her mind. And having to keep herself on high alert against any cutting remarks from Amy was taking its toll on the busty beauty's mood as well. Laurie heard Amy sigh in exasperation as well. That made her smile. At least Amy was as miserable as she was!

Laurie's attitude improved slightly as she caught wind of the delicious smells coming

from the dining room. Despite her mothers' odd choices in ingredients – her mom liked to use a lot of organic lentils and soy in her cooking – Laurie's mom was, truth be told, a dynamite cook. Part of that was because she always insisted on using all natural ingredients – and that meant that many of her dishes were loaded with heavy cream and full-fat butter. They were, in essence, stealth calorie bombs. Any mindless eater or cheating dieter could easily convince themselves that her “all natural” cooking was way healthier than it really was – it was just another reason why the battle for Laurie's waistline was always a doomed effort.

The relatives piled into the dining room, and Laurie followed, her hefty gut growling softly at the thought of another meal. Unfortunately, Laurie noted, the only seat left was at the far end of the table, so she'd have to squeeze past some of these other tubs to get there.

“Coming through,” said Laurie, squeezing her fat rounded body behind the chairs. Gawd, it was a tight squeeze. Laurie could feel her broad, fat ass scraping against the wall behind her and the summit of her bulging belly bumping against the chairs in front of her. Was she really this fat? She felt herself going a little bit red in the cheeks but she desperately willed herself back to normal; she didn't want Amy to get any satisfaction from her embarrassment. Her ponderous pontoons slapped Amy across the back of her head as she squeezed past. Amy's head snapped forward, nearly splashing into her soup. She turned her face to scowl at Laurie as the bustier cousin popped past her. Good, thought Laurie, as she plopped her rear into her chair with a little added emphasis just to keep her chest shaking. Laurie smiled sweetly at her frowning cousin, beaming with pride as she felt her udders wobble and shake.

“Well, you're certainly never going to have to worry about finding work,” snorted Amy, rubbing the back of her head. “If all else fails, you could always find a job at Hooters.”

Laurie scowled back, annoyed that Amy had managed to get a dig in. However, the dig didn't really have the desired effect. Although she understood it was intended as an insult, Laurie was gratified that Amy had drawn attention to her globular grapefruits.

“Oh my, yes,” said Aunt Merriweather, overhearing Amy. “Laurie certainly has gotten the Belmontes genes in spades. Goodness, I remember when you were a wee little thing and now look at you! Why, I don't think there's a Belmontes woman who's been able to see her feet past the age of 14, and Laurie must be the biggest one we've produced yet!”

Amy looked ready to explode in rage. Laurie, meanwhile, was once again visibly swollen with pride at the thought of her bloated bosom dominating the conversation. She puffed herself up juuuust a little more. Pif. Laurie felt another button on her blouse finally succumb to her inflated jugs, bursting off inside her sweater vest. Of course, no one else around the table knew what had just happened, but Laurie felt her fleshy knockers sag slightly at the release. She cleared her throat and sat up straight, simultaneously glad that no one noticed she was busting out of her top but also a little miffed that she couldn't show off her ever-growing gazongas in front of her relatives.

Laurie's relatives chattered happily about chakras and rainsticks and whatever other useless hippie crap was cluttering their new age minds; the only damper on the evening for

them was that it was difficult to see their plates over their own bosoms. But even in a family renowned for its bustiness, Laurie definitely now held sway as the queen of big boobs. Her mother and aunts might be big, she hesitated to guess as to cup size, but Laurie didn't think anyone else at this table could possibly rock an L cup. Of course, no one else at this table probably weighed in excess of 200 pounds like Laurie did. She was definitely also the widest person at this table. She could feel her increasingly flabby butt oozing over both sides of the chair, which creaked ominously whenever Laurie shifted her weight.

Laurie's mother had prepared a veritable feast for her relatives: cold fruit gazpacho, organic free-range chicken, GMO-free risotto, the list went on. Amy noticed out of the corner of her eye that Laurie was passing on most of the dishes. Aha! So Laurie's on a diet, huh? Well, that's good to know—that gave Amy more ammunition to use against her! While Laurie politely declined to sample most of the dishes, Amy conspicuously ladled heaping helpings onto her own plate.

Poor Laurie! It was pointless for her to try to resist food; her own appetites were so out of control that she was basically a helpless glutton, but she didn't want to give Amy any more cause to think she was a huge greedy pig. Laurie could feel her stomach clenching and grumbling in complaint. It wanted food! In fact, it was getting quite ornery, since it wasn't used to being denied. This was the first time in months that Laurie had denied to indulge her greedy tummy until it was absolutely glutted and bursting.

"Mmmm, this food is soooo good," said Amy through a mouthful of buttered potatoes, her cheeks bulging. The bottom heavy bitch rolled her eyes to emphasize the point. Laurie smiled a tight-lipped smile, refusing to give Amy the satisfaction.

"Don't you want any, Laurie? You're really missing out! We don't want you to starve to death or anything...but then, I can see you do have your reserves!" Amy chuckled, patting her middle to indicate what she was talking about. Laurie narrowed her eyes and ground her perfect white teeth in annoyance. Argh, that bitch! Who did she think she was? Who was she to talk to Laurie Belmontes that way? Laurie took a deep breath to try and calm herself.

Remember, she thought to herself, it's just Amy. That stupid bitch is just jealous cuz she's got nothing up top. And just keep in mind: She thinks she's being so funny right now with that stupid act, but all those calories she's eating are only going to blow up that porky posterior of hers even bigger! Ha! One of these days, her plush tushie is going to make her ride so high in the seat that she'll be bumping her head on the ceiling! If she keeps eating like that, her butt is going to bloat up bigger than Jen's plump rump....

Thinking about Jen only made Laurie feel even worse. So when Amy started again with her next round of barbs, Laurie was ready to snap back.

"Mmm, I certainly enjoy a nice MELON soup," said Laurie, lading a bowl of soup from the big pot at the table's center. "And how about these chicken BREASTS? Could you pass them over here? Just delicious, wouldn't you say?"

Amy glowered, well aware of what Laurie was trying to say. She scowled as she silently

passed the chicken. Grinning widely, Laurie ignored the increasingly urgent demands of her stomach and took the smallest piece on the platter. There. She had read that the secret to controlling your appetite was to take small bites, so she took her knife and very deliberately cut the breast into tiny, bite-size slivers. Honestly, it just made the breast look even more pathetically small and reminded Laurie of how much she wanted to gorge right now. More than anything, Laurie just wanted to grab food with wild abandon and shove it down her gullet, glutting herself until her belly was satiated, big and round and swollen like a beachball, to just eat and eat and eat until that gnawing insistence in her gut was silenced, until all memories of Jen's betrayal and Amy's insults were smothered by buttery, fatty food food FOOD, to fill herself until she was so stuffed and round that they'd have to roll her out of the room. But she was also a girl who couldn't stand to be mocked, and she knew that giving in to her cravings would just give Amy more satisfaction. So she stood strong.

"Not taking much, are you?" said Amy, "That's too bad, cuz it really is sooo good! You've really outdone yourself, auntie!"

"Thank you, Amy," said Laurie's mother. "I'm so glad that you like it!"

"I'm just sorry that Laurie doesn't seem to be enjoying it," said Amy innocently. "She's hardly taken a bite."

All eyes turned to Laurie, who swore under her breath. GAWD, Amy was going to make her look like an asshole in front of the whole family! There was no way to win. If she didn't eat, then everyone would think she was being ungrateful. But if she did, she knew Amy would just make fun of her for stuffing her face like a fatty.

Laurie made a big show of popping a bite of chicken into her mouth, just to show everyone that, contrary to Amy's claim, she was indeed eating. "Oh Amy, thank you for your concern, but, as you can see, I am enjoying it so much," said Laurie. She smiled sweetly. "It's so delicious and the flavors are so intense – a little goes a long way! Why, I'd say that eating too much too quickly even kills the experience a little." She smiled again, subtly tilting her head toward Amy, who had just crammed a huge buttered slab of bread into her mouth. "After all, you know what the Buddha says, right? Moderation in all things."

Laurie saw her relatives nodding sagely. Ha! She knew that quoting that dumb thing her mother was always saying would pay off in front of these goofy hippies. Did Buddha actually say that? Laurie didn't know nor did she care. The irony of citing that quote, when Laurie's actual lifestyle was so indulgent that she was rapidly expanding out of her clothes and, if she didn't slow down, soon her doorways, was completely lost on the bulging buxom bovine. Amy's eyes bulged and her mouth dropped open, shocked to have been served so effectively, but she couldn't protest through her mouth crammed full of food.

Laurie, meanwhile, positively beamed with self-satisfaction, her chest puffed out even further than ever, like two weather balloons trapped in a flimsy cloth prison. She'd finally shut Amy up and it felt good! So good that she didn't even worry about Jen again for the rest of the meal. So good that she felt she deserved a little reward. So she caved in just a bit to sample



some risotto. And a little bit of dessert. Just a single slice of pie. Or two. But that was it!

After dinner was a different story.

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Laurie sighed in silent relief as the last of the family left later that evening. Hours of constantly one-upping Amy were taking a mental toll on her; she was almost completely exhausted by this point! Worse, because Laurie had tried desperately to restrain her eating while Amy was around, she was still hungry despite dinner. She stood in the doorway next to her mother, dutifully waving goodbye to her aunts and uncles, a phony smile plastered on her round chubby face. But when the door closed, she dropped the façade.

“Now wasn’t that lovely?” said Laurie’s mom happily as she shut the door. “I just knew a good party would help raise those fallen spirits of yours, honeybunch.”

“Ugh,” Laurie groaned, finally releasing the gut that she’d been holding in all evening. Her flabby belly immediately puffed out to its full size, causing the hem of her sweater to rise just slightly. “Mooom, that was SUCH a chore. Did you see what a bitch Amy was being?”

“Oh, you’re exaggerating, you two seemed to get along so well!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. Of course her hippie mom would take the girls’ subtle sniping at face value and just assume that they were really being friendly!

“Anyway, I’m just glad that we finally got you to put some clothes on again. I bet you’re feeling a lot better now that you’re all prettied up. If I know my Laurie, I know that always makes you feel right. I can feel your aura getting back into balance right now!”

Laurie smirked. Truth be told, she did feel a little better. As tired and hungry as she was, the fact that she was clean and dressed and looking good made a vast improvement in her attitude. Also, that she’d been able to hold Amy’s bitchiness at bay all evening gave her some new confidence to deal with her pressing situation with Jen.

“Huh, I suppose so,” said Laurie, honestly a little surprised.

Her mother patted her on the head. “Just as I thought. Now Laurie, since I did all the cooking, would you be a dear and put the leftovers away? I’m just so tired now, I think your father and I are going to do a little relaxation yoga and just go to sleep.”

Normally, Laurie would have balked at the chore, but, feeling that familiar emptiness in her shrunken stomach, she thought this might give her some time to make up for lost time.

“Sure, Mom. Happy birthday.”

Laurie's mother smiled and pulled her daughter's head forward to give her a quick kiss on the forehead. "Namaste!"

"Whatever." Laurie rolled her eyes as her mother headed off upstairs. Laurie waddled into the dining room and started grabbing dishes to bring to the kitchen.

After the first trip, Laurie paused to look at her reflection in the hallway mirror. As good as her outfit looked, she couldn't ignore how uncomfortably tight it was around her curvy corpulence.

Grunting, the behemoth beauty pulled her sweater over her head and threw it on the floor. Without its shielding, Laurie had a full view of just how completely she filled her own blouse. The blouse was stretched tightly across her boobs and belly, a large gap visible at the summit of her bust where she'd defeated a few buttons during dinner. She could see the pink material of her frilly brassiere through the opening. Laurie never complained when her boobs were responsible for ruining her shirts, but she wasn't so pleased about how the material strained across her growing gut below. She put her hands on both sides of her plumpening middle in a futile attempt to smooth out the material. No dice. Well, if one thing was for sure, if her shirt was tight, her pants were tighter. Her parents definitely weren't coming downstairs again, so she didn't feel too shy about unbuckling her bling belt and stripping out of her snug pants. Much better!

Laurie paused to look at her reflection in the hallway mirror. A frown marred her perfect face. She'd restrained herself during dinner, but she still couldn't get over how big she looked. Laurie's curves were so vast that she looked like a pumped-up pool toy.

"Well, mostly my boobs look like that," she said, thrusting out her chest. The blouse creaked.

In just her tight blouse and panties, Laurie returned to the kitchen with the final load of leftovers. She opened the fridge and shoved another plate inside—this one was a half-eaten blueberry pie. Laurie had skipped dessert because of Amy, but now she couldn't help staring at the tempting treat with a tinge of regret.

"Fuck it," she muttered finally. Amy wasn't here anymore. She was all alone. Who would know if she ate a little dessert?

Laurie picked up the half-eaten pie and began to scoop flaky pastry into her mouth. Delicious! In moments, the worries of the day had melted away, replaced by the sweet ecstasy of gorging. Although Laurie often tried to pretend that she was a model of self-restraint compared to Alice and Jen, the truth was that she was every bit just as gluttonous and addicted to eating. The only difference was that, while Jen and Alice ate for the joy of eating, Laurie's gluttony had become inextricably paired with sexual lust, thanks to her stuffing sessions with Frank. As a result, Laurie was driven by two primal forces to consume and indulge to her heart's content. She was powerless in their thrall and barely even paused to breathe as her fork scraped the bottom of the now empty pie tin. She tossed it aside with a grunt and reached into the fridge for her next treat. Ah, there is was: a partially finished cake covered in saran wrap.

Laurie pulled off the shrink wrap with one flick of the wrist, carefully balanced the cake on the shelf created by her massive mammories, and began to eat again with renewed vigor. Chew chew swallow, chew chew swallow, she was like a non-stop eating machine, barely able to control herself as she shoveled more and more sweet delicious cake into her bulging cheeks. Her stomach, already puffed out from her big evening meal, was beginning to bulge even more, putting increasing pressure on the already straining buttons of her blouse. Laurie was only vaguely aware of a certain discomfort building around her middle as the buttons began to pinch into her growing gut.

But Laurie didn't care. She was finding her stride, the willpower that she'd exercised during dinner was quickly fading, now nothing but a vague memory. That was another girl, someone else who managed to resist the siren call of food food food. Not this girl. Not Laurie. Laurie was no longer a girl, she was a relentless, voracious eating machine, her mind was blank of everything but the pleasure of the feast, the burning desire to eat and consume was blotting out everything in the world. Eat eat eat, grow, feed. Alice and Jen were fat, mindless eating slobs, not Laurie...that's how she thought of herself, but now, sitting in front of an open fridge, grabbing food food food food and cramming as much as possible as quickly as possible into her bulging cheeks, Laurie was just as much a slave to her cravings as her two fat friends. Every bite, every calorie was filling Laurie up, inflating her, making her bigger and rounder, blimping her into a huge fat hippopotamus of a girl, her enormous bosom heaving with increasing excitement at the prospect of eating more and more, perspiration breaking out on her forehead and the surface of her magnificent orbs as she struggled to shove more food into her mouth faster and faster. She wasn't even aware of what she was eating now, just leftovers more food, more more, eat eat gobble munch, she couldn't stop. Laurie was too hungry, too greedy, she wanted it all, she wanted it all inside her, the twin pulls of gluttony and lust were pulling at her so strongly that all she could do was tumble along for the ride, still eating, chomping, growing, more more, never enough, fill me, stuff me, more pie, more cake. BANG! What was that? Her belly had finally puffed out enough to pop a button from her blouse, the gap stretched open to reveal her deep, dark navel and a bit of surrounding chub. The buttons above and below the broken button were now under increased pressure as her inflating stomach pushed forward, groaning under the pressure of its payload. It still wasn't enough to satisfy Laurie. She was barely aware of the fact that her gut was finally destroying her shirt, the only thing she could think about was eating more, eating until she finally filled up that yawning emptiness inside, making that nagging hunger that prickled her day and night finally fall silent. She needed food, she needed sex, Laurie was a hedonistic who needed to be filled up until she burst into ribbons. BANG. Another button clattered to the floor, her rotund middle popped out another inch. She was round now. As wide as a big barrel. BANG. There goes the lowest button, the two halves of the blouse swinging apart as her bloated belly billowed out like a parade balloon being inflated. Laurie's overloaded stomach gurgled and groaned in protest, but she couldn't stop. Not yet. It was only when the final button over her stomach gave way that she was shaken from her trance just enough to realize how ripe and overstuffed she had become.

Laurie paused briefly to wipe the pie filling from around her mouth with one thick arm. She stared into the oddly empty fridge, suddenly realizing that she had somehow managed to clean it out.

“Gawd, is there nothing left to eat?” muttered Laurie, staring into the depths of the empty refrigerator. Had she really cleaned it all out? That was insane, she could barely believe that she had really eaten that much. Then again, she couldn’t disbelieve the evidence of her own eyes, seeing her gargantuan bare belly rising like a mountain before her. It wasn’t that big last night, was it? No, of course not. Her belly was absurdly round now, so stuffed with food that she literally looked like she had swallowed a beachball. Her blouse was almost completely destroyed, the only buttons remaining intact were the ones straining over her not unimpressive bust; her hefty hooters sagged atop her tight round belly, her distended gut giving them a little more support than her outgrown brassiere was capable of. She pressed a finger into her distended gut to test its tightness; her finger barely sank into the taught flesh at all and, what was worse, the moment she even lightly touched her stomach it sent waves of overfull pain radiating out.

“Ohhhhh,” moaned Laurie, “Oh my gawwwd, why did I eat all that!?” She leaned back, gasping, watching the two halves of her broken shirt fall to her sides and her enormous, spherical gut rise up. She was so full of pressure that she almost half expected to see her belly button burst out into an outie. Laurie was mildly perturbed to see that her shirt wasn’t completely destroyed. There was a single button remaining, fastened right under the swell of her boobs and above the swell of her belly. Of course, that one would last, it was the only one that hadn’t been under extreme pressure. Still, Laurie couldn’t help but view it as something of a failure. How could her bust have failed to pop a button when her belly had managed to burst completely free? That wasn’t right! Laurie knew that her bloated boobies were absolutely magnificent, the biggest chest in school, so these ponderous puppies should have been up to any challenge.

“You girls gonna let momma down?” said Laurie, a frown marring her chocolate-stained face.

The button remained stubbornly solid. Frowning, Laurie leaned forward slightly, pushing her bodacious breasts forward—she watched with some satisfaction as she watched the soft, pale flesh of her massive milk bags slowly bulge through the gaps in her defeated garment. The poor, last button quivered under the growing pressure, and Laurie hopes to see it ping across the room at any moment. She could easily blow it off, she thought, if she could just lean forward a tiny bit more, but the pain of her overfull gut made it nearly impossible for her to move at all. After a few seconds, Laurie was forced to give up and lean back with a loud belch. The threads were becoming frayed, but the button was still intact.

Laurie belched loudly, rubbing her poor abused stomach with both hands. All her preparation before the party was completely undone: her binge had, once again, transformed the fat but stylish and presentable cheerbabe into a big, bloated, greasy mess. She shrugged off the remains of the shirt, leaving herself completely naked, and leaned back massaging as much of her bulging, bloated belly as she could reach with her plump hands. There was a lot of new flesh and not all of it was within reach. Laurie felt like the Goodyear blimp, so crammed full that she was ready to explode if she breathed too deeply.

She belched again. Releasing that gas helped ease the massive pressure within, but not

nearly enough. Another sound from behind her surprised the busty babe. Without meaning to, a high-pitched squeak escaped from the buxom bunny's plumpening rump. Laurie felt her cheeks turning red. Luckily, no one was around to hear that. She felt gas building in her gut again, and this time she belched and farted simultaneously. Gawd, what was happening to her? Had she really stuffed herself so much that she'd given herself uncontrollable gas? Shit, that was embarrassing. For once, she was happy that Jen wasn't around. She'd never live it down. Laurie was one of those girls who liked to pretend that she never had any bodily functions, so all this burping and farting was rather...uncouth.

Oh no, here comes some more. Laurie screwed up her face, straining to contain the gas. She felt it bubbling and roiling inside of her, her already wildly overfull paunch swelling out slightly more as it fought to contain the burbling mass within.

"Oh shit, it's too much," moaned Laurie, fresh burps and farts tearing out from the defeated beauty's mouth and butt. She bounced slightly in her seat with the release of gases, and the extra movement was just enough to push the button over the edge and it blew off, letting the two halves of her blouse finally fall away.

She watched her giant jugs spill out, painfully flopping against her protruding paunch with a pair of loud slaps. It hurt! In fact, the pain of her heavy hemispheres slapping her overloaded belly was almost enough to overcome her pride at having popped that last button.

"I need something...to settle my stomach," wheezed Laurie. She peered into the fridge again. All that was left was a stick of butter in the door crisper.

"Well, yogurt helps settle an upset stomach," reasoned Laurie. "Butter is dairy, too, right? It should work just as well." With that rationalization, she grabbed the butter, unpeeled it from its wrapper like a banana, and shoved it into her mouth, sucking the butter shaft like it was an ice cream cone.

What a sight! If anyone could see Laurie, the oh-so-perfect cheerleader captain, now! She looked like a big fat sloppy mess! Here she was, bloated beyond belief, sitting sprawled out, naked other than a destroyed blouse, so full that she could barely even wheeze, yet still slurping on a stick of pure butter, grunting and chuffling as she lapped up the melted butter. Laurie closed her eyes and worked her mouth up and down the stick of butter like it was Frank's dick. For a moment, she imagined that it was. Mmm, she missed Frank! The only thing that could make this evening complete would be if Frank was here to fuck her as well. Food and sex were linked so tightly for her now, that she could barely imagine having sex without gorging herself or gorging herself without having sex. If she wasn't so stupidly bloated that she couldn't even reach her own pussy, she would have pleased herself right now, but she had to make due with just thinking about Frank and practicing her tongue technique on this stick of butter as she slowly drifted off into a drunken, stuffed stupor.

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Snoring loudly, the chunky cheerbabe drifted into strange dreams. In her dream, Laurie found herself in unfamiliar surroundings—it looked like a farm! She was standing in a bright red barn, overlooking acres of fertile fields of corn and wheat. Where was she? Laurie looked down at herself and was briefly surprised by what she saw. She looked all the part of the All-American farmgirl, dressed in short cut-off daisy duke shorts and a plaid shirt tied into a knot right under her generous bosom, leaving her pudgy midriff bare. Obviously, her most ample feature filled out her shirt with little room to spare, her frilly brassiere peaking through the gaps between each straining button. She also wore a large cowbell around her neck, resting on the shelf of her momentous bust. Why was she wearing a bell?

That wasn't the only bizarre change in her appearance! Her milky white skin was interrupted by a few large black splotches like a Guernsey cow. She reached up to the sides of her head and discovered that a pair of floppy little cow ears poked out through her raven tresses. Two nubby little horns poked out her perfect forehead, and behind her a long cow tail poked out from a hole in the back seam of her short shorts.

She was a cowgirl? She almost thought that was weird for a moment, but soon, in the way that dreams do, all her reservations vanished and it was as if this had always been normal.

Laurie's thoughts were interrupted by a sudden clanging sound. She turned to see Frank walking up the pathway toward the barn, carrying a pair of big metal buckets. Frank, too, was dressed strangely – he was in denim overalls and a flannel shirt, a floppy straw hat balanced on his head. Laurie thought he looked ridiculous. How unfashionable! The fashion-conscious diva was often embarrassed by Frank's unpretentious lack-of-style, but this was really going too far!

"Mornin', Laurie," he called as he approached. "Whatcha got for me today? The dairy's nearly dry, so I'm counting on you to save the farm."

"Me?" Laurie blinked in confusion for a moment, but then it all made perfect sense. Of course, the farm was depending on her! What cowgirl could possibly deliver more milk than her? Laurie's titanic teats couldn't be matched for size, so they must logically be the best milk producers on the farm.

"I've got plenty of milk for ya, baby," cooed Laurie, falling into her role with ease. She leaned forward and squeezed her cleavage together with her upper arms. "But I don't know if it'll be enough. What do you think, Frank?"

Frank nodded slowly, maintaining a blank expression as he eyes Laurie's magnificent melons that now threatened to completely spill out of her top.

"If you were any other cowgirl, I wouldn't think you could do it," said Frank, "But you've never let us down before."

"Ohh, you sly devil, flattery won't get you anywhere," said Laurie with a coy smile. "If you want that milk, you're going to have to work for it." She stretched her arms behind her back,

once again thrusting out her front and making the buttons of her overstretched top squeal in protest.

“Alright, alright, don’t bust yer buttons there, we can’t afford any new shirts on this farm’s budget,” said Frank. (Laurie wasn’t sure why he seemed to be speaking in a vague country accent, but it didn’t really matter to her.)

“We’ll have plenty of budget for anything when we’re done here,” said Laurie as Frank placed his buckets on the ground and moved forward. “Just you wait, I’ll fill those buckets so high that you’ll be swimming in milk! It’ll be enough to save this stupid farm of yours twice over – and then buy me a whole new wardrobe. After all, don’t you think flannel and daisy dukes are a little tacky for your star cow, hmm, Frank?”

Frank unbuttoned Laurie’s shirt, then reached behind her back to release her brassiere. The sturdy undergarment fell away, allowing her massive mammaries to swing free.

Frank massaged her big breasts, kneading the warm soft orbs until droplets began to pop from her erect nipples. Laurie bit her lip and fluttered her eyelids in ecstasy. Frank continued squeezing the round supple teats, aiming two streams of creamy white milk into the waiting buckets. Laurie couldn’t help but murmur in pleasure at the sensations; she loved having her big fat knockers squeezed and jiggled by a pair of big strong hands.

In what seemed like only minutes, Frank stopped. Laurie blinked in confusion.

“Hey, what gives? I’ve got plenty more.”

“Yeah, but the buckets are full, Laurie, I gotta swap them out.”

Laurie scowled and stamped her foot in annoyance, causing her luscious exposed jugs to bounce and bobble. “Frank! How dare you interrupt my milking for something so inconsequential! I won’t stand for it! Frank!”

Frank, accustomed to Laurie’s complaints and whining, paid the curvaceous cowgirl little mind as he moved the buckets aside and disappeared into the barn to fetch some new ones.

“I’ve got sooo much more milk in these!” shouted Laurie, rubbing her rosy pink areola for emphasis. “You’d better hurry up before my tits just dry up!”

“Oh dear, that would be awful,” said a voice behind her.

Laurie turned around, eyes flashing. Who was that? She was surprised to see Abida leaning against the side of the barn, a sly grin on her angular face. Abida, too, was dressed oddly – in a baggy ill-fitted pinstripe suit and a straw boater hat. Laurie vaguely noticed that she had a gleaming metal canister, rather like a helium tank, sitting next to her.

“What do you want?” asked Laurie sourly. She was so annoyed at her time with Frank being interrupted that she barely even noticed that she was topless and her enormous eggplants were hanging out in front of a stranger. Abida’s eyes naturally travelled straight to

Laurie's bosom, so the topheavy girl quickly covered her nipples with her hands. Abida frowned. Laurie was blocking this interloper's view more out of annoyance than embarrassment, since she was somewhat secretly pleased to see that Abida couldn't help but admire her natural assets.

"So I hear you're a pretty good milker," said Abida conversationally.

"Pretty good?" snapped Laurie, "I'm the best."

"With those little mosquito bites? Don't make me laugh!"

Abida guffawed loudly and Laurie felt her cheeks burning. Mosquito bites? Why, of all the nerve! Laurie dropped her arms and thrust out her chest defiantly, her enormous orbs busting out to their full size.

"You calling these mosquito bites?" sneered Laurie, putting her hands on her hips and striking a pose. "I don't think a wispy little thing like you has any room to criticize."

"Oh no, but I don't have to be big," said Abida, still smiling coyly. "I'm not here to give any milk. But a girl that wants to be a good milker, well, she's got to be well-endowed. And where I'm from, you just wouldn't cut it, sister."

"What the hell?" Laurie shouted angrily. "What are you talking about? Look at the size of these puppies!" She cupped her big fat hooters and hefted them for emphasis. "I've got the biggest boobs on the entire farm! Where do you come from that there are bigger ones?"

Abida scampered over to Laurie and pulled a business card out of her vest, handing it to Laurie with a flourish.

Laurie grabbed the card with a sour look and squinted at it. "Abida Huckster McScamalot, J.D., Ph.D. Ajax Milk Enhancing Supplement Company. Friend to All Farmers. Address: The Big City. Oh come on, you expect me to believe that there are bigger boobs in the city? No way! Country gals grow 'em bigger cuz of all the good country air and good country cooking!"

Abida snickered. "That might have been true once! But not anymore, thanks to this baby!" She patted the tank. "This is our newest product, a hormonal supplement that enhances milk production at least ten times! With a few drops in your cows' feed, they'll never stop giving milk! And, of course, you can always tell a girl who's had our supplements, because she tends to, uh, show it in her figure."

Laurie narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "And girls who've had your supplement grow bigger than me, you say?"

"That's right!"

"Hmm," said Laurie, "That sounds like bullshit to me." She crossed her arms across her chest defiantly.



“Oh really? Maybe you’d care to try a little? It’s only a mere haypenny for a week’s supply!”

“How much is in that tank there?”

“This? Why, this is enough to keep a barnful of cowgirls happy and full o’ milk for a good month!”

“Alright, I want that!”

“What, all of it? Haha, I think that’s a little much for a little girl like you.”

“Shut up!” shouted Laurie, stamping her foot. “Frраааааank! Get out here!”

Frank came running out of the barn, carrying a pair of extra buckets. “What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

“Frank! Buy me that!” Laurie pointed at the canister. Abida grinned widely, sensing she was about to make a sale.

“What? What is that?”

“I need it to make my boobs bigger!”

“But, baby –“

“Frank, don’t you argue with me!”

“Laurie, your boobs are fine- “

“No, they’re not! She said they have bigger ones in the city! All because of that stuff in the can!”

Frank turned to Abida. “Lady, I don’t know what kind of scam you’re peddling here, but we’re all-natural on this farm. And you should be ashamed of yourself, taking advantage of a poor naïve country girl like—“

“Frank,” said Laurie, her voice getting low and dangerous, “I want that canister. I want that supplement.”

Frank sighed. “Look, Laurie, you don’t need it –“

“Don’t tell me what I need or don’t need! You buy it now or it’ll be a cold day in hell before I let you titty fuck me again!” Laurie scowled, clenching her jaw. After a moment, she seemed to relent. “Oh, Frank, I didn’t mean that, it’s just...well, I couldn’t stand to be titty fucked if I didn’t know I had the most magnificent milkers, hmm?” She walked up behind Frank, putting her arms around his shoulders and mashing her naked breasts into his back. She whispered into his ear: “I would be oh so ashamed to think I had your cock between a pair of itty bitty titties that couldn’t handle it.” Just to seal the deal, she nibbled briefly on his earlobe as she broke away. “So, c’mon, Frank, what do you say? You gonna make your favorite big boob queen

happy?”

“Well..” He looked down at the canister. “How does it work?”

“Oh it’s simple,” said Abida, “We just squirt some of this supplement into a cowgirl’s feed like so.” Abida quickly produced a length of rubber hose from her coat pocket and latched it onto the cannister’s nozzle. She briefly twisted on the cannister’s knob and it sprayed a jet of creamy white liquid on the ground. “Don’t worry about the taste, it’s just like drinking sweet cream. Cowgirls love it!”

“I don’t have time for that!” said Laurie angrily. She pointed at her mouth. “Just give it here!”

“Well, you’re not supposed to drink it straight from the hose – hey!” Abida’s protest was cut off as Laurie snatched the canister away from her, popped the end of the hose in her mouth, and twisted the knob.

Both Frank and Abida looked at each other. Abida shrugged her shoulders. Frank sighed. Laurie, meanwhile, began to grow.

The first thing that happened was that her stomach began to fill up with cream. Laurie’s tummy started to puff out, two folds of blubber oozing over the metal button of her jean shorts, slowly enveloping it.

Laurie kept her eyes closed and her lips clamped tightly on the tube, but she flapped her hands rapidly to communicate with Abida and Frank, pointing to her crotch. Her swelling tummy was pressing tighter and tighter against the waistband. It was becoming painful but the cream was so good that she couldn’t stop guzzling to tell them to unsnap her shorts.

Luckily, her own ballooning belly soon solved the problem as the increasing pressure against the straining button became too much. With a loud PING, the button shot off, bouncing off across the ground. The zipper slid down quickly as her free tummy spilled out of the open fly of her freshly popped daisy duke shorts. Her tummy puffed out more and more with every chug, swelling into a perfectly round sphere that pushed apart the flaps of her open shorts and caused the waistband of her panties to roll down to her crotch.

Laurie’s large breasts had been sagging heavily against her chest when she started chugging the liquid, but as she drank her tits slowly began to swell with milk, rounding out like a couple of party balloons inflating. They sloshed to and fro as they filled, but soon they grew so engorged and tight that they barely moved. Her nipples popped to attention as her boobs bloated into two perfect milky spheres.

“Damn,” thought Laurie, watching her chest grow. “If they thought I was big before, they should see me now! Now these are knockers!” Pleased with her own growth, she poked the side of one swelling udder to test its fullness. It felt pretty tight, but there was still room in there.

“Well, it’s probably about time that we started milking her,” said Frank, “Those udders are starting to look pretty full.”

Laurie shook her head emphatically and crossed her arms across her plumping bosom as best she could. No! She could tell there was a lot more room for expansion and she didn't want to give that up. By the time she was done, she'd have boobs so big that they'd look like a pair of blimps strapped to her chest.

In fact, she was getting closer. Her tits were blimping faster than ever, now the size of two fat fleshy torpedos, so big and heavy that it was becoming harder and harder for Laurie to stand up straight under the weight of their milky bounty. Bigger than watermelons and twice as full, her breasts looked like a pair of jumbo inflated beachballs. Her areolae, already fat and puffy, stretched wider and wider as her billowing bra-busters expanded more and more.

"Alright, Laurie, really, that's enough," said Frank.

"Yeah, let the man milk you and see for himself how good the milk our supplement—"

"Oh, be quiet, I'm not interested in how good any milk is," said Frank, "I already know my girl here is the best in the business. I just want to milk her before...well, before anything goes wrong."

Frank eyed Laurie's explosive bustline with suspicion, but Laurie was ecstatic. She was completely lost in the thrill of her growing tits. They were so big now that they nearly reached to the ground, but they were also so burstingly full that they barely sagged at all. By now, Laurie's hemispherical hooters were so bloated that fat drops of milk were seeping out of her tortured nipples, dribbling down the front of her twin balloons.

"Laurie, you're already leaking, let me just help release that a little more—"

"Mmm!" mumbled Laurie angrily, swatting Frank's hands away from her pontoons. Her breasts were painfully swollen now, they felt ready to explode, but Laurie was determined not to release a single drop until she'd blown herself up as big as possible. She was so lost in the thrill of growth that she was barely aware that she was already dribbling milk simply because her tits were so full that there was no where else for the milk to go. Below her bountiful bosom, her stomach had also expanded, growing into a third beachball to rival her twin globes. That was a relief, since her growing gut provided a comfortable shelf for her inflating boobs to rest on while they grew. It put less pressure on her shoulders than if her udders had simply swung free!

Laurie was vaguely aware that Abida and Frank were still talking, but she didn't care. They didn't matter. Nothing mattered but her own expansion. She couldn't resist reaching out and massaging her own overstuffed bosom, but she could barely touch them without sending tingles of sexual excitement through her body. They were so big and full! Her nipples had long since vanished from sight, disappearing over the horizon of her Goodyear-sized grapefruits.

She heard Abida say: "You know you're not supposed to drink all of that at once."

Then Frank: "Come on, Laurie, that's enough. You've already had way too much."

She felt a slight tug on the hose. Opening her eyes a crack, she saw that Frank was gently pulling on the hose, trying to yank it from her mouth. No fucking way was she gonna let

that happen! She grabbed the hose with both hands and pulled back; at the same time, she twisted her body to the side, causing her ginormous mamaries to swing into Frank and knock him off balance. The impact sent a deep throbbing pain through her overfull milkbags, but Laurie ignored it. Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Abida also coming at her. She turned and thrust her chest at the smaller girl, effectively boob-butting Abida to the ground. With a yelp, Abida fell backwards, arms rotating like a windmill, and plopped down on her butt. From this vantage point, she could only gawp in awe at bulging bottoms of Laurie's quivering orbs, looming like a wall of breasts above her.

"Wow," she whispered.

Frank, sitting several feet away, sighed. "Laurie, you're being ridiculous. Now, come on, spit out that hose before you explode."

Laurie just shook her head emphatically, still sucking desperately on the hose. By now, her giant jugs had reached insane proportions and were started to quiver and throb ominously. There wasn't an inch of give to them, the taut skin struggling to hold all that sloshing milk in check.

"Mmmmm!" The sensations coursing through her overly full, overly sensitive breasts were becoming unbearable. Her eyelids fluttered as she gulped again, sending another spurt of growth into her milk-laden bust. Laurie, breast obsessed as she was, couldn't help but become aroused by all this extreme growth. There was nothing she liked better than her own stupendously stacked front, so watching her ample assets grow right before her eyes was like a little slice of heaven to her.

"Mmmmm!" Laurie was so turned on that she was practically moaning, only muffled by the hose she was sucking on. Her colossal titties almost seemed to throb in time to her moans. Laurie was poised just on the brink of orgasm, and the spectators could only hope that she came before she burst.

Another gulp, another moan, another throb.

They were in rhythm now. Gulp, moan, throb, gulp, moan, throb.

Bigger. Rounder. Fatter. Tighter.

She were fast approaching their limit, her boobs the size of two overinflated beanbag chairs, her aereolae stretched to the size of dinner plates, her nipples swollen to the size of plums.

But then, something terrible happened.

Laurie suddenly found herself sucking air. She opened her eyes.

"What the hell?? The tank is empty!"

Frank and Abida both looked visibly relieved, but Laurie was furious. She stamped her

feet helplessly, but her fury was tempered by the fact that she now had a pair of hooters so big that she could barely move. Even if she wanted to take out her anger on Frank and Abida, she couldn't get over there to reach them!

"It's not fair!" shouted Laurie, pounding her fists against the tight, unyielding flesh of her gigantic jugs. Why did this always happen to her in dreams? "It's so not fair! I never get to come!" She continued to shout angrily as the dream began to fade...

The dream was just a vague, distant memory as Laurie gradually roused herself from her deep slumber. Laurie was still absently sucking on the butter stick as she slept, smearing melted butter all over her chubby cheeks, great dollops rolling down her emerging double chin to plop into the chasm of her endless cleavage. She woke with a start in the early morning, when her head dipped forward into her buttery cleavage.

"H—what the hell?!" snorted Laurie, barely awake. She blinked in the early morning light. What time was it? She rubbed her eyes and realized that her hands were greasy with melted butter. Looking down at herself, she realized it wasn't just her hands. Her entire front was slick with butter, the golden liquid oozing down her cleavage and dripping over the vast arc of her perfectly spherical stomach to the point that she could even feel melted butter dripping into her sticky nethers when she shifted her thick legs. Was she naked? Shit, she was! Well, other than the destroyed shirt, but that didn't offer her any coverage at all. Laurie groaned. Thank god no one was around to see her like this!

"Shit, what did I do?" she muttered to herself as vague memories of her midnight gorge flowed back into her groggy mind. "Did I just clear out the entire fridge? There's no way that I could have eaten THAT much – ohhh!"

Laurie's denials were cut short as she tried to shift her weight in the chair and felt a sharp pain in her overloaded belly. She was so enormously overstuffed that she looked like she might burst if someone pricked her with a pin. She looked again at the empty fridge. EVERYTHING that had been in the fridge was now in her belly, as impossible as that might seem. Everything was packed inside her! She felt the enormous weight of her gut bearing down almost unbearably on her pubic mound. "Jeez, how much food was that?" She stared at the globular gut before her as if it was an alien presence. "Oh, shit, how much do I weigh now?"

She dreaded to think about it, but she had to know. With her one free hand behind her back to add a little support, Laurie struggled to her feet and shuffled toward the bathroom. What a sight! Laurie looked like a giant hippopotamus, her enormous hooters sloshing atop her drum-tight abdomen.

After several slow, plodding minutes, Laurie managed to make her way to the bathroom and squeeze through the door. There was the scale. She eyed it with distrust

"I couldn't have gained THAT much extra weight," said Laurie reassuring even as she shoved the stick of butter deeper into her mouth. Mmm, she could feel the creamy butter

running down her throat, filling up the empty nooks and crevices in her tightly packed belly. Another loud burst of flatulence escaped from Laurie's quivering tushie as the corpulent cutie stepped onto the scale.

"What's that, honey?" said Laurie's mom as she barged into the room with a basket full of laundry.

"MommMMM! What are you doing in here? Can't you see I'm not dressed?"

"Sorry, sweetie, I thought I heard you calling me!"

"I didn't say anything!" snapped Laurie, losing her self-control just enough to blast a final, loud fart. She paused, her lips quivering in a combination of rage and embarrassment, as she read the expression on her mom's face. Laurie's mom had obviously just realized what the noise was that she had thought was Laurie calling her.

Blushing bright red, both because of her morning thunder and her nudity, Laurie tried to distract herself by peering forward in a futile attempt to see over her ballooning waistline and bulbous bosom. But not only was the grand protrusion in front of her too big to see the scale, she was also still too full and stuffed from her night of gorging to even bend over very far.

"MommMMMM!" whined Laurie out loud. "I need your help."

"What is it, honey? What's the problem?" her mom asked with genuine concern in her voice.

"I...I need you to come read the scale." Laurie muttered, her face going even redder. She couldn't believe that she was now so fat that she couldn't even read the scale, but instead needed her mother to read it for her! Gawd, that was so embarrassing! Of course, part of the reason she couldn't see the scale was because of her bigger bustline, right? She willfully ignored the fact that, when she peered forward, she had clearly seen the summit of her rounder belly poking out beyond her monumental mammaries.

"Sure, honey, one second." Her mother set down the laundry basket atop the washing machine and walked over. She leaned down to look at the scale, absently putting one hand against Laurie's distended middle for support as she did so. Laurie tried to ignore that too; it was one more reminder of her increasing girth but it was also a tad uncomfortable to feel the pressure against her overstuffed gut.

"168."

"See, I'm only 168!" crowed Laurie triumphantly. "That's hardly even fat. Man, Jen is probably twice that, and Alice... I bet Alice can't even see the scale over that gut she's carrying!"

"Ahem, Laurie, honey, you know you might get a more accurate reading if you weren't hanging on the towel rack."

“What?” Laurie was confused. “But I’m not hanging on the towel rack at all. What are you talking about?”

Laurie’s mom pointed, and Laurie struggled to peer over her massive girth to see what she was pointing at. The scale wasn’t situated particularly close to the wall, but Laurie’s fat, protruding belly stuck out so far that it had plopped down atop the towel rack when the pudgy, porky princess had plopped herself onto the scale. With the rack supporting her jiggling gut and her gut supporting her massive melons, it meant that the scale wasn’t reading most of her weight at all!

“Here, I’ll help,” said Laurie’s mom, grabbing hold of her overweight daughter’s flabby potbelly with both hands and hefting it off of the towel rack. The effect was immediate. Now longer supported by the rack, Laurie felt the full weight of her size, her packed stomach and billowing bazongas nearly dragging her to the floor. She almost stumbled but managed to maintain her balance. She could hear the dial on the scale spinning wildly, spinning, spinning, spinning. How far would it go? In her mind, she imagined the scale simply saying TILT like a broken pinball machine or else just spinning to a message saying “Wow!” or “Fat!” or “One at a time, please.”

When it stopped spinning, it might have said any of those things for all Laurie knew because she still couldn’t see over her ballooning waistline to read the numbers.

“Mom, can you help me again?” muttered Laurie, mortified that she needed to ask her mother for help in reading a scale. It almost didn’t matter what number the scale gave her, she realized, there was no way that girl who had grown so round that she couldn’t see her toes could be considered anything other than obese, no matter what the scale said.

“Well, honey, it says 234. But that’s probably mostly boobs, so that’s good, right?”

“234?!” screeched Laurie, hopping backwards as if the scale was made of molten lava. She landed with a loud thump that shook the house and rattled the walls. The impact made her entire flabby body shake and quiver and she would have fallen over backwards if nature hadn’t made her so front-loaded. “That’s... that’s...” She couldn’t bring herself to say it. It was huge! Could she really weigh 234 pounds?? That was nearly 300 pounds! Who weighed 300?? She was as big as a house! She might as well join the circus as a fat lady at that size! Laurie’s head was swimming. How much did Jen and Alice weigh? They had to weigh more than that, right? There was no way that she weighed more than those two cows, at least. Oh Gawd, oh Gawd.

“Oh Laurie, you need to stop worrying so much,” said her mother, once again picking up the basket. “Your body is completely natural.”

“Mommmyyyy, stop it!” cried Laurie. “There is no way that I can stay 234 pounds! I...I just had a big meal last night! Once I work off some of those calories, I’ll be back to normal!” Laurie was grasping at straws, desperately pretending that 234 was not actually “normal” for her.

Her mother shrugged as she left the bathroom, leaving the exasperated and frightened

Laurie alone.

“234! Shit, that’s huge,” muttered Laurie. “How could I have gained that much? Shit, I AM blowing up just like Alice and Jen. I need to stop this now!”



## 30. Jen & Alice

Jen was feeling lost.

She wasn't used to life without Laurie. For years, Jen had been content to let her best friend do most of her thinking for her, leaving Jen without a worry in her empty head. She had been happy to go along with Laurie's plan, assuming that Laurie must know better than she did. Jen knew, deep down, that she wasn't all that smart. Thinking gave her a headache. Heck, trying to tie her shoes gave her a headache! That's why she mostly used Velcro. Jen mostly just used her head for displaying the latest hair styles.

But something had been troubling her for quite some time now. She had grown to genuinely like Alice and she didn't feel that what Laurie was doing to her was right. But...it had to be right, right? If Laurie thought it was a good idea, that it was the right thing to do, then it must be the right thing to do, right?

Normally, the answer would have been obvious. But now Jen was having trouble convincing herself. And the revelation that Laurie had expanded her wicked plan to include the entire cheer squad... well, that was just going too far! That was crazy! Even a ditz like Jen could see where this was leading. If Laurie succeeded, what would happen? The entire cheer squad would blow up like balloons, until they were too fat and out of shape to do any cheers at all. They would be a laughing stock! How would they perform at games if they were all too heavy to form a pyramid or flip a cartwheel? Sure, they could get away with it when just Alice was being pumped full of calories. They could just bench her during the games so that she didn't embarrass the team in front of a big audience with her inflating girth. But you can't bench the entire team!

And would Laurie stop then? She was becoming obsessed with the idea that everyone needed to be fatter than she was to create the illusion that she was still thin. But Jen could see the truth, even if Laurie couldn't. Laurie was fat. And she was getting fatter. Laurie had lost control of her eating to the point that she was gaining weight almost as fast as Alice was. If Laurie hadn't been secretly plumping Alice with snacks 24/7, then Laurie might have even surpassed Alice in weight. Sure, Laurie could sort of disguise her gain because so much of it went to her chest. But Jen could tell that Laurie's boobs were rising higher and higher these days in no small part because they were being propped up by an ever swelling belly.

Was anyone safe from Laurie's scheming? Jen wasn't sure. Would Laurie eventually turn her attention to her? No, no, she wouldn't! Laurie was her best friend!

A sudden noise jolted Jen from her thoughts. It was a group of kids shrieking in the nearby play area. As usual when Jen was upset, she had come to the one place where she

always felt at home: The Mall. Jen was a slave to consumerism in more ways than one, and shopping always helped calm her down. She had already bought several bags worth of high-end clothing from several different stores, with little regard for how well the clothing fit her. She didn't really care what she bought. The euphoria of shopping helped her to forget her troubles.

She clutched the bags in one hand. In her other was a half-eaten pretzel. Where did she get that? She must have absently visited the food court without even thinking about it. Shrugging, she chomped into the pretzel and chewed thoughtfully, looking for all the world like a big fat cow chewing its cud.

Jen was dressed in a short green knit dress, so short that it barely pulled down completely over her bum to reach the tops of her thighs. There was a small "boob window" in the dress's chest, revealing the line of Jen's cleavage. While Jen was still considerably smaller than her friend Laurie, some of her increasing weight had settled onto her own bosom, giving her an ample, voluptuous figure with plenty up top and even more down below. Jen waddled over to the escalator, the thick, rolling waddle of her walk causing the dress to slide north with every step. By the time that Jen had reached the bottom of the escalator, the dress had slid nearly a quarter of the way up her bottom, revealing two pale perfect orbs of under-butt. Standing still on the moving stairway, Jen absently reached down and pulled the dress back down for a few more seconds of coverage.

Jen was completely oblivious to the scene behind her, where a mother with her young son had stepped onto the escalator. The mother paid no attention to the cheeky chubbette in front of her, but the boy was mesmerized. He'd never seen anything like this before! He was small enough that he was face-to-butt with Jen's looming backside, her enormous lobes filling his entire field of vision. And from his angle, he could see straight up her dress, where her cotton knickers were clenched between her blubbery buns like dental floss.

Jen continued to munch on her pretzel, her chubby cheeks bulging, her simple mind buzzing with all sorts of troubled thoughts. How would she survive without Laurie? She'd have to start making decisions on her own. Maybe that wouldn't be so bad... She'd already made a few decisions of her own today, right? After all, she'd decided which clothes to buy. The weight of the bags she was carried, though, belied just how bad she was at making decisions. She had bought almost every dress, blouse, and pair of pants that she had tried on, even the ones that were clearly too small to fit over her rounded rump. Why had she done that? It didn't make sense. Was she lost in the thrill of purchasing? She was dimly aware of the fact that she really couldn't afford all these clothes and that her parents were sure to lecture her again when the credit card statement arrived and they found out about her frivolous spending habits. Not to mention, when had she bought this pretzel? She stuffed the last bite into her mouth. Jen didn't understand just how dangerous it was that she was buying food without realizing it; her mindless eating was directly responsible for every extra inch of flab added to her billowing booty, every seam split, every button popped. If she was aware of just how much she was eating, she might have been able to control herself. But as it was, she was doomed to continue relentlessly blowing up bigger and bigger like a float in the Macy's Thanksgiving parade.

As Jen reached the second floor, a delightful aroma hit her nostrils. Pizza!

Cheeseburgers! Pie! She was at the food court! Or was she back at the food court? She vaguely thought back to the pretzel that she had so recently devoured; she must have bought it here, right? So she must have been here, like, ten minutes ago? Why couldn't she remember? She was in a stupor, her mind on autopilot, her cotton fluff-filled brain consumed by the instinct to buy and to consume.

Jen's pudgy gut gurgled quietly. Was she hungry? Gawd, she sure did feel hungry. Jen furrowed her brow. Had she already eaten? Well, she'd had a pretzel, right? Gawd, she wished Laurie was here. Laurie would know whether she was hungry, whether she had already eaten. Laurie would also know what she wanted to eat!

Because now, confronted with a choice between a good half dozen different food stalls, Jen had no idea what she wanted to buy. Did she want pizza? Or maybe a cheeseburger? Another pretzel? Shit, how could she decide?

No! She didn't need Laurie! Jen shook her head. She was perfectly capable of making decisions on her own. And this would be her first REAL decision. This was her time to shine! She was going to show the world that she was more than just a fat, lazy lapdog – that she could think for herself! She was going to get some pizza! No, maybe a cheeseburger. But then again, another pretzel might just hit the spot.

Okay, this decision thing was harder than it looked. But then a light went off in Jen's empty head. Of course! What a brilliant idea! If she couldn't decide what to eat, she'd just have one of everything!

A satisfied smirk on her chubby face, Jen waddled to the closest food kiosk, a burger joint. She plopped her bags down on the floor next to her as she studied the menu, squinting and moving her plump lips slightly as she struggled to sound out the unfamiliar words.

"Uh, can I help you?" asked the boy behind the counter. He stared dubiously at Jen; the tubby teen was already spilling out of her dress, and when she leaned forward to peer at the menu, her dress slipped up to once again flash her lily white panties at the world. Only dimly aware of her indecent exposure, Jen reached behind her to scratch her fleshy rear and pull the dress down again.

"Yeah," said Jen, "Gimmie a...uhhhh...that thing? With the cheese on the burger?" Jen pointed to a picture above the menu.

"You mean the cheeseburger?"

"Yeah, totally. Gimmie one of those!"

A minute later, Jen was huffing her way toward a table, balancing a tray loaded with burgers and fries in one hand, lugging bags of useless designer clothes with the other. She sat down, her fat ass squishing and spreading like bread dough as she pressed her full weight against the chair. The seams at the sides of her dress creaked with the movement, but they held...for now.

At this moment, Jen was barely aware of her dangerously tight dress, which had slid up her thighs to the point that her pantied crotch was easier visible. Worse than any other girl on the squad, worse even than Alice and Laurie, Jen was a mindless eater. She barely had any concept of how much food she ate in a day and, to be perfectly honest, she didn't really care. She had grown to love eating with a pure, unadulterated love – she didn't eat out of a voracious sexual hunger like Laurie and she didn't eat out of compulsion like Alice – Jen just ate because she could. She didn't blink an eye when the needle on the scale edged ever upwards and she didn't draw the connection between her increasing appetite and the extra padding around her hips and rear. She didn't care. She knew that Laurie seemed to care a lot, but Jen was content to live one day at a time, never troubling about the future or where her insatiable gluttony would eventually lead her. Mmm. She sank her teeth into the burger and tore off a huge bite, her chubby chipmunk cheeks bulging. Delicious! Jen swallowed after only a couple perfunctory chews and leaned in for another bite.

The movement was enough. The dress was desperate to slide up again, and the only thing keeping her buns covered was the fact that she had all her weight pressing down on the dress's hem while she sat. But when she shifted her weight, it was just enough to release the hem. Instantly, her dress popped up, exposing her tubby tushie. After all her waddling, Jen's panties had worked themselves deep into the cavernous crevice of her ass crack, making it look, to the outside observer, as if she wasn't wearing any underwear at all. Jen was too wrapped up in her meal to notice, and didn't realize that she was no effectively mooning the whole food court.

Several tables away, a group of preteen boys stared at the display.

"Haha," said one boy, "Talk about burger buns."

"Eww, that's gross," giggled a second, "Stop saying that!"

"You guys, it's not nice to stare," said the third.

The first two boys turned to him.

"Allen, you dweeb, you're supposed to stare. If she didn't want us to stare, she wouldn't have her butt hanging out like that."

"Maybe she doesn't know," mumbled Allen.

"Oh yeah? Then, maybe you should go tell her."

"Yeah! I dare you to go talk to her! I double dare you to tell her that we can see her fat butt. What do you think, Dave?"

Dave laughed and nodded.

Allen mumbled and turned red. He looked down at his tray and pushed a French fry into his ketchup, trying to ignore his friends' jeering. "Come on, Terry, stop it."

“No, no, you’re the one who’s so worried about his new GIRLFRIEND. I double dog dare you to go talk to her.”

“What would I even say?” muttered Allen.

“Just go up and say ‘Hey, excuse me, I want you to know that your butt looks very nice.’ Ha ha!”

Allen gawped. “I’m not saying that!”

“Then say anything! But I bet you won’t. I’ll bet you \$20 you won’t go say anything to her.”

Allen was quiet for a moment. “Are you really betting \$20?”

“Yeah, I’ve got it right here.” Terry pulled a ten out of his pocket and slammed it down on the table. “And this Andrew Jackson can be yours if you go and say just two words to Miss Piggy over there.”

Allen looked over at Jen again. Jen was lost in the bliss of eating, obviously unaware that her rotund pink rear was hanging out like a big ripe peach. Tiny tremors ran through the butter soft blubber of her plump ass cheeks every time that she moved to shove more food into her eager mouth.

“Okay, I’m going to go talk to her,” said Allen.

“What? You’re nuts!” said Dave. “I can’t believe you’re doing it! Why would you talk to that sow?” He, of course, knew exactly why Allen wanted to approach Jen. Watching Jen, the three boys felt as though they had suddenly hit puberty like a brick wall. That perfectly round rump, jiggling and bouncing slightly as Jen shifted in her seat, was a wake-up call to their burgeoning teenage hormones. And though these three thirteen year olds couldn’t say it to each other, they knew that they were looking at something almost divine. Like typical bratty preteens, they had to cover their growing arousal with crude jokes and put-downs.

“Well, her butt’s just hanging out there!” protested Allen, blushing just a bit. “Someone’s got to tell her, right?” He didn’t want his companions to think that he had any...prurient reasons for his concern. He just had this strange girl’s well-being in mind.

He cleared his throat awkwardly and stood up. The other two boys started giggling.

“Yeah, right, I think I know why you’re going to talk to her. You like her! I bet you like her big fat butt and you want to kiss it and have a million babies with her butt! I bet you want to marry that butt!” said Terry.

“Shut up! I don’t want to marry anyone’s butt! I mean... I’m just going to...I’m going to..”

“What are you going to tell her? ‘Excuse me, ma’am, did you know that I can see your butt?’ Ha ha!”

Mumbling and stuttering, the embarrassed boy hunched his shoulders and stomped away from his friends, who continued to giggle and hoot behind him.

Jen, meanwhile, was only a few tables away, but she was so absorbed in stuffing herself that she had no clue what was happening behind her (either with her three admirers or her exposed bottom). Allen slowly picked his way through the maze of table, coming closer and closer to the gaining goddess. He was starting to feel a little nervous, his knees a little weak. He couldn't tear his eyes away from that chubby, wiggling derriere, but it was like looking into the sun – or two suns, maybe. He hadn't even seen this fat babe's face, so he had no idea what she really looked like, but maybe it didn't even matter. Did it matter what she looked like when she had a backside so perfect and plump?

As he walked up alongside her, Jen turned quizzically to stare at him, her big dumb cow eyes blinking. Allen was stunned to see that her face was just as mesmerizing as her backside, even though her cheeks were bulging with foot and ketchup and mustard were smeared across her puffy lips.

Allen felt even more awkward. Even though Jen was sitting down, she was still almost as tall as he was. Of course, that was partly because Jen was at least a good four years older than Allen – he was a preteen twerp, she was a young woman. But also because Jen's fat bottom acted as her own extra seat cushion, lifting her higher in her chair like a pumped-up air mattress.

"Ummmmm, hello," said Allen. "Ijustwantedtotellyouthatумыoushouldcheckyourdress."

Jen blinked. "Like, what?"

Allen blushed furiously. "Yourdressisумыoushouldcheck." Allen mimed pulling down the hem on an invisible dress. Jen stared, uncomprehending.

Allen was sweating and shaking now. He moved his hands to his own butt, desperately trying to pantomime the action that Jen should take. Finally, a light seemed to go off in Jen's empty head. She spun around to look behind her, catching sight of her own bare chubby buns.

"Ooooo, crap!" she said.

Jen stood up, wiped a few stray crumbs off her chest, adjusted her clingy dress to hide her bulbous booty. Jen towered over the thirteen-year-old Allen, who was shocked speechless to find that when Jen stood up straight, he only came up to her chest and he was no staring straight into her hefty bosom. Sure, they weren't nearly as spectacular as her backside, but her C-cup breasts were still bulging out of the neckline of the tight dress and giving an impressive display.

Jen heard a loud gasp and turned to see Dave and Terry staring, mouths agape. The two boys were too far away to hear what Allen had said to Jen, but they were shocked to see Jen react by bouncing out of her seat like that.

"Ohhhhh," said Jen, a knowing (for her) look coming across her face. "I see what you're,

like, doing!”

“What?!” Allen began to panic. Did she know that they had been making fun of her butt?

“You’re totally trying to impress your friends by talking to a hot girl, huh?”

“Uhhhh....”

Jen giggled. “Um, you’re, like, totally doing that!” She looked down at the stammering kid in front of her. It was kind of adorable. “Here, I’ll help you out!” She bent down and enveloped Allen quickly in a bear hug, lifting the surprised boy several inches clear of the ground. Allen was too shocked at finding his face smothered between Jen’s big sweaty boobs to even react. Was this really happening? Jen dropped him again, half-turning with a smirk to see what sort of reaction she was getting. Both Dave and Terry continued to stare, completely flabbergasted. Jen giggled to herself.

“Okay, like, one last little grand finale, “ said Jen, conspicuously mispronouncing the word “finale.” She bent over and gave Allen a quick peck on the cheek. Allen’s blush went even redder.

“Okay, like, now you can tell your friends that you totally made it with a hot older girl,” said Jen, ruffling Allen’s hair (something that only added to the poor boy’s embarrassment). “Like, it’s too bad you’re not a few years older, maybe you’d, like, have a shot. Except, like, you totally wouldn’t, cuz I’ve already got a boyfriend and stuff. Which, by the way, don’t tell him I did that, cuz he’d totally have to beat you up.”

In reality, Craig was used to Jen’s flirtatious nature and wasn’t particularly phased by her behavior. He especially wouldn’t have cared that she was teasing a thirteen year old. But Allen didn’t know that and the news that he might be in danger only made his eyes bulge wider.

“Okay, like, I’m gonna get going now, baby, but just wait here. I got one last thing that’ll really make your friends jealous.”

Jen, meanwhile, spun on her heels, plucked her bag up off the floor, made one last adjustment to make sure her dress was still covering her ample ass, and took off at a brisk waddle. After she’d shuffled halfway across the food court, she turned around and called out: “Um, like, totally call me, baby! I’d looove to hang out again, maybe go out somewhere private!”

Jen didn’t hang around long enough to see the other kids’ reactions. Allen didn’t blush any redder, just because it wasn’t possible to get any redder than he already was.

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Only a few minutes later, Jen was regretting leaving the food court so soon. She could really have gone for a second burger. Then again... she patted her bulging stomach, which

stretched out the fabric of her dress quite far. With her rump pushing in the opposite direction, that dress was under a lot of pressure. Instead of getting more food, Jen decided to just stop by one of the mall's many coffee bars and get herself a drink. Of course, Jen's idea of a drink was so full of cream and sugar that it was practically a dessert. Jen waddled thickly into the closest Starbucks, her snug dress wriggling higher and higher up her thighs with every rolling step. By the time she was at the front of the line, she had to pull her dress down again to hide her straining panties, although, even hidden, her panty lines were clearly visible through the flimsy fabric.

"Gimme...a...frosted...cinnamon...chocolate frappuccino," gasped Jen. Wow, walking to the front of the line was hard work! She was winded! Jen was gasping and sputtering so pathetically that it almost looked like her chest was about to burst out of her outfit.

"Would you like whipped cream?" asked the bored girl behind the counter.

"Oh, yes!" squealed Jen, licking her plump lips. "Totally!"

The girl behind the counter barely managed to stop herself from rolling her eyes. Whipped cream was the last thing that this fat cow needed. If she gained any more weight, she'd look like a bowling ball! Jen turned away to grab a few packets of sugar from the condiment bar, and for the first time the girl got a full view of Jen's enormous fanny. It looked like she'd shoved two bowling balls into her panties! Where did this girl shop that she could find underwear to fit that monster booty? Those just had to be maternity panties. There was no way that you could buy anything to fit a seat like that off the rack. If anything, those undies must have been sewn together from old circus tents. The girl knew better than to stare, though, so she averted her eyes when Jen turned around to collect her drink. The girl was careful not to share her thoughts with this customer. Obviously, Jen was someone drank A LOT of whipped cream-laden coffee drinks. She probably also ate a lot of cake and pizza and burgers...but that wasn't the point. The barista knew that the existence of stores like this one, and ergo her job, depended on helpless greedy gluttons like this pear-shaped porker guzzling fatty, calorie-rich drinks with complete abandon, so she was not going to do anything that might discourage it.

Unfortunately, someone else was about to.

As she left the store, Jen heard a strangely familiar voice.

"Holy shit," said the voice.

Jen turned around, a confused look on her plump face, the straw of her creamy frappachino drink still between her lips.

She was face to face with a girl who looked vaguely familiar, a slender girl with bright red hair done up in pigtails. The girl wasn't looking at Jen, though, but rather staring intently at the mobile phone she was holding up to her face.

"No, no, don't turn around, I had such a good shot!"

Jen was even more confused. "What?"



“Oh well, I can still see most of it from this angle too. Say cheese!” She tapped a button on her mobile and a bright flash went off in Jen’s face. Jen yelped and hopped backwards, rubbing her eyes with her free hand.

“Like, what was that for??”

“There, that’s good, what do you think?” said the strange girl, ignoring Jen’s question. She turned the mobile around to show Jen the photograph she had just snapped. Jen saw herself, looking plump and confused, stretching out the seams of her green dress. Even from the front, you could see Jen’s massive rear flaring out behind her like two big ripe bursting watermelons shoved up her dress.

“I didn’t think anyone would believe me if I told them that I saw Jen Sarkovy and she got FAT,” said the girl. “Well, maybe they would; you always did have a fat ass. But oh my gawd, I never thought it would get THAT fat! What have you been doing, sucking on a helium tank? Your butt’s gotten huuuuuge, girl!”

“Um, like, who are you?”

“Oh, you don’t recognize me? Wow, I knew you were a ditz, but I didn’t think you were THIS dumb! Don’t you remember last year? The game against McKinley High?”

A light of recognition went off in Jen’s empty head. “Ohmygawd, you’re Mallory Fish! You’re one of the McKinley cheerleaders!”

The girl nodded.

Well, that was just great! McKinley High was the arch rival of Jen’s school, and their team had been kicking ass lately. Jen always found it slightly embarrassing to have to cheer at those games, just because it never seemed to do any good. McKinley’s team was just too good! No matter how much spirit Jen and her team tried to pump into the crowd there was no overcoming McKinley’s stellar record.

“Guess you’re not as dumb as you look after all! But man, we talked about you all night after the game. How could a girl built like that cheerlead, we all wondered. Everyone was staring at that fat ass bouncing around all night! And now look at it! It’s even bigger! If you tried to cheer now, you’d probably cause an earthquake!”

Jen frowned. Normally, she didn’t have any beef with rival teams’ cheerleaders when she wasn’t on the field, and she would have been perfectly happy to be civil to Mallory. But it seemed like Mallory wasn’t quite so magnanimous.

“Like, why don’t you shut up?” said Jen, irritated.

“Ooo, ‘like,’ why don’t you, like, totally make me?” taunted Mallory, peppering her speech with valley girl jargon to mock Jen’s cadence. “Where’s your boss, wideload? I’ve never seen you without Tits McGee holding your leash.”

“What? Like, I don’t know anyone named Tits McGee!”

Mallory rolled her eyes so hard that they looked like they were ready to pop out of her head. “Gawd, you really are such an airhead. I didn’t mean that literally. I meant, you know, your captain.” Mallory hefted an invisible pair of watermelon-sized breasts in the international sign for a huge bust. “Whatsername, with the big tits.”

“Oh! You mean Laurie?”

“Yeah, that’s her. The bitch who never leaves things on the field, who makes things personal. You tell her that I don’t appreciate her comments. If she thinks I’ve got a pudgy butt, she should look in a mirror. Everyone knows that she’s porked out more than any cheerleader in history. Except maybe that old captain of yours that they say now weighs like 600 pounds, whatsername Amber. I guess it must be something about your school having that effect on cheerleaders.”

“Laurie said you had a pudgy butt?” Jen was dumbfounded. Mallory was far from pudgy. If anything, she was downright skinny. If Laurie was insulting the size of Mallory’s butt, then she needed to have her eyesight checked. “But your butt isn’t pudgy, like, at all!”

“Yeah, well – what?” Mallory looked startled, like she hadn’t expected that.

“I mean, like, it’s not. When did Laurie tell you it was?”

“I – I ran into her at the movies a few weeks ago and she said...well, it doesn’t matter what she said, the point is that she started this fight!”

“Like, I don’t want to fight,” said Jen, “That’s, like, stupid. We’re just, like, on rival teams, that doesn’t mean we need to be, like, enemies or something. I don’t care what you do when you’re not cheering.”

“Oh. Well, I guess I don’t care that much about what you do either.”

“Laurie’s been, like, really weird lately,” said Jen. She didn’t want to smacktalk about her best friend...er, former best friend?... with Mallory, because, even though Jen didn’t feel anything against this girl, it was obvious that Laurie didn’t like her for some reason. Had Laurie honestly just started a feud with Mallory for no other reason than that she cheered for a rival school? That seemed really dumb and pointless to Jen. But maybe there was some good reason for it. Jen knew that she wasn’t the smartest girl in the world and she often assumed that Laurie must have a good reason for the things she did, even if Jen couldn’t figure them out. But lately, Laurie seemed to have gone off the deep end. The plan was spiraling out of control, plumping up not just Alice but the entire cheer squad to the point that they wouldn’t be able to do a single cartwheel or somersault. And then what? They would just be out of a team. Laurie was ultimately sabotaging herself by sabotaging the team, and it seemed like the fatter that Laurie grew, the more ridiculous and desperate her plotting became.

In the past, Jen would have supported anything that Laurie started and simply continued with pointless feud with Mallory if only because it was obviously what Laurie wanted. But now

she was thinking for herself, long dormant neurons firing in her head.

“I think Laurie’s kinda sensitive because she’s gained a little weight lately,” said Jen, “And she’s being a bitch to everyone about it now. Like, she’s totally taking it out on other people. It’s such, like, total Freudian projection!”

“Uhhhh, what?”

“You know, it’s like how if there’s something you don’t like about yourself, you deny it and instead project it onto other people! It’s, like, a psychological defense mechanism.”

Mallory stared at Jen in shock. Even Jen was a little surprised at the words tumbling out of her own mouth. Could it be that, free from Laurie’s stifling influence, she was actually getting smarter?

“Like, think of this! Laurie is afraid that she’s going to, like, get totally fat. So instead of like exercising or eating less, she just calls other people fat. Like, that’s probably why she’s always telling ME that I have a fat ass too!”

Mallory’s eyes strayed downwards to drink in Jen’s wide hips and bulging badonkadonk ready to split her dress. Maybe Jen wasn’t getting THAT much smarter after all, because it was obvious that the main reason Laurie called Jen a fatass was because she did, indeed, have a massively fat ass.

Mallory cleared her throat. “Listen, Jen, I’m sorry. I guess I shouldn’t have taken it out on you. My beef’s with Laurie and I shouldn’t have assumed you were part of it.”

Jen shrugged. “It’s alright, I totally understand. Laurie really needs to check herself before she wrecks herself, ya know? She’s just being such a big bitch these days.”

Mallory nodded. “Yeah, well. I’m sorry I made fun of your butt.”

“Oh that’s totally okay!” She thought for a second. Mallory seemed like a good headstrong girl – maybe she might be a good ally in bringing Laurie back to her senses? Of course, Jen couldn’t tell her everything. If she told Mallory about Laurie’s plan, there was no telling what would happen. But maybe she could get Mallory to help stage an intervention or something. She needed time to think this over. “Hey, Mallory, are you doing anything Friday night?”

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At home, Alice rarely wore pajamas to sleep; she was so tubby that it was simply easier to sleep in the nude. However, she needed to be decent for sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, so she had reluctantly purchased a new pair of pajamas just for this occasion. They were a size 28 and they had fit her relatively well when she’d bought them; they were stretchy cotton, so she

expected them to last for a while. After wriggling into them, though, she felt like that might not be the case. The pink cotton material was already snug across her expansive curves and bulging stomach.

She was especially self-conscious at tonight's sleepover since Jen had brought a stranger over. Alice only vaguely knew Mallory from seeing her across the field when they cheered at away games. Mallory was dressed in a long, loose-fitting nightgown that nearly fell to her ankles – much more conservatively than the girls usually dressed at these sleepovers! They had become so comfortable in each others' presence that the sleepovers had become the perfect excuse to shed the restricting, binding clothes that bit into their buttersoft flab all day long and instead lounge around in nothing but their underwear. Laurie, for once, wasn't at tonight's sleepover. Alice wasn't sure why, but Jen had promised to tell her more later. She wondered if Laurie and Jen had gotten into a fight. She hoped not! By now, Alice was very fond of both Jen and Laurie and, still oblivious that Laurie's scheming was responsible for her own insidious inflation, considered them both very good friends.

"So, I didn't know that you knew Jen," said Alice.

"I didn't," said Mallory, "Not before today. To be honest, I thought she was probably just a big mean bitch like Laurie. And I guess I thought the same thing about you, Alice. No offense."

"Oh," Alice looked confused, her cheeks flushing a little as she struggled to think of a response. "Well, Laurie is...very forceful. Sometimes she can seem a little mean."

"Like, we're not here to talk about Laurie right now," said Jen, bouncing into the room. "We're here to party! Let's have fun!"

Jen bent over to shove a DVD into the DVD player and her nightshirt rode up to reveal her panties. Alice and Mallory both nearly choked. Those panties were clearly NOT meant to be worn for comfort! They appeared to be novelty erotic underwear, since there was a big heart-shaped hole in the rear right over her asscrack, revealing most of her bare booty.

"Jen! Um, er...your underwear...."

"What? Oh, that. Um, yeah, like, I kinda had, you know, a wardrobe malfunction today and, this is so funny, it turns out that I didn't have any other underwear except this pair! I thought I had another pair, but it turns out I totally left them at Laurie's house. But don't worry, I'll totally buy some more tomorrow, I guess I'll just have to use these for the night."

She adjusted the elastic waistband of her undies, causing her tubby tushie to bounce and jiggle wildly. Both Alice and Mallory stared in horror.

"But Jen!" said Alice, "We can...um... we can see your entire butt!"

"You could at least put on a longer night shirt," mumbled Mallory, who was beginning to have second thoughts about accepting Jen's invitation. What kind of crazy sleepover was this anyway?

“So?” said Jen. “oh right! I forgot that Mallory was new. Well, it’s just that we’re such good friends, sometimes I forget, you know?”

“Uh huh huh,” Alice laughed nervously, embarrassed that Mallory was seeing this. Mallory just shook her head, an amused grin creeping across her face. Alice sighed in relief. It looked like Mallory was just chalking up Jen’s bizarre nonchalance to her famous ditziness.

“I think you meant to wear those for Craig, not for us,” giggled Alice.

“Who’s Craig?” asked Mallory.

“Oh, that’s Jen’s boyfriend,” said Alice, “He likes, um, big butts, you see.”

“I guess he’d have to,” said Mallory, watching Jen’s bottom sway back and forth as she fiddled with the DVD controls.

“Like, I know Laurie usually handles everything for our sleepovers,” said Jen as she stood up, “But don’ worry! I think I can do just as good.” She tapped her forehead. “After all, I’m just as smart as Laurie, right?”

Alice and Mallory exchanged knowing glances, but Jen didn’t pick up on them.

“So, like, the most important thing for a sleepover is good snacks, right? So I made us some!” said Jen, “Come into the kitchen and see!”

Alice struggled to her pudgy feet and waddled after Jen and Mallory to see what food was available.

It was a lot.

An insane amount.

Alice stared in mute horror at the feast spread out before her. Even though Jen wasn’t consciously trying to fatten her friends, her food preparation would still have the same effect. With little regard for moderation, the bubble-headed bimbo had prepared way too much food – bowls full of chips and cookies, entire pies, quivering mountains of gelatin. There was way too much food here! There was no way that she could hope to eat it all! She felt her sweat break out on her brow, trickling down her chubby cheeks and dripping from her tubby double chin. Her knees felt ready to buckle. Deep down, Alice was seized by a strange and unknowable terror that made her quake in her boots like a plate of jelly. She knew that she couldn’t fit all this food inside her, but she also knew that she was powerless to resist, that her gluttony would compel her to eat and eat and eat until either there was no food left in the world or she simply burst from her overindulgence. Even now, her pudgy hand had already grabbed a fork and, unbidden, raised a first morsel of quivering gelatin to Alice’s plump lips, which parted to accept the sweet treat almost before she could think to resist. As soon as the sugary dessert hit her tongue, it was over. There was nothing more Alice could do. Her enormous belly was already growling with hunger, alert that there was food within reach. Without thinking, Alice plopped her wide behind into a chair and scooted as close as she could to the table – the size of her

massive paunch prevented her from getting too close but she still tried, squishing her flabby tummy against the edge of the table.

Alice and Jen were both wanton gluttons, but, when Laurie was around, the buxom cheer captain's snide comments and disapproving glower helped to exercise some small subconscious restraint over their appetites. When Laurie wasn't around, though, there was nothing to stop them from gorging to their heart's content. Their little binge at the fair, when the two growing girls had stuffed themselves until they nearly popped, was only the beginning. Alice felt the buttons and seams of her pajamas already starting to squeal as she shifted her weight in her chair, but she barely noticed. Next to her, Jen too seemed to have already lost herself in the pleasures of the feast. Minutes ticked by without either girl uttering a word, no sound but the steady clink of silverware against plates and the occasional piggish grunt or stifled burp. By now, Alice's fear was gone, replaced by a numb acceptance as the soothing balm of food made all of the blimping babe's worries disappear.

Mallory stared in confusion. She thought that there was far too much food here, and she was about to make some joke about it – but as soon as Alice had caught sight of the feast, she seemed mesmerized. It was almost as if she couldn't speak, couldn't think, as if the food was controlling her like a puppet. She had immediately plopped down into a chair and started eating, a glazed look in her eyes. She was methodically shoving food into her mouth, only the barest trickle escaping her lips and dribbling down her double chin to land on her heaving bosom. She looked like a girl possessed and it made Mallory uncomfortable to watch.

"Um, are you okay, Alice?" asked Mallory, gently shaking one of Alice's plush shoulders.

"M'fine," mumbled Alice, barely breaking her stride and never lifting her gaze from the table.

Jeez, thought Mallory, no wonder Alice was so fat! She didn't want to say anything, especially since she was a first-time guest, but Alice was fucking huge. She must weigh as much as a full-grown heifer; Mallory wasn't sure how a girl that size could fit into a cheerleader's uniform let alone actually cheerlead. Then again, had she ever actually seen Alice cheer? Now that she thought about it, she had only ever seen Alice sitting on the bench, alongside Jen and Laurie, lazing about and chomping on power bars while Laurie barked at the other cheerleaders to complete their routines. What was going on with these girls?

"Jen, is Alice okay?" Mallory turned to look at Jen when she didn't get a response, and was shocked to find that Jen too had succumbed to a strange food fugue. Like Alice, she was blind and deaf to the world, completely consumed by consumption, and gobbling down pie with wolfish intensity.

Mallory could only stare in disbelief as the two ballooning beauties gradually ate their way through a feast that she wouldn't have believed would fit inside an army, let alone just two hefty highschoolers.

They ate and ate and ate. Alice was barely aware of the growing discomfort in her gut as she filled herself. It was becoming difficult to eat as her expanding belly pushed her further

away from the table, but she leaned forward as much as she could (which wasn't much as her belly squished against her flabby thunder thighs) and kept gorging. Before long, her tightening shirt pulled up, edging over the swell of her gut, revealing more and more belly, buttons protesting until the first one released with a soft pif and bounced across the floor. Alice didn't notice.

"C'mon, Jen, I'm bored," said Mallory, shaking Jen.

"What? Like, then have something to eat," said Jen, pointing to the chair next to her. There wasn't much room there, because Jen's wide rump and thick thighs were spilling over the edge of her own chair by several inches on each side and starting to creep across the chair next to her.

"I can't fit on there," said Mallory, "You're taking up two chairs! Is this all you do at these sleepovers? Eat?"

"Ummm, no, we're just having a snack."

"A snack? You two are eating enough to feed an elephant! No wonder you're both so fat!"

"What?" Jen looked up at Mallory with shock in her big dumb cow-like eyes. Across the table, the word "fat" snapped Alice out of her own stupor. She looked up, blinking in confusion. She stared at her tubby tummy, grown so much larger and rounder from just an hour ago now that she'd binged like a true glutton.

"Oh my gawdd, I feel soooo full," moaned Alice now that she was suddenly aware of how bloated she was. She leaned back in her chair, instantly popping the next button off of her pajama top. Groaning, she rubbed one hand across the vast expanse of her overloaded abdomen, but her other hand, almost as if it had a mind of its own, grabbed a chocolate chip cookie off the table and slowly brought it to Alice's mouth.

"I don't think I could eat another morsel," huffed Alice even as she shoved the cookie between her lips. She chewed laboriously without irony, not even seeming to be aware that she was, in fact, still eating.

"You're still eating," said Mallory pointedly.

"Huh?" Alice blinked, then seemed to notice that her hand was automatically moving towards another cookie. She shook her head and momentarily regained control of her own flabby body.

Mallory was getting the distinct impression that Alice wasn't much brighter than Jen. Maybe that's how Laurie had been able to dominate this cheer team so completely – no one had the brains to stand up to her incredibly obvious shenanigans.

"You're, like, totally right though," said Jen, tottering to her feet. "We don't want to eat it all now or we won't have anything for the rest of the night. I mean, unless we order out. Like, for

pizza, maybe.”

“Ohh,” said Alice, her eyes lighting up, “Could we order out for pizza, do you think?”

“You just ate!” cried Mallory, even more bewildered than before. “You couldn’t possibly want pizza. You were just talking about how full you are!”

“Oh yeah, I know...I meant...well, not now, just... if we order pizza now, it won’t arrive until later...you know, cuz we might be hungry again by then?” stuttered Alice, desperately searching for an excuse to justify her gluttony.

Mallory scratched her head, not sure what to make of this. Alice felt herself blush again. The poor little bloated blimpette knew that she had made a pig of herself in front of a stranger and she was horribly embarrassed. Mallory must think that she was a real greedy guts without any self-control at all! It was rather strange to have this girl here disapproving of Alice’s eating, since almost all of Alice’s interactions these days were with Tyler (who loved Alice’s burgeoning girth) and Jen and Laurie (who did nothing to discourage her).

I better get away from the table or I’m going to start eating again, thought Alice. She placed her hands on the chair behind her and slowly raised herself to her feet, grunting and snorting like a fat, winded piggy as she rose. Jen, meanwhile, was still gingerly making her way around the table, waddling thickly on account of her enormous thighs, wide hips and bouncy bum. It took her a full minute to angle around the table so that she could start making her way back towards the living room doorway.

“Um, could you give me a hand?” asked Alice, waving her flabby arms helplessly. She had managed to stand on her own, but her tightly stuffed belly bulged out so far in front of her that her center of gravity had shifted and she was afraid that if she attempted to walk, she might just fall flat on her face. Jen immediately knew what Alice needed, remembering their food orgy at the fair.

“Like, totally! Just grab hold, we’ll totally steady each other.” Jen waddled toward Alice and swung her arm around her shoulders, while Alice braced herself against her bottom-heavy friend. Mallory watched in amazement as the two tubby teens awkwardly shuffled out of the kitchen, weaving back and forth as they struggled to stay upright against the enormous gravity pulling down on their packed solid bellies.

When they reached the doorway, they realized that they had a problem. The doorway wasn’t wide enough for the two heavy honeys to squeeze through side by side. It was barely wide enough to accommodate one of them, noted Mallory. Well, since Alice packed most of her weight in front of her in her monstrous gut, she might be able to squeeze through. But Jen gained in her hips and thighs, making her almost as wide as she was tall. Jen’s saddlebags looked like they would brush the opposite sides of the doorway – or worse, that they might even make her get stuck!

“Oh dear, we’re not going to fit,” said Alice, “We’ll have to go through one at a time!”



“Like, no way,” said Jen, “If you let me of me, I’m going to fall down! Let’s just turn sideways and go through.”

“Ummmm, I dunno,” said Alice, “I have more trouble going sideways.” While Jen’s stomach was still small enough to clear the doorway, there was no way that a fat ball of lard like Alice could get through sideways.

Jen wasn’t fazed, likely because her brain wasn’t sharp enough to grasp the physical impossibilities of the situation. Instead, she started angling the pair to make the sideways attempt, and Alice was reluctantly swept along. Mallory watched the spectacle in amazement. She never thought she’d see something like this – two tubby teenagers grown so fat and round on overindulgence that they had to plan out a complicated strategy just to get through a doorway. On the one hand, it was almost comical. But it was so extreme that more than anything Mallory just felt sorry for these two fat hippos. Having seen the way that they ate, she couldn’t imagine any future for Jen and Alice that didn’t involve them growing bigger and bigger and bigger with each passing day, month, and year. In a few years, these two hogs would probably be immobile, confined to bed by their own heaving, flabby bulk.

Alice and Jen tried to scoot through the doorway, but predictably Alice’s gut was too big, bumping into the frame when she tried to get through.

“It’s no use,” said Alice, “I’m, uh, I’m...too...” The poor girl couldn’t bring herself to say the words. It was clear that the reason she was having trouble was that she was too fat, but even now, with irrefutable evidence of her own gargantuan size, Alice had trouble saying it out loud in front of a stranger.

“Um, duh, just suck it in!” commanded Jen. “Then we’ll totally fit through!”

“I don’t think I can!” moaned Alice. “I just ate...that big meal...”

“You won’t know until you try!” said Jen, being much more authoritative than usual. Jen kind of liked it! Being in charge wasn’t so hard after all. Maybe she didn’t need Laurie back after all.

Alice dutifully did as she was told, sucking in her gut with a long drawn-in breath that swelled her chest and reduced her belly. It didn’t help much. Even with her breath held in, Alice’s belly was so filled with fat that it didn’t make much difference.

“Okay, like, let’s try this again!”

Alice nodded, her lips pursed and her plump cheeks puffed out with air.

Together, the two girls pushed through the doorway. Miraculously, they fit with Alice’s tightly restrained belly clearing the frame by millimeters. Once they were on the other side, Alice released her breath with a loud “whoof!” and her belly ballooned out to its full size once again, the sudden swelling blowing the next button off of her top. The blubbery blonde squeaked in embarrassment, ashamed to be popping her buttons in front of Mallory. Mallory pretended not to notice, and Jen didn’t care. It was only a few more feet to the couch, where both girls

collapsed. The couch made an ominous grinding, creaking noise under their weight.

“Ohmygawd, that was hard work,” said Jen, mopping her brow. She picked up the remote control and clicked on the television. “Like, I don’t think I’m gonna move for the rest of the night!”

“Oh,” said Alice, “Maybe we shouldn’t have left the food in the other room.”

A look of horror crossed both girls’ faces as they realized that they waddled out of reach of their feast. They both turned as one to look at Mallory.

“Hey Mallory, could you bring us some chips?” asked Jen sweetly. “It would, like, be totally cool if you could!”

Mallory sighed. “I don’t think I should,” she said. “You two really...look, I’m not saying this to be mean, I’m really not...but. C’mon, look at how you two eat! You girls nearly went into some sort of trance when you started eating before, I don’t think you can be trusted around food.”

Jen and Alice stared at Mallory, not following her reasoning.

“I’m just saying...I don’t think I could in good conscience bring you any more food. Have you two given a thought to what’s going to happen to you if you keep eating like this?”

“Ummm, like, we won’t be hungry?” said Jen. Honestly, Jen didn’t much care what the future held for her. She loved to eat and she didn’t care what consequences her incessant snacking wrought upon her increasingly round and out of shape body. Alice, however, was beginning to see what Mallory was saying. Always worried about her constant gain, Alice often felt like she was a human balloon being steadily inflated by food, but powerless to stop herself.

“Yeah, but...I know what you’re saying, but we’re not that big,” said Alice.

“Not that big?!”

“They’re plenty of people who’re fatter than we are,” said Alice in a desperate lie.

“Yeah, they’re called sumo wrestlers!” quipped Mallory.

“Jeez, Mallory, why are you being such a bitch all of a sudden?” said Jen. “Like, all I did was ask you to bring us some chips! Like, if you don’t want to, you could just totally say so!”

“Ugh, never mind! I’ll bring you your stupid chips!” said Mallory, throwing up her arms in resignation. If these two were determined to gorge, then she wouldn’t try to stop them. Her little intervention had been a failure, so she might as well let these two blubbery behemoths eat until they simply burst. She stalked into the kitchen, grabbed one of the bowls of chips and returned to the living room, where she plopped it into Jen’s lap.

“Like, thanks!” said Jen beaming, oblivious to Mallory’s annoyance.

As the night wore on, Mallory forgot her annoyance. Sure, she was still very concerned about Jen and Alice's eating habits and she wasn't happy about the fact that they were so lazy that they constantly asked her to make kitchen runs to bring them more junk food. But she could tell that neither girl had a nasty bone in their bodies (presumably they had bones buried under all that blubber somewhere), so she almost came to regret her earlier cracks about their weight.

It didn't matter because both Jen and Alice seemed to have forgotten Mallory's earlier rudeness. In fact, nothing seemed to dissuade them from eating for very long, not the obvious tightness of their outfits or the gradual growth of their stomachs. Not even satiety was enough to stop them.

Mallory wondered if she might gain some insight into their strange behavior when, during a commercial break when Alice's hand suddenly came up empty from a bowl of popcorn, she brought up the subject that Mallory herself had been wondering about.

"Aww, we're out of popcorn," whined Alice, frowning. She looked up at Mallory plaintively.

"Alright, alright, just a second," said Mallory. "I'll get you another bowl."

How many bowls has that been so far? wondered Mallory. Jeez, Alice, you keep eating popcorn like that and you'll be the one to end up popping!

As she refilled the bowl in the kitchen, she overheard Alice and Jen whispering.

"Jen, where's Laurie? Why isn't she here tonight? Did something happen?"

"Ummm, yeah, kinda. Laurie's been....uhhh, she's been kind of a bitch lately, ya know? I mean, you totally know what I mean, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean...ummm....how do I say this? Like, Laurie kinda bein', like, crazy, you know? Like, she's, um....how do I say this?"

Mallory strained her ears to listen. What was Jen trying to say? She got the distinct impression that Jen was trying to articulate a thought that was giving her a lot of difficulty. Maybe she was about to dish some dirt on Laurie but she felt guilty for betraying her old friend? Or, more likely, maybe this bimbo was just having trouble forming a coherent sentence because she really was just that dumb?

"Okay, I got it... You know how Laurie, like, doesn't make you do routines at cheer practice anymore?"

"Yeah, that's really nice of her! She told me that I didn't need to worry about those routines, because I was going to be put near the base of the pyramid."

"Ummmm, yeah, but, like, what if that's not the real reason she's letting you sit out

practices?”

“What? Why else would she let me sit out?”

“Well, like, if you don’t practice, like, what happens?”

Alice thought hard, a look of confusion crossing her chubby face. “I don’t understand what you’re trying to say.”

“Like, if you don’t exercise, what happens?”

“I’m not following you, Jen. Isn’t it the same reason that you and Laurie sit out practice too?”

“Umm, no, we sit out practice because...because...” Jen seemed stumped.

Mallory sighed in annoyance. She had hoped to learn something new, but those two fat slobs weren’t making any sense and she suspected that they’d just keep talking around in circles all night without ever getting to the point. She finished refilling the bowl and returned to the living room.

“Hey Alice, here’s some more popcorn for ya.”

“Oo! Thanks, Mallory!” squealed Alice happily, and immediately began shoving popcorn into her mouth hungrily. Mallory watched the blubbery blonde eat with surprising gusto, pushing snacks into her chubby cheeks so fast that she almost looked like the exertion was making her sweat. Mallory wondered if Alice could eat much more without bursting her pajamas into ribbons, but Alice didn’t seem worried at all. If Alice had been worried about anything, even about Laurie’s strange absence, she had completely forgotten, her mind now occupied with eating.

Jen looked a little perturbed, but she too was soon distracted by the new bowl of treats. Jen had been on the verge of telling Alice about Laurie’s plan, but it was just too hard. How could she tell Alice? How could she make Alice understand the danger that her waistline was in everytime that she was around Laurie? She wanted to tell Alice everything. Alice was her friend, after all! But...Laurie was still her friend, right? For now at least. As angry as she was, she couldn’t just throw that away. How could she explain the plan to Alice without throwing Laurie under the bus?

All thoughts about her moral quandary disappeared as Jen began pigging out on popcorn. Jen was too dim-witted to notice the irony of warning Alice that Laurie was trying to fatten her up while still serving Alice all sorts of high-calorie treats even when Laurie wasn’t there. Of course, while Laurie was consciously scheming to plump Alice up into a rotund little butterball, Jen was doing the exact same thing without even realizing it. Snacks and food had become such an integral part of their time together that Jen didn’t even stop to think that she was subconsciously advancing Laurie’s agenda. But she also didn’t stop to think that she was also stuffing herself way too much, turning herself into the biggest cheerleading chubbette of all.

Mallory, however, did notice how odd it all was.

Even so, by the end of the night, Mallory was distinctly uncomfortable with the situation. Jen and Alice had mowed through the entire feast; they were so wrapped up in their own greed that they didn't notice how little Mallory ate. Both Jen and Alice ate until they passed out: Alice lay sprawled on the couch, snoring loudly, while Jen lay on the floor on her stomach, her exposed butt (she was still wearing those ridiculous peek-a-boo panties) poking straight up in the air. Mallory was the only one who actually bothered to pull out a sleeping bag before going to sleep. One thing was for sure: as nice as these girls were, she didn't think that she'd be attending any future sleepovers. She didn't have any intention of watching Jen and Alice eat themselves to the size of Goodyear blimps.

"Zzz....more gravy," mumbled Jen in her sleep.

Oh my God are they still thinking about food? Thought Mallory. That's crazy. I don't believe I've ever met anyone as food obsessed as Jen.

"Zzz...yes, I love ice cream!" muttered Alice, "Back the truck up please...zzz."

Well, I spoke too soon, thought Mallory.

She quickly drifted off to sleep, lulled into slumber by the steady smacking and snoring of her two chunky companions.

# 31. Alice, Laurie & Jen

Alice felt vaguely dissatisfied after this week's sleepover. Part of it, of course, was that Laurie hadn't attended, and Alice was sad to miss one of her two best friends. Luckily, Jen was always fun, and even Jen's new acquaintance Mallory, if not nearly as personable as Alice had hoped, wasn't bad people. Still, there was something missing and Alice was having trouble articulating exactly what it was.

Her stomach, however, knew better than her brain what was missing: Food. At every sleepover, Laurie made sure that Alice finished the night completely stuffed to the gills, burstingly full of sweet treats so that she finally passed out on the floor like a beached whale. By this point, Alice was so used to gorging that it didn't even register that Laurie was forcing food into her with suspicious eagerness. But with Laurie absent from this week's sleepover, Alice had eaten only her natural fill. That was still a lot of food and Alice had still drifted off to sleep with an uncomfortably full belly. But without the subtle influence of Laurie, Alice hadn't binged quite as much as usual. The poor naïve girl had no idea of the change; her conscious brain was unaware that she'd eaten slightly less than usual. But on a subconscious level she knew she needed more to make up for that.

So naturally, on Saturday night, when she asked Tyler to come over for a bit, she also asked him to pick up a couple pizzas on the way. At least two. Big ones. And a liter of cola. Two.

Now, the couple was sitting on Alice's bed, watching TV. Tyler had eaten a few slices of pizza, but the vast majority had already found its way into Alice's tubby little tummy. Not that Tyler minded, he couldn't help but watch with rapt fascination as Alice's pudgy hand picked up another slice and brought it to her eager lips.

"Mmm s'good pizza," mumbled Alice through her bulging cheeks. She shifted in bed to get more comfortable, her movement causing the buttons of her pajama top to creak. Alice rarely bothered with pajamas when she slept now; she had grown so round and plump that pajamas were little more than a hassle. Instead, she preferred to flop into bed wearing nothing but her panties and maybe an undershirt, nothing that would constrain her flowing, rounded curves. More often, she wouldn't bother wearing anything at all and would instead sleep completely naked. However, since Tyler was sleeping over, she had made an effort to be decent and had squeezed herself into the last pajamas that she could remember comfortably fitting into. They didn't fit all that comfortably anymore. The chubby little blonde had eaten and gorged and munch munch munched her way into true obesity, so much that she looked like a round little pumpkin. Her pale blue pajama pants clung to her rounded buttocks and hefty hips, rubbed nearly threadbare in her crotch by the constant rubbing of her thick, chubby thighs. Her pajama top didn't reach all the way to connect with the pants, leaving her rubbery, blubbery

spare tire completely exposed, including her deep, dark navel, surrounded by thick wobbling flesh. The buttons of her top still buttoned, although they did strain a tad. That was sure to change soon.

“I’m so glad that you could come over tonight,” said Alice, smiling. She chewed thoughtfully on her pizza. “After last night, I really needed to see you!”

“Why? What happened last night?”

Alice shrugged. “I dunno, it was just weird! Laurie wasn’t there. Instead, Jen just brought over some new friend named Mallory.”

“Oh, what was that like?”

“She’s okay. But I’m worried about Jen and Laurie. I’ve never seen them apart like that. They’re usually inseparable! I think they must have gotten into a fight or something.” Alice pushed the last of her pizza slice into her mouth and absentmindedly reached over to grab another slice, her fat belly bunching up like a pile of bicycle tires when she moved. Leaning over wasn’t easy for a girl as round as Alice, because her own fat formed a cushion around her that impeded stretching. After a moment of futilely grasping at the last slice, she gave up. “Oof! That’s hard work!”

“Here, let me help you.” Tyler picked up the slice and held it to Alice’s mouth.

“Oh, thank you, Tyler!” squealed Alice, “That’s so thoughtful!” She closed her eyes and opened her mouth to accept the tempting treat. Deep down, it might have bothered her a little to find that something as simple as bending over was now so difficult that she needed help, but she was more concerned with eating right now. Besides, this was just one more item on the list of things that Alice was finding harder to do these days. Like tie her shoes. Or get out of bed in the morning.

In fact, one of the main reasons that she liked having Tyler spend the night was because she found it strangely difficult to rise out of bed in the morning. She knew, of course, that she was getting a little more pudgy lately, but surely she couldn’t actually be so fat that she was getting close to being bedbound. She did have a ways to go before she became trapped by immobility, but her mobility was becoming more limited. Alice was finding every excuse she could to avoid moving now that even walking was tiring her out. Her lack of movement, coupled with her voracious appetite, only meant that she was blowing up faster than ever, slowly but surely growing into the perfect plump pumpkin-shaped piggy of Laurie’s dreams.

“If they’re fighting, I want to do something to help,” said Alice, still chomping happily on the last of her pizza. “But what can I do to help them make up again?”

“Well, is there anything that they really like to do?”

Alice thought for a moment. “Shopping? Cheerleading? Eating?”

“I think those are the things that you like to do,” said Tyler gently.

“No, they like them too! That’s why we’re such a good friends! We all went down to the mall last week to buy some new clothes together because...um, well, I guess we needed new clothes.” Alice blushed a tiny bit, remembering that the real reason they had taken that trip was because the three fat cows had almost simultaneously had three wardrobe malfunctions with Laurie popping a button, Jen splitting a seam, and Alice breaking a belt. That was the shopping trip where Alice had finally bought a new wardrobe in size 18, mainly because she refused to yet move into a much-needed size 20. These pajamas, for example.

Alice’s eyes strayed down to the empty pizza box. She had just finished the last slice.

She looked up at Tyler, her lip quivering, her big blue eyes pleading.

“Tyler, do you think you could get some more pizza?”

After the third pizza, Alice thought she had finally reached her limit. She hadn’t even noticed that Tyler didn’t eat any pizza this time round and that she had gobbled the entire pie herself, leaving her feeling warm and bloated but very thirsty. She had already consumed an entire liter bottle of soda over the course of her meal, so now she turned her attention to the second.

“Please, the cola,” she huffed. Tyler dutifully handed it over.

Alice tilted the liter bottle back and began to chug. Glug, glug, glug. Slowly, silently, the seconds ticking by, her entire focus on nothing more than to get as much delicious, sugary pop inside her as possible.

When the bottle was empty, she dropped it to the floor with a loud grunt.

Alice stared at the giant mound before her. She had never eaten so much at one time before! Only now, that the feeding frenzy was over, did she start to feel the familiar pain of an overstuffed tummy.

“Oh God, Tyler, help me! I’m too full... I’m going to explode! OOoooooh!” Alice moaned at the pain. She wanted to massage her titanic tummy but she was so obscenely full that she was afraid that even touching her stomach might be enough to rupture it. Why had she eaten so much? She knew that she was going far, far beyond her limits but she just hadn’t been able to stop herself, and now she was paying the price for her insatiable gluttony!

Even worse, drinking all that soda was a terrible idea! Her bladder felt burstingly full, and her enormously stuffed stomach was pressing on it.

“Ohhh, please, do something! I need to pee!”

“Here, I’ll help you up.”

“N-no! Please! Be gentle! I’m so bloated I’ll burst! Seriously, Tyler, I think I’m going to pop like a balloon!”

With Tyler’s help, Alice waddled ponderously down the stairs, holding on to her gigantic



belly lightly, just enough to keep to from being jostled too much. She could feel all the fizzy soda that she had drunk still sloshing around inside her and she half feared that if she jostled it, it might start to bubble up...and that would be able to blow her apart at the seams!

Even Alice's slow, laborious waddle was enough to send thick ripples through her excessive blubber. And her jiggling body was enough to upset the carbonated soda in her round tummy, setting it to bubble and fizz.

"Ooof, my stomach feels fizzy," mumbled Alice, before burping loudly. Her cheeks went crimson as her hands shot to her mouth. "Oops! Excuse me! Oh dear."

She had barely squeaked out her apology when another loud belch escaped her lips. And then another. Alice looked down, mortified, but she couldn't stop herself. The fizz inside her continued to bubble, making her burp again and again.

"Burp! Whoof, I think I drank – Burp! – too much – Burp! Soda," said Alice, her pudgy hands resting on her bloated middle. Indeed, her bulging stomach was sloshing with soda, but as it continued to fizz, Alice began to feel even more bloated. Suddenly, she realized what was happening: Her fat tummy was swelling beneath her hands, gradually filling up with carbonation as the soda continued to bubble angrily.

"Burp! Oh no – Burp! – I'm –Burrrrrrp! – I'm blowing up!" Alice cried out. Her ballooning belly puffed out like a big round beachball, pushing her hands apart and slowly making her pajama top ride up. A thick slab of pink flesh was already visible beneath the hem, and more of her waxing gut became visible as its growth pushed her top further up. Meanwhile, her inflating paunch was also putting increasing strain on the buttons of her pajama top.

Even near constant belching didn't do anything beyond slow her expansion; the gallons of soda inside her were fizzing up too quickly for her growth to be stopped by mere burping. Soon her belly was so tight and bloated that Alice had to lean backwards, supporting herself against the couch behind her like a full-term pregnant woman might.

"Tyler! Burp! Help – burp – me! I'm so full I'm going to fall over!"

"Whoops, don't worry, Alice, I'll help you! Oh boy, you better lie down, I think you've still got a ways to go."

"A ways to go?' Burp! What does that mean? Burp! I'm already huge! I can't get much bigger! I already feel way too tight and bloated! Burp!"

Tyler rushed over, putting his hands behind Alice's back, to help slowly lower her down to sit onto the nearby bed. After a few more minutes, her inflation still unabated, she was forced to lie down on her back to give her belly full room to grow. Her pajama pants were beginning to feel too confining, but Alice couldn't reach around her giant paunch to roll the waistband down to her crotch. Instead, she had to wait until the force of her expanding belly did it for her. Still belching loudly, Alice could only lie sprawled helplessly on her back, watching her gas-filled gut rise before her eyes. The bountiful blonde was so pumped up with carbonation that she felt like

a helium-filled zeppelin about to rise up and float away.

“Ohhhhhh,” moaned Alice, sweat beading on her brow. Her stomach felt so tight that she was sure that she must surely be ready to explode! But all she could do was lie there helplessly, barely able to wiggle her hands or feet, as her titanic tummy grew. The poor fat girl felt an enormous and growing pressure behind her navel, and she felt sure that her belly button was about to pop from an innie to an outie if she kept swelling for much longer. “Burp! Oh, no wonder they call it soda pop! If I don’t stop blowing up soon, I’m going to pop too! Burp!”

“I’ll go find you some pepto bismol,” said Tyler, “I know we’ve got some in the house.”

“Will that –burp—help? Owwww, it hurts!” Alice moaned. She turned to look at her boyfriend, only to see his face disappear over the arc of her inflating gut. Once sloshy and soft, her belly was now completely filled with gas to the point that it was as hard as a rock and nearly as perfectly round as a balloon. The buttons on her pajama top were stretched to their capacity, and Alice was afraid that she would surely burst them at any moment. Her mother had started to search her room lately, mostly in hopes of finding the contraband junk food that she was certain her daughter was hiding, and Alice had struggled to hide all the evidence of her outgrow clothing too. She had begun working at Pizza-By-the-Pound precisely because her mother refused to buy new clothing for her blimping daughter, annoyed that all her money was being wasted as Alice simply outgrew sizes too quickly, so she was embarrassed to admit that her little clothes-fitting problem was only getting worse. She was careful to hide her wardrobe malfunctions – her split shorts and broken zippers – so that her mother wouldn’t suspect just how quickly Alice was bloating into a heavyweight hippopotamus, but the last thing she needed was yet another busted shirt on her conscience. Alice subconsciously held her breath, eyeing the quivering buttons with dread. Unfortunately, holding her breath only made the problem worse. Unable to escape, the carbonation built up even faster inside her and her inflation doubled quickly, puffing her poor, abused belly out even faster and instantly blowing the first button off her shirt with a ping!

“Oh no,” breathed Alice.

“No...burp!...more...burp!...can’t...hold anymore...gonna...burst!” cried Alice. The poor girl was inflated to her absolute limits; she looked like someone had shoved a bicycle pump into her mouth and pumped her full like a balloon. She had busted most of the buttons off her pajama top, only the top three guarding her bosom were still intact and they were hanging on for dear life as Alice’s chest heaved wildly with her panicked breathing. Alice was, in fact, having a hard time getting enough air with her over-inflated stomach pressing down on her poor lungs! She almost wished that someone could prick her with a pin to release all that bent-up gas! At the very least, she had finished inflating, so now her constant burping would gradually let her deflate back to normal. Not soon enough to save her busted shirt, but at least she wasn’t going to explode.

That was something to be thankful for, at least!

But, she still had to pee!

“Tyler, please,” she waved her chubby arms futilely. She was too big and round to get up by herself. Tyler grabbed her hands and pulled with all his might. Alice barely moved from the couch. She was just too heavy!

“Ohhhh careful, careful!” she squealed, followed by another loud belch.

“Maybe I can push you up,” said Tyler. He walked over to the other side of Alice, grabbed her shoulders and tried to push her into a sitting position. Alice moaned and whined. She was still so inflated with gas that sitting was really uncomfortable.

“Careful, Tyler, don’t jostle me too much or I’ll – hiccup! Uh oh!” Alice covered her mouth as she released the first hiccup. The hiccup caused her entire body to bounce and jiggle, once again setting the carbonation fizzing. She felt herself start to swell again.

“Tylerrrr! It’s starting again! Hiccup!” The bottom-most of Alice’s three remaining buttons gave up the ghost, blowing off of her top as her already spherical gut bubbled even bigger.

“It’s okay, Alice, just keep burping and you’ll be fine!” Tyler reassured her as he finally managed to push her upright. With another grunt and a might heave, he succeeded in raising her growing girlfriend to her feet.

“Burrpp!” Alice didn’t need to be told twice as another burp escaped her chubby lips. “Hiccup! Please, Tyler, help me get to the bathroom!”

Alice was a sight as she wobbled and jiggled her way across the room – every hiccup made her balloon slightly, every burp made her shrink slightly. But with Tyler’s help she managed to reach the restroom.

“Gimmie a second, please,” said Alice as she disappeared inside to relieve herself. She was honestly a little worried about using the toilet. She had been blimping so severely lately that Alice was starting to have trouble with mundane daily tasks like getting out of bed and dressing herself. How could she be expected to dress right when she couldn’t see her feet? When she couldn’t even reach around her own voluminous girth? She was half-afraid that, with her new globular size and shape, she might not be able to use the toilet by herself. But she was too embarrassed to admit that yet, so she needed to try for herself. “Just wait right here.”

She closed the door and Tyler waited dutifully until he heard a flush. He continued to wait until he heard Alice’s plaintive voice.

“Tytytyler, I... I need your help!”

Tyler knocked on the door. “What’s the matter? Did you finish peeing?”

“Yeah, I did, I’m fine. I just...I need your help standing up!”

“Okay, I’m coming in.”

Tyler pushed open the door to find Alice still sitting on the toilet, her pants around her pudgy ankles.

“Um, I’m too fat to get up,” said Alice, blushing redder than ever before. “She hiccupped again, followed by another burp. “Ow, that’s starting to hurt! I hope these hiccups don’t last much longer. Hiccup!”

Tyler was mesmerized by the soft bounce and sway of Alice’s blubber rolls whenever she hiccupped. She was so soft that she looked like a bowl of gelatin jiggling.

“Tyler? Tyler? Help me, please!”

“Oh right!” Tyler shook his head to clear his mind. He once again grabbed hold of Alice’s hands and hoisted her to her feet.

“Oh thank you, Tyler!” Alice squealed in relief. She leaned forward and kissed Tyler in gratitude. Then she looked down. Her pajama pants were still around her ankles, so her entire lower torso, and her plump pussy, were fully exposed. Was it possible for her to blush any redder? Alice attempted to bend down, but she was so round and fat that she nearly lost her balance, her overburdened knees creaking and popping.

“Here, Alice, let me get those for you.” Tyler squatted down to grab Alice’s pants and pull them up around her waist. It was actually harder than he expected. These stretchy cotton pants weren’t stretchy enough for Alice’s enormous body, so he had to struggle to pull them up over her wide butt and hefty hips. He also couldn’t help but notice that there was no longer any drawstring in the pants. Alice was so fat that she didn’t need one anymore, she simply filled the pants entirely with her corpulence. The revelation made Tyler instantly hard again, but he struggled to hide his arousal from his embarrassed girlfriend.

“Please, Tyler, help me back to the couch! I’m too fat to do it by myself!”

“Sure thing, Alice, it’s my pleasure.”

Keeping one hand around Alice’s waist (as far around as he could manage), Tyler maneuvered the overstuffed cutie back to the couch, where she collapsed in a heap.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe I’ve gotten so big,” mumbled Alice. “What am I going to do if I keep growing like this? I’m going to need you around all the time to take care of me!”

Tyler started to go a little red himself. “Is that so bad? I wouldn’t want anything more than to help take care of you!”

Alice smiled and giggled. “Oh Tyler, you’re so sweet!”

Alice bit her lip. They were only one room away from the kitchen now, and Alice’s sensitive nose could already sense that food was near. Technically, it was near breakfast, wasn’t it? The idea was making her hungry in spite of herself, but she restrained herself from asking for any more food. What would Tyler think of his overstuffed girlfriend, who moments before had been moaning that she was surely about to explode, was now begging for more treats?

Eventually, though, hunger won out over decorum.

“Tyler, Could you bring me some food? I’m... hungry again!”

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Laurie wasn’t sure how long it had been since her argument with Jen. Time didn’t seem to have any meaning now. Her mother had finally convinced her to start going to school again – okay, she had to admit that her mother was right that a week WAS a lot of school to miss and she couldn’t really afford to let her grades slip too much. Even so, it was hard to concentrate, knowing that she might run into Jen at any time. She had managed to avoid Jen and Alice at school and had cancelled every cheer practice since she got back; her teammates were probably pretty confused about what was going on, unless Jen had already told them. Whatever. Let Jen tell them. Laurie didn’t care.

Laurie pulled the lever on her recliner, dropping herself into a new horizontal position. That was much more comfortable. She reached down and adjusted the straining elastic waistband on her panties. As usual, she didn’t bother wearing clothes when she was at home, preferring to lounge around in her underwear like the decadent diva she was. She’d been eating since she got home, since the tingly sensations of an overfull belly helped her forget her unresolved problem with Jen. She scooped another spoonful of ice cream out of the carton she cradled between her tits and shoved it into her mouth. She was already so bloated that she had to lie back, she couldn’t tolerate a sitting position because it put too much pressure on her distended tummy, but lying down had its drawbacks too. For one thing, she couldn’t see the television over her ballooning boobs and belly. She could see the glow of the screen faintly illuminating the very peaks of her heaving bosom, but otherwise it sounded like the TV’s dialogue was coming from her chest. Her left boob must have told a particularly funny joke, because the laugh track was going crazy.

Laurie was barely paying attention. She spooned another scoop of ice cream out of the tub and dropped it in her mouth, lying still, eyes glazed over, as the cold dessert melted in her mouth. It was too cold to chew, so she just waited. After a few moments, she felt a dribble of melted ice cream still to spill down her double chin, so she quickly swallowed and licked her lips. She wiped her chin with one meaty arm and then licked her arm to catch the last residue. She was so involved in making sure that she didn’t waste even a molecule of ice cream that she barely noticed when the door slammed. Her mother was home.

“What a work out!” Her mother had just come back from her yoga class at the gym. “I think I must have bruised all my chakras! Oh Laurie, what are you doing?”

Laurie didn’t turn to look at her mom, so she only noticed her presence when her mom walked into Laurie’s field of view.

“Oh. Hi, Mom.”

“Laurie Belmontes! What are you doing here? I thought that you were over this little depression episode of yours! This is very ungroovy.”

“Shut up, mom, I’m doing my own thing. I’m staging a, uh, a happening.” After years of listening to her mother’s hippie quackery, Laurie had become adept at throwing the older woman’s favorite new age terms back in her face. Laurie’s mom frowned.

“You know, Laurie, you were begging me to renew your gym membership after you, uh, had that little incident with the slide in the back yard, but I don’t think that you’ve actually gone to the gym once.

“Mom, stop it, I don’t need this.”

“Laurie, I think that you do! Look at yourself! I think that it’s very important to keep a good mind/body balance, but you are completely unbalanced! You’re way too much body these days!”

She poked her finger into Laurie’s exposed belly and found that it sank into the supple blubber all the way to her knuckle before she hard the firm, stuffed stomach beneath.

“Mom, cut that out!” Laurie groaned, suddenly snapped out of her ice cream stupor by her mom’s prodding. She dropped the now empty ice cream tub to the ground beside her and waved her hands over her stomach to shoo her mother away. Her mother wasn’t finished, though.

“Laurie, really, how can you expect to keep your spiritual essence in sync when you’re ignoring all your other needs for eating? You should know that eating is only one part of the karmic wheel, you shouldn’t exclude all the other things in life!”

She placed both hands on the vast doughy expanse of Laurie’s middle and shook them back and forth, sending a cascade of jiggling through the blimping babe’s rounded belly.

“Mom, stop that!” howled Laurie, getting annoyed.

“Hmm? Are you going to stop me?” asked her mother, still shaking Laurie’s gut.

“I’m not going to stand for this anymore!” snapped Laurie as she grabbed hold of the chair’s armrests and attempted to push herself into a sitting position. No dice. Laurie grunted and puffed, but found that she was too weak and flabby to hoist her hefty body out of the reclining position. She tried again, her teeth clenched, sweat breaking out on her forehead. Her mother watched, horrified and fascinated, as her obese daughter struggled with something so simple. After a third attempt, Laurie grunted in resignation and flopped back down. Instead, she reached down to grab the recliner lever and pull the chair itself back into a sitting position.

“Alright,” she said sourly, “I guess I could go to the gym.”

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Now Laurie was determined to do something about her sky-rocketing weight. That little incident at the slide, where she'd become stuck due to her own corpulence, hadn't been the wake-up call that she needed, but her mother's insistent jiggling finally made her acknowledge that it was time for action. She needed to drop some serious poundage if she hoped to maintain her position as alpha cheerleader, especially if Jen ended up blabbing the plan to Alice and foiling her attempts to grow Alice into the team hippo.

Laurie had not been to the gym in quite some time, so she was a little out of her element. She stood at the front desk, duffel bag slung over her shoulder, drumming her manicured nails on the countertop, peering at the fit and toned young people walking past her. She couldn't help but feel a little out of place; she was about as big around as any two of these gym rats. They all looked like people who worked out constantly, whereas Laurie was the size of an escaped hippopotamus. In addition, all these gym bunnies were wearing tight spandex and short shorts, but Laurie hadn't changed into appropriate clothes, instead arriving in sweater and jeans.

The girl behind the desk cleared her throat. "I'm sure the personal trainer that you ordered will be here any minute, Miss Belmontes," she said nervously.

"She should be here now," snarled Laurie. "I've been waiting almost two minutes!"

"Well, you didn't have an appoint – never mind." The girl quickly shut up as Laurie flashed her a poisonous glare. Whatever, she wasn't paid enough to deal with problem customers like this! Laurie Belmontes had for years maintained a gym membership; she used to be a regular a long time ago, when she first started cheerleading and thought she might need some extra practice to stay in shape. But as she'd grown rounder and lazier over the years, she had stopped coming at all. Now she showed up out of the blue one day and demanded a session with a personal trainer! The desk clerk had tried her best, but there was only one trainer available on such short notice. Poor Sophie! It was a shame that such a nice girl was going to get stuck with this bossy blimp for the next hour, but there wasn't much that she could do. Oh, and here she came now!

Laurie pushed her sunglasses down her nose to get a better look at the trim gym bunny coming her way. Sophie was only a couple years older than Laurie, a trim but muscular black girl with thick dreadlocks and a tight body in her spandex workout clothes. From the looks of her well-defied muscles, Laurie guessed that she was probably an ex-gymnast.

"Hey there, are you Laurie Belmontes?" Sophie asked, checking her clipboard to make sure that she had read that right. "I'm Sophie, I'll be your trainer for the next hour. Why don't you come back into the office with me and we can talk about what you want to get out of your workout?"

"It's about time," muttered Laurie, pushing herself up from her leaning position against

the desk and waddling after Sophie. Sophie could hear Laurie panting and mumbling behind her as they walked, but she didn't say anything. She had only briefly glanced at Laurie's chart after hearing that the bulbous bitch was at the front desk demanding a trainer immediately. It had said that she was a cheerleader, so Sophie was beyond surprised to see a girl this monumentally huge. Laurie looked like a cow! There was no way that a girl that size could effectively cheerlead unless her whole routine involved rolling around on the ground helplessly. Also, even in that bulky sweater, Laurie's massive melons were still obviously bouncing along with her slightest movements, so Sophie wasn't sure how she could do any exercise without smacking herself in the face.

"Here we are." Sophie opened the door to her office and ushered Laurie inside. For a split second, Sophie wondered if Laurie would actually fit. Laurie slowed down as she approached the door, almost as if she was having the same worry. Sophie could see nervous sweat breaking out on Laurie's brow, but the busty bitch didn't change her expression at all. If she was at all nervous about fitting, she certainly didn't want to show it. But Sophie did hear a quiet gasp as Laurie subconsciously held her breath to pull in her gargantuan gut – as if that would help reduce her enough to pass through the doorway. Maybe that did help, because, in any case, Laurie pushed through without incident, although Sophie thought she saw Laurie's hips brushing the sides of the doorjamb.

Once inside the office, Laurie dropped her duffel bag into a chair and quickly unzipped it. Sophie was just closing the door when she noticed that Laurie was already shimmying out of her clothes.

"Now then, Laurie, what are you hoping to – whaaa? Laurie! You're not supposed to change here! Wait until you get in the locker room!"

"No time for that, sweetie, I'm going to lose some of this extra poundage," said Laurie, nonchalantly pulling her sweater over her head and freeing her colossal chest. "And you're going to help you, understood?"

Sophie was stunned. Clad in just her splintering sports bra, there was no hiding Laurie's massive monoliths. Sophie could tell from a glance that Laurie was a top-heavy girl, but she had not been prepared for just HOW top-heavy. Her breasts were as big as fully inflated beach balls, bouncing and rippling as Laurie struggled to pull off her snug jeans and pull on a pair of spandex stretch pants. Sophie was even more surprised to see the size of Laurie's tummy. It was so round and tight that it looked like she had just finished a three course meal.

"Did...did you eat a big lunch?" asked Sophie.

"I've been carob loading," said Laurie with a sneer that turned into a belch. In reality, she had just finished a big lunch of creamy pasta alfredo and she was still feeling uncomfortably full.

Sophie could tell; Laurie's rotund belly puffed out over the waistband of her spandex stretch pants like a big pink dome, obviously stuffed tight. Who stuffed themselves before coming to the gym?



Laurie had meant to only eat a light snack before her workout, but she just couldn't help herself. Laurie had reached the point that food and sex were so closely linked in her brain that just eating was enough to turn her on. And that made it harder and harder to stop eating as she grew wetter and more flushed the more her belly filled. She had not yet reached the point that she was able to orgasm just from stuffing her gut, but, if she continued down this dangerous path, it was inevitable that it would happen someday. And when that day came, Laurie would be done for. There would be no way that she would be able to control her eating or her weight ever again. The hefty hedonistic hottie would simply eat until she burst.

That day hadn't come yet, but Laurie wasn't doing anything to slow its approach. If anything, her constant gorging meant that it was drawing closer and closer. Laurie, as usual, didn't give much thought to the inevitable consequences, preferring only to dwell on the short term pleasures that her gorging gave her. Sure, she was worried a little about her figure, but she was still convinced that most of her excess weight was going straight to her tits, partly because they had grown so large and full that she couldn't see the damage done to her waist or thighs.

"Are you sure you're up to a workout?" asked Sophie.

"What are you saying?" snarled Laurie. "Are you implying that I'm not fit enough to make it through?"

"No, I just mean... It's not a good idea to exert yourself that strenuously right after a big meal. If you need to sit down for a few minutes to digest before we start—"

"I'll be fine," snapped Laurie. In truth, she was so full that she wanted nothing more than to sit down and rest for a while, but she didn't want to admit it in front of her new trainer. "Now listen to me, sweetie, I'm paying good money for this lousy gym membership, so I want to make sure I get the most bang for my buck. I need to lose some weight and fast. What do you recommend for that?"

Sophie looked Laurie over. Not only was Laurie clearly severely overweight but she was also seriously overstuffed, so she probably shouldn't start this client out on anything too strenuous. She could tell that Laurie was the sort of bitch who would be sure to blame Sophie for anything that went wrong, so she didn't want Laurie puking in the middle of the gym from overexerting herself.

"Well, I think we should start with some good stretches."

"How many calories will that burn?" Laurie grunted as she adjusted the waistband of her yellow spandex pants and then hoisted her pillowy pontoons. "I only have an hour, what's going to work fastest? I want to see results today."

"You're not going to see results from just an hour of exercise! It takes a lot of hard work and dedication to lose weight—"

"Ugh, then what am I paying you for? I pay good money to come to this stupid gym, I

demand results!” Laurie stomped her foot like a petulant child, causing her billowing bosom to sway so wildly that Sophie was half afraid it might completely blow out of her sports bra. She could already hear the seams and stitches protesting at the pressure they were being forced to endure!

“Calm down, Laurie! We’ll, uh, make sure that you see some results today. First, why don’t you step on the scale so we can get an accurate reading? Then we’ll know how much progress you’ve made by the time we finish.”

Sophie, of course, knew that Laurie wouldn’t lose an ounce of real flab from such a miniscule amount of exercise. But if she could get this tub of lard to sweat for an hour, she might drop a little bit of water weight and, with any luck, Laurie wouldn’t know the difference. Sophie had met Laurie’s type before. As long as the numbers on the scale were lower, Laurie wouldn’t care whether that meant she was actually thinner or not.

Sophie motioned Laurie over to the corner of her office, where an upright doctor’s scale stood. Huffing in annoyance, Laurie tottered over to the scale over to pause a good foot before stepping onto the platform. Normally, at home, Laurie had no trouble standing on a scale (The real trouble came when she tried to peer over her ballooning waistline and massive boobs to read the numbers) but now Laurie’s belly and bust stuck out so far in front of her that they pressed against the upright beam of the scale, preventing her from getting close enough to actually step onto the platform.

“Never mind, we don’t need to worry about this now,” said Laurie, flipping her raven hair and turning away from the scale. “Let’s just get to work alright, sweetie?”

Sophie was firm. “Laurie, I need you to get on the scale.”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. “I do not need to get on the scale,” she snapped. “I already know how much I weigh!. I weigh...” She paused.

“Oh? How much do you weigh?”

Laurie mumbled something under her breath.

“What was that?”

“234 pounds.”

“234 pounds? Really? Are you sure? That seems kind of...low.”

Laurie was aghast. “Low??”

“I mean, a girl of your...voluptuousness...would probably carry a lot more than that.”

Laurie sniffed and stood up straight, thrusting out her chest. It was her usual move when she felt like someone might be pointing out her skyrocketing weight. This Sophie should be able to see exactly where Laurie’s weight was stored. She certainly wasn’t some blimping porker like Alice or Jen – Laurie’s weight was going to the right places, right?

Sophie seemed to pick up on the subtle clue, that the way to get around Laurie's refusal to acknowledge her burgeoning size was to praise her enormous bazongas. "It looks like you're having trouble with that scale because your breasts are getting in the way. If I could just get you to stand on your toes, then your bust should just clear the calibration scale, okay?"

Laurie sighed. "I suppose if we have to..." She grumbled as Sophie adjusted the calibration on the scale, but she dutifully waddled forward on tip toes when Sophie called her to make a second attempt to stand on the scale. It just worked. Laurie's mega milkbags cleared the calibration scale, but her stomach still bumped into the upright beam and kept her away from the platform.

"Um, maybe you could turn sideways?" said Sophie gingerly. Laurie spun around to face her, eyes flashing, hair whipping. Was that a crack about her weight?

"I don't need to turn sideways!" she snapped. "I'm not some sort of fat ass—"

"I mean, your boobs are still in the way!" said Sophie quickly as she backed away from the furious cheerblimp.

"Oh, Well, of course," said Laurie, somewhat mollified. She frowned and pretended to be very interested in her cell phone as Sophie adjusted the scale to show Laurie's accurate weight.

"300 pounds," said Sophie, making a check mark on her paper.

"Bullshit," snapped Laurie, "There's no way in hell that I weigh 300 pounds. I weigh 234!"

"Sorry, Laurie, but this scale is calibrated correctly. You really do weigh 300 pounds." Sophie paused, looking Laurie up and down. Laurie was absolutely massive. How on earth could she be so delusional to only think that she weighed 234 pounds?

"I weighed myself just a few days ago and it said I only weighed 234," said Laurie insistently. She couldn't believe that she'd reached a point where she was thinking of 234 as a low weight! But it was pretty low, compared to 300! Holy shit! She was a real jumbo heavyweight if this scale was right! Laurie tried to peer at the scale, but she couldn't see the numbers over her own bust line.

"Are you sure your scale at home is calibrated correctly?" asked Sophie.

"Of course it is, I've seen it with my own two...eyes..." Laurie trailed off as she realized that, in fact, she hadn't actually seen the numbers on her home scale in months. She was too big and rotund to read the numbers herself, so she just relied on her mother to tell her how much it said she weighed. Had her mom been lying to protect her? Or was the scale really off, and she hadn't noticed? Her mother hadn't been checking the scale before Laurie stood on it to make sure that it was set to 0, so there was no way of knowing if it had been adjusted correctly. Which meant... she really might be 300!

300 pounds! Holy shit. Laurie was flabbergasted. This was even worse than she

thought! She had thought that breaking 200 was bad...but now! She was bigger than she'd ever thought possible, she was sure that she'd never get this fat, that she would have just exploded like an overfilled mattress before she was even close to 300! But now...she really was one of the fattest girls in school!

But, if she managed to reduce a little bit today, Jen and Alice would still be fatter. And that was all she needed.

"Are you okay, Laurie?" asked Sophie.

"Fine," said Laurie curtly, snapping her cell phone shut and shoving it into her duffel bag. "I don't have time for this crap. Let's get started right now. I'm a busy girl and I want to get some results before I leave today."

Laurie did her best to hide it, but she was in a stunned daze as Sophie led her out onto the gym floor. 300 pounds! 300 pounds! The revelation echoed in her head. How could she possibly wear 300 pounds?

Sophie, meanwhile, was having the opposite thought. How could Laurie think she weighed anything under 300 pounds? For a girl that huge to only weigh 234 pounds, she would have had to be a literal blimp – as in, she would have had to be half-filled with helium.

All of a sudden, Laurie stopped short. Out there, amongst the general crowd of gym-goers, Laurie had spotted a familiar face.

Who was that over by the treadmill? Was that? It couldn't be!

It was Jen.

There was no mistaking her, because there still wasn't another girl in town who could rival that giant rear. The auburn-haired honey was standing next to the treadmill, her flabby body clad in a green spandex leotard that only served to emphasize her extreme flaring hips and wide rump. It made her look like a ripe, juicy pear just bursting with juice, and every time that Jen moved, you could see her fleshy bottom wobbling and shaking in time.

She wasn't here alone, Craig was on the weight machine next to her, grunting as he flexed. Jen, however, didn't seem to be exercising. She was just leaning over Craig, talking. Laurie couldn't hear their conversation from across the room, though.

"What's the matter, Laurie? Why did you stop? We aren't anywhere near—"

"Shut up," snapped Laurie. She pulled Sophie close to her as she spun around, turning her back to Craig and Jen. "Listen, just pretend we're talking. Act natural."

"What? What the hell is going on?"

"That girl over there," hissed Laurie. She nodded her head subtly in Jen's direction. "The one with the fat ass. I know her."

Sophie turned her head to catch a quick glance at the girl Laurie had indicated. It wasn't hard to pick her out in the crowd, because there was only one tubby teen in the whole gym with a behind that wide. This bootilicious beauty looked like she might be even fatter than Laurie – she was definitely a real wide load – but, whereas Sophie had marveled at how Laurie carried so much of her weight in her magnificent melons, this other girl stored all her excess flab around her hips and buttocks, giving her a pair of thunder thighs the size of tree trunks and big luscious round buns that put watermelons to shame. Even as big as it was, Sophie had to admit that it still stayed shapely – Jen's rear was round and rumpy, rather than wide and dumpy.

“Who is that?”

“That's Jen. She's on my cheer squad.”

“What, really? Are all the cheerleaders at your school that...big?”

Laurie glared, obviously upset by the question. “Yes, they are.”

Sophie had to resist the unprofessional urge to make a comment. How was that possible? Was there something in the water at that school that was making cheerleaders inflate like balloons?

“She can't see me here! She'll know... she'll know that I'm trying to lose weight! And then she'll know that I'm fat!”

Anyone who saw you would know that you're fat, thought Sophie sourly.

“Holy shit, I think she's even fatter than the last time I saw her,” said Laurie. Jen and Craig seemed to be deep in conversation and oblivious to the world, so she chanced another glance. She pushed her shades down her nose and gawked in amazement. Craig had quit the weight machine and was now trying to help Jen lift her massive, rotund body onto the treadmill, but he was having trouble getting a firm grasp on her obese girlfriend's butter soft blubber. Laurie watched as a grunting, groaning Craig shoved his shoulder into Jen's ass cheek, the jiggling flab nearly enveloping him completely. As he shoved, Laurie could hear him grunting and Jen's spandex suit creaking all the way across the gym.

“Laurie, we're not here to worry about other people's weight,” said Sophie, “We're here to try and fix your –“

“Shit, she's looking over here! Get down!” Laurie grabbed Sophie and ducked behind a rowing machine, pulling the confused trainer down with her. Jen, of course, had never seen Sophie before so there was no reason for her to hide, but whatever.

Across the room, Jen was stretching her arms up to the air, casually glancing around the gym in boredom as Craig sat gasping on the floor. She wasn't interested at all in exercising. She certainly didn't notice Craig's frustration as he tried to convince her to mount an elliptical over to be blown off yet again. But Laurie noticed.

“Hmm, look at that! Craig is trying to get that fat cow to exercise. I wonder...”

“Laurie, really, we only have an hour together, I really think that we should hurry up and get started with your exercises.”

“No, no,” said Laurie, “I want to keep watching them. I think I might have just found the solution to my problem.”

“The problem of your weight?”

“What? No! The solution to something much more important than that!”

Sophie looked bewildered. What could possibly be a more pressing concern to this baby elephant than her weight? It looked like she had spent way too much time worrying about things other than her weight and as a result she was now swollen up like a human beach ball.

“What could possibly be more important than that?”

“My friendship with Jen!”

“Your....you’re friends with her? Then why are you talking about her weight like that?”

Laurie shook her head. “You just don’t understand true friendship.”

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Jen wasn’t sure why Craig had been so insistent that she come to the gym with him. He said that he needed to work out and that he just wanted her to keep him company, but now he kept trying to convince her to work out as well.

Jen gave her boyfriend her best puppy dog eyes, hoping that he would take pity on her. She’d already agreed to wriggle into her old leotard and come to the gym. Wasn’t that enough?

“Craaaaaaig, I already worked out today! I, like, totally don’t need to work out anymore. I’m, like, totally, already tired.”

In reality, Jen couldn’t remember the last time that she’d worked out. The closest thing to a work-out for her was cheer practice, and that barely counted anymore: She spent almost every practice session sitting on the bench with Alice and Laurie, barely moving a muscle. Whatever muscles she had developed in her years of cheerleading had slowly turned to pudding over the last year as Jen grew fatter and fatter and lazier and lazier. Now she was as soft as butter. Her old leotard barely stretched around her new curves, the green material strained so tightly across the vast expanse of Jen’s enormous rear that it looked like it might burst if she squatted down too quickly.

“Besides, I totally think I should get a new leotard before I do too much exercise,” said Jen teasingly. She turned away from Craig, aiming her big round ass at him and shaking it back

and forth. She knew that Craig loved her big butt, so this was the perfect way to distract him! “I’m totally way curvier these days, so I don’t think this leotard is going to hold, baby. I’ve got to be reeeeeally careful that I don’t do the splits right here in front of everyone!”

Jen backed up a few steps, grinding her pillowy buns against Craig’s crotch. She knew he liked it because she could feel his member stiffen, poking into the soft supple flesh of her blubbery badonkadonk. Jen giggled at the sensation.

Craig cleared his throat. “Look, we’ll be careful, okay? How about just a couple minutes on the treadmill? That won’t involve a lot of stretching, so your leotard won’t be in any danger.” How ironic! For the last month, Craig had been frustrated by Jen’s complete obsession with food, which now clouded her mind to the exclusion of everything else – even sex! Part of the reason that he was so eager to help Jen start losing pounds was that he hoped it could help get her mind off of constantly eating. Now that

“Ugh!” Jen straightened up, annoyed that her seduction gambit hadn’t worked. She stamped her foot in annoyance, immediately causing so much jiggling through her gelatinous thunder thighs and cellulite-covered ass that she looked like a tidal wave of flesh. Craig instinctively took a step backwards as if he was worried that Jen’s leotard might actually explode just from the sheer force of her massive booty quake. “Craig, working out is totally borrrring! I don’t know why you’re so interested in hanging out in this stupid gym and, like, getting all gross and sweaty. Look at me, I’m already all totally sweaty!”

Jen pointed at herself. She was already drenched with perspiration because, as fat as she was, just standing upright took a lot of energy. She couldn’t believe that she’d been standing here for at least five minutes!

“Oof, Craig honey, I’m really, like, getting so tired,” whined Jen, “I need to sit down.”

“Here, sit down right here, baby.” Craig pointed to a rowing machine. Jen stared at the machine’s small seat dubiously. Jen doubted that the tiny seat could support her weight and, even worse, since most of Jen’s bulk was concentrated in her ass, that meant that the seat would be even more overwhelmed.

“Um, like, I dunno if I should.”

“Just...just try it out, baby! It’ll be fine!”

“I dunno, I’m...kinda big for that, ya know?” Jen turned to look behind her, her entire field of vision filled by her monumental porky posterior, just barely contained in her lime green spandex. The leotard was clearly inadequate, because just walking around had forced the back of her garment to ride up her ass crack to the point that she had to keep adjusting herself to remove monster wedgies. Jen didn’t think much about this, because her empty head was more concerned with her own discomfort, but her bare ass was on display to everyone in the entire gym. Still, even a girl as ditzy as Jen could see that she was way too massive for that flimsy exercise machine to support her. Unlike Laurie and Alice, both of whom still lived firmly in the state of denial, Jen didn’t have any illusions about just how obese she had become.

Unfortunately, she also didn't care all that much. And that made Craig's job all the harder. How could he convince Jen to lose weight when Jen didn't think that being too fat to walk was a problem?

"Look, I'll help you. Just lower yourself down slowly!"

"Oh, you're gonna help me, are you?" giggled Jen. She made a big show of arching her back to thrust out her rear as she lowered herself down. It wasn't an easy move. Jen was inflating so rapidly these days that she no sooner got accustomed to a new lower center of gravity than it became EVEN lower. Craig tried to help as best he could, supporting Jen's bulging bottom with his strong hands as she slowly dropped closer and closer to that seat. It wasn't easy for him either! Jen's weight was testing the limits of Craig's strength and the poor boy was sweating and grunting as he strained to hold Jen up and prevent her from simply toppling over.

After what seemed like an eternity of struggle, Jen's bountiful backside finally connected with the seat. She stuck out a good foot on almost every side of the seat, so her big fat butt looked like it was simply eating the seat as she settled down and her blubber spilled over the edges. The machine creaked and groaned loudly and, for a moment, both Jen and Craig were afraid that it might collapse completely and send Jen tumbling to the floor. If Jen did spill out of the machine, it would probably cause an earthquake!

"Craaaaig, this machine is gonna break! Do something!" Jen looked absolutely terrified, not least because, if she really did fall down, there wouldn't be any way that she would be able to get back up. She was way too tubby to be able to get up without assistance, and she was also so heavy that she doubted that even Craig would be able to lift her. But even if she survived the fall, there was no guarantee that her leotard would make it through in one piece. The impact would probably be enough to rupture the overworked outfit and reveal Jen's shame to the entire gym! It was one thing for everyone to see her butt (Jen somehow felt that the strip of dental floss wedged between her butt cheeks gave her enough coverage to avoid being obscene) but quite another to see her completely nude!

The machine groaned loudly and she felt the entire apparatus make a sickening lurch beneath her bulk. She braced herself for the worst as the whole machine sagged. She could feel Craig tense up next to her as he too waited with bated breath for the crunch which never came.

After a few moments, Jen breathed a sigh of relief.

"This machine is totally not built for me," complained Jen, shifting back and forth in the seat. "This chair is way too small! Maybe if there were two seats, it would be okay. But right now, it's poking my butt!"

Craig would have said something but he couldn't even see the chair because Jen covered it so completely.

"At least you got some weight off your feet," said Craig trying to put a positive spin on the



situation. At least he had finally convinced Jen to get onto a piece of exercise equipment! Now the next step was to get her to actually USE it!

“Craig, this is, like, really uncomfortable. Can you help me up?” Jen raised her flabby arms and motioned for Craig to help her up.

“C’mon, Jen, you’re already sitting on the rowing machine, why not try it out? Just to see, maybe you’ll like it.”

Jen made a face. “I won’t like it.”

“You won’t know unless you try it. C’mon, just put your feet in the stirrups.”

Craig squatted down to grab hold of Jen’s tree-trunk-like left leg and gently raise it to fit into the stirrup. He had to use both hands to lift her enormously fat calf. Calf? Ha! It was more like a whole cow! Once he was successful, he walked around the machine to do the same with her right leg.

“Craig, I don’t like having my feet off the ground! I don’t think I can, like, balance.”

“Don’t worry, baby, you’ve got enough junk in the trunk to keep you stable even with your feet in the air.”

The last time that Jen had her feet in the air was quite a while ago, thought Craig sourly as he reflected on the couple’s dwindling love life. It was getting harder and harder to interest Jen in sex when all she wanted to do was eat and when she was so out of shape that even the slightest exertion left her puffed and winded.

Craig grabbed the oars and pushed them towards Jen, who reluctantly took them in her pudgy hands. She looked up at Craig, still confused.

“Um, like, what am I supposed to do now?”

“You just push the oars. Just like you’re rowing!”

“That is, like, waaaaay too much work,” said Jen. “I’m already tired! I think I’ve already worked out enough.”

Craig sighed quietly. This was harder than he’d thought! Jen was really resistant. Desperate times called for desperate measures.

“Alright, Jen, just hang here for a second, I’ll be right back.” Why was he telling her to sit tight? There was no way that she’d be able to leave without help, so he didn’t really need to worry about that. He jogged off.

Exiting the main gymnasium, he scanned the hallway until he saw what he needed. There! Right by the bathrooms, there was a vending machine. He dropped in a few quarters and punched in the code to make the machine drop a granola bar. He knew that Jen wasn’t a huge fan of granola, but he also knew that she was such a glutton that she wouldn’t refuse any

food. And, besides, granola was relatively healthy, right? He wasn't sure if this plan would work, but it was worth a shot.

Returning to the gym, he found Jen still sitting on the rowing machine. When she sat, her flab rolls bunched up around her, making her look like a green Michelin man, and her ass so completely enveloped the seat that it looked like her booty blubber might soon sag all the way down to touch the floor.

"Um, where did you – oh!" Jen's question was cut short as Craig dramatically unwrapped the granola bar.

"I just went to get you a little treat, Jen. Cuz I think you're right, you really have worked out a good deal, so you deserve a little bit of a reward."

"Oooo, Craig, you're the sweetest! Is it chocolate???"

"Uh, no, it's granola."

Jen looked disappointed. "Oh."

Craig worried briefly that he might have miscalculated, that Jen wasn't greedy enough to fall for this. But his doubts were soon assuaged as Jen reached out for the treat.

"Well, granola is, like, totally fine, too, I guess! C'mon, Craig, hand it over! I'm totally starving!"

"I have a better idea, baby, we're going to play a little game."

"Huh?"

Craig held the granola bar a few feet away from Jen's face. "I'll hold the bar here and you just lean forward and take a bite, okay?"

"Craig, that doesn't sound like fun at all! Can't you just give it to me?"

"No, baby, let's try this."

"Ugh, fine!"

Grunting, Jen pumped the oars and slowly leaned forward. She couldn't lean forward as far as she needed to, though, because her jelly rolls inhibited her mobility.

"Ugh, I can't reach it! It's too far away, Craig!"

Craig sighed and moved it closer to Jen's mouth. She took a large bite and flopped backwards, still chewing. So he hadn't managed to get her to complete an entire rep, but halfway...well, that was success of a sort.

Jen swallowed her granola, and then pushed forward again, eager for another bite.

“This would be better if this was chocolate,” she said with her mouth full.

“If you can do a few more reps and finish this bar,” said Craig, “I promise that the next one will have chocolate.”

That seemed to motivate Jen, because she started pushing herself harder, sweat pouring off her body and drenching her green leotard as she struggled harder than ever to complete her reps.

“Careful, Jen, don’t strain so hard! You’ll burst a blood vessel! Or rip your leotard. Just relax and take it slowly.”

“But I wan’ chocolate now!” said Jen as she snatched the last bite of granola out of Craig’s hands with her teeth. She fell backwards, gasping and panting even as she chewed. Her enormous belly quivered and shook as she wheezed through the last mouthful of granola.

Craig sighed. “Well, I did promise you. Wait right here. I’ll get you some chocolate to help motivate you for the next round.”

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After an hour of watching Jen fail at exercise, making snarky comments, and guzzling soda, Laurie was tired. The most exercise that she actually got, though, was just waddling back to the office with Sophie.

“I want to see how much I’ve lost,” said Laurie, mopping her brow.

“You won’t see results this fast,” said Sophie, “It takes a lot of hard work before—“

“Bullshit, put me on the scale,” snapped Laurie, already pulling her top off. Sophie stared in confusion, then looked away in embarrassment, as she realized that Laurie was stripping down. The corpulent cutie struggled to pull her sports bra over her head, her massive round melons bouncing free and slapping against her protruding belly.

“What are you doing?”

“Duh, I’m stripping down so we can get a more accurate weight reading.”

“You don’t need to take off your clothes!” said Sophie, “They add practically nothing to your weight—“

“Oh my Gawd, what kind of trainer are you?” Laurie was already working her spandex stretch pants down over her voluptuous thighs, bouncing in place to help their progress. Her enormous boobs bounced and jiggled in time with her jumps, nearly smacking her in the face. “Everyone knows that you need to be nude to get an accurate weight reading. I don’t want my

clothes messing up the scale and making me look like a fat cow!”

The only thing making you look like a fat cow are those giant udders, thought Sophie as she watched Laurie drop the last of her exercise outfit to the floor, her spongy butt popping free. The titanic teen was now completely naked, not a stitch of clothing on her tubby body, her rampant jiggling slowly coming to a stop as she mounted the scale sideways.

Well, at least we won't have to have that argument again, thought Sophie in relief.

“How does this stupid scale work?” complained Laurie, reaching over to fiddle with the calibration.

“Um, just leave that, okay? I'll deal with that.” Sophie walked around Laurie, giving her enormous bosom a wide berth. Even so, Laurie's hooters were so big that Sophie couldn't help but graze them slightly when she tried to adjust the scale to give an accurate reading. Sophie tried her best to ignore them, but she still noticed that Laurie's big cork-sized nipples immediately stiffened and Laurie made a quiet but sharp gasp at even that light touch. Christ, how sensitive are those giant sweater puppies, wondered Sophie. If that was enough to get her off, daily life must be a real chore for this fat bitch. How could she even wear a bra without constantly cumming in her pants if an accidental poke turned her on that much?

Once again, Sophie wished that Laurie hadn't insisted on being naked. That just made this whole situation that much more awkward.

She finally finished the calibration. It said 301 pounds. What the hell? Laurie had actually GAINED weight over the last hour! How was that possible? Well, it was obvious to Sophie. Laurie hadn't even pretended to work out, so she hadn't sweated out an ounce of water, but she had drank a lot of soda. So all that high-calorie soda sloshing in her fat tummy must add up to an extra pound.

This was the last thing that Sophie wanted to deal with. Luckily, she knew that Laurie had no idea how to read the scale. And, if Laurie's home scale was really as hopelessly busted as this curvy kitty claimed, then what difference did it make?

“It says 299 pounds,” said Sophie in a deadpan. “Congratulations. You've lost one pound.”

“Ha! I told you!” Laurie pumped her fist in the air, setting her boobs quivering. “And you said I wouldn't see any results. I guess that just goes to show who knows more about physical fitness here.”

“Yeah, you sure showed me,” said Sophie dryly. “Put your clothes back on.”

“A few more sessions and all this pudge will just melt away,” said Laurie, bending down to pick up her exercise outfit. Laurie's joints and knees creaked as she made a desperate grab for the garment, but they held. Sophie half expected that Laurie would tip over simple from the gravitational pull of her hefty, hanging hooters, but Laurie seemed to have a lot of experience with maintaining balance despite her ample chest. She slowly straightened up and started

pulling her overly tight pants on again.

“You don’t think I’ll lose the girls though? IF I lose too much weight,” said Laurie. “Because, sweetie, I will not stand for that. These girls are my babies.” Smiling coyly, Laurie proudly patted the surface of her tits. “I would simply die if I lost these glorious globes.”

“I’m sure they’ll be fine,” said Sophie, “There’s way too much of them to lose.”

“Good,” said Laurie, “Now where are the locker rooms? I have some business I need to attend to.”

At the same time that Laurie was gloating over her supposed weight loss, Craig and Jen were getting ready to leave. Craig was exhausted after a tough workout and Jen...well, she was exhausted from having stood on her feet for more than ten consecutive minutes. She wobbled after Craig, panting heavily, pausing every few steps to adjust her snug spandex catsuit as it rode up her rear.

“Oh my gawd, Craig, I can’t believe, like, what a hard workout that was! I think I’m totally, like, gonna die!”

“Um, yeah.” Craig sighed heavily, looking his obese girlfriend up and down. There wasn’t a trace of self-awareness in Jen’s smiling face. The poor porky princess seemed to genuinely believe that she’d actually exercised when, in reality, she had barely done more than stand around. Every time that Craig tried to get her to actually move, she just whined like a baby, complaining that everything had mysteriously become too hard for her. Her month-long binge had left Jen fatter and rounder than ever before, but, because she refused to keep up with her cheer routines when Laurie let her sit out games on the bench, she had also lost almost all muscle tone. Now the pear-shaped prima donna was so soft and buttery that even walking was becoming a chore, and Craig had to listen to her piss and moan after even the simplest tasks.

“I, like, can’t believe how far we walked!” gushed Jen, wiping the sweat from her brow as she turned to look back at the less than twenty feet the couple had traversed to reach the locker rooms. “It must be a mile! I am going to need a nice long nap after this!” Jen’s babbling was interrupted by a low but insistent gurgle from her big pillowy tummy. “Oh, but, like, could we get some lunch first? I’m totally starved!”

“We had lunch before we came here,” said Craig, “You insisted that we stop at IHOP, remember? So you could get that super stack of pancakes?”

“Oooo,” squealed Jen, licking her lips. “Yeah, those were sooo good! But, like, that wasn’t lunch, Craig. That was totally brunch. That’s, like, a totally different meal.”

“You’re not supposed to eat both brunch and lunch,” said an exasperated Craig.

Jen pouted.

Craig sighed. "Alright, fine, we'll stop somewhere for a snack, I guess."

Jen clapped her chubby hands in child-like glee. "Yay! I'm, like, so glad, cuz I mean like I am really starting to get hungry again. Okay, so like, I'll meet you back out here as soon as I get changed."

Jen bounced off into the women's room. Or rather, she plodded off, but her body certainly did a lot of bouncing even with that little bit of movement.

Craig trudged into the men's locker room and went straight for his locker.

"Hello, Craig."

Craig spun around at the sound of that syrupy feminine voice, finding himself staring straight into a giant and familiar pair of breasts. He looked up to see Laurie smiling evilly at him.

"You're not supposed to be in the men's locker room, Laurie," he said. "Get out of here!"

"Not until you and I have had a little talk."

"I don't have anything to say to you."

Laurie puffed out her lower lip. "Aww, you're hurting my feelings so badly, sweetie. But don't be so quick to dismiss me, baby, I think we might have something in common."

"And what would that be?"

"Jen."

"What about her?"

"Haven't you noticed that she's been growing a little bit...oh just a teensy tiny little bit...chubby lately?"

"What do you want?" Craig wasn't at all happy to see Laurie here. Even though Jen wouldn't tell him the details of their argument, he was bright enough to pick up on the fact that Jen hadn't been spending much time with her top-heavy teammate in the last week – and that was highly unusual! Beside that, Craig wasn't thrilled to see Laurie because her appearance always brought some sort of annoying drama.

Laurie opened her mouth to reply, but was interrupted by the door opening. An older man walked into the room, took one look at Laurie and did a double take. With her knock-out figure and inflated curves, there was no way anyone could ever mistake this voluminous vixen for anything other than 100% girl.

"Hey, this is the men's room –" he started to protest but Laurie cut him off.

"Get lost, pops," she snarled, "This is a private conversation. You just go right back out there and pretend that you didn't see anything or I will RUIN you."

The man didn't have any idea what Laurie could possibly mean by that, but he didn't want to find out. He quickly scuttled back out the door.

"You really need to leave before anyone else comes in here," said Craig.

"I know what you're doing," said Laurie, tapping her forehead dramatically. "I saw you out there trying to get her to exercise. I must say, it was pretty funny watching her to try to fit that enormous backside of hers into those tiny little seats on the rowing machine. I half thought that the whole machine was about to collapse under her weight!"

"What's your point, Laurie?"

"You like that big butt of hers, don't you?"

"Yeah, what of it?"

"Jen is a pig. Don't deny it, you know it, I know it. That bimbo has about as much self-control as she has brains. She's always been a mindless eater. You put food in front of her and it's in her mouth before you know it. You know the only reason that she's not the size of a baby seal yet? It's because of me. I've watched out for her for all these years, making sure that she doesn't eat constantly, always smacking the cookie or the French fry out of her hand when she's had enough. Without me around, she's going to keep growing and growing and growing. You think that ass is sexy now, but what about when it's the size of a big rig tire? How are you going to handle Jen when you have to roll her around?"

Craig was silent.

"Boy, can't you just picture it!" Laurie chuckled at the thought. "Jen's just going to grow bigger and bigger and bigger. She might even become the fattest girl in school, if she's not careful. Or maybe the fattest in town. Do we even dare think...maybe the fattest on earth? That pudgy porker's not going to stop eating without some real motivation. How's your sex life now? Do you guys even have sex? No, I'll bet that she's too busy stuffing her face with food to even think about that."

Craig had started unpacking his locker but he paused slightly when Laurie brought up their sex life. Laurie knew she had hit pay dirt.

"Yeah, and it's going to get so much harder for her to do anything in bed the bigger she gets. You know that, Craig. That's why you were trying to get her to work out today, wasn't it? You don't want the bed to collapse under her the next time you guys go to have sex, right?"

Craig turned around, narrowing his eyes. "I don't like you talking about Jen like this."

"But I'm not wrong, am I, sweetie? No, I didn't think so. Aw, but you can't tell Jen how concerned you are, can you? You don't want to hurt the poor dear's feelings now, do you?"

She patted Craig sympathetically on the cheek. "Poor baby! What a dilemma! If only there was someone who could do that for you? Someone who knew how to make Jen lose

some weight without you having to be mean to her!”

“We don’t need you—“

“Oh, what’s that noise, right now?” Laurie put her hand to her ear and made a comically exaggerated show of listening to something. “Is that Jen over in the girl’s locker room? Is she opening her locker? What’s that in her duffel bag? Why, it looks like she’s filled it entirely with candy and now she’s having a little snack! Mmm, well, she did just have SUCH a strenuous workout, she deserves a little reward now, doesn’t she? Certainly just a few little bitty chocolates couldn’t hurt her, could they?”

Craig started to get agitated, imagining that Laurie’s story about Jen’s locker room snacking might actually be true. Knowing Jen as he did, it was entirely plausible.

“Okay, okay, you win,” he said. “You’re right, I’m really worried about Jen’s future if she keeps gaining. But what can I do?”

Laurie smiled. “You can’t do anything, sweetie. But I can. Just leave it all to me.”



## 32. Alice, Craig & Laurie

Alice blinked her eyes open as the morning sunlight streamed in through the window. The tubby blonde yawned and rubbed her eyes, before poking the lump in bed next to her.

“Tyler,” she whispered, “It’s time to get up!”

“It’s too early,” mumbled Tyler, rolling over.

“No, I NEED to get up,” said Alice, poking him more insistently. “I need to pee.”

Tyler yawned and propped himself up in bed. “Oh, right. Sure thing.”

Alice liked when Tyler spent the night, because that made things so much easier in the morning. She had finally reached the point that she was so wide and fat that just getting out of bed was an enormous chore. She had to rock herself back and forth just to throw herself into a sitting position, and then she still had to hoist herself to her feet. It made it so much easier when there was a second pair of hands to help! Of course, most girls would be worried to find that they were becoming so fat and helpless, but Alice was so happy for the extra assistance that she pushed those worries out of her mind. As much as she could, anyway.

Tyler positioned himself behind Alice and pushed against her wide, soft back until the ballooning beauty was able to lurch to her feet. Alice couldn’t help but blush a little; after all, she was completely naked. Tyler had, of course, seen her nude many times, but she still felt a little exposed. Usually, she tried to wear pajamas when Tyler slept over, just because she thought it was a little weird to be naked when they weren’t...you know, being romantic. But last night, after yet another vast meal, Alice had felt so full and drowsy that she didn’t have the strength to struggle into her PJs.

“Tyler, I...I have to ask you a question,” she’d said, her plump face already going a little bit red.

“What’s that?”

“Um...do you mind...I mean, do you mind if I don’t put on any pajamas tonight? I mean, like, just sleep nude?”

Alice could tell by the tent in his pants that Tyler hadn’t objected. He’d helped her undress, since that was another chore that went quicker when Alice had an extra pair of hands to help her.

After she’d relieved herself, it was time to shower. Tyler helped his obese girlfriend lift one thick leg up and over the rim of the tub. It didn’t matter what position Alice took; there was

always something hanging over the rim. If she stood with her butt pressed against the wall, her belly bulged over the edge. If she stood with her front against the wall, her ass hung over the edge. And if she stood with one hip against the wall, the other one hung over. At her size, Alice simply couldn't shower without making a huge mess. Water always cascaded off her body, over the edge of the tub, soaking the bathroom floor. Tyler knew this, of course, so he had already placed a few towels on the floor outside the tub to prepare. Alice smiled. She was so lucky to have a boyfriend who could anticipate her needs like this!

Tyler helped lather his girlfriend's enormous, wobbly body, reaching between the folds on her hips and double belly to make sure that she got completely soapy and slippery. Alice's soft flab jiggled hypnotically even from this tiny amount of attention. She tried to ignore the sheets of water flowing down her overhanging flab and spilling onto the bathroom floor. Alice showered as quickly as possible so that she could avoid getting the bathroom too soaked. She wagged her arms helplessly at Tyler again.

"Could you give me a hand?" she pleaded, looking down in a futile attempt to see over her growing gut. She could barely see anything beyond her own belly and boobs.

"Certainly," said Tyler, "We'll just take it slowly, okay?" He stooped down to take hold of one of Alice tubby legs and gently lift it, guiding it over the lip of the bathtub and down until her chubby foot made contact with the floor. He moved over to Alice's other side and repeated the process with her other leg. The entire ordeal was a mystery to Alice, hidden from view by her own girth. She had no clue where her feet were; she was way too chunky to be able to see them unless she bent so far forward that she'd fall flat on her bulging belly.

Tyler grabbed a dry towel and handed it to his gargantuan girlfriend. "Thanks," said Alice as she sent to work drying herself...or rather, the parts of her that she could still reach. Her tummy stuck out so far ahead of her that it was now beyond the grasp of her chubby hands, so Tyler took a second towel and rubbed her front dry before moving behind her and running the towel over the big round cheeks of Alice's plush behind.

"Thanks," said Alice, blushing again, "I'm sorry that you have to help me like this, but... I'm just getting so big that it's hard to do it alone! I know that you like big girls, Tyler, but I'm afraid...I think I might be getting too big for you!"

"Oh, Alice, you couldn't be too big for me! I think you look beautiful at any size."

Alice giggled in embarrassment and hid her face. That was so sweet! But it didn't do much to assuage her fears. If getting out of bed and getting showered was beginning to be a problem, she shuddered to think what troubles the future might bring. She really needed to get her appetite under control, if not to lose weight, at least to stop gaining! She didn't like the idea that some day soon she might not be able to get out of bed even with Tyler's help!

Now came the hardest part of the day: Getting dressed!

Huffing and puffing from even this small amount of movement, Alice waddled over to the dresser and rifled through the available clothes. There wasn't much. Her rapid expansion meant

that she had recently moved up in size yet again. Luckily, she had planned ahead and had at least one pair of shorts in a bigger size. A size 30. She pulled out the shorts and held them up to her waist, or rather as close to her waist as she could get them.

“Tyler, could you help me? I can’t bend down to get these shorts over my ankles.”

“Yeah, no problem.”

“First, I need you to help with my...underwear.” Alice pulled a pair of jumbo panties out of the drawer and dropped them on the floor.

Once again, Tyler ducked down, disappearing beneath the cover of Alice’s enormous middle. The obese teenager couldn’t see what Tyler was doing, but she could feel his fingers against her calf.

“Raise your left leg, Alice,” said Tyler. Alice did as she was told and she felt him slipping her foot into the leg hole of the vast underwear.

“Now your right.”

She did and Tyler started pulling the panties up her legs. They fit without too much of a struggle, since they were vast and stretchy. But he still had to pull the elastic waistband to its max to pull it over the bulk of Alice’s lower potbelly.

“I usually leave the waistband under my belly,” said Alice, embarrassed. That was a fat girl trick, but there wasn’t any denying that Alice was, indeed, a fat girl.

Tyler nodded and pulled her panties down a bit so that they settled under Alice’s stomach. That was a relief! At least she wouldn’t have to feel that overstretched elastic pressing into her tummy all day.

Next came the shorts. They came on easily until Tyler had them up to Alice’s waist. They wouldn’t snap shut around her vast paunch.

“Could you suck in just a bit?”

Alice sucked in her gut with a sharp intake of air. Tyler grabbed hold of Alice’s jean flaps and tried to draw them together.

“Um, could you suck in just a bit more?”

Alice sucked in even more. Tyler tried again.

“Um...maybe just a little more?”

Alice sucked in with all her might, her belly quivering. This time, Tyler was finally able to hook the snap together. Sighing, Alice slowly released her belly an inch. The snap held.

“Is it safe?” asked Alice, worried. She couldn’t see her waist over her own belly and boobs, so she had to rely on Tyler’s judgment.

“It looks like it’s holding,” said Tyler, smiling and giving her a thumbs up. “Just, um, breathe out slowly, okay?”

Alice sighed again, slowly letting her belly puff out a little more, regaining a little bit of its former glory. This time, the results weren’t as encouraging. Tyler noticed with apprehension that the snap on Alice’s shorts had begun to quiver and whine with this increase in Alice’s girth.

“Um, you might want to be a little more careful,” said Tyler. “Maybe hold it there?”

“I can’t hold it here!” whined Alice. “I can’t hold my breath all day!”

“Okay, then...just let it out slowly...slowly...no, too fast!”

The warning came too late as Alice’s burgeoning gut overwhelmed her shorts, blasting the fly open with a loud snap! Her titanic tummy spilling out, bouncing and heaving like an enormous swollen balloon.

“Ohh, there’s no way I can fit into these!” cried Alice, “And these are my biggest shorts! What am I going to do, Tyler?”

Tyler looked at the open shorts, Alice’s exposed belly quivering and shaking as Alice began to sob.

“Don’t you have some yoga pants?”

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Alice did have yoga pants. She had forgotten because she hadn’t done yoga in forever. They still fit, but only because they had a lot of stretch. In fact, Alice could feel them stretching even more with every step.

They would probably hold if only she didn’t do anything stupid like stuff herself silly.

Which is what she was about to do now.

Alice whined and complained slightly less as she waddled toward the kitchen table, her flabby belly sagging out of her shirt and bouncing against her creaking knees with each shuffling step, but that was only because her mind was pre-occupied with thoughts of the breakfast feast to come.

“Oh Tyler, I’m so tired,” she said, huffing and puffing as she stumbled against the table, bracing herself against it with her chubby hands, her fat stomach flattening against the table top. “I didn’t realize how long that trip was from the bedroom. Oh God, I can’t believe I’m getting so out of shape.” She wiped her sweaty forehead, slightly disturbed that this small amount of physical exertion was already making her sweat buckets. “I’m just going to eat a small breakfast

today, I think. I really don't need any extra calories."

"Okay," said Tyler, "I could get use some cereal from the pantry."

"Oh," said Alice, disappointment evident in her voice, "Just cereal? I guess that's fine."

"Are you sure? Do you want something else?"

"Well, cereal isn't very filling," said Alice, patting her enormous gut nervously. She was embarrassed to admit how much she needed to eat to feel satiated, but just the thought of only having cereal for breakfast and nothing else almost made her want to cry. "Maybe we could have some toast too? I mean, just so I don't get hungry and get tempted to start snacking before lunch."

Tyler smiled. "Sure, that sounds good."

"Thanks, Tyler, you take care of me so well!" Alice smiled back. But her smile faded as she tried to maneuver herself into a chair. As Alice's body had ballooned with fat, she had grown wider as well as thicker. While her fat ass jutting out behind her and her bloated gut hanging in front of her had greedily hoarded the lion's share of her flab, Alice's flanks and love handles had also grown, spilling out to her sides. Alice tried to twist to her side to peer over her fleshy flank to see where the nearest chair was to her. It was difficult for her to judge distances now, not just because her body was always obscuring her field of vision, but also because she was growing so fast these days that no sooner had she become accustomed to using her own girth as a yardstick than she had blimped out another foot in all directions, requiring her to adjust to a completely new mental metric.

"Tyler, could you, um, help me with this chair?" Alice again began to blush anew at this new embarrassing situation, but Tyler dutifully hopped over to help. Alice was grateful to have a boyfriend who would never berate or criticize her weight no matter how big she got. For a moment, she reflected on how different Tyler was from her previous boyfriend. Chris had mostly dated Alice for the prestige of being with a cheerleader, and so he was always harping on about her weight, fearful that Alice's expanding size would embarrass him in front of his asshole friends. Every time that Alice had raised a cookie to her lips or gone back for a second helping, Chris would raise his eyebrows archly and cluck his tongue and make some comment like "DO you really think you can afford to eat that?" or "Jeez, you're really getting pudgy, Alice, how about you lay off the junk food for once to your life?" And to think, Alice had merely been chubby back then, not a jumbo heavyweight hippo like she was now!

Alice waited until she head Tyler pulling the chair up behind her.

"Okay, Alice, just sit down slowly."

"You're sure it's there?" asked Alice, again trying to twist to see behind herself. All she saw were her own padded shoulders and back fat and, below that, the epic bubble of her butt. Alice's soft, squishy rear end was still not nearly as round as Jen's – something that Alice was secretly thankful for, since she did like the idea of being smaller than someone else even if it

was just Jen – but it was still quite large.

“Absolutely, Alice, just trust me.”

Alice smiled again. “Of course. You know I do.”

Grimacing slightly, Alice began to lower herself, keeping her hands firmly against the table for support. She did trust Tyler but she couldn't help but worry that she might miss the chair completely. Her heart nearly leapt for joy as she felt her broad buttocks finally connect with the hard wood of the chair. Success! Sighing, Alice plopped herself down. She might have moved too fast! Alice at first assumed that the loud creaking sound she heard in response was her overworked knees – they had been creaking more and more as Alice gained – but she soon realized that it was actually the chair. Was it about to break? Oh no! No! That would be too much! Alice prayed silently to herself that the chair would hold, not least of all because she couldn't imagine facing her mother's wrath after discovering a busted chair in her house.

“Tyler! The chair...I think it's splintering!”

“Stand up quick!” said Tyler, grabbing Alice's hands and attempting to help to raise the tubby teen back to her feet. It wasn't easy. He pulled, Alice pushed, her fat butt raised about an inch above the chair before Alice gave up and she plopped back down, so forcefully that the impact sent ripples through her fleshy buns and love handles and the chair began groaning anew.

“C'mon, try again!” Tyler pulled again and again Alice rose up, but this time she managed to totter to her feet, although low center of gravity almost made her fall forward onto the table.

“Ugh, this chair will never do!” cried Alice. “It's way too...um...way too...” She blushed, too embarrassed to say the word. It was way too small for a fat porker like Alice!

Tyler stroked his chin. “Wait, I think I have an idea.” He grabbed a second chair from the other side of the table.

“That's not going to help,” said Alice. “That chair is part of the same set; it'll just have the same weight limits! I need a sturdier chair.”

“No, no, just watch!” Tyler pushed the second chair over until it abutted the one that Alice had nearly crushed. After a moment, realization dawned.

“Two chairs? Oh Tyler, do you think...has it really come to this, that I need two chairs to hold up my fat ass?”

“It'll help distribute your weight a little,” said Tyler hopefully. He grinned sheepishly at her, hoping that having to sit on two chairs wouldn't upset Alice too much. “Besides, it'll probably be a lot more comfortable like this, I think. Your butt won't be hanging off the edges like it was before.”

“Yeah, that was kinda uncomfortable,” admitted Alice, reaching behind her to rub her tender buns. The hard wooden chair had cut into her butter-soft blubber so cruelly! “I guess I can try it.”

Slowly, laboriously, Alice lowered her titanic rear down upon the two chairs. Tyler was right. The two chairs dispersed her hefty weight enough that they didn’t creak or groan or, heaven forbid, buckle beneath her. They also provided enough surface that Alice’s butt fat didn’t ooze over the sides, something else to be thankful for. Alice breathed a sigh of relief.

“I guess you were right, Tyler,” she said. She bounced experimentally in her seat, sending waves through her adipose, but leaving the chairs intact. “Still, though...two chairs... I can’t believe that I’m so wide now that I need two chairs at the dinner table.”

“Is that so bad?” asked Tyler. “I bet lots of people do that.”

“Hmmm,” said Alice thoughtfully. “I don’t think lots of people...well, maybe some. Jen might. You know?”

Tyler nodded. He could certainly imagine that Jen, with her large luscious lobes, might even need three chairs.

“Soooo you were gonna make breakfast, right?” said Alice, changing the subject to a more pleasant topic.

“Oh right! What was it you wanted, just cereal and toast?”

“Ummmm, yeah,” said Alice, “And maybe some pancakes, too?”

“Pancakes? Sure, I could make some pancakes. There’s a mix in the pantry, right?”

“Yes,” said Alice. “It’s right next to the chocolate chips. Oh! Say, could you put chocolate chips in the pancakes?” Her chubby cherubic face beamed with child-like excitement and she licked her plump lips in anticipation.

“Sure, sounds good.”

Alice’s tummy was already tingling at the thought of all those tasty treats, but she was brought back to reality as she tried to scoot her chairs forward to get closer to the table. Her giant gut, which already extended past her fleshy knees in two thick rolls, bumped into the edge of the table before she could get close enough to reach.

“But not too many pancakes,” said Alice quickly. She remembered her earlier promise not to overindulge at breakfast. Secretly, she wondered if she would be able to eat at all if she couldn’t quite reach the table. Would Tyler have to place the plate directly on top of her belly so that she could eat? Gawd, that would be even more humiliating! Determined to avoid that, Alice gripped her belly with both hands, grabbing great slippery handfuls of wobbling blubber, and lifted it up. She scooted forward, just enough so that her hands could reach the utensils laid out on the table before her, before dropping her gut with a loud SPLUT onto the tabletop. There!

That was a lot better. It wasn't necessarily the most comfortable way to eat breakfast, but at least she could actually eat.

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Craig awoke to loud noise like a clap of thunder. What was that? He bolted upright in bed, throwing the sheets to the floor in his panic. Where was he? What was going on?

After a moment, he calmed down, remembering that he had spent the night at Jen's house and that the large, soft blob in bed next to him was, in fact, his slumbering girlfriend.

Jen took up most of the bed. Over the past months, Jen had gradually grown from a chubby cutie to a bloated beauty, piling most of her excess pounds into the giant rear that the snoozing ditz now had pointed towards her groggy boyfriend. Jen mumbled in her sleep and reached one pudgy hand behind her to scratch her ample bum, starting a chain reaction of wobbling in that gargantuan butt. Jen had gone to sleep in night shirt and panties, but, over the course of the night, the pear-shaped princess had wriggled and turned and twisted so much that her knickers had slipped halfway down her backside, revealing two enormous but perfectly round, perfectly plump hemispheres of ass, sharply curving out from the small of her fleshy back. If anything about Jen could be said to be small. Those panties were clearly inadequate, though, because he could see big holes in the stretched fabric where Jen's soft supple ass fat bulged out.

Well, that explained where he was. But what was that sound?

He got his answer almost immediately. Smacking her lips, the sleeping Jen flopped around in bed, trying to find a more comfortable position. Jen's size made it hard for her to sleep on her back these days, since her colossal booty simply raised her out of bed. She either needed to get a specially made bed with two big depressions to fit accommodate her bulging buns, or she needed to sleep on her stomach or side. Right now, she was sleeping on her side. As she flopped, a deafening burst of flatulence exploded from Jen's rump, her cheeks quivering and shaking in response.

Ugh! Craig had not been expecting that, and the blast nearly knocked him out of bed. Recovering, he pulled open the bedside dresser to desperately search for a match. A match. Ha! It would take an entire book of matches to combat that megaton blast. Eventually, he found some and quickly lit them, one by one, until the matchbook was empty. Phew. That was a relief.

Still, that didn't solve the bigger problem. The proverbial elephant in the room. Or, rather, looking at Jen's size these days, the literal elephant in the room.

Craig had grown increasingly concerned about Jen's escalating appetite and the effect it was having on her softening figure. Sure, he loved his thick girlfriend and he loved that she had a big plush tush that he could grab onto, that acted like a built-in blubber bumper when they had sex. But lately, things were getting out of control. Jen had become so consumed with greed and



gluttony that he felt like he didn't even recognize the ditzy sweetheart that he'd initially fallen in love for. Well, no, that wasn't true. Jen was still the same bubbly bimbo. The main problem was that now she was so devoted to food, that their love life was beginning to suffer. Jen barely had any interest in sex anymore, because she seemed to view it only as an interruption to her new cycle of binging and gluttony. Laurie had promised that she had a plan to snap Jen out of this greed-induced haze and Craig could only hope that she could deliver. He certainly knew that he was tired of this shit!

Jen began to mutter in her sleep again and Craig thought he could see the sudden tell-tale quiver in her booty fat as the sleeping bunny tensed her asshole for another fart. Oh no, he wasn't putting up with that again.

"Jen! Wake up! It's morning!" He reached over and shook her shoulder until Jen blinked her big, cow-like eyes open.

"Wha? Morning already?" She yawned, stretching like a big tubby cat, and rolled over in bed, thankfully aiming her deadly weapon away from Craig. "Heyyyyy babe, did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, I slept fine," said Craig, "Though I got woken up earlier than I would have liked."

"Hmmm," said Jen, not picking up on Craig's words and totally incurious about what had woken him. "Craig baby, are you hungry? I'm starved! I think we should like, totally celebrate today! Let's go out for breakfast!"

"Out for...? To where? What are we celebrating?"

Jen screwed up her face in thought. "I dunno. We're celebrating...celebrations! Since when do you need a reason to, like, celebrate? It's like a thing you can just do! Besides, Laurie has weird celebrations all the time, she took me to the Cheesecake factory once to celebrate her boobs getting bigger, you know?"

"Yeah, that's weird," admitted Craig. Compared to that, celebrating just for the sake of celebrating wasn't all that odd.

Jen rolled over onto her stomach and pushed herself up, so that she was on her hands and knees. The movement was enough to snap the straining waistband of her overtaxed undies, and the frayed knickers fluttered to the bed in a defeated heap.

"Oh shit," said Jen, "That was my last pair. Craaaaaaig, can you get me some new underwear today?"

Craig sighed. "Again? Sure, I can do that." He stood up and walked over to Jen's dresser, pulling open her underwear drawer to find...nothing.

"Um, babe, there's no underwear in here."

"I know that, dummy!" said Jen, giggling. "I meant can you buy me some? I'm all out."

She laughed again. "I'll have to go commando until you can get some more. What do you think of that, babe?"

Normally, Craig would have found the thought of Jen's bulbous rear completely unrestrained to be incredibly sexy. In all honesty, he still did. But he knew from experience that it didn't matter, Jen might accidentally let slip a few teasing words but her mind was far away and too preoccupied with food to follow through.

As he was thinking that, Jen jumped out of bed, grabbed a pair of short shorts off the dresser and began to tug them up her thighs. She had considerable trouble. In the end, the pear-shaped piggy had to resort to jumping up and down to pull them up over the widest part of her pair. Eventually, Jen had them up, well, as high as they would go.

"You sure you want to wear those?" asked Craig?

"Yeah, why?" Looking down at her front, Jen didn't see a problem. The shorts seemed to cover everything. Well, not exactly everything. The front fly was wide open, spread apart by Jen's pudgy tummy, and revealing her fat naked pussy. But as soon as she got these zipped and snapped, she would be totally decent.

The problem was in back, where Jen couldn't see. The shorts were so short that the bottom quarter of each wobbling bun was fully exposed, popping out below the shorts' hem like two loaves of bread. And the shorts were so short that they didn't even cover the top of Jen's rear, either. A couple inches of crack were still visible on top, too.

Ignorant of her exposure, Jen sucked in her tummy and pinched the two zipper flaps together, grabbing the tag and wiggling it upwards until it clicked into place. Jen released her gut with a sigh, but then immediately started whining loudly.

"Owww!" moaned Jen. "It hurts!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Craig, sighing in exasperation. Jen was really beginning to get on his nerves!

"It's too tight," sulked Jen, "The zipper is pinching my pubes."

"Are you sure you don't have any other underwear?" asked Craig, rubbing his forehead. Normally, he found Jen's ditziness cute and anything that helped highlight her colossal ass would have been supremely sexy. But his worries about Jen's ballooning waistline were beginning to color his attitude toward his overweight girlfriend. After his experience in the gym recently, where Jen had whined and blubbered about having to perform even the barest modicum of light exercise, Craig felt like he was at the end of his rope. How could he get Jen to understand? He knew that Jen was, deep down, very sensitive. She didn't seem to care much about her weight, but how much of that was because she felt like she had Craig's unyielding support? When Jen bragged about her big butt, he had often overheard her mention how much her boyfriend enjoyed squeezing it. And that was true, there was nothing plusher and softer in this world than Jen's perfect, peach-shaped posterior. But if she thought that Craig was

unhappy with her body...why, that could be devastating to Jen's ego! Craig hoped that Laurie knew what she was doing with this new secret plan to prod Jen into reducing. At the very least, if the news that Jen had turned into a baby elephant came from Laurie instead of Craig, it might not hurt her as much.

"All the seats ripped out of my panties," moped Jen. She plopped down on the bed, still whining loudly. In a sitting position, she felt the cold metal of her shorts zipper pressing between the fat lips of her pussy. That was not comfortable at all!

"Well, maybe there's a reason for that," said Craig pointedly. He immediately regretted the barb. Poor Jen, how could he expect her to understand? He knew she wasn't the sharpest tack in the drawer, but he still loved his empty-headed bimbo of a girlfriend now matter how dim she was.

"Ummm, is it because they're cheap imported panties from Taiwan?" asked Jen.

"Uh. No. That's not the reason."

"Well, then the reason must be...that I'm just too bootilicious!" Giggling, she popped to her feet and thrust out her butt in Craig's face. Craig was actually surprised that Jen had guessed the actual reason she had blown out all her knickers, but he was also rather perturbed to realize that Jen didn't consider it a negative. She still seemed to be under the impression that, when it came to her ass, bigger was always better. Honestly, it probably came from hanging around Laurie too much; that girl's ridiculously pompous attitude toward her own breasts was starting to rub off on the girls around her.

The sudden movement must have triggered something deep in Jen's gut, though, because this time it came so fast she forgot to hold back, blasting Craig with a loud, cacophonous fart that reverberated through the wobbling blubber of Jen's cantaloupe-sized buns so deeply that it almost looked like it might split her shorts right down the rear seam. Craig stepped back, grimacing, but Jen only looked confused.

"Like, oops! Sorry about that!" She nervously stuck a finger in her mouth, a look of sheepish embarrassment on her usually placid face. "I guess I, like, didn't feel that one coming."

Craig waved his hands in front of his face. "Jen, look, just...just be more careful. You don't want to be doing that in public."

"Um, I totally do NOT go around farting in public!"

Craig nodded but said nothing. Jen, in fact, did that very thing. Well, not constantly. But she was definitely becoming more gassy as she grew now, probably because she was stuffing herself with absolute junk. It was difficult to hold a conversation with her at the best of times, since Jen's entire repertoire of knowledge mostly consisted of cheerleading routines and shopping tips, but now every line of dialogue would be interrupted by a loud belch, a squealing fart, or, at best, the deep bubbling noise of Jen's overloaded, roiling gut indicating that one or

the other was about to happen.

“Are you sure we should go out to breakfast?” asked Craig. “If you’re going to be...like that...”

“I will totally NOT be like that at all,” said Jen, stamping her foot defiantly and accidentally ripping another loud fart. She blushed furiously, annoyed that her butt had betrayed her and proved Craig’s point. “It’s just that...I’ve been holding that gas all night while I was asleep, so, like, it’s totally normal to be all farty in the morning when you first wake up! I’ll be fine in just a little bit, just you see!”

Craig was skeptical. Besides the fact that Jen was so gassy this morning that he was almost certain she would be unable to control herself in public, he was also worried about just how tight these shorts were. They looked like they were painted on, perfectly outlining the contours of Jen’s Oakland booty. They looked like they might burst into shreds if she farted too hard let alone moved too quickly..or ate anything.

But Jen just kept staring at him with those big puppy dog eyes, a sad pout on her hips. Goddamnit, how could he resist? How was he going to help Jen lose any weight if he couldn’t help but give in to all her requests?

“Alright, fine, just let me get showered.”

“Nooooo,” whined Jen, “That will take too long.”

“It’ll take like five minutes,” said Craig.

“But I want to go eat noooooow!”

Jesus, thought Craig, she’s serious. She just crawled out of bed and she won’t even take the time to clean herself up before she needs to go eat. Jen pulled her tangled hair back into a ponytail, but her greasy locks were still obviously uncombed and unwashed. And Jen just looked like a slob in general today. Normally, Jen was extremely fussy about her appearance; it was one of the few things that she really did seem to care about. But today, the idea of food was too alluring. Her tummy still looked huge, puffed out with fat, but it was empty. She hadn’t eaten at all since last night, and she was starving. That was no surprise. There was never a time that Jen wasn’t starving. But going outside without showering? Without washing her hair? Without even putting on any decent clothes? That was a new low. Craig was willing to bet that just a few weeks back Jen might have been deterred by her lack of fitting knickers. Even the biggest bimbo – and Jen was a big bimbo in every sense of the word – should be able to see the danger in leaving the house without any underwear and in a pair of shorts so tight that they threatened to explode.

“Don’t you think you should at least put on some decent clothes first?” asked Craig.

“Um, like, what’s wrong with my clothes? I think I look hot.”

"I'm not saying that you don't look hot," began Craig, but he was cut short as Jen, once again, struck a pose, aiming her big round ass into his crotch. That was her go-to response for anything, trying to distract attention to her rounded buns. This time, though, the plan backfired, as Jen's extreme butt-thrusting pose finally proved too much for the shorts' flimsy seams and her seat split wide open with a loud RIIIP. Jen's tubby pink bum popped out through the hole, mooning Craig.

"Oh shit," yelled Jen. Her hands shot to her rear, trying to cover her exposure as she jumped away from Craig. "I, like, don't know why that happened! These shorts, like, never split before!"

"I guess you're just too bootilicious for those shorts too now," sighed Craig, unable to keep a slight edge of sarcasm from creeping into his voice.

"Ohhhh, yeah, like, that's right!" said Jen, brightening up. Craig nearly swore out loud. If anything, he had hoped that his comment might jostle Jen out of her fluffy puppy-dogs-and-rainbows attitude toward her voluminous rump and might make her realize just how out of control it was becoming. But instead, she was taking it at face value and seemed to think that becoming too "bootilicious" for her last pair of daisy dukes was a positive.

Jen craned her neck to look behind herself, surveying the damage. Frowning, she reached behind herself and tried to stuff the tear in her backside into her asscrack. Craig was fascinated to watch this show. Did she really think that would work? At best, everyone would be staring at what looking like a monster wedgie between Jen's bobbing bulging butt cheeks as the girl waddled along. More likely, the rip would simply pop out again as soon as Jen bent over for any reason.

"Jen, that's not going to work," said Craig bluntly. He almost continued "because you're too fat" but he stopped himself. After all, he chided himself, as much as he wanted to point out the real problem, he didn't want to hurt Jen's feelings. She was, after all, quite sensitive, especially about the desirability of her wobbling rear. He knew that Jen went through several jars of anti-cellulite cream every week just to keep her ever-expanding backside smooth and supple, so he didn't think it would be very cool to say anything too negative about it. That's why the next words out of Jen's mouth floored him.

"Ugh, I guess I'm just too fat for these," said Jen.

"What?" he said, flabbergasted. Jen knew? Could this be the case that Jen actually was fully aware of just how big she really was?

"Yeah, I mean, like, I guess I've really been porking out a lot lately," admitted Jen, wiggling her fat ass at herself in the mirror. She frowned. "I mean, like, it's pretty obvious especially back there. I mean, like, what are you going to do, though? It's not like I can just, like, lose weight."

“Um, well, actually, you could try—“

“Cuz, like, it’s not really a big deal,” continued Jen. “Like, who cares if I’m, like, maybe a little chubby? That’s totally normal. I mean, like, I am a cheerleader and you totally need some cheerleaders with more mass for, like, the bottom of the pyramid. That’s, like, science of something. I dunno, I got bored and didn’t pay attention in science class, but it sure sounds like some kind of science.”

Craig was even more stunned. He had been worried for weeks about Jen’s nonchalant attitude toward her weight, but he had always have assumed it came about because Jen, airhead that she was, wasn’t really fully aware of her own size, that she had somehow managed to completely not notice that she was rapidly inflating into a blimp. But it looked like Jen was actually fully aware of her predicament and, honestly, just didn’t care. She seemed to think that the joy her constant gluttony gave her was worth sacrificing a few little things, like mobility.

This was even worse than he thought. Craig just hoped that Laurie knew what she was doing. Her plan was his last hope.

Jen wriggled out of her busted shorts, her bulbous rear appearing to explode outwards as she pushed the waistband down over her plump cheeks. What was she going to do now? There was no way that Craig would be able to take her out to breakfast if she didn’t have anything to wear. She had totally planned to buy some new clothes before this happened, but Jen had a unique problem in that she was ballooning so fast that she could no sooner buy bigger clothes than she would already be popping out of them. And she didn’t even have any underwear either! What was she going to do? She couldn’t go outside without anything on downstairs!

Then again, why couldn’t she?

Jen giggled at the sudden vision she had of herself walking down the street, head held high, bare bottom wiggling to and fro as she added a little extra spring in her step just so that everyone would know she wasn’t bare assed by accident. No, she wanted people to stare at those two luscious cheeks, so full and round and perfect, her bottom-heavy figure glistening with sweat and looking like a ripe juicy pear ready to be picked. Oh, how the boys would stare! No one would be able to tear their eyes away from Jen’s famous booty. Certainly everyone KNEW about Jen’s enormous rear. Who in school didn’t know about that cheerleader with the famously full backside? Jen could feel all those eyes glued to her badonkadonk every time that she sauntered down the hallway between classes. When Jen wore her cheer uniform to practice, she knew boys were watching to see if she might add just enough bounce in her step to make her skirt fly up for just a second, just one second, so they could get an uninterrupted glimpse at her rear. It was something that boys would pray for, something that some boys spent all four years of their high school careers praying for. And those kids at the Mall last week! They had been practically creaming themselves at the chance to even get close to Jen. Imagine how they’d react if they saw her sans pants! Jen could just imagine those little boys, hypnotized by

her swaying booty, reaching out slowly, as if in a trance, to pinch those pink rosy cheeks, just to satisfy themselves that they were real, only to have their hands swatted away before they could grab hold.

Oh, but I guess I might get arrested for public indecency or something, thought Jen. Phooey. There goes that plan. Well, not like I was gonna do it anyway. It was just, like, a funny idea.

Still, she was left with the same problem. But wait! Maybe she had an answer!

“Hey Craig, let me wear your pants!”

“What,” said Craig. He was starting to get annoyed by this. “I can’t let you wear my pants. I need them.”

“Not the pants you’re going to wear today, silly,” said Jen, “Like, your spare pants. The ones you wore yesterday.”

“I only brought one pair with me,” said Craig.

“Whaaa?” Now it was Jen’s turn to stare. As a clothes horse, she was horrified by the idea that someone might wear the same pants two days in a row. How gauche! It was totally such a fashion faux pas. She would just die if she had to do that!

“I only spent the night, why would I bring multiple pants?” said Craig.

“Well, whatever, it doesn’t matter, let me wear them,” said Jen, “I just need to wear them for, like, a few minutes, so I can quick run and get some, like, sweats or something.”

“Great,” said Craig, but he dutifully grabbed his jeans off the floor and threw them toward Jen.

“Yaaay! You’re the best, babe,” said Jen happily as she struggled to pull her boyfriend’s pants up her thighs. She hadn’t thought of two problems, though. First of all, she was actually a lot bigger than Craig was, so there was even less chance that she would fit in his clothes than that she would fit in her own. Second, Craig’s pants were boy cut jeans... that wouldn’t have been a big problem for most girls, but Jen’s outrageously feminine curves were putting extreme pressure on the stitches of rivets. Watching Jen bounce and squirm made Craig slightly nostalgic for the good old days, when Jen had been a bootilicious beauty with a healthy sex drive rather than an oblivious food maniac. Still, he couldn’t deny that she was still pretty easy on the eyes. He was still a fan of her size, but he needed to make sure that she stayed at this size and didn’t keep growing.

Jen yelped once again as tried to yank her zipper up. Since she was once again commando, the zipper teeth were once again catching her pubic hairs and making her whine.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Jeez, why does that hurt so much? They should totally make zippers that don’t catch your pubes! Wouldn’t that be a good idea?”

"I don't think that's possible," said Craig matter-of-factly. "That's why most people wear underwear."

"Gawd, that's soooo boring," said Jen, rolling her eyes. "I was just thinking, like, wouldn't it be funny not to wear anything? I mean, like, to go outside without any pants or underwear?"

"What do you mean?"

"I..oh, never mind, it's nothing." Jen finally tugged the zipper to the top and hooked the button into its hole. "Phew! See, Craig, this totally works! It is a little tight in the seat and thighs, though..."

Not thinking, Jen did a quick squat to try and stretch the seams out slightly and make her jeans more comfortable. The jeans immediately split right down the inner thighs of both legs with a loud jagged RIIIIIIIIIP.

"Oops," said Jen, grinning sheepishly.

Laurie's plan better work, thought Craig again. I don't know how much more of this I can take.

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Laurie and Frank were spooning in bed, mostly because it was the only position that actually allowed the two lovers to get close enough to touch. Laurie's breasts were so large now that it was nearly impossible to approach her from the front and get anything other than a handful of pillowy boob flesh. Frank was curled around his fat girlfriend, one arm wrapped as far as possible around her body to grab hold of her soft, bulging gut while the other hugged one of her massive tits tightly. A small smirk crossed Laurie's sleeping face, seemingly aware that her breasts were the focus of Frank's attention even though she was lost in slumber. What dreams were dancing through the tremendous tit queen's head? Laurie's dreams had become much more vivid lately, yet always centered around her new and conflicting feelings for her massively expanding body. She was orgasmically happy whenever she learned that another pound of her gain went to her chest, even though her back and knees were starting to twinge from the strain of carrying around those two gargantuan udders that, when unfettered by any monster bra, flopped to either side of Laurie's Buddha belly and sagged past her navel.

Lying on her side in bed, her breasts looked like a pair of beanbag chairs being strangled by her fraying nightshirt. Like Alice, Laurie often didn't even bother with pajamas, instead preferring to sleep naked to avoid the frustration of squeezing her ample flesh into constraining garments. But occasionally she made the pretense. Last night, she had thrown on a tent-like nightshirt simply because Frank was sleeping over and she thought that covering her



chest might increase his appreciation. It went a little ways to preserving the mystery, at least. A very little way. Even though the shirt was quite large, it fit Laurie like a crop top and, after a fitful night of flopping around in bed, it had tangled up and allowed her left knocker to drop out, completely exposed and free so that her cork-sized nipple perked up in the cold night air.

Now that the first rays of dawn were streaking through the window, Laurie opened one bleary eye. She looked down to see Frank's hand cupped around the side of one tit, then smiled to herself as she felt her sleeping boyfriend's morning wood erection poking into her pudgy rear behind her. Oo, that felt nice. Laurie grinned to herself, wiggling her chubby buns to tease Frank's rock-hard cock. Gawd, the thought was starting to make Laurie feel horny. Frank's hand on her breast wasn't helping, either. Laurie felt like she was always horny these days. The reason, of course, was that she always WAS horny. Laurie was naturally sexually voracious, but her appetite for sex had slowly been increasing along with her appetite for food over the past year. Since she had started dating Frank, she had actually begun to find sexual pleasure in food, to the point that now Frank was actually able to get her wet just by teasing her about her size. What was that all about? Laurie didn't understand this strange new desire herself, although it did scare her. She was used to being in complete control of any situation, yet now she was letting Frank take control of their relationship, of their sex. She would have never tolerated even the mildest, most good-natured of ribbing from anyone else, yet when Frank teased her, she not only tolerated it... she downright enjoyed it.

Frank's teasing made her horny. Stuffing her face with food made her horny. Was there anything at all that didn't make her horny? Maybe if Laurie could still pleasure herself, she might not be in this state. But Laurie was finding masturbation to be more and more difficult as she grew, and now she could barely reach around her colossal bosom and sagging gut to reach her own pussy. If she strained hard, she could still fit her fingers inside herself but that was hard work and barely worth the effort; it always left her sweaty and tired and with a horrible aching cramp in her fingers. If she could, she would resort to her vibrator or even a dildo, but she still encountered the same problem. It was just too hard to reach! The best thing to do was to rely on Frank, letting him do all the work with his mouth and cock to tease her to orgasm, while she lay back and enjoyed it like the pampered porker she was.

Laurie peered over her shoulder to see what reaction her butt wiggling was getting from Frank. Immediately, her eyes narrowed as she realized that he was still asleep.

Slowly, she reached behind her and shoved Frank aside.

"Frank! Wake up, you lazy bum! It's morning! What, are you going to sleep all day?"

Frank grunted in surprise as she roused him from his sleep. "What time is it?"

"It's morning," said Laurie simply. "It's time to wake up. Why are you still asleep? Gawd, I can't believe you're lying there like a lump when your girlfriend needs servicing."

Frank perked up. "Oh, I'm sorry, is the princess in the mood?"

Laurie pouted. "I've been waiting for you to wake up for like...ten minutes!"

“Oh ten whole minutes? How could you possibly survive?” grinned Frank. “If you’re so horny, why don’t you just service yourself?” He smirked, his eyes knowing. Did he know? Laurie bit her lip. She was embarrassed to admit how difficult it was for her to touch her own fat pussy, but at the same time...she kind of wanted to admit it to Frank. It would give him more ammunition for his teasing, which, in turn, made her even more excited.

Instead, Laurie just gave Frank a sulky expression and pointed insistently toward her crotch, spreading her thick legs apart. The idea of confessing her secret got her so hot and bothered that she was breathing shallow, her quick panting gasps causing her pontoons to jiggle in time, but the idea of NOT confessing was even hotter. This was the game she and Frank would play. She would pretend that she didn’t want to tell him and he would have to coax it out of her. If he discovered her problem on his own, it would make his discovery all the naughtier, all the more exciting.

“What are you pointing at, Laurie? Your stomach.” Frank chuckled. Of course, he knew what she was trying to tell him, but it was true that when she spread her legs her fat gut settled between them, hiding her vagina behind a thick roll of blubber.

“No, I am not pointing at my stomach,” snapped Laurie, reflexively sucking in her gut. Not that it made much difference, her belly still extended out far enough to block her crotch. “Gawd, Frank, are you blind? Why would you think I was pointing at that?”

Laurie rolled over, trying to get in a position where her belly wouldn’t be in the way. Watching Laurie roll over was like watching a semi-truck shift gears. It was a slow and laborious process and, when she was nearly on her side, Laurie’s massive tits finally overcame their planetoid inertia and slid down hard to her side, nearly dragging Laurie all the way over to lay on her stomach. Frank watched in amusement as Laurie struggled to prop herself back into a sitting position. She looked like a turtle flipped on its back.

“Oh, were you trying to point at something else?” said Frank as Laurie regained her composure. “Sorry, I guess all that belly just got in the way.”

Frank slid his fingers into the crease between Laurie’s thick thighs and fat belly, lifting her gut slightly to peer beneath. A thin layer of sweat had already developed between Laurie’s rolls, causing her flesh to stick together; Frank had to work to peel her gut and legs apart, but he finally lifted her belly to reveal her wet vagina. It was the only part of Laurie that wasn’t just wet with the perspiration of moving.

Laurie sucked in her breath. Oh! Frank’s fingertips sent electric tingles through her blubber. Normally, Laurie was used to feeling that familiar sexual electricity when Frank touched her giant boobs, but this! This was new. Could it be that, as she gained, she was beginning to feel the same sensation when Frank played with other parts of her body? Could it be that her boobs had previously just been super sensitive because they were her fattest part, but, now that she was turning into a corpulent cow, the rest of her would be equally sensitive? Gawd, that would be amazing. Of course, Laurie could barely keep herself from creaming in her jeans when she had to adjust her bra throughout the day; if she started getting wet just from the

feeling of her pants waistband digging into her tummy or the seat of her jeans riding up her rear when she bent over...ooooo! Laurie felt like she was gradually turning into some sort of sex maniac as every change in her growing body just made her more sensual and more erotic.

“So is that what you were having trouble finding?” said Frank. “Gee, Laurie, it doesn’t look that hard. I wonder why you couldn’t do it by yourself?”

“Do you want me to do it by myself?” said Laurie, “Gee, Frank, I guess you’re just not interested. Maybe I should take care of business myself.”

Touché. Two could play this game! Laurie guessed correctly that Frank wouldn’t pass up a chance to have sex with his overly pneumatic girlfriend, but could she outbluff him? Frank seemed pretty convinced that she wouldn’t be able to finish the job without him.

“Well, I guess if you really can,” said Frank. “Why don’t you show me?”

Fuck. Frank wasn’t bending. Whatever. Laurie was confident that she could still touch herself. It was just that it was such a hassle! Grimacing, she flashed Frank a dangerous look before she leaned back and spread her legs apart, placing one hand behind herself to brace herself against the bed and reaching across her front with her other. It was even more difficult than she had thought. Laurie had to press her arm tightly against her mammoth melons and blubbery gut, but she couldn’t quite reach. Grunting, she tried another avenue of attack. This time, she tried reaching around the side of her belly, sliding her hand beneath her gut to lightly stroke the edge of her crotch. There. She could feel that familiar tingle as her fingers just barely reached her inner thigh, even if she couldn’t quite get them all the way inside like she liked. Luckily, with her massive belly and boobs in the way, Frank couldn’t actually get a good view of what she was doing, so he probably couldn’t tell just how close she was to not reaching at all. Plus, he probably thought that Laurie was becoming red-faced and sweaty from touching herself, not from the sheer exertion of stretching her arm.

Let him think what he wanted to think. Laurie was determined not to let him win this round, so she’d better put on a good show. She fluttered her eyelids and bit her lip, holding in an exaggerated moan as she slowly started bucking her thighs. The whole bed creaked and groaned beneath her as her flabby body wobbled.

“Ohhhh Frank, hmmm,” she said, her eyes closed. “That’s sooooo good. Oh yes, mmm, I guess I DON’T need you after all.” Laurie could touch her crotch just enough to get herself hot and bothered, but she was too fat to be able to finger herself to orgasm. That wouldn’t stop her from pretending in front of Frank, though.

“Well, I guess you’re right, Laurie,” said Frank, “I guess you won’t need me at all, then.”

“But then, I suppose I shouldn’t leave you out,” said Laurie quickly. “I mean, not that I need you, it’s just that...well, honestly Frank, look at yourself. Why are we talking about me when YOU’RE the one who really needs the help?”

She pointed at Frank's own gut, which hung out over his crotch. It wasn't nearly as big as Laurie's, but that might have just been an illusion created by the fact that you could still somewhat see Frank's genitals.

"Can you even reach your dick anymore, Frank? You're such a fatass that I would almost think that you can't even see it let alone reach it? And if you're too fat to reach your own junk, then how are you going to get off? I guess you'd need me, hmmm?"

Laurie lay back again, spreading her long silky legs.

"I guess we need each other then," said Frank, "You might say we're the perfect pair."

"Hmmm," said Laurie, "Why don't you shut up and come fuck me?"

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The marathon sex session had been awkward at first, simply because the two lovers' monster guts got in the way, slapping together before Frank's erect penis and Laurie's sopping vagina were even within a foot of each other. They had to try a couple different positions before they could find one that worked, but they finally figured it out with Laurie laying on the bed, Frank standing at the foot.

But now they had to be serious about actually getting started with the day. Laurie peeled off her nightshirt. Drenched with sweat, it clung to the perfect alabaster skin of her blimp-like hooters.

"Give me a hand, Frank," snapped Laurie, "I need to holster these guns." She pointed to the dresser. "Pick up that bra."

Frank picked up the bra and stared at it. It was pink with big white polka dots. It looked ridiculous, certainly not something that someone as fashion conscious as Laurie would be expected to wear.

"This one?" he asked, dubious.

"Yes, that one," replied Laurie in a mocking tone of voice.

"The one with the big goofy polka dots on it?"

"Yes, Frank, the one with the big goofy polka dots. What of it?"

"Well, it's just, I'm not used to seeing you wear bras like this. You usually wear fancy black or red ones with all that frilly lace. You usually wear bras designed to show off your boobs, Laurie. But this – this looks like a bra designed to actually hold your boobs. Could it be that you've actually grown so big that you can't wear sexy bras anymore and now you have to wear functional ones?"

Laurie paused. She wasn't sure how to react. Normally, the insinuation that she couldn't wear a sexy bra would send her into a conniption fit, but Frank had said the magic words: SO BIG. It was because she was so BIG, so massively buxom, so unbelievably voluptuous, that she had been forced to finally start wearing ugly, unbecoming underwear designed for getting a job done, rather than flimsy filmy undergarments mostly designed for catching boys' attention. The idea simultaneously pleased and enraged her...and would have made her start dripping again if her pussy wasn't already so raw and tender from that good fucking she'd just received.

"It's the only bra that still fits," said Laurie. Her voice was low and annoyed, but Frank could see the twinkle in her eye that gave away her true feelings. "It's not like I'm going to wear that ugly bra all the time. Just till I get a new one. I'm going to go down to Abida and get some new underwear just as soon as I get a chance."

"Do you know what this is, Laurie? This is more than just an ugly bra. This is a fat girl bra."

"What?"

"This is a bra that they make for fat girls. They only make cute bras for slim little twigs, right? But for a big woman, a woman with your dangerous curves, they make the ugly bras. Because they know you aren't going to wear a sexy bra."

"It is NOT a fat girl bra," snapped Laurie.

"Oh, I think it is," said Frank, walking up behind Laurie and nibbling at her ear. He reached around her with his free hand and jiggled her paunch. "I think, Laurie, that you need a fat girl bra because you are now a fat girl."

"I am not a fat girl," protested Laurie weakly but she already felt herself melting in Frank's hands, the combined feeling of her strong grasp around her middle and the teasing words in her ear making her feel weak in the knees.

"Oh Laurie, I think you are," Frank said, smiling. "We just had sex because you're too fat to touch yourself, don't you think that makes you a fat girl?"

"That was...not...why we had sex!" protested Laurie hotly. Shit, he knew after all! But his teasing words were making her feel so hot and sexy that she almost couldn't be mad. Gawd, she needed to get him to cut it out with the sex talk before she fell all over him again. Not that she would have minded another bout of fucking, but she was still so worn out that she felt like her snatch might catch fire if it got rubbed any harder today. "Shut up and come put that bra on me! If anything, we had sex not because I'm too fat, but because I'm too busty. I couldn't reach properly because these giant tits got in the way."

She thrust out her chest again for emphasis and then held her pudgy arms up above her head. "Now come and help me put that bra on, baby, cuz you know I can't get it over these tig ol' biddies by myself."

"Your wish is my command," said Frank dutifully as he reached around her stomach and

attempted to fasten the bodyband behind her back. It barely stretched enough to connect and Frank could feel Laurie exhale sharply as he pulled the two straps together. Dang, it was tight on her. It pinched cruelly into her soft adipose. And she hadn't even shoved her watermelon-sized breasts into it yet! Once her beachballs filled out those cups, it would be pulled even tighter into her back fat. She wasn't kidding when she said that she needed to see Abida soon for a new fitting. Frank wondered if she could get through the day without this poor, overworked brassiere completely surrendering to the immense pressure of Laurie's ginormous bustline.

Still, Laurie was determined to put this bra to the test. Grunting, she grabbed hold of the body band and twisted it until the cups were positioned under her teats. Then, with what must have been a Herculean effort, Laurie hefted one gargantuan gazonga with her hand, pulled out the cup and stuffed it inside as best she could. She repeated the effort with her other boob. Then, still grunting with exertion, she hoisted the shoulder straps over her shoulders, the straps pulling tightly into the soft flesh of her supple overfull melons. When Laurie released the straps, they snapped down, nearly cutting into her shoulder blades. In front of her, the sudden release caused a ripple effect through her billowing bosom.

Laurie groaned, stretching her arms out behind her as if that would help to release the pressure her undergarment was exerting on her frame. The straps cut deeply into Laurie's blubber all the way around her torso and her voluminous breasts bubbled over the lips of the clearly inadequate cups. Stretching may have made her feel a little better – Frank could hear loud pops and cracks coming from his obese girlfriend's overworked joints as she stretched – but it hardly made the bra's work any easier.

"You really do need to get a new bra, Laurie," said Frank. "What cup size are you right now?"

Laurie turned to look at him. She was very obviously pleased to here his comment, even if she was trying hard to keep the smile off her face.

"N cup," she said. Then placed a finger to Frank's lips. "But, as you can see, little boy, it's not fitting me so well these days. Think about that." Smirking, she leaned over so that her constrained bust squished against Frank's chest and tapped him on the nose. "Have you ever met another girl who could make that claim? Now hand me my cell phone. I need to make a call."

Frank scanned the room briefly before his eyes settled on a small pocket business card-sized Smartphone in a hot pink shell sitting on the dresser.

"Who are you gonna call?" asked Frank, handing it over.

"Ghostbusters," snapped Laurie. "It's not of your business who I'm going to call, is it? Now run along; Momma has business to attend to."

Laurie waved her hands in a gesture that clearly said "shoo."

"Are you calling Abida?" asked Frank, still nosy. "You are, aren't you? Laurie, you don't

have to hide from me that you're ordering a new bra. Oh, are you embarrassed that you have to...custom order it?"

Laurie smirked again, turning to look at Frank. She popped her mobile phone into the canyon cleavage between her breasts, crossed her arms, and stared at Frank.

"Okay, smart guy, you think you know who I'm calling? Well, it's not Abida."

"Oh no? Who else could it be? Are you calling Jen?"

Laurie scowled. "I'd rather die than call Jen."

"Really, Laurie? Are you two still fighting?"

"Yeah, and we'll keep fighting...until she apologizes!"

"What exactly is it that she needs to apologize for?"

Laurie opened her mouth and then closed it again. Somehow, she didn't think that Frank would approve of her plan to fatten up Alice to make her self look slimmer, especially since it was clear from Frank's teasing that he didn't think she looked slim at all. How could she tell him that she was mad because Jen had suddenly developed a conscience?

"She...she was being a bitch, okay? Isn't that enough?"

Frank stroked his chin. "She must have been quite the bitch to drive this huge wedge between you two," he said, "You two have been inseparable as long as I've known you. I thought you two were best friends."

"We ARE best friends," said Laurie, her voice almost cracking. Gawd, she hated to admit it, but she really did miss Jen. And not just because she missed having a yes-man to agree with everything that she said. She just missed having that cheerful, bubbly presence in her life. Geez, if it came right down to it, Laurie even missed having Jen's huge rear around to mock. Not mock, really. Just playfully tease. Laurie had always found it easy to rib Jen about her badonkadonk to help distract her from her own ballooning size, but Jen had always taken it in such good spirit. It helped that Jen wasn't actually self-conscious about her wide load butt. If anything, Jen was almost as proud of her corpulent caboose as Laurie was about her massive rack.

"How long have you two been friends?" asked Frank.

"I dunno, since middle school," said Laurie. Of course, she remembered quite clearly how they had first met at cheer camp, how Laurie had seen Jen being bullied by the other girls because of her fat ass. Laurie, for all her faults, didn't like to see people bullied, at least not by people who weren't her. Laurie had dealt with her share of bullies when she was younger, before she had blossomed into the self-confident queen bee that she was today. But she still remembered how that one girl, Jane Jacobs, had treated poor Jen so miserably, even going as far as to steal Jen's mammoth panties and parade them in front of the whole camp. Laurie had

put a stop to those shenanigans. If anyone even said a mean word about Jen, Laurie would be there, rising to her big bottomed friend's defense. And after all that she'd done, how had Jen repaid her? By running off and leaving her all alone! It made Laurie so angry but also really really sad! She'd been porking out lately on ice cream and cookies to try and squelch all those sad feelings, but it hadn't worked very well. Instead of just being sad, now Laurie was sad and fat. Well, fatter. It was all Jen's fault! Just one more reason why she was determined to show Jen exactly why she was right all along and Jen was a stupid cow!

Laurie raised her hand to her ear, only to realize that she was no longer holding her Smartphone. She'd had it just a few seconds ago. Where had she put it?

"Frank, I can't find my cell phone," snapped Laurie. "Call it so I can hear it ring."

"Sure." Frank pulled out his phone and hit the instant dial to call up Laurie. Almost instantly, Laurie's enormous bosom began to bounce and quiver as her cleavage began to emit a tinny Taylor Swift ringtone.

"Oh, right, there it is," said Laurie, reaching into her polka-dot bra to fish out her missing cell phone. She punched in an instant dial number and waited.

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Alice had promised herself that she wasn't going to make a pig of herself at breakfast, but promises like that are made to be broken. They were, mused Alice, what her grandmother often referred to as "pie crust promises," because they broke as easily as the crust on a freshly baked pie. Mmmm, pie. Alice licked her lips at that tasty thought.

"Finished?" asked Tyler, lifting an empty plate off of Alice's belly. Alice's gut was spread over the table in front of her, quivering with fullness, her T-shirt rolled up under her boobs to expose a giant pale dome of a tummy. What a humiliating morning! Alice was initially shocked to discover that she needed two chairs to support her enormous backside. Then she was even more embarrassed to find that her tummy had grown so big and vast that she couldn't get close enough to the table without letting it rest on the countertop. The final straw came when Alice realized that, because her fat gut covered most of the tabletop, there wasn't any room for her plate. It didn't matter, because, even if there had been enough room, Alice couldn't bend forward far enough to reach anything on the table over her tubby paunch. By the time Tyler brought out her first plate of food, Alice was resigned to her fate.

"Could you...put it on my stomach?" she asked. Her stomach was big enough that she could now use it as a table. It was ridiculous that she had let herself get to this point, let herself grow and grow and grow until she was forced to use her own body as a table because she couldn't reach around herself. But what did it matter? The smell of breakfast was already lulling Alice into another place, a delicious place where nothing mattered but food food food. In the



back of her mind, Alice recognized this dangerous state of mind. Oh no, it's happening again! Alice was about to enter the same mindless eating fugue that was all too familiar.... She had seen Jen go into it before, seeing all thought leave her normally placid, cow-like eyes as she became consumed with the absolute gut-busting pleasures of manic, mindless eating. Alice wondered vaguely what she must look like when she went into that state, when nothing mattered except piling as much food as possible into her eager mouth. She must look like a fat pig, shoving food into her chubby cheeks so fast that syrup was dribbling down her chin and into her cleavage. Mmmm food. Already she was forgetting her worries. So what if she needed two chairs? So what if she used her belly as a table? The sting of those humiliations was fast fading under this onslaught of food, filling her up, giving her that warm, delightful feeling of being crammed oh so full, that feeling that made everything else better. Oh if only Alice could just eat forever! Then everything would be just perfect. If only her stomach had the same limitless capacity as her appetite...every bite brought with it the bliss of the feast but also the slight twinge of knowledge that these calories were going straight to her hips, her thighs, her belly, inflating her bigger and bigger, like a dairy cow being pumped full of hormones, like a piggy being fattened for slaughter, like a blimp being inflated for display.

She was dimly aware that she had finished her first plate of pancakes, but Tyler had already anticipated her needs and was working on a second batch. Alice knew that she had originally intended to have a small breakfast, she knew that for sure! So why was she scarfing down plate after plate of high-fat, high calorie chocolate chip pancakes? By now, Alice was lost in a frenzy as she began chowing down on her second plate; attacking her breakfast with a knife and fork was just too time-consuming, so she dropped her silverware on the table with a clatter and simply grabbed the gooey, choc lately pancakes with her pudgy hands, smearing chocolate and syrup on her chubby cheeks and stubby fingers as she ate. Mmmm so good! How many plates was that now? She had lost count, but it didn't matter. What did she care? She was eating and eating was all that mattered.

As she ate, Alice's belly grew fuller and rounder, slowly inching further and further across the table. She felt her bare belly blubber make contact with the syrup bottle, its glass cold and clammy against her warm, sweaty skin.

Mmm, syrup. Alice reached forward, groping blindly for the syrup bottle which she knew was there but she couldn't see around the bulk of her own giant gut. It had to be there, she could feel it pressing against her stomach, but it was just so hard to reach when she couldn't bend forward.

"Tyler, could you...hand me the syrup?" huffed Alice as Tyler brought out some orange juice.

"Sure." Without a second thought, the thin wiry boy scooped up the syrup bottle and handed it to Alice. Without the barrier of the syrup bottle in its way, Alice felt her gut flop down against the table just a little more. It was almost incredible how easy it was for Tyler to pick up that bottle. Life seemed so much easier in general for Tyler, who didn't have to carry about nearly three hundred pounds of heavy insulating blubber like Alice did. Heavy insulating blubber that swaddled her like a fur coat, making her gasp and sweat in even the coldest

weather, making her pant and groan after even the faintest amount of exercise, and, worst of all, making her ravenously hungry for more more more after even the smallest morsel of food. All the fat, filling her up to capacity, stretching her out like an inflatable raft, and it only seemed to make her ever hungrier, ever more eager to consume, which, in turn, would only make her grow bigger and fatter and rounder until the inevitable day when she would finally just explode like a megaton bomb.

Alice pushed another pancake into her mouth, chewing it up eagerly. Gawd, it was kind of dry. Actually, it was not dry at all, it was full of rich, moist chocolate, but, to a consummate sweet-tooth glutton like Alice, that was barely enough sweet to satisfy her craving. She eyed the syrup bottle in her hand. Why not? Alice raised it to her lips and guzzled the sweet, heavy nectar directly from the bottle in long, slurping draughts. Oooo, heavenly! Was it unseemly for a girl, even one as rotund and greedy as Alice, to slurp syrup directly from the bottle? Possibly, but Alice didn't care right now. She was lost in the euphoria of eating.

Alice heaved a heavy sigh. She was sooo very full, but she wasn't ready to call it quits. There was still syrup in the bottle, after all. She attacked another stack of pancakes, chasing them down with syrup directly from the bottle.

"Burp!" Alice belched loudly as she pulled the syrup bottle away from her lips with a loud "pop," trailing golden strands of delicious decadence from her chubby lips. She licked her chops trying to catch every sweet sweet drop. Oh it was so good! But it was all too much!

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

What was that? Alice shook her head, desperately clearing the cobwebs from her thoughts. Was that her cell phone ringing? She leaned to her side, her flank squishing into three distinct jelly rolls, to catch a glimpse of her blinking cell phone lying on the table just out of reach. Well, maybe she could reach it, but she was so stuffed and lazy right now that she didn't even have the energy to try.

"Tyler! Could you – burp – could you hand me my cell phone?"

Tyler popped his head out of the kitchen. "What was that?"

"My cell phone...could you hand it to me?" She waggled her useless blubbery arms at the cell phone, just out of her reach.

It was ridiculous to think that Alice was unable to stretch an extra few inches to grab the phone, instead needing Tyler to walk all the way across the room just to nudge that phone slightly closer to her. But that was exactly what she was asking.

Luckily, Tyler didn't seem to see the irony in that. He happily bounced across the room, always happy to do anything to make Alice's life easier.

"Thanks," said Alice, genuinely grateful for the help. Tyler beamed in response.

As he headed back to the kitchen, Alice raised the phone to her eyes to read the name. It was Laurie.

Alice hoped that she wasn't calling to invite Alice to eat lunch with her. Because Alice didn't need the temptation.

She brought the phone to her ear. "Hello?"

"Hello, Alice sweetie, it's me, Laurie."

"Hi Laurie, what's going on?"

"Alice, dearie, I need you to help me with something. You know how Jen has been acting all weird lately?"

"Yeah," said Alice, "She mentioned that you guys had a fight, but she wouldn't say what you were fighting about."

"Oh it's so silly," said Laurie breezily. "Why, it's not even worth mentioning! See, Jen is upset because I told her that she really needs to lose some weight. Honestly, honey, I'm just so very concerned about her. Have you noticed how big she's getting? The poor dear is eating her way to morbid obesity and I don't think she even cares!"

"Hmm, she has been eating a lot lately," said Alice. She glanced down at the decimated breakfast on her own plate, feeling suddenly guilty. Alice hardly felt that it was fair to single out Jen's eating habits when she knew that both she and Laurie were also weighing in at heavier weights these days. But then, Jen HAD really been eating a lot more than either her or Laurie, right? Certainly Jen had gone off the deep end when she had started preparing for that silly pie-eating contest, but she hadn't bothered to rein in her appetite at all after her win. Laurie was right; it was almost like she didn't care how fat she grew. That was in stark contrast to Alice, who, although slightly mollified to know that her boyfriend loved her size and would always be supportive, still constantly worried about her escalating weight. And, of course, it was in stark contrast to Laurie, who was so concerned with helping the girls keep their weights under control that she helpfully provided diet snacks for the trio at their weekly sleep-overs.

"Exactly," purred Laurie, "Obviously, that's just not healthy. And I really just shudder to think where this might all lead eventually. I'm afraid that if we don't do something to stop her, Jen is just going to eat and eat and eat until she explodes. And what a pity that would be, wouldn't it?"

"Um, yeah."

"Not to mention, well, it's bad enough what that terrible diet of hers is doing to her figure, but it's also having...other negative effects." Laurie lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper, and Alice wondered what she was obliquely referring to.

“Other negative effects? What are you talking about, Laurie?”

“Oh come on, Alice, don’t be coy, I know that you must have noticed it to,” snapped Laurie, “All that fat, all that lard, it’s wrecking havoc with Jen’s digestion. Every time that I see her now, she’s belching and...ahem...okay, I’ll say it, she’s farting up a storm. The other day, I was following her down the street and it was like a brass marching band going by. She can barely hold it in, and, with a rear that big, well, that just amplifies the sound. Can you imagine what would happen if she let it rip in the middle of a game? If she aimed her ass in the wrong direction, she’d blow down the whole cheer pyramid!”

“Um, yeah,” said Alice again. She was honestly a little shocked at the turn this conversation had taken. She had to agree with Laurie, though. On her last lunch meeting with Jen, the bubble-headed bubble-butted ditz had been more flatulent than usual, accidentally releasing several noisy butt blasts over the course of the meal. Jen didn’t even seem to notice, other than to suddenly perk up and look around in confusion. Jen was such a ditz that she was almost like a dog, startled by her own farts because she didn’t realize they were busting out of her own bodacious booty.

Alice was so surprised to hear Laurie acknowledge Jen’s new gas problem that she didn’t even stop to wonder why Laurie had been following Jen on the street to observe this.

“But the worst part is, I just miss Jen so much,” said Laurie, her voice cracking just a little. “I haven’t seen her in weeks and, oh, it’s just awful. I do so miss the old days, when the three of us could all hang out together! Wouldn’t it be nice if we could go back to that?”

“Absolutely! But what can we do?” asked Alice. She stole another glance down at the remains of her breakfast. Despite her concern for Jen, Alice couldn’t help but wish that Laurie had chosen a different time to call. She really was still hungry and she wanted to finish her meal! She was a little too embarrassed to just start eating while she was talking on the phone; she didn’t want Laurie to think she was a pig without any willpower, especially since Laurie was technically calling to complain that Jen was a pig without any willpower.

“Oh Alice, sweetie, I am so glad that you asked. I already have a plan. But I need your full support to make it work. Do I have your support, Alice?”

“Sure, but what is this plan?”

“Oh you don’t need to worry about that,” said Laurie breezily. “The important thing is that, when the time comes, I need you on my side. Let’s be honest, Jen is probably going to resist our intervention. She probably thinks that the way she’s eating is perfectly normal. But we know that it’s not at all, don’t we?”

“Yeah but —“

“I already have Craig on board, He’s agreed that we simply must take some drastic measures to put some sense into Jen’s empty little head. Don’t you agree?”

“Well, if Craig is on board—“

"I knew you would see it my way," said Laurie. "Now the next order of business, I will see you for our sleep over this Friday, right?"

"What? Oh, I kind of thought we were putting sleepovers on hold for now. At least until, you know, you and Jen made up..."

"There's no reason for that," said Laurie, "I know we skipped last week because the whole Jen issue just made things too raw, but there's no reason that we should punish ourselves because of Jen being a bitch, right?"

"Right, it's just... don't you think, maybe, that might make things worse? I mean, if Jen finds out that we're having sleepovers without her, she might get even angrier and that would make it even harder for you guys to make up!" Alice gulped, hoping that Laurie didn't know that Alice had already participated in at least one sleepover without Laurie, instead going over to Jen's house for their usual Friday night orgy of food. Would Laurie be angry if she found out? She'd better not say anything about that.

"Maybe, but Jen's not going to find out, is she?" said Laurie in her usual silky smooth voice. "Because I need you to stay away from Jen for now. Just for now. Just until we get things settled."

"But – but ..."

"See, Jen is just so upset right now, she's really emotional. I'm afraid that she might try to lash out against me by spreading some...untrue things. She might say all sorts of things just to try and drive a wedge between you and me, because she wants you to take her side. Really, it's just so immature. And I think it would be easier for everyone if you just stayed away from her for a bit. That way you wouldn't need to choose sides, hmmm?"

Alice didn't see it that way at all. By avoiding Jen, wasn't she de facto choosing Laurie's side in the argument? She didn't like this situation at all!

"It's only for a bit," continued Laurie, "Remember, as soon as I get this new plan in motion, Jen will come crawling back. All we need to do is to make sure that Jen understands that SHE's the fat one and that she needs to start dropping some poundage fast, before she ends up as big as a house. I'll call you later with details about what I need you to do, but in the meantime: Don't breathe a word of this to Jen, okay?"

"Um, okay,"

"Good, good. That's exactly what I like to hear. Remember: It's for her own good. Okay, TTLY!"

With that, Laurie hung up.

"Um, okay," said Alice dumbly. That was weird! Alice felt a strange queasy feeling in the

pit of her gargantuan stomach, a feeling that, for once, wasn't hunger. Everything that Laurie had said sounded right: Jen had really been eating like an absolute pig lately. And it would be really nice if she could help Jen and Laurie make up. Like Laurie, Alice missed their sleepovers! Over the past year, she had grown to really like both girls and she now considered them her best friends. It just killed her to see them fighting! So if Laurie had a way to bring them back together, then Alice would do whatever she could to help.

But...at the same time...something seemed wrong.

She couldn't put her finger on just what it was. But for some reason, she felt like something was off. She shook her head and pushed the thought aside. It was probably nothing. There was no reason for her to worry at all. Laurie was a smart girl, she thought, if Laurie has a plan, I'm sure that it will be the right thing to do.

But could she really cut off contact with Jen? Alice didn't think so. She really liked Jen. Jen was always so much fun to be around, so light and bubbly and she just had a gift for turning any situation into a goof. Alice felt like she might even start crying at the very idea that she would have to stop seeing her good friend.

But what about Laurie? Alice was also feeling a lot of loyalty toward the domineering cheer captain, whose confidence and poise gave her something to strive towards. And Laurie was always so concerned about her and Jen, always looking out for them. Laurie was almost like a surrogate mother for the girls these days.

Besides, wouldn't Jen start to get suspicious if Alice unceremoniously cut off all contact? Even bubble-head Jen would figure out something was up. There had to be a better solution...

Wait! Alice sat bolt upright in her chair, her fleshy gut bouncing against the table. Of course! That was it!

Laurie might think it was best for Alice to sever ties with Jen, but how could Alice hope to help the two feuding beauties reconcile if she only talked to one of them? If anything, it was more imperative than ever that Alice keep close to both of her good friends.

Laurie had told her not to say anything to Jen about Alice and Laurie's sleepover. But who was to say that Alice could still continue her sleepovers with Jen and just not say anything about them to Laurie?

That was the perfect solution. She would simply tell Jen that they would have to move their sleepovers together to Saturday night. It didn't matter why, she would think of a reason. That way, she would have Friday nights with Laurie and Saturday nights with Jen. Two sleepovers per week! It was the perfect plan to help both Jen and Laurie.

Of course, there was a second reason that this idea excited Alice so much, one that she barely dared admit to herself. Two sleepovers meant two chances to stuff herself full of tasty treats! Could Alice's already inflated figure tolerate yet another gorging session every week? She was already so wide and thick that she was very nearly as round as a beach ball, but the

temptation of food pushed all concerns about her widening waistline right out of her head. Alice licked her lips unconsciously, her mind suddenly woozy at the possibilities offered by this new development. If she hadn't already been sitting down, she might have fallen to her knees. Her heart began to pound faster, thumping so hard that it felt like it might burst out of her chest, and her breath started to become shallow and ragged. What a glutton! Alice was such an unrepentant greedy-guts that just the thought of food was enough to get her heart pumping and lungs aching as if she had just run a marathon.

Alice placed her chubby hand on her ample chest and squeezed her eyes shut, willing herself back into calm. She felt like she was about to have a heart attack just from thinking about eating. I have to get myself under control, thought Alice naively, I don't know why my heart is racing like this! It's not like I was doing anything other than thinking about that second sleepover...

Alice grunted, biting her lip to avoid moaning out loud and distracting Tyler from the kitchen. She didn't want to interrupt him while he was cooking her third helping of pancakes.

"Oof," sighed Alice, gradually feeling her body untense and the flush leave her cheeks. "That was weird. I wonder what all that was about?"

Ignoring the warning signs sent by her amazing flabby, unfit body, Alice nodded to herself, happy that she had found a way to help both of her friends get back together. She wondered dimly what Laurie had been referring to when she said that Jen might say some untrue things about her. What could Jen possibly say? Jen was both too ditzy and too nice to spread lies, so she assumed that Laurie must just be being paranoid. Still, she would have to be on guard. She wouldn't want to fall for any lies that might destroy her good friendship with either girl.

Satisfied, Alice scooted her chairs forward, as close to the table as her massive gut would allow, and resumed her meal. After all, she had to finish this breakfast soon...because it was almost time for lunch!

## 33. Alice, Laurie, & Jen

Alice's weekly sleepover had already been responsible for adding so many inches to Alice's waistline, so many pounds to her frame. But that was nothing compared to how much damage two weekly sleepovers could do. Alice was already gaining way too quickly, bloating up rounder and fatter every week, but now her gain accelerated even more. It was as if someone had turned up the valve on a helium tank, releasing ever more fuel for expansion. Alice was practically inflating now, piling on pounds so fast that she was beginning to develop angry red stretchmarks on the alabaster skin of her pudgy tummy. Not that Alice noticed. Even if she hadn't been far too preoccupied with thinking merely about the pleasures of yet another feast instead of worrying about long term consequences, Alice had no way of knowing that her belly was growing too fast for its own good. She couldn't see over her swollen boobs and upper belly to see the stretchmarks that covered her lower rolls as they slapped against her thick, tree-trunk-like thighs with each plodding, lumbering step. Worst of all, neither Jen nor Laurie were actively encouraging Alice now. She had been so trained to eat, eat, eat that she was happily stuffing herself to bursting twice every week without so much as a prod by Laurie.

After only a few weeks of extra sleepovers, Alice had grown so burstingly round and plump that she could barely waddle without breaking a sweat. Everyone could hear Alice's car approaching as the blonde blimp pulled into Laurie's driveway for their latest sleepover. Her gargantuan weight was high enough that her car constantly bottomed out as it went over bumps and the car settled so low that the muffler scraped the ground as she drove. With a grunt, Alice put her car into park and popped the door open. The door sprung wide open the moment that she pulled the release since Alice was now way too wide for the car seat and her well-padded hip pressed tightly against the door. With a series of loud piggy grunts, Alice managed to lift herself to her feet. She no longer bothered to buckle her seatbelt when she drove because the belt felt too tight and constraining over her hefty hooters and bulging belly.

Alice got halfway down the garden path before she had to stop to catch her breath. Phew! Was this path always this long? It sure felt like it got longer every time that she came to visit! Huh, must be my imagination. But I sure wish that Laurie maybe put a bench here.

Alice inhaled deeply trying to catch her breath, enough that her fat stomach bulged out even more, straining against the waistband of her shorts. As usual, Alice's clothes were the first victims of her continuing growth. Her XXX large T-shirt and shorts had it snugly just last week, but today they were starting to pinch her enough that she was moving even more slowly to avoid ripping out any seams. She couldn't wait to get inside and get changed for bed; loose flowy pajamas were always more comfortable than tight, constraining day clothes. If Alice had her way, she would probably spend all day lounging around in pajamas. Honestly, if she had her way, she would probably just spend the day in her underwear, since that was even less



constraining than even pajamas. She never had to worry about popping a button or splitting a seam when she was sitting on the couch, shoving cookies into her chubby cheeks, wearing nothing but her knickers. At least, a normal girl wouldn't have to worry. Alice was such a plumper that she had actually come very close to busting out of even her stretchiest panties on occasion simply because she chose to ignore the warning signs as they grew tighter and tighter around her thick thighs, ample ass and expanding lower belly while she gorged her way into a bloated stupor.

Alice huffed. She felt like she was ready to start moving again. Ignoring yet another obvious warning sign of her own inflating obesity, Alice shuffled the rest of the way down the path.

She knocked on the door, wiping her brow with her free arm. Wow, it was hot out today! Even in just her shorts and T-shirt, Alice was sweating buckets. In reality, it was actually quite comfortable out today, but Alice was insulated by pounds and pounds of hot, thick blubber that made her look like a baby seal flopping around on the beach whenever she moved.

After a few minutes, Laurie's mom answered the door.

"Oh hello Alice! How are you today? Did you come for your sleepover? Laurie's up in her room waiting for you. Here, I'll show you."

"Thanks, Mrs. Belmontes," said Alice. She gripped both sides of the doorway to help pull herself through. She wasn't yet too fat to fit through the front door, but she was just big enough that her hips brushed the doorframe as she squeezed through. Laurie's bedroom was, ugh, on the second floor. Before Alice had begun attending two sleepovers every week, that had been merely annoying. Now the poor fat girl felt like she was going to die. Laurie's mom quickly mounted the stairs, not even giving a second thought to the difficulty encountered by the tubby teen following her. Alice grabbed the railing to help steady herself as she lumbered up the steps, one at a time, the stairs creaking almost as loudly as Alice's poor overworked knees. Once again, Alice was huffing and puffing, her flushed bosom heaving wildly, before she was even halfway up the stairs. Sweat was beading on her hairline, running down her chubby cheeks and dripping off of her double chin to splash against the top of her bulging boobs visible through the V-neck of her T-shirt. Alice's shirt was soaked with sweat, the drenched fabric clinging to the thick, gelatinous rolls of her quivering belly, clearly revealing the deep dark depression of her navel.

I think I'm going to die, thought Alice as she finally heaved herself off the top stair and onto the upstairs landing. She was so weak from the exhausting trek up the stairs that she felt certain that she was about to collapse. She kept a firm grip on the stair railing, desperately willing herself to keep upright despite her aching legs and wobbly knees. Gawd, she was spent! She needed to replenish her energy after that work out! Almost on cue, she felt her belly gurgle in anticipation. She licked her plump lips instinctively. In only one more minute – if she could make it alllll the way down the hallway to Laurie's room without fainting – she would finally be

able to eat her fifth meal of the day. You would think that Alice wouldn't possibly be thinking about food after already binging at breakfast, munching at lunch, stuffing at supper, and devouring at dinner. But she could already feel just the tiniest bit of room opening up in her tummy, a tiny bit of room that ached to be filled. Feed me! cried her belly. Alice was only too happy to oblige.

Ahead of her, Laurie's mom rapped on the closed door to Laurie's bedroom.

"Laurie, honey, your friend Alice is here."

"Okay, let her in," came Laurie's reply through the door.

With a welcoming smile, Laurie's mom opened the door and ushered Alice inside. Alice stumbled in and immediately threw herself down on a beanbag chair. Alice was so vast and doughy these days that she looked like a beanbag chair herself.

"Hard day?" asked Laurie, watching Alice's belly rise and fall as the sweaty obese girl gasped and panted. Alice just nodded in response, her double chin quivering.

Laurie was already in bed, covers pulled up to her chin. If Alice didn't know any better, she might almost suspect that Laurie had been lying in bed all day. Alice hadn't actually seen Laurie in school today, so that was actually a distinct possibility. Naw, that was just ridiculous. There was no way that Laurie would have spent an entire day lazing about in bed.

Even as Alice was pondering this question, Laurie flopped over in bed, pulling the covers and sheets with her, as she tried to get into a more comfortable position. The bed springs creaked loudly at her movement, and Alice couldn't help but notice what a large mound Laurie's body formed under the covers. Alice also couldn't help notice that Laurie had flopped over mostly so that she could reach a gallon-sized Styrofoam cup on her bedside table. It looked like it was juuust out of reach, so Laurie had to throw the covers off and sit up to grab it.

Dang, thought Alice as she watched Laurie hoist herself out of bed, That's a big bitch!

Indeed it was true. In her quest to fatten Alice, Laurie had fallen victim to her own plan, becoming such a slave to her own greed and hedonism that she was eating just as much as her intended victim

Laurie had also already changed into pajamas. Or had she just never changed out of them? For once, though, these pajamas were the right size. Laurie had grown almost as fat as Alice in recent weeks – or had she surpassed Alice? It was hard to tell. Honestly, Alice was used to thinking of herself as the biggest girl around, but, looking at Laurie now, maybe that wasn't the case anymore. It was hard to tell because Laurie's relatively loose pajamas hid some of her recent gains. It wasn't to say that she was swimming in these pajamas, but it was the first time that Alice could remember seeing Laurie wear a shirt where the buttons weren't gapping across her ample belly and mountainous melons. Sure, it was impossible for Laurie to

hide her tremendous tits, but for once they weren't threatening to completely burst out of her top.

"It's just...such a long walk...from the car," sputtered Alice, still wheezing. She wiped her brow with her chunky arm, her gaze falling on the array of snacks that Laurie had already set out for the night. She was slightly annoyed to see that there wasn't a milkshake set out for her! She frowned. Alice was much too polite to say anything, but it seemed really rude for Laurie to stand there, guzzling a delicious milkshake, without offering any to Alice. And after that laborious trip up the stairs, Alice could sure use something sweet and cold to replenish her reserves!

"Can I get...something to drink?" asked Alice instead. She waved her flabby arms uselessly at the buffet set up on Laurie's desk as if to indicate that she was far too tired and lazy to get up and serve herself. Laurie seemed to catch on because she waddled over to the desk, grabbed a liter bottle of soda and brought it over to Alice.

"Thanks," said Alice, twisting the top off and swigging straight from the bottle. Any other girl would have poured some soda into a cup, but Alice routinely guzzled entire liters of soda at a single meal without a second thought. Even now, memories of that time, not so long ago, when she had glugged so much soda in one sitting that the fizz almost made her explode didn't even come to mind. Alice leaned back, tilting the bottle into her mouth and glug glug glugged until half the soda was gone before pulling the bottle back with a sigh and a belch.

"Oooof I needed that," gasped Alice, "Belch! Oops, excuse me! I had to walk all the way from the car and, boy, that really took it out of me. Not to mention, I was on my feet all day at work. I'm just exhausted!"

"Oh poor sweetie, I'm sure you had a hard day, but I'll bet it was nothing compared to mine."

"Why what did you do today?"

"Well, for starters, I've had to spend it all alone! I haven't seen Frank all day and I was soooo lonely! There's been no one to keep my company except Pumpkin here."

Laurie pointed to the snoozing kitten who was snuggled into a tight ball in the cat bed in the corner.

"Um, yeah, I guess that's rough," said Alice, who didn't think that was rough at all.

"And I can't even talk to Jen, because you know what a bitch she's being now! I've soooo been trying to smooth things over with her for weeks, but she's just being completely ridiculous!"

"Yeah, I really wish there was something I could do to help!" Alice was really confused now. Unbeknownst to Laurie, Alice was still going to weekly sleepovers at Jen's house, and, while Jen loved to gossip about what a bitch Laurie was being, she hadn't mentioned that Laurie

had made any peace overtures. The reason for that was because had, in fact, not contacted Jen at all. But Alice just assumed that Jen was reluctant to mention Laurie's peace efforts because she was still angry. By now, Laurie had managed to convince Alice almost completely to question anything Jen said about this extended quarrel – to the point that if Jen ever finally did work up the courage to spill the beans about Laurie's fattening plan, Alice might not even believe her that it was true.

The night wore on with both girls eating to their hearts' contents between gossipy bitching sessions. Laurie mostly wanted to talk about Jen and all the many many flaws in Jen's character that Laurie had only recently decided were noteworthy. Alice didn't like that at all. She still valued Jen as one of her closest friends and didn't like to hear Laurie slagging on her like that.

Even though Alice was really perturbed by Laurie's attacks on Jen, it didn't completely distract her from noticing how much Laurie was eating. Laurie was stuffing herself like a greedy pig! Alice found it difficult to understand everything that Laurie said as the night wore on because the buxom beauty often had her mouth full of cookies, so she had to mutter angrily between bulging cheeks, spitting flecks of chewed up food as she spoke. Did Laurie always eat this much? Alice herself was usually too preoccupied with filling her own face with food to take much notice of how much her companions ate, but Laurie was gorging with such abandon that she seemed intent to fill herself to bursting. Not even halfway through the night, Alice could already see the results. Laurie's flabby tummy was swelling up, rounding out under her shirt and finally starting to put some strain on her pajamas.

Laurie leaned forward to grab another handful of Oreos, her bloated stomach pooching out enough to push the lowest button on her pajama top open. Her blubbery gut pushed out of the new gap, her wide dark navel clearly visible. Laurie didn't notice. She was becoming accustomed to the sharp ping! That accompanied a button bursting, but the noiseless release of a button slipping out of its hole was a new feeling and not one that she yet associated with a warning to slow down her feeding. She kept going.

"And another thing," said Laurie, licking the filling out of a cream cookie with her perfect pink little tongue, "Jen is seriously sooo dumb. Like, I don't know how she's surviving on her own. Sometimes I think she's too dumb to remember how to tie her shoelaces!"

"That's not true," said Alice weakly, although honestly she thought Laurie might be right. Did Jen even wear shoes with laces? She mostly wore slip-ons, didn't she? Maybe it really WAS because she was too dumb to tie her shoes....No! Jen was her friend and she wasn't going to stand for someone, anyone, even Laurie, to insult her like that!

"C'mon, Laurie, that's really mean! I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

Laurie scowled, propping herself up against the bed, another button on her top slipping open.

"Oh Alice, you're so sweet, but you simply can't deny it. You know that Jen is dumb as a

rock.”

“Sure, Jen might be a little...um...slow, but she’s my friend. And she WAS your friend too! I thought you wanted to make up with her, but you’re not going to get anywhere if you just sit around insulting her. I’ve been listening to you all night, talking about how empty Jen’s head is and how full her butt is. Don’t you think, maybe, it’s time that you got around to putting this plan into action?”

Laurie frowned. She looked down at Pumpkin, avoiding eye contact with her friend, and scratched the cat’s back. What was going on? Was Alice standing up to her now too? What had happened to her? She, Laurie, had completely lost control of everything in her life! It was bad enough that her eating had spiraled out of control to the point that she had turned into a walking...er...waddling eating machine, unable to resist any food and slowly feeding herself into obesity. On top of that, Jen and now Alice were talking back to her! There was a time that NO ONE would have dared to talk back to her. Maybe she struck a less imposing figure these days because she was so much rounder, and not just in the chest.

Laurie looked down at herself in confusion. From her vantage point, she could only see the tops of her colossal hooters, groaning out in front of her, slowly heaving in and out with her breathing, but she knew that her belly below them must at least match them now. She couldn’t see how her belly now poured out of her defeated shirt, but when she fingered her navel she could tell that she was popping out of her clothes.

Shit, she thought, no wonder Alice isn’t afraid to talk back. How can I command respect when I’m almost as fat as she is?

Almost might have been an understatement, since the race between the two girls’ weights had become so close now that it was nearly impossible to tell which of the two was heavier.

Laurie narrowed her eyes. “Okay honey, I guess you’re right. I have been too hard on Jen, haven’t I? But you have to understand, it’s just because I’m so worried about her. I mean, Jen and I have been best friends since middle school. She’s never been out on her own before. How will she survive? Who will look out for her? There are a lot of unsavory characters out there just waiting to take advantage of a poor little lost naïf like Jen! And if it seems like I’m being mean to Jen, it’s just because I want her to develop a thick skin. Sweetie, you know that Jen’s always been a little, erm, thick, right? I mean, not dumb thick, but thick thick.”

Laurie placed her hands at her sides and pantomimed a wide set of blimpy thighs.

“Oh yeah,” agreed Alice, “Jen’s always been famous for her butt. Even before I knew you guys too well, people were always commenting on it. I would hear guys talking about it in the hallways all the time.”

“Oh sweetie, so you know the sorts of things people say about her. ‘Oh look it’s wideload

Jen or big bottom Jen, look out that butt's gonna block out the sun! ”

“Not everything they say is negative,” said Alice, “A lot of people thought she looked quite shapely.”

“Yeah, thought,” said Laurie pointedly, “A lot of people think a big soft booty is just more cushion for the pushin’. But I bet they wouldn’t think that about an ass that’s the size of two watermelons. Not to even say anything about the rest of her. She’s gotten just enormous! And it’s all because she’s lost control of her appetite! She’s always mindlessly stuffing her chubby face without even a second thought to what all those calories are doing to her figure!” Laurie’s reached into the bag of Oreos to find it empty. “Sweetie, could you hand me that second bag of Oreos? That’s a good girl.”

Alice obediently pushed the second bag toward Laurie, who ripped it open, pulled out two cookies, and popped them both into her mouth at once, completely blind to the irony.

“And people are going to be mean to her! I need to protect her! Like, at the last game we cheered at, there was this cheerleader from the rival team, Mallory, what a bitch! She started shouting all sorts of mean things about poor Jen, saying that she had to have her cheer skirt specially made out of old circus tents because her bottom was so big. I had to take her down a peg!”

“Ohhh,” said Alice, thinking back to the sleepover, several weeks prior, when Mallory had spent the night. It seemed like Jen and Mallory were on good terms now; in fact, Mallory had even said that she didn’t bear Jen any ill will, she had only attacked Jen because she thought of Jen as Laurie’s lapdog. If only Laurie didn’t have to always be such a big bitch, then they could all get along... Of course, Mallory hadn’t come to any sleepovers since. So maybe she DID bear Jen ill will? Alice wasn’t sure.

In reality, the main reason that Mallory hadn’t returned was simply because she had been so disgusted watching Alice and Jen’s unrestrained binging. Mallory felt like she couldn’t in good conscious watch these two fat girls eat themselves into a stuffed stupor every week, so she had politely begged off on returning to any more sleepovers.

Alice didn’t know that, though. She saw nothing wrong with her eating, so she couldn’t imagine what Mallory’s problem might be. In fact, tonight both she and Laurie were destined to play a repeat of the exact same overeating scenario that Alice had played out with Jen only days before...

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After a good hour, Laurie was so stuffed that her full belly had forced almost all the buttons on her pajama top open, so that only the top three across her chest still remained closed. After tonight’s gorging session, Laurie lay on her back like a helpless beached whale, enormous gut rising before her like a mountain, easing up and down with her labored breathing.

“Oooooof,” moaned Laurie, struggling to rub her own stomach but finding that it was bulging too far out of reach for her to effectively massage herself. “My stomach huuuurts.”

Despite the pain, Laurie was also feeling another familiar feeling: the stirring of excitement in her loins. Laurie had reached the point that she found stuffing herself hopelessly arousing – the only things that made her hornier than filling her tummy to bursting were having Frank fondle her overly sensitive mammaries and listening to Frank tease her about her massive breasts and overstuffed, greedy tummy. Even Laurie didn’t quite understand the nature of her new fixation. Why was it that the same insinuations that made her livid coming from other people only served to make her hot and bothered when they came from Frank? Oh if only he was here now, here to massage her poor poor full tummy and tell her, in that coy teasing way of his, what a fat greedy piggy his buxom girlfriend had become.

“Hey – urp! – Alice?”

“Yeah?”

“Sweetie, could you – hic! – rub my tummy for me? It hurts sooooo much! I think I’m going to die!”

“Oh, uh, sure, Laurie. I hope this helps you feel better.”

Alice didn’t seem particularly happy about having to rub Laurie’s belly – the poor blonde butterball looked distinctly awkward as she reached out to start kneading Laurie’s drum-tight middle – but part of that was because she had to hoist herself out of her own seat, lumber over to Laurie, and lower herself down, knees popping and joints creaking, until she was level with Laurie’s massive middle. Alice had grown so fat and lazy that she didn’t like to exert even that small amount of energy, but, for a good friend like Laurie, Alice was willing to put up with any discomfort.

Laurie wished, not for the first time, that Frank was here to massage her aching belly. She was certainly enjoying the feeling of Alice’s soothing fingers kneading her poor overloading gut, but it wasn’t the same... She couldn’t count on Alice to whisper sweet teasing nothings into her ear while she worked. Or could she? Laurie bit her lip, trying not to moan out loud as Alice continued her massage. Alice had no clue that her friend was becoming so insanely turned on by the massage, and Laurie was determined not to let the truth slip. It would be highly embarrassing and awkward if Alice were to figure out that Laurie was nearly pre-orgasmic just from getting a tummy rub. At the same time, the pleasant euphoria was starting to cloud the buxom beauty’s judgment and everything other than increasing her own pleasure was seeming less and less important. Maybe she could take a risk? Maybe she could actually goad Alice into making the belly massage even better... Of course, she would have to be subtle. She would have to be careful not to give anything away. But maybe....

“Oh, Alice, do you think...do you think I’ve gained a little weight lately?”

Alice looked uncomfortable. It was obvious from her expression that, yes, Laurie had gained A LOT of weight. But Alice was too polite to say so. Not to mention, Alice had no clue that Laurie actually wanted to hear that she had.

“Oh, uh, I dunno...”

“I think I might have,” interrupted Laurie, “Just a little, you see. But I really feel like my belly is sticking out a little further, don’t you think, Alice?”

“Ummm...maybe?”

“Oh Alice, you’re so sweet, but you don’t have to be shy with me. You know you can tell me the truth. We are good friends, aren’t we, Alice?”

Alice smiled, happy to hear herself described as Laurie’s good friend.

“Oh of course we are, Laurie!”

“Good, good.” Laurie smiled and sucked air into her lungs, pushing her stomach out as far as she could. She hoped this might give Alice a clue about what she wanted to hear, but Alice persisted in being nice.

“You might have put on a pound or two, Laurie, but you can hardly notice it.”

“I think I’ve put on waaay more than a pound or two,” said Laurie, “Oh, can’t you see how much bigger my tummy looks these days? I feel soooo huge! I think that soon my belly might even stick out farther than my boobs. Wouldn’t that be something?”

“Heh,” Alice chuckled slightly at the mental image. As round as Laurie had grown in recent months, she couldn’t imagine Laurie’s tummy ever outpacing her breasts.

“Alice, could you be a sweetie and unsnap my pants? They’re pressing sooo tightly on my belly and it’s really uncomfortable!”

“Oh sure,” said Alice, “I know how that is. Sometimes Tyler has to do that for me.”

Alice reached down, south of Laurie’s navel, and popped the snaps on Laurie’s pajama pants, allowing Laurie’s belly to bulge out even more, swelling out of her open pants like bread dough rising. The flaps of Laurie’s bottoms fell to the side, exposing the top of Laurie’s stretched underwear. Without the pressure on her overfilled tummy, Laurie almost felt it had freed up some room...

“Sweetie, could you hand me...hic! – hand me that box of jelly donuts.”

Still kneading Laurie’s overstretched belly, Alice nudged a box of half-eaten donuts closer to Laurie’s hands using her foot.



"I know I shouldn't eat more, sweetie, but it's just sooooo good. Can you imagine how much more weight I'm going to gain from all these fatty donuts?"

"Um, yeah, you might gain a little."

"More than just a little, don't you think?"

Alice stared blankly, not understanding her friend's prodding.

Fuck it, thought Laurie, she's useless. I can't rely on her for this. I need Frank. But I can't get rid of Alice til I go over the plan with her, so I better get that out of the way.

"Thanks, honey, so listen, Alice, I need you to help me – hic! – help me put an end to this problem with Jen." She plucked a donut out of the box and sank her perfect white teeth into it, jelly spilling out the far end and dribbling down her double chin.

Finally! Alice was excited to finally hear what the big plan was and learn how she could help.

"Sure, Laurie, what can I do to help?"

"When are you going to see Jen next? Hic!" Laurie covered her mouth with one thick hand, but couldn't hide her loud hiccups.

"Oh I dunno," said Alice, "I'm sure I'll probably see her around in the next few days." Alice was reluctant to admit that she was going to see Jen tomorrow. Would Laurie be mad if she knew that Alice was still going to sleepovers with Jen? Alice was afraid that Laurie might be offended, might think that she valued Jen's friendship more. Of course, Alice loved both of her friends and couldn't stand the thought of Laurie and Jen fighting. That was why she was so eager to help Laurie put this new plan into action. Anything that would help repair this broken friendship must be a good idea! Of course, Alice was still oblivious to Laurie's true plan, so she had no idea that Laurie would actually have been quite happy to know that Alice was double dipping with two weekly sleepovers. It might have helped explain why Alice's expansion had recently kicked into overdrive. As it was, Laurie just assumed that she was doing an extra good job of plying Alice with sweets. Laurie was so greedy and self-absorbed that she didn't realize the truth, that she'd actually been doing a terrible job lately of feeding Alice because she was too busy gobbling treats herself. In fact, if Alice hadn't been eating twice as much because of her second weekly sleepover, she might have actually plateaued in weight instead of continuing to balloon.

"Good. Hic! Then I need you to get her car keys for me."

"What?"

“Her car keys. Hic! Oh don’t look so shocked, I only need them for a day. Jen won’t even miss them. She’s such a –hic! – bimbo that she probably won’t even know that they’re gone. She probably already loses them every time she sits down; I know that she always sticks them in the back pocket of her pants, because I can always see them there. Now, I know it’s going to be hard to get them out of there, because that fat ass of hers makes her pockets really tight, but I believe in you, sweetie. Hic!”

“But...what if she notices?”

“She’s not going to notice,” snapped Laurie. For a moment, she was annoyed, but she soon calmed down again lulled by the pleasant sensations coursing through her body from Alice’s tender tummy rub. “Ooo, sweetie, that’s really nice. Keep doing that, that’s really helping my poor stuffed tummy. But listen, if Jen notices, she’ll just think she misplaced her keys. Once she forgot that she put her keys in her pocket and had to take the bus for a week. Really, Alice, this is Jen we’re talking about. As soon as I’m done with them, I’ll give them back to you and you can sneak them back into her pocket.”

“But why do you need her keys?”

“Uh uh uh, that’s on a need to know basis. And you, sweetie, don’t need to know. All you need to know is that Jen’s keys are the key to this plan working. If all goes according to plan, we’ll soon have Jen realizing what a fat blob she’s turned into and then she’ll be begging us to help her reduce. And soon we’ll all be one happy family again. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“It sure would,” agreed Alice.

Oh Gawwd, I’m so horny, thought Laurie desperately. The enormous payload in her belly, stretching her skin tight, was sending tingles of sexual energy through her body, making her pussy so wet that she was almost certain she must be seeping through the fabric of her pajama pants. And this massage, feeling those hands rub and caress her tight, tender tummy was only making it worse. She wished again that it was Frank here pampering her instead of Alice. But what could she do? If she could somehow get Alice out of the room for a little while, she might have a few minutes to call Frank. At the very least, she could get him to talk her through this horny crisis she was having.

“Hmm, I think I feel some more room opening up in my tummy,” purred Laurie, happily the pale dome of her gut. “Sweetie, thanks so much, this massage has just been to die for. But now could you pass me some more cookies?”

“I think we’re out of cookies,” said Alice.

“Oh nonsense, Alice, my mother always has plenty more. Of course, they’re going to be organic, gluten-free kale cookies or something, but you can’t win ‘em all. Why don’t you go down and ask her where they are? I’m sure she’d be happy to share them. I’d go myself, but I’m

a little indisposed right now, hmm? Hic!” Laurie motioned to her own gut, rising above her like a big pink mountain.

“Okay! Don’t worry I’ll be right back,” said Alice, eager to help. Laurie waited impatiently as Alice slowly rolled herself over to a chair and then slowly, ponderously, grunting and groaning, leveraged herself to her feet.

As she waddled toward the doorway, Laurie called out: “Oh, and Alice?”

“Yeah?”

“While you’re down there, my mother told me the most interesting story about chakra points the other day. Why don’t you ask her to tell you? In fact, I’ll bet she could even help you to find your chakra points. It’s just so very fascinating.”

“Hmm, okay, I guess I might,” said Alice, smiling but obviously confused.

As Alice lumbered out, Laurie smiled to herself. Genius! Her mother would definitely keep Alice occupied for hours.

Once Alice was gone, Laurie dug her palms against the floor and slowly dragged herself over to the bedside table, her towering gut wobbling as she moved. Ughhhhhh, it hurt! Laurie could barely believe how full she was, yet she still couldn’t help but hope that Alice actually DID have some more cookies with her when she returned. If there was even the barest, tiniest amount of space in her cavernous belly, Laurie wanted it filled up. That overfull feeling was giving her a heady sexual rush, making her almost woozy both from fullness and excitement. This was dangerous territory. She knew she had to be careful not to overdo it, not to push her limits too far, but she could barely control herself. She could feel her moist pussy dripping as she scooted across the floor, and her arousal almost got the better of her – she paused mid-scoot to try and reach down to touch herself, but couldn’t reach around her enormous, bloated belly and hefty, hemispherical hooters to reach her vagina. So frustrating!

“If I don’t get some relief, I’m just gonna explode,” mumbled Laurie, acutely aware of how her tender pussy was throbbing with excitement. For a brief moment she wondered, could a girl’s pussy actually explode? If she, she was certain that she was about to burst into flames, blowing a hole in the crotch of her pajama pants.

Finally, Laurie was close enough to the bedside table that she could reach up and grab her mobile phone off the counter with her left hand. With her right, she pulled open the drawer and fished around inside until she found just what she needed – a vibrating wand! Even if she was too fat to reach her privates with her fingers, she’d be able to get off using this!

But she still needed some help.

Laurie punched Frank’s number into her phone and held it to her ear as she waited for

her boyfriend to answer.

“Hey, babe,” came Frank’s voice.”

“Fraaaank, I’ve been a huge greedy piggy,” moaned Laurie huskily.

“Oh Laurie, what did you do now?”

“I just ate sooooo much food. I am just so totally stuffed and bloated I can’t move.”

“Oh Laurie.” Frank sighed. “Where are you? Do you need me to pick you up somewhere?”

“No, I’m at home.”

“Oh. Then why did you call me?”

“I need help with... something else.”

“Whatever could you be talking about, Laurie?” asked Frank coyly.

“Shut up, Frank, you know what I’m talking about!”

“No, Laurie, I don’t think I do. Please, educate me.”

“I’m really...I’m...really...damnit, you’re really going to make me say it, you beast?”

“I can’t help you unless you tell me what the problem is,” said Frank. He sounded like he was struggling to keep from laughing. Laurie knew that Frank had already guessed why she was calling, but she didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of telling him. Or maybe she did. Frank’s defiance was only making her wetter, playing right into the strange power struggle game that the two lovers loved so much.

“Frank, I don’t have time for this! Alice could be back at any time, I need you to help me quick!”

“Oh, is Alice there? Then you really shouldn’t be taking this risk, maybe you should call back later when you’re alone.”

“No! Frank! Don’t hang up!” yelled Laurie, “Fine, fine, I’ll tell you! I’m really fucking horny and I want you to talk to me, you fucking asshole!”

“Oh well with that attitude...”

"No, Frank, please! I need...I need you!"

"And why do you need me, Laurie?"

"Cuz...I can't reach," sulked Laurie.

"Oh really? Is that so? Did you really finally do it Laurie? Did you eat and eat and eat until you got too fat to touch yourself?"

"I'm not too fat to touch myself," said Laurie. She was trying to sound arch, but her voice was already becoming fuzzy as she started to lose herself in Frank's teasing. "I just ate too much so it's... difficult right now."

"Difficult because you can't bend over when you're that full? Or difficult because your belly is too big?"

"...both. Oh Frank!" Laurie's cheeks flushed as she twisted the base of the vibrating wand to turn it on. She could just reach her privates around her swollen middle with the wand and she started to breathe heavily as the shivering wand touched her pussy lips through the thing fabric of her pajama pants.

"What are you wearing right now, Laurie?"

"Pajamas."

"Oh, really? Gee, Laurie, I thought you usually wore just your underwear to bed...or nothing at all. Why are you wearing pajamas to bed tonight?"

"Because Alice is here," said Laurie petulantly. "I'm not going to walk around naked with her over!"

"Is that the only reason, Laurie? What kind of pajamas are you wearing? Are you wearing those baggy silk pants? And that shapeless top?"

"It's not shapeless when I wear it," muttered Laurie, looking down at her chest where her ample bosom was putting excessive strain on the top few buttons.

"Maybe not, but that doesn't change the fact that those are fat girl pajamas."

"Noooo," said Laurie. She found herself, once again, flushed by a strange heat, a combination of anger and arousal. Why was it that she loved it so much when Frank pointed out her size? She still couldn't understand where this strange attraction/revulsion complex she had with her own corpulent body came from, but she couldn't help but enjoy it. "They're not...fat girl pajamas."

Frank could hear the telltale breathiness creeping into Laurie's voice, the signal that she was beginning to have trouble following the thread of the conversation because her arousal was becoming too intense, too distracting.

"I bet that tomorrow everyone's going to know what a greedy piggy you were tonight, Laurie. You're not going to be able to distract people from your fat fat tummy anymore."

"Nooo," moaned Laurie. Her crotch was totally soaked now, her juices bleeding through the sheer fabric of her silk pajamas and creating a big wet spot at her crotch.

"Tomorrow morning, when you go to get dressed. I bet you can't get your blue jeans zipped up. I bet you won't even be able to pull them over your thighs anymore. Then what will my little piggy do? Everyone's gonna see your big fat tummy."

"Oh Frank, you're right! I can't deny it anymore. I ate so much and now I'm just a big bloated piggy! Oh Gawd everyone's going to see how full and fat I am!"

Laurie's breathing quickened, she expertly twisted the knob on the wand with one manicured finger to turn up the speed. Oh! Oh! Oh! This was heavenly. If Frank could just keep her going with his sexy fat teasing, she might just orgasm before Alice got back after all. Oh Gawd she had almost forgotten all about Alice, the last thing she needed was for her fat friend to walk in on her like this, flat on her back, naked belly pointing to the sky, chubby legs spread, vibrator shoved in her vagina

"Laurie, I know you like to think that you look thin when you hang around with Alice and Jen."

Laurie half-wanted to yell at Frank, to tell him NOT To mention Jen's name in her presence, but she was too far gone to form a coherent sentence now.

"But I don't think it's going to work anymore. I think you might be bigger than either of them. I think, if you open your eyes, and see what you've become, you'll see your belly is way bigger than Alice's. Isn't it?"

"Oh Gawd...oh Gawd, Frank, I...it's true, I'm fatter than Alice! My belly is so enormous! I look like I'm pregnant and about to pop with twins!"

"I bet that's not all. I bet you've started storing all you new fat in that cute little butt of yours...I bet it's not so little anymore. Is your butt bigger than Jen's now? Why don't you give it a squeeze and tell me how big it is."

Moaning, Laurie struggled to obey, lifting her bulk slightly off the floor with her shoulders and feet so that she could slip her free hand behind her and grab her tuchus. There was a lot to grab these days.

“Oh Gawd, Frank, it’s huge too. My ass is gigantic! I...It’s not possible...I couldn’t actually have a bigger ass than Jen now.”

Laurie’s mind was swimming, awash in conflicting emotions. Was she actually bigger than her two friends? She had never imagined that anyone, least of all her, could actually have a wider behind than Jen. And who could have a bigger, heavier gut than Alice, the roundest girl in school? Laurie imagined herself as the biggest, not just the biggest of the three, but the biggest girl in school, the biggest girl in town, the biggest girl in the world, she imagined herself growing and growing and growing, leaving Jen and Alice in the dust, until she was massive. Laurie’s obsession with size was surpassing all previous limits. In her fantasy, Laurie saw herself growing not just wider, but taller, giant, a colossus, the biggest of the big, a gargantuan BBW giant that dwarfed everything. Nothing could be bigger than she was! She would become the biggest thing ever! Attack of the 60 foot cheerleader! Ha! More like the 100 foot cheerleader! Attack of the 100 foot, 2000 pound cheerleader! Watch as she outgrows her clothes, splitting her cheersweater at the seams as her breasts swell past the size of bowling balls, past the size of watermelons, past the size of Volkswagens! Watch as she stomps through the city, smashing entire blocks with her bulk, her monumental breasts swinging back and forth, knocking over buildings without her even noticing, that’s how big she is. Watch as she outgrows the planet, outgrows the universe! Laurie, the biggest, baddest, blimpiest bitch of all time!

“Ugh! !! Am! The! Biggest!” shouted Laurie as she exploded in orgasm, yelping into the phone so loud that Frank had to hold it away from his ear. Laurie screamed out loud, so loud that it was a miracle that she didn’t wake up the entire neighborhood. Exhausted, she dropped the vibrator and lay flat on her back gasping. Wow. That was probably one her most intense orgasms yet. And all it took to achieve it was listening to Frank tell her that she had a bigger caboose than Jen. And a bigger gut than Alice. Laurie suddenly realized that she had achieved a mind-blowing orgasm without Frank even saying anything substantial about her tits. How was that possible? Laurie was the big boob queen, absolutely obsessed with her own giant chest, so much so that the mere thought of her own knockers wobbling back and forth when she walked was enough to put her into the mood. And now she had just cum without even thinking about them? What kind of a crazy world was she living in?

Meanwhile, a faint voice started to cut through the hazy afterglow: “Hello? Hello? Laurie?”

She suddenly realized that she still had her cellphone in her hand. She lifted it back to her ear. “Frank? Are you still there?”

“Yeah, baby, I’m still here.”

“You okay? You started making a lot of noise.”

“Oh I’m better than okay,” purred Laurie, for once content. Frank wasn’t used to hearing Laurie do anything more than bark demands, so he was pleased to hear that tone in her voice.

Nice. "But I really need to go, okay, sweetie? Alice should be back any minute. Bye, love ya!"

She quickly hung up on Frank before he could utter a word in protest. Good boy, she thought. She wondered how many other girls could count on their men to take care of them like that. She certainly knew that her ex never would have taken the time to talk her through an orgasm like that. Maybe she was lucky to have Frank, after all. Well, of course, she deserved to be pampered like that. There was no doubt about that. She was only getting what was due to her as a shapely, buxom beauty. But still....

Grunting, Laurie kicked the vibrator under the bed and crossed her legs, hoping that the big sopping wet patch on her pajama pants would dry before Alice noticed it.

"Oh, Alice, I'm so glad to hear that you're interested in this! You know, I can never get Laurie to take it seriously; that poor girl has her chakras all out of alignment. If you ask me, that's the main reason that Laurie just can't get any inner peace. She's always searching for something that she can't find!"

Yeah, thought Alice, and I think she's been searching for that inner peace at the bottom of the cookie jar.

Laurie's mom grabbed the hem of Alice's top and pulled it up, allowing Alice's fat paunch to bounce free. Alice immediately started blushing in embarrassment. Sure, she knew that she was fat and there was no way to disguise her girth, but she didn't like Laurie's mom just exposing her tummy like that!

"Here, I think the first chakra point should be...uh....right about here," said Laurie's mother dubiously as she poked Alice in her upper pot belly. Laurie's mom frowned. Most of the clients that she worked with weren't nearly as fat as Alice, so she didn't often have to worry about finding chakra points buried under pounds of wobbling blubber. When she poked Alice's tummy, she only succeeded in making the bloated blonde's soft adipose jiggle. The more she poked and prodded, the more Alice jiggled. Within minutes, Alice's entire body was rippling and wobbling like an ocean of tsunamis. Poor Alice! Not only was she wobbling way too much, the constant poking was kind of ticklish!

Alice started to giggle, clutching her face with her chubby hands, but her laughter only made the situation worse. Soon, Alice's bosom was heaving with laughter, sending even more waves through her butter-soft flab.

"Please stop!" giggled Alice, "I'm jiggling so much, I can't take it anymore! Ohhh, I think I'm going to burst"

"Just a second, I've almost found them."



“Ooooooh! Please! It’s too much!” Alice was laughing hysterically, her enormous fat belly bouncing and wobbling so hard now that it was threatening to knock her down on her fat, padded ass. Her sides were aching now!

“Here we go,” said Laurie’s mom, grabbing Alice’s lower potbelly to try and steady the gelatinous blubber from swaying too much. “That should be your base chakra right there.”

“Oh God I can’t take it,” shouted Alice, “I’m gonna...Oh...I’m gonna blow!”

“Shhh, it’s all groovy,” said Laurie’s mom, “Just settle down for a second, Alice, I found your chakras here, so just calm down and you’ll be totally zen.”

“Ohhhh I can’t,” cried Alice. By now, the poor bloated bunny was convinced she was wobbling so hard that she was going to explode into smithereens.

Suddenly, Alice heard a loud scream come from Laurie’s room. She turned quickly, so fast that her wobbling, shaking flesh nearly made her fall down.

“What was that? I gotta go, Miss Belmontes! It sounds like Laurie might be hurt!”

“Oh child,” laughed Mrs Belmontes. She was used to hearing loud noises come from Laurie’s room, so she wasn’t concerned at all. But she was happy to see that Laurie had a friend who was so concerned about her. For years, Laurie had never had any friends except for Jen. Now her daughter had two friends who cared about her! Mrs. Belmontes was so happy – because doesn’t every parent want to see their child happy? And both Jen and Alice seemed to be such sweet, loyal girls. She only hoped that their compassionate, friendly natures would eventually rub off on Laurie and help adjust her most ungroovy attitude toward life. For years, Laurie had been such a sour, angry girl. But now that was changing in small ways. As her body was growing, so too was her spirit. At least that was how her mother liked to think of it.

My little girl is going to be a real woman warrior, thought Mrs Belmontes wistfully as she watched Alice waddle off to check on her friend. What a wonderful happening!

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Craig was really becoming worried about Jen. Jen had always been thick, both in her head and in her rear. But this was becoming ridiculous! Ever since that silly eating contest, Jen had lost all perspective on her own eating habits. She seemed to have become so accustomed to her overeating during her month of practice leading up to the competition that she had forgotten that it wasn’t normal; now she stuffed herself at every meal as if she was preparing for yet another contest. And Craig rarely saw her without some fattening treat in her hands (and her mouth) between meals.

As a result, Jen wasn’t just gaining weight – she was practically inflating, growing so fast

that it was a wonder that her ample ass wasn't already covered in stretchmarks.

Jen was also most assuredly NOT buying the new clothes that she so desperately needed. Despite her ballooning bod, Jen was still dressing in clothes meant for a much thinner girl. Today, she was wearing a simple T-shirt and daisy duke shorts, one of her favorite outfit combinations. But the T-shirt clung to Jen like a second skin, so tight that you could see the developing fold in her pudgy belly and the dark slit of her deepening navel. When she moved, that T-shirt kept riding up above her belly button, so Jen had to keep pulling down on the hem. Jen was also clearly way too plump to comfortably fit into those shorts anymore. In fact, the front button and fly were wide open, allowing her chubby bronzed brown belly to bulge free, shaking and bouncing as she moved. He could also see, through the open V of Jen's fly, that Jen was still not wearing any knickers; the zipper was pushed down far enough that he could see the first wisps of Jen's auburn pubic hair. She had loops a glitzy bling bling belt around her waist, but had left it unbuckled and useless, so that the ends of the belt bounced and swung in time to the jiggle of her chubby buns when she moved.

"Want any pudding?" asked Jen, blinking her big blue eyes quizzically. Craig startled; he had been so lost in thought that he hadn't been paying attention to realize that, as usual, Jen had been eating. She was sitting on the couch next to him, watching some boring music videos on TV, holding a bowl of thick chocolate pudding in one hand, scooping big heaping spoonfuls into her mouth with the other. Her lips and double chin were stained brown, but Jen didn't seem to notice – or care – that she looked like a total chunky slob.

"Uh no," said Craig, "And are you sure that YOU should be eating all that pudding? Where did you even get that pudding?"

"Dunno," said Jen, shrugging. She lifted another spoonful, opening her mouth wide to shovel it in. "It was in the fridge." Through a mouthful of gooey dessert, Jen gushed: "Is really goo'!"

"Are you sure you should be eating that much pudding?" asked Craig skeptically.

"Yeah, why not? It doesn't belong to anyone else!"

"That's not the issue," said Craig, almost in despair. Was Jen seriously not understanding him? He eyed her chubby middle. "You know your shorts are unzipped, right?"

"Huh?" Jen looked down at her front, dribbling some pudding onto her snug shirt as she did. For the first time, she seemed to notice that her fly was open. "Oopsie! Oh yeah, like, I don't want to zip them now, I'm just gonna get my pubes caught in the zipper! And that totally hurts so bad!"

"Maybe you should get some new underwear then," mumbled Craig.

“Oh yeah, like, totally, I just haven’t had time to buy any yet, but I’ll totally get some cute new panties next time I go to the mall!”

Craig was skeptical that Jen would be able to find any cute panties that would fit her. She would probably be reduced to shopping for big baggy granny panties if she wanted to find something that would fit her growing backside. Then again, why hadn’t she been to the mall yet? Jen loved going to the mall!

“Didn’t you go to the mall yesterday? Why didn’t you buy some then?”

“Oh yeah, I totally did, but I got distracted. I was, like, walking past the food court and I saw that they had a special two for one on Cinnabons, so I had to get one. And then I guess I kinda, like, forgot that I meant to buy new underwear.”

“We could go buy some right now,” said Craig.

“Yeah, but, like, I’m totally eating pudding now. Let’s wait til I’m done.” She scooped another spoonful into her eager mouth, then turned to Craig with a chocolaty smile.

“Besides, since when are you so eager for me to, like, wear underwear? I thought you would, like, like it better this way.”

Maybe if it ever led to anything, I would, thought Craig sourly. But outloud he just said: “Jen, look, just zip your shorts so we can go out and buy you some new underwear. There’s no way you can go out in public looking like that.”

Jen rolled her eyes, but she tilted the bowl to shovel the last dollops of pudding into her face. She placed the bowl on the end table next to her and, licking her lips, grabbed both flaps of her denim shorts. Grunting and snorting, she slowly pulled them together close enough to hook the button.

“Ooof,” grunted Jen as she sat up, “This really cuts into my tummy!” As she moved, she suddenly belched and farted simultaneously. “Ugghh these shorts are pressing so tight on me that they’re forcing out all my gas!”

Craig frowned, scooting away from Jen. “It can’t be THAT bad, Jen. Just suck it up.”

“Fiiine!” Jen grabbed the tab on her zipper and slowly started working it up its tracks, the pressure of her tightening shorts forcing another burp to erupt from her mouth. “BELCH! Okay, just a little more. Owww, it’s snagging my pubes! Craig, it hurts, don’t make me do thissss.”

“You’re the one who thought it was a good idea to wear shorts with a zipper today,” said Craig, “You could have just put on sweats or stretchpants.”

“Well, like, maybe next time I will! BELCH!”

“Oh great,” said Craig, imagining Jen in stretchpants, her gigantic rear stretching them out to the point that they were practically transparent. If anything, Jen’s tightening clothes might have been the one thing preventing her from indulging even more. If she started wearing comfortable yet horribly unstylish stretch garments, she would probably start to balloon even faster.

“Ugh, I got it up,” said Jen, sucking in her paunch and buckling her belt. “But I totally am not gonna be able to stand up now. These are, like, way too tight!”

“Here,” said Craig, standing up and offering his hand to Jen, “I’ll help you.”

“No,” said Jen sullenly, “I can’t do it. It’s too uncomfortable. There’s no way that I can stand up. I’ll just stay here.”

“Really? After all that work, you’re going to give up? What about getting new underwear?”

Jen shrugged. “I dunno. I’ll get them later. I just know, like, nothing is gonna get me off this couch.”

On TV, the video ended and a brand new music video started. It was some hip hop song that Craig was not familiar with.

“I, like, totally loooove this song!” cried Jen, bouncing to her feet. “Watch me work it!”

To Craig’s surprise, Jen actually started dancing to the beat. Jen had grown so large and soft in recent weeks that she could barely do any exercise without becoming instantly puffed, so Craig was surprised to see that the excitement of hearing her favorite song had suddenly given Jen almost preternatural strength. She was popping and locking it like an expert, moving her ample, rotund body with the same sexy smoothness that she had mastered so well back when she had been simply thick rather than massive. His eyes strayed down to her backside where Jen was twerking her bulging badonkadonk with such vigor that he half expected to see her split the seat of her overloaded shorts. How could this be? Only last week he had tried to entice Jen to exercise but found that she was too fat and lazy to spend even a few minutes moving her blubbery behind without the added incentive of a chocolate snack afterwards. Now she was jumping around like a girl possessed.

Jen’s bouncy movements miraculously did not break the seams of her daisy dukes even though Craig could see the stitches screaming every time that Jen thrust her bodacious, bloated booty. The way she was jiggling, she looked ready to bust her panties as well as her pants – at least, she would have if she had been wearing panties. Jen was now much too fat to fit into any of her old underwear and she hadn’t yet had a chance to buy any new pairs, so Craig knew that his gaining girlfriend was still going commando. (The very idea that there was nothing but one

thin layer of fabric between him and his massively pneumatic girlfriend's perfectly round butt was enough to make him hard as a rock, even if Jen wouldn't stop complaining about getting the pubes of her plump pussy caught in her zipper teeth.) Now there was even more proof on display. As Jen shook her moneymaker, the force of her rapid shaking was forcing her shorts to slide down slightly, enough that Craig could see his girlfriend's butt cleavage between her two fat pink cheeks. No pair of panties could stand up to those mountainous mounds, thought Craig. Even a thong would probably disappear between them, if it didn't simply snap off her.

Her belt was certainly close enough to snapping. Jen's doughy midriff was spilling over her stretched bling bling belt in a bouncy muffintop, but her vast, padded waistline was still putting enough force on the poor belt that Craig was sure the sequins were ready to go flying off.

It was really hot. Craig was shocked. He hadn't seen Jen move like that in months, but watching Jen bounce and ripple in time to the music, watching her get excited about something other than food, was really turning him on! In fact, if he could channel Jen's excitement about this song into something more sexual, it might show that she wasn't beyond hope after all! Maybe this relationship could be salvaged!

"Wow, Jen," he said, "You've got some pretty hot moves there."

"Huh? Hee hee, you think so?" Jen continued to thrust her tubby tushie, sending ripples through her blubbery butt, thighs and legs. Giggling, the plumped-up princess even started shaking her rump faster. That was a good sign. This might have been the first time in weeks that Jen had responded to Craig's sexual come-ons. If he was reading the signs right, she might actually be receptive to his advances for once!

"Yeah, you're really turning me on." He stood up and moved over to Jen to pull her close to him, spooning her to his front, his chin on her shoulder, his crotch against her rapidly vibrating booty.

"Hee hee," giggled Jen, "Oh my Gawd, I can totally tell!" She wiggled her butt again, sending an electric sexual charge through Craig's body. She was definitely responding! Jen clearly could feel Craig's throbbing erection against the soft pillowy spheres of her mammoth buns. This was definitely it!

"Oh my Gawd! You know what that makes me think of?"

"What does it make you think of?"

"A cannoli!"

Craig stopped. "...are you serious?"

“Do we have any? Oh, like, oh my Gawd, I would totally kill for a good cannoli! That sounds soooo yummy right now!”

“Wasn’t that vat of pudding enough for you?”

“No! C’mon, let’s go down to the kitchen so I can get a cannoli!” Jen pushed herself away from Craig before grabbing his hand and pulling him after her as she took off for the kitchen at a brisk waddle.

Craig hoped that he didn’t look as crestfallen as he felt. How could Jen be so dense? Okay, sure, he knew that Jen wasn’t the brightest girl. He had become used to the idea that Jen was about as dense as a bowling ball, but this was a new low! Only moments before they had seemed to be going down the right path, so close to success, but now Jen’s mind was completely elsewhere. How could she think about cannolis after everything that had just happened?

In the kitchen, Craig flopped down in a chair by the kitchen table and watched sullenly as Jen rooted through the fridge. From this vantage point, he didn’t see anything of Jen other than her colossal rear, pointing outwards and swaying from side to side as Jen leaned into the fridge. After a few minutes, Jen emerged clutching a plate of about a dozen cannolis.

“Can you believe my mom makes these? They’re sooo good!”

“Your mom makes cannolis?”

“Yeah, they’re, like, an old world recipe from her old country or something!”

“I thought your mom was Czech, not Italian,” said Craig. Not that he cared much. He watched as Jen pulled out the chair opposite him and slowly lowered her bulk into it. She wasn’t having much success. Jen was so wide that she couldn’t position herself on the chair without at least a foot of booty blubber oozing over either side of the chair. There was little doubt that Jen had grown so big and fat that she would need two chairs, one for each voluminous round cheek, if she wanted to sit comfortably. Was she in denial? No, that wasn’t Jen. Jen had made all sorts of comments, every time that she split another pair of pants or busted another button, that indicated that she wasn’t at all shy about her blimping waistline. There was no reason for Craig to think that she was unwilling to face the extent of her expansion. More likely Jen was just too much of a ditz to realize that she might be more comfortable with her weight distributed across two chairs. From the sound of creaking wood, it seemed like the chair might also agree.

“You sure you want to sit there?” asked Craig. Oh fuck it, what was the point of being subtle. “You might want to pull up two chairs.”

“Oh Craig, like, you are totally goofy,” said Jen, shoving the first cannoli into her mouth, barely chewing it. Shit, Jen handled that cannoli like a pro. Craig knew from firsthand

experience that Jen was an expert dick sucker. He had seen her deep throat his own cock without gagging quite a few times. As sad as he was to see Jen waste that talent on a pastry, he still had to admit: it was impressive. “Why would I need two chairs?”

“Cuz you got a lot downstairs,” said Craig flatly.

“Yeah, ain’t no one as bootilicious as me,” chirped Jen happily. Then realization dawned on her: “OhmyGawd, Craig, like, are you saying you think I’m so bootilicious that I need two chairs for my butt?”

“Bootylicious isn’t the word I’d use anymore,” mumbled Craig, “But yeah.”

The chair creaked and groaned louder as Jen leaned forward to grab a second cannoli off the plate. She bit into it with such gusto that sweet cream spurted out the far end, dribbling onto Jen’s cleavage and across the table. With each bite, Craig could see the hefty honey’s chubby tummy pooch out the tiniest bit more, pushing against her straining belt and waistband.

“I AM pretty bootylicious,” admitted Jen, apparently misinterpreting Craig’s comments as positives. “I mean, like, even more than usual. I know I’ve been growing, like, a little back there cuz I’ve been having some trouble with the seats of my shorts recently. But, like, it just makes me look more filled out, I think. Like, you would not believe a white girl could have a mega badonk like this, would you?”

Jen pointed at her rump for emphasis and Craig was about to agree that, whatever else he thought of it, he would indeed not have believed ANY girl could have a mega badonk like that. But he was cut off by a sudden loud splintering sound as Jen suddenly disappeared beneath the table. That last cannoli was apparently the straw that broke the camel’s back as the flimsy wooden chair finally shattered under Jen’s increasing bulk, sending the surprised and shocked bimbo to the floor.

“Oh crap, you okay, Jen?” asked Craig, jumping to his feet.

“Ow,” mumbled Jen, rubbing her injured booty. The force of her impact had knocked the wind out of her and she’d hit with such force that her belt had snapped and her shorts had popped open again, flinging the button across the room and instantly causing the zipper to slide down. “It pulled my pubes!”

“Yeah, the chair is buckling but the belt isn’t,” noted Craig.

“What? I don’t get it,” said Jen, confused. Wordplay was always lost on her. She sat on the floor, a perplexed expression on her chubby round face, her auburn hair disheveled from the fall, her ass shaking from the impact, a half-eaten cannoli still in her hand. Suddenly, Jen seemed to notice the pastry she was holding and shoved another bite into her mouth. Craig was dumbfounded. Even after breaking a chair with her massive size, Jen wasn’t going to give up

eating.

“Mmmff Craig, like, help me up!” said Jen through a mouth stuffed full of tasty dessert. She waggled her arms at her boyfriend, who dutifully reached down to help haul her to her feet. It wasn’t easy. Grunting and groaning, Craig struggled to lift his obese girlfriend off the floor, but found it very difficult when the weight of her enormous rear wanted to pull her back down. It didn’t help that Jen wasn’t doing much to lift herself up either, instead relying on Craig to do the heavy lifting while she chewed cannoli like a fat contented cow. Craig started to go red in the face from the effort, sweating sloughing off his face, veins popping out in his forehead as he heaved with all his might. Oh my God, Jen was so heavy! How much could she possibly weigh? Craig was no slouch, he was a pretty strong guy, but he hadn’t counted on Jen being THIS heavy. He could feel his knees wavering, hear his own back creaking and snapping as he strained to get this hippo-sized hottie to her feet. He didn’t think he was going to make it!

“C’mon, Jen,” he grunted, “Work with me!”

“I, like, totally am!” lied Jen, still doing nothing to help and apparently not even realizing it. Jen wasn’t selfish or spoiled by nature like Laurie was, so she wasn’t forcing Craig to do all the work because she enjoyed making people wait on her hand and foot. She was just too dumb to realize that’s what she was doing!

Finally, Jen’s chubby feet connected with the floor and Craig could let go. He released her with a loud, exasperated sigh and dropped back into his chair. Jen started to follow suit, kicking aside the remnants of the broken chair and preparing to plop her plush posterior into another one, but Craig yelped out a warning just in time.

“Oh right,” said Jen, “I guess I should use two!” Giggling again, she pulled over a second chair next to the first. This time, she sat down without incident, her vast doughy backside spread evenly across the two chairs. “I guess you were right, Craig! This is totally better! Now I can totally finish these cannolis!”

Jen returned to the task at hand, gnawing her way through the entire plate of desserts.

Craig shook his head. After that ordeal, it didn’t matter that Jen was only interested in food because Craig wasn’t in the mood anymore anyway. His back and arms were aching from the effort of hauling Jen’s mammoth ass off the floor and all he wanted to do was rest. God, he could use a hot soothing shower right now, just the thing to calm his burning muscles. Actually...why not? It’s not like Jen would notice if he was gone.

“I’m gonna take a shower,” announced Craig, standing up. Jen nodded in acknowledgement but didn’t pause in her eating; she had already demolished a good two thirds of the cannolis and her swollen, stuffed bronze tummy was puffing out through the open fly of her split shorts. If she thought it was weird that Craig was going to take a shower in the middle of the day, she didn’t say anything. Craig remembered a time that, if he had announced he was going to take a shower, Jen would have insisted in hopping into the shower with him. How he



loved to see the warm water cascading down Jen's supple curves, sliding over the giant shelf of her broad buttocks and down the deep crack of her behind. He always loved how the shower never seemed to be big enough for the two of them, how Jen was always forced to press her big butt against the glass shower door so that they could both fit. But now, he doubted that they could both fit no matter how hard Jen pressed her ass against the door. Hell, he doubted Jen could fit in the shower by herself. Maybe that's why she looked so disheveled these days. No way. Sure, Jen wasn't taking care of her appearance as attentively as she used to, but surely that was just because she was too busy eating to spend a lot of time on hair and make-up. Surely she was still showering at least. Or, if she couldn't fit in the shower, he knew she MUST still be able to fit in the tub.

Whatever. Craig was tired of this. He tried not to think about it as he wordlessly stumbled to the bathroom, turned on the shower nozzle and stripped down. Still, stepping into the shower, he couldn't help but think about the good old days, when he and Jen had had such a good time in this shower. The memory started to make him erect again. Even now, at her current size, Jen was still drop-dead sexy. Sure, he thought maybe she was a little too big, a little past his ideal size, but she still wore it well. No one would wiggle her walk as sexily as Jen. With thoughts of Jen's old sexy sashay in his head, Craig reached down and took his dick in his hands. If he couldn't fuck around with Jen, thinking about her while he jerked himself off was the next best thing. Thoughts of Jen's perfect round buns, her thick rolling thighs, her goofy crooked smile and long auburn hair and even her confused babydoll laugh helped to make him harder as he vigorously yanked his cock. Jen was just perfect for him. Literally the only problem was that she was too obsessed with food now to give a thought to sex, but if Jen were to walk in right now and say 'Take me!'...well, he certainly wouldn't resist!

Craig was startled out of her fantasy when he heard the door swing open and Jen lumber in.

"Like, totally, don't mind me, honey!"

Was Jen here to finally make his fantasy come true? Craig could scarcely believe it. He watched her through the glass shower door.

Jen quickly pulled off her ruined belt and pulled her open shorts down to her ankles and letting her enormous, perfectly round buns bounce free. She then plopped her gigantic rear onto the toilet with a grunt.

"Are you serious?" snorted Craig in disgust. Was Jen really going to use the toilet when he was already here in the bathroom?

"Sorry, Craig, I, like, totally gotta goooooo!"

Groaning, Jen released a series of loud, trumpet-like farts, the gelatinous flab of her bodacious booty rippling as she tensed and released and the sound reverberating in the echo

chamber of the toilet's porcelain bowl. Craig could not believe this. What a complete boner kill!

"Ughhh, I guess I didn't need to go at all," said Jen gleefully. "It was just gas!"

As she said that, another burst of flatulence erupted from her overstuffed rump, so loud that it actually startled Jen as well.

"Christ almighty," mumbled Craig.

"Oooooops," giggled Jen, "I guess I had more than I thought. Oooooooh noooo, here comes some more.." Jen moaned out loud, sweat pouring down her brow as she scrunched up her face and her fat fanny released a whole new barrage of thunderous butt blasts.

"Oooooof, like, thank god that's out!" said Jen, "I was, like, so totally full of gas I felt like I was going to explode! Or maybe just float away like a helium balloon."

Almost in response, Jen's fat bloated tummy began to gurgle, slowly puffing up with another round of methane. To Craig, it almost did look like Jen was inflating with air like a balloon between farts.

"Ugh!" Jen grimaced as she forced out another squealing burst of flatulence. "Ohhhh I guess I, like, shouldn't have eaten all those cannolis! Maybe I'm, like, becoming lactose intolerant!"

In response to her words, her butt roared again.

"I'm done with this," muttered Craig, annoyed. Not only was Jen not interested in sex anymore, but she was now ruining even his solo time! He threw aside the shower curtain and stalked past his gaseous girlfriend, who still straining on the toilet to release even more farts, and out of the bathroom.

"Um, like, aren't you going to dry yourself off?" called Jen as Craig swept past her, trailing water on the ground. "Like, what a weirdo! And people say I'm dense!"

# 34. Alice

“Just grab the keys,” Alice told herself. “Piece of cake. It shouldn’t be hard at all.”

Sure, it was easy to tell herself that. But Alice was still really nervous. Laurie had finally given her a task to help set her plan in motion, her plan that would eventually lead to her reconciliation with Jen. Alice still had no clue what Laurie’s plan really entailed.

Alice tried to steel her nerves as she plodded up the walkway to Jen’s front door. Why was she nervous? She did this every week. Every week, she and Jen met for a fun sleepover. It was just a friendly get-together. Besides, Jen probably wouldn’t even miss her keys as long as Alice brought them back pretty quickly. Like Laurie said, Jen was really too much of a ditz to realize that the keys were even missing.

She still felt a little bad for stealing Jen’s car keys, but she kept telling herself: It’s for a little while. I’ll bring them back. That’s really just borrowing them. And besides, if it’s to help Jen and Laurie reconcile, then it’s for a good cause. I don’t think I can take much more of my two best friends fighting. This argument is tearing us all apart!

The constant sniping between Jen and Laurie was almost insufferable as this unseasonable heat wave!

“Jeez, I don’t remember it ever being this hot before,” gasped Alice, wiping her forehead with her arm. “It must be all that global warming.”

It was only early spring so, for most people, it wasn’t all that hot. When Alice had been merely chubby at 200 pounds, this weather would have been quite pleasant and brisk. It was only now that Alice had blimped into a jumbo heavyweight at nearly 500 that even moderately warm temperatures seemed sweltering. The short walk to Jen’s front door left Alice sweating buckets, perspiration pooling under her armpits and soaking her polo shirt until the drenched material clung to her wobbling blubber rolls like a second skin.

Alice rang the doorbell and waited. After a minute, she heard familiar sounds inside: gasping, panting and the steady thump thump thump of heavy footsteps. Like Alice, Jen was also so phenomenally out of shape that even short walks left her almost completely puffed, so Alice wasn’t surprised to hear the sounds of struggle behind the door.

But when Jen finally cracked the door open. Alice was surprised to see that Jen was nearly naked; she was dressed in nothing but a red thong bikini, the bikini bottoms nearly invisible under the hang of her pooching potbelly. Other than that, she was practically nude except for a pair of flip flops and some designer sunglasses perched on her head.

“Why are you in your swimsuit, Jen?” asked Alice. This would put a big hitch in the plan! She needed to snag Jen’s car Keys for Laurie, but she had no idea where to find them. Laurie had told her that Jen always carried her keys in her back pocket, but, if Jen spent the whole evening in her bikini, how would Alice find them now?

“Cuz it’s soooo hot!” said Jen. Objectively, it wasn’t all that hot out. But Jen was so swaddled in blubber that even small movements were enough to overheat her. Even in the relatively cool evening weather, Jen, like Alice, was sweating profusely, beads of perspiration visible on her hairline. Alice was almost as fat as Jen, so she too could feel the intense heat. The only thing hotter than the weather itself was Jen, who was so overheated that Alice could feel the intense heat radiating off of her bloated, sweaty body in waves. “I thought it might be a good night to go swimming. Come on out back, we’ll take a dip in the pool.”

Alice had noticed the large swimming pool that took up more of the Sarovy family’s backyard, but she’d never had the chance to actually go swimming in it. She had to admit, it sounded pretty tempting.

“Oh you should have told me,” said Alice, “I didn’t bring my swimsuit.”

“What? Like, I thought I did tell you.”

Alice sighed. Of course, Jen hadn’t said a word to her about this new plan, because Jen had only just thought of it herself. But Jen was also such an airhead that she’d already forgotten that and now assumed that she had, in fact, told Alice.

“Like, don’t worry, Alice! I totally got you covered! You can wear one of my spares!”

“Um, are you sure that would fit me?” asked Alice dubiously. Even though both girls were extremely obese now, they still packed on their pounds in very distinctive ways. Apple-shaped Alice doubted that any of Jen’s clothes would fit around her massive belly, while pear-shaped Jen probably would find Alice’s clothes way too confining in the seat.

“Oh totally, it’ll be fine,” said Jen happily as she bounced away, waving for Alice to follow her. Alice dutifully waddled after her plumping friend.

Jen’s closet looked like a thrift store explosion. While Jen was almost as much of a clothes horse as her best friend Laurie, Jen lacked Laurie’s refined sense of style. Alice had always envied the way that Laurie managed to look elegant and refined, always dressed to the nines. Despite her burgeoning curves, Laurie always looked every inch the beauty queen. Jen loved to shop for clothes too, but Jen favored loud, flashy colors and garish designs. As a result, she sometimes even up looking like a refugee from the 70s or 80s.

Not surprisingly, her swimsuits looked equally ridiculous. Most of them were way too

skimpy for a modest girl like Alice, but she finally found a simple one-piece with a not-too-outlandish floral pattern. Those flowers will probably look more like super novae once they've stretched around my fat ass, thought Alice miserably. But then again, she was only going to be hanging around with Jen, so it's not like she had any reason to be embarrassed about her growing girth here.

"Here, I totally think this one would look great on you," gushed Jen as she handed the swimsuit to Alice.

"Thanks," said Alice, "I'll just get changed quickly and meet you down at the pool."

Alice did not get changed quickly. In fact, it took Alice a good ten minutes just to strip off her clothes. Often she relied on Tyler to help her get undressed. Otherwise, she mostly wore sweatpants and leggings that were easy to peel off. Today, against her better judgment, she had stuffed her bulk into a pair of shorts that just barely managed to button beneath the sag of her mammoth belly. Unable to see anything below the monster arc of her billowing gut, Alice had to grope blindly with her chubby fingers until she finally found the button. Then she had to struggle against the overly tight waistband to actually pop the button out of its hole. Getting hold of the zipper tab and unzipping the fly was a whole ordeal in itself. And after that, Alice had to gradually wriggle the shorts down her thighs – not an easy prospect when Alice was nearly too fat to even bend at the waist. After she finally got her clothes off, she had to slowly work the bathing suit up her legs and over her thighs and hips, moving slowly to give the lycra material time to stretch so that it wouldn't simply split along the seams. The last thing that she wanted to do was ruin the bathing suit that her friend had so kindly lent to her!

When she was finally dressed, Alice looked like a flower-covered beach ball. The stretchy material of her swimsuit was stretched to the max over her bulk, the side seams pulled so tight that you could see the threads gasping. The material hugged her belly so tightly that it failed to disguise any of her wobbling or jiggling, so that Alice looked like a rippling ball of butter-soft blubber as she shuffled into the backyard to meet her friend.

Jen was lying on a deckchair, sunning herself, her bronze skin already baked. Alice waddled over to a lawn chair next to her and plopped her fat ass down. The chair creaked ominously, sagging nearly to the ground.

Jen flipped her sunglasses up and grinned at her friend.

"I told you that you'd look awesome!" she chirped.

Alice was skeptical but didn't want to contradict her friend. Besides, what did it matter? Who would see them here, in this secluded backyard? Alice just smiled.

"Thanks for the loan. You ready to go swimming?"

"In a second," said Jen. The hippopotamus-sized hottie rolled over, so that she was face down with her enormous backside pointing up in the air. Jen had gained a lot of weight recently and, true to form, most of it went to her already amply rump, to the point that Jen might now be taller lying down than she was standing up. No, that was just ridiculous. Alice couldn't believe that her ass was THAT big. Still, it was beyond impressive. Each cheek looked like it might actually be the size of an inflated beach ball. Alice was used to thinking of herself as the fattest of her friends, but that was mostly because she tended to gain so much in her belly. Alice's apple-shape was instantly recognizable as fat. But Jen's natural pear shape might have allowed her to grow even fatter without anyone realizing it. Not that Jen was small elsewhere. She was big enough now that Alice suspected she might be the fattest of three.

"I need you to, like, do something for me first. Um, like, Alice, could you rub this sunscreen on my back?"

"Sure thing, Jen." Alice waddled over, grabbed the bottle of sun block, squirted some into her hands, and started rubbing it into Jen's fleshy back.

"Um, like, be sure to get my butt too," said Jen, her face still buried in her arms.

"Your butt? Are you sure? Can't you...ummm... do that yourself?"

"Like, no way! I could reach some of it, but, like, it's soooo hard. I mean, like, especially when you're as bootilicious as I am, right?" Jen looked up, grinning, and pushed her sunglasses down to give Alice a coy look. "Right?"

"Er...sure," said Alice. This was kind of weird! She certainly believed Jen's story that the poor pear-shaped plumper couldn't reach all of her enormously round rump because, dang, there was a lot of it. And Jen was definitely becoming less flexible as she piled on the pounds, the extra blubber restricting her movement and forcing her to become more and more sedentary. But touching her friend's butt still seemed kind of odd. Then again... how long had they known each other? Alice realized that, in the entire time that they had been friends, she didn't think that she had EVER touched Jen's bottom. Not that she wanted to, but that behind was so famous, so ridiculously huge, that she now almost wanted to touch it just to prove that it was real, that it wouldn't simply pop under her touch and vanish like two ephemeral soap bubbles. Alice almost giggled at the thought of Jen having a literal bubble butt. But still, Jen was her friend and Alice didn't want to disappoint her.

Dutifully, the bloated blonde squirted some sun block on the apex of Jen's voluminous posterior and watched, briefly mesmerized, as the thick, goopy sun block liquefied almost instantly as it touched the warm, bronzed skin of Jen's blubbery ass, running in rivulets down the slope of her cheek to pool in her ass crack along the string of her string bikini.

"That feels weird," said Jen.

“What?”

“The sun block is, like, dripping into my ass. Could you, like, adjust my thong?”

“What?”

“I mean, like, don’t do anything, like, weird, I just need you to adjust it a little. Like, pull it out of my crack for a sec, okay?”

“Okay.” Alice dubiously hooked her finger under the little fabric triangle that constituted the back of Jen’s bikini panties, the only part of the garment that Alice could get hold of since the string of her thong was buried deep between the two fat lobes of Jen’s titanic tushie. Alice tugged gently, watching as the thin fabric peeled away from the twin balloons of Jen’s rotund rump, sticky with sun block. Jen’s ass was pretty much already completely exposed, since her thong didn’t leave anything to imagination – unless you were the sort of person who, when confronted by a broad badonkadonk butt as big as two basketballs, instead fixated on the small of the back. But Alice still found it kind of uncomfortable to stand there, yanking the back of Jen’s swimsuit, with the entirety of Jen’s booty exposed below. She pulled a little harder and watched as the G-string popped out from between Jen’s tender, wobbling cheeks.

“Like, that’s better,” said Jen, “That was giving me suuuuuch a wedgie.”

Grunting, Jen struggled to roll over. It was like watching a walrus flopping around to haul itself up the beach. Her face was worried, as if she was trying to work up the courage to say something.

“Alice, I, like, gotta tell you something.”

“What is it, Jen?”

“Like, do you feel like....like, do you feel like you, uhh, might have been, like, you know...gaining some weight recently?”

Alice blushed. Indeed, Alice’s blimping had been nothing short of insane this year – she was growing so fast that she could barely believe it herself. Alice had gone from pig to cow to elephant in less than a year and, if she kept gaining, she would become too fat to even waddle sooner rather than later. She was already having trouble with some basic things like tying her shoes because of her size, relying more and more on Tyler or her friends to help her when she found herself too fat to help herself. But even knowing how dangerous her current trajectory was, how she was spinning toward gross obesity, Alice still loved food too much to stop herself. Her appetite was out of control to the point that Alice wasn’t really eating so much as stuffing herself. She couldn’t end any meal before she was painfully, burstingly full, she couldn’t bear to stop eating if there was still food available. Like a piggy being fattened for slaughter, Alice was so conditioned to gorge that she could almost be moved to tears at the thought that there might

be some leftover food beyond her reach that she couldn't eat.

"Uhhh...yeah, I guess so," mumbled Alice. Of course, she had. Asking if she had gained weight was like asking if the Sahara needed more sand. But Alice was still embarrassed to admit it, even if there was no way to hide her vast girth.

"Do you, like, think you've gained more weight since you started coming to the sleepovers?"

"I guess so," said Alice.

"Um, like, well...like, I don't know how to say this..."

Jen paused. How could she put this? That Laurie had been doing this on purpose? That she was trying to fatten Alice up so that she would look thinner? Jen was at a loss. On the one hand, she really wanted to confess the whole plan to Alice, because Alice was her good friend. But on the other, she felt like that would be betraying Laurie. How could she do that to someone who had been her best friend since middle school? Not to mention the fact that Jen's hands weren't exactly clean. How would Alice react to knowing that she had been helping Laurie? Jen felt like she had already lost one good friend, she couldn't bear to lose another!

"What is it, Jen?" asked Alice. "You know you can tell me anything."

"Like, well, you know how Laurie started getting, like, really upset when she started to gain weight, too, right? But, like, she couldn't stop herself. Like, you've seen her, right? Oh my Gawd, she's just blown up! But Laurie couldn't stop herself and so she thought that, like, maybe there was some other way to look thinner, right?"

"Uh huh," said Alice blankly, not following Jen at all. Jen had a hard time believing the story herself; now that she was free of Laurie's domineering influence, it all seemed pretty unreal to her. What kind of person would fatten someone else up just to make themselves look thinner in comparison? That was something a sociopath would do. It seemed so crazy! But that was exactly what Laurie was doing.

Alice wasn't sure what Jen was trying to say, but she remembered how Laurie had warned her that Jen might invent some crazy story to turn her against Laurie. Whatever Jen was getting at, she was probably just making something up because she's so upset.

I'm still Jen's friend so I need to be here for her and let her realize that I know she's just saying this to get back at Laurie. I'm sure it'll all be fine once we get Laurie's plan started. That will totally bring Jen and Laurie back together and repair their friendship!

"Never mind," said Jen, "It's, like, not important." She turned away from Alice. Gawd, why couldn't she just tell Alice the truth? She needed to come clean but she just couldn't! If she said anything about the plan to Alice, then Alice would hate Laurie forever. Not to mention that it



would ruin any chance of Laurie and Jen ever repairing their friendship! True, Jen was still really pissed at Laurie, but she couldn't bear the thought of never being friends again. Laurie was her bestie! Maybe she needed to confront Laurie first... That was it! She needed to get Laurie to come clean too. If she and Laurie came clean together, then maybe they could explain to Alice why they had done it...it wouldn't seem just like Jen tattling! It would seem like they were truly sorry for what they'd done. That seemed like the only way to tell Alice the truth without Alice hating them forever.

"Thanks for putting the sun block on my butt," said Jen, hauling herself into a sitting position. Unfortunately, her slick, lubed buttocks instantly slipped off the deck chair, and Jen flew off her seat to tumble to the ground.

"Jen! Are you okay!" Alice cried, but, being too heavy and lazy to move quickly, could only wave her chubby arms uselessly in response.

"I hurt my butt," moaned Jen loudly.

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Alice and Jen never did really start swimming. Sure, they both plopped into the pool, but they did little more than float like two inflated inner tubes, bobbing on the surface. Swimming was nearly impossible because fat floats, and both girls were so fat that they instantly popped back to the surface every time that they tried to dive underwater. Alice, with her round shape, at least could bob like a buoy. Jen, storing most of her adipose in her rear, had a more difficult time. Her rump would constantly start rising up behind her, her feet lifting from the bottom of the pool and her face falling forward, until her head fell under the surface and only the two slick round spheres of her wet keister broke the surface.

After a couple hours, the girls finally called it quits and returned inside to resume their usual sleepover activity: snacking and watching TV. Alice noted that, after toweling off, Jen had pulled a pair of denim daisy dukes over her bikini bottoms, but otherwise hadn't changed. She also noticed that the outline of something familiar through the back pocket of Jen's shorts: the car keys!

"Henry VIII became quite obese later in life, with a waist measurement of 54 inches," said the narrator on TV. The two girls usually didn't watch the History Channel, but they were too lazy to bother changing the channel, so now they were tolerating a documentary about the Tudor kings. "He was so fat that he had to be moved about with the help of mechanical inventions."

"That's pretty crazy fat," said Jen, twisting a sandwich cookie apart and licking out the cream, before belching loudly. Alice startled at the sound of Jen's burp, surprised that Jen was

so nonchalant about her gas. Certainly Alice knew what it was like to be gassy; her constant overeating meant that she often had a tendency to be rather urpy as well, but she tried to hide her burps politely. Well, usually. Alice wasn't the most self-aware girl or else she would have realized that she tended to belch just as loudly as her bottom-heavy friend on occasion.

"Henry VIII was so fat that he literally exploded," continued the narrator. "After he died, his body produced so much gas during composition that the corpse exploded in the middle of the funeral."

"Haha weird," laughed Jen. Almost in response, she felt an urgent gurgle in her own belly. Her fat belly began to rise, filling with her own gas. Alice couldn't help but think back to what the television was saying as she watched Jen briefly inflate with gas before the pear-shaped princess furrowed her brow and released it all in one long, loud belch.

"Phew, that's better," said Jen, popping the rest of the cookie into her mouth and chewing happily.

Alice blushed hard again, embarrassed at Jen's candor. Jen flopped over on the couch to scratch her butt, her fingernails sinking deep into the squishy blubber of her posh caboose.

"Hey, Jen, are you having trouble there?" asked Alice, suddenly seeing an opening.

"What?"

"Well, you were having trouble reaching all your backside earlier...you know to put on the lotion. Do you need help...uh...scratching?"

"Haha naw, I'm alright," laughed Jen, shoving another cookie into her mouth. Jen hadn't dried herself very thoroughly, so the seat of her shorts was soaking wet. Alice knew that would have the denim shrink slightly, so it would even harder to get those keys!

Jen's pudgy middle gurgled again and a mixed look of confusion and discomfort passed over the chunky bimbo's face. She reached down to pat her bare stomach with one hand while the other reached for yet another cookie. Alice was almost impressed with Jen's commitment to consumption. Sure, Alice herself was also a constant, insatiable glutton, but Jen was really taking the cake these days! She was in obvious pain, her guts churning up too much gas even as Jen crammed more and more fuel into herself. Alice was convinced that she would stop eating if she was in pain – or at least she might slow down. Jen, however, almost seemed to speed up. It was almost as if Jen was literally such a ditz that she couldn't form the connection between her overeating and her newfound gaseousness.

"Oooow, my tummy hurts," complained Jen. "I, like, don't know what's wrong with it." Alice could see that Jen's already full stomach was bulging out further and further as she inflated with gas, looking for all the world like a blimp being prepared for take-off. Sitting there in

nothing but her bikini top and booty shorts, there was nothing to disguise the fact that Jen was getting really tubby around the middle – or that her gut was filling with gas that would soon need to be released one way or another.

“Maybe you should slow down for a second,” said Alice gently, although she couldn’t help but lick her lips as she watched Jen’s hand reach back into the bag of cookies. Those cookies did look good! She could almost understand why Jen was reluctant to stop eating. Was there anything better than a tasty treat, anything more satisfying than the feel of a full belly?

Oblivious that her eating was the cause of her pain, Jen was trying to suppress the uncomfortable bloated feeling in her intestines by distracting herself with MORE food. It wasn’t having the desired effect. Alice began to think that she should do something before Jen indeed simply burst.

“Jen, you look like you might need some help there. Are you feeling kind of, you know, bloated?”

“Yeah,” admitted Jen, cheeks still bulging. “I guess, a little.”

“You know, last week, I was over at Lau... er, a friend’s house, and they had a stomachache too. But after I gave them a massage, they felt a lot better. Why don’t you let me help you?”

“Sure, that sounds lovely. That’s so sweet of you, Alice!”

“Okay, Jen, why don’t you roll over and I’ll start on your back.”

Jen looked at her quizzically. “My back? But my tummy is the part that hurts!”

“Yes, but your stomach chakra is in your back,” said Alice, repeating something that Laurie’s mother had told her at her last sleepover at Laurie’s house.

“Oh that makes sense,” said Jen, although the expression on her face indicated that it clearly made no sense at all. Jen pushed her bag of cookies to the side and then slowly attempted to roll over. The immense gravitational pull of her enormous rear made it a difficult maneuver, because Jen kept rocking back onto her wide bottom like a Weebl.

“Um, here, let me help,” said Alice finally.

“Thanks!” Jen beamed as Alice pressed her hands against her friend’s chubby side and helped roll her over, so that her wet bottom stuck up in the air.

Alice paused as the air was filled with another loud, urgent bubbling gurgle and Jen’s bottom seemed to rise higher in the air, like two twin mountains, buoyed up by her bloating

belly.

“Here, maybe this will help,” said Alice, pressing her palms down on Jen’s back. Jen whimpered.

“Ow! That’s just pushing my stomach into the floor! That’s not helping at all!”

“Just give me a second,” said Alice, “I’m still working on it.”

Alice pressed again, vigorously massaging the small of Jen’s back with one hand. Her eyes strayed down to Jen’s booty, which was so big that it looked ready to burst from her shorts. Lying on her stomach, the top inch of Jen’s ass crack was clearly visible above the straining waistbands of her shorts and bikini bottoms, the two hemispheres of her tanned cheeks bulging over like rising bread dough. As her pudgy left hand sank into Jen’s gelatinous back fat, she slowly, carefully reached down to Jen’s quivering buttocks with her other. Careful, careful! Alice hoped her friend wouldn’t notice as she gingerly plucked at the too-tight back pocket plastered against Jen’s round rump.

Alice pressed down again and this time she must have pushed Jen’s stomach into the floor too hard, because the gassy, bottom-heavy babe quite suddenly released all her trapped gas in one long, loud burp, so loud that nearly knocked Alice over backwards. Jen perked up immediately, confused. Luckily, the distraction was all Alice needed to quickly snatch the keys out of her pocket. Success!

“Hey, Alice! You’re right! My stomach doesn’t hurt anymore! You’re, like, a miracle worker!”

Alice smiled. “Thanks!” She felt a little bad about deceiving Jen, but again she told herself it was for a good cause as she pocketed the car keys.

“In fact, I think you totally helped open up some more room in here!” beamed Jen, patting her plump tummy as she rolled over. “Like, could you hand me that bag of cookies again?”

Alice felt pretty satisfied with herself after snagging Jen’s keys. Now all that was left was to get them to Laurie! But the next day, Alice had to run some errands first. Well, first she had to have breakfast with Tyler. But after those errands, and after that she’d get the keys to Laurie!

So why was she at a breakfast buffet now?

Alice had already eaten breakfast with Tyler before leaving the house. Why was she in a breakfast buffet now? There was no earthly reason that she should still be hungry. And yet she couldn’t help herself...

Grunting, Alice waddled a few steps forward, grabbed the tongs and loaded her plate

down with scrambled eggs and sizzling sausage. The aroma was heavenly and Alice's belly was growling so loudly now that she was afraid that the girl in line behind her might notice.

I gotta hurry, thought Alice. Gotta just grab a couple things, I don't need to grab everything. I'm not going to make a pig of myself for once.

The rotund blonde only had the best of intentions, but her willpower was no match for her appetite and she soon had her plate so overloaded with food that she could barely carry it. Even for her, this was a lot of food, but Alice was barely conscious of how much she was taking. Her mind was consumed with thoughts of the pleasurable feast to come.

She was so intent on filling her plate that she was only barely aware of the ominous creaks coming from her overloaded yoga pants as she waddled down the buffet line. Her stretched pants had been grumbling and straining all morning and it had taken her and Tyler's combined strength to hoist the over tight garment over Alice's tree trunk legs and thunder thighs. Recognizing then that these yoga pants were on borrowed time, she had made a little promise to herself that she would go easy on the snacking until she'd purchased a new, larger pair. In fact, she had done an admirable job of following that resolution all morning. Most days, she would have already given up all restraint the first time that she passed by the breakfast buffet. But today, the naïve little blimp had managed to walk past the buffet all the way to the Lane Bryant. Actually, she hadn't made it all the way past. The delicious smell of breakfast cooking had given her pause, enough that she stood outside the buffet for a good ten minutes, staring through the window, her eager breath fogging up the glass, her breath becoming shallow and excited as she thought about all the tasty treats awaiting within. It was only because the buffet wasn't actually open yet that Alice had managed to pull herself away and waddle the rest of the way to her destination. Once there, though, the ballooning beauty found that her entire trek had been in vain.

The moment that Alice entered the store, she could feel the skinny sales clerk judging her critically.

"Hi," said Alice, struggling to keep her voice chipper. "I'm looking for some new clothes. Um, I'm thinking you might be able to help me find something that, uh, suits my shape."

Alice hoped that she wasn't blushing as brightly as she thought she was. It was embarrassing to ask for help, but Alice truly hoped that maybe this clerk knew enough about fashion to help her disguise her recent expansion with some figure-flattering clothes.

"What size are you?" asked the clerk.

"Um, I'm wearing a size...30," mumbled Alice, embarrassed. "But they're a little tight."

"Oh really?" The clerk smirked as her gaze travelled up and down Alice's flabby body. She'd seen a lot of fatties in this job, but this one surely took the cake. How much could she

weigh? She looked like an over-inflated helium balloon just ready to float away, except that she could tell by the way the blubber spilling out of her shirt jiggled with each plodding step that there was no way this girl would ever be light enough to float.

“If you want to step in back, we can measure you and see just what size you’ll need,” said the clerk, straining to hold back laughter. She led Alice to a back room, where she pulled out a measuring tape. “Okay, ma’am, just stand there and let me measure your waist.”

Blushing furiously, Alice tried to maintain her composure as this snotty clerk pulled the tape measure around her vast waist. Alice’s belly was so jelly soft that the clerk actually found she was having trouble getting an accurate reading; it was too easy for the tape to pinch into Alice’s gelatinous flab, so she had to keep letting it out to make sure that the final number wasn’t too low.

The tape didn’t reach.

“Um, well, you seem to be a little over...70 inches around,” said the clerk. “I’m afraid I can’t give you an accurate measurement because, um, the tape doesn’t reach all the way around you.”

70 inches! How was that possible? That was even wider around than Henry VIII!

“Oh,” said Alice quietly. Oh Gawd she was so embarrassed! Why had she even come here! As if to add insult to injury, her enormous belly, her fat gut which was already so big and round that it outmatched a measuring tape in a plus size store, growled hungrily. She couldn’t help but think back to that buffet down the street. Was it open yet? Ugh, she had to stop thinking about food or she would soon be 100 inches around!

“That would probably make you a size 32 or 33,” said the clerk, studiously ignoring the gurgles and groans coming from Alice’s famished tummy.

“Oh, um, could I see some clothes in that size?” asked Alice hopefully. At least she could leave with some clothes that fit right! That was one bright side.

“No,” said the clerk, “We don’t carry that high up. We’d have to special order it for you.”

Alice felt like she’d been hit by lightning. She had actually outgrown regular clothing off the rack! She was so huge now that she would have to start special ordering clothes! There was no way that this could be worse.

“I notice you carry a lot of your weight...in your tummy,” said the clerk, “You could try to find something in the maternity store down the street.”

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After that experience, Alice felt like she deserved a little reward to make her feel better. By now, the buffet had opened its doors so Alice made a beeline for it, following her nose. The last thing she needed was more calories, but Alice couldn't help herself. She was miserable and food was the only thing that would make her feel better. She needed to fill her belly until she felt ready to bust!

Alice leaned forward, desperately trying to reach the bacon. She could feel the right yoga pants pulling against the vast expanse of her buttocks. "Oh please hold," she mumbled to herself, sweat beading on her brow. These pants were so tight that Alice was genuinely worried that she might split them right here and moon the entire restaurant. Even so, she couldn't resist the bacon, so she leaned forward just a tad more (ignoring the louder creaks coming from her seams).

"Mommy, look at that fat girl!" whispered a little girl sitting in a booth.

"Quiet, honey, that's rude to say," hissed the girl's mother.

"But she is fat!" said the girl, confused.

Alice heard the hushed tones of the conversation but she didn't care; she was too busy worrying about the state of her overstretched pants. As she straightened up again, depositing the bacon on her plate, she felt the sense seams relax just a little. "Phew that was close," mumbled Alice to herself as she straightened up. She had managed to avoid blowing out her pants, so maybe she was home clear? She wasn't entirely convinced, though, because she could still hear the seams complain when she took another lumbering step forward. Even if she didn't rip the seat, she needed to get new pants soon! Just the constant pressure of her mammoth buns and monster thighs against the flimsy stitchery would eventually wear them down...

Alice spied the tray of ham. Oh, that looked soooo good! She reached behind herself and pretended to scratch her butt – in reality, she was checking how much give remained in her pants. Could she risk leaning forward again to grab a slice of ham? No no, she didn't need anymore food. She had promised herself that she was going to have some self-control, right? She had more than enough food already piled on her plate. Still, that ham did look soooo good. Alice could feel her willpower wilting as she stared at that succulent pile of meat, and before she knew it, her chubby hand was already reaching for the tongs, she was leaning over just a little, not too much, just enough that she could reach, her pants could take it, they had enough stretch in them, c'mon just a little more, just a little more and—

R!!P

Oh no!

Alice dropped the tongs and reached around behind her, finding a long tear traveling along the back seam of her ruined yoga pants, revealing the soft pink flesh of her oversized buttocks and the white cotton of her giant panties.

This was terrible! People all through the restaurant were snickering at the fat piggy who had just blown the seat of her pants wide open. At least there was no one she knew here, but---

“Wait...Alice? Is that you?”

Alice spun around and stared in confusion at this girl who seemed to have recognized her. The stranger in line behind her was a plump, bottom-heavy redhead. Or rather, she was merely plump when compared to Alice – this girl had enough heft in her thighs and bottoms to weigh in excess of 200 pounds, but that was almost whisper-thin compared to a real jumbo heavyweight like Alice. Although if you were to subtract a few inches – okay, maybe a good foot – off of that butt and maybe take away the double chin...

“Oh my God!” cried Alice, recognition dawning. “Heather!”

“In the flesh,” laughed Heather, “Wow, Alice! I haven’t seen you in months!”

“Not since...um...yeah, not since fat camp.”

Heather laughed. “That sure did us a lot of good.” She gestured at her own hefty body. Heather had definitely continued to pack on the pounds since their last meeting. Alice remembered that Heather had originally planned to intentionally gain weight in hopes of growing a larger chest, but had only succeeded in inflating her rear like an air mattress. It looked like things hadn’t changed much in that regard. In fact, Alice could already feel Heather staring enviously at her own bosom. Alice’s boobs weren’t especially large. Or rather, they were large, but only because everything about Alice was large these days. Her breasts were completely proportional to the rest of her vast, round, oversized body. Heather pulled off her coat and hung it on Alice’s shoulder’s effectively creating a screen to cover the poor girl’s exposed tushie.

“Look, Alice, let’s get you back to your seat, huh? We don’t need any of these lookie-loos making a scene. Where are you sitting? I’ll come join you.”

“Thanks,” said Alice, “I’d like that.”

Heather led Alice back to her seat, leaving the overweight blonde with her coat over her shoulders, before grabbing her purse and plate from her own table and bringing them over. Heather was genuinely shocked to see Alice. She wasn’t just surprised to see an old friend. She was surprised at how MUCH of her old friend there was to see. Alice had become enormous! In fact, other than their old mutual friend Amber, Heather didn’t think she’d ever seen



anyone as fat as Alice was now. She remembered Alice as a chubby plumper with a little round belly, not this jumbo heavyweight hippo! As Heather approached the booth, she couldn't help but notice that Alice was looking distinctly uncomfortable. The poor girl grimaced as she tried to adjust her enormous stomach to prevent the table from pressing too firmly upon her gut. Eventually, Alice had grab her hanging paunch with both hands and lift it up, letting it drop onto the table with a loud slap.

I always knew she was heavy, thought Heather, but I didn't expect her to get THIS heavy. I thought she was a cheerleader! I would have thought all that exercise would keep the pounds off.

Of course, if Heather knew that the extent of Alice's exercise these days, she wouldn't have been surprised that Alice was still gaining weight faster than ever. Other than waddling to the kitchen for more snacks, the only thing that Alice did that could even pass for physical exertion was sex with Tyler. Not that she did much even then. Alice was so round and flabby that as soon as Tyler started pumping at her, she could do little more than jiggle. It was too bad that couldn't help her shed pounds, because Alice and Tyler's sex life had only become more active as Alice ballooned. Tyler didn't know it, but the real reason that his girlfriend's sexual appetites increased in proportion to her waistline was that Alice's expanding belly made it more and more difficult for the poor girl to satisfy herself when Tyler wasn't around. Reaching under her increasingly heavy belly with her uselessly pillowy arms was such a bother that Alice was getting to the point that it was just easier to wait, however impatiently, for Tyler to come over.

Heather scooted into the booth opposite Alice, plopping her plush bottom down. It was a tight squeeze, because Alice's giant gut had pushed the table closer to the opposite bench, leaving less room for Heather's own ample form. That was annoying! Although Heather knew what it was like to be a plus size girl in a world built for skinnies, so she didn't say anything. Still, Alice's new girth was kind of worrying.

"So, Alice, what have you been up to? You're looking...good!"

Alice sighed. "You don't have to pretend, Heather. I know that I've gained... a little weight since the last time we saw each other."

A little weight? More like an entire extra girl's worth of weight, thought Heather.

"I've just been having so much trouble with eating lately," said Alice, staring at the food in front of her. "I get so hungry and I just can't seem to help myself." Alice desperately wanted to gorge herself now, to just shovel all this delicious-looking food into her mouth until she was completely stuffed, but she felt a little self-conscious about eating with her normal abandon in front of Heather. She vaguely remembered what had happened when Mallory had come to the sleepover last week, how she had reacted to the way that Jen and Alice ate. Alice wasn't sure why; since the two greedy fatties almost entered a strange fugue state when they ate, they really didn't have any inkling of just how gluttonous their eating habits had become and

consequently they didn't understand why Mallory had been so surprised and disgusted. Now Alice was almost afraid to touch her food. What if the same thing happened? What if, once she took that first delicious bite, she lost all control, all reason? What if she just lost it right in front of Heather and just ate and ate and ate? She didn't want Heather to think that she was a mindless eating machine, even if the vast size of her body didn't already betray that.

"Yeah, well, some of us are just lucky, I guess," said Heather, nodding her head meaningfully toward Alice's chest. Alice looked down and noticed with surprise that she had dropped some toast crumbs into her cleavage. She noted with even more surprise that the rest of the thick slab of buttered toast was in her hand, already up to her mouth. How could she have already started eating without even noticing it? No wonder she was so huge! Alice shook her head in confusion. Sure, she knew that she ate a lot. Maybe even ate constantly. But the idea that she was such a glutton that she could eat without even realizing it was troubling.

"Oops," mumbled Alice, brushing the crumbs off her bust. Across the table, Heather sighed, her eyes still locked enviously on Alice's top. "Oh," said Alice, realization dawning, "You weren't talking about the crumbs?"

"Of course not," said Heather, "Alice, you know why I was trying to gain weight, right? All I ever wanted was a decent-sized bosom, but all I ever got was this jumbo caboose." She smacked her own hinder for emphasis, releasing a minor tremor through the jiggly flesh of her ample rear. The tight material of Heather's khaki slacks didn't do much to disguise her wobbling. "Don't get me wrong, I've definitely found out that there are guys who don't mind some junk in the trunk, but I'd be lying if I said I was completely satisfied with the way my genetics have decided to lay things out. How big are you, Alice?"

"Ummm..." Alice blushed at the blunt question. She didn't actually know her weight, because she was so reluctant to actually step on a scale and confront her inflating size in pounds. Last time that she had tried to weigh herself, she also found that she couldn't even see the scale dial over the vast arc of her ever-growing stomach. She nervously drummed her chubby sausage fingers against the tabletop. "Oh Heather, if I'm honest I have to say...I just don't know. I'm really gaining weight so fast these days that I barely have time to weigh myself before I've added another pound. I think I must be at least...at least 400 pounds now..."

"No no no," interrupted Heather, "I don't care about that, I mean how big are you up there?" Heather hefted her hands beneath her own modest boobs to indicate what she really meant.

"Oh! Uh, I ...uh—"

"What cup size are you? You must be at least a D, right?"

"Yeah, but that's not that big. I mean, not for how big I am. Anyway, you should see my friend Laurie, she's really stacked. I think she said that she was up to an N last time I saw her..."

Heather groaned, burying her face in her hands. “An N? are you fucking kidding me? How is it that some girls have all the luck!”

“She’s not that lucky,” said Alice, who was beginning to remember how boob-obsessed Heather had been at their last meeting. “N cup is a little ridiculous, don’t you think?”

“I’m not asking for an N,” sighed Heather, “I’d be happy with a C.” The chunky redhead self-consciously crossed her arms across her chest. “Instead I’ve stored all my calories in my backside, so I look like a mac truck from the back.”

“Oh don’t say that, Heather, I think it looks really good on you! Besides, if you think you’re a little, uh, too bottom heavy, you should meet my friend Jen.”

“Oh yeah, the cheerleader with the fat ass, I remember you mentioned her.”

“Well, uh, her ass has kind of gotten a lot...fatter since then. It’s gotten really huge. I don’t know how big she is, cuz I guess it’s not like measuring boobs... I don’t think they make cup sizes for butts, do they? But anyway, she’s so wide that she would probably fill up that whole bench. But the thing is, Jen doesn’t mind at all. She loves it! She thinks that the more bootilicious she gets, the better she looks. You should see how she carries herself! She’s just got the most amazing confidence about her size. I wish I could be that confident about the way that I look, but the point is that Jen has a badonk at least twice as big as yours, and she looks great. So you shouldn’t feel like your butt makes you less attractive. Besides, didn’t you say that Justin likes it?”

“Yeah, he can’t get enough of it,” admitted Heather, “The poor boy can’t keep his hands off it when we’re together. I swear, when we’re out in public, I have to keep slapping his hands away or he would just be squeezing it constantly.”

“You see?” Alice beamed. “I don’t know why you’re so worried about boobs; you’ve got exactly what you need.”

“Heh.” Heather smiled wanly. “I guess so.”

Even so, Heather couldn’t help staring when Alice suddenly noticed the crust of toast that had fallen in her cleavage and reached to fish it out with one pudgy hand. If that was me, that crust would just have fallen through to the floor, thought Heather enviously. Unconsciously, she continuously tugged at the straps of her modest brassiere and reached under to adjust her breasts as the two girls ate. Also, unconsciously, Heather found that she was soon matching Alice almost bite for bite. True, Heather had for a long time been purposely eating to gain in hopes that it would help elevate her bustline, but she’d finally given up on that and returned to normal eating patterns. Watching Alice obliviously stuff her face was rekindling all those old urges to eat, though. How many of those empty calories would end up stored in Alice’s

ballooning boobs? Too many, thought Heather bitterly as she hacked at a syrup-soaked waffle on her plate and shoved it into her mouth. In reality, most of Alice's weight went to her belly, bloating her up like a big round beach ball, but in Heather's mind every extra inch seemed to go right to her chest. Unlike poor Heather! The very idea incensed Heather even more, goading her to eat even faster. Very soon, the two girls had cleared their plates completely.

"Oh," said Alice sadly, staring at the empty plate. She looked across the room back to the buffet, silently wishing that she still had some food to eat. Alice felt too embarrassed to waddle back to the buffet line, though, knowing that her fat wobbling ass would be on display through the big rip in her pants.

"You want some more?" asked Heather, wiping her mouth on her napkin. She could see the hunger in Alice's eyes and, what's more, she was still feeling the same familiar needling feeling her own stomach. After a plateful of food, Heather's chubby tummy had popped out, sagging over the waistband of her jeans, but she still felt like she could fit a lot more down. "Why don't you stay here, Alice, so you don't moon the whole restaurant, and I'll get us some more plates."

"Oh would you? Thanks so much, Heather!" Alice smiled warmly, so happy that Heather knew instinctively what to do.

"No problem." Grunting, Heather placed her hands against the table and pushed herself to her feet. Alice watched as the pear-shaped redhead wobbled back to the buffet line to load two more plates full of food. Perhaps Heather wasn't sure what Alice really wanted, so she ended up getting a little or everything, or perhaps she just thought that she should get Alice the same things that she got for herself. Either way, Heather returned with two plates groaning with treats.

"Oh Heather, you got too much," said Alice weakly, although the glazed look in her eyes said otherwise. Alice was, as always, a little shy about glutting herself completely in front of other people, but it didn't take long for the delicious smell of sweet buttery pancakes and fluffy scrambled eggs to send Alice into her familiar eating trance. Alice was quite simply addicted to food, in love with the sensation of filling her cavernous belly to its full capacity. As much as she told herself that she wanted to lose weight, she was powerless to resist any temptation put in front of her.

She had already finished half the plate without blinking when she realized that Heather was saying something to her.

"Hmm?"

"I said, have you heard anything from Amber lately?"

"Oh!" said Alice. Alice had not heard anything from their old bunkmate in almost half a

year. Back at fat camp, Alice and Heather had both been only mildly chubby, but Amber had been the true heavyweight. Amber's blimp-like girth had dwarfed every other girl in camp, and her unabashed love of both food and her own corpulence meant that she was also the only girl who had actually grown even fatter over the course of their incarceration. That was mainly due to the subtle sabotage of Amber's girlfriend Sally, who had been sneaking snacks into camp so that Amber wouldn't waste away. Not that there was ever any worry of that, Amber had weighed in excess of 500 pounds. What was more, Amber enjoyed her size and had been determined to keep getting bigger.

"No, I haven't heard anything," said Alice. "Have you? What is she up to?"

"Last I heard was she was still with Sally," said Heather through cheeks bulging with buttered toast. "And she'd kept gaining since the last time we saw her. No one knows how much she weighs now because they can't lift her onto a scale she's so big. And even if they could, I doubt they could find a scale that goes that high."

"Oh my! She's really grown that fat?"

"I heard that she's finally become immobile now, so there's nothing left for her to do but eat. And Sally's still feeding her. So I guess it's the life she wants."

"Not the life I'd want," said Alice quietly, but the thought didn't prevent her from slathering another slice of toast with cream cheese and jelly. Both Alice and Heather felt a nervous prickling at the back of their minds – was Amber's fate a grim portent of their own futures? If they kept eating like they were now, there was no way that they could avoid becoming so fat that they would eventually outgrow their surroundings. Heather had managed to restrain herself enough that she might not become a complete blimp, but Alice was pretty much beyond hope now. The rotund blonde was eating so much and gaining so fast that she would be lucky if she didn't need to be rolled home after this meal, let alone avoid a future of helpless obesity.

The idea was so depressing that it just made Alice shovel food into her eager mouth even faster, smearing her plump lips with jelly. By the end of the second plate, Alice was starting to feel bloated but she wasn't stuffed yet. She needed more. She nudged her clean platter towards Heather with a plaintive expression on her sweet round face.

"Heather? Could you get me a little more, please?"

"Sure," said Heather, breathing heavily. Heather was already feeling really full; she didn't have the same vast limits as Alice, so she had barely made it through her second plate. But Alice's influence was a like a drug and she felt herself falling into the same mindless eating as her flabby friend. Again, she pushed herself to her feet, tottering back to the line, her overloaded gut bouncing in time with her tubby rump. On her return, Alice's eyes were fastened so firmly to the new gut-busting array of treats balanced on the two plates that she didn't notice

that Heather's pudgy tummy had actually popped open the snap on her jeans as she walked. Luckily, Heather didn't notice either, so she was saved the embarrassment.

She plopped back down across from Alice, dropping Alice's third helping in front of her chunky companion without a word. Alice squealed in delight, clapping her chubby hands together and licking her plump lips before grabbing her fork and diving in. By now the conversation between the two gluttons had slowed to a standstill as each devoted their full attention to the meal between them. Alice was lost in the hedonistic thrill of gluttony; Heather was feeling the same heady rush, enough that she could ignore the urgent pain of her throbbing, overstuffed stomach. Munch munch munch, eat eat eat, the only sound from the two girls was now the steady smacking of lips and clinking of silver wear, interrupted only occasionally by a soft burp or an unconscious moan. Neither one was aware of how much they were eating or how many extra rolls of flab they would soon be seeing added around their midsections.

By the time they were done, neither girl was entirely sure of how much she had eaten. Had Heather returned to the buffet line for additional plates? There was no way to tell. Time was nothing but a blur as they gorged and the waitress had dutifully removed empty plates from the table with such diligence that they couldn't simply count the clean platters to gauge the number of trips. All they knew was that they were uncomfortably stuffed.

Heather looked down at herself in mild surprise, not used to eating so much in one sitting for a while. It wasn't a bad feeling; she remembered the familiar feeling of warmth and comfort that she used to get from an overfull belly back when she was consciously gaining. But she hadn't eaten this much in a while! She ran her hands over the rounded contours of her bulging middle, flushing slightly as her fingers brushed the lowered tab of her shorts zipper and she realized that she had been slightly exposed. Had her zipper been down when she stood up to go to the buffet line? She couldn't remember. Oh well, nothing to be done about that now. She gave it an experimental tug but the tab refused to budge. Oh well. She would have to just hold her purse in front of her crotch as she made her exit, hoping that no one guessed that she was trying to hide her open shorts and exposed panties as she made a (relatively) graceful exit.

Across the table, Alice was in agony. Her capacity was a lot higher than Heather, but she had also eaten a lot more. At some point during the feast, Heather had started to slow down but Alice never faltered. To her, nothing mattered more than filling her gargantuan gut until it was round and firm and all the bad feelings about her size had been silenced by the all-consuming satisfaction of satiety. Now she was finally full, for now. Her ample belly rolled out over the edge of the table, heaving in and out like a big pink beach ball as Alice gasped in pain. She was so full that she could barely breathe now, but at least she was finally satisfied.

"Wow," sighed Heather, "That was...quite a meal."

Alice nodded, still gasping.

"I think we...might have overdone it just a little," said Heather with a sheepish grin. She poked her own overloaded stomach, which grumbled angrily in response. Oof.

Alice nodded again. She was so stuffed that she barely had the strength to talk. If she inhaled enough air to form a word, she felt like she might explode all over the restaurant.

"You okay, Alice? I think you might have eaten even more than me..."

Alice nodded again, her double chin bouncing. "Maybe...just...a...little...hic!" Alice covered her mouth as a hiccup escaped. Ouch! The force of the hiccup made her entire gelatinous body quake and brought back painful reminders of that incident, not too long ago, when she had drunk so much soda that her hiccups almost made her inflate with carbonation. "But...you know...it's okay to indulge...occasionally."

"Hmm," said Heather. She held her tongue and didn't point out that, given Alice's girth, it was really obvious that this was far from an occasional indulgence. Alice looked like she might be bigger than Amber had been back at fat camp, and, if this meal was any indication, Alice would soon be waddling in Amber's heavy, plodding footsteps.

"Heather, I'm so glad... that I ran into you," said Alice, oblivious to Heather's worried thoughts. "I really just don't like to eat alone. Usually I wouldn't do something like this.." That was an obvious lie, Alice ate alone constantly if only because she never stopped eating. "But Tyler couldn't be with me today and I haven't had much chance to hang out with Jen and Laurie because they've been fighting."

"Oh really? What are they fighting about?"

"I don't know," said Alice, shrugging. In reality, Jen and Laurie had been fighting over their secret plan, with Jen finally reaching the point where she believed that the two schemers should confess it all to Alice. For almost a year, Laurie had been secretly fattening Alice, to the point that Alice was now steadily expanding like a float in the Macy's Thanksgiving parade, and Jen was finally sick of it. The bottom-heavy bimbo liked Alice too much to keep lying to her, but she was still afraid to defy Laurie. Alice knew nothing yet of this behind-the-scenes turmoil, instead assuming that Jen and Laurie had fallen out over some petty drama. "I really want to help them make up. I miss our sleepovers. But I don't know how to help!"

"That's a real shame," said Heather, "They sound like really good friends."

"Oh they're the best," said Alice, "They're so kind and caring. They're always helping me. Laurie, especially. She noticed that I was having a weight problem and, well, I mean she used to make fun of me, but she's really gotten a lot better. She's so nice now, she's always trying to help me lose weight."

Heather arched an eyebrow. It didn't look like Laurie's "help" was having much of an

effect at all on Alice's vast waistline.

"I think it's partly because Laurie has also started having a little bit of weight problem, too," continued Alice, "I mean, not a lot. She's just a little bit thick these days. And it's not bad for her, because she mostly just gets, um, voluptuous. But you know, I can tell she's a little worried about the future, so she's trying to stay slim. And she's helping me out."

Heather nodded but she was more interested in one particular detail.

"So this friend of yours, Laurie, you say she's got a little bit upstairs?"

"Oh yes, she's just enormous."

Heather smirked, tapping her fingers against the table thoughtfully.

"Do you know her secret?"

"Um. I dunno. Just good genetics, I think?"

Oh come on, Alice, there's got to be more to it than that. Does she take anything? Any hormones? Creams? Ointments? A special push-up bra, perhaps?"

"Oh no, I'm sure she's all natural," said Alice, remembering all the times that Laurie had paraded around in the nude, her behemoth breasts bouncing against her plush tummy. Those golden orbs were clearly all too real, from the way that gravity pulled them to the sides of her growing gut when she took off her bra, exposing their melon-heavy roundness topped with fat burgundy nipples. Nope, no doubt at all that she was all natural.

"Just how big are they?" asked Heather.

"Oh I wouldn't know," said Alice, getting slightly uncomfortable with this line of questioning. You'd have to ask her tailor."



# 35 Laurie, Jen & Alice

Laurie's tailor was thrilled to see the buxom queen bee waddle through the door.

"Laurie! I'm so happy to see you! How long has it been?" Abida couldn't hide a huge grin as she realized with silent glee that Laurie had grown substantially larger since their last meeting. Of course, she was fatter, there was no hiding how round Laurie was now. Laurie still tried to dress fashionable, but the skin-tight hip hugger jeans and snug polo shirt did nothing to hide the exaggerated curves of her plump behind, pudgy tummy, and thick thighs. Abida could see the stitches running down the sides of Laurie's pant legs literally gasping as they stretched to accommodate the rotund queen bee's every move. And the shirt didn't look like it was originally designed to be a belly shirt, but a thick slab of belly blubber was on display, pooching over Laurie's straining bling bling belt, because her large chest took up most of the slack in the material. And that chest! Nothing could stop it. The bigger Laurie got, the more massive her rack grew. Abida sometimes felt like Laurie might keep growing until her breasts were literally as big as planets, because they were already mammoth and they just keep going. Her shirt was so snug that Abida could see the outline of Laurie's bra through the fabric. She could tell this bra was also way too small, just by the way that those beautiful round boobies seemed to pop over the cups whenever Laurie made even the slightest movement.

"Hello, Abida," said Laurie haughtily, taking off her fashionable sunglasses and dropping them into her shoulder bag as she continued to look around the store dismissively. "I know it's been a while. I just came in because I need a new measuring." A smug, self-satisfied smile spread across Laurie's face, slow as molasses "I feel like I might have gone up a size."

Laurie smirked as she watched the effect her words had on Abida. The poor girl's knees nearly buckled beneath her, and for a second Laurie wondered if Abida might not just drop right to the floor. Instead, the petite Indian girl managed to regain her composure. Good. Right now the only thing that Laurie needed more than a new bra was an ego boost. Despite her ravishing new curves, Laurie was in a funk. A large part of it was just her argument with Jen. She hadn't expected it to last this long; she had thought that Jen would come crawling back within a few days, but that damn fatass bimbo seemed determined to see the whole thing through. Laurie still hadn't completely formulated the plan to win her back. At least she had Craig on her side so far. That was a start. She knew that she couldn't do anything too drastic. She couldn't risk losing Craig's support and, besides, she still genuinely cared about Jen and didn't want to do anything to hurt her. But the fact was that Jen was blimping at a ridiculous speed and Laurie was convinced that the only way to get her back on board with the plan would be to make Jen realize how fat she really was and how desperately she really needed to lose weight.

Jen's rejection had hurt Laurie deeply but there were other problems as well. Laurie's own weight was sky-rocketing almost as fast, to the point where she was having the same

problems as the other girls. Laurie was almost always horny these days, because her colossal hooters and giant gut made it hard for her to effectively pleasure herself. She had almost given up trying, now relying mostly on Frank's dick to stimulate her. Worse, her breasts were growing more and more sensitive and tender the bigger they got. Just wearing a bra was stimulating them enough to make her nipples rock-hard. In fact, just the thought of her breasts getting bigger and more sensitive made Laurie sooo very wet that she felt like she would slip out her chair everytime that she sat down. Oh and the eating, can't forget that. Laurie was also turned on just from the pain of a full belly and, considering that she was eating almost as constantly as Alice these days, she was always teetering on the brink of being uncomfortably stuffed.

So basically, Laurie was horny as fuck. And there was nothing she could do to relieve herself.

Still, Laurie always enjoyed spending time with Abida, just because Abida's worshipful attitude toward her billowing body always helped to make Laurie feel better about herself. And this arrogant bunny loved the attention!

"Up...up a size?" stammered Abida. The slender, small-chested girl looked positively waifish next to Laurie's enormity, and Laurie couldn't help but smirk as she watched the color drain from Abida's face. Abida was nearly beside herself with joy at the idea that there might be even more of Laurie than last time. Good. Laurie needed a pick-me-up after the shitty time that she'd been having and listening to Abida's gushing praise would fit the bill perfectly. "Well... we'll...measure you right away and...find out what you need."

"Yeah, I don't know, it just feels like my bra has been pinching me just a tad, you know, sweetie? I really think it's just too small to contain this load." Laurie raised her arms over her head and stretched, the languid movement intentionally causing her already unmistakable breasts to thrust out even further. Abida wasn't sure how they managed to stay inside Laurie's shirt let alone her bra.

Laurie made an exaggerated show of yawning and stretching again, smirking as she heard the stitching in her top make strained stretching noises. "Uh oh, you hear that Abida? It doesn't sound like this bra has much longer to last. You better hurry up and find me a better one, hmm, honey?" She waved her hands dismissively and Abida hopped into action.

"Just come into the back and let me help you out," said Abida, quickly ushering the buxom raven-haired hottie into the back room where the two girls would have a little more privacy. Oh my gawd she's so fucking hot, thought Abida, desperately trying to keep her cool as she watched Laurie waddle into the back room ahead of her. Even though Laurie had ballooned everywhere, to the point that her thighs and backside was almost twice as wide as they were a year ago, her giant breasts still outpaced the rest of her so much that they were clearly visible from the back, heavily swinging back and forth as she walked with her usual confident swagger.

Once in the backroom, Laurie struck a pose, purposely thrusting out her bulbous chest as she carefully studied her manicured nails in a calculated move to appear bored.

“Chop chop, sweetie, I don’t have all day, you know. I do have to have this measurement done soon, I’ve got a big date planned with my man. And it certainly wouldn’t do to show up in these old rags, hmm?” Laurie motioned at her chest.

“Sure thing,” said Abida, licking her dry lips. Ugh, she thought, I can’t concentrate! I need to focus! Be cool, Abida. If you don’t yourself under control, you’re going to jump into that cleavage canyon and motorboat those whopping hooters.

A quick glance at Laurie’s smirking face confirmed that the pudgy pampered princess was enjoying Abida’s awkwardness. Well, maybe if Abida could distract Laurie, get her to stop making all those snide, haughty remarks, she might be easier to handle... And if Laurie was more pliable that would not only make the job easier, but it might also provide more opportunities to cop a feel...

No! thought Abida. We’re going to be professional about this!

“So Laurie,” began Abida, clearing her throat. “I’ll need you to remove your top so I can get an accurate measurement.”

“Ugh, what a bother,” said Laurie, rolling her eyes. She grabbed the hem of her polo shirt and struggled to pull it up over her head, releasing her mammoth mammaries to jiggle freely as they popped loose. Of course, they were still restrained – barely – in that monster bra, but Abida would soon get them out of there too.

“Ahem, and your bra too.”

Without hesitation, Laurie reached behind herself to try and undo the clasp. After a moment of grunting and huffing, it seemed like she might not be able to do it alone.

“Um, are you okay? Do you need help?”

“No!” snapped Laurie angrily. She turned on Abida, eyes flashing. “Why would I need help?”

Laurie was so fat that she could barely stretch enough to get her uselessly chubby arms behind her back. What’s more, the bra clasp was buried under rolls of soft, fleshy backfat, making it difficult to locate by feel alone.

“Well, sometimes girls with bigger chests do have trouble with getting the clasp off because their, uh, bustline exerts so much pressure on the underwire,” said Abida, thinking quickly.

“Oh. Yes. Yes, that does sound right. Well, don’t just stand there! Come help me!”

Abida dutifully popped the bra clasp open. Laurie’s billowing chest immediately blew the defeated bra across the room as soon as it was freed, each colossal tit spilling out to the side of her round paunch.

“Phew, now that feels a lot better,” said Laurie, “The girls do like to breathe.”

Abida blushed, desperately trying not to stare at Laurie’s exposed breasts, each enormous jug topped by a fat burgundy nipple, seeming to swell slightly with her every inhale.

“Laurie, before I get started measuring, maybe you’d like to make yourself comfortable? Sit down? Have a snack? I do keep some treats around here for special, valued customers. Have you ever had cookie pie? I know the guy at the cookie pie stand in the food court so I get a discount...”

Laurie snapped her fingers before Abida could finish her sentence. “Sweetie, that sounds just delightful, why don’t you bring me a slice right now, hmm?”

Abida did as she was bid.

“So how are you doing?” said Abida, when she returned with a generous slice of cookie pie. She just had to make a little bit of small talk, enough to keep Laurie happy and distracted until she could start shoveling cake in to her mouth. “How’re your friends...Jessica and Allison?”

“Jen and Alice,” corrected Laurie, but the icy tone of her voice immediately alerted Abida that she’d picked the wrong subject to ask about. Laurie grabbed the plate and attacked the pie with gusto, but she was angry enough about Jen that she wasn’t above speaking with her mouth full. “Alice is fine. I wouldn’t know about Jen.”

“Ohhh,” said Abida. She could feel herself starting to blush in embarrassment. Damn! Why was she always so nervous around Laurie? Well, that was a dumb question. She obviously knew the answer to that. Her eyes again strayed down to Laurie’s mammoth melons, two perfect orbs perched over a pudgy but not unattractive belly.

“Jen and I are not on speaking terms right now,” continued Laurie, becoming more steamed as she remembered the circumstances of their falling out. “Jen is being a bitch over... over some stuff.” Laurie stopped herself just short of blurting out the whole plan. Not that Abida would care. The poor girl was so obsessed with Laurie’s massive chest that she probably wasn’t even registering a single word of anything that Laurie said.

“That’s too bad,” said Abida. “I thought you two were really good friends. You’re always coming in here with her...”

“We are good friends,” snapped Laurie, her eyes narrowing. “We’re best friends! We’ve been BFF for years, every since we met in cheer camp back in middle school! See, I’ve always had to look out for Jen because she can’t survive on her own. Listen, just between you and me Abida, if Jen’s butts were brains, she’d be a genius. But as it is, that poor bimbo can barely even tie her shoelaces. She just can’t get by without me to do her thinking for her. But now she’s got this ridiculous notion into that empty head of hers that she can do things on her own. She thinks that she knows better than me! Tell me, Abida, you’ve met Jen. You know she’s not a smart girl, right?”

Abida nodded dumbly. “She did seem a little....ditzzy.”

Laurie nodded enthusiastically. Finally! Here was someone who understood. “Exactly! See, Jen is a total ditz! Abida, you understand that I love Jen like a sister. I just want what’s best for her. You don’t think a girl like that could know what’s best for herself, do you?”

“No, I don’t,” agreed Abida. While Abida didn’t like to see Laurie agitated, she couldn’t help but enjoy the way that Laurie’s bountiful bosom bobbed and bounced as she gestured. It was quite a show!

“For example, do you know how much weight Jen has gained in the last few months? It’s just ridiculous! She got it into her head that she wanted to win some stupid pie-eating contest at the fair and, well, she just went hogwild. It’s like she didn’t care what consequences it would have, she just started stuffing her face for “practice.”” Laurie raised her hands to make air quotes when she said the word “practice.” “But even now that the contest is over, she just got so used to eating with abandon, that she doesn’t even seem to realize how much she’s still eating! And what’s worse is that she doesn’t seem to care! Do you think I want to see my best friend just blow up like a balloon with no concern about her appearance? Not to mention how embarrassing it is for the team! I am team captain, after all, I need to make sure my squad stays fit and in shape for the next game or we’re going to look like fools when we try to cheer!”

Abida had no clue how Laurie herself could lead a cheer at her current size. Laurie looked like she might be able to do half a cartwheel at best before she either collapsed from exhaustion or simple smacked herself in the face with her own titanic tits. In fact, Laurie looked like she was getting a little winded just talking.

“Laurie, why don’t you sit down and relax a little? You don’t want to get yourself all stressed out!” Abida gestured toward the divan in the corner, hoping that Laurie wouldn’t pick up that she was trying to prevent the obese over-excited cheerblimp from passing out.

“Oh yes, I will,” said Laurie, gingerly plopping her plush bottom onto the couch with a loud grunt. “It has been a most exhausting morning. You know the escalator is broken? I had to walk all the way up to the second floor! That is unacceptable! I am definitely going to be writing an angry letter to mall management.”

Not too many other customers were so completely out of shape to be left winded and panting by a single flight of stairs, but Laurie's enormous size and poor eating habits had turned her into a flabby fatty. She still liked to think of herself as a fit, if thicker, cheerleading powerhouse, but she had spent so many months now sitting on the bench, content to mock her fellow cheerleaders for all their imagined flaws, that she herself had ballooned into the epitome of a fat, lazy, helpless cow.

"What's in the bag?" asked Abida as Laurie dropped her shoulder satchel on the seat next to her. Abida was eager to get Laurie talking about something less aggravating. "Did you do some fun shopping?"

"I just got some...necessities," said Laurie, stiffening slightly. In reality, she had only bought one item: a bathroom scale. After her experience at the gym recently, Laurie had realized that her own bathroom scale couldn't be giving her accurate numbers. She refused to admit the possibility that her own heftiness was what had damaged the scale, but, in any case, it was obvious that she needed to buy a replacement if she wanted to keep accurate tabs on her ever-rising weight.

"Oh, Laurie, what's that, a scale?" said Abida, tilting her head slightly to see into the bag. "What do you need that for?"

"None of your concern, sweetie, bring me more cake."

Abida nodded obediently and hurried to cut Laurie a second slice of cookie pie.

"Jen wouldn't know anything about just buying necessities," continued Laurie, "She's always buying waaay too much food. No wonder she's gotten so fat. You know the first time that I met her, at cheer camp, I had to save her from some bullies who were making fun of her fat ass? That ass of hers has always been nothing but trouble, so you would think that Jen would be making more of an effort to reduce it. But no, instead she just lets it keep getting bigger and bigger and bigger. You would almost think she was proud of being such a wide load! Ah, that's better, thank you, sweetie."

A subtle approving smile crossed Laurie's face as Abida handed her a plate with a second slice of cookie pie. Even after all that she'd been through, Laurie's new concern about her bulging waistline wasn't strong enough to keep her from gorging on sweets whenever they were put in front of her.

"I hope you guys are able to make up soon," said Abida, "It sounds like you care about her very much."

"I do," said Laurie, starting to feel a little uncomfortable with this line of conversation. What business was Laurie's relationship with Jen to Abida? Of course, Laurie cared deeply

about her friend! She wouldn't be formulating an entirely new Machiavellian plan to save Jen from herself if she didn't care about Jen!

Laurie ignored the smaller girl hovering around her, instead focusing her attention on the rapidly disappearing slice of pie. Heavenly! Laurie could already feel the familiar tingle of sexual desire creeping up from her nethers as she filled her belly. Gawd, if only Frank was here... Was it getting hot in here or was it just her? But no, here she was, out in public and horny as all hell, and what could she do about it? Absolutely nothing! Maybe if Laurie stopped eating, stopped indulging this decadent vice that both added inches to her waistline and stimulated her so sexually, then she wouldn't be on the verge of an orgasm in front of Abida. But Laurie's hedonism was too strong, and she wasn't about to give up either food or sex simply for the sake of public propriety. She continued to eat, daintily slicing the rich, gooey pie with her fork before bringing each tiny bite to her mouth, closing her eyes and popping it in with a faint, barely contained murmur of satisfaction, before sliding the clean fork out from between her plump red lips with a practiced sultry flair.

Abida couldn't help but stare, so mesmerized by the sight that she nearly dropped her tape measure. Laurie could even make eating dessert look drop-dead sexy. And that was no accident. Laurie was well aware of the effect that she was having on her admirer. The only thing more bloated than Laurie's ballooning breasts and cake-filled belly was her ego, and Abida's worshipful attitude was making the pampered princess nearly swell with pride. If Laurie's size was proportional to her ego, she would have been the size of a small moon – or possibly even bigger. Abida was flitting around Laurie, catering to her gluttonous whims and looking for all the world like a small cleaner bird flitting around a huge and lazy hippopotamus lazing on the banks of the Nile.

"Laurie, you definitely need to go up another cup size. Oh my goodness, I can't believe it!" Abida could barely keep herself from squealing. Laurie's bosom was simply unreal.

"How big are the girls now?" asked Laurie, chewing another mouthful of soft, gooey cookie pie. Her pussy was already throbbing in anticipation of the news.

"Laurie, it looks like you need an O cup."

"Oh!" cried Laurie in surprise. She knew that she must be bigger but the news was still so exciting that Laurie felt like she might just lose control of herself. In fact, Laurie had so much pent-up sexual energy from a week of not being able to masturbate that just the news was enough to let it all out – and explode into orgasm.

"Oh!" cried Laurie again, this time not so much in surprise as pleasure. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" She clenched her teeth, curled her toes and cried out, completely forgetting that she wasn't alone in the room. As Laurie's orgasm subsided, she was left gasping and panting, her now O-cup bosom heaving and sloshing like two pontoons on a stormy sea.

“Oh my, isn’t that exciting,” said Laurie, fanning herself with her hand. She wasn’t sure if Abida had figured out why she had suddenly begun acting so strangely, but, if Abida had caught on, she was too discrete to let on. Abida continued to act as professional as ever – or rather, as professional as she could considering that the hefty heavenly honey with whom she was obsessed was standing, half naked, giant melon-heavy hooters exposed in front of her.

“I wonder how much they weigh,” mused Abida out loud. She smirked to herself. She could tell by Laurie’s expression that, suddenly, Laurie was wondering the same thing. Did she know? Had she ever known? Her breasts must weigh at least ten pounds a piece! Abida was pleased at her own cleverness, it looked like she had firmly planted the question in Laurie’s mind.

“How much they weight,” repeated a flushed and sweating Laurie, still gazing down at her own monumental knockers, tits so vast that they seemed to stretch out forever to the horizon. She still couldn’t quite believe that she was that big. An O cup bra! Was that even possible? Did they even make bras that big? She was still growing at an alarming rate. If this kept up, she would eventually outgrow the entire alphabet. How much longer until she had the biggest tits in town? The state? The planet? Laurie felt woozy at the prospect of having the biggest boobs in history. But that was ridiculous. Right? Looking at herself now, it didn’t seem so absurd. She might actually be in the running!

“Abida, darling, could you pull out that scale,” said Laurie haughtily. Abida was way ahead of her, already rummaging through Laurie’s shopping bag to find her new bathroom scale. The smaller Indian girl plopped it down on the table in front of Laurie.

“Here, Laurie, let me help you,” said Abida smoothly. “It might be hard for you to reach.”

“I can reach just fine,” said Laurie, swatting away Abida’s busy hands as they neared her luscious rounded orbs. Laurie nearly laughed when Abida couldn’t hide her disappointed expression. She liked to play keep-away because it encouraged Abida to be even more accommodating. “Hmmm, before we go any further, Abida, do you have any more of that cookie pie?”

There were still a few slivers yet, so Abida dutifully cut another and lifted it up to Laurie, who took it with a sly smirk. “Thank you, sweetie.”

“Oh, but Laurie, you can’t touch yourself while you’re eating pie!” said Abida, almost tripping over her own works as she realized it sounded like she just made a dirty pun. “You’ll get chocolate all over your...uh...front. You better let me take charge!”

Laurie looked down at herself again, her cheeks bulging with cookie pie, chocolate dribbling from her lips. Alright, Abida might actually be right on that front. Okay, maybe she could let Abida have a little thrill just this once. At the very least it meant that Laurie could keep eating this delicious pie without too much interruption! Laurie nodded silently, still chewing.



Abida felt like she was about to faint. With trembling fingers she reached over to take hold of Laurie's left breast. Laurie's hooters were bigger than mature watermelons, pumped full to bursting with sweet juice, so Abida needed both hands just to handle one monster whopper. And god it was so heavy! Abida nearly grunted out loud as she struggled to lift one fat tit onto the scale, letting it fall heavily with a loud splut.

The scale spun wildly. Laurie leaned over to see over her own chest and the dial spun even more.

"Uhhh, Laurie, when you move, it makes the dial move," said Abida, "Actually, it's really hard to get an accurate reading this way."

"Dammit, I want to know," said Laurie crossly.

"Maybe we could figure it out more accurately if we just weighed you," said Abida, "Then I could support the weight of your chest and see how that changes the figure? With a little math, we could totally find your boob weight."

"Do it," huffed Laurie simply. She was so eager to know the heft of her mighty mammores that she didn't stop to think that she would also be revealing her full weight as well. She stood up again, motioning for Abida to put the scale on the floor. Abida dropped it to the ground and Laurie wobbled unsteadily, feeling for the scale with toes once it disappeared from her sight under her belly and tits. When she found it, she stood on it gingerly and listened to the dial spinning, still chewing on the last of her cookie pie. Finally, the dial stopped spinning, but it continued to quiver as if it wasn't quite sure.

"326," said Abida to herself. Wow.

"What was that, sweetie?"

"Nothing!"

"Hurry up," said Laurie, "My breasts aren't going to weigh themselves." She swallowed the last bite of cookie pie. The quivering pointer gave up and popped up to 327. WOW.

Knowing that Laurie would probably pitch a fit if Abida made any comments about her weight that didn't revolve around her tits, she chose not to relay this information. Instead she got to work.

"I'll – ahem – just lift your breast here," said Abida, again sliding her hands between Laurie's massive left breast and belly and slowly raising them up, until she looked like a waitress presenting a boob on a platter. Gawd, this thing was heavy! She could feel the weight straining her wrists, so she quickly looked down at the new number on the scale before letting the boob

fall against Laurie's gut with a slap.

"So?" said Laurie, arching an eyebrow as she sucked a last bit of chocolate off her fingers.

"Your breast weighs 30 pounds," said Abida, quickly doing the math in her head. "So together, both of them must weight about 60 pounds."

"Holy shit," said Laurie, forgetting herself and actually showing some emotion. Laurie's eyes were wide with surprise; even she hadn't expected a number THAT high! But then Abida saw something she rarely saw. Laurie's mouth curved upwards into a smile. Not a sly conniving smile for once, but a genuine smile of joy.

"I think I need some more of that cookie pie to celebrate this," said Laurie, "Would you be a sweetie and hand me another slice?" She batted her eyelashes shamelessly, hardly caring whether Abida knew she was manipulating her. She was awash in afterglow and filling her belly until it stuck out even rounder and fuller would help to sustain that post-orgasmic high.

"Absolutely!" chirped Abida. Abida could tell Laurie's game, but she didn't really care. As long as it meant that she got to spend more time with this beautiful, bountiful babe. As she sank the knife into the remaining cookie pie, she imagined the gooey, chocolaty confection's calories melting into new soft, squishy fat adding to Laurie's explosive curves – more inches to her womanly hips, her voluptuous middle, and, most importantly, her massive tits. It was a delightful dream.

Abida was glad to do her own small part to help push Laurie along to greater heights of sexiness. She couldn't wait to see how Laurie looked in another month, another year. It seemed like there was no end to Laurie's appetite and her potential for growth was limitless. How exciting!

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"Like, oh my Gawd, Craig, what's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you, Jen? You've changed?"

Jen stared at her boyfriend in shock. She'd changed? What was he talking about? Okay, sure, Jen knew that she had changed a little, in that she was bigger now. Jen's acceptance of her ballooning physique meant that she no longer put up even the token resistance to indulgence that her friends Alice and Laurie did. That meant that she was definitely blimping a lot faster these days, gaining weight like never before, to the point that she was forced to buy new clothes on an almost weekly basis. However, Jen was such an incorrigible clothes horse and mall rat that she didn't see having to buy new clothes as a negative. Sure, her selection choices were becoming more limited as she outgrew standard sizes and was

forced to rely more and more on spandex and stretch pants. And even the stretchiest of leggings had trouble pulling over her colossal hips and titanic tushie. Even now, Jen's spandex jeggings were barely up to the task, stretched so thin that they were nearly transparent, creaking and groaning as Jen waddled after her upset boyfriend, the hefty cheeks of her enormous rump wobbling like two volleyballs of gelatin. The jeggings were still blue down her legs, but stretched so tightly over her rear that anyone could easily see her plump, pink cheeks shining through the overloaded fabric.

"Like, what do you mean I've changed? I'm totally the same as always! Are you, like, oh my Gawd, are you saying that I'm fat? Is, like, that what this is about? Are you mad cuz I've like gained some weight?"

"No," said Craig sullenly. Fuck this shit, he thought angrily. Laurie had told him to hold off on saying anything to Jen until she put her plan into motion, but he couldn't hold his tongue any longer. This was getting ridiculous! He couldn't put up with Jen's oblivious attitude any longer. He didn't care if he ruined Laurie's plan! Laurie was always scheming and plotting and Craig was sick of it all. He preferred a more direct confrontation.

"This has nothing to do with your weight," said Craig. "You know I loved you when you were smaller and I love you now that you're bigger. And you know I love your curves."

In response to the word "curves", Jen giggled and shimmied slightly as if to subconsciously draw attention to her big butt, knowing that Craig couldn't resist it. But for once, the ploy didn't work. Craig wasn't distracted at all. Instead he remained focused on his tirade.

"But ever since you entered that stupid pie eating contest, all that you've cared about is food," said Craig, "It's like you've become addicted. All you do is eat all day. Whenever we're together, you just eat and eat and eat. It's all you talk about, it's all you think about."

"It totally is not!" protested Jen, stamping her foot in annoyance.

"It is! You've completely lost interest in our relationship. When was the last time we had sex?"

"Uhhhh...." Jen paused. When was the last time? She honestly couldn't remember. She remembered a few times when Craig had acted flirty recently, but, thinking back, she couldn't remember a single time that she'd taken him up on his insinuations. Everytime, she was too consumed with eating to follow through. What had happened to her? Was Craig right? Was she really so obsessed with stuffing her face now that she couldn't pull herself away from the dinner table long enough to spend special time with her man?

Wait, there was that one time...back when she was still practicing for the big contest, when she had let Craig fuck her while she shoved her face into a cake. But, even then, she had been so busy eating that she hadn't even reacted to anything that Craig did while they had sex.

All she could think about was that delicious cake in front of her. How was that possible? Craig was pounding away at her pussy like a jackhammer and still she was too busy eating like a pig to even notice. That was insane! Maybe Craig was right. Maybe she had lost sight of what was really important.

“That’s not all, Jen. Your eating habits have gotten so bad that it’s worrying. I mean, it’s one thing to eat a lot, but now all you’re eating is junk food! And...okay, there’s no way to sugar coat this... it’s making you really gassy.”

“What?” Jen blinked her big, cow-like eyes in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, it’s making you fart. A lot. Constantly.”

“Like, no way!” protested Jen. But her own body betrayed her as her gas-filled belly began to gurgle urgently, signaling that it needed to release some fumes. Jen was too upset by Craig’s words to even think about holding it in, and a loud, baritone fart ripped from her giant butt. With nothing to support her fat cheeks other than the thin stretch fabric, her flabby booty was sent into a wild cascade of ripples and waves, so violent that it looked like it might simply burst out of its spandex confines. The thick flesh of her rotund rear made the sound reverberate loudly.

“Um,” said Jen, turning a bright red. The bottom-heavy bimbo was at a loss for words. How could she defend herself?

“See what I mean?” said Craig, “It’s crazy! I can’t keep watching this happen. Jen, I didn’t want to say this, but I have to give you an ultimatum: it’s either me or the junk food.”

Jen gasped. “Like, you want me to give up junk food? That’s too mean!”

“I’m not even talking about all junk food,” said Craig. “Just, you know, eat some vegetables now and then. And start thinking with your head instead of your stomach.”

Jen stared.

“Er, scratch that,” said Craig, remembering that his girlfriend wasn’t exactly a deep thinker.

Jen scratched her head, a vacant expression on her face.

Craig sighed. He hated having to say these things to Jen. Jen was a sweet girl who didn’t have a mean bone in her body. At least, not when she was on her own. It was only when she was under Laurie’s influence that Jen seemed to transform into a stereotypical mean girl.

“I’m, like, sorry I fart so much,” said Jen sheepishly, scratching her bottom. “I don’t know

why that happens, but, like, I guess I've been getting pretty gassy lately. I dunno why that is, but it gets really bad. Like, it makes me feel like a big gas bag and I totally have to let it out or I'll get, like, really bad stomach cramps!"

"Well," said Craig slowly, "What have you been eating today?"

"Um, nothing too much. I just had an omelette and waffles for breakfast. Oh with chocolate syrup. Then I had a few chocolate bars for dessert."

"You had dessert after breakfast?"

"Yeah, and then I had some nachos after that, cuz I got this really bad craving so I had to buy an extra jar of that melty cheese stuff cuz we only had half a jar left but I like a lot of cheese, so I got some extra. And then I had some leftover pie that my Mom made the other day, I had to finish that up, but like I just had two slices. And then for lunch..."

"So this is all before lunch?"

"Yeah, duh. So then I had a tuna melt for lunch with some potato chips. And then I liked the chips so much that I had to finish the bag and start on that bag of tortilla chips. And then I had some chocolate chip cookies. And some Oreos too, I love Oreos. And a Greek yogurt, cuz those are really healthy, so it's good for you."

"Jen, stop."

"And then I had an ice cream float to go with that, cuz I saw we had some ice cream in the freezer and, like, I needed to use it up before it got freezer burned," continued Jen, licking her lips at the memory. Craig could see that Jen was beginning to get excited at the long list of delicious foods, her eyes glazing over as she lost herself in the memory.

"Jen, stop it! You're doing it again!"

"Mint chocolate chip," said Jen dreamily, "and strawberry cheesecake flavor. Yum! I think we still have some leftover, hey, do you think I could get some –"

"Jen!"

"Huh? What?"

"You're doing it again! You're getting so distracted by food that you're forgetting what we're talking about!"

"I totally know what we were talking about," said Jen, huffing. "We were talking about... uh...ice cream?"

“We were talking about how your awful diet is making you fart up a storm,” said Craig bluntly. “And how you’re obsessing over food to the exclusion of all else.”

“Oh,” said Jen, “Um, I guess that might be a problem. But I don’t want to lose you, Craig!”

“Well, you’re not going to lose me,” said Craig, “At least, not if you can think about something other than food once in a while.”

“I’ll totally think of other things!” chirped Jen, brightening up. That conversation had become heavy fast! But it had finally penetrated Jen’s thick skull and now she knew: she needed to clean up her act! If she wanted her relationship to last, she was going to have to start getting her priorities straight. She’d need to stop eating so much and, more importantly, stop thinking about food so much. That might be a little bit harder... But Jen was willing to try! Anything if it meant that Craig would be happy with her.

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“Did you get the keys, Alice?”

“Yes, Laurie.” Alice held up Jen’s car keys for Laurie to see. Yes, those were definitely Jen’s. Who else would have that many pink fuzzy bangles on her car keys?

“Perfect,” smiled Laurie as she took them from Alice’s hand.

“What are you going to do with them?” asked Alice.

“Nothing you need to worry about,” said Laurie, popping the keys into the convenient carrying case created by her cavernous cleavage. “Let’s just say that I’ve got a way to convince Jen that she needs to change her lifestyle.”

“It’s not going to hurt her, is it?” asked Alice with a worried twinge in her voice.

“Of course not, don’t be absurd, Alice. You know that Jen is my best friend in the world besides you. And you know I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you, right?”

Alice smiled. Her smile emphasized Alice’s increasingly chubby cheeks and thick double chin. For a split second, Laurie felt a stab of guilt. In reality, of course, she WAS trying to hurt Alice. Well, no, she wasn’t really trying to hurt her. This was just a little harmless plumping, right? She just needed Alice to be just ever so slightly heavier than she was, just so that she looked slim in comparison. It was a wholly innocent operation, really, because Alice

was already pretty hefty, so, really, what was Laurie doing other than encouraging Alice's natural inclination? What was so wrong about that? Nothing, right? It wasn't Laurie's fault that Alice had taken to gluttony like a pig to slop and had blimped to incredible levels of obesity. Laurie hadn't originally planned on that. But as Laurie also succumbed to her innate greed, swelling up like an overstuffed butterball Thanksgiving turkey herself, she had to keep increasing Alice's feedings, just to make sure that the rotund blonde always stayed just a couple pounds heavier than her companions.

But Jen's size... that was another thing altogether. Laurie found Jen's extreme weight gain almost as shocking as Jen's recent descent into slovenly apathy. But Laurie could have easily tolerated Jen's inflation if Jen had just continued to toe the line. She really did not like the way that Jen had stood up to her.

She was determined to put a stop to that and soon.

"So what are you going to do?" prodded Alice, still curious.

Laurie sighed. "Well, first, I'm going to get a copy made of these keys. Then I'm going to have you slip these back into Jen's pockets before she even notices that they're gone. Do you think you can do that for me, sweetie?"

"Uh...sure, I guess so." Alice looked nervous. She was already uncomfortable with all this subterfuge, but she consoled herself by thinking that returning Jen's keys wasn't technically doing anything wrong. If anything, that was righting a wrong! She was returning "borrowed" property, right?

"Oh my gawd, Alice, where did you find these? I've totally been looking all over for them! I totally thought that I'd gone, like, crazy?"

"Heh, I dunno, I guess they must have fallen into my bag last week at our sleepover," said Alice. Okay, that was a big fat lie. Alice was ashamed to tell it, but it seemed like the easiest way to explain why she suddenly had Jen's missing car keys in her possession. In any event, Jen totally swallowed the lie, so no harm no foul. Alice was just glad that this whole ordeal was over!

It had been a week since the last time that Alice had seen Jen, but something was different about her fat-bottomed friend. Alice couldn't quite tell what. She seemed...livelier, somehow, more excitable.

"Jen, you're acting kind of different tonight," said Alice. "Did something happen?"

"Something totally did! I totally had a talk with Craig this week and he said that I'd been totally acting like a pig and totally ignoring him like a bitch. I was all, no way! But then I thought

about it and oh my gawd he was kinda right. He said that I was, like, so obsessed with eating that I wasn't paying any attention to his needs."

"Oh," said Alice. That sounded pretty harsh! Once again, the two girls were alone, having their weekly Laurie-free sleepover. Sitting next to each other, the two girls looked like a pair of bowling balls. If anything, being away from Laurie had made them both gain faster – Alice because she was stuffing herself to the brim twice a week at two sleepovers and Jen because no one was around to discourage her wanton binging with snarky commentary. Alice wore her T-shirt and sweatpants, both stretched tightly over the ample curves of her round, apple-shaped body, the hem shirt failing to reach over the waistband of her pants, so her thick, blubbery gut spilled out. Jen didn't even bother with pants, instead just wearing knickers and a short nightshirt that came down to her midriff. "So what did you say to that?"

"I totally told him that I am going to change," said Jen proudly, lifting a slice of pizza to her lips. "I am going to make sure that from now on I am going to do a lot more than just eat."

"Are you...are you going to lose weight?" asked Alice. On the one hand, the prospect secretly horrified her. She had slowly come to accept her burgeoning size in large part because she saw Laurie and Jen as two fellow fat girls. If Jen actually started reducing, she felt like it would almost be an indictment of Alice's unrestrained gluttony.

"Ummm I dunno about that," said Jen, stroking her tree-trunk-like thigh thoughtfully. "That sounds like an awful lot of hard work. I'm thinking more like, I'm gonna make sure to give him a BJ every now and then. I think poor Craig just missed those an awful lot. Oh and I'm gonna try to fart less."

"What?"

"Craig said that I was totally getting all farty and bloated. But I figure I can keep eating what I like as long as I throw in some vegetables as well, right? So that will help with that, right? Like this pizza, right? That counts as a vegetable; it has tomato sauce."

Alice was pretty skeptical about Jen's claims, especially since she'd read that plant products actually made you fart more, but she didn't want to discourage Jen from trying to eat better. Maybe seeing Jen improve her eating habits would help Alice build up the willpower to do the same.

Unlikely!

"So what about Laurie? Are you guys going to make up?"

"As if! Laurie's still being a total bitch and I totally don't need her for anything!"

Alice wasn't so sure of that. She knew that Laurie was hard at work on something that



would convince Jen that she very much needed Laurie in her life. But what?

The two girls continued to laugh and eat, laugh and eat, having fun and talking into the evening. But when it came time to sleep, Alice found herself, once again, drifting into troubled dreams....

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Where am I? thought Alice. The last time that she remembered waking up in unfamiliar surroundings...what was that? Oh right, that was that dream where she was strapped to a chair and force-fed by a mad scientist who looked suspiciously like Laurie.

This time, though, Alice saw that she was on a bucolic farm and there wasn't any scientist in sight. In fact, Alice seemed to be sitting inside a muddy, fenced-off area. Even stranger was that she was dressed in a pink spandex top and yoga pants, stretched to their limits around her vast bulk.

"What's going on here?" she said to herself. But her curiosity quickly faded when she smelled a familiar smell: donuts! Alice sniffed the air. Where was it coming from?

"I really need to figure out where I am," Alice told herself as she unsteadily got to her feet. Absently, she brushed some of the mud off her thick legs and lower belly, but her feet seemed to be automatically carrying her toward that smell. It was kind of hard for her to think about anything else.

In one corner of the pen, Alice discovered what looked like an old pig trough. So that's what she smelled: there were a few stale, half-eaten jelly donuts.

Alice picked up a maple frosted donut and sniffed it. How long had it been out? Well, probably not that long. She took a big bite, her cheeks bulging, and then another and the donut was gone. The rest followed in short order and soon all the few remaining donuts had disappeared into Alice's bulging tummy.

Alice smacked her lips and sucked the sugar off her pudgy fingers. "I needed a snack to help me think anyway," she rationalized. "But this still doesn't help me..."

"Looks like our piggy needs a refill!"

Was that Laurie's voice? Alice rubbed her eyes. She saw two big girls waddling towards her. They were definitely Jen and Laurie, but she'd never seen them dressed like that before! Both girls were usually so stylish but now they looked like hillbillies!

Laurie was wearing daisy duke-style cut-off denim shorts cut so high that you could see

her entire thighs, cinched by a snug belt cutting into her muffintop adorned by a gaudy belt buckle in the shape of the state of Texas. Her plaid flannel shirt somehow managed to button over her vast bosom – barely – but she had tied the shirt into a knot under her bust, leaving her pudgy belly bare. Strangest of all Laurie had tied her normally long hair into two pigtail braids.

Jen looked even odder, dressed only in cutoff overalls over red cotton long johns and carrying a large burlap sack slung over her shoulder. Jen's bottom was so wide and fat, though, that the overalls had trouble covering all of her. The straps barely fastened over her shoulders and when she walked, the back seam of the garment kept riding up her rear, forcing her to constantly stop to pull a tight wedgie out of her enormous butt crack.

Laurie hauled herself over the fence and plopped down in the mud next to Alice. The buxom beauty pulled up the hem of Alice's shirt and jiggled her flabby gut.

"Looks like our piggy is coming along real nice," she said, "At this rate, she'll be the fattest pig at the state fair."

Jen whistled. "Totally, Laurie! Look at all that lard!"

"Fattest pig at the state fair? No, no, I don't want to be a fat pig!" said Alice, grabbing her shirt away from Laurie and pulling it down over her fat belly.

"Hey piggy, you hungry?" asked Laurie, grinning widely. "We brought you a special treat."

Laurie motioned to Jen, who upturned a sack of donuts and pastries into the trough.

"Mmm, more donuts!" said Alice, licking her lips. She lurched to her feet and waddled back over to the trough, her entire body jiggling madly. Alice inhaled deeply. They smelled heavenly!

"Eat up, piggy," said Laurie, "You do want to be nice and fat for the judges, don't you?"

Alice shoved her face into the trough, chomping and snuffling like the fat hog she was. Laurie and Jen both laughed at the sight: Alice, her head shoved into the trough, her wide ass pointed up in the air.

"These... are... so... good!" mumbled Alice, wheezing as she ate. Phew, she wiped her forehead with her arm, eating was hard work! She was used to being easily winded, but she didn't remember ever getting puffed just from chewing. Was she really that out of shape? And where was she again?

"Laurie (chomp) Jen, what's (gulp) going on here? Why are you (munch) dressed like that?"

“What’s that, piggy?” said Laurie, “I can’t understand you when your mouth is full like that.”

Alice swallowed. “Why are you dressed like that, Laurie?”

“Why, shouldn’t a farm girl dress the part? You know me, always dressed to impress. She rubbed Alice’s plump tummy again, cooing. “But you’re the star attraction today, piggy. Look at this big piggy tummy! All those yummy treats are going somewhere, hmm? We’ve been doing our best to fatten up our pudgy little piggy and now look at you! You’re turning into a megaton hog!”

“But I don’t want to be a hog!” squealed Alice, her hand already moving toward the trough to grab another Danish. “Please, stop! I shouldn’t be eating all these treats! I’m already way too fat and I don’t know what’ll happen if I keep getting fatter.” Even as she spoke, the tubby teen shoved the Danish into her mouth, oblivious to the irony. Jen and Laurie may have been supplying her with fattening, high-calorie pig food, but Alice was the only one forcing herself to eat.

“If you don’t want to be a piggy, then you better quit while you’re ahead,” taunted Laurie. “But otherwise, eat up. There’s no reason to stop now, is there, piggy?”

“Totally,” agreed Jen, “Like, I always say, if you like to eat, eat! Why should you, like, stop?”

Why stop? Why stop? The question echoed in Alice’s mind. That’s...that’s right. Why should she stop? There were probably reasons... the fact that it was getting harder for her to get about, that she was constantly winded, that people stared at her as she waddled around school, that she was a huge fat, lard-filled porker.... None of those things mattered anymore, not compared to the all-consuming ecstasy of eating. All she wanted to do was gorge herself on these sweet treats. She couldn’t resist!

Alice placed her hands at the edge of the trough. Licking her lips, she took a deep breath and plunged her face into the pile of sweets, gobbling and gulping like a greedy animal.

“That’s the spirit, piggy,” said Laurie, patting Alice’s wide back. “Give in. Don’t resist. Eat. Make sure to keep that chubby little tummy full. Don’t worry, we’ll have you all filled up in no time.”

Alice grunted. What was she to do? She couldn’t stop herself. She didn’t have the willpower.

But what could she do? Now that she looked like a pig, she might as well eat like one. There was no reason to restrain herself now. And so she ate. And ate. And ate. Days blurred

into weeks, weeks blurred into months, it was one long feast. Alice's trough was never empty and nothing else mattered. She descended into gluttony as never before, eating to her heart's content. For Alice, there was nothing left but to eat and sleep, eat and sleep, growing fatter and rounder all the while.

But the more she ate, the more piggy she became. Her ears became pointed. Her cute little nose became snubbier, like a pig snout. Her chubby hands and feet turned into trotters. And a cute little curly tail popped out of her backside, right above the waistband of her straining shorts. No longer just a greedy girl, Alice had turned into a greedy piggy girl.

Alice was only roused from her eating stupor by the sound of Laurie's voice and the sensation of rough hands shoving into her buttersoft blubber.

"What's going on?" mumbled Alice dumbly, her cheeks still full of cake. She shook her head to clear her thoughts and only then realized the extent of the damage. She was huge! Alice couldn't believe it, but she must weigh a ton! Her constant, mindless eating had blown her up into a true hog, her enormous sagging gut spilling so far in front of her that she couldn't see over it, hanging so low that her panties were completely hidden from sight. Looking down to see her pendulous belly and overfull breasts was difficult because her face had become so round and plump with fat chipmunk cheeks.

"Wake up, piggy, it's time for your big day! It's time for the fair!"

Alice was only dimly aware of what was happening, her mind too preoccupied with wondering when Jen and Laurie would refill her trough. She was awake and she wasn't eating... Alice felt confused and angry and scared. Why wasn't there any food for her to eat? She was so used to stuffing herself constantly around the clock that she could not longer even conceive of the idea of genuine hunger. All she knew was mindless gluttony, eating for the sake of eating, eating well beyond fullness into pain. It was only when this giant rotund hog slept that her poor, abused stomach finally got some respite, able to stop stretching and start digesting. Every night was harder and harder, though, as Alice ate more and more. Soon it would get to the point that Alice would wake up still full from her previous day's indulgence. But it was doubtful that even that would discourage her rampant, out-of-control munching.

"She ain't movin'," said Jen. Alice was far too fat and lazy to waddle anymore.

"Don't...wanna...go...anywhere," mumbled Alice, licking her lips to taste the remnants of last night's pastry feast. "Couldn't you just...bring the food here?"

"Not today, piggy," said Laurie, "Today is a special day. C'mon, Jen, if she can't walk, we'll just roll her."

The two fat farm girls heaved their shoulders into Alice, eventually succeeding in rolling the globular gainer into a crate. Alice lay, barely conscious, a fat immobile blob, as they

boarded up the crate. She barely responded as they used a crane to load her on a truck, and she certainly didn't do anything other than dream about her next meal over the entire ride. She only started to rouse from her stupor when Laurie busted open her crate and led her out into a saw-dust filled arena.

"Is...this...the fair?" asked Alice. "There are so many people here!" The stands were filled with spectators, hooting and hollering, as Laurie led Alice over to a livestock scale. Alice paused when she realized what was about to happen. They were going to weigh her! Oh no, she didn't want to know how much she weighed! She almost resisted, but she felt Jen's hands on her back, pushing her forward, as Laurie pulled her arm. Alice barely had the presence of mind to object anymore.

She couldn't help but hear the audience's comments, though...

"That's the fattest pig I've ever seen."

"Think of all the bacon they'll get from her!"

"I didn't know that pigs could get that fat. She'll win blue ribbon for sure!"

Laurie and Jen pushed Alice onto the scale. The audience exploded in applause, but Alice couldn't see the numbers over her own breasts and belly.

"How heavy am I?" she asked quietly, fearing to know the answer. But no one heard her, everyone was too busy shouting.

"I knew she was the biggest!"

"The scale must be wrong! There's no way she's THAT fat!"

"I demand a recount! They must be cheating! They must be using illegal hormones to grow fits that big!"

"Eep!" Alice squealed as a judge pinned a ribbon to Alice's butt, poking a pin into the straining fabric of her stretched panties. They were stretched tighter than the skin of a balloon around her massive rump, so that tiny pinprick was enough to blow them to shreds. Alice's underwear exploded into ribbons, leaving the obese piglet completely naked in front of the crowd. Everyone laughed at Alice's exposed gut and pudgy pussy, but the massive porker didn't even care.

"A blue ribbon for these two farm girls for growing the biggest, fattest pig of all time!" crowed the judge, pointing to Jen and Laurie. The two bulging girls jumped for joy, whooping and hollering. "And for the biggest, fattest pig – a feast fit for a pig!"

Now the crowd was spilling into the arena, each person carrying a dish of food. Cheese and broccoli casserole, mac and cheese, corn on the cob, buttered green beans, meatloaf, all the staples of down home country cooking. And all for her!

“No...” she said weakly, but her protests barely registered even to her. The judges set up a folding table in front of her. How could the table be that big? Alice knew that it was impossible but the table seemed to stretch off into the distance as a never-ending line of eager home cooks set their wares down in front of her. Jen and Laurie pulled up two chairs, one for each cheek, and pushed a third one in between.

“All for you, piggy,” said Laurie, tucking a bib into Alice’s swelling cleavage.

Another feeble protest died on her lips as the delicious smells of the food hit her nostrils. Her enormous belly gurgled.

There was no denying that Alice was as fat as a hog. What was left for her but to eat like a hog? She grabbed a fork with her sausage-like fingers and stabbed at the pie in front of her. It smelled delicious. It tasted even better. What could she do? There was no resistance anymore. Alice ate. Sitting naked, too fat for clothes, Alice ate like the porker she had turned herself into. All that left to do was eat and eat and eat.

So Alice ate. And ate. And ate. As dishes disappeared into her belly, new ones seemed to magically appear on the table in front of her. Where were they coming from? Alice had no idea. She was so intent on gorging herself to her gills that she didn’t even notice if people were bring new dishes or if they really were just popping into existence as if by magic. Alice couldn’t stop herself. More more more. She was a true piggy now, no binding clothes to pinch her swelling belly at all, nothing to signal her that she’d better slow down other than the fullness of her own stomach. But even her own stomach was silent, wanting nothing more than to be gluttoned to the extreme, to the limit and beyond.

As Alice slumbered fitfully, Laurie was on a mission. In the dead of night, as soon as she saw that Alice was asleep, the busty beauty stole out of the house, jumped in her car, and sped away.

Minutes later, Laurie pulled her car up in front of Jen’s house. She briefly scanned the darkened street. Good. No one was around. She unfastened her seat belt and leapt out of her car. Using the duplicate car key, she opened up Jen’s driver side door and adjusted the driver’s seat ever so slightly. Just nudging it an inch or two closer to the steering wheel. Good. That was enough for now. Laurie smiled at her own handiwork. Genius! Still chuckling, she slammed the door shut and returned to her own car, driving off into the night.

## 36. Alice & Laurie

“Hey Alice, like, you know what would really hit the spot now?” Jen rolled over in bed, the inertia of her vast buttocks making her movement slow and ponderous. She looked like baby seal doing a barrel roll. Eventually the bottom-heavy babe flopped over onto her stomach, her enormous, round buns rising behind her like two pale quivering mountains.

Alice looked up from her pizza. “Hmm?” She didn’t want to talk with her mouth full.

“I could, like, totally go for some frozen yogurt.”

Alice swallowed. “That sounds delicious! But... we really shouldn’t. I mean, after all that pizza, I’m feeling a little full.” She patted her swollen middle, already crammed full of nearly an entire large pizza, her bloated gut spilling over the waistband of her straining panties and filling her lap. The two girls always ordered at least two large pizzas for every sleep over, despite the fact that they could have easily split one. They never acknowledged the fact that they were ordering way too much food, instead locked into a conspiracy of silence regarding the extent of their gluttony.

Jen frequently considered spilling the beans about the whole conspiracy between her and Laurie to fatten Alice into obesity, but she felt like she needed to talk to Laurie first. She needed Laurie to understand what they had been doing was wrong and she needed Laurie to help her explain the whole situation to Alice. That would make everything better. But still hadn’t worked up the nerve to go talk to Laurie.

“But, like, it’s not going to take up a lot of room,” whined Jen. She was really craving yogurt now! “It’s all melty so it fits in the empty spots in your stomach, see?”

“Well, it does sound good.” Alice was dubious, but the idea of a sweet, cold treat was rapidly winning her over. Both titanic teens had grown so over-indulgent that they never stopped eating. Even this much token resistance was unusual for Alice, who had succumbed to extreme gluttony so completely that she had ballooned from pudgy plumper to jumbo butterball in less than a year. Despite her protests, Alice’s tubby tummy was already gurgling at the idea of some tasty yogurt.

“But if we went to get yogurt, we’d have to get dressed...” Alice didn’t relish the thought of getting dressed once she’d stripped her constraining clothes off at the end of the day. She and Jen spent most of their sleepovers together sitting around in their underwear simply because it was one of the few times that the two growing girls could indulge without the constant reminder of straining seams and pinching waistbands that they were still gaining rapidly.

“But then again, it’s healthy, right?” said Alice, beaming. “Frozen yogurt is low fat, right?”

“Oh what?” Jen didn’t know and, frankly, didn’t care. But that did sound right. She’d heard something about frozen yogurt being good for you, right? “Oh yeah, totally, I think I heard about that! That’s even better, cuz I bet it would be totally good for getting my intestinal flora back in sync! You know intestinal flora, right? I heard about them in a commercial. It’s, like, you know, germs in your gut! They totally help you digest stuff better. I bet if I got my flora right then I wouldn’t be so farty.”

“Um..”

“See, I was having some trouble cuz I was farting all the time and it was starting to bug Craig. But I bet some yogurt would help get my guts back on track!”

“I don’t know about that,” said Alice, “But it couldn’t hurt. And all this talk is really making me crave some yogurt too, honestly.”

Neither Jen nor Alice had any inkling of the nutritional content of frozen yogurt at all, but from the name it certainly SOUNDED like it had to be a healthier alternative to ice cream. And they were exactly the sort of dumb, greedy cows who could easily convince themselves of anything if it meant another excuse to gorge themselves. Rationalization was second only to eating.

“Okay, just let me get dressed.” Alice slowly struggled to her feet, the enormous bulk of her overfed body threatening to drag her to the ground again. Since clothes seemed to rapidly shrink over the course of their sleepovers together, Alice and Jen had both stripped down to their underwear even before dinner. Alice groaned, her face going red and her knees creaking and popping, as she lurched to a standing position, needing to support herself against a coffee table as she rose. With a grunt, Alice wobbled over to the pile of clothes that she’d shed earlier: cargo pants and a polo shirt.

This was going to be fun. These clothes had already been growing a little snug lately, to the point that Alice knew deep down in her fat-clogged heart, that she would soon either need to go up another size or split her seat someday soon. The ballooning blonde babe pulled on the cargo pants, grunting like a stuffed pig with the exertion. Alice struggled to pull the two flaps of her fly together across her vast, pizza-filled stomach but they just barely missed each other. So close, yet so far!

“Ugh, I can’t do them up!” moaned Alice. “I don’t get it, these fit when I came over!”

“Um, like, I know! Unzip your pants!” said Jen.

“What? But...they are unzipped!”



“No, I mean your pockets!”

“Oh!” Alice hadn’t even considered that. “What a blonde I am! I didn’t even think of that!” She reached down and yanked the zippers open on the side pockets of her pants. That opened up just enough extra give that, if she sucked in her gut, she was just able to get the snap closed. Of course, it also meant that her side pockets were stretched open and pulled so tight that you could easily see the white material of the pocket’s interior.

“Jen, that’s genius!”

Jen beamed. She may be a bimbo, but the big booty babe was becoming adept at finding new fat girl life hacks to make life easier on her growing friends.

Alice’s stomach rumbled again. Now that she thought about, wow, she really was sooo hungry! She hadn’t eaten since dinner and here it was, almost 8 o’clock! If she didn’t get something to eat soon, she would surely starve!

Jen, meanwhile, tugged on some spandex leggings with some difficulty.

“Like, I totally thought of this great idea. Like, you know how, when you eat, your pants can get, like, super tight? I figured out that, like, if you wear stretchy leggings, you don’t have that problem!”

Jen grinned, pulling the waistband of her leggings and letting it snap back to jiggle the soft flesh of her ample bottom.

“I call them... my eating pants!”

Alice was somewhat less impressed by that trick. Every fat girl already knew the secret of eating pants, but Jen seemed to believe she’d hit on an undiscovered secret. She watched as Jen struggled to pull her eating pants over her massive rump and thighs. Now that Jen’s lower half had exploded into absolutely massive proportions, she favored stretchy fabrics over tight denim. Even so, she was still having trouble wriggling into stretch pants clearly not designed for a rear of that magnitude. Alice waited patiently until Jen FINALLY got the leggings up over her butt. Or mostly over her butt. When Jen waddled, the rolling, bouncing motion of her tubby tush caused the stretchy pants to ride down, exposing the top quarter of her buttocks.

“MommMMM, we’re going out for yogurt!” called Jen, pulling on a snug crop top T-shirt – that left her doughy belly bare -- as she led the waddle past the kitchen and through the front door. Outside, the night air was beginning to cool off, but both girls were so swaddled into thick, insulating blubber that anything less than the full-blast air conditioning felt hot and stuffy.

“How...far is it to this yogurt place?” asked Alice, sweat already pouring down her face.

She was starting to regret agreeing to this venture. Her feet were already starting to hurt from supporting all her hefty weight for more than a few minutes and her knees were already creaking from the strain. Sweat spots were already visible through her polo shirt, pooling under her armpits and beneath her boobs.

“It’s...like...two blocks,” said Jen, who also looked less gung ho now that she was faced with the prospect of actually walking. “It’s right past the new Cheesecake Factory.” Her face brightened. “Maybe we should drive.”

“Yeah, that sounds good!”

Jen lumbered over to her car in the driveway, eager to get off her feet, and Alice followed suit. Neither girl was at all embarrassed by the fact that they had grown too fat and lazy to walk just two blocks. Jen vividly remembered the time that she’d gone to the Cheesecake Factory several weeks back with Laurie. What an ordeal that walk was! Much better to drive. Besides, the car had air conditioning.

“Ugh, I dunno what’s wrong with this seat,” muttered Jen as she squeezed behind the wheel. “It’s feeling so tight lately.”

“Just push the chair back,” said Alice. Now it was her turn to come up with fat girl life hacks.

“Um, it totally is already all the way back,” said Jen, “I always have it all the way back.”

“I don’t think it is,” said Alice gently, “I mean, mine is all the way back and it’s further back than yours.”

“It’s totally all the way back,” repeated Jen, “I always have it all the way back!”

“Oh okay.”

Alice didn’t want to argue, even though she was pretty sure she was right. She watched in silence as Jen grunted and groaned and slowly wriggled her way into the seat, her mountainous rear lifting her so high in the seat that the steering wheel pressed into her soft, flabby gut.

“Alright, I got it!”

“Yay! Let’s go get some yogurt!”

Jen fired up the ignition and struggled to turn the steering wheel -- not an easy task with her belly flopping over the wheel. Eventually, she got the car rolling. It made a horrible grinding noise as it pattered out of the driveway, the transmission scraping against the asphalt due to all

the weight in the car.

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Alice had to push her seat all the way back to accommodate her enormous, spherical gut and swollen breasts, but that meant it was becoming more and more difficult for her to get out of her car. She spent almost a full minute rocking back and forth before she could stumble to her feet after they had pulled into the yogurt shop parking lot. Just the mere act of standing now was enough to wind the chunky cheerleader. Her polo shirt had crawled halfway up her gut, exposing her voluminous spare tire and deep belly button. If her flabby belly wasn't hanging over the waistband of her cargo pants, it would also have exposed just how cinched the snap at her waist was. Alice grabbed her shirt hem and pulled it down again, a futile move, before waddling into the restaurant.

The clerk behind the counter could barely contain his surprise at the size of the two heifers coming through the door. How old were they? They couldn't each be older than 18! And yet they each looked to be nearly 400 pounds. It was almost depressing to watch the two overweight bunnies bounce through the door, their round porky bodies wobbling. They could barely even cover the short distance between the door and the counter without gasping and panting.

So young and look at them throwing their lives away already, he thought sadly.

He looked away politely as the two girls cooed over the assortment of flavors. He couldn't help but notice that both of them automatically reached for the larger size cup, ignoring the 16 oz paper cup in favor of the 32 oz. Only the very greediest customers went for that size!

"Hey, Jen, look! The vanilla yogurt is fat free!" said Alice, pointing to the sign over the vanilla dispenser. "Aw, but the chocolate isn't!"

"Get half and half," said Jen. "Look, if you pull the knob in the middle, it gives you a swirl of both chocolate and vanilla. That's, like, half fat-free. So that's like low fat."

"Wow, that is genius! Jen, what would I do without you?"

You'd probably be a lot thinner, thought the clerk as he watched the obese blonde overfill her bowl with thick, creamy frozen yogurt, the cold confection piling into a tottering tower that overflowed the enormous bowl. Behind her, the bootilicious brunette was filling her own bowl with cookies 'n' cream flavored yogurt – which wasn't low fat at all.

"The best part is that they totally let you put as many toppings on as you want," said Jen. "Like, you can put all sorts of stuff on, like fruit and stuff."

“Oh good, fruit is good for you!” said Alice happily as she reached forward to grab some crushed Heath bars with a pair of tongs. Then some gummi worms, then some milk duds, then some chocolate chips. In fact, she seemed to be taking some of everything except fruit. By the time she reached the cash register at the end of the line, Alice’s dessert was completely covered with so many high-calorie toppings that you couldn’t even see the yogurt anymore.

She plopped the dish onto the scale with a smile. The smile faded slightly as the cashier read her the price.

“That’s going to be \$15,” said the clerk.

“Wow,” said Alice, going slightly red as it suddenly seemed to dawn on her just how much food she’d bought. Her eyes fell on the massive sundae almost as if she was looking at it for the very first time. How could she have bought THIS much junk food? As usual, Alice went on auto-pilot when she started thinking about food, never even thinking about how much she was really eating. Could she really finish this entire sundae after all the pizza that she’d already eaten?

“C’mon, Alice, hurry up! Mine is gonna melt,” whined Jen in line behind her. Jen squeezed nearly an entire bottle of chocolate syrup over her own massive monument to indulgence. “What’s taking so long?”

“I didn’t realize the prices were so high,” said Alice, rummaging in her purse for her credit card. In reality, the prices weren’t high at all; it was just that Alice had bought SO much. But the quick burst of shame quickly dissipated as Alice carried her yogurt bowl to the nearest table, replaced by an excitement that made her heart beat fast and furious. Food! She was ready to gorge and her chubby hands were trembling in eager anticipation. Behind her, Jen happily paid \$20 for her own sundae, never even pausing to consider the real reason that her dessert was so expensive.

Alice placed her bowl on the table and then slowly lowered herself onto the bench. She could feel the waistband of her cargo pants pinching deeper and deeper into her enormous gelatinous belly as her plush bottom hit the seat. Luckily, the button at the crotch of her pants held, even though it was so tight that it felt like it might cut her in half. She tried to slide herself behind the table, but her belly wouldn’t fit. With a sigh, the fat little piggy lifted her tubby tummy up and let it fall onto the table with a SPLUT. There, that was better.

“OMG this is gonna be soooo good,” gushed Jen as she waddled up to the table, her own breath coming in short gasps partly from the excitement of eating and partly from the laborious trip down the yogurt line.

“I know! It looks delicious,” said Alice, already shoving the first spoonful into her greedy mouth. She felt like she should wait for Jen, since her rumpy friend was having a similar

problem fitting her own padded posterior behind the table, but Alice simply couldn't. She needed to eat now!

"Gawd, why do they always make these stupid booths so small?" groused Jen as she finally managed to squeeze herself behind the table. The poor bottom-heavy princess looked really uncomfortable pinched tightly between booth and table but that didn't stop her from her feast.

The two fat cows slurped and guzzled their way through their giant frozen yogurt sundaes, happily chomping down chocolate chips, mashed up Heath bars and other high calorie toppings without a second thought. Convinced that the yogurt was a low fat option and completely ignoring the fact that they had utterly defeated any health benefits by overloading their dishes with toppings, the two girls had no idea that they were still doomed to balloon.

"Oh My Gawd, so goood," cooed Jen as she shoveled yogurt into her chubby cheeks. "I told you this was a good idea! I'm totally so glad you came here with me. I would have been totally bummed if I had to come alone. Us big girls gotta stick together."

"Mmm," mumbled Alice through cheeks bulging with cream. While Jen seemed perfectly comfortable in her steadily expanding body, Alice didn't like to acknowledge just how fat she had grown. She was so bloated and out of shape that just the effort of eating was beginning to exhaust her; she was breaking out in a sweat just from lifting her thick arms up to her mouth. The only part of her that remained cool was the underside of her belly, plastered against the cold plastic table.

She shifted her weight to try and get more comfortable as she ate, but as she did she felt the waistband of her pants release as the snap at her crotch burst open with a loud POP! Oh drat! Had anyone heard that? Alice looked around, but luckily the yogurt shop was mostly empty at this time of night besides the kid at the register, who was too far away to hear, and Jen, who was too involved in her own gluttony to care. Even so, Alice felt herself blush a little – not that anyone would have noticed, she was already flushed red from the exertion of eating.

Phew! No one noticed! She considered reaching under the table to serruptitiously resnap her pants, but why bother now? The table was blocking anyone's view of her open pants and, besides, she certainly felt a lot more comfortable without the waistband digging into her tubby tummy. Not to mention the fact that, even if the table hadn't been there, Alice's exposed panties would have been completely blocked by her fat tummy, which completely filled her lap. She might as well finish her yogurt in comfort and just resnap her pants when she stood up to leave. Alice didn't dare let herself worry about whether she would be able to resnap her pants once her fat little tummy was full of yummy, creamy yogurt. She had barely been able to get the snap closed before this massive dessert, so there wasn't much hope that she'd be able to wrangle her snap closed afterwards.

Now she really wished that she'd taken Jen's advice and gotten herself some eating

pants. She glanced over at her bootilicious friend, watching the soft gelatinous flesh of Jen's enormous badonkadonk quiver as the pear-shaped ditz crammed more yogurt into her fat face. The stretchy fabric of her leggings left little to the imagination, revealing every jiggle and bounce that ran through Jen's buns and thighs. But they sure did look comfortable! Not to mention that they sure did stretch! It didn't look like Jen would have to worry about ripping out of them for a little while at least.

In only a matter of minutes, the feeding frenzy was over. Both girls had devoured their sundaes faster than a school of piranhas could skeletonize a cow, leaving them stuffed, sticky, and satisfied.

Jen leaned back in her seat, licking the sticky residue from around her plump lips and patting her bloated middle. "Oh my Gawd, that was the best! And it's good that it was healthy too!"

"Totally healthy," agreed Alice. The fat blonde scraped her spoon along the bottom of her empty cup, secretly sad that all that yummy yogurt had disappeared so fast. She wasn't hungry at all, but she still craved more more more. She would have even suggested going back to get a second cup, except that she felt too embarrassed to talk to the clerk again with her pants hanging open and her rounded stomach bouncing out.

Alice sighed. She loved spending time with Jen. At first, Alice was a little skeptical about this yogurt adventure, since she was so spoiled and lazy that it just seemed like waaaay too much work. But Jen had been right to insist. The yogurt was yummy and it was fun to have a little adventure with one of her best friends. If only she could be with BOTH of her best friends, though!

"You know Jen, this was really fun," said Alice, still forlornly staring at her empty yogurt cup. "But...well... I feel like it would be more fun if we were all together."

"Like, what are you talking about? We are all together!"

"No, I mean... I mean ALL of us. I mean, the whole gang." She shifted in her seat, wincing slightly as the sweaty, sticky underside of her fat belly peeled off of the cold surface of the table.

Jen stared blankly, not following Alice's train of thought.

"I mean, it would be nice if we could all be friends again. You, me... Laurie."

Jen sniffed. "You shouldn't be friends with Laurie."

"What?! Why would you say that Jen? I know you and Laurie are having a fight, but you've been best friends forever! This is the first time that I've ever seen you two at odds. It

couldn't be over something so bad that you'd throw away all those years of friendship!"

"Noooo," said Jen thoughtfully. "It's not that I don't want to be Laurie's friend. It's just that... she's...um... wait, Alice, you miss Laurie? But she was always such a bitch to you!"

"At first, she was. But she's really changed since last year. I know she's still kinda prickly, but you can tell she really means well."

Jen considered this. Even a bubble-headed, bubble-butt ditz like Jen was skeptical of that claim. For years, Jen had been Laurie's lapdog, going along with one crazy scheme after another. But Laurie was really going too far now. But Alice seemed to genuinely think Laurie was her friend. Jen wondered now... did Laurie feel the same way? If so, why did Laurie still want to go through with the plan? It was all too confusing for a bimbo like Jen to comprehend.

"Welllll, like, maybe. I guess. I am gonna talk to Laurie soon. I mean, like, we've been avoiding each other for a while, but I guess it's time to totally confront this. I am totally gonna talk to Laurie and get this settled." A determined look came over Jen's pretty face. No more stalling! No more avoiding the issue! She was definitely going to give Laurie a piece of her mind and soon!

"I'm glad to hear that," said Alice, "It's so upsetting to see my two best friends fighting! I'm sure that whatever made you guys fall out can't be that big a deal. I'm sure that you'll be able to work it out."

"Yeah," said Jen, staring out the window. "But for now, we'd better get out of here. I think they're planning to shut down soon."

In fact, the lone remaining clerk was already sweeping up the floor and placing the chairs up on the tables. With a loud grunt, Jen scooted her big butt to the edge of the bench, swung her thick legs around, and gradually pushed herself to her feet, her joints cracking and creaking. She wobbled to the side to give Alice enough room to follow. Alice slowly slid her way over to the end of the bench, following Jen's lead. As she prepared to stand up, she remembered that her pants were still open. If she stood up, her low hanging potbelly would probably block any view of her crotch, but she was still embarrassed to think that anyone, even the one lone guy working the store, might notice that she was underdressed.

"Jen," she hissed, "I need your help." She gestured to her friend to come close. Blinking dumbly, Jen leaned in.

"My pants are unfastened," whispered Alice.

"What? I thought we already went through this."

"They popped open when I sat down."

“So what?”

“So what?!” Alice jerked her head toward the lone clerk across the room, pushing a broom across the floor. “I can’t stand up with HIM here! He’ll notice!”

“No, he won’t. He’s totally not even paying attention.”

“He MIGHT notice,” insisted Alice. “Could you give me a hand? I can’t...I can’t reach them while I’m sitting down. My...my belly is in the way. But if I lift it up, you could quickly snap them shut before anyone notices, right?”

“Um, yeah, I could totally do that.”

“On three, okay? Alice cast a worried glance at the clerk, but he was distracted and wasn’t paying any attention to the two fat girls whispered amongst themselves in the corner. “One. Two. Three!”

Alice lifted her tubby gut with a grunt. Jen crouched down so that she was level with Alice’s waist, grabbed hold of the twin flaps of Alice’s open pants and tried to tug them together. Alice yelped in protest.

“Oh!”

“Like, quiet! I thought you didn’t want to attract any attention.”

“I..I couldn’t help it!” whined Alice, turning red. “That hurt!”

“It’s not my fault you wear pants that are way too tight for you,” said Jen, slightly annoyed.

“Are you guys okay over there?” Alice’s outburst had caught the attention of the clerk, who craned his neck to see what was going on. With Jen crouched in front of Alice’s crouch, it almost looked like these two hippos were doing something dirty. Great, that was the last thing he needed. He was almost relieved to see that they weren’t up to any hi-jinks when Jen turned around to wave at him. That was good. He just wanted to go home and sleep, he didn’t have time to deal with breaking up a public soiree between two hefty heifers in heat.

“We’re fine!” called out Jen. “We were just leaving!”

“Oh, okay.” He returned to his work.

Jen turned back to Alice. “Look, like, we should just go. He’s not even looking.”



“Someone else might see,” pointed out Alice.

Jen sighed. “Alright, then one more try. And this time, be quiet! On three. One. Two Three!”

Alice gasped sharply as Jen pinched the snap together around her waist, the waistband tightly cutting into her butter-soft belly fat. It gave Alice a pretty severe muffintop, but it held.

“That good?” asked Jen, standing up.

“Yeah,” squeaked Alice. She was afraid to inhale for fear of busting her pants open again, but they seemed to be holding. She waggled her hands at Jen. “Could you give me a hand?”

Jen grabbed Alice’s hands and heaved, slowly pulling her corpulent companion to her feet.

“Phew,” said Alice, “That was harder than I thought.”

“Yeah,” said Jen, mopping her brow. “Let’s get home. I’m totally all hot and sweaty now. Let’s back back to the house so we can get back in our skivvies.”

The clerk heard Jen’s words, but chose to ignore the obvious implications. He really just wanted to go home.

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Laurie sighed. She never realized how lonely she felt when Jen wasn’t around. Pumpkin sensed her master’s sorrow and bopped her head against Laurie’s arm, demanding to be pet. Laurie obliged by scratching Pumpkin behind her ears and prompting the tiny kitten to start purring like a car engine.

The tubby tit queen lay in her bed, once again naked but for her overstrained undies, petting Pumpkin with one hand and holding a giant chocolate chip cookie in her other. The carton on the nightstand was nearly empty now, since Laurie had been drowning her sorrows in food all day. After her mother’s talk, Laurie was careful not to wallow in misery too visibly; she didn’t want anyone to get the idea that she wasn’t completely in control of her life. So she made sure that she never appeared in public as the disheveled mess that she felt inside. But here, at home, Laurie mostly spent her time lying in bed like a lump, eating and moping. And planning. That was the one thing that kept her going. Knowing that this next scheme would put an end to her loneliness and bring her back together with Jen.

“Who’s a good kitty,” said Laurie miserably. She was really becoming attached to this cat, but even the best cat isn’t a replacement for a best friend.

She considered calling Frank, but Frank wouldn't understand. Frank didn't know the intricacies of the plan, of Laurie's delicately ordered, meticulously balanced life. No one understood! Not Frank, not Alice, no one. But Jen probably came closest. And living without a confidante was really beginning to wear on Laurie's nerves.

The person that she really needed to call was Craig. No that she'd finally put her plan into motion, getting Craig to play along was the next important step.

Laurie pushed Pumpkin away, dusted the cookie crumbs from her cleavage, and grabbed her mobile phone.

"Let's get this over with," she mumbled as she punched in Craig's number. She listened to the ring tone for several seconds before a voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Craig? It's Laurie. Listen, it's time."

"Time for what?"

"Time for what!? Time for the plan, you idiot. Don't you remember what we were discussing? The plan to get Jen to lose some flab so that you can finally get some again? Or did you forget?"

"Oh, right, that. I don't think that's going to be necessary, actually, Laurie."

Laurie couldn't believe what she was hearing. "You don't think... What the hell are you talking about, Craig? Have you seen Jen lately? She's a whale! You want her to keep blowing up or do you want back the bootilicious babe you had when you guys started dating?" An angry snarl curled her lips, but, next to her, Pumpkin was oblivious to her master's anger and curled up into a little ball to sleep next to Laurie's thick thigh.

"Yeah, well, you were kind of taking too long to get this...whatever it was, this plan of yours started," said Craig. "So I just talked to Jen myself."

"WHAT?! Craig, you've ruined everything! What did you tell her??"

"I just told her that her diet is a real problem and I can't take it anymore if she's only going to be obsessed with food."

"Oh yeah, right. I'm sure THAT worked really well. And I'll bet you're having sex again, aren't you? A likely story!"

“We’re happy,” said Craig flatly. He didn’t want to tell Laurie the details of his sex life with Jen because he honestly didn’t trust the voluptuous vixen as far as he could throw her – and, at her size, he definitely couldn’t throw her far at all. Mostly he could just drop her. Well, if he could even lift her. But Jen had promised to pay more attention to their relationship and he was hopeful those were more than empty words. He hadn’t seen Jen since their heart-to-heart, because last night was her weekly sleepover with Alice, but he hoped that when he saw her tonight, he would be getting lucky for the first time in months. If anything, he was just happy to not have to rely on Laurie’s mechanisms for his relationship: her plotting always made him feel a little nervous.

“Fine, whatever,” snarled Laurie, “Did you tell her that you want her to stop farting so much too? I bet that’ll work out great! Maybe you can stick a cork in that fat ass of hers!” She threw the phone across the room with an exasperated yell, loud enough to startle Pumpkin from her sleep.

“This fucking sucks,” said Laurie sourly. Great! Without Craig on board, her plan was going to be...well, a little bit harder. But she wasn’t fucked. Not yet. Even if Jen didn’t feel like she needed Laurie’s help to make Craig happy, she could still convince Jen that she needed Laurie for other reasons. Okay. Yes. Things were still going to work out.

Besides, Laurie was a schemer. She could figure out a new angle to get what she wanted. No matter what, though, the plan must go on.

Laurie snorted and rolled over. The plan must go on. Must go on. No matter what. Must go on...

Must go on no matter what the ultimate outcome...

And gradually, lulled by the soft purring of her kitty, Laurie drifted into dreams...

“We interrupt your regularly scheduled program to bring you this special report,” said the news anchor, shuffling papers in front of him. “This quiet southside neighborhood was rocked earlier today when a local teenage girl ate one donut too many and exploded. Several people were injured in the blast, including one woman identified as the girl’s mother. We go to our roving reporter on the scene, Kerri Nakimura. Kerri?”

The scene cut to a decimated suburban house, where firemen and paramedics scurried through the rubble, trying to contain several small blazes. In front of the house, a young Asian newsreporter stood next to a disheveled older woman nursing a blackened eye.

“Thanks, Jeff. I’m here Lilian Grobauch, who was injured in the blast. Mrs. Grobauch, can you tell us what happened?”

Alice’s mom’s face filled the screen.

“Yes, I can! I had just come home to find my fat spoiled daughter stuffing her face in the kitchen as usual and I was furious. That girl never stopped eating, from the moment that she woke up in the morning til the moment that she went to bed at night. What do you think comes of gorging like that?” She waved her arm at the ruined house and charred lawn behind her.

“I warned that little piggy she was eating too much!” she shouted angrily, holding an icepack against her blackened eye. “I knew that she was going to pop one of these days if she wasn’t careful. But did she listen to me? Of course not! She just kept eating and eating and look what happened!”

“How big was your daughter, Mrs. Grobauch?”

“Too big, that’s for sure! Only a year ago, she was a tubby little plumper, but she started ballooning up fast this year. Way too fast. I was always catching her sneaking extra sweets and spoiling her diet. It’s one thing to eat too much, but she was always eating. Even when she wasn’t hungry, she just couldn’t stop herself. It’s because of all those sleepovers that she had with those two fat hussies! They were a bad influence on her! How can a mother stop her daughter from eating constantly when you’ve got her fat friends acting like drug dealers, always tempting her with donuts and cookies? ”

“Thank you, Mrs. Grobauch.” The reporter turned back to the camera. “There you have it, Jeff. The sad case of Alice Grobauch, porker extradoinaire, a girl who ate til she couldn’t hold anymore but just couldn’t stop. A clear case of overeating with disastrous results.”

“Thanks, Kerri. Experts fear that today’s explosion, dubbed The Alice Incident, might only be the first in a new trend. The mayor has declared a state of emergency and ordered the evacuation of all homes in the immediate area, dispatching emergency staff to investigate other local girls deemed at risk of imminent explosion. Citizens are asked to keep a sharp eye on any other gluttonous girls that they suspect may also be at risk. Authorities have released the following list of warning signs to watch for:

- Inability to stop eating
- Extreme stuffing
- Buttons popping
- Seams splitting
- Heavy breathing resulting from even mild exertion.
- Tight, bloated appearance

“What’s that?” The anchor put a finger to his ear as he listened to his off-screen producer’s voice. “I’m told that we have reporters on sight to speak with several other at-risk teens, whom experts say might be responsible for tonight’s incident. We now go live on scene.”

The camera cut to massively pear-shaped teenage girl with mousy brown hair munching

on a candy bar. She was so big that the camera couldn't even show all of her, her hips filling the entire screen and disappearing to the sides. She wore black tights stretched so far that they looked more gray than black. A graphic bug at the bottom of the screen read: Jen Sarovy, 18. Explosion Risk: Red.

"Um, like, what happened? What's this about an explosion?" Jen asked, scratching her head. She took a bite of her candy bar, chewed vigorously and swallowed.

"Alice Grobauch exploded earlier today from overeating. Do you have a response, Ms Sarovy?"

"Oh my Gawd, that's terrible," sputtered Jen through a mouth full of chocolate. "I totally don't understand how something like that could happen."

"Alice's mother said that you were partly responsible for tonight's incident."

"Uhhhhh...what? I, like, wasn't even there, I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Because you encouraged Alice to eat so much."

"Like, I totally never did that," pouted Jen, "I wanted her to eat LESS, so that there would be more left over for me."

"Ms. Sarovy, what do you say to people who think that you might also be at risk?"

"Umm, at risk for what?" asked Jen dumbly as she shoved the rest of her candy bar into her mouth, chewing loudly like a cow grazing. She wiped her chocolate-stained hand against the back of her over-taxed spandex stretch pants, making her enormous vision-filling buns jiggle, before reaching into her purse to pull out another candy bar.

"Um..for exploding. Er, do you really think you should be eating so much?"

"Um, like, why shouldn't I? asked Jen. "Oh right, the explosion. Well, like, I totally don't think that's something I need to worry about. Like, stuff like that just doesn't happen."

"Um, it just did."

"I read that women with big butts are actually way smarter," said Jen, "So I think I know what I'm talking about. Like, really, it was in a magazine or something."

She tore off a hunk of chocolate bar in her teeth and swallowed. In response, a jagged tearing noise filled the air as the in-seam on her overloaded stretch pants split down her leg, allowing smooth soft fat of her inner thigh to bubble out.

“Oops! Um, like, you can edit that out in post, right?”

“Actually, we’re live.”

“Oh crap!”

Now the camera cut again and Laurie was on screen, the bodacious bountiful babe nearly filling it with her size. Laurie wore a tight short strapless dress, a bing bling belt cinched around her ample waist, her purse slung over her shoulder, lip gloss and make-up perfectly applied, straight raven hair falling over her chubby shoulders, enormous round melon-sized breasts nearly heaving over the lip of her dress whenever she inhaled; obviously someone had warned her ahead of time that she was going to be on television, because she looked impeccable poured tightly into the snug garment. A news graphic in the corner identified her: Laurie, Belmontes, 18. Explosion Risk: Yellow.

“Oh nooo, poor Alice,” said the raven-haired beauty, hiding a wide smile behind her hand. “I have no idea what could have happened! I mean, we all warned her that she should slow down a little bit. The poor dear, I certainly warned her many times about the dangers of overeating.”

“How do you respond to allegations that it’s your sleepovers that are responsible for this?”

“I – what?! Who told you that?! What is this, gotcha journalism? This interview is over!”

The enormous cheerleader waddled away, pausing only to grab a bag of M&Ms from her purse.

Alert! Laurie Belmontes warning status has just been updated to Orange!

“What?!” She paused, turned on her heels, and waddled back toward the camera, her face red and her finger wagging. “How dare you! The very idea that I’m anywhere near to bursting, like that fat cow--- Ugh!” She threw up her arms in frustration. “Fraaank! Come chase away these reporters!”

Alert! Laurie Belmontes warning status has just been updated to Red!

“How dare you!?” There was a sharp intake of air as Laurie puffed out her chest and rose to her full height, trying to look intimidating in her anger. “Who’s responsible for this?! I demand to know who’s issuing these alerts!” Laurie’s face flushed even brighter red, her fury rising. Her breathing quickened, her chest heaving as she continued to rant, the dress pulling tight and finally splitting down the side as her body continued to swell with anger. In fact, Laurie was so furious that she appeared to be inflating on screen, rising like an enormous balloon as

she shouted at the hapless reporters and camera men.

“I’m NOT going to explode,” she huffed, “That’s something that happens to fat girls who eat too much! Fat girls like Alice and Jen! I’m nowhere near THAT big! I’m svelte enough that I could eat anything I want and still not be nearly big enough to blow!”

She stamped her foot angrily, sending her now exposed belly and breasts bouncing for a moment, as she continued to swell, puffing up with indignation like a blimp being readied for take-off. Her bling-bling belt snapped, the buckle flying across the screen, an incident shown on live TV across the world. Households across America were now watching Laurie blow up live, inflating bigger and bigger before their eyes, all the while shrieking abuses and indignant rants, insisting that she wasn’t about to burst, that it was ludicrous to even insinuate it.

“If you want to see a girl ready to pop, go film Jen,” snapped Laurie as her plumping belly overcame the dress completely, causing it to tear away and expose Laurie’s overly stretched bra and panties. “That girl never stops eating! She’s really become a fat piggy lately. Goodness knows I tried to help her! But some people are just beyond help.”

Laurie was now as round as a beachball and rapidly approaching the size of a VW bus, but she showed no signs of slowing as she grew bigger and bigger, her enormous ballooning girth quivering with the pressure of her rapid inflation. Still screaming, Laurie blew up bigger and bigger, growing more bloated by the second, like a huge giant blimp.

The reporter started backing away, a look of terror on her face, as Laurie loomed over her. “Don’t you run away while I’m talking,” yelled Laurie, her fury surpassing all bounds. “I demand to speak to your supervisor! I’ll have you fired! I’ll have your head!”

“Everyone run!” shouted a camera man. “She’s gonna blow!”

“Take cover!”

The inflating girl began to rumble and shake but her growth only accelerated as her rage increased. The angrier Laurie became, the faster she expanded. But her expansion was only serving to make her even madder as it served as a constant reminder of the completely unacceptable and scandalous comments that news station had made about her.

“Frank! Come and tell these reporters to go away! Tell them I’ll sue them! Tell them I’ll destroy them!”

“Laurie, could you calm down—“ said Frank’s voice from off camera.

“Don’t tell me to calm down! I am calm! I am completely and utterly calm! It’s these reporters who are making me upset!”

“Laurie, you’re getting yourself all blown out of shape.”

“Don’t tell me what I’m doing!” shouted Laurie. She was so pumped full of rage and indignation that her skin was tightening, stretching like an overfilled balloon. “Did you hear what these people said to me?! They said I was ready to –“

POP!

Laurie awoke with a start, bouncing upright in bed and sending her poor frightened kitten sailing across the room.

“Oh shit, I’m so sorry Pumpkin,” said Laurie, putting one manicured hand to her mouth in shock. She patted the bed next to her. “C’mon, Pumpkin, don’t be sore. Come sit next to Mama.”

Laurie rarely apologized for anything, but this was an exception. Pumpkin stared at her reproachfully for several seconds until she was satisfied by Laurie’s gentle cooing that the buxom beauty was genuinely sorry for scaring her. She sauntered back over to her mistress and flopped over on her side, exposing her belly for Laurie to scratch.

“That’s a good Pumpkin,” said Laurie. “Good little Pumpkin will always be there for Mommy, right?”

She certainly hoped so. Laurie’s strange, upsetting dream was already fast fading from her memory, but she had a sneaking suspicion that she would soon need all the friends she could get. At least she could count on Pumpkin.



## 37. Jen

Jen was at the mall again. She spent a lot of time at the mall now. Of course, she had ALWAYS spent a lot of time at the mall, but now she was spending even more. Without Laurie around, Jen had to find some way to fill up the time. There were two things she loved to do more than anything – eat and shop – and she could do both of them here.

Right now, she was standing in line at the Cinnabons, staring at the menu. It had been over an hour since breakfast, and Jen was already feeling the little poke of hunger in her chubby belly. Jen had promised Craig that she would pay more attention to him rather than just filling her days with mindless eating, but she figured, when Craig wasn't around, she could still sneak in a few little treats.

Squinting at the menu, Jen absent-mindedly reached behind herself and scratched her enormous backside. Her massive rear was bigger than ever these days, practically spilling out of her overtaxed stretch pants with a thick slab of booty cleavage visible above the waistband and the roundness of her plump white full moon clearly visible through the straining, nearly transparent fabric. Stretch pants hardly gave Jen the support that her massive badonk required, so her backside would slosh and bounce freely as she moved, but she had simply grown too vast to comfortably fit in anything besides leggings. Her entire butt-shelf wobbled thickly as she scratched, enough that the boy standing in line behind her couldn't help but notice. Despite himself, his eyes travelled downward to stare at this giant gelatinous mass of ass, like two beachballs shoved into her shorts. He didn't know much about womens' clothes, but he found himself wondering if any clothing manufacturer had a line of support for butts. Because this bootilicious princess certainly needed some.

Jen was completely oblivious, now busy pulling her mousy brown hair into a ponytail as she struggled to think of what treat she was going to buy when it came her time to order. Everything on the menu looked scrumptious! Of course, it was all soooo fatty, but Jen didn't really care about that. She knew she was fat and she also knew there was no point in pretending that she wasn't going to simply get fatter. Unlike Alice, Jen didn't bother making excuses to rationalize her overindulgence.

Another person ordered and the line moved forward a few paces. Jen waddled forward as well, causing a ripple-effect of jiggling that flowed through her soft blubber and ended with a full-minute of wobbling in her enormous derriere.

Without Laurie, Jen hardly knew what to do with her spare time. The poor bottom-heavy ditz hadn't had so much time alone in years and, without Laurie's constant voice in her ear, she found the silent emptiness in her head a little much to bear. It left her more time to contemplate her next move in regards to Alice, though. In fact, Jen found that it was much easier to think

clearly about the whole plan now that Laurie wasn't there to harangue her constantly. And the more she thought about it, the dumber it seemed. Jen liked Alice. Genuinely. Sure, Alice was fat. Really fat. How fat? Jeez, she wasn't sure. Alice was so wide and round these days that she might be edging up on, like, 400 pounds, which would have once seemed like an absurdly huge number. Or was it 500 pounds? How many of those pounds were due to Laurie and Jen forcing her to eat, plying her with treats and fattening, high-calorie goodies, tempting her to eat and eat and stuff herself until she ballooned into a round little piggy? Over the last year, Alice had blimped beyond all reason, going from merely chubby to shockingly obese. And sure, Alice was a natural glutton who couldn't resist food, so there was no doubt that she would have still gained plenty of extra flab even without Jen and Laurie's help. But they had helped. They were responsible for turning Alice into a massive, waddling cow.

And it was all just to preserve Laurie's fragile ego. Jen saw it now. It might have made some little bit of sense if Laurie was able to restrain her own eating, but Laurie was blowing up just as fast as Alice. No matter how much she tried to deny it, Laurie was adding inches all over her body, growing a plump belly and thick thighs that not even her massive rack could hide. How could anyone honestly think that Laurie looked thin in comparison to Alice? They were both huge and arguing about who was huger was just splitting hairs!

And Jen knew she wasn't too small herself. After her month-long cram session – literally – in anticipation of the fair's pie-eating contest, Jen had become a virtual zeppelin. Of the three girls, Jen may have been the biggest airhead, but she was also the only one who wasn't in complete denial of her size. Jen simply didn't care. She loved to eat now. Jen wasn't sure how much longer she could continue to cheerlead if she kept growing. Now that she thought about it, when was the last time that she had participated in cheerleading at all? Like Laurie and Alice, she spent much of her time on the bench. Could she even do cartwheels or somersaults anymore? She glanced down at her explosive lower body, legs the size of tree trunks, covered in thick, insulating cellulite. Eh, probably not. Then again, did she really care? There was no way that she would be going back to cheer practice as long as she was fighting with Laurie, anyway.

She did have to start restraining herself for Craig's sake, though. But she was sure that just meant changing her diet, not actually reducing it.

Jen was next. She waddled to the counter, still peering up at the menu. The honey buns looked scrumptious, a huge pastry the size of bread loaf and covered in honey and high-calorie frosting. And so big!

"Ummmm," she said, "Could I, like, get a sticky bun? I really need one."

The kid behind the counter thought that a sticky bun was the LAST thing that this mammoth manatee needed. It was clear that this big-butt babe was a pretty girl – her rounded face was adorable if, well, round – but she had let her figure go to absolute pieces. She was so big that perspiration was running down her face just from the short walk down the line.

Nevertheless, the kid said nothing. He rang up her order and gave her the sticky bun she requested with a careful, professional “Here you go, ma’am, have a nice day.”

“Thanks!” Jen’s face lit up as her eyes fell on the giant honey bun. It was massive. She needed both chubby hands to handle it, but the cashier almost shrank back when he caught a glimpse of the animal hunger in Jen’s eyes. Jen’s eyes sparkled with excitement and she licked her lips.

She plunged her teeth into the bun without another word, tearing off a huge hunk and chewing vigorously. Her mouth was so full of bun that she couldn’t close her lips, but she rolled her eyes in ecstasy and murmured to herself in contentment.

“Um, ma’am?”

“Mmm?” The kid’s voice interrupted Jen’s daze. She stared at him in confusion.

He held out a handful of coins. “Your change.”

“Like, thanks!” said Jen, spraying a mouthful of chewed-up crumbs in his face as she snatched the coins in her pudgy hands. The kid recoiled but Jen was oblivious as she dropped the coins back into her purse.

Jen waddled away, still gnawing on the honeybun, unknowingly leaving the poor kid to clean his face off. It wasn’t hard to see that Jen was turning into a real honeybun herself; each cheek of her massive rump was as round and full as a honeybun and every bite just made them rounder and fuller.

She checked her watch, moving her lips as she struggled to understand the numbers. What did it mean when the big hand was on the 12? Oh yeah, that was o’clock. So it was.... 11:00 am? Okay, she better hurry home. It would be lunch in just about an hour and Jen didn’t want to be late. Her mother wouldn’t be happy if she missed lunch and Jen never passed up a chance to get more food into her chubby tummy. She quickly scarfed down the remainder of the honeybun, smearing icing all over her plump lips, as she wobbled toward the parking lot.

Pushing her way through the double doors to exit the mall, Jen was barely aware of the fact that her hips nearly brushed the doorjam. If she kept blimping, soon she’d be too wide to fit through these doors. Jen was already accustomed to having to turn sideways to fit through most doors, but it didn’t occur to her what a dangerous milestone outgrowing a double door would be. What she did realize, however, was that the outdoors was not temperature controlled. It was a lot less comfortable outside, in the natural sunshine, when her blubber-swaddled bubble butt wasn’t being cooled by a constant onslaught of high powered air conditioning. She immediately started sweating profusely as she tottered her way toward her car, quickly fishing her key fob out of her cleavage (Since she was wearing stretch pants, Jen no longer had the luxury of pockets) and aiming it at her car. She was relieved to hear her car beep from across the lot.

Just a few more feet and she would be in her car, sitting in air conditioned splendor! Thank Gawd! Even better, she'd be off her feet, sitting on her big plush butt! Jen loved sitting. Partly because she was incredibly out of shape and lazy but also, though she only realized it on a subconscious level, sitting was more and more comfortable the bigger her built-in pillow grew. It was like having your own personal air mattress!

Then again, her car was getting less comfortable these days. It seemed to be a lot tighter than she remembered. Okay, sure, she was bigger. But just lately her car seemed even more cramped than usual.

Jen had no idea of the true reason for that.

Turning toward the beep, Jen spotted her candy apple red Toyota Corolla. Almost there. Like a marathon runner with the finish line in sight, Jen felt a renewed burst of power, just enough to get her thick, elephantine legs pumping. The bottom-heavy beauty jogged a few feet before she was once again reduced to her usual slow waddle, huffing and puffing. But finally, she was there. She pulled open the door and climbed inside.

Well, she tried.

Jen get her head inside, but then she hit a snag.

"What the hell?" she mumbled to herself, slowly craning her neck to look behind herself. Her butt was wedged between the door frame and the seat, so that she could get her front half inside but her bottom and legs were still outside.

"No way!" said Jen, "Like, what's wrong with this car? I totally fit this morning!"

Indeed, she had just barely fit into her car enough to drive to the mall a few hours ago. But she hadn't eaten anything since then other than that giant honey bun, so how could it be possible that she wasn't fitting now? There was no way that the sticky bun calories could have converted to butt blubber that quickly, right? Wait...maybe they could? A smarter girl would have immediately recognized the absurdity of that thought, but Jen was such a ditz that it almost sounded logical to her.

Oh great, did this mean that she was going to have to walk home? Ughhhh, that was soooo far! No, no, she wouldn't have to do that. All she had to do was to call someone to give her a ride.

Jen started to back up, her badonkadonk swaying so much that she looked like a semi-truck in reverse. But when she tried to pull out, the flab of her gut and sides just slammed into the door frame.

Jen struggled but it was no good. She was stuck fast! Her giant rump was sticking out

the car door, her thick thighs wedged so tightly that she couldn't move forward or back. She tried again, but only succeeded in shaking her ass hard enough that her leggings started to creep down her thighs, exposing even more of her vast white ass. The top quarter of her blubbery buns were now exposed to the sunlight. If this kept up, soon Jen would be mooning the entire parking lot! Damn it, why had she worn thong panties today? Well, obviously, she had worn a thong because any other style of underwear would give her massive panty lines under her snug tights.

Jen needed help, but who could she call? Normally, she would have called Laurie, but that was out of the question now. Craig? No, he seemed weird after that whole gym incident. He was trying to get her to lose some weight and she was afraid that he might start pushing her even harder if he saw her in this situation. Alice? Yeah, that was the ticket! Alice could help her!

Jen punched Alice's number into her cell phone and waited. After a moment, Alice answered.

"Hello?"

"Alice, this is Jen! I totally need your help!"

"Why, what's going on?"

"I'm, like, stuck in my car in the mall parking lot! I need you to come get me out!"

"Stuck in your car? What do you mean? Can't you unlock it?"

"No, I mean...like, STUCK. Like, in the door."

"What do you mean – oh!" Realization suddenly struck Alice. "I'll be right there!"

"Oh my Gawd, thanks, Alice! You are totally such a life saver!"

"Don't go anywhere – well, I guess you couldn't if you wanted to – I'll be right over!"

Now all Jen could do was wait and hope that Alice arrived before things got even worse.

But standing hunched over, lying with her front against the car seats and her big butt pointing up in the air was not comfortable. And soon she began to feel even less comfortable as she felt her recent over-indulgence come back to haunt her.

"Ughhhh, I shouldn't have eaten that giant bun," moaned Jen, feeling her vast meal roiling in her overloaded stomach. The gases building up inside her gut were making her feel more and more bloated the more she struggled in the doorway; she could almost swear she could feel her stomach puffing up even bigger. After a few minutes, Jen couldn't take it

anymore. Unable to see behind her, she had no way of knowing if the parking lot was clear or not, but she couldn't hold it in any longer. She was either going to fart or she was going to explode! Grunting, Jen let go, releasing a loud butt blast that seemed to reverberate through the lot. Surely it was just because she was confined in this small, echoey car that it sounded so loud. There was no way that she had actually farted that loudly! Hopefully she was indeed alone in the parking lot and no one had heard. Now she just had to hope that someone came along to rescue her before she had to fart again.

"Well, well, well, what have we hear."

Jen froze. She knew that voice!

"Laurie? What...what are you doing here?"

"What do you think I'm doing here? I'm shopping. I was just going to go buy myself a nice new wardrobe, when what do I see but a giant butt sticking out of a car. And a butt that size, I knew it must be Jen. What are you doing there, Jen? Hunting for quarters in the seat cushions?"

"Ummm...maybe."

"You're stuck, aren't you?"

"Nooooo." Jen futilely tried to wiggle free, but only succeeded in making her leggings slip further down. Her fat ass was now almost entirely exposed, naked but for her thong underwear.

"You know, Jen, if you need help, all you have to do is ask. First, I could pull your leggings back up over your ass. Or I could just leave you here, stuck in your car, mooning the world. The choice is yours."

"I don't need your help," snapped Jen. "I'm still mad at you! I called Alice and she's gonna be here any minute!"

"Oh, is she? I bet Alice will be a real help. That is, if she can pull herself away from gorging herself at the fridge long enough to actually get to her car. And she can actually fit in her car. And her car doesn't just give up in the middle of carrying her wide load here. But sure, I'm sure you can count on her. So I guess you don't need my help. I'll just be off."

"No! Laurie!" Jen cried. Oh gawd, no! She hated to be in this position, to have to rely on Laurie's help, but she couldn't stand for anyone else to see her like this. And now she was beginning to doubt that Alice would actually show up. Maybe Laurie was right...

"All you have to do is say it. Say 'Laurie, I need your help.'"

"No, I don't wanna," whined Jen.

“Then I guess you don’t need it after all. Ta!”

“No! No! Laurie, I need your help! There, I said it! Now please, Laurie, help me out of the car!”

“Okay, Jen, since you asked so nicely. Just hold still.”

Jen yelped as she felt Laurie’s hands heft up her buttocks, trying to grab hold of the hem of her stretchpants. Grunting and groaning, Laurie slowwwwwly pulled them up, stretching them back over Jen’s enormous rear and finally releasing them so that the waistband snapped back into the shimmying flesh of Jen’s fat rump.

“Ow! Like, that hurt! Please be careful!”

“Gawd, no wonder they call them stretchpants,” said Laurie to herself, “It’s actually a miracle how much these things can stretch. A few more sticky buns and she’d probably completely blow them out.”

“What was that?”

“I said, it looks like someone’s been putting too much butter on her buns lately. Jeez, Jen, have you seen the size of your ass lately? You’re a regular booty monster!”

“Awww!”

“No, don’t ‘awww!’ That’s not a compliment. Your ass is waaay too big.”

“Um, like, you should talk, Laurie. With those tits you’re so proud of.”

Laurie was taken aback. “That’s different! My titties are something WORTH being proud of. Everyone loves big tits!” Subconsciously, the raven-haired diva thrust out her ample chest even though there wasn’t anyone to see them; Jen still had her head stuck in the car and her backside to Laurie.

“Ummm, sure, Laurie, but the only reason your tits are that big is cuz you’re just as fat as I am.”

“Fuck you, Jen,” snapped Laurie. She hadn’t come here to be insulted! And telling Laurie that her boobs weren’t the be-all and end-all of breastdom was the biggest insult of all! Being called fat was the second biggest insult of all. “I’m just voluptuous! And with a sass mouth like that, maybe I’ll just leave you here.”

“No, no! Please, Laurie, I’m, like, totally sorry! I’m just, like, you know, upset about being

stuck in this car, I didn't mean it!"

Laurie could hear that Jen was hysterical and nearly in tears, so she relented.

"Okay, Jen, I accept your apology. Now hold still, I'll get you out of there in a flash."

Jen struggled to push herself forward, but only managed to pinch her swollen tummy and thighs harder in the open door – hard enough that the pressure on her belly forced a squealing fart from between her chubby butt cheeks. Jen barely noticed. She was too upset about her situation to care about little things like that.

"Oh my Gawd, stop farting, you gross cow," said Laurie crossly. "How am I even supposed to get close enough to this monster ass to help you if you can't stop farting at me?"

"I can't help it!" wailed Jen, nearly in tears. "The door is pressing against my tummy!" As if to emphasize the point, Jen began to struggle anew, but only succeeded in pushing out another burst of loud flatulence. Laurie stepped away from Jen's backside, frowning.

"Well then, I guess I can't help you, Jen," said Laurie smugly. "You'll just have to wait here. But don't worry, I'll put in a call to the fire department. I'm sure they'll be here really quick with the jaws of life. Gosh, I just hope that wouldn't be too embarrassing. Once you alert the authorities, well, they'd just have to make an official report of that, wouldn't they? Then the media would find out. And then you'd have reporters here, swarming all over, all looking for a funny story for the evening news, wouldn't you? And wouldn't that make a great headline? Giant Fat Ass Trapped in Car! Your butt would be famous, Jen!"

"No, no, don't leave! I don't want that!" cried Jen.

"Okay, Jen, are you going to play along? Just hold in your farts for one minute. Even you should be able to do that."

"Ohhhh, it hurts!" moaned Jen, but she dutifully clenched up. Laurie could still hear the gas roiling angrily inside her bottom-heavy friend's gut. She would have to work fast before Jen was either forced to let go another booty blast or the poor girl just exploded in a cloud of methane.

"Scooch over slightly," muttered Laurie, "So I can reach the seat release."

"The what?"

"Oh never mind," grunted Laurie. Between Jen's enormous body plugging the doorway and Laurie's own hemispherical hooters getting pushed up into her face, it wasn't easy for Laurie to reach her pudgy arm into the car. But somehow she made it. Groaning, sweat starting to break out on her forehead, Laurie reached in and pulled the latch. Instantly the seat spring



backwards, releasing Jen. Jen tottered backwards in surprise.

“Ohmygawd, I’m free! How did you do that?”

“Easy,” said Laurie, “You just had the seat pushed forward. All I had to do was release the catch. You were never actually caught in the door at all.”

Jen stared at Laurie in confusion.

“Gawd, Jen, I can’t believe you. You really are a bimbo, aren’t you?”

“Hey, stop it!” said Jen, scowling.

“Don’t take it like that. Look, Jen, I know you think you can go off and do things on your own with out me, but look at this. You actually got yourself stuck in your car because you didn’t even think to release the seat catch. And remember when you were taking that make-up test and you got yourself stuck in a chair in the school basement? What would you do without me?”

“I dunno,” said Jen quietly.

“Jen, you need to let me come back and help you. You can’t survive on your own. Especially when you’re this size. I really can’t believe that you’re that big,” said Laurie.

“Um, like, I don’t care,” said Jen.

“Oh you don’t care, is that right?” said Laurie, narrowing her eyes. “You say that, Jen, but I don’t think you really understand what’s happening to you.”

“I know that I’m not a shallow bitch like you, Laurie,” snapped Jen.

Laurie’s eyes ballooned. She was NOT used to being talked to like that from anyone – especially not her best friend in the whole world!

“Jen, I’m going to ignore that because I think you’re just angry because you know I’m right,” said Laurie, struggling to maintain her temper. Focus, Laurie, focus. You can’t fly off the handle. This is Jen here. She’s your friend, remember. You’re just going to explain calmly why she needs to listen to you. “Jen. Listen. I understand that you’re angry about the plan. I understand that you don’t...you don’t understand why it’s so important. It’s not easy to understand sometimes, cuz I know you’re not a deep thinker, Jen. But I need you to understand how dangerous what you’re doing is. You don’t care how big you’re getting. And Jen, let’s face it, you’re getting massive. You just got your ass stuck in a car door. That’s insane. What’s next? If you keep going, you’re going to get you ass stuck in a regular door next. And then the double doors down at the school gym. You’re going to keep getting bigger and bigger until you can’t even haul that massive ass around anymore.”

“So?” said Jen defiantly, “What do you care?”

“I care because I’m your friend, Jen. You might not think it, but I care about you. Do you think I want to see you get so fat that you can’t even move? To be so fat that you’ll just be pinned under your giant ass? How do you think you’ll feel then? Do you think you’ll be happy if you’re immobile? Just a huge fat blob of lard getting wider and wider until you fill a room and beyond? How will Craig react to that?”

“Uhhh...Craig likes me just how I am!” snapped Jen, “He likes a bit of meat to grab onto!”

She was a little sensitive about that ever since her big discussion with Craig. She was really trying to make an effort to pay more attention to his needs rather than her own (as well as changing her diet to cut down on her monumental farts) but she didn’t like to think about how Craig felt about her weight. Would he stick by her if she kept getting fatter?

“Oh sure, he likes a thick booty, I’m sure,” said Laurie, “But that doesn’t mean he likes a booty so much that it’s just like a beanbag filled with Jello.”

“I..I didn’t think of that,” admitted Jen quietly.

“And how are you going to come down to the mall to shop if you’re too fat to move? Are you going to get a forklift to wheel you around? Think about everyone stopping and staring as you wheel by, too big to get around under your own power.”

“Stop it!” cried Jen, burying her face in her hands. “Stop it! You’re being mean!”

“Am I? I’m just trying to get you to face the truth.”

“I don’t want to be THAT fat!” howled Jen.

“Don’t worry, Jen,” said Laurie with a sly smile, “I can help you get back in shape.”

Jen looked angry. Were the wheels clicking in her head? Was she actually trying to figure out Laurie’s plan here? No way, Jen was too dim to ever put two and two together.

“I’m tired of fighting,” said Jen suddenly.

Laurie had not expected that. “What?”

“Laurie, you’re like my best friend. We’ve been best friends forever! I don’t like fighting with you. I want to go back to being best friends. But...”

“But what?”

“But I still think what we’re doing is wrong! And I totally don’t think I can be your best friend if you’re still going to keep fattening Alice!”

Laurie pursed her lips together. Was Jen actually giving her an ultimatum? The little tramp! Laurie didn’t like being bossed around, but she actually felt a little twinge of new respect for her ditzzy friend. What was happening to her? First she was tolerating gentle teasing from Frank, now sass mouth from Jen...! Laurie felt like she might be getting a little soft and not just around the middle.

“Okay, Jen, you’re right. We’ll stop the plan.” Laurie smirked as Jen bounced up and down and clapped her hands in glee.

“Oh, Laurie, I’m so happy! But we still need to tell Alice—“

“Oh no, we can’t tell Alice what we were doing,” said Laurie quickly. “Jen, listen, Alice is our friend, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t you think she would be devastated if she knew that this whole time we were secretly porking her up like a prize piggy? She would feel terrible!”

“Oh yeah, I guess so,” said Jen, furrowing her brow with the effort of thinking.

“But...what should we do then?”

“Simple,” said Laurie in a sly voice as smooth as silk. “We won’t tell her. We’ll stop the plan, of course, but we’ll just pretend that it never happened. That way, Alice won’t have to feel bad.”

“That doesn’t seem right to me,” said Jen dubiously. “I really think we should tell Alice.”

“Oh no no no, shhh,” said Laurie, placing her finger on Jen’s lips to shush her. “You know I know best, right, Jen? You know I’ve always looked out for you, right, sweetie?”

“Yeah.”

“Then you know I’m right.”

“I..I guess so.” Jen paused a moment before a light seemed to go off in her head. “Yeah, I guess you’re right! I’m glad you’re around, Laurie, cuz I just wasn’t getting it. But anyway, I’m glad that we’re not going to do the plan anymore! That’s the important thing! And even better,

I'm glad we're friends again!"

Grinning widely, Jen tried to hug her best friend, something made difficult by the two girls' fat bellies pressing against each other and by Laurie's bust squishing up into Jen's face. But they still did, because both girls were, deep down, just happy not to be fighting anymore.

As for the plan...well, Laurie hated to lie to Jen. But then again, she was already lying to Jen. Jen didn't know that Laurie herself had been the one slowly pushing the seat in Jen's car forward, making her seat tighter and tighter until Jen inevitably got stuck. She didn't know that Laurie had followed her to the mall just to break into her Corolla to push that seat forward the last couple inches to trap Jen, all to make Jen believe that she really needed Laurie to rescue her. There were a lot of things that Jen didn't know. But sometimes you had to do these sorts of things for the greater good.

# 38. Jen

Jen's Toyota Corolla slowly dragged itself into the WalMart parking lot, sagging so low to the road that any passers-by would have mistaken it for a lowrider. But when she parking and the passenger doors popped open, the truth was revealed. The car only sagged so low because it was carrying an absurdly heavy load, two overfed obese piglets. Jen and Alice were bigger than ever. The WalMart parking lot was no stranger to obese customers. Most of the people who came here were overweight to some degree, but few approached the monstrous size of these two chubby cheerleaders.

Alice was so round that she looked like a beachball, her head and neck nearly merged into her fatty shoulders like a balloon of blubber. The bulging blonde struggled to stand up, only able to prop herself to her feet by leveraging herself against the car door. Alice was wearing her favorite polo shirt ( which covered less and less of her enormous, sagging belly after every meal) and the infamous cargo pants that she was only able to zipper up by leaving all the pockets open.

Jen, meanwhile, was wearing her crop top and, as usual, leggings since they remained the only garment that the bubble-butt bimbo could stretch over her colossal hindquarters.

"So anyway, yeah, Laurie and I made up," said Jen, continuing the conversation they'd stated in the car.

"I'm really glad that you two are friends again," said Alice, "I mean, I love hanging out with you, Jen, but I missed the old days. You know, when it was all three of us."

Alice sighed. She genuinely was happy that she would once again get to see both of her best friends at a single sleep-over again, even if she was slightly said that she might be denied the chance to gorge herself twice a week like when she'd been attending two weekly sleepovers, one with each of her feuding friends.

The two growing Goodyear gorditas started waddling towards the shopping center. They were so round and fat that they had to wobble back and forth to maintain their balance, making them look like a pair of tubby penguins.

"Yeah, totally."

"But you never told me, what were you guys arguing about?"

"Just like... diet stuff." Jen cringed. She really wanted to come clean and tell Alice the

whole truth about what she and Laurie had been doing, how they had been secretly fattening Alice like a prize hog to make themselves look thinner in comparison. But she had to admit, maybe Laurie was right. Maybe the truth would hurt Alice so much that she would break off their friendship completely. She couldn't stand that! It had been hard enough just spending a few weeks without Laurie, Jen didn't think that she could survive losing Alice too – especially not forever! Forever was, like, a really long time! So she had agreed with Laurie not to say a word about what they had done on the condition that they abandon the plan. Jen was sick of lying to Alice, of secretly plying her with tempting sweets just to make her balloon. At first, she had teased Alice for being a chubby little dumpling, but, after growing to know her better, she now regarded Alice as a genuine friend. And what kind of friend would she be if she kept up this stupid plan? Jen had insisted that they stop. From now on, officially, they would stop putting any weight gain powder in Alice's milkshakes, stop forcing her to eat beyond her fill, stop pushing her to gain.

At least, as far as Jen knew. Jen had no idea that Laurie had no intention of stopping. But poor naïve Jen couldn't imagine that Laurie would lie to her. Especially since now Laurie had offered to help her lose some weight.

"So, like, Laurie is gonna help me lose some weight," said Jen, "I guess I could stand to drop, like, maybe a couple pounds. I totally don't think it's a big deal, but I'm gonna do it for Craig."

"Did Craig say something?"

"No. Well, sorta. I think he was mostly just upset cuz I wasn't paying attention to him enough. He thought I was just obsessing about food constantly. Oh, and also he thought I was too farty. But I'm totally working on that. I just gotta be a little more careful about what I eat. And I've already totally stopping thinking about food all the time. I mean, like, I haven't eaten since breakfast, right?"

It was only 10:30 a.m., so for most people that would not have been an accomplishment worth bragging about. But Jen rarely stopped eating, so to go several hours without some treat in her tummy was a rare occurrence.

"That's great, Jen. I hope that it works out for your and Craig. It sounds like it's going much better."

"Totally! Next time I see him, I'm gonna give him the best blowjob." Jen didn't notice how her frank sex talk was making Alice blush bright red in embarrassment. But that was partly because both girls were already blushing from the laborious trip from their car to the door. It was thirsty work!

"So, do you, like, wanna come exercise with me and Laurie? It would totally be fun to do it all together!"

Alice grimaced. She really did not want to exercise. She knew that she was too fat and getting fatter, but she was still too lazy and self-indulgent to do anything about it. Plus, she could hear the truth in Jen's voice. The bottom-heavy bimbo was trying to put a positive face, but it was really obvious that Jen wasn't looking forward to working out at all. Jen honestly was the most slothful of the three girls, so she hated exercise the most. But Laurie had convinced her that a little bit of movement was exactly what she needed to do if she wanted to keep her man happy. So Jen was willing to put up with a little bit of discomfort for Craig's sake. But just a little.

"Maybe," said Alice weakly, "I think...I think I might be busy that day."

"Aw, okay," said Jen sadly. She had hoped to entice Alice come along because misery loves company, but she was too much of a bubble brain to wonder how Alice knew she'd be busy when Jen hadn't even mentioned when she was planning to work out.

Finally, the two girls reached the Wal Mart door. Jen tried to push her way through, but found that her hips were too wide. When she tried to walk through, her monster thighs just bumped into the door frame.

"Ugh, like, that's so annoying!" she snapped, "Why does that keep happening?"

With a grunt, she extricated herself from the doorway and turned sideways for her second attempt. Jen usually had to turn sideways to get through doorways these days, but she was in for a nasty surprise. Her weeks and months of binging and indulgence had finally plumped up her rear to the point that turning sideways was useless. Her butt shelf stuck out so far behind her that she was still too wide to fit through

She pushed and shoved and wriggled but it was no use. She only managed to make her leggings slide down just far enough to reveal the top of her thong panties ( Alice was surprised to see that they made thongs big enough to fit around Jen's monster ass and mammoth thighs).

"Um, like, could you give me a push, Alice?"

"Um, okay Jen, let me help!"

Alice placed her hands on Jen's side and shoved with all her might. Her hands sank into the soft, squishy flesh of Jen's flank like she was sinking in mud. It almost looked as if Alice might actually get stuck in all that jelly, but she shoved with enough force that Jen popped through the door.

"Oof! Thanks, Alice!"

Inside the store, Jen grabbed the waistband of her leggings to readjust herself. She did a

little dance as she pulled them back up to cover her bodacious bum.

Meanwhile, Alice tried to follow Jen through the doorway but found that she had a similar problem: She was too wide to fit.

“Oof! This is...kind of a tight squeeze,” muttered Alice, her face blushing red. Gawd, she couldn’t believe that she was getting stuck in doors. How could she have let herself get this fat? Only last year Alice had been a chubby little bunny who liked to eat a little too much. But over time, she had ballooned into a greedy hog who simply couldn’t stop herself from indulging constantly, to the point that she was having trouble fitting her flabby body through doors. She had no one to blame but herself. Only recently, when Jen and Laurie had broken off their friendship, Alice could have cut back her eating, she could have restrained herself when she’d been invited to two weekly sleepovers. But no. She had reveled in the excuse to glut herself to even more ludicrous excesses, allowing herself the freedom to indulge her insatiable appetite to its ultimate folly. She shook her head, forcing those thoughts of guilt and regret from her mind. As much as Alice worried about her increasing size, she found it easier and easier to distract herself from reality with thoughts of food. It helped that she knew that Tyler loved her and found her irresistible at this size. But that’s where she differed from Jen slightly. Jen’s confidence in her size depended a lot on her boyfriend’s continued approval, which was why she actually had some motivation to exercise now that she knew he wasn’t happy about her current condition. But Alice probably wouldn’t be able or willing to reduce even if Tyler DIDN’T like the way she looked.

Right now, she had other problems. She backed up, scooting out of the doorway – Alice was so big that watching her ponderously waddle backwards for a few steps was like watching a wide load semi truck go into reverse gear. Like Jen, she turned sideways and tried again. And like Jen she couldn’t make it through that way either. Jen’s sideways entry had been stymied by her enormous shelf-like buttocks, but Alice was so round that she found her fat, gelatinous belly bumped against the doorframe.

She looked to Jen. “Hey...um...Jen? Do you think you could help me now?”

Jen gave her leggings one last tug and released the waistband, letting it snap back into the butter-soft flesh of her upper thighs. “Sure thing!” she said cheerfully. Alice held out her flabby arms for Jen to grab and waited as Jen pulled with all her might. Jen’s strength was, to say the least, unimpressive. Any muscles that the corpulent cutie had built up over her cheerleading career had long since atrophied, buried under multiple layers of quivering blubber. Nevertheless, the sheer weight of Jen’s mass gave her enough leverage to pull Alice from the doorway and send the two girls stumbling.

“Like, whoa, they really need to do something about these doors,” said Jen, adjusting her hair. “If we can’t deal with them, I bet lots of people have trouble with them. I mean, like, yeah, I know I totally have a big butt, but there no way that we’re, like, the biggest people to shop here!”



Alice wasn't so sure. She knew that a lot of fat people shopped at Wal Mart, but, scanning the horizon, she didn't see anyone nearly as rotund as her or Jen. In fact, the other shoppers were staring at the two, partly because they'd made such a scene squeezing through the door and partly because they were both so huge.

"Jen, why did we come here again?"

"Oh right! I totally need to buy some new work out clothes. I totally haven't been to the gym in, like weeks, and the last time I went with Craig I..uh...well, like I had some trouble getting my leotard to fit right. So I totally think I need to buy a new one, cuz it probably fits even worse now. Laurie haaaaates shopping here cuz she thinks it's totally low class, but this is like the only store that carries clothes designed for my shape." Jen grinned, patting her backside proudly. Even at her massive size, Jen was still proud of her pear shape, thinking of herself as a curvy, bootilicious babe. She wouldn't mind losing a little bit of this jelly if it meant that Craig would be happy with her look, but she didn't want to completely decimate the asset (with an emphasis on ASS) that made her famous throughout school.

Alice grimaced. The clothing section was all the way at the back of the store. It was only a two minute walk, but Alice's feet were already tired and her knees creaking. And despite the high powered air conditioning inside the store, she was already feeling overly warm under her layers of adipose. She was not relishing the idea of walking at all.

She could tell from the look on Jen's face that her big bottomed friend was also having second thoughts. But then Jen's face brightened as her eyes fell on something behind Alice.

"Look!" squealed Jen gleefully. "Scooters! That's just what we need!"

Alice turned to look. There was a line of small electric mobility scooters by the door, helpfully provided by the store for handicapped or elderly shoppers. But they would work just as well for shoppers like Jen who were just too plain lazy to walk.

"I think those are for old people," said Alice, but Jen wasn't paying any attention. The wide load girl waddled over to the first scooter in line and plopped her enormous derriere into the scooter's seat. Jen was so fat and wide that her ass hung over both sides of the seat, nearly obscuring it from view.

"C'mon, Alice! There's one for you too!"

"Um...I don't know about this..." Alice felt slightly embarrassed to use a mobility scooter when she was a healthy young girl. Sure, she was fat, but was she really fat enough that she was willing to ride a rascal? Then again, Alice was also almost as supremely lazy as Jen and her feet were already aching from what little time she had spent upright today. At home, Alice spent almost all day lying in bed or sitting on the couch, eating and sleeping and generally

growing fatter and fatter and lazier and lazier. The little bit of walking she'd already done had left her feeling drained and exhausted. In fact, it was quite a work-out. Probably enough of a work-out for one day, she thought.

"I guess we have been walking quite a bit today," said Alice, shuffling to the second scooter in line and struggling to balance her ponderous posterior on the seat. "After all, I don't want to over do it."

Alice found a comfortable position and dropped her fat bottom onto the seat, which creaked under her weight. The shift in position was enough to make the snap on her cargo pants pop open again, allowing her ample belly to spill slightly more out of the gap. Alice didn't notice, but luckily her sagging belly covered her crotch and hid her unfastened pants from prying eyes. She stomped her chubby foot against the pedal, her elephantine thigh wobbling, but the scooter only inched forward with noticeable effort.

"Yeah, for sure!" agreed Jen, nodding her head so vigorously that her double chin bounced and shook. Jen revved her scooter's gas pedal. The overloaded vehicle sputtered and groaned, slowly edging forward with a loud grinding noise. Even though it was designed to help support morbidly obese shoppers, it was still having a hard time holding up under Jen's soft, porky bulk.

"Gosh, this thing sure is slow," she said, "I guess they must design them that way on purpose, cuz they'd scare old people if they went too fast." She slammed her foot against the pedal again, pumping it hard in hopes that it would encourage the scooter to pick up the pace. No such luck.

Behind her, Alice's scooter crawled along at an equally slow, strained pace. The two girls were a ridiculous sight: Their straining scooters, barely able to support the heavy loads of the two overfed, overstuffed honeys, moved at a snail's pace, huffing and puffing like a pair of exhausted marathon runners reaching the end of their ropes. Jen and Alice could have reached their destination faster if they had walked – even if they had moved at their normally slow, ponderous waddle – but they were far too lazy and out-of-shape to do that. It was much easier to sit back and relax, letting the Rascals do all the work for them. Now that they weren't straining to support their own weight anymore, they actually had enough breathe left to have a real conversation!

"I feel kinda bad," continued Jen, "I mean, I guess I have been ignoring Craig a little lately. But I've totally got a second chance to set things right. Maybe when we're done here, we can go down to the mall? I could get some new lingerie to surprise Craig!"

Alice remembered the recent sleepover when Jen had revealed that she's outgrown all of her undies except for the one pair of novelty peek-a-boo panties with a heart-shaped hole cut over the butt. She wondered if Jen was pondering buying new lingerie because she really wanted to surprise Craig or because she'd finally outgrown that last pair.

“That’s a good idea,” agreed Alice, “Maybe we could stop by that store that Laurie always uses? You know that girl that always helps her pick up those specialty bras she likes so much? Abida? She always gives Laurie such a good discount. Maybe she could help us too!”

“Yeah! That’s totally a great idea!”

Neither Jen nor Alice realized that Abida mostly gave Laurie discounts because Abida was infatuated with Laurie’s beautiful bosom and killer curves.

“Ooo! Peanut butter cups!” cried Jen, her voice reaching a high-pitch of fever excitement that sounded almost uncannily like a pig’s squeal. Immediately, she veered her scooter off to the side as they passed the junk food section, disappearing into the candy aisle.

“Jen! I thought you wanted to get a leotard!” protested Alice weakly, although she too was piloting her scooter down the candy aisle before she knew what she was doing. Just ahead of her, Jen was grabbing a bulky bag of peanut butter cups off the shelf and dumping it into the basket on the front of her Rascal.

But Alice found it suddenly difficult to get a clear look at what Jen was doing. Her vision seemed to blur as she realized that she was surrounded by delicious, sweet candy, everything other than the candy disappearing into the background. And that smell! Chocolate! Nougat! Caramel! Alice started feeling light headed as a wave of gluttonous desire crashed over her, making her fat little tummy gurgle and her mouth drool. Her heart began racing faster and faster at the sight of all that delicious, delicious candy, and Alice had to clutch her chest at the sudden pain. She squeezed her eyes shut and grimaced, concentrating on getting herself back under control. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. After a few moments, Alice opened her eyes again, hoping that it was safe to look at the candy, that the excitement had passed and that she wouldn’t have a heart attack just from thinking about food.

Just a few feet away, Jen was slumped forward in her scooter, chubby hands clutching the handlebars, wheezing loudly. The effort of grabbing candy bags off the shelf seemed to have winded her.

“Gawd, that is like...such hard work! You ever get that thing where, like, you feel your heart just going crazy? It is, like, soooo annoying!”

“Yeah, Jen, I just felt that now!”

“Oh good, I was afraid it was just, you know, like, something that happened to me! Now I need your help loading up some of this candy into my basket!”

“I thought we came here to buy some exercise gear, not candy!” wailed Alice, but, despite her plaintive pleas, she was already pulling bags of Snickers and Kit Kats off the

shelves to fill her own basket. She couldn't help but lick her plump lips in anticipation.

"I know, like, I shouldn't be eating candy now, but OMG it's soooo good! And besides, I mean, like, I deserve one last pig-out before I really buckle down and start losing weight, right?"

Alice nodded. Like Jen, she was a master of rationalization, so that sounds logical to her.

"Ooo! Baby Ruth!" Another jumbo sized bag of chocolate bars caught Jen's greedy eye, so she powered her scooter closer to the shelf to grab it. Unfortunately, this bag was on a higher shelf, just out of reach even when Jen piloted her scooter so close that its bumper pushed against the shelf.

"Ugh! Gawd! Why do they put it up so high?" Jen grunted, reaching out her flabby arm. "Can you reach it, Alice?"

"I dunno, back up and I'll try."

The two hefty hotties made a truly ridiculous sight as they clumsily maneuvered their scooters around so that they could get closer to the object of their desire. Of course, there was actually a very simple, obvious solution to their problem. If either one of them had thought to actually stand up, they would have easily been able to grab the bag in their chubby fingers. But, as it was, both of these pampered porkers were far too lazy to do that.

Eventually, the noise of their struggle attracted the attention of a passing employee. A young girl, the same age as the two fatties, wandered into the aisle and stared, aghast. She was a slightly chubby girl, always acutely aware that she was carrying just a few pounds too many, but these two blobs made her feel downright svelte. Even working at WalMart, she'd never seen anyone as fat as Jen or Alice! Judging from their faces, they couldn't be that old. In fact, they both looked kind of familiar...

"Uh, can I help you?"

Jen was so intent on reaching the candy bag that she hadn't noticed the girl approaching and startled in shock. She nearly fell out of her scooter, but luckily managed to right herself in time to avoid a spill. Good thing, thought the girl, if that blimp fell to the floor, she'd probably roll around like an up-ended turtle.

"Oh yes, please!" said Alice, "We're trying to reach that candy bag. Could you help us?"

"Sure," said the girl hesitantly. As fat as these two were, they didn't look immobile. Surely they could actually stand up under their own power? Or were they just too lazy?

Jen clapped her hands in delight as the girl pulled the bag down off the shelf.

“Oooo, like, thank you sooo much!” she cried, grabbing the bag from her hands and instantly tearing it open. The girl opened her mouth to protest as Jen pulled out a candy bar, ripped open the wrapper, and popped it in her mouth.

“Uh..you can’t-“

“I’m still gonna pay for this,” said Jen, “Like, don’t worry about that. I just didn’t wanna wait! You want any, Alice?”

“Oh..uh... well I guess as long as you have the bag already open....”

The clerk was absolutely shocked to watch the two heavy heifers stuffing their fat faces with chocolate right there in the store. They were such greedy gluttons that they couldn’t even wait to pay for it before they started gorging!

Wait a second.... Now she recognized them! These were these two cheerleaders that she’d heard about before! Of course, she’d seen them before. She was only a sophomore but she remembered seeing them jumping around at a football game last year. She’d heard rumors that they’d gained a lot of weight since then, but this was far beyond anything she could have imagined. They looked like two beached whales and they were now either so fat or so lazy that they needed mobility scooters to haul their bloated asses through the store.

“Anyway, thanks for your help,” burbled Jen through cheeks bulging with chocolate treats. The clerk was too stunned to say anything as she watched the two bulging bunnies chug off on their dying scooters.

Now fortified by their sugary snack, Jen and Alice continued their quest, slowly making their way toward the back of the store to the clothing section. By the time they reached the clothing section, both Rascals were literally on their last legs, making alarming grinding noises as their struggled against their inevitable failure.

Alice grimaced. “I don’t think these scooters are actually built very well,” she said, leaning over in a futile attempt to see over her titanic tummy and inspect what the problem might be.

“Ugh, Gawd, you would think WalMart would treat its customers better,” said Jen as she carefully unwrapped a peanut butter cup with one hand, her other hand tightly gripping the handlebar to maintain her balance. She was barely cognizant that she had chocolate running down her lips and double chin. “Ah, here we are.”

The shelves were filled with anything that a fitness minded girl could desire, from sweat bands to sweatsuits to leotards.

“Oh, how about that? That looks cute!” Alice pointed to an enormous pair of sweatpants,

obviously built for a typical WalMart shopper. The pants were probably size 30 if not higher, each leg so big that it could fit two normal sized people.

“Um, I’m totally NOT gonna wear some gross sweat pants,” said Jen, shaking her head. Of course, Jen actually HAD been wearing sweat pants quite frequently lately, seeing as how sweats, leggings and stretchy yoga pants were now literally the only garments that she could fit over her colossal ass. But if she was going to exercise with Laurie, she wanted to look cute! She pointed at a bright green leotard on a mannequin. “I think that’s more my speed. Here, I’m gonna try it on.”

There was no way to avoid standing up now. Jen grunted and moaned but slowly she raised herself to her feet, leaning heavily against her scooter, her legs shaking the whole time. Wobbling like a toddler taking her first steps, Jen shuffled to the shelf to grab the plastic package off the shelf.

“Okay, Alice, I’ll be, like, right back. Don’t eat my candy while I’m gone, okay?”

Alice stared at the half-empty bag of peanut butter cups in Jen’s basket. Now that Jen mentioned it, it was tempting.

“Oh..okay,” she said, her mouth already salivating at the thought. But no. She really shouldn’t! She watched as Jen wobbled over to the dressing rooms and disappeared inside. Oh my. Oh she just shouldn’t.

She looked down at the bag of Snickers in her own basket. She didn’t feel right eating them before she’d paid for them, but she was just soooooo hungry! And no one was watching her right now, anyway. Feeling rather naughty and guilty, the bellyful beauty carefully ripped open the bag, working slowly to avoid making a loud noise that might alert any store security. Success! She would just eat one. Okay, two. Despite her promises to herself, Alice was soon intent on gobbling down as much of her own chocolate as she could before Jen returned. Hmmm. So good! The sugary treats were giving her a major head rush! Unable to stop herself, Alice shoved treat after treat into her mouth, gulping and gorging with abandon. The zipper on her cargo pants slowly slid down as her swelling belly pressed on it with increasing weight, but Alice was oblivious. She didn’t stop until she’d emptied the bag.

“Oh no, I really hope I don’t get in trouble,” mumbled Alice to herself. Jen had said that they could pay for the candy after they ate it, right? There was no reason to think that she was wrong. After all, why should the store care when you ate it as long as you paid for it, right? She’d just wait for Jen and they’d explain everything when they went up to the cashier to pay.

Alice sighed in chocolate-stuffed bliss and leaned back, her chair creaking under her immense bulk. She made one last futile attempt to pull her polo shirt down over the vast swell of her belly, but quickly gave up.

She looked over to Jen's basket. Maybe just one...

After a few minutes, the door to Jen's dressing room flew open and the big booty babe waddled out, her corpulent form covered in skin-tight green material. Alice hated to think it, but the color made Jen look even more like a pear. It put Alice in mind of Violet Beuregarde from Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory if she had chewed pear flavored gum rather than blueberry. The idea made Alice giggle inwardly, as she imagined what Jen would look like slowly turning green in the face and swelling up with pear juice.

"Um, like, what's so funny?" asked Jen.

"Nothing, I just had a thought. What do you think? Do you think that leotard will work for you?"

"Yeah, it's totally got room to stretch!" Jen demonstrated by raising her thick arms over her head and leaning from side to side, the silky spandex sliding over her flabby rolls with a soft zipping sound. The fabric was stretched so tightly over Jen's fleshy gut and hemispherical badonkadonk that it looked like it might explode into ribbons if you so much as scratched it. Jen's eyes fell on the empty candy bag in her scooter basket.

"Oh my Gawd, Alice! Did you eat my candy!?"

"No! I mean, okay, I guess I did. I'm sorry! I just couldn't help it! It looked soooo good!"

"Ugh! Now we're gonna have to ride all the way back over to the candy section to get more! Gawd, I'd hate to walk, it's a good thing we have these scooters."

"Were you girls planning on paying for that candy?" said a stern voice behind them.

Slowly, Alice and Jen turned their chocolate-smearing faces to see the store security guard looming over them.

"Oh totally!" said Jen, a sudden hiccup causing her whole body to bounce. "We were just on our way to the register like right now!"

Embarrassed, the two blushing blimps ended up paying for two empty bags of candy and one stretched out leotard. They had no clue that their chubby faces were smeared with chocolate, and the cashier was too polite to say anything. He simply stared after them as the two bloated beauties waddled their ponderous way right back in their car, their tubby buns shaking behind them.

# 39. Laurie

Laurie was aghast when she answered the door.

“Good, now you can finally – what are you carrying there?”

“It’s chicken curry,” said Jen, spooning a heaping helping of spicy curry into her mouth. The pear-shaped brunette was supposed to come over to exercise with Laurie, since Laurie had convinced her that she needed to lose weight. Jen was certainly dressed the part; her enormous, soft body was encased in a spandex croptop and cotton shorts over a straining leotard. She looked like a sausage ready to pop on the grill. It didn’t help that she was carrying a cardboard carton in her pudgy little fingers and shoving thick goopy curry into her mouth right there on the stoop. Laurie shook her head. This didn’t bode well.

“I got it from that new Indian restaurant downtown,” said Jen, her eyes watering from the spice. “Don’t worry, it’s, like, chicken, so it’s healthy.”

Laurie sighed in exasperation. The raven-haired bombshell had been feeling pretty good about how things were going. She’d managed to smooth over her fight with Jen with a little bit of trickery and a little bit of deviousness. Jen had decided that she no longer wanted to be part of the plan: For months, Laurie had schemed to fatten up their mutual friend Alice as part of an effort to make herself and Jen look thinner in comparison. But even a bimbo like Jen could tell that the plan was futile at this point. Fattening Alice meant that both girls were also exposed to fattening goodies on a near constant basis, and any willpower that the duo ever possessed had long since crumbled. They were both gaining weight almost as fast as Alice, to the point that all three girls were now teetering on the brink of 400 pounds. Pointing out that, technically, Alice might have been one or two ponds heavier than Laurie or Jen was just splitting hairs at the point. Any outside observer would be unimpressed, simply seeing all three as big fat hogs, slaves to their own insatiable gluttony. And somehow, Jen was okay with this. Jen didn’t even care whether she was fatter than Alice, leading the formerly curvaceous cheerleader to blimp up into a lazy, hedonistic slob. And that would not do!

Luckily, two things had intervened to curb Jen’s complete slide into sloth. One, Jen’s boyfriend had finally objected to seeing her swell up like a parade float – Jen had become so preoccupied with food that she’d lost almost all interest in sex. Worse, her poor eating habits played havoc with her intestines, turning into a non-stop farting gas machine. Craig didn’t like that either. But after he’d finally confronted her about her flatulence and laziness, she’d promised to mend her ways. So that was good. The second thing was that Laurie had tricked Jen into thinking that she was even fatter than she really was by trapping her in her own car. A delightfully devilish trick, thought Laurie smugly. Because of those two things, Jen was reluctantly starting to take an interest in her looks again and agreeing to join Laurie for some



exercise.

“Healthy?! Do you know how much butter and cream they put into that?”

Jen blinked. “Uhhhh...no...how much?”

“Well, I don’t know either, but I’ll bet it’s a lot! I can’t believe this; I told you to come prepared for a workout and you spend the morning shoving curry into your face!”

“Well, like, what was I supposed to do?” whined Jen, “I was starving!” She shoveled another bite into her eager mouth.

“Give that to me! You’ve had way more than enough to last you for a week! Gawd, Jen, everyone knows you don’t eat curry before a workout. I mean, look at you, you’re already sweating!”

“But that’s good, right?” The red-faced ditz was covered in a thin sheen of sweat. “Like, I’m sweating out the toxins.”

“No, it means that the spices are way too hot. Ugh, see what I have to deal with?” She shook her head. “Listen, Jen, you’re my friend, so I’m going to help you, okay? Remember, just trust me. I know what’s best.”

Jen sighed, but she relinquished the carton of curry. “Okay, if you say so.” She watched with a quivering lip as Laurie snatched it away.

“Okay, that’s better. Now first, wipe your face off, Jen. You’ve got curry all over your face, you look like a slob.”

“Huh?” Jen hadn’t noticed that her mouth was ringed with sauce, but she dutifully waddled into the nearby bathroom to throw some water on her face. Laurie watched as the fat-assed bimbo turned sideways, sliding up on her tiptoes and sucking in her belly to squeeze through the narrow bathroom doorway. Honestly, Laurie wasn’t in much better shape herself – she was also getting too big for her own home. But since she stored her fat a little more evenly over her body (after her colossal breasts took their share, that is), she didn’t have the same problems that Jen did with cramming her bulk through confined spaces.

As much as she berated Jen, the truth was: Laurie was glad that the two were on good terms again. Being without Jen at her side for so long had been torture! Laurie and Jen had been BFF for so long, that she was almost as lost without her bootilicious companion as Jen was without her buxom boss. And Laurie really DID want to help Jen reduce a little bit. Because, really, Jen’s expansion was simply out of control! She had to help Jen shed a few pounds for her own good. Jen was blowing up like a balloon, and, if she didn’t do something soon, they’d have to start rolling her to school in the mornings. Besides, reasoned Laurie, it

would be a good bonding experience for the two of them. A good way to patch over any lingering hard feelings.

And if Laurie showed some concern for Jen's weight, it might also help distract Jen from the fact that Laurie didn't have any real intention of stopping the plan to fatten Alice. She still wanted Alice fatter. She felt slightly bad, because she really did like Alice, but the plan must go on. Without Jen on board, that meant she would have to be EXTRA sneaky. She'd have to make sure that Alice kept gaining while Jen lost weight. And she had to make sure that neither of them got suspicious! The mega-mammaried Machiavelli certainly had her work cut out for her!

Laurie spied her own reflection in the hallway mirror. Her own red catsuit barely did a better job of covering her own flabby body than Jen's leotard did covering Jen's bloated badonkadonk, stretched so tightly over her ample curves that it was almost transparent. Her giant tits nearly swelled out the top of the outfit, revealing a long, dark canyon of cleavage and threatening to tumble out of her catsuit if she leaned too far forward. At her size, she was lucky that she could stuff her boobs into the stretched spandex garment adequately enough to hide her nipples. She was...fat. She hated to say it, hated to even think it, but she looked huge. Luckily, as long as her massive melons dominated her frame, no one really paid much mind to Laurie's widening thighs and expanding stomach.

"Good, now we can get down to business," said Laurie as Jen emerged from the bathroom. "Alright, Jen, let's survey the damage and see what we need to do to get you back on the bootilicious path and off of the buttzilla path."

Jen squealed. "Butzilla? That sounds great! I'm a total buttzilla!"

"No, you fat ass bimbo! It's NOT great! Being a buttzilla is a bad thing! That's, like, when you're butt is so big that you get stuck in doors or you knock things down when you turn around. And that's where you're headed if you don't shed some of that booty blubber!"

"Oh.." Jen looked crestfallen at that explanation.

"Let's use the pencil test to see how much work we need to do," said Laurie, holding up a pencil to show Jen.

"What's that?"

"Okay, you know how they used to do the pencil test to see if you needed a bra? Like, they'd drop a pencil in your cleavage to see if it stuck? We're gonna do that to get a good sense of the damage all your pigging out has done to that fat ass of yours. Now turn around."

Jen dutifully turned her back to Laurie, showing two massive globes of shifting adipose stuffed into a straining pair of cotton exercise shorts that didn't go up all the way, leaving the top

of Jen's butt cleavage exposed.

Laurie dropped the pencil into Jen's ass crack.

"Hmm."

"What happened?"

"It got stuck in all your jelly back here," said Laurie. Indeed, the pencil was wedged tightly between the two rotund hemispheres of Jen's overstuffed rump.

"That's good, right?"

"No, it means you're a big fat ass, you fat ass!"

"But...I'm...I mean, like, Craig likes my fat ass!"

Laurie tilted her head. "Really? That fat? Jen, I don't think you appreciate just how big you're getting back there. You look like you're smuggling two pontoons back here. This rear balcony of yours could support a whole window box! In fact... forget the pencil test, let's really see what this rump can do. Hold still."

"Um, okay." Jen waited while Laurie shuffled away into the kitchen only to return moments later with a can of Coca Cola.

"Hold still, Jen, let's see if we can balance this."

Jen squeaked as she felt the cold aluminum touch the exposed flesh of her upper buttocks, but Laurie shushed her.

"Quiet, Jen, hold still!" Laurie carefully balanced the unopened can, watching as it settled into the gelatinous blubber as if it was memory foam. The can remained upright after she let go.

"Wow, Jen. You have so much jelly back here that you can actually support an entire can of Coke. A FULL can of Coke! "

Jen yelped as Laurie grabbed hold of the hem of her shorts and leggings and pulled them down to reveal the full, round curvature of Jen's full moon.

"Oh my Gawd, Laurie, stop! What are you doing? It's cold!"

"I just want to see if you ass can actually catch a soda!" Laurie pried apart Jen's butt cheeks and dropped the soda can between them. She released Jen's cheeks and howled with laughter as the two apple-round lobes slapped back together to hold the can in place.

“Look, Jen, you’re actually holding the can with your butt! I guess this fat ass is good for something. You can hold a soda can without any hands! I bet you’re right, Craig would love that!”

“That’s not funny,” muttered Jen, crossing her flabby arms across her ample chest.

“Oh sweetie, calm down, you know I’m just teasing you because I’m your friend,” said Laurie, plucking the can from Jen’s crack and raising her shorts back up over her rump. Laurie released her grip and watched Jen’s butt blubber wobble as the waistband snapped back. She patted Jen on her shoulder as she walked around in front of her; it was a long walk to angle around Jen’s wide hips. “I’m just trying to make you understand that you need to get serious. You need my help.” She held out a candy bar. “Candy bar?”

“Sure, thanks!” said Jen eagerly, grabbing the candy bar and biting off a massive chunk.

“Oh my Gawd, Jen! Did you even look at that before you ate it? That’s one of the weight gain bars we’re feeding Alice --- I mean, that we WERE feeding Alice. And you just gobbled it down without a second thought! See, you’ve turned into a mindless eater! Girl, you REALLY need my help!”

Jen paused mid-chew, her eyes big and her cheeks still bulging with candy bar. She looked down at the bar in her hands. Laurie was right. The wrapper clearly stated it: High Energy Protein Bar. Bulk up Fast! After a moment, she resumed chewing and swallowed.

“Gosh, I guess you’re right,” said Jen, “I guess I, like, didn’t think about that. But...I already started it, so I guess I should, like, finish it.” She raised the remaining protein bar to her lips. “I mean, like, just one wouldn’t hurt. An’ I don’t wanna waste food.”

Laurie stared at her in shock as Jen slowly mowed through the protein bar, the only sound in the room a slow, rhythmic chewing and the occasional smacking of lips. Laurie had intended to use this as a teachable moment, to help shock Jen out of her complacency, but it looked like Jen would be a harder nut to crack than she had thought.

“Alright, fine, forget that!” Laurie waved her hands dismissively. “Let’s get you on the dance floor.”

“Ooo!” Jen sputtered through a mouthful of chewed-up protein bar. “You have a dance floor?”

“No. Just follow me. I’ll show you exactly what you need to drop a few inches off that backyard. Have you ever tried strippercize?”

“Ooo!” Jen squealed again. She waddled as briskly as she could after Laurie. “Is that,

like, that aerobic workout where you learn to pole dance?”

“Close. I used to do it all the time, it’s really effective. Plus, you get some good moves for the bedroom.” She tapped her nose and winked conspiratorially. “I’ve used a few of these on Frank and he certainly appreciates them. I’ll bet this will give you something you can use on Craig.”

The den was set up as a media center, with a large flat-screen TV on the wall. She’d pushed all the furniture against the walls, leaving a big open space at the room’s center for the girls to exercise.

“C’mon, Jen, let’s move it,” said Laurie as she popped a DVD into the DVD player. Carmen Electra’s face came up on screen. “I wanna see that booty bounce!”

“Um, aren’t you gonna exercise too, Laurie?” asked Jen as Laurie wobbled her way over to one of the room’s chairs and plopped her own titanic tuchus down.

“Don’t try to change the subject, sweetie, we’re talking about YOUR giant ass today, not mine. And if you don’t start sweating off some of that blubber, you’re never going to fit into a pair of pants again. So chop chop, let’s move!” Laurie dug into Jen’s leftover curry with a sour look on her face. “I suppose I’ll have to eat this JUST to keep it away from you. Really, Jen, I hope you appreciate the sacrifices I make for you!”

“I can totally fit into pants,” said Jen, her pride smarting slightly. She motioned at her explosive lower quarters, wrapped, as they were, in failing spandex. “Like, what are you talking about, Laurie?”

“I mean, REAL pants.” Laurie pointed at Jen’s enormous haunches. “I remember back when you used to wear the cutest designer jeans and booty shorts, but what can you wear now, Jen? Nothing but sweats and leggings. Is that anyway to live?”

“Yeah, but…”

Laurie put down the curry carton and leaned forward. “Let me put it this way, Jen. You like that big butt of yours? You think it makes you look sexy?”

“Um, yeah, totally! Everyone knows I’m, like, the real big booty babe!” Jen reached behind herself to pat her enormous, watermelon-sized buttocks, as if you reassure herself that they were still there. Yup, still there, still massive.

“Then don’t you want to be able to show it off for everyone to appreciate? No one’s going to look at your ass when you’re wearing those frumpy stretch pants and think ‘wow, now that’s a hot ass!’ They’re just going to think ‘wow, that ass is way too fucking fat!’”

Jen's lip trembled. "My ass is NOT way too fucking fat!"

"I hear a lot of arguing, but I don't see a lot of sweating. Stop stalling, Jen, and start moving."

"Um, like, shouldn't we get Alice to come exercise too?" asked Jen, scratching her large behind. This leotard was riding up her rear and it wasn't comfortable at all! The overweight ditz hadn't even thought about exercise since her failed gym visit with Craig, and the leotard that had barely fit her then fit her even less now. It was so tight on her that it slipped between the chubby cheeks of her wide rump whenever she moved, rubbing against her asshole and taint and even her pussy lips when she tried to stretch. It wasn't wholly unpleasant, but she wasn't really feeling up to it with Laurie sitting right there staring at her.

"What, why would we ask Alice?" snapped Laurie.

"Well, since we're not going through with the plan anymore, I thought maybe it would be nice to help her out too. Since we, like, you know, made her fat."

"Alice made herself fat," muttered Laurie to herself. Of course, Jen was absolutely right. Alice was a natural glutton who probably would have blown up like a balloon even without Laurie's influence, but Laurie's sleepovers had made Alice blimp even faster and bigger. Laurie grimaced. The plan would be harder to orchestrate without Jen in on the scheme, but Jen was such an empty-headed bimbo that she probably wouldn't even notice anything that Laurie did to keep plumping Alice up.

"Oh, I don't think Alice is interested in that sort of thing," said Laurie sweetly. "Besides, you should stop trying to change the subject! We're talking about your butt!"

Jen reached her pudgy arms over her head in a laughable parody of a stripper's routine. It was no use. Jen was simply too round and blubbery to make a convincing show, her movements too awkward, her chubby body too inflexible. She was so swaddled in heavy, wobbling lard that she could barely bend at all. She just looked like the Michelin Man.

"But Laurie! It would be, like, fun to work out together! Don't you think?"

Laurie sighed. "Fine, Jen. I'll do it for you. Maybe it would help keep you motivated." She dumped the remainder of the curry into her mouth, failing to notice the sauce that dribbled down the front of her top, and tossed the empty carton aside. Repressing a grunt, the buxom blimp pushed herself to her feet and took her place beside Jen. She was already regretting scarfing down the rest of Jen's curry – not only because she didn't feel like exercising on a full stomach, but also because that curry was a lot hotter than she had expected. Her tongue and throat were stinging!

"Alright, let's get this started," said Laurie as she pressed play on the remote control.

On the television, a peppy Carmen Electra shouted out instructions. “Next, you’re gonna lean forward, grab your shin, and slide back up. This is a great move that really helps you show off for your man in the bedroom!”

“Um, like, I don’t need any help to show off for my man in the bedroom!” said Jen, her face flushed bright red. Sweat was already pouring down her body, soaking through the thin cotton fabric of her exercise shorts and the straining spandex of her sports bra, leaving big wet spots under her armpits and between her boobs. It was partly from the little bit of exertion from the routine, but also partly from the spicy curry. She probably shouldn’t have loaded up on spicy food before her big workout!

“Gawd, Jen, don’t talk back to the TV,” said Laurie as she awkwardly tried to replicate the move. While Laurie might have easily used these moves in the bedroom back when she was a slimmer woman, the enormously busty bitch could barely bend forward without the weight of her huge, hemispherical hooters threatening to drag her forward and make her fall flat on her face – or as close to ‘flat on her face’ as she could fall. Any fall would be cushioned by her own twin chest pillows as well as her growing gut. “Carmen Electra can’t even hear you, you bimbo.”

Laurie grimaced. That spice was still building in her mouth! She hadn’t even completed one bend and she was already sweating like a pig, perspiration sloughing off her porky body in great wet sheets, soaking through her workout clothes like she had been caught in the rain. As a long-time cheerleader, Laurie had once been flexible enough to push her body down against her upper leg like Carmen had instructed her, but now her breasts were in her way, preventing her from getting close at all. Man, she was already feeling the burn! Right there in her...boobs? Laurie blinked in confusion as she straightened up to prepare for another failed attempt at a semi-hip slide. Her nipples were tingling; when she looked down, she could see them tenting the fabric of her top. What gives? Laurie’s tits were so sensitive these days that it didn’t take much to turn the high beams on. Usually just a few sexy thoughts were all it took... Frank massaging her colossal cantelopes, Frank pumping her fat pussy, Frank stuffing her like a Thanksgiving turkey. But what was this all about? She wasn’t turned on! In fact, her nipples didn’t just tingle. They kind of hurt!

Jen and Laurie looked especially ridiculous when compared to the slender, sexy woman on the television. Carmen Electra’s slim form looked absolutely miniscule, her small pert ass accentuated by short cotton shorts, the barest hint of flat bronzed belly visible beneath the hem of her belly shirt, her long toned legs girdled by thigh-high tube socks. In contrast, Jen and Laurie looked like two bloated, blubbery elephant seals flopping about on a beach, desperate to return to the water. Their spandex outfits were under extreme pressure, pushed to the breaking point with every half-hearted bend and failed twist.

Jen’s tummy bounced and sloshed as she tried to imitate Carmen Electra’s latest dance move; the slender strippercize host turned her back to the camera and popped her booty back and forth. It was exactly the sort of move that Jen loved to do – and she certainly had more

than enough booty to try it out! But when Jen tried to shake her vast bubble butt, she only succeeded in upsetting her big, curry-stuffed stomach.

Jen grunted, struggling to bend forward when the thick jelly rolls of her gargantuan gut got in the way. The strain of bending over was too much for her, because she reached just a little too far, stretched a little too hard, and succeeded in forcing a loud fart to blast out of her ass.

“Oh Christ,” said Laurie, rolling her eyes. “See, Jen, this is exactly what we were trying to avoid! You were supposed to change your diet so that you weren’t constantly farting and look what you do. You stuff yourself with curry!”

“Oh Gawd, my butt! Oww ow wow, that hurt!” Jen cried, her hands shooting to her enormous, jiggling rump.

“What are you talking about?”

“It burns! Owwwww!”

“I’m not surprised,” said Laurie, biting her lip. “That’s what happens when you stuff your face with spicy food like that.” Like Jen, Laurie was still sweating profusely, the last of the curry spice hurting her throat. But she was more worried about her burning tits. What the fuck was going on?

“Jesus Christ, Jen, you think your ass hurts, my tits are on fire! What the fuck is happening?!”

“You...ow! Ow! Ow!...Laurie, you’ve got curry down your top!”

Laurie looked down again and, this time, she saw it. Jen was right! She had spilled some curry sauce down her shirt and it had finally dribbled south down over her massive mountains to reach her nipples. And the hot spices were burning her sensitive skin like burning hot lava!

“Oh shit!” yelled Laurie, grabbing at her own chest. The heat was getting worse, both on her chest and in her throat. “Jesus, I thought it would cool down...but it’s just getting worse!”

Desperate, she pulled her sports top over her head and threw it to the ground, allowing her now naked breasts to bob and jiggle freely. No good, she was still on fire! What could she do?

“Oh Gawd, ow ow ow!” gasped Laurie, her mouth hanging open and her tongue lolling out. She comically fanned her hands at her mouth as if that would help. “Water! I need water!”



“Noooo,” moaned Jen, “Water totally doesn’t cut the spice! I totally read that somewhere...it’ll just swish it around and make it worse!”

“Oh shit, then... milk! That’s it! We need something basic to stop the burning!” shouted Laurie. She was already wobbling toward the kitchen as fast as her fat little legs would carry her. She made quite a comical sight: Topless, Laurie’s fleshy body undulated and jiggled wildly as she huffed and puffed her way to the kitchen – her massive breasts, topped by nipples burning like two forest fires, slapped against the shelf of her gut, which, in turn, spilled over the waistband of her leggings more with every lumbering step.

Jen remained behind, rolling around on the floor, clutching at her fat flaming fanny and whining loudly.

Laurie threw open the refrigerator and grabbed a gallon of milk off the shelf. Without stopping to think, she ripped the cap off and poured the rich, creamy liquid over her tits.

“Oh thank Gawd,” she sighed as the burning slowly subsided in her boobs. But her throat was still on fire, so, with only half the jug remaining, Laurie tipped it into her mouth and started to chug. She leaned backwards against the kitchen counter, eyes closed, jug tilted up in the air, guzzling milk as fast as she could.

“Oooow, leave some for meee,” whined Jen, wobbling her way after her massive friend.

Laurie pulled the milk jug away from her lips with a gasp and thrust it out to Jen, who took it gratefully. As Jen guzzled away the remaining milk, Laurie looked down at herself to survey the damage. She was a big, bloated, sticky mess – milk all over her fat tits and bloated belly. And inside her belly, too. She could see her milk-filled gut sticking out like a shelf beyond her giant knockers, sloshing and wobbling as Laurie tried to get her breathing under control. The raven-haired behemoth could barely waddle without becoming winded, so the rapid run from the den to the kitchen – barely twenty feet, in reality – made her pant and gasp. Still listening to the slurping noise of Jen guzzling milk, Laurie grabbed a dishrag off the counter and half-heartedly tried to mop the milk off her boobs. Well, at least a milk bath is good for your skin, she thought.

Oh Gawd, she felt like she was going to be sick. Worse than sick. Her belly felt warm to the touch, her head was swimming. Too much milk. She leaned against the counter to maintain her balance, but Laurie almost wanted to let her overfilled gut drag her right to the floor.

“Okay, Jen, that’s enough. You’re going to make yourself throw up.”

Jen shook her head and continued drinking, not stopping until the jug was empty and she was forced to tongue the inside of the spout to lap up the last stray drops.

“Oh my Gawd, I think I drank too much,” said Jen, milk dribbling from her lips as she dropped the empty jug and slid to the floor. Her belly was so massively bloated that it had forced her leggings and shorts to slide down, leaving the big pink dome of her stomach bare. She rubbed her middle, her face betraying a new awe at its size. Jen was a big eater, of course, so her belly was almost always swollen with her most recent meal – but she’d never consumed enough liquid to make her slosh like this! She felt like an over-inflated water balloon, ready to burst if she fell over.

“I’m gonna puke,” said Jen, lying on the floor and clutching her massively swollen middle. She had read somewhere that it was impossible to chug an entire gallon of milk without vomiting, but, somehow, these two girls had managed the impossible. Maybe it was because their bellies were so accustomed to the constant abuse of being overstuffed that this was mere child’s play. But in any case, the two milk-bloated babes were so full and sloshy that they couldn’t do anything but lie on the ground, belching and moaning. They looked like two overfilled milk jugs.

“Ooof, no, I’M gonna puke,” said Laurie, patting her own gut as she slid to the floor next to her big butt best friend. Her middle jiggled and sloshed in response and, for a moment, Laurie felt like the motion of her ocean might make her sick. But she managed to keep it down, only burping loudly instead. She made a comical sight with her two hefty milkbags sticking out almost as far as her milk-filled gut.

“So, like, that was enough exercise for today, right?” said Jen eagerly. The two girls had barely even burned a single calorie today, but Jen was ready to call it quits after that ordeal!

Laurie was not inclined to argue. We did half a routine, thought Laurie, that should count for something. Surely, that would have helped Jen a little. Of course, the combined calories of the curry and the milk would have counteracted any little bit of good that their abortive attempt at working out would have done. But Laurie was too dazed and bloated and stupid to think about that now.

Jen leaned her head against Laurie’s shoulder. Laurie couldn’t help but smile. Just a little. It really was good to have her best friend back. Laurie would never say out loud just how much she had missed Jen. She didn’t like to show weakness, but life just wasn’t the same without her constant companion. Knowing that Jen was back again, her ever-willing support system, gave her the strength she needed to be the iron-willed bitch that everyone feared. But right now, she was just glad to have a friend to share her over-stuffed misery.

“Yeah,” huffed Laurie, “That’s enough for now.”

# 40. Jen

“So you made up with Laurie?” Mallory grimaced. She didn’t like that at all.

Jen and Mallory were sitting in Jen’s kitchen. When they met, they always met here – mostly because Jen was almost scared of leaving the house since her incident in the parking lot. She didn’t want to risk getting stuck in her small foreign car again, so she tended to avoid driving unless she really, desperately had to. As a result, Jen was getting even less exercise than usual (despite her abortive work-out attempt with Laurie recently) and she was always within arm’s reach of food. Jen’s half-hearted exercise efforts might actually produce some results if she hadn’t been so thoroughly sabotaging herself between work-outs. Jen still loved to eat and there was no way that she was going to cut back on that!

Laurie was a fucking bitch. As captains of rival cheer teams, they were natural enemies – but that was mostly because Laurie refused to leave their rivalry on the cheer field, instead insulting and bullying Mallory whenever they ran into each other in daily life. Mallory had, at first, disliked Jen and Alice because she assumed that they would share Laurie’s attitude, but she’d grown to like both ditzzy Jen and sweet, shy Alice. But she still couldn’t stand the sight of their buxom bitchy ringleader. It was a real shame that two nice girls spent all their time with that snooty, stuck-up diva.

“Yeah, but, like, we can still be friends!” said Jen. “This weekend, we’re all having a sleepover again. It’ll be me and Alice and... You should totally come! I mean, I know you don’t, like, like Laurie, but I bet you two would get along better if you got to know each other. Like, Laurie can be kind of a bitch, but she’s really good!”

“No thanks,” said Mallory. The redhead shook her head, watching as Jen waddled across the kitchen to the microwave to retrieve the bag of microwave popcorn she’d just prepared. “I have no intention of getting to know Laurie better.”

“Aww.” Jen seemed deflated. “That’s a bummer!”

“I thought you and Laurie were having a huge tiff. Why the sudden reconciliation?”

“Ummm, well, Laurie, like, helped me out of... a tight situation,” said Jen, her chubby cheeks going a little red at the memory of how her fat butt had grown so wide that she actually got stuck trying to climb into her car and needed Laurie’s help to dislodge herself. “The thing about Laurie is, like, even though she’s kind of a bitch, she always knows what’s right to do. Like, she kind of helped me realize that I might need to, like, lose some weight. I mean, I guess. I dunno, I don’t think I’m, like, that big.”

Mallory tapped her fingers against the table. She liked Jen. She really did. She hated to see Jen back under Laurie's influence, but... maybe it was for the best? Mallory had to continuously think of excuses to avoid having lunch with Jen just because she couldn't stand being around the heavysset plumper while she ate. It wasn't just that Jen was such a greedy slob that watching her stuff her face with abandon was disgusting. It was more than that. It was like watching someone you care about slowly kill themselves. Mallory worried about Jen's weight more than Jen herself did. And while Jen still seemed to be in good health despite her expanding size, it still worried Mallory. Jen must clock in at over 400 pounds by now, possibly teetering at the edge of 500, but Jen still seemed oblivious to just how ridiculously obese she was. Her enormous haunches and monumental rear tested the seams of the vast-waisted sweatpants; her thick thighs and swollen calves filled out the legs so firmly that the pants looked like sausage casing around her bloated curves.

Mallory often tried to subtly suggest to her new fat friend that Jen should maybe cut back a little on the snacking, maybe she didn't need a second and third helping with every meal, but Jen was too bubble-headed to pick up on Mallory's hints. Maybe she needed someone to tell her the truth bluntly, someone who wasn't afraid to hurt her feelings, to convince her to change her ways.

"Laurie and I worked out the other day, so I'm sure I'll be losing weight pretty quickly. Popcorn?" Jen held out the open bag to her friend. Mallory shook her head.

"You sure? It's totally good," said Jen as she pulled a stick of butter out of the fridge and unceremoniously dropped it into the bag. "You just, like, gotta wait a minute for the butter to melt and it's sooo good."

"Uh, Jen, are you sure you should be putting that much butter on your popcorn? Since you're trying to lose weight and all?"

"Um, like, I'm sure it's fine." Despite saying that she had to wait for the butter to melt, Jen's hand was already in the bag, scooping up a clutch of salty, buttery kernels to ferry to her eager mouth. "I mean, the important thing is that I'm eating more vegetables, too, you know, to balance it all out. That way I won't be so, um, farty. And, like, that's the real problem."

Mallory looked confused. "Is it?"

"Yeah, like my boyfriend Craig gave me this big speech about how he's, like, worried about me. He said he was worried about my weight, but, like, I know he likes big booties and I've still got that." She patted the left globe of her prize-sized rump, leaving a greasy, buttery handprint on the straining seat of her overloaded sweat pants. "So I think mostly he was just, like, upset that I was farting so much. And, like, that I didn't have time for, like, sex so much."

Mallory gawped. "You didn't have time for sex? What are you talking about?"

“Oh, it’s not like a big deal. I was just, like, really busy, cuz I was training for this contest so I didn’t have a lot of time to, like, have sex with him. I think he’s kind of upset about that, but I’m totally gonna make it up. See, when he comes over tonight, I’m totally gonna give him the best hummer.” She giggled and pursed her lips to demonstrate her technique.

Mallory watched Jen dive back into the popcorn bag. If Jen kept eating, she’d soon be too stuffed to even THINK about putting anything else in her mouth. And that worried Mallory. Sometimes it seemed like Jen couldn’t think about anything other than eating. But now that Jen was showing an interest in sex, that was good. Anything to get her mind off of food, even for just a little while, might help break her out of this self-destructive spiral.

Before she started substituting food for sex, Jen’s appetite for sex had been insatiable. There was a time when she only popped her buttons when she tore her clothes off too fast in her quest for nookie. But that was a long time ago. If only Mallory could help Jen rekindle that old desire, somehow...

“This popcorn is really good,” said Jen, rolling her eyes and spraying half-chewed corn across the room as she raised another buttery fistful to her lips. “You sure you don’t want any?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Jen, you sure you’re going to be up to it?”

“Like, totally! I love popcorn!”

“No, I mean...with Craig...”

“Huh? What with Craig?” Jen blinked dumbly, having already forgotten her big plan in the bliss of stuffing her face. “Oh right, the BJ. Yeah, totally. I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

Mallory tapped her fingers on the table thoughtfully. “Listen, Jen, it doesn’t seem like you’re really that interested in doing... stuff with Craig.”

Jen shrugged.

“You know, I have something that might help. Something that could put you into the mood a little bit better.”

Jen perked up. Now THAT piqued her interest! “Whass that?”

“I stole this from my little brother’s stash,” said Mallory, pulling a plastic bag out of her pocket. It was filled with crushed green leaves.

“Um, how is oregano going to help me?”

“Oregano? It... it’s not oregano, you goof! It’s weed!”

“Ohhhh... um, like, how is weed going to help me?”

“Look, Jen, you’ve smoked pot before, right?”

“Um, like, no. But I’ve seen people do it. Like, at summer camp.”

“Well, listen, it’s easy. But whenever I smoke weed, it makes me really...well, it puts me in the mood. And let me tell you, the sex you have while you’re high is phenomenal. I know you’re a little out of practice right now since you haven’t fucked with Craig in a while, but I guarantee you’ll really feel it tonight if you smoke just a little bit before Craig comes over.”

Jen eyes the plastic bag dubiously. “You think?”

Mallory pressed the bag into Jen’s pudgy hands. “I know.”

Mallory stood up from the table. She pulled a small glass pipe from her pocket and slapped it on the table. “Listen, Jen, I’m going to leave you my pipe and a few ounces, okay? I want you to smoke them a half hour before Craig comes over. This isn’t too much, it’s just enough to get you a little high.” Mallory wasn’t even sure if that was accurate. Considering Jen’s massive size, it would probably take a whole forest of weed to get her sufficiently high. But this would have to do.

“Promise me you won’t smoke it until just before Craig comes over,” said Mallory. Weed was a good aphrodisiac, but she worried that if Jen smoked it too far in advance she might be overcome with a bad case of the munchies before she could have any time alone with her boyfriend.

“Sure,” said Jen nonchalantly.

“Look, Jen, let me be frank... your eating is totally out of control. This weed could give you a bad case of the munchies, and I don’t want you to waste your buzz just eating. I want you to have a good time with Craig, understand?”

Jen rolled her eye. “Gosh, fine! I promise!”

“Okay, good. I want you to give me a full report tomorrow. Well, not a full report. Okay, look, just tell me if you had a good time. I don’t need to know nay more details. I gotta go, but I’ll see ya later, alright?”

“Yeah, it was good seein’ ya, Mal.”

As Mallory left out the front door, she turned around just in time to see Jen emptying the last kernels into her mouth, followed by a yellow river of molten butter dripping straight from the bag down Jen’s gullet. Mallory shook her head in disgust. She really hoped that she was doing

the right thing here.

Jen rummaged through her closet, desperately looking for something sexy to wear for her big night tonight. Unfortunately, even though Jen went shopping for new clothes on a near daily basis, she was also expanding so fast that she always had trouble finding anything that fit. Even the enormous peek-a-boo panties that she had worn at the infamous sleepover with Mallory could no longer cover her bottom; the last time she pulled them up over her thighs, they'd simply ripped in half under the force of Jen's explosive badonk.

Yet somehow, even this problem didn't sink through Jen's thick skull. Could it be that the reason she was having so much trouble fitting into clothes was because she was so fat? Well, duh. Jen knew she was big, but somehow even this didn't phase her. In fact, it just meant that she had another excuse for a new round of shopping!

Jen's hand came to rest on a skimpy pink teddy stuffed into the back of the closet. It was a delicate pink lacy underthing, the kind that snapped together at the crotch for easy access. She'd never even had a chance to wear this thing! But if she could manage to squeeze into it, it might be just the thing for tonight...

With considerable effort, Jen managed to pull the (to her) tiny garment down over her boobs and gut, even though the lacy material didn't have much give. But the big problem was going to be getting it over her giant butt. She plopped her fat ass down on her bed, leaned back and raised her chubby legs up in the air to try and get the snaps together.

Grunting, the bulging big booty babe struggled to pull the two connecting straps between her legs. She barely managed to get the snaps together, and, as soon as she stood up straight, she could feel the thong back of the teddy giving her a severe wedgie while the front chafed her fat little pussy. Jen's belly pushed out against the pink mesh fabric, making her look like a plump little piggy caught in a net. When she shifted her weight, Jen could hear the snaps in her crotch creak loudly. Hopefully she could hold things together just long enough to give Craig a show. After that, it didn't really matter if this teddy busted apart. In fact, that might even make things more interesting for Craig.

But for now, I gotta keep it together, thought Jen.

Admiring herself in the mirror, Jen couldn't help but think she looked...pretty good. Sure, she was thick. There was no denying that. But Jen wore it well. Craig was all worried about her size? Let him feast his eyes on this growing beauty and he'd soon change his mind. Jen was sure that, after a night of renewed passion, Craig would soon come around to accept Jen's increasing size.

"Oh!" The tubby teen gasped as she remembered her promise to Mallory. She checked her watch. Craig would probably be over in, what, like an hour? Did that give her enough time

to smoke a bowl? Jen had no idea. She was a complete novice when it came to marijuana, although she had to admit that she was kind of curious. She wondered if this drug would have the magical aphrodisiac effects that Mallory promised.

“Well, like, I guess there’s one way to find out,” said Jen, gripping the glass pipe in her teeth and struggling to pack the weed into the open end. She wasn’t quite sure what she was doing, but she eventually managed to get a fire going with her lighter. She was quite a sight now: a fat, bootilicious tubster packed into an overstuffed teddy, lying on her bed and smoking pot.

Jen inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with acrid smoke that made her cough and wheeze so violently that she nearly popped out of her teddy.

“Gawd! \*cough cough\* I don’t know how \*cough\* Mallory can stand this stuff! \*wheeze\*”

Jen was so out of shape that it didn’t take much to get her wheezing and winded; she lay on her bed, gasping for breath as her body struggled to process the marijuana. After a few minutes, though, the pot started to affect her as a slow, stupid grin spread across her face and her eyelids drooped. Whoa. Jen was really starting to feel buzzed, her never particularly sharp mind going limp and hazy as she succumbed to a pleasant euphoric stupor.

“Ohhhh wow,” giggled Jen, “Maybe I CAN see how she can stand this stuff...”

True to Mallory’s word, Jen also felt a small but persistent tingle in her nethers. How much longer til Craig got here? She stared at the clock at the wall, but couldn’t make sense of it through her marijuana haze. Absently, Jen reached her hand under the shelf of her plump belly to gently stroke herself. Gawd, she was really getting horny! It had been a long time since Jen had felt genuinely sexually aroused. For too long, food was the only thing that mattered to her. But now, her pussy was aching to be filled just as much as her belly... and she liked it.

Almost as if it didn’t want to give up the spotlight, her tummy gurgled urgently. Still smiling stupidly, Jen patted it with her free hand. Her buzz was already, just as Mallory feared, starting to give Jen a bad case of the munchies. In fact, the pear-shaped plumper was feeling downright horny, gripped by both lust and gluttony in a dizzying mix that, while very familiar to Laurie, was an entirely new experience for Jen.

She knew she shouldn’t eat before Craig got here, but she couldn’t resist. She was already in the kitchen, rooting through the pantry. How did she get here? She couldn’t remember even walking to the kitchen, but somehow she was here. Now she was ripping open a bag of pork rinds and pouring the crispy treats in her mouth.

EAT EAT EAT, gurgled her belly. The moans and rumbles coming from her plump tummy gradually trailed off as she filled herself with fatty snacks, the noises quieting as her fat little tummy puffed out more and more with every bite.



“Hmm so good,” burbled Jen through a mouthful of salty snacks, one hand still unconsciously rubbing her pubic mound. Now she was cramming tortilla chips into her mouth, now pretzels. She was barely aware of her own actions, just mindlessly piling junk food into her chubby face with abandon, no clue what was happening, just a deep primal hunger ceasing her. At first she was just eating, but soon Jen’s binge grew into something more: she was grabbing things off the shelf, dropping empty bags and boxes at her feet, as she stuffed more and more food into her mouth. More, more, more! Her hungry belly and her pot-addled brain were a deadly combination, goading her to ever more gluttonous heights of indulgence as she tore through the fully-stocked kitchen in her mad quest for more snacks, more treats, more junk food to fill her growling gut, more sacrifices to appease the beast.

FOOD FOOD FOOD EAT EAT EAT, cried Jen’s belly subconscious. FILL ME! STUFF ME! FILL ME UP TILL I BUST! DON’T STOP, JEN, KEEP EATING, MORE MORE MORE! IT DOESN’T MATTER HOW FAT YOU GET, YOU NEED TO EAT UNTIL I’M SATISFIED, UNTIL I CAN’T HOLD A SINGLE BITE MORE, UNTIL I’M BIG AND TIGHT AND ROUND AND BLOATED LIKE A BIG ROUND WATERMELON RIPE AND BURSTING ON THE VINE! EAT UNTIL THE KITCHEN IS EMPTY AND THEN EAT SOME MORE!

Jen was powerless to resist the exhortations of her enhanced appetite, her mind hazy and confused as she gobbled snacks.

As her binge grew to a frightening crescendo, Jen felt herself growing more and more aroused. Jen’s relationship with food wasn’t quite the same as Laurie’s. Whereas Laurie found herself sexually aroused both by the feeling of a full tummy and by Frank’s teasing fat talk, Jen had, in the past, mostly found herself excited when she had her butt fondled. She had developed a secret kink for tight squeezes, enjoying the feeling of snugness around her hips and booty whenever she found her massive hindquarters stuck in a doorway or window. But this was different. Just the animalistic frenzy of mindless eating was kind of weirdly erotic for her, and the more she crammed into her greedy mouth, the hotter she grew between her thick, tree-trunk legs.

She was only startled out of her binge by a knock on the door. Her eyes wide and her cheeks bulging, the paranoid plumper jumped as high in the air as her giant, heavy rear would allow, plopping back to the ground with a loud, thundering crash. Who could that be at the door? Was it her mom? Her mom wouldn’t mind that Jen had just raided the kitchen, but it might be harder to explain why she was dressed in lingerie. Was it the cops? Did they know that she’d been smoking pot? Oh Gawd, was she going to jail?!

“Jen, open up! It’s me, Craig!” came a voice through the door.

“Oh my Gawd, Craig, I’m so glad it’s you!” Jen threw open the door and practically jumped into her boyfriend’s arms. Craig had not been expecting that! Jen had invited him over with the promise of a big surprise, but he was still shocked when his plump rumped honey burst

out of the door wearing only her skimpy undergarments.

“Oh my Gawd, I missed you soooo much, Craig!” cried Jen, instantly peppering Craig with passionate kisses. “Gawd, you gotta come inside and totally, like, fuck me right now! I am soooo horny I think I’m gonna go crazy!”

“Uhhh sure!” Craig had no clue what was going on, but he wasn’t about to complain. This was the first time in months that Jen had expressed ANY interest in sex at all. Usually Craig had to initiate sex and, even then, Jen tended to get distracted by food and completely lose interest as soon as she got her chubby little hands on another edible treat. Now not only was Jen obviously really excited about sex, but she was dressed super sexy! At nearly 400 pounds, Jen was still a little too thick for even a booty lover like Craig, but seeing Jen’s enormous, bare, pumpkin-sized buns wobbling in front of him as she dragged him toward her bedroom, the back of her teddy squeezed between those luscious round lobes in a deep, perma-wedgie, gave him an instant, rock-hard boner.

Once inside Jen’s room, Craig began to suspect the reason for Jen’s unusual behavior. (For one thing, she forgot how to work the doorknob – something a little extreme even for a ditz like Jen.) He could smell the lingering stench of marijuana in the air, but, hell, as long as it affected Jen’s libido like this, she could smoke out as much as she wanted for all he cared.

Jen shoved Craig down onto the bed.

“Like, you ready to open your present, honey buns?” she cooed, striking a sexy pose. Craig could hear her teddy creaking as she moved and he swallowed nervously. He might have been, well, maybe a tad critical of Jen’s ballooning waistline, but he couldn’t deny that seeing her burst the seams on her sexy lingerie would have been pretty hot.

“Oh hell yeah, get over here, Jen! I’ve been waiting way too long for to see this!”

Giggling madly, the still-stoned blimpette pounced on her boyfriend, knocking the wind out of the poor boy with her extreme weight. The sudden movement was enough to bust open the snaps at Jen’s crotch, causing the bottom of the teddy to fly apart – it would have flown up and smacked Jen in the back of the head if it hadn’t been so firmly wedged between her massive, meaty butt cheeks.

Grunting with exertion, Jen struggled to reach over her bulging stomach to grab at Craig’s clothes. Together, the two lover worked together – Craig tore off his shirt, while Jen fumbled with Craig’s fly, pulling out his erect cock.

“Like, oh my Gawd, this looks goooood enough to eat,” burbled Jen. A strange, far-away look came into her eyes. Oh shit, thought Craig. He should have known that this was too good to be true! Jen had started thinking about food again.

FOOD FOOD FOOD, cried Jen's tummy to her subconsciously. FILL ME UP, I NEED FOOD!

"Wait...just a second...I need to get something..." Licking her lips, Jen started to rise up.

Oh no, thought Craig, she's going for the kitchen.

"Oh God Jen, don't leave me hanging!"

"Huh? I'll just, like, be a second..." Jen's fat tummy gurgled as she thought about the fully stocked kitchen waiting for her just a few rooms way. The tubby bimbo looked down at her boyfriend's disappointed face and reconsidered her position. She was totally stoned and soooo hungry, but she suddenly remembered how upset Craig had become when he believed that Jen was ignoring his needs in favor of food.

Okay...no... she needed to concentrate on Craig for once. She was going to go through with this and NOT think about food!

"Oooo...Craig, you're right! I don't need to get, like, anything as long as I've got my man here. Right, Craig?"

Craig smiled. Jen slowly wriggled her big bottom down until she felt the tip of Craig's dick poking her in her big plush tushie, giggling at the sensation.

Jen squealed as she slid herself down on Craig's erect cock, her plump pussy gripping his hard shaft.

"Ohhh my Gawd, that feels, like, sooo good," moaned Jen. It had been a long time since this fat little piggy had a dick inside her. And this was awakening all sorts of long forgotten feelings inside her. "Wow, like, I totally forgot how much I missed this!"

Jen began to bounce up and down on Craig's cock, gasping in pleasure and rolling her eyes. Every bounce knocked the wind out of Craig – Jen was so fat and heavy that Craig could barely breathe with all her weight bearing down on her. At the same time, Jen was getting pretty winded herself. She was so tubby and lazy and out of shape that even just the small movement required to have sex was already tiring her out.

"Ughhhh, it's so...hard," whined Jen as her entire flabby body wobbled and shook. Jen was getting puffed just riding Craig's cock, but luckily she was so thick that, even if she didn't have the strength to keep moving, the inertia of her rippling blubber still carried her through. In fact, Jen's jelly rolls were shaking so wildly that Craig barely even noticed that Jen was hardly moving herself.

But it wasn't for lack of interest. Jen's entire flabby body was tingling, her marijuana-addled mind buzzing with possibilities. How could she have gone THIS long without sex? That old familiar electricity was arcing through her again, reawakening long dormant desires. Sure, she was still hungry. She still craved food just as much as ever. But now she felt as hopelessly addicted to sex as she was to food. Images of herself, given over to complete hedonism, flashed through her mind. What would that be like – to lie in bed, doing nothing but eating and fucking, eating and fucking... Craig filling her pussy with his cock, even as he stuffed tasty treats into her mouth. Her body swollen and over-stimulated, growing fatter and rounder as she let herself go into absolute debauchery. She would just lie in bed, a great big fat whale of a girl – too greedy and lustful to do anything but eat like a pig and fuck like a bunny. When Craig was tired, too worn out from constant marathon sex to get it up anymore, he'd shove his face into her crotch and eat her out like a champ because it simply wouldn't be enough for her. Her plump pussy needed more, more, more! And when he finally couldn't even do that, she'd turn to sex toys. Craig would have to hold the vibrator against her fat sopping pussy because she'd be too busy using her chubby, sausage-like fingers to grab bonbons out of the bowls carefully arranged around her. Her belly would rise higher and higher, towering above her as it inflated like a fat-filled balloon, until she could see waves of pleasure rippling through her blubber with every thrust of her boyfriend's cock. That's all she wanted to do with her life now: eat and fuck, eat and fuck until she just exploded.

The more Craig pumped his bloated, overstuffed girlfriend, the faster her pounds and pounds of excess blubber shook until she was wobbling and jiggling so much that she felt like she was going to blow apart. Her gelatinous joggling made the sex even better—so it wasn't long before Jen was gasping and shouting in orgasm.

“Oh my GAWD! Craig, oh my Gawd, I'm cumminggggg!” The fat girl squeezed her boyfriend between her thick, tree-trunk legs as she moaned in passion.

“Did you cum first?” asked Craig in surprise. Craig was flabbergasted. He hadn't had sex with Jen in months, so he was shocked that he hadn't busted his nut immediately upon seeing Jen in a teddy. Somehow he'd managed to outlast Jen? How was that possible?

“Yeah, I'm, like...wow, I didn't expect that...um...” Jen was too tired to keep bouncing now and, besides she didn't want to chafe her vagina, so she needed to think of a new way to get Craig off. “Like, Craig...baby...do you think we could try something...else?”

“What?” Craig grunted.

“Like...I...um...since you still got some fight in you, I thought maybe I could, like, give you a...like, a blowjob instead?”

She didn't have to ask twice. Craig still remembered Jen's expert dick-sucking skills. “Sure!”

Deep down, under all her newly added flab, Jen was still a sassy little slut at heart, so she still remembered how to give good head. She wobbled her way off Craig's dick, slowly sliding off his shaft until it popped out with a wet pop. She wrapped her plump lips around the head of Craig's dick, expertly working her wet tongue around the glans.

Now Jen started deep throating that dick as hard as she could. Mmmm. Having a dick in her mouth only made her think about food even more. Mmmm... she was soooo hungry now! She licked Craig's dick as if it was an ice cream cone, thinking blissfully about the delicious frozen yogurt dessert that she'd enjoyed with Alice so recently.

Finally, Craig came, shouting out loud as he filled Jen's cheeks with hot cum.

Finally, something to fill her belly! Jen swallowed. That swallow proved to be too much, puffing out her bloated tummy just the tiniest fraction further – enough to split the side seams of the big butt babe's already unsnapped teddy. The teddy fell apart, leaving Jen completely naked.

"Like, oh my Gawd!" yelled Jen, sitting up and letting the soft chub of her now exposed belly plop down onto her upper thighs. "I totally, like, busted my teddy! That's not fair!"

Craig looked at Jen in confusion as the big booty babe looked like she was about to burst into tears.

"What's the matter, Jen?"

"I just wanted to keep it all together for you! But I ruined it all! Look, my teddy is all ripped up!"

"Aw, baby, is that all?" Craig patted Jen reassuringly on her leg before reaching around behind her to squeeze a handful of her famously tubby tushie and pulling her close to him. "That's nothing, babe. It's just clothes. That's not important. The important thing is right here." He pulled Jen close and gave her a deep kiss, digging his fingers deep into the spongy flesh of her perfectly rounded butt cheeks.

Jen giggled and blushed. After her last conversation with Craig, she had worried that there might be some trouble in paradise, but this day of sex had soothed her troubled mind. Things were going a lot better now!

She WAS still hungry, though. But she could wait until Craig left to stuff her face again. He would never know.

# 41. Laurie

“Next on Nikki Lake: Help! I weigh 1000 pounds!”

“Laurie, do we have to watch this?” complained Frank. “This is boring.”

“Shhh, Frank, the good part is coming up. Just watch.”

Laurie shushed her bored boyfriend before bursting into hysterics as, on TV, Nikki Lake’s stage hands wheeled out an enormous blob of a girl, a shapeless mass of blubber in a straining mumu.

“Oh my GAWD, look at that cow,” laughed Laurie, popping another cookie into her mouth. “She’s so fat and lazy they have to wheel her out there! And look at that mumu! That’s probably the only thing that will fit around that hog’s fat ass! Can you believe that anyone would let themselves get that big?”

“So Ramona, how did this happen to you?” asked hostess Nikki Lake, patting the obese girl’s hand and looking into her eyes with practiced talk show hostess sympathy.

“I don’t know,” mumbled the girl, her jowels wobbling as she talked. The girl was so enormous, so swaddled in blubber, that her neck disappeared amongst rolls of flab, making her looking like one giant ball of dough. “I wasn’t always like this. But I just started eating and I couldn’t stop. I can’t help myself. It’s all I ever think about... I crave it sooo much. I just want to eat and eat and never stop!”

“That’s what happens to girls with no self-control,” sputtered Laurie through a mouthful of Oreos.

Frank looked over his gaining girlfriend with an arched eyebrow. The buxom beauty was still a knock-out, but there was no denying that she was also really, really fat by this point. Laurie was dangerously close to 400 pounds herself. She didn’t like wearing clothes at home, preferring to lounge about in underwear when there wasn’t anyone around to judge her, but today, since they were planning to go out again later, Laurie hadn’t stripped down yet. But Laurie’s stylish designer jeans and cute blouse top were bulging at the seams as they worked to contain too much bulging, bloated babe flesh. She snorted again, giggling at the fatties on TV, her own swollen stomach heaving against her constraining belt. Gawd, that was uncomfortable. Without a thought, Laurie unbuckled her belt with a sigh.

“Oof, that’s better,” said Laurie as her pudgy tummy plopped out into her thighs. Oblivious to the irony, her hand reached back into the box of Oreos for another helping.

“It’s a good thing that Jen’s letting me help her exercise now,” said Laurie, “or else she’d end up looking like that hog pretty fast. Jen is like a walking eating machine these days! I told her to come over so we could do some strippercize aerobics and she came over with a big box of curry. Can you believe that? It’s like she doesn’t even know she’s eating!”

Chuckling, Frank put one arm around Laurie’s shoulders and lowered the other to pat her protruding gut.

“Gee, Laurie, I just don’t know,” he said, rubbing her fat belly meaningfully. “It sounds like you might have something in common.”

Laurie scowled. “What’s that supposed to mean? Oh shut up, Frank, I’m nowhere near as big as Jen. Jen looks like a whale these days.”

“You’re not as big as Jen yet,” said Frank, “But I think my sexy fat kitty is getting there. Why Laurie, you keep packing away those cookies and this tummy is going to be sticking out further than your boobs.” He nuzzled close to his girlfriend and whispered in her ear. “You might even get to meet your hero Nikki Lake there.”

“Impossible,” scoffed Laurie, but she squeezed her legs together tightly as Frank’s words began to have their desired stimulating effect. Laurie would throw a fit if anyone else commented on her weight, but somehow she was powerless against Frank’s playful teasing.

“Laurie, c’mon, are you gonna spend all night watching these talk shows?”

“Why?” Laurie looked at Frank with a mischievous gleam in her eye. “What did you have in mind? Silly baby, you better move that hand up a little higher if you think you’re gonna get anywhere with me.” She nodded meaningfully at her vast bosom, straining the bounds of her blouse. There were a few things that got Laurie excited: Recently, she had discovered that being stuffed full of food like a Thanksgiving turkey until she felt ready to burst made her weak in the knees. She hated the idea that anyone might think she was fat, but she couldn’t control herself when Frank whispered sweet sexy comments about her expanding waistline into her ear. These were new revelations. But for years, Laurie knew that nothing could get her stimulated like a pair of big strong hands massaging her big fat sensitive breasts. Frank knew that too. And the big oaf always used that to his advantage, refusing to so much as touch Laurie’s overfull boobs until the very end.

Already, Frank was massaging Laurie’s plump little tummy with one hand, the other sliding down to squeeze her chubby thigh, his fingers perilously close to Laurie’s crotch. The vain vixen couldn’t help but flutter her eyes a little at the sensations, but if Frank really wanted to get anywhere he was going to have to play her game.

“Fraaaaank, why are you wasting time down there? You know where your hands need to

be.” She pushed Frank over onto his back – upsetting the half-eaten box of Oreos – and climbed on top of him, nearly knocking the wind out of him with her weight.

Laurie liked being on top. It gave her a sense of power. And she needed that right now. Frank always thought that he could dominate her in bed, but not this time. She was going to take charge again.

But even pinned beneath Laurie, Frank still kept his knowing smile. Granted, he was smiling partly because he now had Laurie’s hefty hooters dangling in his face. He couldn’t help but stare at the twin orbs as they swayed back and forth in front of him, their tops seeming to balloon slightly out of Laurie’s neckline whenever the buxom beauty inhaled. But Frank could also see beyond them, to Laurie’s fat tummy as it rested heavily on her upper thighs.

“You better use those hands right, Frank,” she hissed, meaningfully thrust her chest out even further. But Frank just smiled.

“Oh, of course, Laurie. But first, don’t you think we should clean up those Oreos?”

“Huh?” Laurie glanced to the side, noticing for the first time that she’d spilled cookies all over the couch in her haste. “What the fuck, Frank, I’m practically begging you to grab my tits and you’re worried about crumbs in the couch? What’s wrong with you?”

“I just think we should be tidy, Laurie. Here, you can help.”

Frank reached over and plucked one of the spilled Oreos from the mess and held it to Laurie’s lips.

Laurie’s eyes flashed and her lips pursed. Not this time.

“Aww, what’s the matter? I know my Laurie loves her cookies. And she loves the feeling they give her.” He patted Laurie’s full, hanging tummy.

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Okay fine.” She opened her mouth and Frank popped the cookie inside. But she’d no sooner started chewing than he brought another to her lips.

Damn it, it was happening again. Laurie felt herself starting to go soft. Frank knew her weakness for food and he wasn’t letting her off easy; he was going to make her finish the whole box.

The worst part was, Laurie wouldn’t really mind. She kind of...wanted to eat the rest of them anyway. But no... she couldn’t give in that easy! She had to show that she was still in control! Laurie had already lost control over so many aspects of her life. Once a dominant force in school and an iron-fisted team captain, Laurie felt like everything was slipping out of her grasp as she lost control of her appetites. Her intermingled desires for sex and food ruled her



life now, and she was rapidly turning into a fat, lustful, gluttonous hedonist. Some days she felt like maybe she should let it all go... give up the power that she'd accumulated over the years, give up her position as team captain, and just dedicate herself entirely to her own pleasures. Then Frank would be right: she really WOULD grow bigger than Jen! If she wasn't already bigger than Jen... Laurie almost shuddered at the thought. It was possible. She hadn't weighed herself in weeks out of a fear that she might have finally broken the dreaded 400 pound barrier. What would be next? 500 pounds? 600 pounds? If she kept going, soon they really would be wheeling her out on stage on Nikki Lake!

"My sexy fat kitty just loves her cookies, doesn't she?"

"Mmmmm." Laurie was so lost in her own swirling thoughts and desires that she had barely even noticed that Frank was still feeding her – or that she was happily gobbling every morsel that he held to her glossy lips, her cheeks bulging with food, her eyes closed, a soft contented purring escaping her. She could feel the growing food baby in her middle – she hated it but she loved it.

"My my, it looks like my kitty's tummy is hanging lower than her boobs," said Frank, "It looks like you've been eating way too much. Has my fat sexy kitty had enough to eat?"

"No..."

"What was that? Are you still hungry, Laurie? Still want some more?"

"Yes...please...Frank.... Don't stop...I need...more..."

"Well, princess, your wish is my command." He held another cookie to her wet lips and she grabbed at it with her tongue, pulling it into her mouth with a lustful sigh.

Laurie couldn't believe what she was saying. Her whole plan to cajole Frank into squeezing her titanic tits until she came had completely gone out the window. Now all she wanted to do was to eat Oreos until she split. And she wanted Frank to feed them all to her.

More, more, more... Laurie loved eating, she loved the feeling of being overly full... she was addicted to the 'full up' feeling that only excessive gluttony could bring her. For years, Laurie's sex fantasies had been completely breast-focused, but now she was beginning to shift... she might actually be able to get off better from simply being stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey!

"Let's get the rest of these cookies into that fat little tummy of yours, okay, Laurie?"

"Yesss...but..I'm...not..." Laurie couldn't finish the sentence. She was fat. She was an official fat girl as much as she hated to admit it, as much as she hoped that her arrogant attitude and massive mammaries would distract people. But now not even her enormous, wobbling O-

cup breasts were big enough to draw attention away from her colossal ass, thick thighs, growing gut and flabby love-handles. She was blowing up like a balloon and all because she loved to eat. She knew that she loved to glut herself like a pig. She loved to feel her stomach swell with food, gradually ballooning out until it was full and tight and bloated and painfully distended, until she felt like she might explode if someone stuck her with a pin. But she'd always hated the idea of getting fat. Until now.... Listening to Frank talk, whispering sexy fat talk at her as he fed her... feeling her gelatinous flesh wobble...her dripping pussy clenched between her fat tree-trunk thighs... remembering the strange excitement that she felt as she watched that enormous blob on Nikki Lake....maybe it wasn't so bad... maybe this was her destiny: to become big and round and fat. Not just buxom, not just voluptuous, but FAT. Fatter than Jen, fatter than Alice, fatter than the fat lady at the circus, fatter than the fattest woman who ever lived.... No, no, no, that was insane! She couldn't want something like that...

Or did she?

She didn't know anything anymore. Laurie was so confused! But right now, all she wanted, all that she knew she wanted, more than anything else in the whole wide world, was some more Oreos! She wanted to start here, scarfing down every cookie in that box, every cookie that Frank fed her, until she was done. Cookie after cookie, the Oreos kept coming. Laurie was growing wetter with every bite, so much that she felt like there must be a growing damp patch on the front of her jeans because there was no way that she wasn't soaking through by now. Her loins felt like they were on fire! Miraculously, her jeans were still closed despite the growing pressure from her swollen gut; the pinching waistband was just one more reminder of her growth, of her new size, adding to the masochistic pleasure of her enormously overfull middle. She could hear the metal button creak as gobbled down another mouthful of sweet sugary bliss, but it held. Impressive. These were well-made jeans. She wondered if they might last the night.

"Almost done, piggy. Do you think you can hold them all?"

"Yesss...give me...oh Gawd...I want them all..."

Laurie felt like she might pop—in more ways than one. As Frank pressed the final cookie between her lips, Laurie clenched up, squeezing Frank between her thighs, bugging out her eyes... This was it! With a load moan, Laurie grabbed at Frank's shirt, throwing her head back and spraying crumbs as cried out loud.

"Oh Gawd! Oh Frank! My belly! It hurts so much! Oohhhhh!"

Laurie bucked and twisted; the overstuffed sweetie slid her bulk down to the floor, plopping her growing bottom down at Frank's feet. Flushed and panting, Laurie couldn't believe what had just happened. She had come. She almost wouldn't believe it if it weren't for the electric sensations pulsing through her crotch and the enormous tell-tale wet spot on the front of her pants. She had actually orgasmed. Frank hadn't even touched her boobs once during the

entire ordeal. He hadn't even touched her between the legs! She had come entirely from the insane sexual pleasure she felt from having her belly filled and overfilled and overfilled some more. This was yet another milestone in hedonism and gluttony for the pompously plump prima donna. Every step led Laurie closer and closer to becoming a complete sex-crazed, food-obsessed pig. For once even Laurie realized that something was different. She had crossed another border into an even more taboo country. She didn't know what this meant for her future, except that, helpless against the tide of her animal instincts, she was probably doomed to balloon forever.

Somehow, through it all, her pants had remained intact. Even though she felt like her waistband was about to cut her in half with the way that it was cutting into her painfully tender and distended belly.

But right now she wasn't done yet.

"I'm still hungry," said Laurie thickly, her brain still clouded with extreme lust and her stuffed gut radiating pain. With her face at crotch level, she didn't waste any time. Quickly, she grabbed at his pants, undoing Frank's fly and pulling at his underwear to expose his erect cock. Yes. That was what she wanted. Honestly, after a whole box of Oreos, Laurie felt sick and stuffed and oh so horny. Her round belly was achingly full, warm and tight to the touch, but she couldn't stop herself. The pain of being so very very overfull only made her hornier. What was wrong with her? She had no clue how this had happened – how she had come to be such a pervert. But she loved it. The pleasure she got from her unbridled feasting more than outweighed any guilt or shame that she might have felt about her strange new kink.

Laurie attacked Frank's dick like it was more food, stuffing it between her plump lips and deep throating him like an experienced cocksucker.

Smiling, Laurie straightened up, her mouth still full of cum. With a devilish smile, she swallowed. That was enough. That last swallow puffed out her overloaded tummy just enough to pop the button from Laurie's jeans, bouncing across the room to hit Frank in the chest.

"Ouch!" said Frank instinctively before laughing out loud. "Looks like you've finally had enough."

Laurie looked down at herself. The usually fastidiously up-kept teen beauty queen looked a mess – hair all disheveled, jeans split open, enormous beachball sized belly. What was happening to her?

She didn't have time to worry about that, though, as, now that the euphoria of sex was wearing off, the pain of her overloaded stomach was reasserting itself with vengeance.

Wincing, she clutched at her swollen middle. "Oooooow! Oh Gawd, Frank, I ate too much! I think...oh Gawd, I think I'm gonna die!"

“You’re not gonna die, Laurie. Come here, let me help you.”

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“I didn’t think...it was possible,” moaned Laurie, “But I think I ate...too much... Oh Gawd, I need to lie down. Frank..please...I need you to rub my tummy... oh gawd it hurtts.”

Supporting his stuffed girlfriend as best he could, Frank helped Laurie back on the couch and gingerly laid her down. Laurie couldn’t do anything but moan and belch, but she gradually quieted down as Frank rubbed her belly.

“You want some pepto bismol, baby?”

“Nooo...Gawd, I couldn’t even swallow another swallow if I wanted! I’d pop! Owww... Just rub it for me, will you, Frank?”

After a few minutes, Laurie’s dwindling moans were replaced by soft purring as Frank’s hands helped soothe her aching paunch.

And eventually Laurie was snoring...

And dreaming.

In her dream, Laurie wasn’t just fat. She was huge.

Laurie was over 15 feet tall by this point. She had to stoop down to get through the double doors that led into the school and crawl down the hallway. Laurie could feel her fat ass scraping the ceiling as she crawled; she was vaguely aware that, given her position, other students could easily see up her cheer skirt to watch her monumental panty-clad ass wobbling as she crawled. Whatever, she didn’t give a fuck. It didn’t matter what they saw, because no other student would dare to say anything to piss off this queen bee. Laurie had been the indisputable ruler of this school when she was merely a busty bitch, but now that she was constantly growing bigger and bigger, becoming taller even as she grew wider, no one had the guts to stand up to her at all. She liked that. No, she loved it. In fact, nothing filled her with more joy than the knowledge that her size was making her even more formidable. Soon she would be unstoppable!

The buxom giantess squeezed herself through the doorway of Mrs. Hamilton’s science classroom. By now, Laurie had grown so tall and wide that she couldn’t buy her clothing off the rack anymore; everything had to be special ordered. That wasn’t a problem. Abida had become even more enamored with Laurie as she’d grown; Laurie’s giant boobs were now each the size of a Volkswagon Beetle and, if she wanted, she could simply pluck Abida up off the ground and drop her into her cavernous cleavage to give her a real thrill. Not that she would. She liked to

keep Abida on her toes and this didn't want to give her too much. If Abida thought she could get her hands on Laurie's megalithic knockers that easily, she might not be so quick to jump whenever Laurie called. Today, even Abida's tailoring skills were inadequate to cover all of Laurie's enormous bulk.

"Laurie Belmontes, you're...er...on time," said Mrs. Hamilton, blanching as the enormous fat giantess wobbled to her seat. Not that she was really on time, but no one dared to tell Laurie when she was late. She was just too big. Laurie waved dismissively, her eyes on the tiny mobile phone in her hand. It was almost comical watching the huge girl, whose head nearly brushed the ceiling, attempting to tap out text messages on a phone that was, by now, smaller than her finger. Without thinking, Laurie swept aside the other students' desks, knocking several protesting classmates against the wall, and plopped herself down on the floor with a crash. There was no desk big enough for her by now, so she simply sat on the floor, her knees up at her chin, hunched over so that she didn't graze the ceiling.

Not paying attention to what she was doing, the busty girl didn't even notice that she hadn't completely swept everyone aside; Laurie's classmate and cheer squad teammate Lizzie had fallen out of her seat during the carnage and managed to avoid the enormous sweep of Laurie's arm. Now the poor girl looked up to see two monolithic ass cheeks, bigger than boulders, looming above her as Laurie prepared to sit down.

"No! Laurie, stop! I'm still down here!" shouted Lizzie, but Laurie either didn't hear or, more likely, didn't care. Her fat, blubbery buttocks plopped down on the floor, her inadequate skirt too short to cover all of her growing, swelling hindquarters, so her bare skin touched the floor. By sheer good luck, Lizzie rolled aside fast enough to avoid being smothered under the swell of Laurie's pink butt cheek, but now she was trapped in the wedge of the fat girl's crack, helplessly pinned between the floor below her, Laurie left buttock to her left and Laurie's right buttock to her right.

"Let me out! Let me out! I'm stuck!" came the muffled cries, but Laurie didn't bat an eye, too intent on playing Bejeweled on her mobile phone. No other student had the guts to say anything and even Mrs. Hamilton was cowed into submission.

By the time the bell rang to let class out, Lizzie was nearly suffocated. But Laurie didn't even notice, much less care. The cafeteria was calling her. Even in her dream, even as an enormous giant, Laurie still cared about one thing more than anything else: Filling her stomach.

And this giantess needed A LOT to satisfy her.

The other students no longer even bothered going to the cafeteria at lunch, knowing that the entirety of the school's lunch program was now dedicated to satisfying Laurie's ravenous appetite. The overgrown bitch burst through the double doors of the cafeteria, ducking down to avoid bumping her head, and waddled to the start of the non-existent line.

“Feed me,” she said simply. The terrified cafeteria workers knew the drill. They didn’t bother to put food on a plate, instead lugging out drums of creamed corn and lentils and mashed potatoes, so that Laurie could gorge herself to her heart’s desire.

More, more, more... Laurie lifted the first drum to her lips as if it was just a cup and threw back an entire week’s worth of mashed potatoes. Next she tossed back a drum of gravy. She followed it with tubs of ice cream, oodles of noodles, palettes of sponge bread pizza, anything she could. It was never enough. After an hour, Laurie’s blubbery belly had puffed up to the size of a helium balloon – enough to quiet its rumbling but not nearly enough to please its master.

“Oh my Gawd? Is that all you have? That’s pathetic! I’m a growing girl, I need more than that!”

“The truck with the next shipment is just unloading out back; we’ll have some more food for you in just a second,” stammered the lunchlady, but Laurie wasn’t waiting for that.

“Ugh, forget that, I’ll just get it myself.” The monstrously gigantic bitch staggered to her feet and thundered back out through the double doors.

After school, the cheer squad gathered to practice. Lizzie ran up, out of breath, to warn them.

“Guys! You better watch out! Laurie’s on the warpath! She’s totally pissed cuz the cafeteria ran out of food!”

“Oh dear,” said Alice, “That’s terrible! Poor Laurie.”

“Um, like, poor us more like!” said Jen, “That means that she’s going to be an even bigger bitch than usual! And I mean that, like, literally.”

The girls fell silent as they felt the familiar crashing sounds that signaled that their giant captain was on the approach.

Laurie had to weigh at least 2000 pounds. Even at her enormous height, she was still growing far too wide. Her vast bosom and belly, her enormous thighs, her gargantuan ass all put so much pressure on her giant cheer outfit that it looked ready to burst into ribbons everytime that Laurie inhaled. Laurie had grown at least a foot in every direction since breakfast and now her breasts were so big and bloated that the cheer sweater could barely contain them. This morning, it had fit as tight as a belly shirt, rising up to reveal the thick slab of blubber around Laurie’s middle. But now it was little more than a glorified sports bra, straining around her bloated tits and leaving her entire midriff bare. Likewise, her skirt was so short and stretched now that it was little more than a belt, ripping and tearing as she moved and leaving

her panties completely exposed. At the very least, Laurie had thought to have her panties altered; from the haphazard stitching, it looked like Abida had been reduced to sewing multiple pairs together to create one giant pair of underwear capable of cradling Laurie's ever-inflating rear. But even these were clearly on their last legs, creaking as Laurie grew. That underwear was the last thing between Laurie and complete public indecency, so the Jen hoped that they would last the session.

"Shut up," snapped Laurie, "I'm in charge here. Don't act like you can tell me what to do. Maybe you haven't noticed, but I rule the roost around here."

Laurie reached down and grabbed Jen by the collar of her jacket, lifting her into the air.

"You better believe I'm the biggest, baddest bitch you ever saw," snarled the haughty cheerleader. "And you better believe I'm just going to keep getting bigger and bigger until you can't even conceive of anything bigger than Laurie Belmontes."

"Totally, Laurie! I, like, didn't mean to question you!"

"Good," snarled Laurie, replacing Jen on the ground and letting the girl fall on her wide bottom. "Don't ever forget that! I'm the biggest!"

Almost on cue, Laurie's gargantuan body began to grow, spreading in all directions. Her latest enormous meal seemed to be catching up to her as the massive fat behemoth slowly inflated like a massive water balloon.

"If Laurie keeps growing like this, she's going to be bigger than the planet!" whispered Jen.

"Are you kidding? If Laurie keeps growing, she WILL be the planet! Look at how round she's getting! If she doesn't stop, she's going to be as wide as she is tall! Not to mention, her boobs keep getting bigger and bigger. I know that she's always been proud of her chest, but if she keeps this up, each one of those knockers is going to be bigger than she is! She'll just be a giant round ball with two giant round boobs!"

"Bigger!" crowed Laurie and, in response, her body swelled even more, her already ginormous bosom bloating out further, her thighs thickening, her belly puffing out. She was blowing up like a parade float, so big and swollen that she looked ready to explode. Laurie's gargantuan top finally reached its limits, her top shredding with a sharp snap and her mountainous throbbing melons bouncing free. Below her, the cheerleaders watched as Laurie's newly released tits celebrated their freedom by slapping thunderously against the top of her growing gut. The impact of her monster mammaries sent a ripple through her fat belly that finally put her beyond the limits of her skirt. With a mighty rip, her skirt finally gave up the ghost and exploded into shreds. Her panties continued to stretch, sliding up into her ass crack in back and between her pussy lips in front, stretching tighter and tighter as Laurie continued to expand

until finally it too could take no more. Abida had worked hard to sew a pair of knickers that could stand up to the enormous pressure of Laurie's ever inflating booty, but there was only so much that she could do. The underwear burst apart and now Laurie's gigantic, obese body was completely naked. The raven-haired blimp smirked as she grew larger and larger. Soon she really would be the biggest thing ever! No one would ever dare to stand up to her! She would be the biggest, most powerful, most dangerous cheerleader in the entire world! In the entire universe!

Laurie grew and grew and grew....

Bigger...

Bigger....

BIGGER...

Back in reality, Laurie was still on the couch, fast asleep, leaning her head against her boyfriend's strong shoulder. Her hands rested on her gargantuan gut, filled with far too many snacks, subconsciously rubbing it even as her mind was far away in dreamland. Frank smiled as he noticed his slumbering girlfriend's lips just barely moving, as if she was straining to talk in her sleep. He couldn't make out what the words she was mouthing, but it was still cute. He brushed a strand of long raven hair from Laurie's mouth and put his arm around the snoozing babe, prompting Laurie to snuggle into his side just a little deeper. She must be having a good dream, thought Frank, since she looks like she's smiling for once.

Frank, meanwhile, was just glad to have control of the remote.

"Let's see what else is on besides these daytime talk shows," he said.



## 42. Laurie

“Are you ready for tonight’s festivities?” asked Laurie, shutting her locker. “It’s Friday, so you know what that means: Sleep over!”

“Totally!” chirped Jen. She clapped her chubby hands in glee. “I’m so excited! This will be our first sleep over with all three of us in, like, weeks!”

Laurie nodded. Alice, Jen, and Laurie used to have weekly slumber parties together until Laurie and Jen’s big tiff recently, but, now that the two girls were back on speaking terms, they were happy to resume their old tradition.

“And I think our little project might be coming to an end soon,” said Laurie under her breath. She smirked. She had originally devised the weekly sleepover as an excuse to stuff Alice full of treats, hoping that, as Alice grew rounder and fatter, she would make Jen and Laurie look slimmer by comparison. The sleepover plan seemed to be working like a charm, because Alice was fatter than ever. The only problem was that, the more sleepovers the girls held, the fatter Laurie and Jen grew as well. It was a vicious cycle: The rounder Laurie grew, the bigger she needed Alice to be.

Adding to the complication was that Jen was no longer on board. The bottom-heavy bimbo had finally developed a conscience and now refused to be part of Laurie’s underhanded plan any more. To bring Jen back into the fold, Laurie had promised to abandon the plan. But she had no intention of doing that. Now she just had to be careful to fatten Alice without Jen noticing. But she wasn’t too worried. After all, Jen was such a ditz that she could probably pour lard straight down Alice’s throat and Jen wouldn’t become suspicious.

Yes, tonight was going to be fun. The girls were all back together. Everything was going just according to plan.

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Laurie has already laid out the evening’s assortment of snacks – chips, cookies, candy, pretzels, all poured into neat little bowls and conveniently unlabeled. In the corner, a mini-fridge full of ice cream cartons hummed quietly. As usual, there would be no way for Alice to know that she was actually eating full-fat snacks. There would be no way for Jen to know that Alice was really eating full-fat snacks. However, there was also no way for either Jen and Laurie to know when they were eating the non-fat alternatives – if there even were any such alternatives available on display. Laurie has subconsciously lost all interest in differentiating between healthy and non-healthy snacks, telling herself that as long as she was thinner than Alice that she didn’t need to worry about reducing her calorie intake in the slightest. As a result, Laurie

was blowing up like the Goodyear blimp, but, barely able to see over the arc of her titanic, swaying tits, she didn't seem to notice. Other than her sexy fat teasing games with Frank, the titanic teen still refused to acknowledge the extent of her gain.

"I'm so glad that you and Jen are friends again!" said Alice. The tubby blonde had arrived early, reserving a choice spot for herself on the loveseat. Alice was so wide that she took up over half the loveseat by herself, so it was important that she get a seat early. Neither Jen nor Laurie would be able to squeeze next to her without bumping their hefty hips together. Laurie's kitten Pumpkin sat curled up on Alice's lap, snuggled up against the girl's soft warm belly, purring happily as Alice pet her. Alice's pajamas clung to her massive bulk like a second skin, the buttons stretched tightly over her belly and boobs. Unlike Laurie, who spent most sleepovers in just her tanktop and panties, Alice still liked to dress more modestly when she could. Of course, it was so difficult for her to find pajamas in her size anymore that she was often forced to hang out in just her underwear too. "I love hanging out with you, Laurie, but it's just not the same when it's just the two of us. I think it's just so much more fun when all three of us are together!"

"Yeah," agreed Laurie. She hated to admit it, but Alice was right. It really was good to be back together. A knock at the door drew her attention. "Oh good, sounds like Jen's here."

Laurie opened the door to see her bubbly, bootilicious friend in all her girthy glory. Laurie's eyes trailed down to the greasy paper bag that Jen clutched in the chubby fingers of her left hand.

"What's that? Did you bring extra food?"

"Like, no, this is just leftovers," said Jen, "I stopped by the Burrito Hut on the way over. I got some burritos."

"The Burrito Hut? Christ, Jen, why did you do that? You know what Mexican food does to your system! Did you have to eat it before you came over here? You are such a bimbo sometimes!"

"But Laurie! I was totally hungry! I couldn't wait until I came all the way over here to eat!"

"It's only 8 pm! Didn't you just eat dinner, like, an hour ago? How could you already be that hungry?"

"I dunno." Jen shrugged, casually reaching into a bowl of M&Ms and grabbing a handful. "You know how it is with Mexican food. You eat it and, like, an hour later, you're hungry."

"That's Chinese food, you ditz!"

"What? Like, are you sure? I totally think it's Mexican, cuz I ate Mexican for dinner and

then I got hungry again. So I had to get some more.”

“You ate Mexican twice??”

“Yeah! No, it’s totally cool! Like, I’m totally over that.”

Laurie leaned in close to Alice and hissed sharply: “Alice, I have to warn you. Jen had Mexican food after dinner!”

Alice looked confused. “So?”

“So when Jen has Mexican food, she gets...gassy.” Laurie jerked her head meaningfully in Jen’s direction. Alice turned to follow her motion. Jen was busy preening in the bathroom mirror and changing into her night clothes, oblivious to the other two girls’ conversation. Singing to herself, Jen reached down and scratched one bloated buttock, causing a minor tremor to run through her wobbly blubber. The little cotton shorts she wore were barely up to the task of reigning in all that junk, instead slowly being sucked into her flabby asscrack everytime she moved. But both Laurie and Alice looked straight at Jen’s enormous backside with a newfound terror.

A minute later, Jen turned and, without thinking, attempted to pass through the narrow doorway back into the room. No dice. Her mammoth hips and thighs were too wide, so she collided with the frame and knocked the wind out of herself.

“Oof!” she wheezed. The other two girls could swear that they heard a quiet squeak coming from another part of Jen as she unexpectedly bumped into the doorframe, but they said nothing.

“Like, I totally forgot how narrow this door is!” giggled Jen, turning sideways and edging out. Even sideways, her shelf-like rump barely cleared the door.

Once Jen returned to the room, all thoughts of danger vanished and the mindless eating began in earnest. The three girls chattered and ate and chattered and ate and chattered and ate and ate and ate. Food was such an ever present part of their lives that they couldn’t help themselves, they barely noticed how many hundreds of thousands of calories they were consuming, that every sleepover was pushing them closer and closer to obesity.

Laurie winced as Jen bent over to reach another cookie, her big round ass pointed right at her friends. Jen’s bulbous rear strained against the thin cloth of her flimsy cotton shorts, the bottom quarter of her plump cheeks already visible as the shorts crept up her butt. The rear seam was stretched tight without an inch of slack. The shorts looked so tight that Laurie could almost swear that they would blow apart if Jen farted. Both Alice and Laurie prayed that Jen’s Mexican binge would not come back to haunt them anytime soon, but they knew that their hopes were slim. Jen continued to hum to herself as she grabbed at the food on the floor, her

massive tush swaying back and forth. A loud, ominous gurgle emanated from Jen's gut and Laurie braced herself. Jen's bloated bottom quivered slightly as the Jen tensed to contain herself, obviously pretending that nothing was wrong. Jen straightened quickly. Laurie breathed a silent sigh of relief.

"Oo! These cookies are good too!" said Jen, waving a half-eaten cookie in Laurie's face with such vigor that it slipped from her grasp. The crumpled cookie disappeared down the front of Laurie's shirt, prompting a loud howl of complaint from the busty bitch.

"Jen! You dropped your cookies down my boobs!"

"Like, don't worry, I'll get them out!"

Without missing a beat, Jen reached her hand into Laurie's cavernous cleavage, fishing around to find the lost cookie. Alice was surprised to see that Jen's arm disappeared up to her elbow between those wonderful whoppers.

"Got it!" Jen pulled out with the retrieved cookie and jammed it into her mouth.

"Good," said Laurie icily. The top-heavy beauty queen didn't like to admit it, but the incident had almost turned her on. She was so breast focused these days that the slightest sensation against her monumental melons was enough to get her moist; even the friction of her tights brassiere cups against her nipples as she waddled down the street was starting to arouse her these days. Even now, her cork-sized nipples were erect, creating little tents in the fabric of her stretched tank top. Jen didn't notice; she was too intent on eating.

"They are good," agreed Alice, popping another biscuit between her lips, "But I'm kinda tired of the same old, you know?"

"How about some ice cream then?" asked Laurie, spooning some frozen dessert from the mini fridge into bowls without even waiting for an answer.

"Ooo, put some into a soda for me!" squealed Alice, "I'd love to have an ice cream soda."

"Sure thing, sweetie." Laurie filled a mug to overflowing with cola and then dropped in two big scoops of vanilla ice cream. Then she stabbed a straw into the frosty beverage. "There you go!"

"Yummy!" said Alice, licking her lips as she took the cup.

Laurie and Jen ate their ice cream from bowls while Alice drank hers. Alice sucked on the straw with all her might, her cheeks caving in as her mouth formed a vacuum around the straw. Her fat little belly bulged out further and further as the swollen sweetie gulped down more malted milkshake, the buttons on her pajama top pulling tighter and tighter as they fought against increasing pressure.

“Ooof,” gasped Alice as she dropped the empty cup to the floor. “All done.”

“Wow, Alice, you really put that away!”

“Ugh, I think I drank too much,” moaned Alice, clutching her belly. She was so full of ice cream that her stomach was cold to the touch. “Ouch! My tummy is freezing!”

“Like, really? Let me see?” Jen put her hands against Alice’s soft gut and laughed out loud. “Oh my gawd, it really is! Laurie, come feel this! Alice’s tummy is ice cold!”

“Of course it is, what did you expect?” snapped Laurie, but she nevertheless put her hands on Alice’s stomach to see for herself. She couldn’t help but chuckle when she realized that Jen was right, Alice’s belly felt like ice!

“Oh, please don’t shake me too much,” moaned Alice.

“Ooo so sort, sweetie, we didn’t mean to get your tummy upset,” clucked Laurie, although she was secretly delighted to see Alice making such a pig of herself. All according to plan!

“Hey, you guys want to try something new?” said Jen. She grabbed the paper bag, pulled out a half-eaten burrito, and dipped it into her ice cream. Alice and Laurie stared as if their bootilicious friend had gone insane. Jen crammed the monster burrito into her mouth without a second thought.

“is good!” said Jen through a mouthful of ice cream burrito.

“That looks gross,” said Laurie, but she couldn’t help but lick her lips.

“Naw, it’s tasty! You should try it!”

Laurie and Alice looked at one another.

Laurie shrugged. “Why not?”

She grabbed a bean burrito and dipped it into her strawberry ice cream.

The three girls couldn’t stop even if they wanted to; they were slaves to an insatiable hunger that compelled them to pump more and more calories into their growing guts. But now they were so addicted to food that they were even experimenting with insane food combinations that no normal person would ever even consider.

Laurie put her fist to her chest as she let loose a belch so thunderous that the force of it

popped the elastic band on her panties, allowing her swollen belly to bounce free. Without taking any notice, the chesty chubster grabbed another burrito and dipped it into the melted ice cream.

“Mmm, this really is good,” she mumbled through a mouthful of food, a big scoop of rich melty ice cream dripping from the end of her burrito.

Alice watched as her two friends stuffed ice cream-covered burritos into their hungry mouths. Jeez, those two are turning into a pair of fat pigs! She thought to herself. Look at how they're stuffing themselves. They don't even stop to taste their food, they just shovel it down, like you're obsessed with gulping as much as those bloated bellies can hold! Their tummies are growing so big that they'll soon be the most prominent part of their bodies. And, wow, they're becoming so lazy! Laurie's so bloated that she can barely breathe.. let alone stand up! And Jen looks like she's more likely to roll away than walk at this point Laurie's boobs are bigger than ever! They're growing out of control.. I know she likes being big but she's getting way too enormous. I don't know how she can still stand up with those pendulous pontoons. And Jen's storing all those calories in an ass so big that she can't fit through doors anymore! We're all blowing up like balloons from eating so much ... we've got to get our weights under control or we're going to outgrow our houses... but this food does taste sooo good.

Sooooo good.

Wait, what was this burrito doing in her hand?

Mmmm....

“Hey! Where'd the ice cream go?”

Jen and Laurie blinked in confusion. They'd been so consumed by the rapture of eating that they didn't even realize that they'd gobbled down all the ice cream before Alice even got a chance to try any.

“Oops,” said Jen, “Sorry! I guess we got, like, a little carried away.”

Geez, they didn't even save any for me, thought Alice. They were just like a vacuum, sucking in everything, taste didn't matter. Have they always eaten like little piggies? They've gotten so big and lazy lately. They haven't been doing any cheers like me, and their tummies are getting really fat. Laurie's especially, it's so full of food, hanging everywhere. Her boobs are ridiculous, and always getting bigger, just like Jen's butt. Is this what we've become, ballooning whales, waiting for someone to roll us away from the food?

Alice's rare lucid moments, when the scales seemed to fall from her eyes and she suddenly realized what a trio of pigs the three girls had become, never lasted long. Pretty soon she was indulging just as much as her two companions.

Jen, of course, had no compunctions about her gluttony. Now that she'd patched things up with Craig, she didn't care how big she got – to her mind, extra inches around her perfectly plump posterior just made her more desirable and bootilicious. She knew she couldn't win against her own genetics, so why bother fight? The brunette bimchette blimpette was perfectly content to eat to her heart's delight, filling her tummy until she was fat and sassy and happy.

"You know, we do have more ice cream downstairs," said Laurie, "Jen, you should go get some, seeing as you're the one who ate it all before Alice got any."

"Me?! But, Laurie, you ate just as much as me!"

"Jen, really, don't talk back. Be a good girl and get us some more ice cream. And while you're down there, how about you get us some gravy for these burritos? There should be some left-over from that tofu loaf my mom made for dinner yesterday."

"Gravy on burritos?" asked Jen, tilting her head in confusion. "I don't think gravy, like, goes with burritos at all."

"Oh and ice cream does? Gawd, Jen, don't be such a blonde."

Jen looked confused. "What? I'm not blonde. Like, what are you talking about, Laurie?"

Laurie sighed. She'd almost forgotten how frustrating Jen could be. It wasn't easy talking to someone as dense as Jen!

"C'mon, these burritos are dry! And we don't have any green sauce in this house, so gravy's the next best thing. Chop chop!"

"Alright, fine," whined Jen, slowly struggling to her feet. "Just, like, promise you won't eat all the burritos without me!"

Laurie smirked. "No promises. You'd better hurry."

With a resigned sigh, the hefty hottie lumbered to the door. Jen waddled down the stairs, one hand on the wall, the other against her back for support. Her gut was so stuffed and swollen that she had to lean backwards as she walked, just like a severely pregnant woman. Already she could feel her tummy bubbling. Oof. Maybe she shouldn't have eaten all those beans after all.

In the kitchen, Jen opened the fridge to look for the gravy boat. "It's gotta be in here, like, somewhere..." she mumbled to herself.

"What's that, dear?"

Jen looked up to see Laurie's mother walk into the kitchen from the living room. "Oh, hi, Mrs. Belmontes. Sorry, I'm just, like, looking for something..."

"Oh no worries, please feel free. You know, Jen, private property is just a social construct. We believe that all that we own belongs to everyone."

Jen blinked dumbly.

"You know, Jen, share and share alike. We're all one big brotherhood of man...and womyn, of course."

"Uh huh." Jen frowned. Her tummy was really starting to hurt. "I just...like..need to get some ice cream. And some gravy for Laurie."

"I'm so glad to see you young girls so comfortable in your bodies," continued Mrs. Belmontes, oblivious to Jen's growing discomfort. "So many young women these days starve themselves to try to emulate the imposed ideals of patriarchal society. But you girls have embraced the full bloom of your womanhood and it's just totally groovy!"

Jen nodded. "Uh huh."

"And what's more important to nourishing the soul than to nourish the body? You can't align the chakras unless the body has what it needs!"

Jen winced as Mrs. Belmontes continued to ramble. She didn't want to be rude to Laurie's mom, but the truth was that, if she didn't get out of here, she was going to let one rip right here. Her enormous Mexican dinner was starting to catch up with her. She could feel the gas building up in her gut, bubbling and rumbling.

Ohhh Gawd, I shouldn't have had all those burritos, thought Jen desperately as Mrs. Belmontes continued to chatter. Jen broke out in a cold sweat. Oh Gawd please please shut upppp, I need to goooo.

The bootilicious babe fidgeted nervously, her face beginning to go red with the strain of holding in the rising gas. Her intestines gurgled louder and louder, so insistent that she was sure that Laurie's mom must be able to hear them. But if she did, she paid no attention.

Jen felt her belly puff out with gassy build-up, pressing against her already straining waistband and making her even more uncomfortable. That added pressure made it even harder to hold it all in.

Oh Gawd, I've got to get out of here before I burst, thought Jen.



Mrs. Belmontes just kept talking, gesturing enthusiastically with her arms – which only made the older woman’s large breasts bounce and sway wildly inside her loose hippie blouse. Jen watched Mrs. Belmontes’ enormous boobs. The big nipples and lack of bra caused them to bounce and jiggle as she talked, and the motion made Jen feel a little sea sick. The poor girl was starting to go green.

Jen held on, growing more and more bloated all the while. Finally, her tummy puffed out enough to pop the snap on her cotton shorts. She desperately held the fridge door open in front of her, hoping to hide her exposed crotch from Laurie's oblivious mom.

“Um, like, I really gotta go,” broke in Jen. The veins were popping out of her forehead, throbbing with the intensity of her effort. She broke off in a dash – or rather, as close to a dash as a girl as stuffed and bloated as she was could. It was more of a brisk waddle.

“Okay, sweetie, you guys have fun with your little be-in!”

Jen waddled upstairs as fast as her fat little feet could carry her, desperately holding her butt with both hands as if squeezing her fat cheeks would held clench her asshole shut tighter. She burst into Laurie’s bedroom, slammed the door behind her and, safe in in the privacy of the bedroom, let loose the longest, loudest fart to ever rend the heavens.

The sound went on for nearly a full minute. The noise was so loud that Pumpkin jumped three feet straight up in the air, and then ran under Laurie’s bed for cover.

Both Alice and Laurie stared, speechless.

"CHRIST, JEN, WHAT THE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING" shouted Laurie.

"I can't help it! Your mom wouldn't let me go!!! I almost exploded out there!" wailed Jen, her enormous gelatinous buns still wobbling from the reverberations of her flatulence.

"So you think it's better to explode in here?! Ugh!" snarled Laurie, waving her hands in front of her face. "And where's the goddamn gravy?"

"I...oh poo, I forgot. It's not my fault! Your mom was talking and talking and I just didn't get a chance!"

Laurie nodded sympathetically. As annoyed as she was, she also knew how her mother could talk.

"Fiiiine! I guess it serves me right for sending you, dumbass." She turned to Alice, putting on a cloyingly sweet smile. "Sweetie, could I ask you to go get the gravy? Seeing as we can't trust Jen."

Alice burped softly and shifted in her seat. The last thing that the tubby teen wanted to do was to walk all the way down to the kitchen, but her naturally giving nature got the better of her.

“Sure, Laurie, I could do that. Just...oof..save some snacks for me.” Alice grunted as she pushed herself to her feet, nearly falling forward onto her face as she felt gravity pull at her massive belly.

“Thanks, sweetie, you’re a life-saver,” said Laurie. She turned to look at Jen pointedly. “Unlike SOME people.”

“Hey, I tried!” protest Jen. “Like, Alice, when you go downstairs, be careful of Laurie’s mom! She’ll totally trap you and start talking and talking! Also, like, she’s got really big boobs that totally just swing around when you talk and they can totally make you dizzy.”

“Shut up!” snapped Laurie, going red. “Don’t talk about my mom like that, you bimbo!”

“But, like, it’s true! I mean, your mom’s boobs are almost as big as yours, Laurie.”

Laurie scowled, but the compliment – anything that drew attention to her phenomenal bust was a compliment as far as Laurie was concerned – mollified her enough that she didn’t pursue the subject.

The trip downstairs went even slower for Alice than it had for Jen. Like Jen, Alice waddled slowly, plodding along like a hippo, her entire body jiggling and wobbling so violently that Alice had to move carefully lest her own flab knock her down. Not to mention that even walking at a normal pace would leave the obese out-of-shape cutie completely winded.

Mrs. Belmontes was still in the kitchen when Alice arrived. “Er, hi, Mrs. Belmontes,” said Alice, “I’m just here to get some gravy... oh, and some ice cream.”

“Oh yes, help yourself, honey,” said the older woman, “I was just telling your friend Jen how happy I am to see you girls enjoying yourselves. It really shows how comfortable you all are in your own bodies as women.”

“Uh huh,” said Alice, nodding politely.

“You know Laurie used to always be so hung up on looks? But now she’s started to understand that there are more important things in life, right? Like, it doesn’t matter what people think of you. She used to be so scared that people would think she was fat, she would do ANYTHING to distract people from that. But now she’s totally groovy about her looks and I think it’s just great.”

Alice grimaced. Laurie’s mom seemed to have an idealized mental picture of her

daughter, because Alice knew that Laurie was every bit as obsessed with her image as ever. Mrs. Belmontes' words jostled something deep in Alice's subconscious – Laurie. So scared people would think she was fat. She would do ANYTHING to distract people. Coupled with some of the recent cryptic remarks from Jen, it almost made Alice wonder...wonder... Hmmm, she almost grasped something, but then the thought slipped away from her. Poor Alice was simply too naïve and trusting to think that Laurie was playing her for a fool.

The old hippie kept talking and it was all Alice could do to nod politely. How long was Mrs. Belmontes going to keep her here? Jen and Laurie were probably dying upstairs. Or worse, knowing them, they were probably eating all the food!

A sudden wave of horror crashed over Alice. No, they wouldn't! They couldn't! They were her friends. Surely they wouldn't eat all the food! They'd leave her some, right? Alice's fat tummy began to gurgle urgently as her mind reeled in abject terror. The idea that she might miss out on some food was one of the few things that could strike genuine fear into Alice's fat-clogged heart – and one of the only things that might motivate her to hurry.

“Well, that's great. Okay, gotta go!”

“Namaste, Alice!”

Alice began the slow waddle back to the room, but the trip took her a good twenty minutes simply because she was so slow and flabby. By the time she returned to the room, a terrible surprise greeted her. Her greatest fear had come true!

“I'm back, guys, and – oh no!”

Laurie and Jen lay on the floor, moaning, each girl rubbing her distended gut. Alice hadn't been gone more than...what? Half an hour? 45 minutes?... but these two gluttons just couldn't control themselves. They looked like two swollen ticks ready to pop, their overfull guts blushing red from being so overstretched.

Alice was so upset to see that the food was all gone that she barely even noticed that Laurie was now completely naked – the buxom blimp had stripped off her constraining tank top and underwear to give her gut some freedom. Her enormous breasts splayed out on the floor to either side of her, her fat gut rising in the air like a mountain.

“Alice...you're...urrrrp!...back...” said Laurie, raising her head slightly off the floor before giving up and flopping back down. She belched loudly. To her left, Jen farted in response.

“Jen...really!...That's...urrrp...so rude...urp!” Laurie's admissions didn't carry much weight when she was so gassy that she couldn't stop burping. They seemed even more hollow when Laurie too suddenly let lose a loud blast of flatulence, unable to contain herself anymore.

"Ha! Now who's...gasp...talking? Urrrp!" said Jen, breaking into a giggle than quickly turned into a groan.

They were huffing and wheezing, red in the face, sweating, and yet, still wanting more. The grand feast, so recently laid out for them all, was nearly completely gone other than the remnants of a few tacos and the crumbs from the bottom of the chip bag. Laurie and Jen had gobbled it all while Alice was downstairs!

"Oh, come on, I didn't get enough!" whined Alice, barely able to keep the sniffles out of her voice. She couldn't believe this! All the food was gone! Everything except this gravy boat... Alice was almost in tears.

Laurie hiccupped. "Well, sweetie, you weren't here. Urrrrrrp! You were taking too long and we got—hiccup! – tired of waiting."

It was another testament to the two girls' greed that, in the short time Alice had been away, they had completely forgotten that the whole point of the feast was to fatten Alice and had instead eaten all the food themselves.

"But...you knew I was coming back... you knew that your mom was down there and that she'd keep me there with all her talking!"

"Oh gawwwwwd, it's too mucccccch!" whined Jen, cradling her bloated gut, "I think I'm going to explode!" Clutching her belly, Jen's flabby butt released a high pitched squealing fart. "Oh, wait, that opened up some room for –burp-- a little more!" Alice gawked as the gassy girl reached out to grab a handful of crumbs out of the nearest bowl.

"You can't still want more!" said Alice, incredulous. "You already ate everything and you didn't leave me anything!"

But both Jen and Laurie had entered the fat girl zone: a state of mind so corrupted by greedy and gluttony and excessive gorging that all they could think about... was gorging some more!

"Nee...ed, fart, more, ugh....want...more," moaned Jen.

"Yeeeeesssss," belched Laurie in agreement. Then another burp again: "Meeeee, toooo. Urrrrrrp! You did bring the – urrrp! – ice cream, right?"

"Oh no, I forgot that, all I have is the gravy. But I don't know if that's such a good idea, you guys...I mean, don't you feel a little...full?" asked Alice, poking a pudgy finger into Jen's tight, spherical gut -- prompting a renewed fart.

"I can't believe you two were so greedy that you ate everything without me," said Alice.

"That's so not fair!"

"Sorry!" said Jen as she released yet another gust of wind. "We...urp!...we didn't mean to...urp! We just \*fart\* couldn't help it..."

Laurie was less apologetic.

"I told you--- burp! – you weren't here," said Laurie. "We tried to wait for you...but you simply can't expect us to \*fart\* oh excuse me, you simply can't expect us to wait forever?"

"That's because you sent me to get this gravy! And then you ate the burritos without even waiting! SO this is pointless! Well, fine, if you want it so much, here! Have your gravy!"

Laurie stared in shock as the normally docile blonde advanced on her with murder in her eyes.

"Alice! What...burp...what are you doing?"

"You still want more? Well, I don't think you're too full for this, do you?" said Alice, advancing on the overstuffed cheerleader with the gravy pot in hand. "Open wide, Laurie!"

Laurie protested weakly. "No-- urp--- I – urpp! - can't -- I'm...too...full... belch.. I can't take it." She looked to Jen for help, but Jen wasn't much better. Her fat-bottomed friend lay on the floor too stuffed to move let alone come help.

Laurie couldn't help but be impressed despite herself. She had never known Alice to stand up for herself like this! As much as she loathed to admit it, she felt a newfound respect for the tubby blonde.

"Alice, you better \*faaart\* not come over here! I mean it! \*belch\*!" But Alice just held the gravy boat to Laurie's lips and started pouring.

Laurie had no choice; she has to drink it. She whimpered in pain, still farting up a storm, but she had to drink.

And drink.

And drink.

Sweat broke out on the busty babe's forehead. She didn't think that she'd ever been this stuffed before, not even when Frank stuffed her during their sex games. What would happen to her? Could she actually pop like a food-filled balloon? Laurie was terrified, but...at the same time... her bloated belly was turning her on soooo much. She kind of...wanted that gravy. She kind of needed it!

And poor naïve Alice had no clue that she was playing right into Laurie's stuffing kink!

Mmm, thought Laurie, fill me up. Her belly, vast as it already was, began to grow anew. She was so full that every swallow forced another fart to puff out of Laurie's asshole; she couldn't expel gas from her mouth while she was drinking, but her body desperately needed to make room for this new onslaught of calories.

The nude cutie swelled bigger and bigger as Alice poured gravy down her throat. Laurie was fearful yet eager. What would happen to her? Could her belly actually expand enough to hold every last drop? Or was her greed finally going to be her undoing?

At the same time, Laurie's privates were tingling. Now she regretted stripping naked, because she was afraid that Jen or Alice might notice her arousal. But Jen was too stuffed to do anything but moan and Alice was too intent on feeding Laurie the gravy to notice.

By the time she lapped up the last of the gravy, Laurie was in hog heaven. The last drop touched her lips and the overstuffed cutie whimpered and moaned. Alice thought that she was whimpering in pain, but she had no idea that Laurie was desperately trying to hold back a loud scream – because the pain of her filled-to-the-absolute-brim belly had just made her climax.

Alice stood up and surveyed her work. Wow, what had come over her? She felt a little bad for what she had just done to Laurie, but, at the same time, she was kind of mad that these two hadn't saved any food for her.

"I'm sorry about that, Laurie, but you really kind of deserved that. Maybe next time you should think about how other people feel."

Laurie could only belch in reply.

# 43. Alice

Laurie's SUV pulled into the parking lot. Laurie insisted on driving when the three friends went anywhere – partly because she liked being in charge, but also partly because her car was the only one powerful enough to carry all three fatties. Between the three of them, the SUV was loaded down with over half a ton of overstuffed fat girl. Jen's Corolla could barely crawl along at a snail's pace when it had to carry both her and Laurie, so there was no way that it would be able to carry Alice as well.

Laurie shifted into park. "Well, girls, here we are."

Jen and Alice scooted over in their seats to press their faces against the glass and get a better look at their destination: Fairytale Village theme park. A dime-store local version of Disneyland, all three girls had fond memories of visiting the park as kids. It was Jen, the perpetual child-at-heart, who had suggested revisiting the park as a group, to celebrate their renewed friendship.

"Ohh my Gawwwd, you guys, I'm soooo excited!" squealed Jen, bouncing her massive rear in her seat and fumbling with the handle on her door. The door burst open and Jen practically fell out of the car in her enthusiasm.

"Calm your tits, Jen," said Laurie, stepping out of the car and pushing her designer Gucci sunglasses onto her face. "You don't need to freak out, we can all see it."

"But isn't it so exciting? I, like, haven't been here since I was a little kid! I am soooo going on the bumper cars! I looove bumper cars!" Jen's extra weight meant that she rarely moved quickly, but today she was practically sprinting. Jen wobbled quickly across the lot, her entire fleshy body jiggling so wildly that her T-shirt started to slide up around her gut and love handles.

While Jen's lackluster exercise sessions with Laurie had helped to stall her expansion somewhat, they did little to actually reduce Jen's girth. She was still too bottomheavy to corral her overstuffed rear into actual pants, so Jen mostly wore stretchy lycra-weave miniskirts, spandex leggings, and sweatpants. Today, the pear-shaped brunette prima donna wore a brand new lycra-blend miniskirt over a pair of black leggings stretched so tightly over her thick calves, hefty legs, and billowing badonkadonk that they were almost a transparent gray. Jen's T-shirt did little to disguise her inflated figure, snugly cradling her chubby belly and wobbling love handles and revealing a small indent over her cavernous belly button. Unlike Alice and Laurie, Jen was at least realistic enough about her fat figure to know not to wear clothes with constricting buttons and zippers that could pop or tear.

“I used to love the spook house here,” said Alice, panting as she waddled after her pear-shaped friend as fast as she could.

Alice wore what had rapidly become her favorite outfit, simply because it was currently the only outfit she owned that came close to fitting her. However, these clothes were on borrowed time as Alice’s inflation continued unchecked. She liked these vast-waisted cargo pants because, thanks to Jen’s genius life hack, she realized that they fit better when she left the pockets unzipped – it gave her a little more give in the waistband to successfully button the fly. Unfortunately, Alice had, despite all her best intentions, made no progress in reforming her gluttonous eating habits, so her waistline had continued to expand wider and wider to the point that, even with the pockets unzipped, Alice couldn’t get these pants buttoned anymore. Her solution, crude as it was, was to loop a belt around her waist and hope that covered up the fact that her fly was undone. She also started wearing her polo shirt untucked, pulling it down to cover the gap at her waist. That was useless. Alice’s fleshy body jiggled and wobbled so much whenever she puffed along that her shirt would ride up, exposing her flabby spare tire. And what a spare tire! These days it was as big as a big rig tire.

“What about you, Laurie?” said Alice. “What was your favorite ride?”

Laurie wiggle waddled at a respectable distance behind her two friends, maintaining an aura of haughty dignity that contrasted sharply with the child-like enthusiasm of her two corpulent companions.

Today, Laurie chose to wear a button-down blouse with her black miniskirt specifically because she loved the way that tight, straining buttons drew attention to her colossal chest without seeming like a calculated move. She wasn’t as happy with the way that the buttons also strained over her increasingly amply gut, which now stuck out almost as far as her bodacious boobies. Although she didn’t ENTIRELY dislike it. Laurie’s secret love of stuffing was gradually turning into something even more dangerous – a secret love of her own fattening body. She’d love relished the way that every extra pound made her hefty hooters swell even bigger, but now she was beginning to admire the increased circumference of her waist, the extra sway of her heavier hips, the jiggle of her thicker thighs. The busty raven-haired beauty was well on her way to becoming a pig in every sense of the word and she...kind of liked it. Not that anyone could ever know that!

“I remember that the petting zoo was always lots of fun,” said Laurie. Alice and Jen stared at her in surprise; to hear that a bitchy ice queen had a soft spot for petting animals was a big surprise! Perhaps not entirely unexpected considering how much Laurie doted on her own kitten Pumpkin these days, but certainly still a surprise. “I used to do some horse riding when I was younger, so it’ll be cool to revisit the horse corral.”

“I want to try everything!” crowed Jen, pushing her way through the turnstile to enter the park. Immediately, she encountered resistance. Jen’s enormous, wide-load ass billowed too round and wide to comfortably fit through the turnstile, her plush hips bumping into the metal



barriers at either side of the turnstile. With a supreme effort, Jen managed to force her way forward slightly, her massive pillowy booty squishing between the barriers but then she was stuck, unable to move forward because her hips and rear were wedged too tightly. “What the...?” Jen craned her neck to look behind her, as if she was confused by the situation and couldn’t understand why she wasn’t fitting.

“Jen, you bimbo, your fat ass won’t fit through there,” said Laurie. “Come through the handicapped gate, duh!”

“Oh yeah, duh! Of course! You’re, like, so smart, Laurie!”

“Jeez, Jen, I don’t know how you survived this long without me. But don’t you worry your empty little head, you know I’m here to take care of you, right, sweetie?”

Jen planted her hands on the metal barriers to her sides and pushed, slowly squeezing her way backwards out of the turnstile until she popped loose. She followed Laurie and Alice through the handicapped gate, where the three girls paid their entrance fees. Jen was too much of a ditz to draw the obvious conclusion that, if she was simply too fat to fit through the park entrance, she might also be too fat to fit on any of the rides. Laurie and Alice were both equally ginormous, but were smart enough to instantly know that they wouldn’t fit through the narrow regular gate. Going straight for the extra large handicapped gate

Laurie sauntered up to the pay window. “Three students,” said she, sliding her credit card over the counter. “My treat, girls!”

“Oh my Gawd, you’re the best, Laurie!” gushed Jen, grabbing her friend in a bear hug.

“Yeah, thanks, Laurie! That’s so sweet!” agreed Alice.

It’s a good thing we charge by age and not by pound, thought the woman behind the counter as she tore off three tickets. She doubted that these three tubs would even be able to fit on any rides inside the park. They probably even exceeded the weight limit for the seats in any of the theater shows! Maybe they could fit into some of the restaurants inside. Well, that was probably why they’d come to the park, in any case. You didn’t get that big without stuffing your face constantly, so these fatties probably wouldn’t be able to tear themselves away from the snack bar inside long enough to even attempt to jump on a ride.

“Hey, can we get a snack first?” asked Alice. “I’m feeling a bit peckish and...I don’t think we should go on any rides on an empty stomach. I think that’s unhealthy, right?”

“Oh, totally!” agreed Jen.

Of course, thought the cashier.

Laurie pushed her sunglasses up her flawless forehead. "Maybe we can start with a small snack."

A small snack turned out to be three giant-sized nachos and popcorn, with Big Gulp liter-sized sodas. Enough to fill their bellies, but, for once, not enough to fill them to bursting. After the first (but surely not the last) meal of the day, they were ready to actually start for the rides.

"Let's go to the bumper cars!" cried Jen, skipping ahead. "You wanna share a car, Laurie?"

"I don't think I can fit into a car with YOUR bumpers," said Laurie, eyeing Jen's blubber bum. "Maybe I'll share a car with Alice."

Laurie was so concerned with Jen's unusually bootilious build that she wasn't thinking that Alice's belly-centric bulk took up just as much room.

Alice plopped down into the bumper car, the whole car sagging heavily beneath her.

"Scoot over," demanded Laurie, stepping into the car next to her.

"I am scooted over!" protested Alice as the rotund piglet struggled to make room. Laurie squatted down next to Alice, her own butt squishing against Alice's thigh.

"I...can't...breathe!" gasped Alice as Laurie squeezed in next to her. The two girls were squeezed so tightly together in the tiny bumper car that neither one could even gasp.

"Ugh, this isn't working! I'm just gonna take my own car," snarled Laurie, pushing herself back out of the bumper car, her butt busting free of the car with a sound like a popping cork.

Laurie settled herself into her own car. When the ride started, kids immediately began whizzing around, smashing into each other at top speed. But the three bumper cars occupied by Alice, Laurie and Jen each seemed strangely subdued. Not built to lug around such heavy loads, the bumper cars crawled along at a snail's pace, barely building up the momentum for even a gentle bump.

"Hey! Hey! Alice! Look out! I'm totally, like, comin' to get ya! Ha ha!" Jen giggled, gunning her bumper car (for a given value of gun) and aiming right at her bloated blonde friend. Giggling, Alice turned her car and slowly started the trek toward Jen. The official bumper car rules forbade head-on collisions, but both girls' overloaded cars were moving so slowly that a head-on collision posed absolutely no risk of any serious injury.

Laurie, meanwhile, was getting annoyed. Several kids had noticed that Laurie's car was nearly stationary as it struggled to move the buxom bunny's busty, bulging bulk, and had decided to pick on her. Shrieking hysterically, they circled their cars around her dead bumper

car and took turns ramming into her, nearly knocking her car over with the force. Only the heavy ballast of Laurie's fat body kept it stable.

"Hey! Hey! You rotten kids! You stop that!" snarled Laurie, futilely spinning the wheel on her bumper car and pumping the gas as hard as she could with her pudgy foot. The cramped quarters of the car weren't helping her at all; every time she raised her thick leg to hit the gas again, she jostled her oversized chest with her knee. This wasn't comfortable at all!

"Haha!" shrieked a little ten-year-old girl in pigtails, whizzing past in her own car, "The big boobie lady can't stop us!"

"You little punk! You just wait til I get over there!"

"Haha! You can't! Your car is too slow cuz you're toooooo fat!" crowed the girl. The other kids laughed. This little pigtail head seemed to be their ringleader.

Laurie gawped. A feared leader in her high school clique and a force to be reckoned with on the cheer field, Laurie wasn't used to ANYONE telling her that she was fat... well, anyone except Frank. While she was gradually coming to relish her new body, she was still sensitive to having it pointed out by other people and lived most of her day-to-day life in a haze of denial, refusing to acknowledge just how flabby and obese she had grown. And now this little kid wasn't afraid of her! This little kid was taunting her! Oooo, just wait until this ride ended! Then she'd be sorry!

Laurie gnashed her teeth in rising fury, her breathing quickening and her bust heaving as she felt her temperature rise. This was REALLY pissing her off! But the kid was right; her car was way too slow to do anything other than crawl along slowly.

"Hey Laurie! Are you, like, having fun yet?" called Jen, her car slowly pattering toward her topheavy friend.

"No, these kids are being little brats! Did you hear what they said?"

"Yeah, they called you, like, the big boobie lady. It sounds like these kids are, like, pretty observant! Oof!"

Jen gasped as Alice's car gently nudged the side of her car, with barely enough force to even register a shock.

"Boop! I gotcha, Jen!"

"Haha! Okay, like, now I'm coming to get you!"

Maybe it was because Jen and Alice both appeared to be having a good time – or

maybe they could just sense Alice's naturally kind personality and Jen's naturally child-like excitement – but the kids didn't seem to have any interest in harassing the two other fatties in their equally sluggish cars. But big bitchy Laurie, rendered trapped and helpless, was a prime target.

"Fatty fatty big boobs can't stop us!" sang the girl whizzing past and ramming Laurie sharply from behind.

"What the?! Did you hear that? How dare you! Jen! Alice! Get over there and ram those kids for me! I can't reach them!"

"Oh, Laurie, stop being such a, like, sourpuss!" laughed Jen, "They're, like, just a bunch of kids."

"Yeah, Laurie, just try to relax and have good time!" agreed Alice.

By the time the ride wound down, Laurie was absolutely livid. And, from the worried look on the pigtail girl's face, she knew it. As soon as the cars powered down, the little snot jumped out of her car and bolted. Luckily, Laurie was too hefty to get out of her car fast, so the girl was out of sight by the time Laurie managed to hoist her bulk to her feet.

"C'mon, Laurie, wasn't that, like, fun?" asked Jen, waddling over to her join her friend.

"That little shit! Did you see that? Oh. My. Gawd, I am SO pissed right now!" Laurie raged, "I am not going to let her get away with this!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I...I...I'm going to..." Laurie sputtered, realizing that she really had no idea. "I'm going to make a formal complaint, that's what I'm going to do!"

"You're going to complain that a kid teased you?" Even Alice, normally loathe to contradict the busty vixen, seemed skeptical.

"No! I mean... well, this wouldn't have happened if my car wasn't so slow! Something must be wrong with this ride, cuz my car totally wasn't working nearly as well as those kids' cars!"

"Yeah, now that you mention it, I think my car was kinda slow too," said Jen, rubbing her double chin in sudden realization. Alice nodded as well. The three porkers refused to entertain the possibility that their own weights were responsible for the cars' malfunction, so this seemed like a convenient excuse. "But maybe, like, the next ride will be better? You guys, cuz I totally want to ride the chair-o-plane! I bet that will totally be fun, right?"

“What’s the chair-o-plane?” asked Alice.

“You know, that ride where they have all the swings hanging from chains? And it spins?”

“Oh, yeah! Uh, do you think we can?” Alice’s pretty round face crumpled into a concerned grimace. Despite her denial, she couldn’t get over some major misgivings about going on a ride where her four hundred plus pounds of overfed fat girl blubber would be suspended by four flimsy chains as she was spun with increasing centripetal force.

“Yeah, it’ll totally be fine!” insisted Jen, oblivious as ever.

Todd, the kid operating the chair-o-plane, felt his face pale as he saw the three hogs waddling toward him. There was absolutely no way! He was used to dealing with delusional fatties, but these three surely couldn’t believe that they could fit on this ride.

But no, there they were, getting in line. Just great.

When the three girls finally got to the front of the line, Todd half-wanted to deny them entry. Technically, the chair-o-plane was pretty safe. The weight limit for each chair was over 800 pounds and he didn’t think even any of these heifers weighed enough to snap the chains. At the same time, the machine might have been designed to accommodate one enormous fatty per ride, but three? The chains wouldn’t break, but he worried that their combined weight might mess up the ride’s mechanism.

“Sit near me,” said Jen as she struggled to squeeze her monster behind into a small, confining chair. The bars of the chair pressed tightly into her spongy butt blubber, which oozed between the metal bars like growing soap bubbles. The sides of the chair squeezed her flanks so tightly that she probably didn’t even need to fasten the seatbelt; she was so wide and wedged into the chair that she probably couldn’t fall out even if she tried.

“Something’s wrong with my chair,” whine Alice as she also fought with her chair. Alice was also having trouble fitting into her chair, finding that the seatbelt refused to fasten around her voluminous waist. Her belly spilled out into her lap, nearly reaching her knees, and the seatbelt didn’t come close to connecting.

“Just suck it in, it’ll be fine,” said Laurie. Since the busty, billowing queen bee didn’t distribute her excess poundage to the same problem areas as her two friends – with much of her weight going to her colossal chest rather than her butt or belly – she was able to force herself into the chair.

“Um, excuse me?”

Laurie glowered as Todd walked up to her. Her expression said it all. She half-expected this twerp to tell her that she and her friends couldn’t ride the chair-o-plane because they were

too fat. She instinctively began to inhale, puffing herself up to appear more intimidating as she narrowed her eyes menacingly. At her size, she looked like she might burst the bars of her chair apart.

“Could I ask you guys to split up? We need to make sure all the we... distribute the weight evenly.”

With all three fatties clustered together, he was absolutely sure they would break the ride’s mechanism. But if he spread them out, at least the rotating disc would still be balanced.

“Ugh, it’s, like, soooo hard to get out of this chair,” whined Jen, pushing her thick arms against the handlebars to demonstrate how tightly wedged she was. “Couldn’t, like, I just stay here?”

“Don’t worry, Jen, we’ll move, it’s okay,” said Alice.

Laurie nodded in agreement. “Yeah, that’s fine. Come on, Alice.”

Todd breathed a sigh of relief as Alice and Laurie extricated themselves from their chairs and slowly wobbled over to opposite sides of the ride. Laurie strapped herself in without too much trouble, despite the fact that the belt was a little snug and that she couldn’t see what she was doing over her massive hooters. Alice, being a more belly-centric beauty, had more trouble getting her belt cinched; she only managed to get the buckle together who holding in her massive gut and even then it was so tight around her waist that the poor dear could hardly breathe.

The other riders stared dubiously at the titanic trio, clearly nervous about the safety of overloading the ride like this. One woman seated behind Jen raised her hand.

“Yes, ma’am?” asked Todd

“I’d like to get off,” she said, her eyes meaningfully straying to the enormous bloated booty in front of her, chubby cheeks hanging over the edges. She didn’t trust the ride to hold up under the weight of three tubby teens weighing a combined total of over half a ton.

Jen grinned, bouncing in her seat in excitement, her cushiony backside jiggling like gelatin and the chains holding up her seat creaking in protest. Several other riders raised their hands, now desperate to get off before they found themselves part of an inevitable accident. The three chubsters remained completely oblivious to the drama unfolding around them, too intent on the ride to come to notice.

When Todd finally got the remaining passengers situated, he returned to the controls and, muttering a quick prayer under his breath, flipped the switch to start the ride. Deep down in his heart, he had grave doubts about going forward but he forced himself to ignore them.

Surely nothing could REALLY go wrong.

He immediately regretted his decision as the ride lurched to life, the gears grinding and groaning as the machine started to rotate. The disc sped up and up and up, gradually building toward its usual speed despite the extra load it was forced to carry.

Jen and Alice shrieked in child-like glee, waving their thick arms and kicking their fat little legs. Laurie maintained her composure, her long black hair whipping behind her as she circled. Each rotation was accompanied by a loud groaning noise from the ride's central mechanism, making Todd wince. He really didn't like the sound of that. The noise made his imagination run away from him as he imagined nightmare scenarios where the ride broke, chains snapping under the bloated babes' monumental weights. He imagined those three fat asses going flying through the air, like a trio of human blimps. These girls were so fat and overstuffed that they would probably just explode like overinflated water balloons on impact with the ground. Oh God, that would be terrible! There was no way that this would end well! He bit his lip, hoping against hope that the ride would make it through. Why had he let them ride? What a terrible idea that had been!

The creaking and grinding was definitely getting worse with every rotation, so much so that he could see the fear on the faces of the other passengers as they whipped by. They were terrified for their lives because Alice, Laurie and Jen were just too fat to safely ride this attraction and now they were all going to pay the penalty!

"This is soooo cool!" cried Jen, kicking her feet. Above her own delighted screams and the roar of the wind, she didn't even hear the sound of the chair below her creaking as she squirmed in her seat.

"Wheeee!" shouted Alice, her gut still surging against the constricting seatbelt and hampering her breathing.

Even Laurie was beginning to get into the spirit. "Look at me, girls!" she cried, lifting her arms in the air.

Finally, mercifully, the ride started to enter its slow down phase. Todd breathed an audible sigh of relief as he watched the spinning gradually slow down, grateful that the ride hadn't busted. After it slowed to a stop, he watched in horrified fascination as the three monster fatties struggled to get out of their chairs. They were excited and elated, jabbering and giggling in delight, completely oblivious to their near brush with death and destruction.

The other passengers were less excited than just happy to still be alive. They left wearing the same expressions of relief that Todd was sure he wore.

"You were right, Jen," said Laurie, carefully fixing her wind-blown hair. "That was a fun ride."

“I told you!” crowed Jen. “What do you guys want to ride on next?”

As the three porkers contemplated their next move, they didn’t even notice Todd putting a “Closed for Maintenance” cordon across the entrance to the chair-o-plane. Together, they had put so much excess weight on the gears that the whole contraption was now out of alignment and Todd was afraid that it might actually fall apart if they kept the ride in operation without repairs. Before today, he never would have expected that just three fat girls could have such a huge impact!

Alice, Laurie, and Jen, however, were having too much fun now to even notice. Nor did they notice the steady stream of disappointed children that seemed to follow in their wake. They cut an unknowing path of destruction through the park, leaving broken ride and stalled machines everywhere they went. Even rides designed to haul massive loads were having trouble when asked to haul THREE massive loads. But the big beautiful babes were determined to have a good time today and weren’t going to let reality intrude on their fun.

Of course, they stopped for frequent snacks between rides. Which was a good thing, because it was only their long snack breaks that slowed their progress through the park enough to avoid breaking everything.

“What about...the plane ride?” asked Jen, feeling a little puffed. She paused, leaned over with her hands against her chubby knees, to try and regain her breath. All this walking was hard work!

“I dunno,” said Alice, burping softly into her hand before taking a big bite out of her latest snack, a cream-filled churro. “My tummy’s feeling a little upset after the tilt-a-whirl.” She patted her swollen middle. Considering the amount of sugar, salt and lard that Alice had forced into her gut today and the number of nausea-inducing rides she’d ridden, it was a miracle that her guts weren’t roiling. She didn’t know it, but the only reason that she wasn’t already green around the gills was because her extreme weight had caused all the rides to slow down so much with her on them that she couldn’t get dizzy enough to be sick.

“Awwwww, c’mon, it’ll be fun! Right, Laurie?”

Laurie smirked, patting Alice’s soft, squishy paunch. “Well, sweetie, if you don’t think your tummy can handle it, that’s fine for you,” she said. She tapped her potbelly. “Of course, if you have an iron constitution like me, you don’t need to worry about that. We don’t want you to feel sick, after all.”

“I didn’t say I was sick!” protested Alice, “I just thought – hic – that I should sit for a few minutes.” For some reason, Alice felt like her busty friend was issuing some sort of challenge. And, as silly as it was, Alice felt like she couldn’t back down. Just as Alice had felt a sudden hot surge of self-righteousness during their latest sleep-over that ultimately ended with her stuffing Laurie full of gravy, she again felt like she couldn’t back down, that she had to prove her mettle.



“Sure, sweetie.”

“No, I can do it!” She shoved the remaining churro into her mouth and then mumbled through her full cheeks: “Lesh do it!”

By now, the tale of the three little piggies had managed to work its way through most of the park, and other patrons glared angrily as they saw Laurie, Alice and Jen take their spots in line for the airplane ride. Tellingly, no one got in line behind them, as most people now assumed that the ride would be out of commission after the three hogs had their way on it.

The airplane ride operator rolled his eyes as he watched first Alice, then Jen, struggle to push their flabby bulk through the turnstile. He arched an eyebrow when he saw Laurie; Laurie’s massively voluptuous figure, with her enormous beanbag-sized tits, still managed to turn heads more easily than Alice’s apple shape or Jen’s pear shape. But it was definitely getting to the point that the average guy considered Laurie’s burgeoning bra-busters to be more of a grotesque novelty than an actual turn-on.

The operator opened his mouth to begin the by-now familiar protests, but Alice and Jen were so excited and bubbly that he couldn’t bring himself to say anything. And Laurie just gave him such a dirty look when he turned to talk to her that he was cowed into submission.

Instead, he just waited for the three girls to cram themselves into the little airplanes. Jen’s huge haunches were so big that she had to smush down her buttocks with her plump hands to fit into the seat. Alice was so round that she looked like she might simply pop out of her airplane like a watermelon seed being squeezed between two fingers. Laurie managed to maneuver her own plush hips and padded bottom into her plane, but her breasts flopped out over the front panel. The operator shook his head, but, against his better judgment, he put the ride into motion.

The results were predictable.

The mechanical arms began to move, lifting some planes into the air while lowering others. At least, that’s how it was supposed to work. But the three planes carrying the heavy-set teens never rose more than a couple inches off the ground, instead crawling along at a snail’s pace and slowing down the entire ride. The horrible straining noises issuing from the failing mechanical arms didn’t help either, especially since the slowed ride also slowed the accompanying calliope music. The slow, strangled music made it sound like the speakers were drenched in molasses.

It’s probably better this way, mused the operator. He wouldn’t have wanted to see what had happened if the ride had actually managed to get these lard asses into the air. The mechanical arms probably would have snapped!

The other riders weren't quite so relieved. Small kids, hoping for a fun ride in the sky, howled with disappointment to find the ride so slow and boring now. They banged their hands against the dashboards of their planes and yelled for the operator to speed things up.

"C'mon! These planes are supposed to fly!" whined one little boy. He looked at the plane in front of him, filled to capacity with Laurie's monstrous bulk. "I think it's slow cuz they let those fat ladies on!"

"Hush, Jeremy, that's very rude," hissed his mother riding in the plane behind him. She didn't want him to cause a scene, but she couldn't help but share his opinion. She couldn't believe how selfish those fat girls were. They must know that they were way too heavy to ride a kids' ride like this, but they were too self-absorbed to care... and now they were ruining it for everyone! The mother was especially peeved to note that the ride was moving so slowly that she could actually have a conversation with her son in the next plane; usually, you couldn't hear anything above the wind and the music.

Laurie was too busy preening in her pocket mirror, grateful that the slow ride gave her a chance to fix her hair and mascara after the slightly more exciting chair-o-plane ride, to give a thought to why this ride was so gratingly slow. But after a few minutes, even she got bored.

While Jen and Alice just looked crestfallen after the disappointing ride, Laurie was furious.

"What kind of stupid ride is this?" she snarled when it finally slowed to a stop. "Do you seriously call this a plane ride? Planes go up in the air! We never left the ground!"

"Yeah, that was kinda lame," agreed Jen. She placed her palms against the sides of her plane and slowly pushed herself to her feet. Behind her, her ample rear didn't want to leave the confining space of her seat. It finally popped free with a sound like a popping cork and Jen nearly flew out of her plane.

Laurie's eyes were flashing. She was even more pissed off than after the bumper cars now! Grunting with exertion, the corpulent, pneumatic vixen pulled herself out of her plane and wiggle waddled over to the operator as quickly as she could.

The operator sighed in exasperation as he saw Laurie approach him, her chest sloshing about in her tight top as she purposely stride toward him. The other two chubby bunnies wobbled along behind her, but knew enough to maintain their distance when Laurie was on the war path.

"Should we say something too?" whispered Alice to Jen.

"Naw, Laurie just needs to get this out of her system. She'll totally be fine once she gets to yell at someone."

“What do you think you’re doing with this ride?” snapped Laurie, pointing an accusatory finger at the poor operator. “It barely moves! We paid good money to come to this park, but half the rides are busted! Just what do you have to say for yourself, mister?”

The operator stared in confusion. Other employees had already warned him to be on the watch for the three blimps who were breaking rides left and right, but he didn’t really believe it was possible. Now, though, he could tell that they really were as fat as people said! He’d probably have to shut down the plane ride for at least an hour after the tortuous flight so they could realign the mechanism and oil the gears. But this fat bitch was so oblivious to the damage that she did with her own blubbery ass that she was blaming him!

“Look, lady, you got a problem, you take it to the head office, okay? I just work here.”

“Fine!” huffed Laurie, “I will!” She spun on her heels and stalked back to her friends.

“I’m going to march right over to the complaints desk and give them a piece of my mind! Are you two coming?”

Alice and Jen exchanged glances.

“Well, I was really hoping to check out the spook house,” said Alice.

“And I wanna get another snack!” said Jen.

“Fine, fine, I’ll meet you back here in half an hour, okay?”

“Sure!”

“Let’s do it!”

As they left, they didn’t even notice the operator closing down the plane ride to a chorus of disappointed “Awwws!” from the kids in line.

“But we’ve been waiting for hours!” wailed a little boy.

“Sorry,” said the operator, shooting an evil glare at the wide retreating backsides of the three ponderous porkers responsible for this mess. “But I can’t let you on. It’s not safe right now, so we have to close it for maintenance.”

“That’s not fair!” wailed the kid, “It’s not our fault that those fat ladies broke the ride!”

The operator sighed. “Life isn’t fair, kid.”

# 44. Conrad & Laurie

Conrad wasn't a big fan of working at the Black Forest Spook House controls here at Fairytale Village Theme Park. First of all, they made him wear a ridiculous green elf costume. Secondly, he had to deal with people like THIS whale. He stared, flabbergasted. This girl was absolutely enormous – a big round babe with thick tree-trunk legs, wide hips that brushed the railings on either side of her as she waddled, and a pillowy potbelly that proceeded her by a good three feet. She held out her four tickets with one chubby hand, never taking the straw from her mouth as she sucked down the last few drops of a liter-sized soda.

The drink! That might be his out!

“Uh, sorry, we can't let you on the ride with a drink,” he said.

He had seen plenty of obese people try to get on this ride and thankfully most of them were so greedy that they'd just give up on the ride as soon as they were told that they couldn't bring their food with them. That was good, because it was waaay less awkward than explaining to them that they surpassed the ride's weight limit.

“Oh sorry,” said Alice, not pausing to wonder why no one had objected to her soda earlier on the bumper cars. She pried the lid off the cup and dumped the remaining soda into her mouth, quickly guzzling it down with a loud slurp. She turned to the operator with a sweet smile on her plump face. “Okay, all gone!”

Oh great. Now he had to tell her the truth.

“I'm sorry, uhhhh, but there's a weight limit on this ride. I think you might be too...uh... too big for this ride.”

“What's the weight limit?” asked Alice, her eyes pleading.

“Uhhh...it's 500 pounds.”

“Oh goody!” Alice clapped her hands in joy. “I'm only 440!”

Any other girl would have been horrified to learn that (A) she was so obese that she was close to the weight limit for the ride and (B) so obese that she LOOKED like she was 500 pounds. But Alice was just happy that she was technically under the limit and could still go on the ride.

Conrad didn't have a handy scale with him, so there wasn't any way for him to check

Alice's claim. This wasn't worth an argument considering the minimum wage this job paid! Sighing, he motioned for her to get on the ride.

Alice lifted one chubby foot and, balancing precociously on her other, stepped into the buggy. Next she lifted her other foot in and slowly, gingerly, lowered her enormous bottom down onto the seat. Grunting with the effort, Alice could feel her overloaded knees popping and creaking as she moved and hear the zipper on her pants click open another tooth as her belly plopped forward when she squatted down.

The buggy was designed for two people, but Alice completely filled it all by herself.

"Okay, here you go." Conrad launched into his canned spiel: "You're about to go on a magical journey through the depths of the fairytale forest, but watch out for the evil witch and the big bad wolf! Please keep your hands and feet inside the car at all times."

Alice squealed with glee as the ride lurched to life. The buggy made an awful grinding noise as the mechanism struggled to move Alice's bulk, the gears nearly buckling under her four hundred plus pounds of well-fed pork.

The buggy lurched forward, slowly pushing through a door painted to look like a goblin's face and inside, into the dark.

An animatronic witch popped out from behind a partition. "Heeee heee heee!" she cackled in her pre-recorded voice. "I'm going to get you, my pretty! I'll feed you till you're nice and fat and then I'll eat you—"

Of course, the robotic witch was unaware of the irony of her words, but she never got to finish them. Overloaded by Alice's size, the cart stalled and the whole ride came to a grinding halt. Down the line in front of her, Alice could hear kids screaming in fear, not understanding why the ride had suddenly stopped and left them stranded in the middle of a haunted forest. Behind her, she could hear the customers in line grumbling and groaning at the delay.

"I wonder what happened," said Alice to herself, although, deep down, in the pit of her ample stomach, she suspected that she knew the answer.

She could hear Conrad outside arguing with someone, but she could only hear snippets of the conversation.

"It's that fat girl....she's too heavy... got to be over the limit... not my fault!"

Finally, the door behind her opened and a maintenance man in overalls walked in, rolling his eyes when he saw Alice's enormous form filling an entire buggy by herself.

"You gotta get off," said the maintenance man, "You're too heavy."

“But the operator said the weight limit was 500!” said Alice, fighting back tears. She blinked her watery eyes, a single syrupy tear dribbling down her chubby cheek.

“Yeah, well, maybe you weigh more than you think,” snapped the maintenance man, annoyed. “Now, c’mon, lady, get out so these kids can enjoy the ride.”

“B-b-but..”

“Just get out without a fuss and I’ll give you a voucher for \$20 to use at The Three Little Pigs Bar and Grill!”

Alice blinked. She was totally embarrassed by this situation, but she couldn’t help but imagine the delicious combinations of junk food that she could buy for \$20.

“Okay, \$50,” said the maintenance man, apparently mistaking her pause for reluctance. “Please, just go!”

“Okay,” said Alice dumbly. “But...could you...could you give me a hand up?” She blushed furiously, knowing that she was too fat and out of shape to easily stand up from a low position like this.

The maintenance man sighed, exchanging looks with poor Conrad just outside the door. “Alright, kid, get behind her and give me a hand. Lady, let’s go.”

Alice raised her flabby arms, so that the maintenance man could grasp her soft, fleshy wrists and hoist her to her feet. Conrad positioned himself behind Alice and awkwardly slipped his hands under her armpits to give her an extra boost. Assorted snickers came from the line of people waiting outside as they craned their necks to watch the two men struggle to lift the preposterously pudgy porker out of the buggy.

Conrad could feel his back spasming as he strained he help lift this fat hog to her feet and he hoped that it didn’t give out; he was only a part-time temp employee, after all, and he didn’t have the insurance. But luckily, gasping and panting with effort, the two men finally got Alice to her feet without anything going too wrong. Without a word, the annoyed maintenance engineer shoved a voucher into Alice’s hand. With some difficulty, Alice stuffed the paper voucher into the tightly stretched pocket of her cargo pants.

“Thanks,” she mumbled, but the two men just glared at her.

“Please exit to your right, ma’am. There are other people who want to take this ride.”

“O..okay.”

Dazed and stunned, Alice wobbled her way back to the meeting place, where Jen was already waiting. Jen was holding a giant stick of cotton candy, tearing off great chunks of spun sugar with her teeth. Her face was already stained pink.

“Hey Alice! How was the spook house? Gosh, that ride must have been, like, really short.”

“I dunno, I didn’t ride on it. The machine didn’t...work.” Alice didn’t have the heart to explain why: because she was such an incredible fat ass that the machine broke down under her weight!

“Man, like, what is wrong with all the machines here today?” said Jen, shoving more cotton candy into her bulging cheeks. “First the bumper cars! Now this! Maybe we should try a ride that, like, can’t break down. Laurie wanted to do the pony ride, you wanna do that when she gets back?”

“I’m going to sit this one out,” said Alice miserably. She was still smarting after her experience at the spook house, afraid that she might have a similar problem with the horses. More to the point, though, Alice was struggling with a serious moral dilemma. She was acutely aware of the \$50 voucher burning a hole into her pocket. She knew that she should share her good fortune with her two best friends in the world – especially after Laurie had so kindly paid for all of their entry fees! But Alice’s naturally kind and giving nature was struggling against her growing, piggy greed. If she shared this voucher with her friends, that would mean less food for her! And after the humiliation at the spook house, didn’t she deserve a treat just for herself? Alice tried to rationalize her gluttonous desire, but she was having a hard time. A self-important bitch like Laurie or a bubble-headed ditz like Jen might have easily justified keeping the voucher to herself, but Alice was too generous to feel good about that.

“C’mon, Alice! Don’t be such a party pooper!”

“I’ll just... rest for a little while, okay?” said Alice, lowering her bulk onto a nearby bench. The bench creaked even louder than Alice’s straining clothes as it settled under her enormous weight. Maybe she could come to a decision by the time that Jen and Laurie were busy with their pony ride.

Soon enough, they spotted Laurie jiggling back toward them, her hips swiveling in the usual wiggle waddle walk that she always used to draw attention to her overinflated curves.

“How did it go?” asked Jen.

“Fine, they said that they would look into it. They even gave me a voucher for \$10 off at the Three Little Piggies Bar and Grill!”

“Ooooo! Awesome!” said Jen, beaming. Alice smiled but remained silent.

“We’ll go there after the pony ride, alright? Cuz I’m not leaving without at least doing that! You two coming?”

“Alice said she just wants to hang out here, but I’ll come!” chirped Jen.

Laurie arched an eyebrow at Alice. “You sure, sweetie?”

“Yeah, I just wanna...rest a little bit.” Alice wondered: She could probably waddle over to the restaurant to spend her voucher and get back before Jen and Laurie finished their horse ride. Then again, it seemed really petty not to share her good fortune... especially since Laurie seemed inclined to share hers! But maybe she could just... sit for a bit and think about it.

“Alright, suit yourself, c’mon, Jen.”

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There was no doubt about it. Laurie and Jen looked ridiculous, two massively round blimpettes standing in line with a dozen little kids.

“Gawd, how long is this line?” whined Laurie, checking her watch.

“We’ve been here, like, ten minuttttttes,” moaned Jen, “It’s gonna take forever!”

“We shouldn’t have to wait,” said Laurie, “We’re the oldest ones here. Here, follow me, Jen.”

“Laurie! You can’t cut in line!”

“Oh yeah? Why not?”

Jen furrowed her brow as she tried to think of a reason. “Uhhhh...”

“Yeah, I thought so. Now stop dawdling, Jen, and come on!”

Laurie shoved her way to the front of the line, pushing squalling children to the side. Laurie smirked as she recognized the little pigtail headed girl at the front of the line.

“Well well, look who it is,” said Laurie with an evil grin as she looked down at the diminutive girl. The girl blanched as she found herself looking up at the towering, enormous figure of a very angry Laurie. Laurie drew herself up to her full height, puffing out her chest to look even more imposing.

“The big boob lady!” gasped the girl in terror.



“That’s right, I’m the big boob lady,” said Laurie, chuckling evilly, “And look at you now. Not so tough without your bumper car, are you? Maybe you should have thought better before you picked a fight with Laurie Belmontes.”

Laurie paused to let the full weight of her words sink in, but Jen poked her in the side.

“Um, like, Laurie? We’re not at school. She doesn’t know who you are!”

“What? Oh right. Lucky for you, kid, I don’t think it’s very sporting to take things out on a little bitty kid. So I think I’ll just take your pony and we’ll call it even.”

“Hey, ma’am, you can’t –“ The young man working the front of the line stopped short in his protest as Laurie drew up to her full height right in front of him, puffing out her pneumatic chest as big as she could. Her billowing, bouncing hooters strained the buttons on her shirt to the breaking point as Laurie intentionally huffed to draw attention to her oversized assets.

“What was that, sweetie? Are you saying you won’t let poor little ol’ me take a little pony ride?”

The boy stuttered, his eyes locked on Laurie’s heaving bust. Large diamond-shaped gaps separated each pearl-shaped button, though which he could see the creamy white skin of Laurie’s overinflated pontoons (as well as the lacy black material of her monster brassiere). Laurie batted her eyes at her helpless victim, tapping the top button on her shirt with one manicured finger and causing the pearl to slip from its hole.

Confronted with even MORE cleavage (Those huge knockers are practically busting through her shirt!), the poor guy didn’t have any choice. Letting Laurie get her way was the only thing he could do.

“Sure, y-y-you can take a ride.”

Laurie smiled. “Thanks, sweetie.” She didn’t bother to refasten her open button, instead swishing past the boy and leaving him a sputtering, sweating mess. “C’mon, Jen!” she called behind her.

“Coming!” Jen waddled after her top-heavy friend.

Jen straddled the horse, her lycra-blend miniskirt riding up her thighs as she planted her sneakers into the stirrups.

“Jen! Side saddle!” snapped Laurie, determined to ride like a proper diva even if she didn’t look the part. Laurie plopped her own ample booty onto the horse’s back and struggled to get comfortable without swinging a leg over the horse. Unlike Jen, she didn’t have a choice.

Jen was wearing tights under her skirt, so she didn't have to worry about exposing herself. If Laurie tried to straddle her horse, her skirt would slide up and expose her overstuffed panties.

"No fair!" cried the pigtailed girl and several kids in line after her echoes the sentiment. Laurie just laughed.

"Sorry, kids! Maybe when you're older you'll have a better chance! Right now, ain't no one who can stand a chance against me and my girls here!" She hefted her boobs with one free hand, letting them bounce and jiggle against her chest, and laughed again as she rode off.

The pony ride wasn't much more than one giant circular track, so Jen and Laurie were effectively riding in circles. And it didn't take them long before they started to get bored.

More obnoxious still, even though they had cut to the front of the line, almost every kid who had started riding after them had already lapped them.

"My butt hurts," whined Jen as the horse trotted along, Jen's enormous rump sloshing back and forth with the animal's labored motion. Jen's booty only grew more sensitive as it grew bigger, so her poor fat tushie was getting a real bruising as it bounced in the saddle.

Laurie wasn't having much more luck. The horse's plodding was enough to send her balloon-sized boobs bouncing and swaying wildly.

Both animals lagged way behind the pack, weighed down by the two pompously porky princesses. The poor animals! In all honesty, letting two girls so monstrously tubby ride on these ponies was practically animal abuse. The ponies could barely trot, instead plodding slowly, swaying back and forth as their fleshy burdens seemed to grow heavier with every shaking step. The ponies were sweating in exertion, their sides slick with perspiration, but neither Jen nor Laurie were aware of how difficult their rides had it.

"These ponies are really kinda slow," said Jen. She reached behind herself to rub her tender booty. Even the slow rolling gait of her overloaded pony was enough to make her blubbery bum sway up and down in the saddle, shaking her so much that the seat of her leggings was starting to fray. "And it's really hurting my ass!"

Laurie bounced up and down in her saddle, hoping to goad her pony into a light canter at least, but the animal didn't respond and Laurie only succeeded in nearly smacking herself in the face with her colossal cantaloupes.

Her attitude didn't improve when she saw the pig-tail girl gallop past her, laughing.

"Ugh, that little snot again!" She yanked on her pony's reins, hoping to goad the pony to pick up the pace but the poor thing ignored her and continued to weave along at the same slow plod. More and more rider passed by the two overweight whales, pausing only to giggle and

snicker at their predicament before continuing on their way. Laurie was getting pissed and even Jen was beginning to feel drained.

By the time their ponies made it around the track, nearly an hour had passed in what was normally a 15 minute ride. The boy running the pony ride bit his lip as he saw them amble back into the loading dock. Crap, he thought, those ponies really look like they're struggling. I shouldn't have let them go for a ride, oh man I am going to get in so much trouble if someone sees me. I hope there aren't any PETA people around here!

"Shocking, just shocking," mumbled an older woman waiting in line, pulling out her cell phone to snap a photo of Laurie struggling to dismount from her exhausted pony. Oh no, thought the boy, I hope she doesn't post that to Facebook. Oh God, we're going to have the ASPCA on our asses if I don't get them out of here fast!

Abandoning his post, he rushed over to help Laurie disentangle her chubby foot from the pony's stirrups. It took him a couple minutes but he finally got her free.

"That was a bust," snorted Laurie as she and Jen wobbled their way back to the bench where Alice was still waiting for them, "I thought this park was a lot cooler when I was a kid. We should just go home now!"

"Yeah," agreed Jen sadly, her voice nearly cracking.

"Okay, but first, don't you guys think we should get some lunch?"

"Eh, I only have a \$10 voucher, it's not even worth it. You can barely even get a drink for that!"

"Yeah, but..." Alice whipped out the voucher she'd received at the spook house. "I have a special coupon for \$50 off! And I think I want to treat my best friends!"

Laurie's jaw dropped. Jen squealed in glee.

Alice smiled. As much as Alice wanted to stuff herself with abandon, she simply couldn't deny her best friends.

"Maybe I was wrong!" said Laurie, "Maybe this day ISN'T so bad after all!"

"Yeah! I'm starving!" cried Jen, "It's been, like, an hour since we ate! Let's do this! Oh wait..." Jen squinted at the voucher, her plump face suddenly concerned. "But the restaurant is clear on the other side of the park."

All three girls grimaced. That would require a lot of walking! And while they were all greedy gluttons, they were also all extremely lazy.

“That is a really long walk...” said Alice, her chubby calves and pudgy feet already aching at the thought. The poor chunky little fattypants found just standing to be exhausting, so she could barely even contemplate how tired she would feel after such a long walk!

“Maybe we should just go home,” mumbled Jen sadly. The pear-shaped piggy couldn’t help but subconsciously rub her belly sadly at the thought of all that yummy food that she would never get to eat. Gawd, that almost made her want to cry!

“No,” said Laurie, suddenly determined. Under almost any other circumstances, she would have made fun of Alice and Jen for being so out-of-shape, but the thought of another delicious meal was pushing all the snark out of her mind. Besides, she vaguely knew that she shouldn’t be mocking her friends’ waistlines so much right now, not when she wanted to encourage Jen to reduce a little and wanted Alice to remain oblivious to her size. But whatever, she wasn’t concerned with that right now. All that concerned her was another opportunity to stuff her face like the fat greedyguts she was. And these two whiners were ready to give up so easily! “We can’t just go home. Are you two really just going to give up that easily? That’s like \$60 worth of free food! You’d have to be crazy to just throw that away!”

“But Laurie, do you really want to walk that far?” Jen whined. “I totally hate walking! It always makes my skirt hike up!”

“We’re not going to walk,” said Laurie simply. “Once again, what would you two do without me? We’re going to take the sky tram.”

She pointed above her head to a series of cables running over the park, twenty feet above their heads. Gondolas hung suspended from the cables, ferrying people from one end of the park to the other.

“Like, wow, Laurie! You really are a genius!” cried Jen.

“Yes, that’s much better!” agreed Alice. After the difficulties at the spook house, Alice secretly worried that it might not be feasible. Could the cables support their weight? Well, surely if it couldn’t, the operator would warn them...

Jose nearly groaned out loud when he saw Laurie waddling up the metal ladder toward him on the sky tram loading platform. The buxom behemoth was panting and red-faced from the strain of climbing the stairs.

He quickly did some calculations in his head. Judging from her height and width, Laurie was probably...oh, maybe 400 pounds? Maybe a little more? That shouldn’t be too bad. The gondola was built to carry really heavy loads, so that shouldn’t be an issue.

“Come on, you two! You’re...gonna...miss the gondola!” Laurie yelled over her

shoulder as she hauled her hefty body up onto the platform.

A second fatty popped her head over the edge of the platform, her mousy brown hair plastered to her sweaty forehead.

This girl looked pretty hefty as well, but not nearly as fat as the raven-haired leader. Judging from her fleshy face, full breasts, and flabby gut, she might be... about 300 pounds?

"I'm trying!" moaned the overweight girl. "Alice, give me a push!"

Alice planted one hand on Jen's fat bum and pushed, giving Jen just enough oomph to pop over the edge of the platform. As Jen's lower half came into view, Jose did a quick recalculation: Jen had to be carrying at least at extra hundred pounds in those bulging cheeks.

The final girl to lug herself onto the platform was a fat, round blonde who rivaled her two friends in size. All together, these three cows had to be carrying over 1200 pounds of blubber between them.

Could the cable support all that?

Jose opened his mouth to tell them that they would have to take separate gondolas; even though the gondolas were technically designed for four people, he doubted they would be able to accommodate all three of these double wides. But before he could say anything, they were already waddling into position, their fat asses all poised to plop down on the next gondola as rounded the curve and came up behind them.

"No! Stop! Wait!" cried Jose, but it was too late. The gondola bumped into them and the three girls each sat at the same time. The cable sagged, but the more immediate problem was just that there wasn't enough room for all three of those wide butts! Six overstuffed ass cheeks were competing for space not meant to hold so much booty!

"Jen, you're taking up the whole seat with your fat ass!" snarled Laurie. "Scoot your booty and give me some space!"

"Like, I'm trying! Alice, move over!"

"I can't! I'm pressing against the side!"

Poor Alice! Her fleshy right hip was wedged tightly against the right side of the gondola and her left hip was squished up against her friend Jen! All three girls were horribly cramped, so tightly packed that, if this were a cartoon, a single inhale on the part of either Alice or Laurie would have caused Jen to pop out from between them like a cork popping out of a bottle of champagne.

“Ladies, please! You can’t all go in one gondola!” cried Jose, wringing his hands with worry. But it was no use. The chunky cheerleaders completely ignored his warning, too busy arguing amongst themselves about whose oversized rear was taking up the most room.

“Seriously, Jen, can’t you just...ugh, can’t you just...suck in your butt or something?” snapped Laurie, pressing her hands into Jen’s gelatinous flank to try and push it aside. It was like wrestling a beanbag chair filled with pudding!

“It doesn’t work like that!” wailed Jen.

“This is what comes from having such a huge fat ass,” said Laurie, “That’s why I told you that you needed to lose some weight! Or else things like this happen! You’re too big for the gondola!”

Laurie was cut off as the safety bar automatically began to lower but failed to get low enough to lock – because it bounced against Laurie’s massive melons.

“Ha!” giggled Jen, “Now who’s too big for the gondola?”

Laurie smirked, slightly annoyed to be showed up but also secretly pleased at anything that brought attention to her chest. She leaned back, held in her breath, and reached up to grab the safety bar.

“Okay, girls, everyone, suck in!”

Obediently, all three chubbettes sucked in their guts, allowing Laurie to pull down the safety bar far enough to click into place.

“And release!”

Gasping, all three let their guts out, watching their bellies inflate back to their normal sizes. The locked bar was definitely a tight squeeze, cutting into the three girls’ ample middles.

As the gondola left the station, their combined weight definitely made an impact – the gondola sagged lower, tugging at the cable with enough force to make the whole mechanism creak. Still, despite Jose’s fears, it didn’t snap. He could only watch in horror and confusion as the overloaded gondola slowly retreated into the distance, swinging and swaying wildly under its fleshy cargo.

“Ooo, I can’t wait til we get to the restaurant!” squealed Jen, “I’m sooo going to order sooo much food!”

“Thinking with your stomach again, eh, Jen?” mumbled Laurie under her breath. But she didn’t want to say anything out loud for fear that might discourage Alice from also ordering too

much food.

“Mozzarella sticks! Calamari! Fried fish!” Jen said dreamily, her eyes glazing over as she fantasized about the meal to come.

“Mmmm, sounds heavenly,” agreed Alice, a small trickle of anticipatory drool dribbling from the corner of her mouth.

Even Laurie had to admit, Jen’s excitement was making her hungry too.

Jen changed her tune once they successfully arrived at the other end, popped themselves out of the struggling gondola, and actually waddled to the restaurant, though. It was a small outdoor café on a patio, up a narrow flight of stairs.

“The restaurant is upstairs?” moaned Jen. “C’mon, Alice, that’s, like, waaay too much work! How many steps is that? Like a million?” Jen’s laziness was legendary. Of the three girls, she was probably the only one whose sloth outpaced her gluttony.

Laurie was having none of that. Her belly was already yawning and she was excited for another chance to fill it.

“Gawd, Jen, don’t be so lazy! No wonder you got so fat if you’re too lazy to even walk up a flight of stairs. It’ll be fine, think of the reward you get at the end.”

The three girls advanced on the narrow staircase that led up to the restaurant. Alice, still clutching her coupon, led the charge. She soon discovered what a bad idea that was when she found herself completely puffed after only a few steps.

“C’mon, move!” grunted Laurie, pushing her chubby hands into Alice’s back rolls. With a labored grunt, Alice lifted one trunk-like leg to the next step. One down. They had to repeat the process again for the next step. Just going upstairs was such a chore! Alice was dripping with sweat from the exertion, wheezing so hard that her chest was rising and falling with every labored breath. She was ready to give up! It was only the thought of the feast upstairs that kept her going.

“I can’t do it,” moaned Alice, “It...too hard!... I’m...too fat...” Her voice quivered as it always did when something happened that occasionally forced her to acknowledge her sky-rocketing poundage. After the spook house break down, this was just too much!

“Nonsense, you’re not too fat, you can do it!” grunted Laurie, shoving her chubby friend again. Another groan, another step. This was progress. “Just think about all that yummy food you’re going to get as soon as you get up there!”

“Mmmm,” Alice sighed, imagining the tasty treats in store for her. If there was anything

that could motivate this fat, greedy hog, it was the idea of more food! That was enough. Thinking of food got Alice to start moving again and soon the three plumpettes reached the second floor.

“Table for... three?” asked the hostess, making a mental note that these three hippos would definitely require a table for at least six.

Alice nodded and the three girls followed the hostess to one of the patio tables.

It didn't take them long to burn through \$50 worth of food, ordering large sodas, big lunch platters, and multiple appetizers like mozzarella sticks and calamari rings.

Lost in the euphoria of another epic meal, all three girls had completely forgotten all the trials and tribulations of the day.

“This really was a good idea, Alice,” said Laurie, smiling as she popped another deep fried calamari ring into her mouth.

“Totally! A great way to celebrate bein' BFFs again!” agreed Jen, spitting flecks of corndog down her front in her excitement. She raised her liter soda (it looked more like a bucket). “To us! Laurie, Alice, and Jen! The totally best BFFs ever!”

Alice raised her soda as well. “To the best BFFs!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Best BFF is redundant, Jen.”

Jen looked confused. “What?”

“Never mind.” She raised her own soda and a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. “To the best BFFs ever!”



# 45. Laurie

“Hommmppfff!”

Laurie sounded like a bull moose in heat as she devoured her foot long meatball hoagie, dribbling marinara sauce into her cleavage. She didn't care. She hadn't eaten since breakfast and she was starving!

It wasn't even 10:30 a.m.

But it was free period, and Laurie had called a special emergency meeting of the cheer squad. She was expecting the whole team to show up soon, so she needed to hurry up and gulp her meal down before they arrived. Laurie liked to present a collected and dignified front to the world, in stark contrast to her secret gluttony. In private, Laurie liked nothing more than to gorge on decadent treats until her belly was tight and swollen and ready to burst. Stuffing had become an integral part of her sex life with Frank, to the point that now just eating turned her on almost as much as her long-time favorite foreplay activity, having her behemoth breasts fondled. And just recently, Laurie had been startled to find that she liked more than being stuffed... she was actually starting to find her own growing body to be kind of a turn on!

Also.. it didn't help that this big, long sandwich was kind of phallic shaped. It was kind of making her think about all those hot and heavy sex sessions she had with Frank, intensifying the growing tingle between her legs.

Laurie closed her eyes and moaned, her plump glossy lips covered in sauce. Gawd, she was suuuuch a pig. And, try as she might to control her urges, it was kind of turning her on. Poor Laurie! She was absolutely famished and all she wanted was to have a quick meal, but it was making her so horny that she couldn't stand it. One hand still clutching the remains of her footlong sandwich, her other slowly snaked down to explore the growing contours of her inflating body.

Laurie sat in the girl's locker room, occupying nearly an entire bench just by herself. Her perfectly manicured fingers first moved to her chest, pressing experimentally into the soft, yielding flesh of her flushed bosom and drawing a renewed moan of pleasure from the greedy, bloated girl. Ohhh Gawd yes, that felt good! Laurie inhaled deeply, her bulbous bust heaving and her nipples popping to attention through the fraying material of her overloaded cheer sweater. How long had it been since Laurie had actually worn this sweater? Clearly too long, because she had grown enough that the sweater was now scandalously short and tight. Her colossal cantelopes – what was she now? An O cup at her last measuring, but she could already feel the familiar pinch of overtight straps into her supple shoulders that told her she would soon need to get resized again – ate up so much of her sweater that there was barely

any left to cover her growing belly below. The sweater was no little more than a tube top, leaving her fat, bloated gut bare as it sat heavily in her lap like a fleshy boulder, hiding her tree-trunk thighs – as well as her inadequate skirt – from view. Sure she was big all over now, but at least her tits were still her star attraction. Even as fat as Laurie was, she was confident that most people probably didn't even notice because they were too mesmerized by her billowing sweater puppies.

But Laurie's greed was sure to eventually be her downfall. As the saying goes, 'pigs get fat, hogs get slaughtered.' And after a year of binging and gluttony, Laurie had ballooned into the biggest, fattest hog you could imagine.

Her crotch was totally soaked now; Laurie could feel the wetness between her legs, soaking her spanky pants under her cheer skirt, as she rubbed her fat silky legs against each other. Laurie wondered if she could get away with a quick masturbation session before the rest of the girls arrived...

"Hey, Laurie!"

Shit.

Laurie startled, looking up from her sandwich with bulging cheeks and wide eyes. Alice was early!

Alice wobbled into the locker room, already puffing from the short walk from class. After a year of unrestrained gorging, Alice had ballooned into an obese butterball as big as a baby hippo. She still tended to gain disproportionately in her gut, making Alice as round as a balloon; she looked like a human bowling ball as she waddled over to the bench opposite Laurie to flop down and rest her chubby feet. Ignoring the ominous creaks from the wooden bench, Alice leaned back and shoved her plump hand into the side pocket of her overloaded cargo pants. She was so absurdly fat now that she had been forced to switch almost exclusively to maternity pants to accommodate her growing belly, and these mega-waisted cargo pants were some of the few ordinary clothes that still fit her. Weeks ago, Jen had cleverly advised Alice to leave the side pockets unzipped to give her a little extra slack in her pants – just enough that she could do up her front fly. Since then, Alice had outgrown even that jerry-rigged solution, and now simply left her pants unbuttoned, relying on her overhanging gut to hide her clothing problems from prying eyes.

"Er, that looks good," said Alice unsteadily, her eyes wide with surprise to see Laurie's chubby cheeks covered in tomato sauce, the last remnants of a giant sandwich clutched in her fingers. She wasn't used to seeing Laurie in this state! Sure, she knew that Laurie had an appetite to rival her own, but Laurie liked to conduct herself with such decorum usually! To see her wolfing down a huge messy sandwich, dropping red sauce down her tits, was something new! "Where'd you get it?"

“Off campus,” said Laurie simply through a mouthful of meat. “Get into your uniform, sweetie, we’re going to have a proper practice today.” Damn, if Alice was already here, the rest of the squad wouldn’t be far behind. It wasn’t a big deal if Alice saw her stuffing her face – Alice saw worse at their weekly sleepovers and Laurie’s enormous appetite had become an open secret among the big three -- but she didn’t want some of the other girls on the squad to know what a hog their captain was in private. She needed to hide this evidence. She took a deep breath, opened her mouth as wide as she could and crammed the remainder of her morning snack into her chubby face. It took quite a bit of struggle but she finally got it all down! Laurie sighed heavily, a drawn-out sound that almost turned into a combined groan of discomfort – her stomach stretched tightly to accommodate all that sandwich! – and pleasure – ooooo her stomach stretched SO tightly to accommodate alllll that sandwich!

Alice watched, half fascinated and half saddened to see the sandwich disappear. She was kind of hoping that Laurie would offer to share!

“Ooof, all done,” huffed Laurie, patting her bulging stomach. For the first time, Laurie suddenly noticed the sauce on her boobs. It was honestly hard to miss! Laurie’s knockers had expanded to such monumental size that the top of her tits nearly brushed her double chin. “Oh shit, sweetie, could you hand me a towel?”

Alice grunted as she leaned over to grab a towel off the rack and then held it out to Laurie.

“Thanks, honey.” Laurie dabbed at her big fat boobs, careful not to smear the sauce onto her cheer sweater. That would be a disaster! Tomato sauce could really stain. Luckily, Laurie’s tits were so enormous that everything lost during her messy meal had fallen squarely into the cavernous canyon of her cleavage. Brushing at her boobs caused the two magnificent milkbags to wobble and shake, setting off a fleshy earthquake that wobbled its way through her chest before rippling through her overfull belly and flabby thighs. Oooo... On the one hand, feeling her plush body jiggle all round her only made Laurie more excited. When the ripples reached her crotch, Laurie nearly yelped out loud! But on the other hand, all that bouncing was upsetting her poor, overloaded tummy!

She couldn’t help it. Laurie belched loudly, the sound reverberating around the small locker room and surprising Alice so much that the bloated blonde nearly fell off her own bench.

“Ooof, mama’s got the burps,” muttered Laurie, squeezing her fat, flabby gut with both hands and forcing out a second, slightly less tremendous burp. “Gotta get them out.”

She kneaded her belly as if it were a sleeping cat, pushing out a third belch. “C’mon, baby, get them all out before the girls come. Do it for mama.” She looked up at Alice. “Meanwhile, weren’t you supposed to be changing into you uniform?”

“Um...” Alice grimaced. She hardly ever bothered changing into her cheer uniform these days, since she rarely did any actual practice when she attended these meetings. She wasn’t even sure if she could still fit into her uniform! “Do I... do I have to?”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. She didn’t like Alice’s complacent attitude. As far as Laurie was concerned, her own word was law and, if she said jump, everyone in the room should immediately ask how high. Maybe she’d been going too easy on Alice lately. Now that Alice thought of Laurie as a friend rather than a boss, she was less shy about talking back to the buxom team captain.

“It’s just.... I dunno if my uniform will really... fit me...,” Alice stuttered in embarrassment. She leaned back, her fleshy back making contact with the row of lockers behind her, as she tried to free up more slack in her pants to get her hand deeper into her pocket. Finally, she met with some success as she felt her chubby sausage finger touch the object of her quest: a protein bar! Smiling sweetly, the obese teenager pulled the tasty treat out of her pocket and quickly unwrapped it. She hadn’t eaten since breakfast and that was a whole two hours ago! Well, unless you counted the candy bars that she’d secretly nibbled on all through her morning classes... But Alice didn’t count those.

Laurie smiled, pleased to see Alice obliviously shove the protein bar into her greedy mouth. Laurie kept her fat friend supplied with protein bars under the guise of helping her lose weight, but little did Alice suspect that these supplements were intended for weight trainers and were actually having the opposite effect. If Alice’s constant binging and overeating wasn’t already enough to make her inflate like a helium balloon, these protein bars added a little extra kick. Even better, Jen didn’t suspect a thing! That bubble-headed, bubble-butt bimbo had finally balked at Laurie’s plan to continuously fatten Alice, declaring that she would no longer be party to this sinister plot because she liked Alice too much as a friend. Laurie was sympathetic. Honestly, she liked Alice too now. But there were bigger things at stake. The plan must go on! Luckily, Jen had agreed not to spill the beans to Alice about Laurie’s plan if Laurie agreed to abandon it. Laurie had agreed, but she had no intention of following through on that promise. It didn’t matter, because Jen was such a ditz that she never noticed the difference between protein bars and regular granola bars. Alice could chow down on protein bars in front of her all day and Jen would never know the difference!

Speaking of Jen...

“Alice sweetie, let me tell you something here. Have you noticed anything about Jen?”

“Uh... no?”

“You haven’t noticed anything about her wardrobe?”

“Like what? She just wears those old stretch pants all the time.”

“Exactly! Do you know why? Because Jen’s ass has finally blown up so big that she can’t fit that mammoth caboose into any pants anymore! Jen is really just gaining out of control, and it’s all because she just can’t control her appetite. You see how she eats? She’s just a mindless piggy who can’t stop herself.”

Alice nodded. Jen did eat a lot! In reality, Jen probably didn’t eat more than Alice or Laurie did, but at least Laurie and Alice were sort of aware of their eating problems even if they refused to acknowledge them. Jen genuinely seemed to be oblivious half the time that she was shoving treats into her chubby cheeks.

“I don’t want Jen to embarrass herself when cheerleading starts again, so we need to make her realize that she needs to drop a few pounds.”

Only recently, Laurie had tricked her bottom-heavy bimbo of a friend into believing that she was larger than she really was by sabotaging Jen’s car. She’d secretly moved the driver’s seat forward so that Jen couldn’t fit her overstuffed rump behind the wheel. Any other girl would have seen through that ruse immediately, but, on a ditz like Jen, it worked like a charm. Even so, Jen was such an airhead that she barely seemed to care about her size.

“So I need you to back me up on this, okay? I need us all in our uniforms so Jen can see how she’s blown herself all out of shape.”

Alice nodded. “Okay, I understand. I’ll get changed.”

Alice stood up and waddled to her locker, bending over to turn the combination lock. Alice spread her legs as far apart as she could to help anchor her as she bent over. She shivered slightly as she felt cold air of the locker room air conditioning blow between her legs, the chill biting her inner thighs and crotch where the constant rubbing of her thighs had nearly completely worn away the material of her cargo pants.

Alice bit her lip as she pulled out her long forgotten cheer uniform. Cheerleading season was almost upon them again. What would the school think when they were actually called upon to perform? Surely no student in their entire high school could have missed the dramatic saga unfolding over the course of the year as the school’s three star cheerleaders gradually but relentlessly ballooned up to certified Goodyear status. In fact, Alice’s girth, Jen’s badonk and Laurie’s chest were a topic of constant gossip among the other students who were continuously flabbergasted by the trio’s growth and gluttony.

Laurie’s team leadership had suffered as she grew too fat and lazy to do any of the cheer routines herself, instead content to bark orders while sitting on the sidelines. Her new sedentary tendencies, coupled with her new habit of snacking all through practice, only caused her to swell even faster. While still a demanding diva and a hardass captain toward most of the crew, she played obvious favorites with Jen and Laurie, allowing her two pet blimps to lounge on the bench and share her food while the rest of the team labored. Then again, even if the

other girls might have envied Jen and Alice's easy life, the two girls' rapidly expanding waistlines sent a dire warning to everyone about the consequences of that easy living.

Laurie settled her bottom onto the bench with a loud groan, satisfied that she'd managed to get all her burps out. Oof! At her size, even sitting was a tedious task. She wished again that she was at home, lying bed, with Frank feeding her and playing with her boobs and belly. Oooo that sounded nice.

"Hey, you guys!" chirped Jen cheerfully as she lumbered into the room, licking a melting popsicle. Laurie scowled at the sight, watching Jen struggle to lick up the melted ice as it sloughed between her fingers. The rest of the squad – Kristine, Lizzie, and Denise – followed in her wake.

Laurie grimaced. Not content to just keep Alice gaining, the scheming raven-haired queen bee had recently decided to expand her efforts. If the WHOLE team was fat, it would only make her and Jen look slimmer! To that end, she had also been supplying the rest of the team with protein bars, demanding that they eat them daily to "keep up their strength." The effects so far were... negligible. Lizzie and Kristine were definitely softer, enough that they were both beginning to grumble about it, but since neither of them possessed the constant, insatiable cravings that spurred Alice, Jen and Laurie to ever-increasing feats of gluttony – and because they continued to exercise during cheer practice while Laurie and her cohorts cooled their bulging butts on the bench – they would never be more than just a little chunky. Denise, meanwhile, was blessed with a hyper metabolism that made her impervious to all Laurie's sereptitious fattening efforts.

In any event, the whole plan was futile since Jen was not playing along. It didn't matter how fat any of the other cheerleaders were when Jen outpaced them all.

"Oh good, you finally showed up," snapped Laurie, "Chop chop, girls, I want you all in your uniforms. Even you, Jen."

"What?" Jen goggled. "Um, like, I never get in my uniform! Can't I just, like, wear my street clothes?"

"Jen, we're a professional outfit here. Do you think any of the other cheer squads practice in their street clothes?"

"No, I guess not," mumbled Jen. A concerned look twisted her usually vacant, cow-like features as a thought entered her head – not a usual occurrence for Jen! Jen hadn't even tried to squeeze her massive thighs and titanic tushie into her cheer uniform in months. She wasn't sure at all that she could still fit!

"Unless you think there's a problem with that? Surely you can still fit into your outfit?"

“Uhhhh...”

“After all, Jen, we have been exercising, right? You have been taking my ‘suggestions’ to lose weight seriously, haven’t you?”

“Y-yeah,” stammered Jen, her plump round face suddenly blushing red. She twirled her long brown hair nervously with a chubby finger as she reflected back on her abortive attempts to exercise. She was too much of a lazy kitty to effectively exercise! Sure, she put up a valiant front when Laurie was around to watch, but, in private, she had continued to be ever bit the lazy, pampered, overindulgent princess. “I, uh, totally can still fit! Like, for sure!”

Laurie smirked. “Good. You can get changed in the bathroom stall over there. Practice starts in five minutes. Oh, and Jen? Hand over that popsicle.”

A frown marred Jen’s cute, chubby face. “But Laaaaurie! It’s orange cream! It’s my favorite!”

“Yeah, Jen, and the last thing you need in your diet is more cream. Really, Jen, I’m just looking out for you. I wouldn’t want my best friend to get so wide that she gets her butt stuck in that changing stall... and that’s not going to happen, is it Jen?”

“Uhhh....”

Laurie snapped her fingers in Jen’s face. “Jeez, Jen, don’t try to think, you’ll just blow a gasket. Hand it over.”

With a final forlorn look, Jen dutifully handed over the popsicle to her busty friend. Laurie immediately crammed it into her own mouth, sucking on the sweet icy treat as if she hadn’t just stuffed herself burstingly full of meatball sub just minutes ago.

“Hmmm,” mumbled Laurie crossly, pointing to the changing stall but unable to say anything with her mouth full of popsicle. Her eyelids fluttered as, once again, this phallic food flooded her brain with sexy memories... as well as added more stimulation to her already overfull gut.

Jen mumbled something under her breath, but dutifully moved toward the closest stall. Alice, Kristine, Lizzie and Denise followed suit, disappearing into stalls. Kristine, Lizzie and Denise reappeared minutes later in their cheer uniforms. Jen and Alice were not so quick.

Alice blushed at the sounds coming out of the stall as Jen struggled to stuff herself into her inadequate uniform. All that grunting and groaning! It was kind of awkward to overhear.

Getting into the uniform was going to be a challenge, but just getting OUT of her clothes

was already a chore! Alice was so round and unwieldy that she often relied on Tyler to help get her dressed in the morning. When she tried to dress herself, it inevitably took forever as the bulbous blonde struggled to bend over far enough to pull her pants up over her hippo-sized thighs. Sighing heavily, she lifted up her belly enough to reach the waistband of her pants. Her cargo pants were already unbuttoned and the zipper had worked itself down over the course of the morning without Alice noticing, but her hips were so wide that they still filled out her pants completely and prevented them from falling to the floor. She had to shimmy her hips back and forth to slowly work the pants down her legs. Pulling her shirt over her head wasn't much easier when her top was as tight as a second skin around her upper pot belly and boobs. Alice slowly unpeeled her shirt letting her boobs flop against her chest as she struggled out of her top.

"You okay over there, Alice?" called Jen from the next stall.

"Yeah," murmured Alice, "It's just, I'm not used to doing this alone. Sorry, was I making too much noise?"

"Naw, it's totally cool. I know what you mean! Craig helped me get these tights over my butt this morning, but it's totally suuuuuch a drag when you have to do it yourself! Like, how are you supposed to reach? No one could reach that far back!"

Alice felt like she ought to point out that, in fact, most people were able to reach all of their butts. It was only because Jen was such a fat ass with such a, er, fat ass that she needed help stretching spandex tights over her bloated buns. But then, Alice felt relieved to hear that she wasn't the only girl in school who relied on her boyfriend for help with simple dressing tasks. Alice didn't know it, but all three of them needed more help from their boyfriends everyday as they grew fatter and fatter and lazier and lazier. It was only a matter of time before these three fatties would need extra strong arms to support them just so that they could walk.

Jen, meanwhile, had managed to wriggle her tights halfway down her butt, but now the waistband was stuck at the widest part of her rump, cutting deeply into her soft, gelatinous flesh. A whole lot of ass – both panties and skin – was visible above the hem, but those tights still had a long way to go before they were off.

"This is, like, soooo stupid," wailed Jen, "Laurie, this is waaaay too much work! Can't we just, like, forget it?"

"No! Get into your uniforms, you lazy bums!"

"They're not going to fit," whined Jen, "They're too small! You know I'm too bootilicious to wear these! Why don't you special order a size for me?"

Alice envied Jen. She wished that she could claim that her extra pounds made her bootilicious, but with her monster belly and enormous thighs, Alice could never claim to be anything other than simply fat.



“Stop talking back to me!” snapped Laurie, “I want to see you both in your uniforms, even if you’re exploding out of them, do you hear?!”

“Fine, fine” grumbled Jen, giving her leggings another annoyed yank.

When Jen finally emerged ten minutes later, she looked ridiculous. Her cheer top looked painted on, straining around her curves and showing off every bulge and roll on the fat little piglet’s body. Her skirt couldn’t even cover her bottom – it was so tiny compared to her billowing butt that it barely even qualified as a belt around her waist, and Jen’s spandex spanky pants were on complete display. Worse, the black fabric of her spunky pants was stretched so tight that it had turned gray, the soft pink flesh of her pumpkin-sized buttocks visible through the fraying seams. She looked ready to bust them to shreds if she wasn’t careful.

Alice didn’t look much better with her monstrous belly hanging out of her sweater and her skirt barely fastened around her waist; the tight skirt gave Alice a mega muffintop that seemed to explode out from the skirt’s overstretched waistband.

“That stall is totally way too small,” whined Jen, smoothing the material of her overstretched skirt with her hands. “I, like, don’t know how you could expect anyone to fit in there!”

“The other girls didn’t have any trouble,” said Laurie darkly. Like Alice and Jen, she was clearly busting out of her uniform, but she didn’t seem to be embarrassed about it at all... if she even noticed!

“I’m just built different,” mumbled Jen, “It’s not my fault I got a big booty!”

“Yes, it is. It all comes from eating WAY too much,” said Laurie, oblivious to the irony as she bit off the last chunks of sweetened ice from the popsicle stick and tossed it aside. She pushed herself to her feet. “Fall in line for inspection!”

The cheerleaders nearly tripped over their own feet as they lined up for Laurie to get a better look at them. Laurie shook her head in disgust.

“You girls have all been getting way too soft and chubby lately,” said Laurie, “So we’re going to have a weigh-in. But we’re going to make it fun, so here’s the stakes: The fattest heifer today has to run laps!”

Alice and Jen groaned out loud. The other girls nodded silently, all confident that, whoever lost the weigh-in, it wouldn’t be them.

Indeed, Denise weighed only 90 pounds. Kristine had puffed up to a chubby 180 pounds, mostly due to her growing chest and bottom, while Lizzie had bulked to 185 pounds

from her new tubby gut.

Now was the moment of truth. Laurie pretended to be making notes on her clipboard.

“Alice, you’re next.”

“I...I...do I have to?” Nervous sweat poured off of Alice’s brow as she pondered what the scale might say? 500 pounds? 600 pounds? 1000 pounds???

No, no, she was just being ridiculous. There was no way that she could weigh that much, right?

Alice held her breath and stepped onto the scale, bracing herself for the bad news.

“Alice, you weigh...420 pounds.”

Alice heaved a sigh of relief. She was actually WAY thinner than she had expected! At the carnival, the boy running the spook house had told her that the ride’s weight capacity was 500 pounds, so Alice was sure she must outweigh that when her bulk caused the ride to break. But the ride operator must have had the weight limit wrong, because Alice was no where near that heavy! Oh thank goodness!

...At least, she was no where near that heavy YET.

Of course, you could hardly call 420 pounds light. But Alice would grasp at any straw that let her avoid the reality of her ballooning waistline. In fact, she was already rationalizing her situation in her head, telling herself that, since she was way under her expected weight, that meant that she could actually afford to be a little more lax about her diet in the future, maybe indulge a little more. Her mouth was already starting to water at the thought that she might be able to get herself a real hearty lunch today. Laurie’s sub sure looked good, maybe she would get herself one of those too!

“Oh wow! I can’t believe I’m only 420 pounds! This is great! I haven’t been gaining nearly as fast!” said Alice, clapping her chubby hands with child-like glee. It was a measure of how far gone Alice was into greed and denial that ‘gaining slower than expected’ was considered progress.

“Awesome! Good work, Alice! That is totally sooo cool! I’m so happy for you!” gushed Jen.

“Yeah, congrats...I guess,” said Denise, who couldn’t understand why Alice thought this was good news at all.

“Yes, yes, keep up the good work, sweetie,” said Laurie, hiding a sly smile behind her

hand. The plan was working even better than she had hoped! Alice was no longer even upset by her monumental gains! She was so inured to gaining that she was actually happy that she was only a fat pig rather than a fat hog. And Jen clearly didn't suspect that Laurie was pressing ahead with the plan without her!

Laurie made a big show of studying her clipboard again. "You next, Jen."

"Totes! I bet I've totally lost weight!" bubbled Jen. She wobbled forward as Alice moved aside, and stepped onto the scale. "I totally exercised sooo much with Laurie last week that there's no way that I didn't lose, like, 100 pounds or something!"

The dial spun and spun and spun... and spun. Finally, it came to a halt.

"What does it say?" asked Jen, peering forward in a useless attempt to read the dial over her own bulging breasts and bloated belly.

"Out of the way, let me check," said Laurie, "Jen, you weight... 433 pounds!"

"Holy shit," blurted Kristine before slapping her hand over her mouth. The other girls were quiet but still seemed equally surprised. How could one girl gain THAT much weight? If they thought Alice was fat, Jen was huge!

"Wow, Jen, looks like you really let yourself go," said Laurie with a smirk as she made an imaginary checkmark on her clipboard. She reached down and patted Jen's chubby middle in mock sympathy. "But don't worry, we'll make sure to help you shed this spare tire before cheer season starts."

"What about you, Laurie? How much do you weigh?"

"That's not important," sniffed Laurie.

"C'mon! That's not fair! You're part of this team too!" whined Jen.

"Fine, fine! As a show of solidarity, I GUESS I could get on the scale."

Laurie waddled over to the scale, lifting her chubby feet onto the small platform. The dial spun and spun... and spun...and spun.. and finally...

The girls crowded around, eager to see how much their overstuffed captain really weighed.

"What does it say?" said Laurie, trying to keep her voice level as if she didn't care. "I'm afraid that when you're endowed like I am, you simply need a little help with these things..."

Laurie was used to only seeing enormous hooters when she looked down, but she didn't mention that her stuffed full belly was protruding out past the apex of her bloated bra-busters.

"Gosh, Laurie!" said Alice, "You're 430 pounds!"

"See? 430 pounds. You lose, Jen."

Jen, however, was more interested in something else. "430 pounds? Ohmygawd, Laurie, you weigh more than Alice!"

"What? No, I..." The color drained from Laurie's face as she realized what that meant. Despite all her attempts to fatten Alice into the ultimate cow, Laurie had STILL managed to gain even more! It must be all those sex and stuffing sessions that she had with Frank! But what could she do? Laurie was so helplessly addicted to sex and food that there was no way that she would be able to cut back. Her only alternative was to make sure that Alice ate even MORE in the future! But that might get tricky to hide from Jen...

"That's okay, that's why we're all on a diet, remember? We're all helping each other," said Alice, her voice breaking through Laurie's worried thoughts.

"That's enough talk!" snapped Laurie, shoving the other girls away. "Jen, you're officially the biggest fatass on the team, so you're going to have to pay the penalty! I want you to run ten laps around the field!"

"Noooo fair!" whined Jen, "You're only, like, three pounds lighter than I am!"

"Yeah, and you know that's all boob, right, Jen? If I didn't have my babies here, I'd probably be 100 pounds lighter than you!"

"That's still just...like... 330 pounds," mumbled Jen, struggling to do the math in her head. She didn't think that sounded very thin at all!

"Enough of your backtalk! You waddle that fat behind of yours out on that field and start running!"

The rest of the team was silent as they filed out of the locker room. Jen sighed morosely as Laurie pointed to the track.

"Get moving, fattypants."

"But Laurieeee...."

"No buts! The only butt I want to hear is yours, as you lumber down that field."

“Ughhh fine!” Jen grumbled as she started to plod down the track. After about ten feet, her (attempted) run degenerated into a slow waddle as the bottom-heavy belle was reduced to huffing and puffing. Her giant tushie wobbled thickly as she moved, jiggling so much that her inadequate cheer skirt quickly got caught in her cavernous crack, more material getting sucked between her chubby cheeks with every faltering step, her spanky pants sliding up into a wedgie, until too much of her bare ass was on display

“I... can’t do it....” moaned Jen. “I think... I’m...dying!”

Jen gasped and clutched her chest. Her poor, overworked heart was pounding like a jack hammer, ready to burst out of her chest. Jen’s face turned beet red, sweat pouring from her brow. She could barely breathe. Ohh Gawwwwd! Her entire body was shaking, her knees buckling beneath her and Jen collapsed, quivering and gasping to the ground, flopping like a beached whale.

“Gawd, Jen, stop being such a drama queen!” snapped Laurie.

“Laurie, I think she’s really in trouble!” said Alice.

“No way!” said Laurie crossly. But nevertheless, the fat team captain quickly wobbled her way over to her collapsed friend and squatted down next to her.

“Jen, you okay?” she asked with genuine concern in her voice. Jen nodded, still gasping.

“Yeah... I’m... fine... just... please don’t make me run... I can’t run... too fat... let me, like, do something else....”

“Fine, fine, you don’t have to run. Tell you what, do one cheer routine and you don’t have to run. Just catch your breath first.”

Jen nodded, her red face slowly regaining its pinkness as her body gradually returned to normal. Her voice lowered to whisper. “Um, Laurie?”

“Yeah, Jen?”

“Could you help me up?”

Laurie rolled her eyes, but obliged. Hooking her arms under Jen’s armpits, she helped to hoist her fatass friend to her chubby feet.

“Um, also, Laurie? Could you help me with my skirt? I totally got a wedgie!”

Jen waved her plump arms uselessly to indicate that, in fact, her rump had grown so

vast that she couldn't reach her spanky pants to pull out her wedgie. Laurie sighed in exasperation. She reached down and gave the shorts a hard yank, retrieving them from Jen's ever hungry ass crack.

"Alright, feeling better, sweetie?"

Jen nodded.

"Okay, when you're ready, give us a cheer," said Laurie, shoving a pair of pom poms into Jen's hands and returning to where the rest of the team was standing so she could get a good view of the show.

"Okay! So, like, we got spirit! Gimmie a S! Gimmie a P! Gimmie a R!"

"That's not how you spell spirit, sweetie," interrupted Laurie, but Jen was on a roll.

"Gimmie...a T! Gimmie ...a...another S? What's that spell? Wait, what does that spell?"

The other girls giggled. They weren't sure if Jen was pausing because she was getting winded or if she was having trouble spelling.

Jen tried to jump, but her giant rear weighed her down too much, hanging out of her skirt. Her butt was so big and wide that her skirt didn't even cover it all, so, once again, she was constantly flashing her undies at the team. But less of her spankies were visible on each bounce, as more material kept riding up between her gelatinous cheeks. Her belly bounced out of her cheer sweater, wobbling all over the place, her sweater riding up, and her boobs smacked herself in the face.

"Ow!"

In less than a minute, Jen was totally winded and panting like a dog.

"Laurieeee, I'm tiiiiired, and my underwear is riding up my butttttt!" whined Jen pathetically, waving her pom poms half-heartedly. "Let me stop, pleeeeeease!"

"Pathetic, Jen, there's no way that you're going to lose any of that butt blubber if you give up that easily. Keep jumping until there's less behind behind you! I want that marshmallow ass toned up before the big game! What will people say if they can't see our routines because your giant buns are in the way? "

All the cheerleaders had to wonder: What would people say indeed?

# 46. Alice

Alice and Jen sat at their booth in the food court, slowly mowing their way through a massive lunch of mall pizza and chow mein, staring at a store that they'd never before paid much attention to.

Across the way, there was a medical supply store, full of wheelchairs, crutches... and mobility scooters.

For a long time, neither girl said anything. But both independently had the same thought: Wouldn't it be nice to have one of those.

Alice wore her polo shirt and baggy-waisted cargo pants as usual, simply because it was the closet thing that the enormous blonde blimpette had to a fitting ensemble. Her polo was stretched to its limit, to the point that the stitches down her sides were fraying and her bloated gut hung out under the hem. At least her sagging paunch hid the fact that Alice couldn't button these pants anymore. She still tried, but, even with the side pockets unzipped, Alice was far too fat to fit. If she sucked in and moved very carefully, she could still get them to stay closed but any sudden, sharp movement and they would pop right open with a loud snap. Alice lifted her Big Gulp soda to her lips and took a long pull on the straw, her sparkling blue eyes still fixated on the store front.

Jen, likewise, couldn't stop staring, a dreamy look passing over her round, pudgy face as she scooped another forkful of greasy noodles into her mouth. Jen was even heavier than Alice these days; her weeks of training for the fair pie-eating contest had programmed her into a constant state of mindless gluttony that allowed her to eat even more than her rotund friend. Of course, Jen distributed her weight differently, so while she might have been fatter and heavier than Alice, she wasn't rounder. Alice was as round as a bowling ball, while Jen still packed most of her weight downstairs, turning her into an overripe pear. Like Alice, Jen's clothes were also on their last legs: Her stretchy leopard-print crop top couldn't hold up under the strain of the ditzy diva's growing boobs, so her breasts looked ready to pop out. Even Laurie might have been impressed. And Jen's stretchy leggings – Jen had long since given up trying to tug any non-stretch material over her vast tushie – already had a few small but noticeable rips down the side seams, allowing the soft flesh of the porky teen's thighs to bubble out. Between her legs, the crotch of Jen's leggings was nearly threadbare from the constant rubbing of the chunky cheerleader's mammoth thighs – to the point that Jen could feel the biting cold on her pussy when the wind was blowing.

But Jen wasn't worried about that right now. Her mind was filled with pleasant memories of that shopping trip at WalMart, not so long ago, when she and Alice had used the store's complimentary mobility scooters to ride up and down the aisles.

“Man, remember when we went to WalMart and used the scooters?” asked Jen finally.

“Oh, I know! I was just thinking the same thing! That was so nice!”

“Yeah! Like, it’s too bad the mall doesn’t have any. You would totally think that they would have some, you know, to try and compete! It’s soooo not cool that they make you walk all the way from one end to the other! Don’t they know how hard that is?”

“I know! My feet are always aching!” Alice nodded.

Naturally, neither girl could stand to be on her feet for long these days. They were each carrying over 400 pounds of pure, grade A lard on their frames. Even Laurie’s attempts to get Jen to slim down didn’t fix that.

Laurie’s plan to cajole Jen into reducing was meeting with mixed success. Her exercise sessions with Laurie were little more than a joke since neither girl had the stamina for a real routine and they pretty much exhausted themselves just corralling their inflating figures into their spandex exercise leotards. But even that little bit of physical activity had slowed Jen’s gain a little bit. Just a little. The bottom-heavy bimbo still sneaked enough fatty snacks in private to make up for any losses she might have had, but at least her weight wasn’t sky rocketing anymore.

Craig seemed happier, too. She made a point to pay more attention to her boyfriend now. Sure, her mind frequently wandered to food, but she really really tried not to let him know! Jen wasn’t used to these mental gymnastics... they kind of gave her a headache honestly! But the zeppelin-sized airhead didn’t want to let either Craig or Laurie down. Craig didn’t seem to mind Jen’s growing rump now that she gave him more attention and her “improved” diet meant that she’d been able to get her gas mostly under control these days... except right after a big meal, but everyone had that problem, right?

Neither Jen nor Alice knew it, but big changes had happened since the day that Laurie had forced them all to weigh in at the locker room. Alice continued to grow quickly. Jen grew slightly slower. Even the revelation of their ballooning poundage wasn’t enough to dissuade them from their lives of constant, unrelenting gluttony. The two girls were, at this moment, the exact same weight: two soft chubby heifers at 435 pounds each. They now each weighed more than Laurie had at the weighting. Of course, Laurie was probably gaining too...

“I mean, okay, maybe we’re, like, you know fat,” said Jen through a mouthful of noodles, her double chin nearly touching her chest as she ate. “But is that, like, any reason that we should have to suffer? Someone should, like, write a letter to the mall!”

“Oh, Jen, you’re not that fat,” said Alice automatically. There was no denying that they were both as big as cows, but Alice still felt the need to reassure her friend. Jen just shrugged.



Despite Laurie's best efforts to instill a fear of fat into her air-headed co-captain, Jen didn't really care that much. As long as Craig still wanted her and she could still fit her ass into her stretch pants, she didn't feel compelled to give up the pleasures of the feast.

"Gosh, Jen, you're so lucky! I really wish that I got curvier when I gained weight instead of just getting fatter." Alice sighed, rubbing her enormous belly and trying to ignore how it covered her entire lap to her knees.

"Yeah, but, see, it's not so easy for me, Alice! Like, I'm totally jealous that you can still find cute clothes. But I can't wear anything but stretch pants cuz of my fat booty!" She paused. "Like, where DO you find those cute clothes?"

Alice blushed. "I...I hate to admit it, but I'm already too fat for regular clothes so... I have to do all my shopping at the maternity store."

Alice had expected Jen to laugh, but Jen just gasped in delight.

"Oh! My! Gawd! Alice, that's brilliant! Why didn't I think of that? I bet I could totally find something to wear there! Do you think they make maternity clothes for bootilicious girls like me?"

"Um...maybe?" Alice was skeptical that anyone gained as much weight in the butt during pregnancy as Jen had over the last year. But then again, anything was possible. She was mostly just relieved that Jen wasn't making fun of her. How much had changed in a year! At the beginning of the school year, Jen probably would have mercilessly mocked the bulging blonde for shopping in a maternity store. But now they were fast (as well as fat) friends and it seemed like nothing would come between them.

Silently, they stared at the scooters in the store some more.

"I really wish that we could have scooters all the time," sighed Jen dreamily. "That was soooooo awesome at WalMart."

"Yeah," agreed Alice, getting wistful at the memory.

Jen perked up. "Hey! Like, why couldn't we?"

"What?"

"Like, why couldn't we just buy some scooter for ourselves? Like, there's no reason that we couldn't?"

"Um...I dunno." Alice was doubtful. Using a scooter occasionally was one thing, but using one all the time? Was she really ready to admit that she had grown that fat and lazy?

She knew Laurie would pitch a fit if she caught her two star cheerleaders wobbling around on a pair of Rascals. And her mother! Her mother was already riding her chubby ass about her massive gains over the past year. What would she say if she saw Alice giving up and riding a scooter? Still, Alice couldn't help but sigh at the thought. It would be so nice to never have to walk around again. "Laurie would be really mad if she caught us doing that! She already thinks we're too fat."

"Um, like, I love Laurie. She's my best friend. But she can, like, stick it in her ear," said Jen. "Where does she get off thinking that she can tell us to lose weight? She's, like, fatter than us anyway! Remember at the weigh in?"

Alice remembered. She had been shocked to see that Laurie actually weighed more than she did now. For so long, Alice had been the resident fat girl, the pudgy little porker that made everyone else feel better about their own bodies by comparison. And now... she wasn't. Now Laurie was officially the fattest girl on the team. Maybe the fattest girl at school? Well, thought Alice miserably, I shouldn't gloat about that too much. Laurie might now be the fattest girl in school, but I'm definitely a close second.

Actually, no. If the scale was right, Jen was the fattest. Laurie could only be the second fattest at school.

Alice was still impressed that Jen didn't seem to care. Alice wished she could be more carefree like her bottom-heavy friend. Jen didn't care that Alice was fat. Tyler liked her size. Alice herself was coming to terms with her impending status as a genuine, certified blimp. The only people who cared were Laurie and Alice's mom. If only she didn't have to please them!

"Besides, like, how are we supposed to exercise if we're too tired from walking, huh?" said Jen, the illogic of her statement lost on her. "C'mon, let's go over and check it out! Like, it wouldn't hurt to just look, right?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Alice crammed the last bite of her pizza into her mouth, placed her chubby hands flat against the table and pushed herself slowly to her feet. She tottered slightly, almost falling back down onto her butt. Alice sucked in her gut and, more out of habit than any delusion that it would make a difference, pulled the two flaps of her open pants together. She just barely managed to get the snap together. She sighed, letting her gargantuan gut spill over her waistband and hide the straining snap from view. Her fly would probably bust open before she even waddled into the store, but Alice still made the effort.

"Gimmie a hand!" said Jen, still sucking on her soda. Alice obligingly grabbed Jen's outstretched arms and strained to pull the bootilicious bimbo to her feet. The immense gravity of Jen's titanic rear made it a tough job, but finally she was upright.

Together, arms around each other's shoulders – both a show of camaraderie and a necessity to help keep the lazy fatsos upright – the two super-sized sweeties waddled into the

store.

The salesman was an older man in his late 40s, who looked visibly startled when he saw the two girls wobbling through the door. Jerry had seen lots of customers who were way fatter than Jen and Alice, but few who were younger. He was absolutely shocked to see two tubby teenagers teetering on the brink of morbid obesity... heck, these two weren't teetering. They were way past it.

Alice was gaining so fast that her enormous, flabby belly was covered in rosy red stretch marks, as her skin strained to accommodate her massive size. She gained so fast that she always had the tightly packed appearance of an over-inflated balloon about to burst.

"Hello ladies, what can I do for you?"

"We, like, wanted to look at those scooters," said Jen, pointing at the closest Rascal. It looked ridiculously small compared to her bulk; riding it, Jen probably would have looked like a fat clown riding a tiny joke bicycle.

"Ah, yes, the Luxury Roller 3000, that's a very popular model. It's built for comfort and speed, so you can get where you're going fast."

"Can I, like, try it out?"

"Sure, take her for a spin. She's got four speeds, so you can even adjust...uh...well..."

Jerry's sales patter faltered as he watched Jen attempt to straddle the little scooter. The massively fat porker had some trouble lifting her flabby leg high enough to throw it over the scooter, since her knee bumped into the sag of her fleshy belly. When Jen stretched her leg, her large butt bulged out behind her, testing the limits of her fraying stretch pants. He could literally hear the overtaxed garment creaking and squeaking over the muffled grunts of exertion coming from Jen herself before she finally plopped herself down. Her fat ass oozed over both sides of the seat, hiding it from view beneath acres of butter-soft booty blubber.

Shit, this girl was ridiculous. Jerry couldn't help but notice that this porker – and her apple-shaped companion – were about the same age as his own daughter. They might even go to school together; he vaguely recalled having heard her speak about how some of the girls on her school cheerleading team had gained weight so rapidly this year that she almost suspected they had all contracted some weird glandular problem. In any event, it broke his heart to see two girls so young who had already grown so fat. Jen was already panting just from the exertion of sitting her fat ass on the scooter!

"Like, how do I make it move?"

"Just squeeze the button on the handle right there, missy."

Jen dutifully squeezed the handle where Jerry indicated and the scooter lurched forward at a crawl. Despite the word “luxury” in the name, it wasn’t actually all luxurious. Some of the higher end scooters could lug around fat elephants weighing up to 700 or 800 pounds – or maybe even, if they were lucky, up to half a ton. This scooter was struggling under Jen’s mere 400 pounds.

“Yaaaay! Look at me! I’m totally scooting! What do you think, Alice?”

Alice clapped her hands. “That’s awesome, Jen! Wow, having one of those really would make things so much easier!”

Alice sighed happily. What a difference this would make! Alice lived a mostly sedentary life these days, avoiding any unnecessary movement since even a brisk walk would leave her winded and sweaty. She was vaguely aware of just how troubling that was – was it normal for a teenage girl to be so drastically out of shape that even waddling felt like a strenuous workout? The thought that she could avoid walking entirely, but instead glide effortlessly through life was sinfully seductive. It filled her mind with all sorts of delightful possibilities! She wouldn’t have to waddle that oh-so-far distance between her locker and the cafeteria at school. She wouldn’t have to trudge through the mall to get to the food court. She wouldn’t even have to get up from her seat at the buffet to get a second helping! It was telling that all of Alice’s fantasies about her new, easier life involved expanded opportunities for her to glut herself. She was such a fat greedy glutton that she rarely thought about anything other than food these days, especially as her expanding size made most activities more difficult. Alice was so rotund now that everything from getting out of bed in the morning to getting undressed at night was becoming more of a chore, but the one thing that never became harder to do, the one thing where her enjoyment never diminished, was food. Even now, mere minutes after her enormous lunch of greasy food court junk food, Alice was already pondering her next meal and how much better it would be if she was using a scooter.

Alice licked her lips subconsciously, her blue eyes glazing over as her imagination ran away from her. Food without the inconvenience of walking! What a thought! Alice shivered in excitement. Her flabby form quivered, her temperature rising.

Sitting on the scooter, Jen was no less excited. Likewise, the lazy pear-shaped princess was marveling at the new possibilities for increased gluttony and sloth. Her heart fluttered, hiccupping inside her ample chest.

Jerry raised an eyebrow in confusion as he noticed that both of these two tubby teens were flushing red. How was that possible? Jen wasn’t even doing anything active – she was just sitting there on her scooter – how was it possible that she was already gasping and red-faced?

“Ooo... Alice... this is, like.... So exciting! I sooo... want... this!” By now, her entire

body was heaving and quivering as she bounced in her seat.

“Jen! Calm down! You’re going to give yourself a heart attack.”

“Oooo.... But...Alice... this is soooo great!”

“Wow... I feel... kinda dizzy... I need to sit down for just a second.... Need to catch my breath...”

Alice leaned against a support beam, placing her hand to her bosom, squeezing her eyes closed and wheezing heavily.

“Are you okay, kid?” asked Jerry. Was this girl having a heart attack? Did he need to call 911? His hand hovered over his pocket, ready to grab his phone and start dialing. Alice shook her head, her lips pursed.

Finally, she gasped and sighed. The flush slowly left her face as she willed herself back into calmness. Oof! Poor Alice! She needed to be careful when she thought about food and gluttony; it was way too stimulating for this fat little dumpling’s overburdened heart!

The same held true for Jen who was gasping like a fish out of water as she struggled to regain control of her own hiccupping heart. The scooter, still crawling at a snail’s pace, bumped into the wall, jostling Jen enough to break her out of her food excitement trance.

“Oooooof, oh my Gawd! Oh my Gawd! I, like, need a break... whoof! Wow!” Jen huffed and puffed. “Like, this thing is great! Like, how much does it cost?”

“That’s \$1500,” said Jerry, although he was beginning to have grave doubts about the morality of selling scooters to these two girls. How could he in good conscience sell these lardbuckets a device that would only ensure that they would gradually grow lazier, fatter, and more out of shape? He might as well sell them giant tubs of butter, so that they could sit there filling their faces with pure fat. The end result would certainly be the same.

“Aw, like, that’s waaaay too expensive!” whine Jen. She placed her soft hands to the handles and strained to lift her bulk back to her feet, her titanic tushie jiggling like a tub of pudding. Jerry was again shocked at her voluminous curves. Jen and Alice were totally fat, but they were also completely devoid of any muscle tone. They were soft and malleable as butter, so it was obvious that these two colossal cuties never had to lift a finger to help themselves. In fact, the only time that these two hefty honeys ever helped themselves would be at an all-you-can-eat buffet.

“Could I try one out?” asked Alice, “I really need to sit down.”

“Sure,” said Jerry. Sitting on a scooter had never driven Jen to an excitement-induced

heart attack, so he wasn't feeling very keen on having Alice plop her wide bottom onto on of these scooters. But what could he do? Tell her no?

"What about this one?" asked Alice, pointing at the closest free scooter.

"That's a good choice," said Jerry, "The Hall Weasel 2000 is our preferred model for mid-size clients, just perfect for the 500 to 600 range."

Alice nodded. Of course, she wasn't 500 pounds. Not yet. Last week, the scale had revealed that Alice was still in the low 400s, although, knowing her eating habits, she was already ballooning past that. She ignored the weight range cited by Jerry, unwilling to face the fact that she was contemplating a scooter designed for a much bigger woman simply because she was far too lazy to walk. The higher weight range was also a grim reminder of Alice's inevitable destiny at this point. If she didn't change her ways and go on a drastic diet, she would soon swell up to the 500 pound range and higher. Alice was like a ticking time bomb, and sometimes it felt like only a matter of time (months? Weeks? Days?) before she finally ate that dreaded "one bite too many" and exploded like a blubber bomb.

Grunting, Alice lowered her massive bulk onto the seat of the scooter. Her flabby lovehandles spilled over the armrests and the entire vehicle groaned under her weight. She leaned back in the seat and reached out for the handles, but they were too far away and Alice couldn't reach beyond her own belly.

"Ooo, I like that one too!" gushed Jen as she wobbled her way over to her friend.

"Jen, could you help me reach the handles?" asked Alice, waving her flabby arms uselessly.

"Yeah, here goes." Jen pushed her hands into Alice's meaty back, pushing her fat friend forward until her chubby hands could reach the handles. It was a sight to behold! The blubber of Alice's belly resisted as the bloated, blimping teen leaned forward, bunching into three thick jelly rolls that acted almost as coiled spring ready to push her backwards again. Jen grunted as she heaved her shoulder into Alice's back. A quiet "pop!" signaled that the pressure of Alice's gelatinous blubber belly on Alice's shorts had finally overcome the snap at her crotch as she strained to reach the handles. Finally, her fingers connected and Alice grabbed onto the handles, holding tight lest she fall backwards.

The scooter lurched forward, nearly toppling its overweight occupant to the floor. This was a higher quality vehicle than the one that Jen tested, so it didn't seem to have too much trouble carrying Alice.

"Wow, that works totally great!" squealed Jen. "I totally want THAT one! That one is waaaay better than the one I was trying! Oh man, and it's, like, just the right size! I could fit that inside my house!"

Jerry cringed at the thought that these girls would be using their scooters inside the house, simply because they were too fat and lazy to make a trip from their bedrooms to the kitchen. Jerry didn't realize, though, how much they really needed it. Already Alice couldn't make that trip without stopping for a rest at the halfway mark. And Jen was so fat and lay that she rarely even bothered leaving her room for a snack, instead relying on her mother to bring food to her room. And since Jen's mother still labored under the old world delusion that a fat girl was a healthy girl, she only saw Jen's increasing waistline as an indicator of her robustness.

"How much does it cost?" asked Alice, her round face beaming with joy.

"\$2000," said Jerry.

Alice's face fell. "Oh. I can't afford that. I couldn't afford that in a million years."

"There there, sweetheart. Maybe it's just not for you," Jerry said sympathetically. He was secretly relieved. Even though it meant giving up a fat (no pun intended) commission, he wouldn't have felt right selling a mobility scooter to these girls. They were so young and yet so fat! Jerry knew, from years of dealing mobility scooters, that no one ever got thinner after buying one. These two girls could still walk, but, if they bought scooters, they would only rely on them more and more, growing fatter and rounder and lazier, until the fateful day when they found that they really could no longer walk on their own and they had to use their scooters out of necessity rather than choice.

He didn't want that on his conscience. As long as they were still forced to walk... er, waddle... then maybe there was still hope, however slim, for their futures.

"Um, but what about THAT model?" asked Jen, pointing at a smaller, more fragile scooter in the corner. Jerry's heart sank.

"The Fleet Roller 3000? That's only \$799."

"That's still out of my price range," said Alice sadly, struggling to heave herself back to her feet. "Is that your cheapest model?"

"I'm afraid so, honey."

Alice chewed her plump lower lip in thought. "I don't have that kind of money, but... I bet I could save up."

Jerry groaned inwardly. He hoped that she NEVER saved up that much money.

Alice tried to work out her budget in her head. Right now, her biggest expense was clothes, because her mother refused to purchase new clothes for her ever-expanding daughter

in hopes that would shame her into slimming down. At her current rate of gain, Alice was buying new pants and shirts almost every week as she burst out of her old ones. Maybe, if she could make her clothes last just a little longer, she could save enough money to buy a scooter? Of course, she'd still have to hide it from her mother. There was no way that her mother wouldn't throw a complete bitch fit upon finding out that her blimp of a daughter was contemplating a mobility scooter!

"Jen, I think we can do it! We just need to stop buying so many clothes!"

"Like, not buy clothes? But I love buying clothes!" whined Jen.

"But Jen, it'll be worth it! Think about how much easier life will be!"

"But I neeeeeeed new clothes," pouted Jen, sticking out her lip and stamping her foot petulantly. Almost on cue, another few stitches in the side seam of her leggings popped with high-pitched snaps. The two girls looked down to see that another inch of Jen's golden tanned leg meat was no on display.

"Um, but like, more importantly, I REALLY need new clothes," said Jen.

"Yeah, I know, me too," admitted Alice, thinking about her unsnapped pants. Self consciously, she reached behind her back to scratch her bottom, noting with worry how her pants were tightening across her buns. "But... it won't be long... if we can just make our clothes last just a little bit longer, then we can totally afford some scooters. Besides, Jen, don't you know how to sew?"

"A little bit," said Jen. "But I can't make new clothes!"

"You won't have to! If you could let out some of our pants, I think we'll be okay."

"I don't know much about that. Ughhh, it's sooo unfair! Like, finding clothes is already so annoying! They totally don't make clothes for my unique shape! I thought I could buy some new pants at the maternity store!" Jen wailed miserably. After her earlier conversation, Jen had imagined that maternity stores might carry clothes more suited to a girl of her girth and she was excited about running a big shopping trip. Now Alice was telling her that she had to restrain herself from buying new clothes! Jen was a consummate mall rat who loved shopping almost as much as she loved eating, and the thought that she would have to give up on buying new clothes – just when the possibility of finding clothes that actually fit was opening up – pissed her off!

Alice furrowed her brow, stealing a glance at Jen's megalithic rump jutting out behind her like a big fleshy shelf. She really didn't think the maternity store carried clothes meant to accommodate massive haunches like that.



“Hey wait!” Jen brightened up. “You know that girl Abida? Laurie’s friend who works at the lingerie store? She totally knows how to sew!”

“Oh! Do you think we could get her to do us a favor and let out our pants?”

Alice blushed at the thought. That would be embarrassing, having to go to a stranger to ask to have the waistband on her pants increased because she was trying to save up money to buy a mobility scooter.

“Yeah! She’s always doing nice things for Laurie, I bet she’d love to do some stuff like that for us! Oh my Gawd, I can’t believe that we’re really doing this! We’re totally gonna get those scooters in now time!” Her face darkened a bit. “But...uh... maybe we shouldn’t tell Laurie?”

“Well, not yet. I mean, let’s wait. She’d be angry if we told her, but I bet once she sees us on our scooters, she’s going to be totally jealous and want to get one too.”

“Haha! That’s right! I hope so. Then we could be our own, like, biker gang!”

Alice and Jen both shared a good laugh over that image as they waddled out of the store. Jerry watched them leave, his eyes lingering on the two gaining girls’ swaying asses. He didn’t like where this was going at all. He hoped that he never saw those two again.

But he just knew that he would.

# 47. Abida & Laurie

Of course, Abida immediately recognized the two blubber-bloated butterballs as Laurie's friends Alice and Jen, even though both girls had changed substantially since the last time Abida had seen them. It couldn't have been that long ago, right? Yet both Alice and Jen had clearly gained a whole metric ass-ton of poundage (In Jen's case, mused Abida as her eyes fell on Jen's pumped-up posterior, that terminology was especially apt.)

"Do you... do you have a chair around here?" gasped Alice, her bosom heaving as she gasped and wheezed from the laborious trip across the mall.

Abida nodded and pointed to a plush upholstered divan in the corner.

"Oh, thank GAWD," sighed Jen, plopping her bulging buttocks onto the low-slung seat. The divan normally held up to two or three customers, but the 400 plus pound cutie's enormous rear spread across the entire seat all by itself. Even if the alarming creaks and groans coming from the divan's overloaded springs weren't already warning that the poor thing was past its weight limit, there simply wasn't any room for a second butt.

Alice turned to Abida, renewed panic etched on her plump round face. "Um, do you have... a second chair?"

"Yeah, just a second." Abida disappeared into the back of the shop to search for a second chair.

Alice leaned against a support beam, hugging it like a bear lest she simply collapse to the ground in a big sweaty heap. The poor out-of-shape girl was completely winded!

"Oh my gawd, Jen... I can barely breathe... I'm so... I'm so out of shape..."

The reality of her situation made Alice sick to her stomach. Her constant binging and gluttony had led her to this. She was so fat and round and helpless that she could barely even waddle a few hundred feet without feeling like she was going to die of a heart attack! This was insane! For a brief moment, Alice feared what would happen if she continued down this path. If she didn't get her appetite under control, she would simply eat herself into immobility... or worse!

"Ugh... totally! Me too!" whined Jen, fanning herself. She shifted her mammoth booty on the couch, wincing slightly at the alarming creaks. "See, this is, like, totally why we need to get those scooters! If we had those, we, like, wouldn't have to every deal with this crap ever again!"

“Mhhmm, yeah,” agreed Alice dreamily. All thoughts of restraint were now gone from her head as she imagined a mobility scooter as the solution to all her problems. Jen was right! Once they had their scooters, they’d be able to cruise around in style and they’d never again suffer the discomfort or embarrassment of (shudder) a brisk walk.

“Here you go, Alice,” said Abida, reappearing with a second chair. “I hope this works, I’m afraid we don’t have anything more comfortable.”

She pushed the chair – a flimsy plastic lawnchair -- toward Alice. Alice stared at it dubiously. A girl of her girth would make short work of that!

“Er, thanks, Abida,” stuttered Alice, too embarrassed to raise the obvious objection that she was way too fat for this chair. Alice pulled the chair toward herself and slowly lowered her prodigious bulk down, bracing herself for the tell-tale cracking sound that would signal she’d overloaded it too far beyond its capacity.

Abida watched in horrified fascination as Alice wedged herself into the chair, its armrests burrowing deep into the soft squishy blubber of her flanks. Miraculously, the chair did not buckle beneath her – although Abida couldn’t imagine that it would last very long under that intense pressure.

“Whoof, that’s better,” huffed Alice, “Thanks so much, Abida, we’ve been on our feet all day and we’re just sooo tired!” She blushed slightly, a faint rosy tint spreading through the pudgy princess’ chubby cheeks. She hoped that Abida couldn’t tell that she was fibbing, that she and Jen had barely done any exercise at all but were really just too fat and lazy to tolerate even a little bit of exertion.

“Yeah, totally, we were, like, doing soooo much walking,” echoed Jen. It wasn’t clear if Jen even knew Alice was lying. Jen was such a ditz that she might legitimately think that their brief waddle actually counted as strenuous exercise. She sniffed the air, suddenly perking up. “Ummm, what’s that smell? It smells like... like, it totally smells like cookies!”

“Oh, that? I just have some cookie pies here...”

“Ooo! Cookie pies! That sounds lovely!” squealed Alice, automatically licking her lips. “I mean, we just had lunch...but...gosh, I’ve never tried cookie pie, is it good?”

“Sure, it’s good,” said Abida, not sure she was happy with where this conversation was going.

“Could we, like, try some?” asked Jen, her eyes glazed with excitement.

Abida usually kept cookie pies on hand to tempt her favorite customers – customers like Laurie – but she didn’t want to waste them on these two tubbies. But then again, she couldn’t

say no to those eager, pleading faces.

She sighed. "Alright, alright, I'll get you each a slice."

"Oh, a slice? I guess that would be good..." mumbled Jen, the disappointment obvious in her voice.

Abida sighed again. "Alright, I'll bring you each a pie, okay?"

"Yay!" cheered Jen.

"Thanks, Abida! That's so nice of you!" said Alice.

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Abida watched as Alice and Jen made short work of the cookie pies, shoveling the sweet gooey confections into their mouths as if their lives depended on it. Barely an hour ago, the two girls had enjoyed a generous lunch at the mall food court. Abida figured that girls as big as Jen and Alice were probably hungry all the time, but, really, the opposite was true. They were stuffed all the time. Both swollen sweeties were complete slaves to their greed, compelled to eat and eat as long as food was available, even if they were already packed to the gills. Neither girl was really hungry right now, but the sweet scent of cookie pie was enough to get them drooling again. And, of course, if Abida offered, there was no way that they could refuse.

Abida waited patiently as Jen and Alice mowed through their pies, the only sounds in the store the muffled mumbling and chewing of the two fatties interspersed with the occasional echoing creak from their chairs.

Alice was beginning to falter by the end of her dessert, the pressure in her overstuffed tummy mounting. Under all her blubber, Alice's stomach was packed full. Her gut pushed out in front of her, completely covering her lap to the knees and requiring Alice to balance her pie tin on the shelf of her belly rather than in her lap. Ooof, she was stuffed!

"Wow...that's some really good... cookie pie...Abida.... Oof...wow, I'm stuffed."

"Here, I can take your plate."

"No..no, that's okay. I'll finish up!" Alice said quickly, stabbing the remaining bites of pie with her fork and popping them into her mouth. Alice really was full beyond her limits now, but how could she possibly say no to something so sweet and delicious? Abida worried whether she ought to back away, because this overly round blonde blimp, spilling out of her fraying polo shirt and stretching the limits of her XXX large cargo pants, genuinely seemed fit to bust.

"Mmmm... so good," said Alice, licking a stray bit of chocolate off her cheek after

chomping down the last bite. "Thank you so much, Abida! That really hit the spot!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," said Abida, taking Alice's empty tin away from her. She turned to glance at Jen, but the bootilicious beauty was still attacking her own pie with gusto.

"So you two didn't just come here for pie, did you?"

"Oh! No, we, um, Abida... we were wondering if maybe you could help us...?"

"Sure, what do you need?"

"Well, you took home ec last semester, right?"

"Yeah," said Abida, rolling her eyes. "I actually won the Betty Crocker homemaker award for sewing, but I only took that test because they let me out of an algebra class to take it."

"Oh! That's perfect, then! Because we actually need some help with sewing."

"What kind of help?"

"Well, Jen and I are trying to save some money to buy... well, to buy something really important. But the problem is, we have to keep spending money on clothes, right?"

"It wouldn't take a lot of time!" said Alice quickly. "We just need some help, er, letting out some of our clothes, right? Just so that they'll last a little longer?"

They're not gonna last much longer at all if you two never say no to a second helping, thought Abida. But still... As ridiculous as the idea was, maybe this could work to her advantage. If word got back to Laurie that she was helping out the raven-haired divas two best friends, it might help Abida make progress toward her real goal: getting into Laurie's increasingly vast-waisted pants.

"Um...well, sure, if you brought me some clothes, I could see what I could do," said Abida. "I can't promise anything, but I'll try."

Alice beamed. "Thanks so much, Abida! You're a lifesaver! You don't know how much this means to us!"

"Yeah, totally!" agreed Jen. The bottom-heavy girl rolled backwards to lie back on the divan but the incredible ballast of her monumental rear pulled her back up into a sitting position, like a weeb! righting itself. Both Alice and Abida had to restrain themselves from giggling at Jen's confused expression as she found herself teetering back and forth on her big bottom.

"Are the clothes you're wearing now pretty typical of your wardrobe?"

“What? Oh, yeah, I guess so,” said Alice.

“Okay, Alice, why don’t you come over here so I can see what I’m going to have to work with?”

“Ummmm...” Alice hemmed and hawed, not wanting to admit that she was way too full and stuffed to stand up right now. Finally, Abida got the hint.

“Never mind, I’ll just come over to you.”

Gripping the soft blubbery avalanche of flesh with both hands, Abida lifted Alice’s belly to get a better look at her pants. No surprise there, Alice’s cargo pants were unbuttoned and unzipped, her fly spread wide open by her fat gut. Alice relied on her massive hanging gut to hide that she couldn’t button her extra-wide cargo pants anymore.

“Thish ish shooooo good,” bubbled Jen, jabbing her plastic fork back into her cookie pie to grab another bite. Her chubby cheeks were slathered in melted chocolate and Abida almost laughed to see that the blimpette bimchette had even got chocolate smeared on the tip of her nose in her eagerness to wolf down her pie.

“Um, Jen, you got some chocolate on your face.”

“Huh? Oh, oops, sorry!” Jen licked at her cheeks with her tongue, but only succeeded in smearing the chocolate around.

Abida shook her head in despair. “Never mind, Jen. Just wait a second and I’ll get you a napkin.”

Abida let go of Alice’s belly and the sudden drop nearly pulled Alice out of her chair to the floor, but she kept her balance.

“So what do you think?” asked Alice hopefully, “You can help us, right?”

Abida grimaced. Jen and Alice seemed to be under the impression that “letting out their pants” was a magical procedure that would allow their clothing to fit them indefinitely no matter how much fatter they grew. Did they understand that Abida wasn’t a miracle worker? There was only so much give in their clothes, and she was pretty sure that they’d already reached it.

“Maybe. I said I’d try.”

Alice smiled. “Oh you don’t know how much this means to us! But, er, could I ask you another favor?”

“What’s that?”

“Could you not tell Laurie about this? It’s just that... she wants us to lose weight, but... well...” Alice stammered, trying to find the right words to explain. But how could she? How could she ever explain her explosive, ridiculous gain? How could she make Abida understand her utter helplessness in the face of food? How could Abida ever know what it was like to be completely obsessed by food, by eating, by the simple pleasures of gluttony to your limits? Anything she said would just make it sound like she was a greedy pig.

“Well... well... we’re trying, but you know... until we can make some progress, this would really help us out!”

Abida pursed her lips. She didn’t like this! Keeping a secret from Laurie was certainly not going to get her any closer to bedding that sexy siren. But maybe she could find some sort of angle that would benefit her...

“Okay,” she sighed, “I won’t tell Laurie.”

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Laurie had a special treat for the girls tonight. The three girls sat in a semi-circle on the floor – partly because they were grown so massively fat that they couldn’t find enough chairs to support their bulk – around a mysterious dish covered in tin foil.

“Jen, Alice, it’s good that we’re all back together,” said Laurie, flipping her long raven hair over her shoulder. As usual for these sleepovers, Laurie wore only her bra and panties. Not that you could see her panties, they were covered by the hang of her growing gut. And her giant tits mushroomed out of her inadequate bra so dramatically that they seemed to overwhelm the defeated garment. But hopefully it would last a little longer. “Certainly, it’s good for the both of you. I simply don’t know how you survived without me. Especially you, Jen.”

Jen rolled her eyes and snickered. “Like, Laurie, is that your way of saying that you’re, like, totally glad we’re all friends again?”

“Ha! We wouldn’t have ever stopped being friends if you hadn’t got that ridiculous notion in your head---“

“I think that’s exactly what Laurie is trying to say,” interrupted Alice with a disarming smile. Laurie was shocked that the normally docile blonde would interrupt her – although, after the recent sleepover where an irritated Alice had forced an already overstuffed Laurie to guzzle a pitcher of gravy, she was beginning to think that she didn’t know Alice as well as she thought she did. She wasn’t just some fat pushover – this girl had hidden feisty depths!

“Oh, like, Laurie! That’s totally sweet!” Jen bounced over to her friend and hugged her,

squishing against Laurie's pillowy pontoons.

"Yeah, well, ANYWAY... in celebration of us all being together again, I've brought us some special treats."

Laurie pulled back the tin foil on the dish before her, revealing a freshly baked pie, blueberry filling oozing through the hot flaky crust.

"First, my mom was baking some organic vegan pies for her hippie group, and she agreed to give one to us. So dig in, girls! Except for you, Jen, you're getting a little chunky."

"Um, as if! You're almost as fat as I am, Laurie!"

Laurie shot Jen a look that made the bottom-heavy bimbo shut up. They might have been friends again, but Laurie still didn't like being reminded of her ballooning girth. At least... not by anyone other than Frank when they were in the bedroom together.

"I'm so glad we're all together again," said Laurie, smiling a sly smile as she cut into a fresh blueberry pie. She smirked as her two friends eagerly held out their plates for Laurie to fill. Indeed, it was nice to be back together with her two best friends. Wow, did she really think that? It was strange but true. She really did consider Alice one of her best friends now... so how could she still be going through with the big plan? How could she secretly fatten her best friend into obesity just to make herself look svelte by comparison?

Laurie dropped a massive slice onto Alice's plate. She gave Jen a slightly smaller sliver – not as small as Laurie would have liked (she wanted Jen to reduce, after all ) but she couldn't risk Alice noticing and wondering why Jen was getting less.

"And since I'm so happy to have my two best best friends in the whole wide world back here with me, I think we should really celebrate tonight," continued Laurie.

In one sense, Laurie was actually doing a terrible job at her plan. Sure, she worked hard to make sure that Alice always stuffed herself until she was bursting at the seams every sleepover. But, by the same token, Laurie was never far behind, having also turned into such an incorrigible glutton that she ate almost as much as Alice. The fact that Laurie currently outweighed Alice – clocking in at 430 pounds to Alice's 420 pounds – was a testament to how completely Laurie had failed to make her plan work. Even her attempts to get Jen to drop a few pounds (At 433 pounds, Jen was the official heavyweight fatass of the trio) weren't having much effect.

Laurie's scheme – to ply Alice with full-fat snacks while she and Jen secretly gorged on low-fat alternatives – was a dismal failure as well. First, it didn't matter that Laurie and Jen were eating low-fat snacks when they glutted themselves in their limits. Secondly, Laurie had almost subconsciously begun to sabotage her own plan – to the point that she made only the barest token effort to distinguish between the full-fat snacks intended for Alice and the low fat snacks intended for her and Jen. As a result, all three girls were blowing up bigger and bigger. It was



only because Alice was such a glutton that she had consistently been the biggest of the three until recently.

“Yeah, totally!” agreed Jen, clutching at a plate of gooey blueberry pie balanced precariously in her lap. Jen just wore her night shirt and panties, both pulled tightly around the girthy girl’s ample curves. She shoveled a scoop of pie filling into her mouth, cooing in excitement at the hot treat. “This is, like, sooooo good! Pie is a totally great way to celebrate!”

“Your mom is really an amazing baker!” said Alice, her mouth and teeth stained blue. Alice, as usual, was the most modestly dressed of the three cubie cuties, packed into a brand new pair of pajamas that she was already outgrowing. That was a problem. Alice and Jen had both promised to cut back on their spending so that they could sooner afford to buy scooters, and that meant that Alice needed these pajamas to last. She looked down at the remaining pie on her plate, weighing her options in her head. Certainly she shouldn’t be eating any more pie if she wanted to avoid popping any more buttons. Then again, pie was soooo delicious!

Jen and Laurie were oblivious to the drama playing out in Alice’s head. But it didn’t matter, because it didn’t last long. In less than a minute, Alice managed to completely rationalize way any fear of excess calories.

Laurie’s mom made this pie, thought Alice, it would be rude not to finish it!

Jen, meanwhile, was such a ditz that she didn’t even pause to consider whether stuffing her chubby face was a good idea, plowing through her slice with reckless abandon and smearing blueberry filling all over her face.

“This is almost as good as that cookie pie at lunch!” agreed Jen, sputtering through a mouthful of pie.

Laurie raised an eyebrow. “Cookie pie?”

“Um... yeah, we stopped by the mall and had some cookie pie at the bakery,” said Alice quickly, shooting her friend a meaningful look.

“Um...what? I mean, yeah! Yeah, we totally did!”

“Huh.” Laurie chewed thoughtfully on her fork. She wondered... But she was jolted from her thoughts by a sudden “snap!” sound.

Alice paused as she heard the same “snap!” followed by a feeling of release around her middle. She had finally busted the elastic waistband on her pajama pants. For a moment, she held her breath, afraid that her pants would simply fall off, but she soon realized she wasn’t in any danger. She was so round now that her girth still completely filled the pants even without the elastic’s help. A less gluttonous girl would have taken that as a warning sign to stop eating,

but Alice could only think of this as one less barrier to her continued consumption and she happily cut herself a second slice of pie.

Laurie smirked to herself, pleased to think of Alice snapping her elastic as evidence that her plan was working perfectly.

“Anyway,” she continued, her voice silky smooth. “Since we’re all back together and that whole silly misunderstanding is behind us--”

“It, like, wasn’t a misunderstanding,” bubbled up Jen, “I, like, had totally real issues about the pl-“

“Since that whole silly misunderstanding is behind us,” repeated Laurie forcefully, “I really want to celebrate our friendship with something special. I propose a toast.”

“Ohh, toast? I guess toast would be good, but I’d rather eat more of this pie,” said Jen, reaching out to cut herself another slice.

“Not toast, dumbass! Gawd, Jen, focus for one second. I’m talking about A TOAST.”

Laurie reached under her bed and pulled out a six-pack of beer.

“Look what I got from my dad’s fridge,” said Laurie.

“Beer?” gasped Alice, “Oh gosh, Laurie...I don’t know...”

“Oh please, Alice, don’t be such a goody two-shoes. It’s just a little beer. It’s not going to kill you. Live a little.”

Probably not enough to get you wasted, thought Laurie, but it is full of empty calories.

Laurie pressed a bottle into Alice’s hand. “You are my best friend, Alice. You wouldn’t want to disappoint me, would you?”

“I thought, like, I was your best friend!” sputtered Jen.

“Of course, you’re my best friend too, you ditz!” snarled Laurie, rolling her eyes.

“But you said...”

“Look, I can have two best friends, okay? Jeez, Jen, use that bubble head of yours to think once in a while!”

“Okay,” said Jen, “Can I have a beer too?”

“Fine, fine.” Laurie held out a bottle. “Here you go.” Laurie raised her bottle and motioned for the other two to clink their bottles together.

“To best friends!” said Laurie.

“To best friends!” agreed Jen and Alice.

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The six-pack wasn't enough to get the girls sloshed. But the second six-pack was.

After a few beers, the girls were shrieking and giggling, completely sloshed. Well, Jen and Laurie were. Laurie, always adventurous, and Jen, never knowing her own limits, were both three sheets to the wind. Alice, slightly more restrained in her drinking than in her eating, was buzzed enough to giggle and titter at everything anyone said, but wasn't yet fall-down drunk.

“Oh. My. Gawd! I totally love you guys sooooo much!” slurred Jen, grabbing Alice in a bear hug and holding the obese blonde close to her. “Alice, you're soooo cool! You're, like, the best! Hic! Laurie, do you – hic! – know how cool Alice is? Do you know what Alice told me today?”

Laurie sat curled up in bed, her pet kitten Pumpkin asleep in her lap. She looked up from the cat to face Jen. “No, Jen, what did Alice tell you?”

“Alice told me---BURP!” Jen cut off her own story with a massive belch that blasted alcohol fumes across the room and made Alice giggle.

“Jen! Really, show some manners!” snapped Laurie. Despite her stern words, the busty bitch couldn't keep a smile off her own face.

“Sorry! Like, I can't help it – hic! All that beer made me so bloated!” Jen patted her swollen beer gut for emphasis, watching as her liquid-filled tummy sloshed and wobbled in response.

“Whatever! So what did Alice tell you?”

“I was, like, having trouble finding clothes that fit! Hic! But Alice, like, shops at the maternity store! Hic! Isn't that a great idea?”

“Jen! Don't tell Laurie that!” Alice blushed rightly, embarrassed to have her secret shame revealed.

“Hic! Why not? It's, like, a totally great idea! Hic! I'm gonna start doing that too! And then

maybe I can, like, find some real pants again!”

Jen, you bimbo!” sniggered Laurie as she took another pull from her latest bottle. “You carry all your junk in the trunk! No way would maternity clothes fit that giant caboose of yours!”

Jen frowned. “Well, I thought it was – hic! – a good idea! Alice is a genius!”

Laurie giggled. “Yes, she’s totally smart. Maybe you should try using your head too once in a while Jen.”

Jen blew a raspberry. “Pffft, I don’t need smarts. Hic! I totally have my own talents!”

“Yeah, if you can call “having a huge ass” a talent!”

“Well, you always act like – hic! – having huge boobs is a talent!”

“That’s different,” said Laurie, straightening her back and thrusting out her colossal chest as she sniffed indignantly. Her breasts spilled forward, nearly toppling out of her bra. Laurie’s bazooka’s were so obscenely swollen with fat now that they would have snapped her spine like a twig if Laurie didn’t have an equally out-sized belly for them to rest upon like a display shelf. “Boys like my big boobs. Who likes a fat ass?”

“Craig thinks my ass is the best! Hic!”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. Jen’s boyfriend Craig was definitely an ass man, but Laurie knew that he’d recently expressed doubts about Jen’s constantly inflating derriere. She had hoped he would be a useful accomplice in her plan to get Jen to lose weight, but, after Jen had changed her diet to reduce her toxic flatulence, Craig seemed to lose interest in shrinking Jen’s bulbous rear.

Jen became suddenly serious. “Laurie, you have the best boobs. Hic! Alice, like, don’t you agree?”

“Oh yes! Jen is absolutely right. No one has bigger boobs than you, Laurie.”

“You know what, Alice? Hic! You wanna hear something funny? Hic!”

“What?”

“Laurie wants her boobs even bigger! She doesn’t think they’re big enough!”

“Jen! Shut up!” Now it was Laurie’s turn to be shocked by Jen’s loose tongue. Laurie’s sudden movement woke Pumpkin from her nap, prompting the kitten to mew for Laurie to pet her. Laurie obliged.

“Whaaaaat?” said Alice, surprised. “No way! Laurie, you’re crazy! Your boobs are... they’re just.... You’re ginormous!”

“Well, thank you,” said Laurie, a little embarrassed but also quite pleased. She was always happy when people noticed her titanic tits, which she considered to be her best asset. And Jen wasn’t wrong at all. Breast-obsessed Laurie never thought her chest was big enough, even though her sixty-pound boulders made all her bras pinch, her blouses gap, and her back and shoulders ache. “I think they’re – hic! – pretty great myself. Oh, excuse me!”

“Haha hic! Laurie, you hiccupped!”

“Yeah well, you should talk. Hic!”

“Yeah, like, Frank must feel pretty lucky that he gets to play with those massive melons, huh? Huh?” Jen snorted, poking her buxom friend in the chest. “Almost as lucky as Craig must feel to when he gets to play with my booty!”

“Pffft hahah!” Alice couldn’t contain herself, bursting into laughter.

Laurie took another swig from her beer. She was really starting to feel the booze rushing to her head. “Hey! Whassh so funny about that?”

“Noffin!” said Alice. The alcohol was really starting to hit her harder than expected!

“Bah! I thin – hic! – Frank ish quite a bit luckier than Craig. Sheriously, who would wanna play wit’ an ass than a great pair of titsh?”

Despite her brave front, Laurie was feeling just a tad insecure. Sure, Frank played with her tits a lot in bed, but, as Laurie grew fatter and fatter, Frank had also begun paying attention to her belly, thighs, and ass. One time, he had even told her that her butt was beginning to rival Jen’s! The very idea made Laurie furious... but also kind of horny. She loved to think that her breasts were still growing and her obsession with growth had spread to the rest of her, until she was consumed by a confusing ambivalence. In daily life, she wanted to be sexy, slim and busty. But, in the bedroom, she wanted to be bigger, bigger, bigger, she wanted to grow into a monster blimp, she wanted to be the biggest girl who ever lived.

Laurie didn’t even understand her own feelings. It was all so confusing!

But right now, she was sure of one thing. That Frank really liked her tits.

“Titsh ‘re way better than ash! Ya...ya ya don’t believe me? I’ll jesht call... hic! him right now!”

“Who, Frank?” bubbled Jen, weaving back and forth in a drunken haze. “No frickin’ fair! Of coursh he’s gonna agree with you! Hic! He’s biased!”

Laurie whipped her cellphone out from her cleavage and tapped Frank’s contact.

“Yeah, we’ll jest shee about thish!” sputtered Laurie, leaping to her feet as gracefully as she could in her drunken state and making Pumpkin run under the bed. She nearly fell over, pulled by the gravity of her vast bosom, but she managed ro steady herself against the side of the bed.

“What time is it?” came the bleary-voiced response. “Laurie? Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

“Heyyy, hot stuff,” slurred Laurie, eliciting a storm of giggles from her two friends.

“Uh... Is that you, Laurie?” Frank wasn’t used to hearing Laurie use THAT particular term of affection. She usually just called him “fatass,” which was ironic considering that Laurie was technically the fatter of them.

“Yesh! Frank! Whass better, titsh or ash?”

“What?”

“Tish or ash?!”

“Tisherash? What are you talking about, Laurie?”

“Ugh! Frank, shtop being such a dick! You think I’m shexy, right? I’m yer big shexy fat kitty, right?”

Jen and Alice exchanged glances and giggles. They’d never heard Frank use that term of endearment to Laurie before!

“Fraaaank, I’m shoooo shexy, right? Jest say it: You wanna be here, squeezin’ my tig ol’ biddies. I mean, my big ol’ titties.”

“You’re drunk, Laurie, I don’t have time for this. Who’s there with you?”

“Ish jest me... an’ Jen an’ Alish. Jest three girls here all aloooooone. Is that what you’re asking Frank? Oh you naughty boy, are you thinking about us three togther?”

“Gross!” giggled Jen, “Like, you’re totally being nasty, Laurie!”

“Well, then talk to Jen and Alice, I don’t know. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“What!?” Laurie stared at her phone as the screen went dim. Had Frank just hung up on her? What the hell!? It was bad enough that he’d just dissed her, but what kind of dunderhead hangs up in the middle of a sexy chat like that? She was just about to... well, she didn’t know what she was about to do, but she was probably going to say something totally sexy about a lesbian threesome that any boy would kill to hear!

“Ignore me, will he? Hic! I’ll show him! Jen, get your fat ass over here” snarled Laurie, dropping her cell phone down her cavernous cleavage. She was drunk enough to believe that Frank would realize what he was missing by sensing her boobs through the phone. But even if that was possible – which it wasn’t – her plan was defeated almost instantly. Her colossal chest jiggled and vibrated briefly as the phone buzzed.

When Jen came close, Laurie slapped her hand onto her bottom-heavy friend’s rear. Jen yelped in surprise as Laurie pulled her close, her long fingernails sinking deep into the soft, gelatinous flesh of Jen’s bloated bottom. Laurie pulled Jen right up against her, Laurie’s balloon-like breasts bulging up against her friend’s more modest chest, her wet pink lips nearly brushing Jen’s perfect little nose.

“That –Hic!—jerk is gonna soooo regret that he didn’t see this!” slurred Laurie drunkenly, blowing whiffs of alcohol breath in Jen’s face. Jen opened her mouth to say something but never got the chance; Laurie lunged forward and buried her tongue in Jen’s open mouth. For a brief moment, Jen’s eyes bulged in shock but Laurie’s expert tongue and fingers, so skilled after pleasing so many men, soon drained all the protest from her spirit. Jen’s whole body went slack, her eyes rolling back into her head and then slowly drifting closed. Jen’s knees started to buckle and she seemed about to slip to the floor, but Laurie’s hand hefted Jen up. Her free hand went behind Jen’s head to keep it from lolling back, while the hand against her butt squeezed harder. Laurie ran a perfect manicured finger along the hem of Jen’s panties, subtly slipping her finger tips under the material to grab some more forbidden flesh.

Laurie’s finger fluttered against the smooth flesh of Jen’s inner thigh, causing her tense pussy to throb and pulse. Jen was poised just on the brink of orgasm. Laurie was completely oblivious to Jen’s response, not even noticing that the beer-bloated bimbo’s snatch was beginning to drip and seep through her knickers.

Laurie’s tongue explored the recesses of Jen’s open mouth, her plump glossy lips running over Jen’s lips, until Jen began to shudder and tremble like a leaf. To Alice, it looked like Jen was shaking with nerves, but she had no way of knowing that Jen was actually quivering in arousal. Laurie’s sexpert moves were so honed that she’d just managed to push Jen right to the edge without actually touching her honeypot... and without even realizing the effect she was having! To Laurie, this was nothing more than an angry way to lash out at Frank for not giving him the attention she demanded. But to Jen... well, it was a whole new experience!

“See?” wheezed Laurie as she pulled away and released her death grip on Jen’s ample tushie. “Hic! Can you believe Frank missed out on that?”

“Uhhhh...” Jen’s mind was completely blank. Even blanker than usual. The bootilicious princess dropped heavily onto the couch, the seat sagging beneath her. She continued to blink her eyes dumbly, unable to fully process what had just happened. She flopped down on the floor, her booze-addled brain incapable of coherent thought. Even in that state, however, Jen luckily had the presence of mind to cross her legs to hide the wet spot on her knickers from her two friends.

“Wow...uhhhh. Hic! Wow, Laurie... that was totally... uh... that was totally weird...”

“Yeah, well, I had to show punish Frank. Can you believe that joik...jerk hung up on me? Hic!”

Alice was also tipsy, but not so far gone as her two companions. She was completely shocked by Laurie’s behavior!

“Laurie! Did you just kiss Jen?”

“Yeah, well, sho what? Sherves Frank right!”

“Uh.. how was Frank supposed to see that? He was on the phone!”

Laurie goggled. “Oh. Shit. Well, that that wash a total waste! Ugh!”

Jen wasn’t sure she agreed with that assessment.



# 48. Laurie

What a night! If it was even possible, the alcohol seemed to stimulate the three fat friends' appetites even more, to the point that they literally ate until they passed out from sheer exhaustion and fell into a drunken, bloated stupor. Jen lay, sprawled on the floor, with both Alice and Laurie sleeping to either side of her, each girl using one of Jen's blubbery, apple-shaped butt cheeks as a pillow.

Tonight had been one of the most surprising nights ever. Luckily, even after alcohol loosened their tongues, the girls still had the presence of mind to protect their deepest secrets. Both Jen and Alice had to struggle through their alcohol haze, careful not to spill to Laurie their mutual secret: That they were planning to save up their money so that they could buy mobility scooters and never have to suffer the indignity of waddling ever again. They suspected that Laurie, with her recent half-hearted attempts to get Jen to join her in exercise, might not approve of the plan.

Laurie, meanwhile, had a secret of her own. For months, she and Jen had conspired to surreptitiously fatten up Alice with a deluge of fatty sweets and treats, hoping that the ballooning blonde would make them look svelte in comparison. Only recently, Jen had finally started to have doubts about the plan and threatened to come clean to Alice unless they stopped. Laurie agreed to buy Jen's silence, but she was still secretly trying to fatten Alice without Jen's knowledge. She had to be careful now that her former accomplice was no longer helping her, because she couldn't let either Alice or Jen know the truth. Luckily, Jen was such a bimbo and Alice was so naïve, that neither one had caught on. Unluckily, Laurie had become increasingly sloppy, often forgetting to limit her own gluttony or mixing up the diet and non-diet snacks, to the point that all three girls were still gaining – and Laurie fastest of all!

Then there was the kiss. Furious that her boyfriend Frank was ignoring her drunk dialing calls, Laurie determined to get back at him by making out with Jen – to Jen's great surprise! The incident was already forgotten to Laurie's black-out haze, but it left Jen dazed and confused all night long. In fact, for Jen, it brought back strange distant memories – half-recalled dreams where she and Laurie had gone even farther than just kissing. The bottom-heavy bimbo wasn't sure what it all meant...

But none of that mattered now, because they were all asleep, snoring like chainsaws, full bellies gurgling and whining with the slow, laborious process of digesting this enormous feast.

Laurie tossed in a fitful, drunken slumber, passed out on the floor, softly burping even as she tried to find a comfortable spot against the softness of Jen's rear. And as she slept, she began to dream...

In her mind's eye, Laurie was a queen, a large regal woman decked out in plush ermine robes and wearing a tiara atop her head. Laurie was so fat that her flabby love handles spilled over the sides of her throne, straining her royal purple singlet, her vast bosom ready to spill out. She watched as her friends Alice and Jen waddled through the doorway at the far end of the antechamber, stumbled and fell face first onto the red carpet at the base of Laurie's throne.

Alice and Jen were dressed like a pair of ragdolls, Alice in a baggy blue dress and Jen in a sailor suit, their faces made-up with Halloween make-up to give them rosy red cheeks like Raggedy Ann and Andy.

"You two look ridiculous," sniffed Laurie, clutching her scepter in her hands, "What are you supposed to be, anyway?"

"Oh, we're so sorry to intrude on you, your majesty," said Alice, attempted to curtsy as best she could but only succeeding in flashing her gigantic granny panty bloomers. "I'm Raggedy Alice and this is Raggedy Jen. We just got lost in the woods and accidentally stumbled into your kingdom, Queen... Queen...?"

"Queen Cantaloupes," said Laurie, "Don't laugh!"

Laurie pointed a menacing finger as Alice and Jen struggled to hide their giggles.

"Gosh, your highness, we would never laugh!" said Alice. At over 400 pounds, the enormous blue dress wasn't so enormous on her billowing form – it fit her almost as tight as a corset.

"Your royal flatness," corrected Laurie.

"I'm sorry?"

"That's my problem. All the other queens are stacked, but I'm totally flat as an ironing board. Look at me! I look like a little girl!"

Alice and Jen exchanged confused glances. The hyper-voluptuous queen already sported some dangerous mega-curves and a rack that put Dolly Parton to shame, but she apparently didn't think that was enough.

"You kinda already have big boobs, your high... I mean.. your flatness," said Alice gently.

"Yeah, your tits are, like, way out there," agreed Jen, "You look like you're smuggling bowling balls in that ermine robe of yours." Like Alice, Jen was way too fat for her outfit; her sailor suit was practically painted onto her hyper-curvaceous body, the side seams on her pants pulled so tight that you could see the white threads straining to hold together.

“Flattery will not save you!” howled Laurie angrily.

“There must be something we can do to help,” said Alice.

“The more I laugh at other people, the bigger I get,” said Laurie, peering down at her colossal chest with no small amount of pride.

Alice and Jen exchanged glances.

“But we’re, like, not funny at all!” said Jen, scratching her behind absently.

“Then I command you to be funny!”

“Um, like, how are we supposed to do that?” said Jen, but her question was quickly answered for her as her tight blue sailor pants finally gave up the struggle against her bulbous booty. A loud RIP split the air as the seat of Jen’s pants blew open, exposing two fat globes of blubber.

“That’s hilarious! Oh Gawd, I can’t stop laughing!” howled Laurie, flinging herself back against her chair. With every wheezing gasp, Laurie’s chest bulged visibly, straining against the confines of her tunic, stretching it out further and further.

“Oh shit!” cried Jen, “And, like, I didn’t wear any underwear today!”

“Oh Jen! You know you can’t take that kind of risk with your butt! Why didn’t you wear any panties?” cried Alice.

“Cuz my pants were too tight,” mumbled Jen, “I couldn’t fit any underwear under them.”

“Oh my GAWD, you stupid bimbo! I can’t believe you!” Laurie howled with laughter. Her breasts were growing monumental, like two balloons hooked up to an air hose. You could almost hear the hiss of air blowing them up bigger and bigger, until they were as round and tight as twin blimps, tugging Laurie skywards.

“Here, maybe we can pull the tear back together,” said Alice. She grabbed the two sides of the tear and tried to pull them back together over Jen’s bubble butt – only to hear a loud Pop! Pop! Pop! as the buttons at the front of Jen’s pants burst off in rapid succession.

Laurie was so busy laughing hysterically that she barely even noticed when her breasts seemed to reach their limit and her exponential growth was transferred to other body parts. She kept laughing, but now it was her stomach that started to pooch out, a little at first, just a tiny little bulge, like she’d eaten a large meal, but then bigger, like she was pregnant, and bigger, like she was six months pregnant, and bigger, like she was six months pregnant with triplets,

until her burgeoning belly finally snapped the belt cinching her waist and popped out with a large FWOOMP.

“It’s working!” yelled Laurie happily. “I’m getting bigger! I’m getting bigger!”

“Oh no! Jen, let me help you pick up your buttons,” said Alice. Grunting, she lowered herself to the ground – only to hear the stitches popping in her own dress.

Laurie shrieked with laughter. She was completely round yet she still kept growing, inflating larger and larger. She couldn’t get rounder but she could get bigger, her over-inflated body stretching out farther and farther, until it consumed her limbs completely, until all that was left of the once shapely beauty queen was a pair of hands sticking out of her tight rounded sides, flapping uselessly, and a tiny peanut head poking out of the vast, billowing bulk of her helium-filled body.

“Laurie? It’s not just your boobs getting bigger,” said Alice nervously. “You’re blowing up all over!”

“Yeah, like, you’re just getting, like, round,” added Jen.

“Yeah, that’s right!” crowed Laurie, a hint of pride in her voice. She loved being buxom, but she couldn’t help but get excited at the idea that she was swelling up all over. Just as Laurie had recently begun to revel in the growth of her increasingly plush body while awake, her dream self was equally enamored with growing bigger – even if it meant filling with air instead of fat girl blubber. “I’m gonna be huge! You two ragdolls ain’t never seen a queen as big as me! You girls best stand back; mama needs room to grow!”

Now that Laurie was as round as a blueberry, there wasn’t anything to do except get bigger.

“Peasants, tell your queen how big she is! I demand it!”

Laurie’s eyelids fluttered. These two stupid ragdolls had no idea how insanely horny Laurie’s growth was making her. And if there was one thing that she liked more than getting rounder, it was hearing someone comment on her getting rounder. Normally, Frank was the only one allowed to comment on her increasing girth, but once during a sleepover Laurie had made Alice rub her stuffed tummy and tell her about how plump she was growing. Alice had no idea that the entire experience was near sexual for Laurie, but it had emboldened the big-breasted beauty to be less coy in demanding sexy fat talk... from any source!

“How much bigger can she get?” asked Alice with a worried note in her voice. The enormous, planet-sized blimp that was Laurie’s bulk was now blotting out the sun.

“Um, like, I dunno,” said Jen. “I totally didn’t think she could get THIS big without, like,

you know...exploding.”

“She’d better stop soon or she really will explode!” said Alice. “Look, her sides are already getting way too tight!”

“Um, maybe we should, like, take cover? When she blows, she’s gonna take us out with her!”

“Gosh, Jen, I think... I think you might have the right idea!”

The two fat girls waddled away as fast as their plump little feet could carry them, retreating from the growing shadow of Laurie’s overinflated form. By now, Laurie was the size of a small moon... and she was still expanding. The subtle hissing that accompanied her inflation was now being drowned out by the increasingly loud squeaking and creaking over her overbloated body.

Laurie’s head sunk deeper and deeper into her pillowy body as she grew. If she didn’t pop soon, she might just suffocate inside herself! Her body was so tightly filled with helium that she could barely even breathe now. Her insides were being crushed by the insanely intense pressure of untold cubic acres of gas stretching her out.

Bigger and bigger... rounder and rounder...

Laurie was bigger than the moon now. Bigger than the world! She was growing so big and vast that soon she would dwarf the entire universe! And yet she kept growing and growing and growing...

“I’m the biggest!” grunted Laurie through gritted teeth. “Nothing can be bigger than me! Nothing! I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow up until I’m the biggest balloon bitch that ever lived! I’ll be bigger than the world! Bigger than the universe!”

“Laurie! You need to stop!” called Alice, but Laurie didn’t hear her or didn’t care. She was so big now that she could be her own planet, her own gas giant. She was a gas-filled zeppelin so overfull that she filled the sky, casting an endless shadow on the world below. And yet, it wasn’t enough! She needed...more. She needed to keep growing and growing forever!

“Never!” yelled Laurie, “I’ll never stop getting bigger even if—“

KA-BOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!!

Laurie twitched in her sleep, grunting softly. “Mmm...bigger,” she whispered, licking her lips. “Bigger...”

She rolled over, her head bouncing against Jen’s bubble butt. Meanwhile, Jen too was

dreaming...

Jen dreamt that she was at a buffet. Standing at the entryway podium, Jen could see a vast table, stretching off into the distance, loaded with every kind of delicious treat she could imagine: succulent hams and roast beef, crispy chickens, ropes of fatty sausages, platters of creamy pasta, tureens of savory soups, giant mountains of moist sponge cake and mouth-watering apple pies...

"C'mon, c'mon! Stop taking so long!" whined Jen as the maitre-de studied the guest list in front of her, apparently unsure whether to let Jen inside.

Was it just Jen's imagination or did the woman behind the podium look an awful lot like Laurie? Certainly it was hard to disguise those curves behind a tuxedo and Jen would recognize those long raven tresses anywhere.

"Um, like, table for one, please?" Jen tugged at the hem of her T-shirt, where the words FEED ME were stretched across the summits of her ample breasts. "C'mon, pleeeasee?"

"Hm. Are you a regular here at Chez Buffet?" asked Laurie, arching an eyebrow. "I don't believe I've seen you before. And I'm sure I would remember you. Madam cuts a very... distinctive figure."

"C'mon, you gotta let me in! That food looks soooo good!" Jen whined, licking her lips in anticipation. Her tubby tummy grumbled in anticipation as Jen tottered from foot to foot, nearly vibrating in excitement for the feast to come.

"I mean, like, I'm totally not on the list, but I'll totally make it worth your while," said Jen, batting her eyes at Laurie's stuffy expression. "Like, take a look at these!" Remembering Laurie's kiss, Jen gambled that her friend might be interested in a little show. She raised the hem of her shirt to flash her breasts at the maitre de. Her ample boobs bounced slightly, slapping against the shelf of her upper belly roll, as Jen freed them from their cloth prison. Laurie goggled in shock.

"I, like, didn't wear a bra today cuz this shirt is, like, so tight it's pretty much a sports bra by itself," explained Jen as she pulled her shirt back down. "Like, my boobs are pretty good, but, like, everyone says my booty is the best."

She turned to the side and aimed her big round juicy ass at the sweating maitre de. "Like, I am the most bootilicious girl in school. Probably the most bootilicious girl in the state! But, like, I'm totally saving this jelly for dessert. So like, if you want to see this back in action, you gotta let me in!" She grinned. "Then I'll show you what I can do with this bubble booty!"

The maitre de tugged at her collar, obviously getting hot and flustered from Jen's display. "Right this way, madam."

Jen giggled and clapped her hands in joy as she followed the maitre de to the table just within the restaurant. She wiggle-waddled after her guide, the twin globes of her perfectly pudgy peach-shaped posterior shaking with her every hefty footstep but mercifully restrained by the taunt denim of her jeans. Above those two magnificent mammalian orbs, the back of Jen's T-shirt warned anyone following in the balloon-bootied babe's wake that Jen was a definite WIDE LOAD.

Jen absently yanked at the seat of her overloaded pants, futilely trying to pry the wedgie formed beneath her pants by her snug thong panties from between her bulbous butt cheeks. Jen hadn't worn actual pants in what seemed like months! Jen's unusually ripe pear shape meant that she was now almost entirely restricted to stretch pants and leggings, because pants designed with enough room in the seat for Jen's monster tushie were inevitably way too loose in the waist. And pants in Jen's waist-size rarely survived the trek over Jen's rump, let alone managed to button and zip.

Unaware that she was in a dream, Jen ran her plump manicured fingers over the vast denim-clad expanse of her mammoth rear, admiring how the tight material helped to lift and sculpt her butter-soft cheeks.

"Please take a seat, madam," said the maitre de. She motioned toward a chair at the head of the table. "Remember, it's all you can eat, so madam should not be shy about indulging. But madam should be wise. All you can eat does not also mean all you SHOULD eat."

"Huh?" said Jen, confused. The ditzy diva had no clue what that meant! Whatever, it didn't matter! All that mattered was that she was finally going to get to eat all that delicious food! Jen squealed and again clapped her hands in delight at the table loaded with goodies.

She plopped herself into the chair, the sides of her colossal ass already oozing over the sides, and started to work.

First, she grabbed a leg of mutton and held it to her lips, nibbling like a chipmunk. Her bites were small and dainty but numerous, and she soon reduced the leg to a bare bone.

A roast chicken followed, then a string of sausages. Jen grabbed plate and plate, shoving food into her mouth as fast as she could. Heavenly! Jen loved every minute of her meal! She loved to eat and eat and eat, and nothing beat the delicious sensation of each new taste against her palette other than the delightful sensation of filling up her belly with more and more tasty goodness!

Jen, as usual, was oblivious to the changes taking place in her body as she ate. The bottom-heavy bunny happily ate her way through plate after plate, reaching out with one chubby arm to pull a new platter toward her as she swept away the old. Her flanks slowly puffed out to either side of her, as her bottom inflated behind her. When she couldn't reach any more plates,

she heaved herself up onto the table and pulled herself forward, scooting like a blubbery overstuffed elephant seal flopping down a shoreline, hoovering up every morsel in her path.

Miraculously, Jen's clothes did not split. Her T-shirt and jeans stretched way beyond reason, straining to accommodate Jen's ballooning curves.

Eat eat eat! The feast seemed to go on forever... More and more more and more! Sometimes it seemed like Jen would never be full but, finally, after what seemed like hours, Jen finally hit her limit.

Jen was finally full. And, boy, was she full! Jen was literally inflated with fat, crammed so burstingly full that she resembled an overblown pool toy. She was incapacitated by her own fatness; her turgid arms and bloated legs sticking out at right angles from her billowing bulk. She was so monumentally overstuffed from over over-indulgence that she could barely even wiggle her fingers and toes. Even breathing was a chore. She could feel her entire, pumped-up body quiver and vibrate tightly every time that she inhaled. Her ass rose behind her like two mountain-sized beanbags. She looked like the Goodyear blimp.

"Is madam finally full?" asked a voice.

"Huh?" said Jen, her eyes dazed, her fat round face spattered with gravy and cake icing.

Her eyes focused on the maitre de, standing in front of her with a smug look on her face. "Madam, has had enough to eat, no?"

"Urp!" Jen belched, the sudden release of gas causing her entire over-filled body to quiver and shake. "Yeah... I'm...oof... I'm stuffed..."

"Perhaps madam would care for a wafer thin mint?" said the waitress, holding up said mint for Jen to see.

"Ooo, I dunno... I'm...I'm, like, awfully full... I totally don't think... I don't think I could..." Despite herself, though, Jen was already licking her lips as she stared at the tempting mint. "Then again... like... it is only wafer thin. But, like, you'll have to, like, put in my mouth, okay? I can't quite reach it, I'm, like, a little stuck right now."

"Of course, madam," said the maitre de, delicately placing the tiny confection into Jen's open mouth and then tapping her double chin to close her jaw. "Bon appetite!"

Jen chewed the mint with a placid, contented, cow-like expression on her face. She swallowed with a sound like a toilet plunger. But then she grimaced as she felt something... strange inside her. Jen's eyes bulged as her body began to swell.



“Um, like, what’s happening? I, like, totally feel weird...” That last, wafer-thin mint had triggered something deep inside Jen. For once, she was swelling even though she was no longer eating. How was that even possible?

“Um, Laurie, I think, like, something’s wrong.”

“Yeah, something’s definitely wrong,” sniggered Laurie, dropping her unctuous maitre de act. “You know, Jen, I warned you what would happen if you kept eating like that. Maybe you should have thought a little about the consequences.”

“Now now, Jen, don’t listen to her, you’re perfectly fine,” said Jen’s mother, suddenly appearing out of nowhere and hip-bumping Laurie to push the busty bitch out of her way. “If you’re feeling ill, that’s nothing that a little bit of home-made soup wouldn’t fix.”

Laurie snorted. “Christ, Mrs. Sarovy, take a look at her. She’s busting at the seams! The last thing that she needs is more food.”

Mrs. Sarovy frowned. “A full stomach is cure for all ills.”

Suddenly, Craig materialized out of nowhere. He stared at Jen in shock. “Baby, what happened to you? You got... big.”

“I’m not too big, though, right? I mean, I just got curves, right?”

“Baby, I don’t know how to tell you this... but you’re fat.”

Then there was Mallory, shaking her head. “Jen, you need to stop eating like this. Your appetite is completely out of control! And it’s not going to stop as long as you hang out with these two enablers. Your friends Alice and Laurie are just as bad as you are! If you three keep this up, you’re all going to end up too fat to move. You might as well join the circus now and avoid the rush!”

“I...I don’t know about that,” said Alice, popping into existence and blushing at Mallory’s words. “But...maybe it would be a good idea to cut back a little. You’re looking a little bit puffy. Not too much!” Alice added quickly, afraid that she might have hurt her thick-bottomed friend’s feelings. “You know, just a little too much.”

All during this prolonged argument between the different figures of Jen’s subconscious, the overblown bimbo continued to inflate, filling up bigger and bigger until she covered the table with her bulk and the apex of her mountainous tushie squished against the ceiling above.

“Hush hush!” said Jen’s mother. “My baby just needs a little soup to settle her poor tummy.”

Unable to move, Jen could only pucker her lips and wait for her mother to lift the soup ladle to her mouth.

Jen's body throbbed with absolute fullness, humming tensely as it quivered under the intense internal pressure. Finally, her clothing, already stretched so far beyond its limits, beyond to fail. The seat of her jeans split wide open with a loud, jagged ripping sound, her enormous bottom bulging out through the growing tear. Her T-shirt came apart at the seams like tissue paper ripping as Jen puffed up bigger and bigger.

"Oh no...too much pressure!" moaned Jen, "Too much...too much junk in the trunk! I think... I think my trunk's about to bust open!"

"Oh no," said Laurie, "I think we overdid it! Everyone, take cover!"

KABOOOOM!

Jen grunted in her sleep, unaware that her dream had just reached the same explosive conclusion as Laurie's. Meanwhile, Alice, too, was also dreaming...

"Ah so you're the two lucky golden ticket winners, are you? Welcome to the Belmontes Bonbon factory!"

Laurie grinned as her two friends approached the front door of a massive candy factory. Alice couldn't help but think that Laurie was dressed rather unusually. The buxom queen bee was dressed like a magician's assistant, wearing a top hat and a purple tuxedo tails over a seined swimsuit. A red cummerbund helped restrain her puffy belly and the gold buttons of her green vest strained over her vast bosom, but below the waist her thick legs were quite bare. She leaned on a copper-tipped cane.

But then, Alice and Jen were also dressed so different that they didn't have any room to talk. Alice wore a powder blue tracksuit that just managed to cover her immense, 400 pound plus body. At her current size and shape, Alice was relegated mostly to maternity wear, finding that the extra spandex stretch panels in the waistbands of maternity jeans were just the thing she needed to accommodate her swollen tummy. But a stretchy track suit was just as good, even if she had a little trouble pulling the zipper all the way up over her gut and a tiny sliver of pink tummy flab still poked out under the hem. Jen, meanwhile, was dressed in a flouncy blue dress, so short that it barely covered her, stopping just short of her pelvic area and leaving the lower quarter of her ample hindquarters exposed to the world. A red belt cinched her around her waist.

"Yeah, Mrs. Belmontes, we're so excited to be here!" chirped Alice, holding out a golden ticket.

"Well well well, you know there were only two golden tickets in the entire world, so you

must have eaten a lot of chocolate to find that one!” said Laurie, smirking. She flipped her cane and poked Alice softly in the middle of her porous gut, watching with interest as the cane sank deeply into the quivering blubber.

“Um... yeah, a little,” said Alice, blushing. The truth was, she HAD eaten a lot of chocolate, a fact evident by her extreme corpulence. Alice was already fat before she’d made it her mission to binge on chocolate until she found the coveted golden ticket to visit the Belmontes Bonbon factory for the opportunity to gorge on even more chocolate.

“I have a ticket too!” cut in Jen, holding out her ticket. “I totally love chocolate! I ate a whole lot to find this ticket!”

“Well, aren’t you a pair of darling little chubbettes?” said Laurie archly. She tapped Jen on the bottom with her cane. “All plumped and pumped on too many sweets, aren’t we?”

“Oh my gawd, did you say sweets?” said Jen, bouncing in place. She didn’t even notice the not-so-subtle dig in Laurie’s words, instead focusing entirely on what she wanted to hear. “Are we, like, gonna get some candy?”

“Oh yes, you’ll both get plenty of candy, my dear cream puffs.” She turned to Alice. “And how about you? You look like a girl who loves to eat. Aren’t you just so deliciously round and tubby!”

“Um, I guess I might be a little chunky,” admitted Alice, blushing. She was uncomfortably conscious of how tight her pants were, how much her cinching waistband was cutting deeply into the soft buttery blubber of her fat stomach and wobbly love handles. “I’ve been meaning to diet better...”

“But not today, sweetie! Today is all about indulgence, right? Here, have a bonbon.”

Laurie produced a fudge truffle from thin air and held it out to Alice. Alice stared at it, her blue eyes wide with desire, her tongue unconsciously licking her plump lips. Dumbly, she reached out and plucked the truffle from Laurie’s hand and popped it into her mouth.

That was the final straw. As she swallowed, Alice felt her waistband release as her tummy puffed out just enough to finally snap the elastic in her pants.

“Oh no!” cried Alice. Why hadn’t she worn looser pants for a visit to a candy factory? It was ridiculous that she should be busting her pants even before she’d had a chance to eat any free samples!

Alice blushed furiously, but Laurie just chuckled. “Don’t be embarrassed, sweetie. You wouldn’t believe how often that happens when girls come to visit me. Now why don’t you come inside and we’ll see about getting some more sweets into those hungry tummies...”

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The inside of the factory was a wonderland of indulgence.

“Are you girls enjoying all the chocolate?” asked Laurie sweetly. Jen and Alice both nodded eagerly; their plump faces were already smeared with melted chocolate.

Neither girl needed much encouragement. Almost immediately upon entering the factory, they were surrounded by strange, orange-skinned midgets who plied them both with samples of all the latest Belmontes Bonbons confections. Alice couldn't help herself and gratefully accepted anything she was offered. She couldn't help but think that there was something strangely familiar about these dwarves, though. The one offering her a Super Sweetened Raspberry Swirl Belmontes Bar reminded her just a little bit of Tyler, while the one holding out a Full Milk Fudge Ripple Belmontes Bar looked a little bit like Abida. Others had touches of Maggie or Frank or Mallory or Craig in them... All in all, it was so strange but Alice barely had time to wonder about this since she was so busy stuffing her face with treats.

“It's so good!” bubbled Alice through a mouthful of candy. “I've never tasted such delicious chocolate!” She bit off another chunk of chocolate and gobbled it down.

“Good, I'm so glad to hear that,” smiled Laurie. She watched as her two plump visitors stuffed their faces with chocolates and sweet treats, oblivious to how many calories they were consuming. “You keep filling those round little tummies of yours until you're all filled up, okay, sweeties? We don't want you to go hungry.”

Laurie patted Alice's bloated belly, which had become more exposed as her shirt had started to ride up. Alice nodded, her double chin wobbling.

“Of course, you girls want to try my latest invention, don't you?”

“Oooh my, what's that?” asked Alice.

Laurie held out two small blue sticks of gum. “Belmontes Blueberry Blast Gum!”

“Ooo that sounds heavenly!” squealed Jen, grabbing one of the pieces of gum and shoving it into her mouth.

“I would love to try that!” agreed Alice, taking the other and popping it between her lips.

Almost instantly, both girls fell silent, overwhelmed by the explosion of taste inside their mouth.

“Oh. My. Gawd!” cooed Jen, her eyes rolling backwards in her head. “This is... like...”

wow. This...is... amazing!”

The flavor was so good that Alice could barely say anything. Her heart beat faster with the excitement, causing the out-of-shape dough girl to wheeze. “Wow... gasp!... I’ve never... tasted anything so good before!”

“This is, like, orgasmic!” gushed Jen.

“Jen! Don’t say that!” said a scandalized Alice. “That’s inappropriate!”

“Like, why? It totally is!” said Jen.

“I’m glad you girls like it,” said Laurie, “But just wait until you see the special finish we added to this gum.”

“Like, what do you mean?” asked Jen, confused.

Alice was the first to notice. “Jen! Your face! You’re turning blue!”

“Huh?” Jen crossed her eyes trying to see what Alice was talking about. A tinge of light blue appeared first around her nose, but was rapidly spreading until her whole face was a dark, blueberry maroon. She held up her hands just in time to see them begin to darken as well.

“Like, that is soooo weird! Wow, this gum is, like, really weird. I.. I feel kinda funny too...”

“What do you mean, Jen?” Alice said with a note of worry in her voice. The rotund blonde was completely oblivious to the fact that she too was starting to turn blue.

“I dunno, I feel,, like, I feel... full.” Jenny put her hands to her waist, squeezing her spare tire. “Like, I feel like... I feel like a...”

Alice’s eyes widened.

“I feel like... I’m full of.. like, I’m full of juice...”

“Spit out the gum!” cried Alice. “It’s making you blow up!”

“Huh? Like, what are you talking about, Alice? You’re totally the one blowing up!”

Alice looked down at herself. The pink slab of belly meat that normally poked out of her sweatsuit was gone, replaced a swathe of blue. Even worse, more and more tummy was becoming visible as her sweat top slowly slipped up over the arc of her growing belly. Alice was inflating!

“Oh my gosh! I’m... I’m swelling up!” cried Alice. “It must be the gum! We’ve got to spit it out!”

“But it’s, like, soooooo good!” moaned Jen, still chewing.

“I knowwww,” groaned Alice, also still chewing. Alice knew she needed to stop, needed to spit it out, but the blueberry flavor was so sweet, so potent that she just couldn’t bring herself to do it. Her sweat top slid up until it was no more than a croptop around her chest, while her swelling abdomen pushed her trackpants down. More and more of Alice’s blue balloon of a body was on display. Even as her limbs began to disappear into the vast, round bulk of her inflated middle, she couldn’t stop chewing!

Jen was rapidly inflating like a balloon, her body almost completely round, a huge helpless blueberry so ripe and swollen with juice that she looked like she was literally ready to explode. Her dress could no longer reach over her belly, instead fitting like a stretched croptop straining over her chest.

“Oh dear, I think we need to get you down to the juicing room, sweetie,” said Laurie. She turned to her dwarf assistants. “Give me a hand, we need to get them juiced before these bloated blue bimbos burst.”

“Burst?” Alice burbled in shock. “Mrs. Belmontes, are we... really going to pop? What are we... going to do?”

“I’m...not...gonna...pop,” moaned Jen. She was so full that she was having trouble getting the words out. “Still...plenty of...room.” Just looking at Jen, you could tell that wasn’t true. She was tight as a drum and ready to rupture.

“Don’t worry, my dear,” said Laurie, patting the inflated girl’s side reassuringly. “We’ll just move away to a safe distance so that we won’t be hurt when you blow. And don’t worry about making a mess, I’ve got an excellent staff who knows just how to clean the walls.”

“Oh no!” cried Alice. “But...but what about us? I don’t... I don’t want to explode!”

“Well, you could always spit out your gum, sweetie.”

Jen and Alice exchanged helpless glances. The gum was just soooo good! How could Laurie seriously expect them to stop chewing? Even as the magical gum continued to pump their overbloomed bodies full of more and more juice, until their clothes burst into ribbons and their skin squeaked in protest at being stretched so far beyond its limits, the two spherical sweets kept right on chewing.

“What... are we .... gonna do?” mumbled Jen through a mouthful of gum, her head now

little more than a tiny flyspeck sinking into the vast oceans of her round blueberry bulk.

“Ughhh...not much else we can do,” moaned Alice, also still chewing, “I guess...we’ll have to—“

POP!

Back in reality, Alice flinched slightly, grunting softly in her sleep.

Oblivious to any similarities in their dreams, the three tubby teens slumbered on. But who knows what indulgences the new day would bring?

# 49. Laurie

“You know what your problem is, Jen?” said Laurie, her eyes on the road ahead as she navigated her SUV through the maze of quiet side streets that led to Jen’s house. “You don’t know your limits. That’s why you’re lucky to have a best friend like me. I don’t know how you survived on your own while you were mad at me!”

“I dunno,” answered Jen with a shrug. Laurie continued to talk, but Jen wasn’t paying much attention, instead watching the scenery go by. Laurie sure liked to talk! Lately, Laurie mostly talked about her plan to help Jen lose weight, a plan which couldn’t interest Jen less. The bootilicious bimbo didn’t share Laurie’s superficial concerns with body image. While Laurie was terrified that anyone might see her as fat (which, considering that Laurie now tipped the scales at way over 400 pounds, was inevitable), Jen couldn’t care less if the kids at school sniggered behind her back when she waddled past. She loved to eat, and, if gaining weight was the inescapable consequence of her hearty appetite, that was something that she was willing to live with. She did briefly get concerned about her growing tuchus when her boyfriend Craig told her that he was less attracted to her. But it soon became clear that Craig was mostly upset that Jen’s steady diet of junk food led to her increasingly brazen flatulence. That, and Jen was so fixated on food that she had started to ignore his needs.

Luckily, the couple’s relationship was now on the mend that Jen had cut back on gassy foods and started to pay more attention to her boyfriend in the bedroom. With those changes, Craig didn’t really care all that much that his girlfriend’s rear was so wide that she was getting stuck in doorways and having trouble buying pants off the rack. A consummate “ass man,” Craig even seemed to revel in Jen’s mammoth badonk.

But that didn’t dissuade Laurie. Laurie only heard what she wanted to hear, and right now she was hearing that Jen needed to lose weight. Jen suspected that Laurie’s new obsession came from her own insecurity now that Jen had put down her foot about Laurie’s plan to fatten Alice. For nearly a year, Laurie and Jen had conspired to plump up their mutual friend Alice in an effort to make themselves look thinner. But now that Jen no longer cared whether she looked thin and had started to genuinely enjoy Alice’s friendship, she had told Laurie that the plan was dead in the water. She wasn’t going to be part of that anymore. So now Laurie apparently needed a new project to keep her occupied and that project seemed to be helping Jen slim down.

Jen sighed and absently reached into her purse. Ah, there it was! The fudge brownie she bought for dessert after lunch at the cafeteria. She’d forgotten all about that! But as she began peeling the saran wrap, Laurie snatched it out of her hands with one fluid motion.

“What. The. Hell, Jen???” snapped Laurie, “What is this?”



“It’s, like, just a brownie! I don’t see what’s the big deal.”

“You know how many calories are in this thing?” said Laurie, waving the delicious treat in Jen’s face. “I spend all day keeping junk food out of your mouth and this is the thanks I get? I swear, Jen, this is literally the last thing you need. Aren’t you going to have dinner in, like, five minutes?”

“Um, yeah... my mom always has dinner ready when I get home.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet she does,” said Laurie, narrowing her eyes. She raised the brownie to her own lips and bit off a chunk, chewing thoughtfully.

Jen’s eyes bulged. Laurie was eating her brownie! No fair! But before she could protest, Laurie was talking again.

“I know how your mom is,” said Laurie, spitting flecks of chewed up brownie all over the dashboard as she talked. “I know she’s all old-world. She thinks being fat is healthy or something, so it’s no wonder that you’re such a cow these days! That’s why I’m coming to dinner at your house tonight. I have to see how she feeds you to gauge what I’m up against.”

“You, like, kinda invited yourself,” mumbled Jen, bitterly watching her top-heavy friend munch on what was rightfully Jen’s brownie. “I, like, haven’t really cleared it with my mom, you know.”

“It’ll be fine. Your mom always makes waaaay too much food, and I know how much she likes having around an extra mouth to feed. You just keep quiet and let me do the talking. I’ll make sure that she doesn’t stuff you to bursting for once.”

“Oh, I guess so.” Jen wasn’t particularly enthused about the idea that Laurie would be PREVENTING her from eating.

“Ah, here we are.” Laurie pulled her SUV up to the curb in front of Jen’s house and put the gear into park. Stuffing the last bite of brownie into her mouth, she threw open the door and stumbled out. “Let’s go.”

Jen wore a lime green leotard over chartreuse tights – not because she was exercising, but only because her enormous size relegated her to stretch fabrics. Laurie thought that Jen’s green outfit made her look like a ripe juicy pear. And when Jen had her hair tied back into a ponytail, it only reminded Laurie of a pear stem sprouting out the top of an overripe fruit.

“Can’t believe she’s going out in public dressed like that,” muttered Laurie to herself, completely ignoring that her own wardrobe choices were hardly better these days. Laurie’s burgeoning belly and oversized tits restricted her fashion choices more and more, much to the

fashion-conscious queen bee's chagrin, so now she wore a bright pink track suit with the jacket unzipped to accommodate her monstrous melons. The white wife beater she wore beneath her track jacket was barely up to the task of restraining her billowing breasts, and Laurie's twin gazongas bounced and swayed wildly as she wobbled up the walkway to the front door of Jen's house. Behind her, Jen smirked slightly as she noticed that the seat of Laurie's tight pink track pants was emblazoned with the word "Juicy." Her larger rear was definitely not something that Laurie of all people would want to call attention to, but Jen wagered that Laurie hadn't even noticed what her pants said when she wriggled them up her thighs this morning.

"Here, Jen, you go first."

Jen squeezed past her gargantuan friend and fumbled with her key in the lock until the door clicked open. The two girls were greeted by a mouth-watering aroma as they entered the house. It smelled like dinner was almost ready!

"Jen, is that you?" called a voice from the kitchen. "It's about time that you got home, I was beginning to get worried! Dinner is ready and it's going to get cold!"

"Sorry Mom," shouted Jen, "Hey, Mom, you remember Laurie, right?"

Jen's mother popped her head out of the kitchen. "Oh of course, hi Laurie. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Mrs. Sarovy. Jen said I could come to dinner tonight, that's fine, right?" Laurie flashed her most disarming smile, knowing full well that Mrs. Sarovy would never turn away the chance to fill another belly.

"Oh, Jen, I wish you'd told me, I don't know if there will be enough food! But you're welcome to join us. You girls just go right into the dining room and make yourselves comfortable."

Laurie tried not to roll her eyes. Of course there was enough food. Jen's mother cooked enough to feed an army!

"Hey Dad, hey Jesse," said Jen as she wobbled into the dining room, raising a hand to briefly greet her father and sister who were already seated. "You guys remember Laurie?"

"Hello Laurie, take a seat please," said Jen's father. He was already attacking a slice of brisket with gusto. Jen's little sister Jesse looked up briefly, her mouth already filled with meat and nodded in recognition. Laurie was shocked to see that they'd already started eating even before Jen got home. This family just couldn't wait to start gorging!

Not that she could blame them, the food looked and smelled delicious. Jen's mother was an amazing food and the table was spread with an unbelievable feast: succulent roast

brisket, savory potato kugel, hearty cholent stew, and many other dishes that Laurie couldn't recognize but that smelled heavenly. Her mouth began to water at the sight before her. Already she could sense Jen falling into a daze next to her, her dumb cow-like eyes glazing over as she stared mesmerized at the feast before her. Laurie was going to have her work cut out for her if she was going to keep Jen was binging tonight!

"Here, bubbale, I've got your chairs ready for you," said Jen's mother, bustling into the room and motioning to the empty chairs at the table. "Your friend can sit here next to you."

"Like, thanks, Mom!" chirped Jen.

"Um, why are there three chairs?" asked Laurie.

The answer came to her as she watched Jen plop her bottom down and scoot over until she was straddling two of them. Laurie's jaw dropped. Her fat-ass friend was so bottom heavy that she couldn't fit all of her ass in one chair anymore, now requiring two chairs to support her massive weight.

Jen's entire family was big, of course. Her mother was a wide-hipped matron, her father was a husky bear, and her little sister was just edging up to dangerously chubby. But Jen was by far the biggest person in the family. Her parents were definitely fat, but they weren't so big that they needed two chairs to support their weight!

Laurie wasn't very far behind Jen, of course. At last weigh-in, Jen weighed only three pounds more than Laurie – she was 433 pounds to Laurie's 430. It was only because Laurie distributed her poundage differently – with a substantial portion going up top to her chest – that Laurie was still able to fit all of herself in one chair. Even so, the ominous creaks and groans coming from the flimsy food as Laurie settled down in her seat alerted her that she too would soon need the extra support of two chairs.

Jen's mother busied herself with ladling food out to her family as she filled with air with idle chatter. Laurie definitely suspected that Jen took more after her mother, because Mrs. Sarovy gave off the same cheerful, ditzy vibe with her incessant babbling. Jen's little sister, meanwhile, must take more after her father – since both Jesse and Mr. Sarovy were taciturn grunters who barely interrupted their eating to say the odd word. And maybe Jen's mother also saw something of herself in her older daughter, because she clearly expended most of her energy in feeding Jen. Laurie was amazed at how much food Mrs. Sarovy shoveled onto Jen's plate. She always knew that Mrs. Sarovy had a very old-world attitude toward food, but it was a wonder that Jen hadn't exploded years ago! This woman was relentless!

Luckily, Laurie was here to help her.

"No, Jen really needs to stay in shape," said Laurie archly, grabbing Jen's plate and quickly moving it to her own place setting. "We have a very important game coming up and I

need Jen to be in top physical condition. Isn't that right, Jen?"

"Uh...I guess so?" Jen pouted, staring forlornly at the empty spot on the table where her overloaded plate should have been. Jen really had no interest in losing weight. Laurie had darkly warned Jen several times about the inevitable consequences of her overindulgence, but Jen... well, Jen couldn't just not eat, could she? She couldn't be expected to give up all this delicious food that her mom cooked?

"Remember, Craig's not gonna want to keep dating a super porker," hissed Laurie, her cheeks bulging with prime rib.

"I don't think Craig would say that..." mumbled Jen, but Laurie wasn't listening to her. Laurie was busy eating.

Laurie was too quick! Every time that Mrs. Sarovy tried to pass food to her daughter, Laurie would intercept it. Not only that, Laurie's constant stream of chatter distracted the older woman enough that she didn't even realize that Jen was barely getting anything to eat at all!

Jen was nearly in tears. How could this happen to her? She had never left this dinner table hungry! In fact, she had never left this dinner table anything less than stuffed to the gills. Yet tonight Laurie was dominating the dinner!

Laurie was literally being a bigger pig than Jen.

"C'mon, Laurie, can't I just, like, have a little?" whined Jen, biting her lip in sorrow as she watched her best friend glut herself on the delicious dinner intended for Jen's belly. "I mean, like, I'm totally starving!"

"Did you say that you were starving, Jen?" cried Jen's mom, "Oh, we can't have that! Here, have some more kugel!"

Jen's mom spooned an enormous heaping of greasy potato kugel out of the casserole dish and was just about to deposit it on Jen's plate when Laurie piped up.

"It really IS delicious, Mrs Sarovy. What did you say this was called again?"

"Oh, it's kugel, dearie."

"Kugel." Laurie tasted the unfamiliar word on her tongue. "That's so interesting. You are quite the cook, Mrs. Sarovy. Where ever did you learn to cook so well?"

"Well, I don't know, I must have learned it from my mother..."

"Fascinating," said Laurie, angling her own plate under the hovering spoon and tapping

the spoon to dump the kugel on her own plate. Like mother like daughter, thought Laurie. Mrs. Sarovy was almost as much of an air-head as her butt-heavy daughter, so it didn't take much to distract her. All Laurie had to do was keep talking and keep eating and pretty soon the meal would be over without Jen even getting a mouthful!

Laurie beamed. What a good friend she was to help Jen like this!

The only question was: Could Laurie hold out? After her third helping of brisket and her fourth helping of kugel, Laurie's belly puffed out like an inflated balloon, resting heavily on her thighs and pressing into the edge of the table. Always a big eater, Laurie wasn't used to THIS much food.... Not to mention that Mrs. Sarovy's greasy cooking sat heavily in her stomach like a lump. Ugh. How much more could she eat?

Laurie took a deep breath and launched herself into yet another plate. How many plates of food had she already eaten? She really had lost count. Mrs. Sarovy kept talking, kept shoving more food in front of her. Laurie's head was swimming, her stomach was aching. She felt herself starting to slow as her swollen gut pressed harder and harder against the edge of the table with every bite. She couldn't keep this up! The pressure against her burgeoning belly was too much, it was making it hard to keep going! For a second, Laurie considered something that she'd never considered before.

Only last week, in the cafeteria, Laurie had noticed her friend Alice had finally grown too fat and round to sit at the lunch benches without the table pushing into her gut. So Alice simply grabbed her gut, lifted it up, and let it drop upon the table with a SPLUT before she turned back to eating. Laurie was shocked but also secretly delighted at the display. It was yet another milestone in Alice's continued expansion, more proof that Laurie's plan to plump up her bloated blonde friend was working. In fact, Laurie was especially pleased at how nonchalant and practiced the motion was for Alice. That meant it wasn't her first time. Clearly, she'd already found herself in other situations where her gargantuan belly got in the way. Maybe at some restaurant or buffet, Alice had first discovered this trick that would allow her to still fit and still keep eating. And now she'd accepted it completely! She hardly even seemed to understand that she ought to be embarrassed to be so fat that she needed to let her gut rest upon the table while she stuffed herself. And that meant that Alice would probably just keep eating and eating for as long as Laurie kept feeding her.

Now Laurie was in a similar situation. Could it be? Laurie felt beads of sweat forming on her brow. The meat sweats, probably. She'd eaten so much tonight that it was a wonder she was only now starting to perspire. But it was also fear sweat. Did she dare? Did she dare admit to herself that she was so fat that she also needed to let her belly rest on top of the table when she ate? Laurie already knew the truth deep in her heart. She was fatter than Alice. The last weigh-in at the school locker room, the same weigh-in that had revealed that Laurie was only three pounds lighter than Jen, had also revealed that Laurie was, in fact, a whopping 13 pounds heavier than Alice! Fatter than Alice, who was, until recently, the cheer squad's designated fat member! How could she have let this happen? For a split second, Laurie stared

at the full plate in front of her in horror. What was she doing?? She was trying to help Jen, but... she was going to make herself blow up! No, no, no... Laurie shook her head. Maybe...maybe Alice was fatter now? Yes, yes, Laurie was sure of it. Even without Jen's help, Laurie had been relentlessly stuffing Alice, so there was no way that little blimpette couldn't be even fatter than 420 pounds now! Of course, Laurie had probably also gained in the interim.... But Laurie conveniently ignored that fact.

Worse, the pain in Laurie's belly was actually turning her on. That was another hard truth for Laurie. She loved to eat, loved to stuff herself, not just because she was a glutton... but also because being relentlessly stuffed was now a sexual kink for her! Right now, only Frank knew and she mostly confined her strange sexual feelings about stuffing to the times that she was alone or just with her boyfriend. But having Mrs. Sarovy practically force feed her until she was ready to puke was actually making her kind of hot and bothered...

Gross!

Was that the real reason that she had invited herself over for dinner? Because she knew Jen's mom was an unapologetic feeder who she could count on to feed her and feed her and feed her until she couldn't even move? Laurie was sweating and panting, her colossal bosom heaving and swaying as she pushed another forkful of potatoes into her mouth. Oh Gawd, she could feel herself getting moist between her legs. Thank God no one could see her below the table! Laurie was getting so worked up that she was sure she must be soaking right through her sweats, and she could just imagine a growing wet spot must be appearing in the crotch of her pants.

She had to make a decision. Fuck it. Laurie reached below the table, taking her blubbery gut in her hands, and hoisted it up to plop on the table. The whole table shook with the impact, plates and dishes rattling. No one noticed. Mr. Sarovy and Jesse were too busy gulping down their own fourth and third helpings, respectively. Mrs. Sarovy was occupied with dumping yet more casserole on her husband's plate. And Jen.... Well, Jen was too busy feeling sorry for herself and rubbing her own empty tummy to even care.

The poor girl had barely gotten even a bite to eat! Jen sadly poked at the speck of potatoes on her plate. Compared to the massive mounds of food that she usually hovered down at dinner, this was nothing! But everytime that she reached out toward anything on the table, she felt Laurie's furious gaze upon her and heard Laurie hissing into her ear: "Really, Jen? Try to have some self control."

Self control that Laurie clearly lacked. She was guzzling and gorging like a greedy hog at the trough!

Laurie gasped as her full belly smacked against the table, the tender overstretched skin tingling with a rare combination of pleasure and pain. Laurie's belly spread across the table, the hem of her shirt riding up, the slit of her navel squashed into a thin line as her belly settled

against the table top. She couldn't help but think about Frank... Oh, how he would tease her if he could see her now! Frank did love to tease her about her weight and she loved it when he teased her. He was the only person that she would allow to get away with that, the only person that was permitted to point out the obvious truth: That Laurie wasn't a buxom bombshell anymore. She was a bloated, billowing, bulging blimp, with a broad butt and big belly to match her ballooning boobs.

Oh Jeez, she needed Frank right now... She needed his strong arms to rub her full belly. She needed his dick. Laurie held back a sexual moan, but luckily everyone else at the table was too concerned with eating to even notice how strangely Laurie was acting. She could feel the sweat pooling in her cleavage, soaking through her undershirt. Her erect nipples were like little bazookas, tenting the taut fabric of her white wife beater and pointing straight across the table at the oblivious Mrs. Sarovy.

"I hope you girls remember to save room for dessert, too," said Mrs. Sarovy, returning from one of her frequent trips to the kitchen with a giant platter covered in fluffy, sugar-dusted pastries. Hope they saved room for dessert? That was ironic, because her constant feeding would be the main reason they'd both be too full for dessert! "I made sufganiyot!"

"Yesssssssss...wait...uh...what's that?" asked Laurie, her cheeks bulging with food. Was there really going to be dessert too? The limits of Laurie's boundless appetite were already being sorely tested just by the main course! As horny as she was, her face went slightly green at the thought that she still had more food to eat! Then again, dessert was the final lap. If she could just get through this without bursting...

"They're like jelly donuts," explained Jen, staring sadly at her empty plate. She hoped that Laurie would be too full for dessert, because that might be the only thing that Jen got to eat tonight!

"Oof," said Laurie, stifling a burp, "I guess I could hold a couple jelly donuts."

"Me too!" said Jen, "I'd love some too!"

"Uh uh uh, Jen!" said Laurie placing a chubby hand on Jen's shoulder. "Don't you think you've had enough treats?"

"But... but...Laurie..!"

"A tubby girl like you really needs to watch her waistline, don't you think, Jen?"

"I...I..."

"Good, I'm glad we're in agreement!" She turned to Mrs. Sarovy. "Yes, Mrs. Sarovy, please pass the sav...sav... the donuts right over here."

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Laurie was stuffed.

She was too stuffed.

A healthy appetite ensured that Laurie was well over 400 pounds of rippling blubber. The obese raven-haired diva was almost always stuffed – there was rarely a time that she was without a snack in her hand, and her insatiable appetite had contributed to her enormous size. But tonight was extreme, even for her.

“Too many.. jelly filled donuts,” she gasped, her breath coming in ragged, shallow pants. Breathing hurt. Moving hurt. Everything hurt. She was so very, very full. She couldn’t even see over her belly anymore, all she saw in front of her was acres and acres of enormous, heaving gut. She was as fat as a cow.

She lay on the recliner in Jen’s living room, reclined all the way back, trapped beneath her own belly like a beached whale. Her belly rose like a dome above her, quivering slightly as she breathed, the waistband of her pink track pants pushed down to her crotch. She hardly dared to breathe!

How many dozens of donuts had she eaten? Too many. She was so fat that she often didn’t see any physical change when she ate. Even after a big meal, her stomach’s distention was hidden from sight under pounds of flab. But tonight, her determination to save Jen from herself had gradually worked itself into a hunger so extreme that she hadn’t been able to stop herself. She just ate and ate and ate until she was completely filled up, her belly so tightly packed with creamy treats that she could barely even think straight. Laurie felt like a human jelly donut, so puffed up with jelly and dough that she might just explode in a shower of jelly.

“Ohhhh my gawd,” she sighed, gasping for breath. Her enormous, stuffed belly rose in front of her like a mountain, covered in a thin, glistening sheen of sweat. She had eaten too much. That was no surprise. She was a complete glutton who ate too much almost every night. That’s why she was the size of a beached whale, so fat that she had trouble finding clothes that would still fit over her mammoth curves. The last time that she had gone shopping, she had just managed to fit a few pairs of pants at Lane Bryant that she could pull over her tubby thighs and wide ass, that just managed to button around her impossible waist. That was weeks ago, though, and even though she knew that she should get her eating under control, that her constant snacking and gorging were leading to the day when not even the biggest sizes in the fat girl store would still fit her expanding ass, she couldn’t stop herself. It wasn’t just tonight, it was every night. Every night was an orgy of indulgence, a non-stop blur of food food food, filling herself until every nook and cranny in her cavernous belly was filled with delicious donuts. When Frank was around, she begged him to stuff her until she was ready to bust, then fuck her hard.... But even when she was alone she was still a pig. She was addicted to their sweet,



creamy taste and she just couldn't stop herself.

Her waistline was still growing. She knew it because she had already felt the waist on those fat girl pants start to pinch. Everyday, it was just a tiny bit harder to pull the button across and hook it into the buttonhole. Just a tiny bit harder to tug that zipper all the way up. Just a tiny bit harder to buckle her belt into the last remaining hole. On Monday, she had barely been able to do up her pants. On Tuesday, she knew that she was playing a dangerous game. Her pants were so tight that the button was barely staying hooked. If she moved too quickly, she would pop it clean off. On Wednesday, she gave up on pants entirely and moved into skirts. Skirts were her friends! Flow, non-confining skirts! But by Friday, she was having trouble even hooking her skirts around her vast waistline. She was blowing up too fast for clothes.

Today, all that was left for her was her sweats. She might be able to pack herself into her sweat pants tomorrow, but what was the point? She grunted and grabbed at the lever to recline the chair even further. The chair groaned as the mechanism released, dropping her backwards until she was almost completely horizontal. She was soooo stuffed.

"You okay, Laurie? You, like, ate a lot. I know you're not used to dealing with my mom..."

"I'm...fine..." muttered Laurie, barely able to form words she was in such over-stuffed pain. "I hope...you...appreciate what I do... for you...Jen."

"Er, like, yeah, totally!" said Jen. She had no clue what Laurie was talking about. Appreciate that Laurie had eaten EVERYTHING? Jen's tummy gurgled. Maybe once Laurie left Jen could sneak back into the kitchen and chow down on some leftovers... They were always plenty of leftovers after all!

"Ugh...I can't...I couldn't eat another bite... oh, I don't think I can ever eat again..."

"Are you girls okay?" asked Mrs Sarovy from the living room doorway. "Are you sure you wouldn't like just a little more dessert?"

Laurie burped and moaned, grabbing at Jen's arm desperately. Her hand was old and clammy with fear.

"Jen, is your... is your mother insane?"

"Like, maybe you should just take a break," said Jen, "Here, I'll have a couple donuts."

"No!" cried Laurie. She struggled to sit up but she was too glugged, so she just fell back into the chair with a groan. "I didn't... put myself through all that... just so you can spoil your diet in the... eleventh hour! Tell your mom... I'll eat the rest!"

“Um, like, okay.” Jen called out to her mother: “Sure, Mom, like, Laurie says she’ll have a couple more.”

Mrs. Sarovy lost no time in bringing out yet another tray of donuts.

Laurie blanched. There was no way. No possible way. Her overloaded stomach popped and gurgled and grumbled in protest, already struggling to digest the massive meal. She couldn’t possibly expect it to hold anymore!

But Laurie felt a new resolve fill her as she noticed the hungry look in Jen’s eyes. No. No, she couldn’t let Jen spoil her diet. Not now. Not after everything that she’d been through tonight.

She would eat.

“Just bring them right here, please, Mrs. Sarovy,” said Laurie.

The things she did for friendship!

# 50. Alice

Alice lowered her bulk into the tub, careful not to spill any water over the lip. It wasn't easy since Alice's massive frame displaced a lot of water. It also wasn't easy because this tub was becoming such a tight fit for Alice's ponderously porky body; the sides pinched her hips and sides. Unfortunately, at her size Alice found that she no longer had the energy to stand long enough to take a shower – even a few minutes supporting her vast weight made her plump little feet ache – so now she was forced to turn to the bathtub as her only alternative.

At over 400 pounds, Alice displaced A LOT of water. She only filled the bathtub half way up, but even that was almost too much water. As Alice plopped her girthy body into the tub, the water rose higher and higher until it just about breached the lip of the tub. Luckily, the emergency drain prevented the water from rising too high. Thank goodness for small favors!

Alice sighed, enjoying the warmth of the water. She was so big these days that, much like a hippo or an elephant seal, she found it so awkward to move about on land that she welcomed the weightless feeling of floating in water. They say that fat floats and Alice was so fat that she was basically unsinkable. She was an enormous, flushed pink hog, the water buoying her mammoth belly, voluminous thighs, and plump breasts.

Alice closed her eyes, a flush on her chubby cheeks and a smile on her plump lips. This was a rare slice of heaven! The only thing that might make it better was if she could have a little snack... Well, she could wait for that. She was beginning to feel a little peckish. After all, it had only been an hour since dinner. But Tyler was supposed to come over to help her study tonight, so maybe she could wait to eat until he arrived. After all, Tyler did love to watch her eat. By now, Alice had come to terms with Tyler's unusual taste in women. She was glad that he liked her growing body, but, deep down, she still worried sometimes if she could get TOO big for him. At last weigh-in, she was 420 pounds. That was already pretty big. And she was still growing... And that just kept making life harder for her! She already needed Tyler's help to get out of bed in the morning, to get dressed, to fit through doorways. If she got much bigger, she'd need him to support her when she walked... we, waddled!

Luckily, Alice had a contingency plan. Her mind drifted back to that mobility scooter that she'd seen at the mall. She and her equally overstuffed bestie Jen had decided to start saving up their allowances, so that they could purchase a pair of Rascals. The two girls were ecstatic at the thought that soon they wouldn't have to struggle with walking anymore. Walking was such a bother! It always left them panting and winded. If they could just scoot along...! Of course, the occasional waddle was probably the only physical exercise that Jen and Alice got these days, so buying scooters would only make them both blow up even faster. They were willfully ignoring that.

Alice opened her eyes and glanced across the room at her favorite cargo pants, draped over the counter. The pants looked like a circus tent they were so big, but Alice required the biggest sizes at the big girl store to cover her growing rear (In fact, Alice did a lot of her shopping at the maternity store because the Big Girl clothing shop didn't carry styles with enough room in the front for the massively bellicentric blimpette). She could see the black stitches running up the seat of her pants – few a few days ago, Alice had split the rear seam when she bent over to grab something from the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. In despair, Alice had taken her busted pants to Abida, knowing that Abida was a master seamstress. And now they were (almost) as good as new! Abida really was a godsend. As long as Abida would keep stitching up broken seams and refastening popped buttons, Jen and Alice wouldn't have to keep buying new clothes. And the money they saved on clothes could go right into their mobility scooter fund!

The only fly in the ointment was that neither Jen nor Alice had modified their eating habits. They were willfully ignoring the fact that Abida could only let out their pants so many times or repair so many tears before they simply ballooned beyond the limits of their old clothes.

As lovely as this bath was, Alice needed to get herself dried off before Tyler got over. It wouldn't do for him to catch her naked in the tub! Alice stifled a giggle at the thought. She was still pretty bashful about her ballooning body, but she liked the effect she had on Tyler. She imaged what he would think if his growing girlfriend greeted him in the nude; it was actually kind of a compelling idea! Alice felt a flush hit her cheeks and a slight tingle in her nethers at the naughty thought, but she quickly pushed it out of her head. No, that would just be too embarrassing! She needed to get dressed. After all, he was coming over so that they could study together, not fool around! She wouldn't object if Tyler wanted the two of them to get undressed later, though...

Alice placed her hands on the sides of the tub and attempted to hoist herself out of the tub. But her big fat butt never even rose from the tub floor. Alice frowned and pushed again, the water sloshing over the rim of the tub and splashing against the tile floor as she shifted. She could feel her meaty flanks sticking to the sides of the tub; there was too much suction, she couldn't pull loose. Her eyes bulged as the realization hit her. She was stuck. No, no, no! This was terrible! To make matters worse, Alice's wet flab was so slippery that she had no luck trying to push her blubber down with her hands; her rolls simply slipped away from her pudgy little fingers.

Alice bit her lip, terror rising in her heart. She couldn't believe that she was actually stuck in the bathtub! What was she going to do? If her mother caught her stuck in the tub... Oh Gawd, she'd never hear the end of it! Her mother had recently stopped nagging Alice about her weight, apparently resigned to the fact that Alice was destined to keep swelling bigger and bigger no matter what she said. But Alice could still feel her mother's disapproving glare whenever the chubby cutie reached for a second helping at dinner or whenever her mother caught her raiding the fridge between meals. Her mother's frowns weren't enough to dissuade Alice from her gluttonous ways, unfortunately, because the siren song of food was just too

strong.

There was a knock on the door.

“Mom? Mom, are you there?”

“Alice, are you okay in there?” Alice’s mother’s voice came through the door. “I heard a noise.”

“Yeah, Mom, I’m fine!” lied Alice. “I was just taking a bath.”

“Okay, fine.”

What was she going to do? Eventually her mother would figure out that Alice was stuck fast. Now she was worried! The longer she stayed in the tub, the more water-logged she grew. Her pudgy finger tips were already growing wrinkled. Logically, it wasn’t like she could absorb enough water to make her even more stuck, but Alice wasn’t thinking logically right now. She was almost frantic, convincing herself that she could absorb all the water in the tub and wedge herself in even tighter!

“Oh Gawd, why did I let myself get so fat?” whined Alice, desperately struggling to push herself into an upright position. Her gargantuan belly bunched up into three thick jelly rolls as she leaned forward, acting as a spring that pushed her back into a lying position. “Why didn’t I have more willpower? This is the worst thing that’s ever happened to me! Oh Gawd, when mom finds out what’s happened, I’ll never hear the end of it!”

A sudden thought occurred to her. Maybe if she could just reach the soap, she could help lubricate her sides enough that she could slip out of the tub! Unfortunately, the soap bar was resting comfortably in its soap dish and out of reach. Maybe she could get it with her foot. With considerable difficulty, Alice raised her elephantine left leg and stretched out to try and grab the soap with her dainty little piggy toes. That was hard work! Not only were Alice’s leg muscles too weak to keep her leg raised for long, but her globular gut sagged against her upper thighs with such weight that her leg started to quiver as it supported the heavy mass. Alice felt her toe touch the soap, but when she tried to push it toward her she only succeeded in knocking it into the water with a splash

“Darn it!” muttered Alice, “This just keeps getting worse and worse!”

Suddenly there was another knock at the door.

“Alice, are you sure that you’re okay in there? I heard something.”

“I’m... I’m fine, Mom! Don’t come in!”

“Alice, I can tell something’s wrong. I’m coming in.”

“Mom, no!”

Alice yelped as her mother threw open the door. Her eyes fell on her obese daughter wobbling back and forth in the tub, the thick flab of Alice’s meaty flanks overflowing over the side of the tub as she squirmed.

“You’re still in the tub? Wait... Alice, are you... are you stuck?”

Alice blushed. “I...I...yeah.”

Her mother stared at her with icy eyes. Alice could guess what she was thinking: How did I end up with such a disgraceful pig of a daughter so fat that she’s stuck in a bathtub?

“Alice, honey, you know that I don’t like to nag you about your weight...”

“Mom, please,” begged Alice. She was already feeling miserable enough! The last thing that she needed now was a lecture about her ever-expanding waistline. Besides, thought Alice grimly, it was a total lie that her mother didn’t like nagging her about her weight. Her mother did nothing BUT nag her! True, she had been quieter recently, but that was only because she was resigned to Alice’s size not because she actually cared about her daughter’s feelings.

“...but don’t you think things are getting a little out of control?”

“Mom, I...I...please, Mom, this is serious! I don’t have time for a lecture right now.”

“I think this is the perfect time for a lecture,” said her mother. “You can’t ignore me now. You’re a captive audience.”

For emphasis, she placed her hand flat against the slippery surface of Alice’s wet belly and gave it a quick shake, watching the soft blubber jiggle in response like a water balloon filled with gelatin.

“Alice, you know that I’ve always worried about your weight. A year ago, you were just chubby. But now! Now you’re completely out of control. How much do you weigh, Alice?”

“I...I...I dunno, Mom.” Alice stuttered, reluctant to tell the truth.

“You don’t know how much you weigh,” repeated her mother, “Is that because you’re afraid to get on a scale? I can tell just by looking at you that you must be, what, 500 pounds.”

“Nuh uh!” cut in Alice. “I’m just 420 pounds!” Immediately, she slapped a hand to her mouth, but the damage was done.

“420 pounds, is it? So you DO know how much you weigh. And you just weren’t saying because you were embarrassed, right?”

Alice’s face was red as a tomato now, the flush of embarrassment creeping downwards through the rest of her porky body too.

“You should be embarrassed, Alice. I don’t know how a girl could let herself gain so much weight so quickly. All you do is eat. Or hang out with those friends of yours, Jen and Laurie – and eat with them! Lord knows the two of them are almost as fat as you are!”

“Um... actually, they’re bigger than me,” said Alice, hoping that revelation might assuage her mother.

“Even bigger? Good Lord, how fat are the three of you going to get before you’re done? You’re like... you’re like three little pigs together, except that none of you are little. You’re all massive! You’re already eating me out of house and home; I shudder to think what the food bills must look like at the Belmontes and Sarovy households! And think about the expense of installing a custom-built bathtub to fit you! What do you have to say for yourself, Alice?”

“It.. couldn’t cost that much...”

“Any other girl would think it was easier to just lose the weight, but here you are seriously talking about just getting a bigger tub! Young lady, I’m putting my foot down. I don’t know how you’ve managed to balloon up like this while I’ve had you on this diet, but I don’t want to see you gain another pound. You say you’re just 420 pounds? Good! Next time I weigh you, if you’re even one pound over 420, I am going to... I am going to make you quit that job at the pizza place!”

“No! But Mom, I...I need that job! How am I supposed to make any money after you cut off my allowance?”

“And why do you need a job? What do you use your money for? For more food? As if you’re not already stuffing your face enough at work. No, that’s final. Now you can just sit in that tub and think about what you’ve done to yourself tonight.”

“But Mom! Aren’t you going to help me out?” Alice raised her thick, blubbery arms helplessly.

“No! I’m going out for a drink. Lord knows I deserve it for what I put up with here. You can sit in that tub until you lose enough weight to pry yourself out. Maybe if you had to solve your problems for yourself, you’d think a little before letting yourself blow up like a blimp.”

Her mother stalked out of the room, leaving Alice alone and frightened in the tub. Now

what was she going to do? Would she really be stuck here until she wasted away? Alice almost wanted to cry.

Even worse, would her mother actually force her to quit her job at Pizza-by-the-Pound? Alice was already on thin ice at work as her supervisor suspected her of stealing food on the sly. Maggie hadn't actually caught Alice in the act, but Alice's growing belly and shrinking wardrobe seemed to confirm her suspicions. Alice already looked like a plump sausage ready to burst when she was stuffed into her work clothes, and her ballooning size made it harder and harder for her to spend an entire shift on her feet or to fit into the kitchen without her gut plopping onto the counter or pushing against the cash register. And if she wasn't working, Alice would have no income at all! That meant that she'd never get her mobility scooter!

Gawd, she would just die if Jen got to ride around on a scooter but she was still forced to waddle. That was soooo unfair!

I need somehow to make sure that Mom doesn't realize how much I weigh, thought Alice. She was sure that she was already way over 420 and she knew, deep in her fat-clogged heart, that there was no way that she was going to stop plumping up anytime soon. Food just tasted way too good to pass up! And Alice just loved filling her fat little tumtum too much to deny herself the tastiest, richest treats. The poor baby!

How could she do that? If she kept growing at this rate, her mother wouldn't need a scale to tell that Alice was gaining: She would know just from watching Alice pop buttons off her slacks and break chairs... and get stuck in bathtubs.

Another knock at the door roused Alice from her self-pity.

"Mom! You came back?" Alice had never been so happy to see her mother before. But when the door opened, it wasn't her mom at all. It was Tyler.

That was better.

"Hey, Alice, are you okay? No one answered the door, so I just let myself in... oh sorry, I didn't know you were in the bathtub. I'll leave you alone."

"No, no! Don't go, Tyler! I need your help!"

"What?"

"I'm stuck! My mom got so mad that she left me here, but I can't get out. Tyler, I need you to help pull me out, please? You're my only hope!"

"Oh gosh, what happened?"



“I just...I just got stuck. I don't know what happened!” said Alice, willfully ignoring the truth. Of course she knew what happened. She got too fat. But she didn't want to admit that.

Tyler was spellbound. Naked and glistening, Alice looked bigger than ever. He was well aware of Alice's weight – she was nearly 500 pounds, so it wasn't like she could hide it! But stuck in the tub without a stitch of clothing on her massive, blubbery body, Alice looked huge! She looked like a hippopotamus struggling to escape a muddy river bank as she grunted and flopped inside the tub, her vast dome-like belly wobbling and shaking as she flailed her uselessly rotund arms and legs. Alice's round breasts bounced against the shelf of her belly, wobbling like jello, and Tyler couldn't help but stare at his fat girlfriend's exposed nipples. Alice blushed again as she realized what Tyler was staring at, but she was too busy trying to push herself out of the tub to worry about modesty. Luckily, her hanging gut covered her crotch and hid her plump little pussy from view.

This was silly! Tyler had seen her naked plenty of times before. But somehow, catching her naked and stuck in the tub made Alice feel more exposed than usual, so she couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed.

“Tyler, you've got to help me! I'm...” Alice blushed. “I'm too tubby for the tub!”

“Wow, Alice, are you kidding me? Are you really stuck in there?”

He walked over to her, peering through the mist of steam to get a better glimpse at the trapped behemoth. Indeed, he could see the rosy pink blubber of Alice's flanks oozing over the lip of the tub as the blimping blonde struggled to pull herself free.

“Yes! Tyler, please stop! This is serious!” Alice whined. She was so embarrassed that her boyfriend would catch her in this situation! Of course, Alice knew that Tyler liked her big – and that knowledge was helping to put Alice more at ease in her growing body. She didn't need much encouragement to succumb to her own extreme gluttony, but Tyler's tacit endorsement meant that she felt somewhat less ashamed of her increasingly frequent binges. If it wasn't for her mother's disapproval, Alice probably would glut herself constantly without guilt just like her friend Jen.

“Alright alright, Alice, just calm down, it can't be that bad. Try sitting up, Alice. You pull and I'll push!”

“Oh Tyler, that won't work! I already tried! Oh Gawd, you're going to have to call the fire department to get me out! I can't believe this is happening. Oh why did I let myself get this big? I knew I should have stopped eating!”

“Alice, stop fretting and work with me here!” snapped Tyler, beginning to tire of his girlfriend's self-pity. “The problem isn't you, it's this tiny tub. Why did you even think this tub was the right size? It's way too narrow!”

"I... I can't use the shower anymore!" said Alice, "It's too hard to stand!"

"Then just put a chair in the shower. You've got some waterproof outdoor chairs you can use, don't you?"

"Oh! Wow, yeah, I hadn't thought of that! That's a great idea!" Alice brightened up immediately.

"Yeah, but it doesn't help us much right now," said Tyler as he yanked on his girlfriend's tubby arms. "You're still stuck fast in there! If only there was way to lube you up... We could get some butter to grease you up and I'll bet you'd pop right out of there."

"Butter? Oh Tyler, no, that would make such a mess!"

"I was just kidding, Alice, calm down. But wait a second, that gives me an idea. Where's the soap, Alice?"

"I...I, uh, accidentally kicked it into the water." She nodded toward the foot of the bath, wiggling her delicate chubby toes uselessly. "I was trying to get it to soap myself down but... I couldn't reach it."

"Okay, just hold tight, let me find it." Tyler rolled up his sleeve and plunged his arm beneath the warm water. Alice blushed again as Tyler searched the area between her thick chunky legs to find the missing bar of soap.

"Aha! Here it is!" He pulled out and held up the soft, dripping bar. "Now we can really get you lubed up."

"Please be gentle," whimpered Alice. Her soft, gelatinous flesh was so cruelly pinched between the sides of the tub! It was just so uncomfortable.

"It's okay, Alice, don't be a baby," said Tyler, "This might hurt a little, but I promise it'll get you out more easily."

Tyler pressed on Alice's side and Alice whined as her boyfriend fought against the suction holding her flesh to the smooth white porcelain of the tub. When he finally managed to pry enough of Alice away from the side, he vigorously scrubbed her flanks with the soap, working up a slippery lather.

"Okay, other side now."

Alice groaned as she struggled to roll her bulk toward Tyler, so that he could access her other side. She looked like a whale lazily doing a barrel roll under the sea, but Tyler managed

to finally lather up her far side enough that she might have some give when he pulled.

“Okay, Alice, you’re all soaped up. If this doesn’t get you out, nothing will!”

“Oh, don’t say that, Tyler!” said Alice, her face going pale at the thought.

“Don’t worry so much. Just remember: when I pull, you push, okay?”

Alice nodded as Tyler once again grabbed hold of her hands. Tyler nodded back and called out: “Okay, now!”

“Uuuughhhhhhh!” moaned Alice. She heaved as much as she could; her flabby body didn’t have the muscle mass to effectively do much of anything anymore, but Alice pooled all her concentration, drawing on deep inner reserves of strength that she never even knew she had, and PUSHED. Tyler pulled. And gradually, with a loud groaning, squeaking sound, Alice started to move.

“It’s working! It’s working! Oh, Tyler, thank you so much, it’s working!” squealed Alice, overjoyed at the movement.

“Don’t stop!” scolded Tyler, “We’re not out of the woods yet! Keep pushing!”

“Ughhhhhhhhh!” They kept pushing and pulling and pushing and pulling until finally...

POP! Like a cork popping out of a wine bottle, Alice came free, lurching forward and spilling water out of the tub. Alice tumbled forward, nearly pinning her boyfriend under her weight.

“Oh my gosh, Tyler! I can’t believe it! You did it! You saved me!” Alice gushed, barely able to contain her glee at her new freedom. Struggling to her feet, she grabbed Tyler and hugged him close in a warm, wet embrace, pressing the thin boy tightly against her bare, flushed flesh. Tyler could barely stutter out a response as he felt the moisture of his over-bloated girlfriend’s wet naked skin soaking through his shirt.

“Oh no! I need to get dressed!” said Alice, suddenly remembering her nudity. She released Tyler and instantly held one chubby hand over her ample chest to block the view of her nipples and the other over her crotch to block the view of her plump pussy.

“Gosh, Alice, you don’t need to be so modest. You don’t have anything I haven’t seen before.”

“I know... but... this is different,” said Alice, “I’m not being sexy right now, I’m just all fat and gross!”

“You could never just be fat and gross, Alice,” said Tyler.

“Aw, Tyler, thanks, I... I needed to hear that. I guess you’re right.” Shyly, the obese blonde cow dropped her hands, allowing Tyler to drink in her complete naked form. Alice was quite a sight! Glistening with moisture, Alice was massive. The voluptuous, zaftig blonde was as round as a bowling ball; her enormous belly stuck out in front of her a good two feet, sagging against her thick, elephantine thighs that touched all the way down to the knee. Her breasts rested against the shelf of her oversized gut. Her pale pink skin was flushed red like a lobster from the heat of the bath as well as her natural bashfulness. Tyler couldn’t help but gawk as the gargantuan girl stepped out of the tub, resting her delicate feet on the fluffy bathmat.

“Tyler, could you help me get dressed? My pajamas are right there on the chair.”

Tyler turned to look. Alice’s tent-like pajamas hung over the back of the bathroom chair, right next to her enormous cargo pants. Tyler grabbed them and held them up, noting that the pajama pants were so vast that he could fit his entire body into one leg. He could also feel how the pants’ waist hung loose and limp; Alice had grown so round and fat that her belly had overpowered the waistband and snapped the elastic.

“Okay, Alice, lift your left foot and I’ll help you in.”

Alice stared dubiously at her feet, afraid that she’d finally grown too round and unwieldy to balance herself on one foot. “Could you help, though?”

Tyler smiled. “Of course.”

Tyler crouched down as Alice lifted her left leg, leaning her arm against Tyler’s back to support herself. Tyler nearly buckled at the intense weight suddenly pressing down on him, but he held on until he was able to get Alice’s feet into the pants – first one then the other.

The pajama top barely fit around Alice’s corpulent body. Her rotund arms filled the soft cotton sleeves so tightly that her arms looked like two cloth-covered sausages. With some effort, Tyler just managed to shove the top two buttons into their holes, covering Alice’s growing bosom—but the buttons that should help cover her belly wouldn’t reach at all. Her fat belly hung over the broken waistband of her pajama pants, wobbling and jiggling with Alice’s labored breaths.

“Alice, you really need to get some new pajamas if you want to cover up,” said Tyler, stepping back to look at Alice’s body bulging out of her inadequate sleep clothes.

“I can’t afford new pajamas,” said Alice. “But don’t worry, I’ll just have Abida let these out next time I see her.”

“Can’t afford them? But don’t you have money from working at Pizza-by-the-Pound?”

Alice bit her lip. Did she dare confess to Tyler the truth? That she was saving up her money so that she could buy a mobility scooter? Tyler certainly reveled in her larger body – she could feel his lustful gaze on her whenever he looked at her massive bulk – but would he be okay knowing that she was so large that she needed extra help to move around? She knew that Jen was hiding their plan from Craig, but she also knew from Jen that Craig wasn’t as supportive of Jen’s size as Tyler was of Alice’s. Craig mostly accepted Jen’s ballooning body as a tolerable side-effect of her growing backside. But Tyler really LIKED Alice’s size. And, of course, he had just discovered that she was too fat to comfortably fit into a bathtub and, instead of judging her, he had rescued her.

Maybe she could trust him with this information...

“Um...well, see, I’m trying to save my money right now,” said Alice, “Jen and I saw these... these mobility scooters for sale at the mall. They were kind of expensive, but we thought it would be really great to have them. You know, it would just make it so much easier to get around, you know?”

Alice felt beads of nervous sweat pop out on her forehead. Her stomach flipped and gurgled in fear as she waited to hear Tyler’s reaction.

“Yeah, that sounds like a good idea,” said Tyler, nodding. “I know that you get tired from walking around so much, so I think it would be awesome if you could get a scooter. You wouldn’t need to wear yourself out.”

Alice couldn’t believe her ears. “Really? So you don’t mind?”

“No, of course not!” Tyler ran his hand over the arc of Alice’s stomach, tickling the bare flesh that billowed from under the hem of her too-tight top. “I want to make sure that you’re never uncomfortable, Alice. And if a scooter will help you to be more comfortable, I’ll even help pitch in a little!”

“You will? Oh Tyler, you’re the best! If you’ll help me, I bet I could get that scooter in no time! That would be great!”

Alice hugged Tyler tightly, planting a delighted kiss on his cheek. Holding the skinny boy close to her, she could feel his heart beating wildly in his chest. Tyler, of course, loved his big beautiful girlfriend, and nothing made him happier than the prospect of seeing her growing EVEN bigger. He was trying to hide his excitement, but he knew that if Alice spent her days with her already wide ass plopped into the bucket seat of a mobility scooter, she would be getting even less exercise than she was now. And that meant that she was only going to grow bigger and bigger and bigger...

Tyler could hardly wait!

# 51. Jen

Jen was miserable. Watching Laurie dominate her mother at dinner, snatching all the food intended for Jen's plate, left her feeling hungry and depressed. Laurie claimed that she did it for Jen's own food – in Laurie's mind, Jen's weight was out of control and she was only trying to save Jen from her own gluttony. But honestly, Jen was pretty okay with her size. She didn't care if she had a little extra junk in the trunk.

Although, to be fair, at 433 pounds, Jen had a little more than a "little extra" junk in the trunk. Jen was a big blubbery heifer, so bottom-heavy that she walked with a distinctive rolling waddle that made her look like an inflated Weeble wobbling along. According to the old advertising slogan, Weebles wobble but they don't fall down. If Jen fell down, she wouldn't be able to right herself with her extremely low center of gravity.

"I'm hungry, Laurie, couldn't I, like, just have one donut?"

"Don't be a piggy, Jen," muttered Laurie haughtily, shoving another jelly donut into her mouth and biting down to make the jelly squirt out the far end and dribble down her double chin.

The two girls had moved to the living room, where Jen sat sprawled on the couch (filling the seat almost entirely with her own seat) and Laurie lay prone in a reclining armchair. Laurie's evening feast left her so stuffed and dazed that she could barely move, her mountain of a belly so huge and full that it miraculously appeared to tower higher above her than her mega-sized breasts. Yet now she was working her way through a tray of jelly donuts, whimpering slightly with each bite, simply to prevent Jen from eating any. The more she ate, the higher her belly rose. Laurie's growing gut pushed up the hem of her shirt, making it fit as a tight roll across her mammoth mammaries and pushed down the elastic waistband of her snug sweatpants. She looked nine months pregnant and about to pop!

And yet she still refused to let Jen have anything to eat!

"This is, like, so not fair, Laurie! Like, I haven't had anything to eat all night! I've just been, like, drinking soda!"

Jen lifted her glass to her lips and took another swig of soda pop. That was true. Deprived of food, Jen had instead sought to fill the void in her belly with sugary sweet soda. The high sugar, high calorie drink left her bloated and sloshing, her liquid-filled belly resting on her thick thighs like a water balloon. It was probably even worse for her figure than her mother's high fat cooking, but it was the only thing that Laurie didn't bother keeping away from her. The only problem, of course, was that Jen's bladder felt ready to burst.

“I’m, like, gonna go to the bathroom,” said Jen, struggling to her feet. Laurie grunted but otherwise didn’t respond, her mouth too crammed with pastry.

Jen groaned as she lurched to her feet, nearly losing her balance and falling backwards onto the couch again pulled by the gravity of her enormous buttocks. But eventually Jen steadied herself. That was only the first part of the ordeal, though, because the bathroom was sooo far away! And Jen just hated spending any time on her feet.

Jen hoped that, now that Abida was adjusting her clothes to accommodate her growing waistline, she would soon be able to save up enough extra cash to purchase that mobility scooter. It couldn’t take that long, could it? After all, Jen really only had three major expenses in her life: food, clothes, and anti-cellulite cream. Jen could hardly keep the blush from her plump cheeks as she thought about her shameful secret. The pumped-up princess slathered her gargantuan rump with anti-cellulite cream every night before going to bed, in hopes that she could protect her ever-expanding heiney from the ravages of growth. So far, it seemed to be working. Even though Jen’s bottom was massive, it was still perfectly tight and round – like a pair of overinflated party balloons that wobbled inside her tights as she waddled. All that cream was working like a miracle! And thank goodness, because it wasn’t a cheap vice. Jen was so bottom heavy these days that she used two entire jars every day – one for each chubby cheek.

So there really was no way that she could cut back on her anti-cellulite cream expenses. She’d have to cut down on her food and clothing expenses. Jen nodded grimly to herself, as if she had any intention of eating less. Okay, clothing was the only reliable place to save a few bucks. She just hoped that she could resist the siren call of bargain clothes sales until she had enough savings to buy that wonderful, marvelous, best-thing-in-the-whole-wide-world mobility scooter.

Once she had that, life would be soooo much easier! For one thing, she wouldn’t have to make this tedious trek to the bathroom. She wished she had her scooter right now, so she could just glide right to the bathroom without having to exert any energy or move a muscle! That would be heaven!

Jen was in a quandary. The downstairs bathroom was conveniently located only a few feet away, but it was little more than a cramped closet with a sink and a toilet – barely enough room for Jen to squeeze her mega-sized bottom between the wall and the toilet fixture. The house’s only full bathroom was upstairs, but that would require Jen to lug her fat ass up a flight of stairs.

Jen really was getting tired of those stairs. She needed to ask her parents about moving into one of the downstairs rooms, so that she wouldn’t be forced to make that laborious trip everyday. There really was no end to Jen’s laziness.

Finally, Jen’s laziness won out over any concerns about fitting her massive body into the tiny bathroom space. Jen wobbled over to the downstairs bathroom, huffing and puffing as she



fought against the violent jiggling of her flabby body to push herself forward.

“Crap, I don’t remember the door being THIS small,” mumbled Jen as hunched her shoulders to squeeze through the doorway. The jelly rolls at her sides brushed the sides of the door and Jen could feel the hard wood against the soft flesh of her thighs, but she pressed forward. That’s when she hit a snag. She was almost through when her giant butt bumped into the walls. She was just too wide in the seat to pass through!

“Oooooo shit shit shit,” mumbled Jen, her eyes bulging in fear. Not again! Jen’s memory flashed back to the time, not so long ago, when Jen’s bloated booty had trapped her in a school desk when she took a make-up test after hours. She probably would have been stuck there forever if it hadn’t been for Laurie coming to her rescue. But now Laurie was comatose in the living room, stuffed into a complete stupor, so there was no one who could help her now! Jen was beginning to panic, a shiver running through her body and setting her gelatinous rump quivering like a mountain of pudding.

“Jen? Like, are you okay?” It was Jen’s little sister Jesse.

Oh Thank Gawd! Jen had completely forgotten that her entire family was at home. She wasn’t lost after all!

“Ummmmm, I’m kinda stuck?” Jen clenched her behemoth booty and tried to wriggle through the doorway, but she was stuck fast. “Could you, like, give me a push?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Jen yelped as she felt the full weight of her sister’s body bump against her massive behind.

“Careful! Like, don’t push so hard!” whined Jen. “My butt is sore!”

“From what? Sitting all day?” said Jesse. Jesse was a tad more astute than her empty-headed sister. Jesse was only 13, but, under the influence of her mother’s cooking and genetics, she already displayed the distinctive Sarovy hindquarters. The chubby girl’s developing backside looked positively miniscule next to her older sister’s giant, round buns. In her green stretch pants, the cheeks of Jen’s butt looked like two big watermelons. The writing was already on the wall for her, and she was probably destined to grow into an overripe pear like Jen once puberty hit her hard.

“I...Like, yeah! There’s, like, a lot of weight resting on it! Um, like, be careful back there!” Jen didn’t want to say it, but her butt was actually becoming more sensitive the bigger it grew. Just as Laurie could lose herself in blissful euphoria now just by tweaking the cork-sized nipples topping her mammoth mamories, Jen’s butt was a source of near constant pleasure for her. Just sitting on her plush rump almost felt as good as when she felt Craig squeeze her lobes

between his fingers. And she was beginning to enjoy the feel of her stretchy yoga pants sliding over the vast expanse of her globular cheeks when she waddled. The sensation was almost good enough to encourage Jen to walk more, but, ultimately, her laziness and sloth still won out.

Jen was gaining so fast that she was like a human blimp, and her butt always looked fully inflated. It was so tightly packed with quivering blubber that her cheeks always tingled with sensation. And now Jesse was heaving her own not-inconsiderable weight against her from behind, filling Jen with confusing feelings of pleasure. Poor Jen! After the last sleep over, when Laurie had unexpectedly kissed her full on the lips, this was the last thing that Jen needed, since it only confused her more. Jen wasn't entirely sure how she felt about this whole situation, but she didn't give it much thought: She was too dim-witted to think about anything very deeply and right now the pressure against her tender buttocks was distracting her from thinking about anything else.

Jesse rammed her body against Jen's butt again without success, but the collision drew a loud yelp from Jen. If Jesse wasn't careful, she might actually make Jen come just from smashing into her fat ass!

"It's not working!" whined Jesse. "Mom! Dad! Come help me!"

"Ughh, like, don't call Mom and Dad," whined Jen. Great, now her parents were going to see her stuck in a doorway because her ass was too inflated to fit into the bathroom.

"What's going on here? Oh no, Jen, are you okay?" said her mother's voice.

"Yeah, she's fine, she's just stuck cuz her butt is too big," said Jesse.

"Her butt is not too big," said Jen's mother stiffly. "Jen is just perfect. She's a growing girl and it's a sign of good health."

"Yeah! Like, that's right!" called out Jen. The nerve of her little sister insulting her bootilicious rear! Despite Laurie's constant criticism and Craig's worries, Jen couldn't think of her voluminous backside as anything other than spectacular. Besides, Jen loved to eat and she definitely wasn't going to change any of her lifestyle habits to try and reduce it.

"What's going on here, girls? There some sort of trouble here?" came Jen's dad's voice.

"Jen's stuck cuz her butt is huge," said Jesse.

"Jen is absolutely the proper size for a healthy girl," insisted Jen's mom.

"That's right," said her father, "A little meat is good for a girl. You'll understand when you're older, Jesse."

“Pffff, I am not going to be THAT fat,” muttered Jesse. Of course, considering that Jesse was already a substantial little chubbette, that was pretty unlikely. Unless she changed her eating habits, she would surely follow in her older sister’s increasingly hefty footsteps.

“Um, like, could we concentrate on the real problem here?” whined Jen, shaking her oversized rump pathetically.

“Absolutely, princess, we’ll get you out of there in two shakes of a lamb’s tail,” said Jen’s father, patting the only part of her body he could reach reassuringly. Then he turned to his wife and other daughter: “Okay, family, we’re going to have to work together on this. Jesse, you and your mother take the left cheek, I’ll take the right, and we’re gonna push with all out might!”

“Um, you guys are gonna be careful, right?” said Jen with a note of fear in her voice. She almost orgasmed from just Jesse grabbing her ass; she was afraid to think what might happen with her ENTIRE FAMILY grabbing her ass! And getting off cuz your parents were pushing your butt? Ew, gross! That was soooo weird! That would be even weirder than getting off cuz your best friend got drunk and kissed you!

“Okay, family, heave!”

Jen yelped as she felt three pairs of hands pressing against her rumbleseat. Jen’s family groaned with the effort of heaving against Jen’s pillowy cheeks, but the flabulous orbs of Jen’s booty were so soft that their hands just sank uselessly into the yielding blubber as if it was quicksand. Jen’s tushie was like an enormous ziplock bag filled with thick molasses.

After a few minutes, Jen’s parents were winded. Like their daughter, they were both hefty people unaccustomed to exerting themselves. Even Jesse was left panting and red-faced from the effort.

“What? What’s going on out there? Did it work?” asked Jen hopefully. The empty-headed bimbo attempted to move forward, but found she was still wedged fast into the doorway. “Um, like, it didn’t work! I’m still stuck!”

“Of course you’re still stuck, you ditz,” snapped Jesse. “You’re too wide! We’ll have to just leave you here till you lose some weight.”

“Don’t talk like that, Jesse! How could you say something so cruel? Do you want your poor sister to waste away to nothing? She’s barely more than skin and bones as it is!” admonished Jen’s mom. The older woman was almost as delusional as Jen herself, refusing to see that her daughter had ballooned into such a fat-ass cow that she was outgrowing their house.

“I’m sure if we just had a little more weight we could push her through,” said Jen’s father. “Maybe we could bring Jen’s friend over here to help...?”

“No, no, like, don’t bother Laurie!” cried Jen. Laurie was too stuffed and bloated to even get out of her seat let alone help push, but Jen also didn’t want to call her friend’s attention to her predicament. Laurie was already obsessed with the ridiculous idea that Jen needed to lose weight and she didn’t want to give Laurie any more ammunition for that belief. “Just, like, give me another push! I’m sure it’ll totally work this time!”

“Alright, princess, anything you say. Ready, family? Let’s give it the old Sarovy try!”

Once again the three people shoved their combined weight against Jen’s quarter ton badonk. Inside the bathroom, Jen pushed against the walls with her own hands, hoping against hope that this might be enough to dislodge her.

And lo and behold! It was working! Jen felt herself slowly, ever so slowly, sliding forward, the slick shiny material of her leotards helping her thighs slide frictionlessly against the doorframe.

“It’s working! It’s working! Keep going!” cried Jen.

“Did you hear that? She’s moving! Keep pushing!” cried Jesse.

A few more grunts and groans and suddenly POP! Jen tumbled forward, somersaulting head over hindquarters into the bathroom.

“Hooray! We did it! Good work, team!” crowed Jen’s father.

“I knew we could do it,” said Jen’s mother. “Oh my, I don’t know why we have such a narrow door here. We really need to get that widened! I don’t want such a hazard in the house for my little girls!”

“I didn’t get stuck in it,” said Jesse pointedly, but her parents ignored her.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get to work on this in the morning,” said Jen’s father. “I’ll swing by the hardware store on the way to work tomorrow and see if I can get some estimates on getting this doorframe replaced so we won’t have to worry about this ever again.”

“Like, that would be great, guys!” said Jen, picking herself off the floor and rubbing her tender bruised tushie before throwing herself forward to smother her parents in a hearty bear hug (She was careful to lean through the doorway but not to get her butt stuck again). “Mom, Dad, I love you guys so much! You’re, like, the best!”

“Anything for our little princess,” said Jen’s father beaming.

“Even you Jesse, I love you too!” cried Jen, grabbing her little sister to snuggle her close.

“Bleh,” said Jesse, struggling out of her sister’s grasp.

“But, like, I gotta, like, ask you to leave, cuz I still gotta pee,” said Jen, crossing her chunky legs as she closed the door.

Jen sighed, turning her attention to the toilet. Finally! Her poor bladder was bursting even more than her leotard now!

To use the toilet, Jen had to strip out of her tights and leotard, leaving herself completely nude once she’d pulled down her massive granny panties. Jen was really digging the comfort and ease of these enormous knickers! Why hadn’t she switched to them months ago? Many girls would have seen switching from cute frilly low-cut panties and scandalous thongs to unfashionable bloomers to be a defeat – an admission that she was just too damn fat. But Jen was such an empty-headed bimbo that she didn’t even consider that point of view. To her, she was just happy for the comfort! Like Laurie finally switching to ugly fat girl bras and Alice shopping for maternity-sized pants, Jen was completely oblivious that she had just passed a major milestone on the road to complete obesity.

Slowly, Jen lowered herself down onto the seat, her knees popping and cracking.

She sighed in relief as she let her bladder go. But then---

CRACK!!!

Jen’s eyes went wide as she felt the plastic toilet seat split beneath her naked butt, dropping her several inches until her corpulent fanny hit cold porcelain.

“Oh no! Oh crap!” cried Jen, flailing her arms wildly in a desperate attempt to lift her massive butt off of the toilet before it shattered completely. But Jen was too bottom-heavy for a quick dismount, so she had to plant one hand against the bathroom counter next to her and the other against the wall to shove herself off the bowl. The chubby naked cutie went pinwheeling across the bathroom until she smashed into the opposite wall with a thunderous crash. The entire house shook in its foundations as over 400 pounds of pure fat girl lard collided into the wall.

In the kitchen, Jen’s parents stopped loading the dishwasher and looked up as they felt the house shake. In the den, Jesse dropped her tablet, momentarily distracted from the latest Pokeman game. And in the living room, Laurie was suddenly roused from her overstuffed stupor.

“What the hell?” muttered the bleary-eyed beauty, struggling to rise into a sitting position. Was that an earthquake? Why was the whole house shaking? Laurie vaguely remembered that you were supposed to brave yourself in a doorway during an earthquake but she was too big and bloated to move, so all she could do was lie in her recliner and wait for the

quake to pass.

“Are you okay, sweetie?” asked Mrs. Sarovy, her concerned face popping into Laurie’s field of vision. “That was quite a scare, wasn’t it!”

“What...what happened?”

“Oh nothing, nothing, Jen just had a little accident in the bathroom, that’s all. Her father is helping her now.”

“An accident in the bathroom?” Laurie gawked. “You’re kidding me... Gawd, that bimbo....I mean, that girl...” Laurie quickly corrected herself, remembering that Mrs. Sarovy was within earshot and assuming that the older woman probably wouldn’t appreciate Laurie making fun of her daughter’s low intelligence. “That girl, uh, she didn’t...”

Did Jen actually just piss herself? How did that explain the house shaking?

“Oh no, no, nothing like that, I mean she just fell down!” said Mrs. Sarovy as she realized from Laurie’s expression what the buxom bombshell must have been thinking. “I’m afraid that she did make a bit of a mess, though, and she almost hurt herself, the poor dear! It’s a good thing she has some padding or else she could have done some real damage. Speaking of which, I ‘m so glad to see you awake, Laurie, would you like some dessert?”

Mrs. Sarovy held out a tray of dessert blintzes.

“We..., already had dessert,” said Laurie, her face blanching. This couldn’t be real! Laurie had barely digested anything from dinner; her overloaded belly was throbbing with pain! She looked like she’d swallowed a beachball! And Mrs. Sarovy was still offering more food?

“Well, true, but I noticed that Jen didn’t get a chance to eat any, so I thought I’d make a little more just in case you girls were still hungry. Oh, here she comes now! Are you okay, dear?”

Laurie turned her head to watch Jen hobble over to the couch, supported on both sides by her father and sister.

“My butt hurts,” wailed Jen, “I pinched my butt in the crack!”

“What are you talking about, Jen?” asked Laurie, “Will someone tell me exactly what’s going on?”

“Looks like there’s a big crack running all the way down the bowl now,” said Jen’s father, “We’ll have to get a whole new toilet. I tell you, shoddy workmanship in these things. It’s really a crime that they let them leave the factory like that. Jen could have been seriously hurt!”

Jesse rolled her eyes. “Dad, it’s not that the toilet was poorly made!”

“Of course it is, dear,” interrupted Mrs. Sarovy, “Well-made toilets don’t just break like that!”

Jesse sighed in exasperation. The chubby pre-teen knew exactly what the reason was, but no one ever seemed to listen to her. She caught Laurie’s eye and the two girls exchanged knowing glances. Jesse found Laurie even more confusing than her sister, though. Laurie seemed to understand that Jen was a complete whale, but Laurie was also strangely blind to her own corpulence. She was so round and bloated that she was tuck in her chair, but she still felt confident enough to insult Jen’s weight? That was weird!

“Jen, just sit down right there and relax,” said her mother. “You’ve had such a fright! Why, I bet you were frightened half to death!”

“Like, my heart IS racing,” admitted Jen, putting her chubby hand to her ample chest. She could feel her heart thumping like a jackhammer – like her mother, she was apt to blame that on the shock rather than her brief race across the bathroom. That little bit of physical exertion was the most exercise that Jen had taken in weeks and she was not at all used to it! “I think I, like, better sit down and rest.”

“You busted the toilet seat?” said Laurie, realization dawning. “Cripes, Jen, how much of a fat ass are you?”

“Language, girls!” said Jen’s mother, “I won’t have that kind of talk around here! I want both of you to relax now, you’ve had a very exhausting evening. Jen, honey, take a blintz.”

“Ooo! Thanks, Mom!” Jen squealed like a piggy, her face lit up with childish delight. Before Laurie could protest, Jen had snatched two blintzes, one in each hand, and started gnawing on them like a starving wolverine. Goddamnit! Laurie swore silently to herself. And after all that work tonight, blocking Jen’s mother from stuffing Jen full of fattening treats! Laurie couldn’t believe that her plan was being ruined this late in the game! If she wasn’t already crammed so full that she was completely immobile, she would have jumped over and stolen those blintzes before they got anywhere near Jen’s mouth!

“And how about you, Jesse? Laurie?”

“Thanks, Mom.” Jesse also grabbed two. She might have been more self aware about her size than was her older sister, but she was also every bit the greedy glutton. Laurie didn’t much care about that. Jesse could eat herself round for all Laurie cared, she was here to save Jen. So when Mrs. Sarovy turned to her, Laurie turned on the charm.

“Oh yes, please! Those look just so delicious, Mrs. Sarovy, I would love to have some,” said Laurie, forcing herself to smile. In truth, she was so full that the mere thought of eating a

bite of blintz made her feel nauseous. She was either going to puke or she was going to pop... and Laurie wasn't sure which one would be worse. "What flavors are these?"

"Well, we've got cheese, honey, blueberry, strawberry, cherry..."

"Those all sound soooo good, I simply can't decide," said Laurie, tilting her head and flashing doe-eyes at Jen's mom. "Couldn't you just leave the tray right here so I... I mean, WE could try them all?"

"Why of course, Laurie, I think that would be a great idea."

Success! The old bat had bought it!

"I'll just put it right here on the coffee table..."

"No, no, that's too far away, I can't reach it there!" cried Laurie. If Mrs. Sarovy put the tray on the coffee table, it would be right within Jen's arm reach. That wouldn't do at all! Laurie patted her giant, dome-like stomach. "Could you...please put it here? It would be so much easier for us all to share!"

"Oh, of course, dear."

"But Mom...!" said Jen, her face falling as she suddenly realized that she wasn't going to get any more blintzes. Laurie was sure to gobble them all down herself before Jen even got another bite!

Laurie winced as she felt the tray balance on the summit of her enormous belly. It was beyond embarrassing to realize that her stomach was big enough to provide table-space for a tray, but all thoughts about that were driven from her mind by the pain. Laurie was so overstuffed that the pressure exerted by the tray on her overloaded, pulsating middle was enough to make her yelp in pain!

Nevertheless, she had a job to do. And she wasn't about to give up now!

"Laurie, c'mon, you can share, right?" asked Jen eagerly as her mother bustled back to the kitchen.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Jen? Do you have any self-awareness at all? What just happened in the bathroom?"

"I...I...nothing happened!"

"Oh really?" Laurie grabbed a blintz and shoved it into her mouth, forcing herself to chew and swallow despite her fullness. The blimping babe took a deep breath (as deep as she



could in her overfull state) to steel herself for the task ahead. She would have to eat. Every. Single. Blintz. Just to save Jen from herself! Gawd, Jen didn't appreciate what a good friend she was! "Cuz I heard... that you smashed up the toilet... with your fat ass..."

"Um.. like, my dad said it was, like, just a crappy toilet. Like, it would have broken sooner or later."

"Yeah, right!" sputtered Laurie through a mouthful of pastry as she snatched a second blintz off the tray. She could do this. She felt stomach rebelling, churning and gurgling loudly, ready to force its heavy payload back up her throat. I am NOT going to puke, thought Laurie. I just have to get through this. I can do this. I am NOT going to blow chunks. "Jen... toilets don't just break... you need to open your eyes... look at yourself... you're so fat that your massive rear is too big to fit on a toilet now. That's monstrous. What are you going to do?"

Jen shrugged, watching forlornly as Laurie tore into another pastry. "I dunno."

Laurie shifted her bulk in the recliner, hoping to find some position where her belly wouldn't hurt quite as much. The armchair creaked and groaned, and Jen could hear the snap and ping of springs pushed beyond their capacity.

"Are you gonna... be so big that you have to...just...just... not use bathroom? Like, you'll have to do your business outside and cover it all up, like an animal? IS that what you want? Or are you going to listen to me and start losing some of that flab? So help me, if I have to follow you around everywhere to save you from your own appetite...!"

Laurie wheezed and gasped; talking was hard when you were as full as she was, since she could barely take in enough air to form words. Plus her mouth was constantly full as she pushed herself to finish off the blintzes.

"But I guess I'm just that kind of friend! You really should thank me for this, Jen, I'm doing it for your own good! Do you think I really want to eat until I vomit?"

"Well, you could, like... not eat it all?"

"Oh right! Then YOU'D just eat it!" Laurie snorted. Oof. She really was way beyond full. The recliner groaned beneath her growing mass, the gears protesting louder and louder with every bite that Laurie shoved into her mouth. There wasn't much left. Just a little more. Just one more. She could do it.

Laurie picked up the last blintz with trembling fingers, regarding it with fearful eyes. The very sight of it made her sick to her stomach. With a groan, she opened her mouth and pushed it in.

"Laurie, you're, like, looking kinda green," said Jen. At first she was just upset that she

wasn't getting any dessert herself, but now she was genuinely starting to worry about her friend. Laurie's puffy face was turning a pale sickly green as she laboriously chewed the last blintz, the stretched skin of her mammoth belly – rising higher above her than it ever had before, like a giant gelatinous mound – flushed bright red.

“Whatever, Jen, you're just trying to get me to let you stuff yourself again,” said Laurie, her voice barely audible over the pops and gurgles from her bloated gut.

But then both girls startled as another, louder noise tore through the air. A horrible cracking, tearing, rending noise. Laurie's eyes went wide as the recliner suddenly began to crumple in on itself, dropping the zaftig vixen violently to the floor. Jen could only stare in shock. That last bite was too much! Laurie was simply too fat for the recliner now!

“Jen, what's happening?” wailed Laurie, totally taken by surprise. The recliner fell to pieces, but the seat simply dropped down – wedging Laurie's ponderous ass at an uncomfortable angle. Her head and her chubby feet flew up while her butt and middle dropped. “Ughhhh, I'm falling! Help me!”

Jen could only watch helplessly as her friend flailed all the way to the floor.

“Like, Laurie, are you okay?” asked Jen when the smoke had cleared. Laurie sat on the floor, still trapped by her own belly, but no longer comfortably sitting in the chair.

“Oooof, my tummy!” cried Laurie, clutching at her bruised middle. “Ooowww, the fall jostled it too much! Oh Gawd, it hurts!”

“Well, like, that's what comes from eating too much,” said Jen, a satisfied smirk on her face. “I guess, like, maybe I shouldn't feel too bad about breaking the toilet after all!”

## 52. Laurie & Jen

“Rise and shine, dearie!”

Mrs. Sarovy ripped the covers off the bed. Laurie jolted in shock because, under the sheets, she was completely naked. After the enormous meal last night, Laurie was so stuffed and bloated that she didn't have the strength to change into pajamas; she simply stripped off her clothes and collapsed naked into bed. The raven-haired diva immediately clutched her arms to her chest to shield her giant breasts from Mrs. Sarovy's eyes and crossed her legs to hide her perfectly shaved pussy. Not that Mrs. Sarovy would have even seen that, since Laurie's burgeoning jelly belly had settled comfortably onto her thighs, hiding her crotch.

“Christ, what is this?! Where am I?” yelled Laurie. Then she remembered. She was still at Jen's house, living in Jen's guest bedroom, while she desperately schemed to find some way to trick Jen into losing weight. That was really beginning to seem like a lost cause. Jen's mother was a relentless feeding machine, a madwoman so convinced that her daughter needed to be constantly fed that it was a wonder Jen hadn't burst years ago. Laurie was beginning to wonder whether she would be able to survive her stay in the Sarovy house without bursting; Mrs. Sarovy's cooking certainly wasn't doing Laurie's own expanding waistline any favors!

Laurie felt a slight flush rise in her cheeks, knowing that Mrs. Sarovy was in the room while Laurie was completely buck naked. After last night's enormous feast, Laurie simply didn't have the energy to change into pajamas and had just fallen into bed after pulling off her way too snug clothes. But while Laurie usually wasn't shy about flaunting her killer curves in front of Jen or Frank or, well, ALMOST anybody, it was kind of weird to have your best friend's mom see your naked titties! Not that Mrs. Sarovy even seemed to notice or care! Laurie wondered how often Jen must burst out of her clothes to give her mother such a nonchalant attitude toward nudity.

And that smell? That delicious smell... it was like...

“I thought you'd like a nice breakfast in bed, honey!”

Mrs. Sarovy plopped a TV tray down over Laurie, trapping the obese teen in bed. Before Laurie could react, a heaping platter covered in scrambled eggs, sizzling bacon, buttered toast, and, in general, enough high protein, high fat breakfast foods to feed an army. Laurie goggled. She was by no means a picky eater. Her breakfasts at home of late had also evolved into exercises in endurance as she plowed through increasingly huge portions, but this--- this was just ridiculous! Laurie was so shocked that she dropped her arms without thinking, exposing her vast breasts to the open air. Her tits spilled out in front of her like two massive pontoons, dropping heavily against Laurie's front and hanging to either side.

“Oh my, honey, you’re looking a little deflated there. Looks like you could use some milk, dear,” said Jen’s mom, motioning toward the giant glass of full-milk on the tray.

“What the fuck,” whispered Laurie, scandalized by the older woman’s behavior. Laurie thought that she was prepared for dealing with weird parents after living with her own hippie mother, but Jen’s mom really took the cake on weirdness!

“Come on, dearie, eat up! I’ve got to occupy myself somehow until Jen wakes up,” chuckled Mrs. Sarovy, already slicing the bacon on Laurie’s plate into bite-sized chunks before Laurie could protest.

“Mrs. Sarovy, you don’t need—“ Laurie never finished her sentence, before the older woman shoved a forkful of eggs into her mouth like a mother bird stuffing worms into a hungry fledgling.

Laurie swallowed hard. She didn’t like being babied like this! Laurie was the sort of dominant diva who ALWAYS had to be in control of any situation... well, almost any. Lately she had discovered her secret desire to be dominated in bed by her boyfriend Frank. She loved the way that Frank would tease and humiliate her, using her growing body as a tool against her as he pointed out how Laurie was bulging into a naughty little dumpling who couldn’t control her appetite. Ooooo, yes. But that was different! Laurie didn’t like when her friend’s mom dominated her!

“Fuccccck,” moaned Laurie. She was still full from last night, yet she was already gorging again! She couldn’t help herself when Mrs. Sarovy was around; the old woman was relentless, always plying her daughter and her daughter’s friends with tasty treats.

“Come on, open up, you’re a growing girl. I don’t know what your mother feeds you, but you’re just wasting away here!”

Mrs. Sarovy had no concept of wasting away. Laurie weighed in excess of 400 pounds; she was bigger than most sumo wrestlers by this point, so hefty and swollen that she was having trouble buying clothes off the rack to fit her killer curves. Yet Mrs. Sarovy never thought anyone was fat enough to be healthy! No wonder her daughter Jen was such a lardball!

“M—more,” mumbled Laurie. Did... did she just say that? Oh fuck. Laurie had also recently found that she had a secret kink for being stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey, a worrying development that would surely lead to her growing fatter and fatter in the weeks and months ahead. She loved it best when Frank fed her, but anytime that Laurie ate until her tummy bulged was enough to start turning her on. And Laurie was starting to get turned on despite herself! She was chewing as fast as she could, but Mrs. Sarovy kept shoving in more! It was almost as if the older woman didn’t trust Laurie to actually eat by herself, so she had taken it upon herself to feed Laurie like a fat, overgrown baby. Laurie’s bloated tummy puffed up as she

ate, rising higher and higher until it pressed against the underside of the TV tray, gradually raising it up and clear of the bed. But there was still so much food left!

More, more, more.... The meal became a blur of chewing and swallowing. Laurie's head was spinning. How much more was there? Her full tummy ached. She had to stop eating, but, even if she wanted to, she was powerless to resist Mrs. Sarovy's insistent feeding. The food was coming at her so fast and furious that Laurie didn't have the willpower to resist.

Finally, it was all gone. Laurie was only vaguely aware that she'd eaten every bite on her plate when Mrs. Sarovy finally stopped shoving eggs and bacon into her mouth.

"Okay sweetie, that's just the perfect start to the day, wouldn't you say?" Mrs. Sarovy cooed as she dabbed Laurie's lips with a napkin. Grabbing the empty plate and TV tray, the older woman bustled her way out of the room as quickly and efficiently as she had come. "Now you go and get yourself dressed; I have to go down and start work on Jen's breakfast. I swear, that girl will sleep til noon if you let her!"

Laurie belched loudly in response as she fell backwards against the bed, but Mrs. Sarovy only beamed brighter at the noise. She seemed to take that as a sign she'd done her job well.

"M'kay," huffed Laurie, still dazed. She lay flat on her back, too stuffed and bloated to respond any further. All she could do was wheeze, her round belly as big and tight as a fully-inflated beach ball.

Staring up the ceiling, Laurie listened as Mrs. Sarovy closed the door behind her. Jesus Christ. Thank Gawd she finally ran out of food! Laurie literally felt ready to explode if she even thought about eating one more bite! Even worse.... Not only was Laurie painfully stuffed, but she was also achingly horny. Mrs. Sarovy had no way of knowing that Laurie's gluttony had turned into a sexual kink now and the fat cheerleader got turned on by her painfully full tummy. That presented a dilemma, though! Because the fuller Laurie grew, the hornier she became... but the harder it also became for her to satisfy herself! She was too stuffed to even think about trying to reach over the titanic swollen sphere of her gut to try to finger herself.

"Ooof, I can't even get out of bed now," mumbled Laurie. She stared down at herself. She normally could barely see over the tops of her enormous breasts, heaving up and down with her labored breathing, but her overfilled belly rose like a mountain beyond them, smooth and round and massive. She rubbed her hands over the massive dome of her gut, the flesh hot and tight to her touch.

There was only one thing that she could do. The bloated bunny groped at the bedside table until her fingers connected with her mobile phone. She needed to call Frank. She needed him to come and help her now. He could make up some excuse to get past Jen's parents and come up to see her. She didn't care. She only knew that she needed Frank to come and fuck

her hard before her pussy caught fire.

Frank's voice answered the call after two rings. "What's up, Laurie?"

"Frank....I need you..." Laurie sound commanding, but that was hard when she could barely gasp.

"What's wrong, Laurie? Are you in trouble?"

"You're damn right... I'm... in trouble! Why aren't... you here? I'm horny as fuck... and I need you... herrrrreeeeee."

Frank sighed. As much as he adored Laurie and loved any chance to have sex with his expanding girlfriend, sometimes Laurie demanded attention at the worst possible times.

"Really? Now? Can you wait an hour?"

"Frank, don't argue with me! Jen's mom just stuffed me like a Thanksgiving turkey and I am ready to blow! You fucking know goddamn well how fucking horny I get when I eat and I fucking need dick right now, so get your fat ass over here and fuck me!" Laurie snapped before slamming the phone shut. That ought to tell him! She knew that she would be putty in Frank's hands once they began love-making, but she was still the boss when they were just talking on the phone.

Disgusted, she threw the phone across the room and stared back at the ceiling. She was quite the sight: fat, stuffed, naked, and unable to move. She couldn't believe that she was inviting Frank to come see her in this state! But a girl had needs... Maybe she'd be able to slip into something sexy by the time Frank got there. If she was able to move before then...

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Laurie was still lying in bed when Frank arrived. No worries. She wanted him to fuck her right now, so there wasn't much point in getting dressed.

"Laurie? Are you... okay? Jesus, what happened to you?"

"Jen's mom happened to me! Oh Gawd, Frank, she wouldn't stop! She just kept feeding me and feeding me and... what the hell, what happened to YOU?!"

Laurie propped herself up on her elbows, her titanic tits flopping against her bloated middle as she shifted in bed. Frank stood in the doorway. Immediately, Laurie noticed that Frank was fat. Well, no big change there; Frank always had been a big guy. What made it

especially evident today, though, was that Frank's shirt barely fit him, the buttons on his button-down shirt gapping across his boobs and belly.

"Frank, what the hell are you wearing? You can't dress like that! You look like a big tub! Well, no surprise there... you really ARE a big tub!"

Frank shrugged. "Sorry, babe, you wanted me to rush over right now, so this is the first thing I threw on. You were the one who said it was urgent."

"Yeah, but... that's no excuse to go outside looking like THAT! Gawd, Frank, have you gained weight? Cuz you seriously look even tubbier than usual. You really think I can afford to be seen in public with a big fat slob?"

Frank eyed Laurie's flabby body, unconstrained by clothes, and decided against pointing out the hypocrisy of her statement.

"Holy shit, Frank, you look sooo fat! How much do you weigh? Don't answer that, you probably don't even know. C'mon, I need to know this!"

Laurie's delight in mocking Frank gave her the strength she needed to actually lurch out of bed. She grabbed Frank by the hand and waddled him over to the attached en-suite bathroom – and then shoved him to stand on the digital bathroom scale in the corner.

"C'mon! Get on! Let's see how big you really are, tubby!"

Frank looked Laurie up and down, noting with interest how her full stomach sagged over her hidden crotch. He stood behind her and placed his hands under her chest, against the swell of her tummy.

"What's it say?" huffed Frank.

"Gawd, Frank, are you fucking kidding me? You can't even see the read-out over your huge goddamn gut? Christ, Frank, you've been letting yourself go. Even worse than Jen! Or even Alice!"

"You know what, never mind, I'll find out myself," sighed Frank, fumbling his toe along the side of the scale until he felt it connect with the button to activate voice mode. He felt the switch flick over and the scale sang out: "390.1!"

Frank whistled, gripping his massive gut in his hands and giving it a hefty shake. "Jeez. 390. Yeah, that's pretty big, I'll admit, but really not as bad as I was expecting." Unlike Laurie, who had only recently begun to balloon, Frank had been a hefty guy. Also unlike Laurie, he tended to have a more realistic view of his own body, so he was surprised to learn that he wasn't even heavier.

“That’s cuz you ARE heavier,” said Laurie, smirking smugly as she folded her arms across her giant chest. “Towel rack, Frank.”

“What?”

Laurie pointed. “Your flab is hanging on the towel rack.”

Frank struggled to peer over his massive girth to see what she was pointing at. The scale wasn’t situated particularly close to the wall, but Frank’s fat, protruding belly stuck out so far that it had plopped down atop the towel rack when he had plopped himself onto the scale. With the rack supporting his jiggling gut, it meant that the scale wasn’t reading most of her weight at all!

“How bout we find out how much you really weigh, tubs?” laughed Laurie, sliding up next to Frank and running her hands lightly down his front, lifting his blubbery belly off of the towel rack and letting it drop heavily. “No cheating this time, Frank. Why, you’d almost think that you were embarrassed to let your girlfriend know how much you weigh. Is that the problem, Frank? Awww, are you ashamed that you let yourself get sooooo fat? Ashamed that your poor hot girlfriend has to be seen in public with a big gross slob like you?” Laurie smiled, enjoying this teasing game; for a brief moment, she felt like she was the dominant one in charge. She knew it would only be a matter of time before Frank had her under his thumb again, but she liked getting in her barbs where she could.

“452.2 pounds!” sang the scale.

“Oh! My! Gawd!” Laurie covered her mouth to hide her grin. “Wow, Frank. Just wow! That is... pretty damn fat. What do you think of that, you fat pig? No wonder you can’t find any shirts to fit over all this lard!” Laurie slid up behind Frank, nuzzling his neck while manhandling his flabby gut.

Frank could feel the heat of Laurie’s sexually-charged body seeping through him as she rubbed her boobs and belly against his back. Her thick arms wrapped around him, her stubby fingers fumbling at the buttons on his shirt.

“Oooo, Frank, you’re such a fatty I can barely even get my arms around you. How am I supposed to unbutton your shit like this?”

“I don’t think that’s the only reason you can’t reach around me,” said Frank. “How close can you actually get with those big boobs of yours in the way?”

“Ohhh Frank!” Laurie cooed. That was what she liked to hear! She loved it when Frank acknowledged her pride and joy, her behemoth chest.



"In fact, what makes you think you weigh any less than me with alllll this up here?" asked Frank, turning around to massage Laurie's monster teats. He lifted her boobs with his hands, grunting at the strain. Each breast was way more than a handful, the spongy flesh oozing through his fingers.

"I barely weigh 430," said Laurie stiffly.

"Barely 430? Wow, Laurie, you must be pretty fat to think that you can ever be 'barely' anything at 430!"

"It's less than you," sniffed Laurie.

"Yeah, then why don't you get on the scale and prove it? Let's see how big you are now, Laurie."

"Fine! I'll show you, fat ass! You're simply huge compared to me!" Laurie pushed Frank aside and stepped her plump feet onto the scale. Frank couldn't help but admire the sight of her widening form, completely naked, standing on the scale. She was so wide and plump that Frank could see her tits and belly even when viewing her from the back.

"300.2 pounds!" sang the scale.

"See? I'm only 300 pounds!" crowed Laurie, wincing slightly inwardly at her own words. Christ, what had her life become that she was proud to announce that she was "only" 300 pounds! Only a year ago, 300 pounds would have been unthinkable fat! But at the same time... wow! She'd managed to lose over 100 pounds! That was incredible! All that hard work had paid off! Sort of? Laurie, of course, had not changed her exercise regime and she was eating more than ever, so it made no sense that she would lose even a single pound, let alone 100! But still... she wasn't going to question it! At 300 pounds, she was still as big as a whale yet she was just happy to be able to gloat about her lower weight to Frank.

Somehow, though, Frank wasn't upset. In fact, he was holding his hand to his smiling mouth, struggling to contain his laughter.

"What's so funny, fat ass?" snarled Laurie, her eyes flashing.

Frank pointed. "Towel rack, babe."

Laurie looked again. Sure enough, just like Frank, her bulging gut was caught against the towel rack. And, since her fat milk bags were resting against her gut, that meant that the towel rack was supporting even more of her weight than it had supported Frank's! So her weight would be even higher when the truth was revealed...

Laurie grunted in annoyance as she grabbed her slippery, squishy gut and wrested it off

the towel rack. She let it drop, nearly buckling under the intense gravity pull of her unsupported belly and breasts. She could hear the scale dial spinning, spinning, spinning... But she couldn't see the dial over this fucking gut and these goddamn tits...

"450.9 pounds!" sang the scale.

"450 pounds," said Frank, "Looks like you're a big fat ass too, babe."

"That's not fair! I... I had a big breakfast! And... and I haven't been to the bathroom yet this morning!"

Frank chuckled. "Oh really, Laurie? Is that the excuse you're going to go with? You haven't pooped yet?"

Laurie sputtered, speechless with embarrassment at Frank's direct, pointed words.

"Besides, unless you're storing all of this morning's breakfast in your boobs, I don't think that's a very good explanation for your new weight. In fact, how much did you weigh last time we put you on a scale, babe? 430 pounds?"

Laurie glowered and said nothing.

"Yes, that's right. I think it was 430 pounds. So let me get this straight: You've been eating like a little piggy – don't deny it, babe, I've seen you eat – and yet you seriously thought that you'd lost over 100 pounds? Baby, I think you need to face reality."

He put his hands to the sides of Laurie's voluminous potbelly, admiring the great white dome.

"You're fat. You're a fat babe."

"I am not a fat babe," protested Laurie, though her heart wasn't in it.

"You're MY fat babe."

"Oh. Oh, Frank!" Laurie was already losing control of the situation. She'd enjoyed her brief reign lording her weight over Frank, but now Frank was back in control.

"You...Frank, don't you call me fat! You're still fatter than me!"

"That's true. I'm 452.2 pounds. You're only 450.9 pounds. But you know who cares about miniscule little differences like that?"

"Who?"

“Fat girls.”

“Frank!”

“And you’re the fattest of girls, aren’t you?” Frank drew her close, feeling the warmth of her plump curvy body against his.

“Come on, cow,” he whispered. “Get on the bed if you still can, you fatass.”

Laurie whined, but already she was melting under Frank’s teasing. Her knees were getting wobbly, her pussy getting moist and tingly.

Frank slapped her lightly across her chubby booty to encourage her. “C’mon, you 450 pound butterball.”

“I’m not a butterball!” sighed Laurie as she fell against the bed, “YOU’RE the butterball.”

Frank climbed onto the bed with her, the springs groaning under the combined weight of the two massively obese teen lovers.

“Hmm, then you must be more of a blubberball, Laurie,” whispered Frank as his hands squeezed her flabby abdomen.

“Oooo, no, Frank, not there,” murmured Laurie. “Touch my tits.”

“I’ll get to them,” said Frank, “But first, I have to investigate this. Where did all this new tummy come from? Have you been eating more?”

“Frank, no, goddamnit...don’t start...I just need you to fuck me...” She reached under the swell of Frank’s gut to fumble with his belt. “C’mon, asshole, get out of these fucking clothes.” She mumbled to herself, licking her lips, as she ripped off Frank’s belt and undid his pants. The zipper parted easily as Frank’s flabby stomach bulged out.

“This is taking too long. Frank, sit up! Do it!”

Frank obeyed, leaning back on his haunches. Laurie noticed how Frank’s shirt strained harder around her soft, doughy midsection in this position.

“Inhale,” she commanded. Frank looked at her quizzically so she snapped: “Just do it!”

He took a deep breath, and Laurie was pleased to see the buttons on his shirt pull tighter, pucker lines increasing around each diamond-shaped gap.

“Don’t stop! Keep it up!”

Frank inhaled again, the shirt pulling tighter and tighter until...

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Under the pressure of Frank’s inflated gut, the shirt ruptured, spraying buttons across the room. The ruined shirt fell open, exposing the boy’s thick, blubbery middle.

“Oh my Gawd!” squealed Laurie. It seemed like this had happened so many times to her. Laurie was always in denial about her size, so she tended to wear clothes that were too small for her growing curves – resulting in not infrequent popped buttons and split seams. Frank was much more aware of his own size, so this was the first time that she’d ever seen him wear something ill-fitted for his bear-like frame. And, she had to admit, it was kind of hot! Oh my Gawd, what was happening? Was she finding yet another new kink? Now it wasn’t enough just that Laurie was getting fat, did she actually want her boyfriend to be fat too? Not just to match her, not just so that she could mock him, but actually because she liked it???

“I should have known you’d need some help, little boy,” sneered Laurie. She cupped her fabulous bosom. “Needed a little instruction in how to take a shirt off.”

“Aw, I liked this shirt,” chuckled Frank as he released his breath.

“Oooo, Frank, that stupid shirt would take too long to fucking unbutton. I don’t want to waste any more time. I want you now. Get back down here.”

He kicked off his pants and Laurie tore off his underwear and ruined shirt; within moments, the two lovers were naked and writhing together in the throes of passion.

The noise of creaking bed springs echoed through the hallway outside the room and into other rooms. Loud enough that it even roused Jen from her fitful slumber.

“Like, what is that loud noise?” mumbled Jen as she rolled over in bed. It was bed springs, obviously – Jen knew that sound well from

“You know,” said Frank, “I thought it was funny when you said I should come see you at Jen’s house. Why is Laurie staying over at Jen’s tonight, I wondered? It’s not a slumber party night. In fact, it seemed like Laurie was spending a lot of time at Jen’s lately... And then I started to think, I know how much my baby loves to eat. I know that my little piglet just can never, ever get enough. Isn’t that right, piggy?”

“Ohhh...” Laurie closed her eyes and leaned back into Frank, feeling his warmth against her. She was already losing herself in the pleasure of submission, ready to give up control to her boyfriend. “Yes....yes, Frank, I do. I just can’t get enough.”

“And where can you get more to eat than at Jen’s house? I bet I know exactly where this new belly of yours came from. I bet Jen’s mom has just been feeding you and feeding you and feeding you.... And you’ve just been eating and eating and eating.”

“Mmmm,” mumbled Laurie, her face flushing as Frank kneaded the soft flab around her waist. “It wasn’t...just that.... Jen’s mom was here...breakfast”

“Oh Jen’s mom? I bet she brought along a giant breakfast just for you.”

“Oh yes...Yes, she did.”

Frank whispered into her ear: “And I bet you ate it all up.”

“Ooo yes! I did! I ate it all because... she made me...”

“Is that so? Did she really make you? I bet the truth is, Laurie, I bet you just couldn’t stop yourself. Sure, blame it on Jen’s mom. What a convenient excuse for you. But you just love to eat soooo much that I bet you were glad for that excuse. You just couldn’t resist, you blubbery little vixen.”

“Laugh while you can, Frank!” moaned Laurie, her words punctuated with sharp gasps as Frank rammed the bloated heifer’s fat pussy. “It’s my new mission to make you fatter than me!”

“Oh really?”

“I’m gonna make you soooo fat, Frank!”

“Oh, yeah? How’re you gonna do that, chubby?”

“I’m... I’m gonna cover my body in cake, you fat fuck, and make you lick every inch of me. Not that you could resist my tits or cake, you porker.”

Frank smiled to himself. Just like Laurie! She always had to bring everything back to her breasts.

“Pump harder you lazy slob, mmmm...” Laurie noticed, for the first time, that Mrs. Sarovy had left a half-empty bottle of maple syrup on the bedside table. She grabbed at it and, without missing a beat, squeezed it over her chest. Thick, sticky syrup oozed from the spout with a lugubrious sputter, dribbling onto Laurie’s buxom balcony.

“What the... what are you doing, Laurie?”

The viscous liquid slid down the domes of her breasts, her fat nipples stiffening in response.

“Lick it off, fatty,” she commanded.

Frank obliged, dragging his tongue across Laurie’s clavicle and down between her billowing chest balloons.

“Eat it all up, fatty, whispered Laurie, wrapping her arms around her lover and pulling him close against her, feeling his flab press hard against her corpulent form. “Ooo, you’re going to be sooo fat, Frank. I’ll make sure that you’re a big fat blob by the time I’m done with you. You’re going to make me look like a twig.”

Meanwhile, out in the hallway...

“Like, what’s that noise?” mumbled Jen to herself. She pushed lightly on the door, peering through the crack into the room beyond. Her eyes bulged. Frank was here! What was more, Frank and Laurie were fucking, right there on the guest bed, like wild animals!

“You’re gonna make me fat, huh, Laurie?” hissed Frank, gasping hard between thrusts as Laurie writhed in the bed below him.

“Yeeeeeeahhh, you’re gonna be... massive... I’ll feed you... and feed you...”

“Yeah? You think you’re not gonna keep getting fatter too?”

In the hallway, Jen bit her lip, pressing her face closer to the crack in the door. She knew that she shouldn’t be spying on her friends like this, but she couldn’t help herself! Honestly, Jen was wrestling with some pretty conflicting feelings about Laurie ever since that drunken kiss, so she wasn’t entirely sure what to think about this situation. Maybe a little jealous, definitely a little intrigued... and, wow, really turned on! Jen’s own pussy tingled in response as she watched Frank pump Laurie like a piston engine. She couldn’t help but notice Frank was pretty well hung, too... It made her miss her own Craig! Oh Gawd, Jen was really getting hot and bothered now, she could feel her own snatch dripping like a swamp and soaking the crotch of her tight stretchy granny panties.

“Ohhhh Frank what are you saying...”

“Cuz I’m gonna be feeding you too...”

“Oh Gawd Frank...”

“I’m gonna feed you until your big fat belly here is bigger than Alice’s.”

“Oh Gawd, oh I’m gonna... be... so.... Fat!”

“I’m gonna make your ass fatter and wider than Jen’s,” hissed Frank.

“Oooo, noooo,” moaned Laurie, curling her toes. “Not thaaaaat big! Oooo, I’d be sooo huge.”

“Hey!” said Jen out loud before catching herself. Jen wasn’t as proud of her pear shape as Laurie was of her breasts, but she still liked to think of herself as the most bootilicious babe in school. The idea that Laurie might usurp her title actually irked her a little. It actually annoyed her more than the subtle implication in Frank’s comment that Jen’s ass was fat.

“We’re...gonna be huge... You’ll need to be a huge... fatty to handle... me... Oh shit, Frank, oh Gawd, we’re both...gonna...get... so.... Fat! We’ll be the fattest couple... in school....the fattest couple... in... the world!!!” shouted Laurie, arching her back as the couple exploded in orgasm. “Oh Gawd! Frank! Oh Christ! Ohhhhh Gawwwwd!”

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“Shit, shit, shit,” muttered Jen, quickly closing the door quietly and wobbling back to her room as fast as her fat little legs would carry her. She didn’t want to be discovered in the hallway spying on her friends while they were in the middle of sex!

Jen almost made it. Rather, she made it halfway through her door before she stopped with jolt. She tried again. Oh shit.

Once again, her hips were wedged tightly into the doorframe. Oh shit! This was the second time in less than 24 hours that Jen’s massive lower quarters had trapped her in a doorway. This was beginning to be a habit!

A door opened at the opposite end of the hallway. Jen’s little sister Jesse waddled into the hallway, rubbing her eyes. “What the heck is going on out here?”

Jen’s little sister was a round little butterball. Jesse hadn’t yet developed the distinctive family hindquarters, but it wouldn’t be long until she was shaped like her older sister. Her pajamas strained around her chubby midsection, the lowest button already missing to reveal the young teen’s deep navel.

Jesse noticed the two pumped-up hemispheres of her sister’s enormous rear sticking out of the doorway to her right. Below the shifting wobbling beach balls, Jen’s stubby legs pumped uselessly in the air. Oh great. Jen was stuck again.

“Jen? Is that you? Did you get stuck again?”

“Um... yeah. Could you, like, help me, Jesse?”

Jesse rolled her eyes in annoyance. She waddled over to her sister’s undulating derriere.

“Stop squirming so much, Jen,” snapped Jesse, “It’s bad enough that I gotta play grab-ass without you wiggling around like that. Your shaking blubber makes me dizzy!”

“Um, like, sorry!”

Jesse snorted. She had very little sympathy with her older sister’s predicament. Like all callow youth, she didn’t think about the future and how soon she herself would probably be in her older sister’s shoes. For all her snark, Jesse was, at heart, very similar to her older sister in two important aspects – she shared both Jen’s appetite and her genes. Once she was a little older, there was little doubt that her hips would start to flare, her butt would start to swell, and she would become just as ponderously pear-shaped as her porky sibling. Of course, Jesse was far smarter than Jen. At least, she liked to think that she was. So, even when she ballooned to 500 pounds, she surely wouldn’t make dumb mistakes like trying to squeeze her bodacious ghetto booty through inadequately wide doorways.

“Ugh, Jen, did you wet yourself?” said Jesse as her chubby hands fell against the wet spot on Jen’s mammoth granny panties. A moment later the truth dawned on her. “Oh gross, Jen, really, couldn’t you wait til you were in your room?”

“Um, it’s not like that!” protested Jen.

Jesse crossed her arms. She couldn’t believe this had happened again! After watching her sister get stuck in the bathroom doorway and break a toilet earlier tonight, Jesse was in no mood to deal with more of Jen’s fat bimbo shenanigans. She was ready to put a stop to this. “Oink like a pig, Jen!”

“What?! Like, no!” Jen was shocked that her own little sister would be so mean to her!

“I think you need to learn that there are consequences to being such a huge pig,” said Jesse calmly.

“Um, like, you can’t tell me what to do! You’re, like, my little sister!” Jen was used to hearing this sort of taunt from Laurie, but she wasn’t about to take it from this little brat.

“Fine, have fun spending the day in your doorway. Boy, I’ll bet your pal Laurie has a real field day when she finds you with your giant butt stuck there!”

“Like, okay, okay! Fine! Don’t leave me! Oink, oink! There, I said it! Now, like, help me out!”



“Now say ‘I’m a big fat piggy with a big fat butt who can’t fit through doors.’ And oink again. But this time, act like you mean it.”

“No fair! You’re changing the deal!”

“Yawn! Guess I’ll just head back to bed...”

“No! Like, totally don’t go! I’ll totally say it! I’m a big fat pig with a big fat butt who can’t fit through doors!”

“And...?”

“What? Oh, yeah, like, oink! Oink oink oink!”

“Alright, that’s enough, you oinker. Hold still and I’ll give you a shove. Let’s see if we can get you free before Mom comes to feed you again. Cuz then we’ll never get you out.”

Jen hoped that wouldn’t be the case!

## 53. Laurie & Abida

Laurie grunted as sunlight streamed through the window, rousing the overweight teen from her deep slumber. For a brief second, Laurie stared at the unfamiliar room around her in confusion. Her lip curled in revulsion at the tacky décor – ugh! She would NEVER decorate in such gouache colors! Then she remembered: She was at Jen’s house.

Another day at Jen’s. Yesterday was already a blur, and the day before that, and the day before that. Even as recently as a few weeks ago was no longer vivid, wasted in a morning of hot sex with Frank and then an afternoon of more relentless stuffing at the hands of Jen’s mom. And then Jen had been acting weird all day... Whatever! Laurie didn’t have time to worry about that sort of thing now.

Laurie rolled over in bed. The fat raven-haired diva sat up in bed, her unfettered breasts flopping against her bulging gut. Now that Laurie’s enormous breasts had ballooned into the second half of the alphabet, she actually was starting to feel grateful for the weight she carried elsewhere on her body. If she didn’t sport an equally bulbous belly to act as a display shelf for her boobs, Laurie’s tits would have fallen all the way into her lap. As it was, Laurie gut covered her lap almost all the way to her chubby knees. With no top to restrain her bodacious boobs and her straining panties hidden beneath the swell of her gut, Laurie looked like she was wearing nothing at all as she struggled to rise out of bed.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. For a second, Laurie barely recognized the puffy rounded face staring back at her.

Laurie was determined to keep Jen from gaining any more weight. She threw herself into this new project with just as much gusto as she usually dedicated to her prior goal to fatten up Alice. She spent as much time as she could with Jen (no big change there), constantly monitoring her bottom-heavy friend’s calorie intake. In the past, though, any attempts that Laurie made to dissuade Jen was overeating at school or at slumber parties were always undone by Jen’s dinners at home. Jen’s mother was a relentless old-world feeder who thought her family was never happy unless it was eating, so it was no wonder that Jen was blowing up like a balloon. It didn’t help that poor Jen was such an empty-headed ditz that she couldn’t even see the writing on the wall. She didn’t even seem to understand why her tights kept getting tighter or why the elastic waistband on her sweats snapped under the pressure of her growing gut.

Now Laurie was determined to put a stop to this. She invited herself to dinner at Jen’s house almost every night, making sure to snatch everything that she could from Jen’s plate and intercept any attempt by Jen’s mother to force more food on her daughter. It worked. Sort of. Jen at least didn’t seem to be getting any fatter, even if she wasn’t really slimming down either. On the other hand, Laurie’s gains were skyrocketing. She was already teetering on the edge of

500 pounds, and it would be a wonder if she didn't pass that milestone before the end of the school year.

While Alice might be content to wear maternity clothes and Jen was perfectly happy to live her life in sweats and tights, Laurie was not prepared to give up her high fashion lifestyle.

Of course, too much time spent at Jen's house carried a terrible price. She long suspected it and her recent tryst with Frank, where she'd discovered that she and Frank were nearly equal in poundage, made it even harder to deny the truth. She was growing too.

Laurie bit her lip, watching her corpulent body jiggle in the mirror. She bounced on the heels of her feet, curious to see her enormous heavy breasts respond by slapping against her sagging gut, but afraid to actually jump up and down for fear that her massive blubbery 450 pound body might actually smash through the floor. Even if she didn't, she'd definitely make more noise crashing up and down than she cared to. If anything, the noise might summon Mrs. Sarovy to her room with another massive breakfast. Laurie brushed her fingers through her long black hair, thinking back on yesterday's glut. Could it be that the breakfasts were getting bigger? Sometimes it really felt that way. She needed to hurry up and put this whole plan to bed, so that she could refocus her energies back on Alice.

Laurie blinked dumbly at her reflection in the mirror. Holy shit. HOLY. FUCKING. SHIT. How could she have been so blind? The answer to both her problems was staring her right in the face! Well, not literally... But, if Mrs. Sarovy was determined to feed all of Jen's friends into morbid obesity, then Laurie was missing a prime opportunity by NOT inviting Alice to come over and spend more time with her here at Jen's house! She knew that Alice would jump at the chance – Alice might not even admit it to herself, but she was such a glutton that she would probably go weak at the knees at the thought of gorging herself on a constant stream of Mrs. Sarovy's cooking! Not to mention it would give Alice a chance to get away from her own nagging mother. Alice's disapproving mother was probably the single obstacle that still stood between Alice and her inevitable destiny as a complete bloated blonde blimp.

But first things first...

Laurie needed to get dressed. She stretched sensuously, raising her pudgy arms above her head and enjoying the effect as her monster teats jutted forward on her chest. She was somewhat less pleased that the same pose, which she so often used a sure-fire attention-getter when boys were around, also made her full, dome-like tummy bulge out. Hmm. Now that Frank wasn't around to feed her sexy fat talk, it was a little harder to get excited about that. Laurie still didn't completely understand her strange new desire to be a big girl in other areas than her chest, but there was no denying the deliciously sinful sensations that she got from stuffing her face or playing with her soft new flab.

She ran one hand over the arc of her gut, her fingertips lightly dancing over her soft skin. It sent an electric tingle through her whole body, and she felt her other hand straying, unbidden,

toward her privates.

“Aw, fuck, I don’t have time for that now,” muttered Laurie, “I need to get dressed and get out of here before Jen’s mom comes barging in.”

She stared at the pile of clothes thrown into the corner of the room: baggy sweats and tent-line T-shirts, some of the other clothes that still fit her. She really needed to go shopping because there was NO WAY that she would be caught dead in those trashy outfits! She could just throw them on to make a quick excursion to the mall for a few desperate purchases of plus-size designer duds....

But...

Secretly, Laurie didn’t WANT to leave the house before breakfast. She didn’t want to miss Mrs. Sarovy’s delicious cooking. She wanted to eat and eat and eat until her belly was as full as it could possibly get, until her skin was so tight and tingly that stretch-marks started to appear signaling that she was ready to rip apart under the pressure.

She just needed an excuse to delay her exit.

Her eyes fell on the brassiere wrapped around the bedpost. She plucked it up and grimaced at the massive cups, each bigger than her head.

Then she smiled, a sinister smirk curving her plump lips. She just might have the perfect excuse to stay in. Because, obviously, she couldn’t go out without a bra. That would be obscene! She could just imagine the stares if Laurie Belmontes, the notorious big boob queen, appeared in public without an adequate over-the-shoulder boulder holder to steady her massive bazookas, to keep her fat nipples in check. It would be chaos!

Laurie grunted in annoyance as she tugged on the body band of her brassiere. She preferred to snap her bra clasp in the front before spinning the undergarment around so that her mega-sized cups were in front, but she was having some real trouble. It wasn’t just that she had such a hard time seeing over her tits these days. It was also that the band wasn’t long enough to reach around Laurie’s stockier midsection.

Excellent. She dropped the bra to the floor, before grabbing her mobile phone from the bedside table and punching in a familiar number. It didn’t even ring once before an eager voice answered.

“Hello? Laurie? What’s going on?”

“Abida, sweetie. I need to be refitted.”

“Again?” Despite Abida’s incredulousness, Laurie could still detect a faint note of

excitement in the Indian girl's voice. Laurie smirked. She knew fully well that Abida was absolutely smitten by her growing size; once she thought that Abida was only interested in her for her giant tits, but now it seemed like her interest might be more holistic. Certainly, Abida didn't seem to mind that Laurie was growing fatter every time that they met. Did she not care about Laurie's weight as long as she still sported a pair of big bouncy bra-busters? Or did she actually find Laurie more exciting as she grow softer and plusher and wider?

"Sweetie, this is an emergency. I don't have a bra that fits and you can't expect me to go around without the proper support!"

Laurie wasn't really sure of the answer, but she also didn't care. As long as Abida kept giving her discounts, she was happy. Plus, Laurie was a consummate attention whore and she really did enjoy watching Abida blush and stutter whenever she got a chance to get close to Laurie's magnificent bosom.

"I'd be happy to help, Laurie! When do you want to come by?"

"What part of I don't have a bra that fits do you not understand?" snarled Laurie. "I can't go outside like this! My baby girls need support!"

"But... I can't help you if I can't measure you!"

"Abida, sweetie, I need you to make a house call for me, hmmm?" Laurie said in her sweetest voice. "You'll do that for me, won't you, honey?"

"I..I..I..." Abida stuttered, clearly flustered. "I can't just leave the store unattended!"

"Oh sweetie, just put up a sign that says 'Out to lunch, back in ten minutes.' What harm could that possibly do? Seriously, Abida, don't disappoint me."

"But Laurie, I have customers...I can't go to lunch, it's only 10:00 a.m.!"

"Don't test me, Abida," snapped Laurie, her patience wearing thin. She didn't like when people resisted her commands. "I NEED you here. I simply have nothing to wear."

"But Laurie..."

"Nothing to wear," repeated Laurie, "I'm just here at home without a stitch of decent clothing. Whatever will I do? I can't go outside in my undies now, can I?"

Abida suddenly realized that this might be her only chance to see Laurie in her sexy lingerie and have free reign to squeeze that supple flesh.

"I'll...I'll be there as soon as I can," said Abida.

“Good girl,” purred Laurie. “And bring some of those cookie pies you make so well. Oh, and I’m at Jen’s house. Don’t be long.”

Laurie smiled as she put the phone down. Still got it, she thought smugly.

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Abida was slightly disappointed to see that Laurie had opted not to remain in her birthday suit for Abida’s visit, but only slightly. Fully aware that her discounts depended on her flaunting her curves, Laurie answered the bedroom door dressed in a tight, shiny teddy and a silky, filmy bathroom. Abida gulped hard. She could see right through the bathrobe’s gauzy material, and the cups of the teddy were way too overmatched by Laurie’s pendulous pontoons. Her teats were welling up out of her cups like rising bread dough!

“You sure took your time,” snapped Laurie.

“Sorry...I (urp) got cornered downstairs,” said Abida weakly, clutching at her stomach with one hand. In her other, Abida was holding a stack of three cardboard cake boxes. She had a tote bag slung over her shoulder, filled with measuring tape and sample bras in different sizes. These bras were huge. They looked like they were designed to hold bowling balls, but Abida was betting that one of them must be big enough to fit Laurie’s ever-expanding hooters. “Jen’s mom made me eat a whole stack of waffles before she’s let me come upstairs.”

“Hmm, waffles, huh?” Laurie licked her lips unconsciously. That sounded good! But she had work to do first. “Well, come in, don’t just stand in the doorway! We don’t have a lot of time before Mrs. Sarovy comes up here with more food.”

“Urgh, I couldn’t eat anymore,” moaned Abida. The poor girl looked a little green around the gills.

“Did you bring the cookie pies?” asked Laurie.

“Ugh, yeah.” Just thinking about cookie pies made Abida want to throw up, but she dutifully held up the requested cardboard boxes.

“Excellent, sweetie. Now be a good girl and come get me fitted. I’m just dying without proper support. I must tell you, Abida honey, it’s just so hard hauling around this spectacular bosom. You simply are a Godsend.”

Laurie inhaled deeply as she chattered on about her busty girl problems, feeling her vast jugs straining the bounds of her outfit. She smiled as she saw Abida’s eyes bulge. This girl really was way too easy to manipulate!

“Undress me, sweetie,” demanded Laurie. She turned her back on Abida, rolling her shoulders to drop her bathrobe to the floor in one fluid motion. “The buckles should all be back there.”

“I...I...okay...”

“You can’t measure me properly unless you can see what you’re dealing with, right, honey?”

Abida nodded dumbly. She couldn’t believe that this was really happening! The chance to see Laurie’s tits naked and unfettered was making her weak in the knees. If she wasn’t careful, she might just faint dead away!

Laurie was careful to keep her breathing deep and steady as she felt Abida’s clammy fingers pluck at the laces at the back of her teddy. Abida startled as if she’d received an electric shock every time that she felt her fingers brush against Laurie’s soft supple flesh where her squishy backfat overlapped the top of the lacy undergarment. Finally, it was untied.

“Good. Now let’s measure. But no touching! I’m a taken woman, after all. I don’t know that my Frank would appreciate it having you get naughty with his favorite toys.”

Laurie smirked, once again thrusting out her chest into Abida’s face. Abida stared. Once again topless, Laurie’s breasts were bigger than mature watermelons, resting heavily on the thick blubber shelf of her belly. Each mammoth mammary topped by a thick rosy nipple – Abida almost felt like those nipples were pointing at her accusatorily.

Abida pulled out her tape measure. “Okay... Laurie...I just need to...I...I...Hey, why don’t you have some cookie pie to relax you?”

“Ooo, now that does sound lovely. Sweetie, hand me a pie.”

Abida obediently cut off a slice of pie for her corpulent customer, watching in fascination as Laurie sank her teeth into the savory confection.

Laurie was totally distracted by the cookie pie. Abida saw her chance. She grabbed Laurie’s left breast, sinking her fingers deeply into the spongy flesh. Laurie’s eyes bulged as much as her cheeks and she snapped her head to stare angrily at Abida.

“Mmmffff!” she burbled through a mouthful of cookie pie.

“It’s very important that I make sure I have a good sense of your size!” said Abida quickly. “Oo, Laurie, you look hungry, here have some more!”

Laurie opened her already full mouth to complain, but Abida quickly cut off any protests

by shoving another slice of cookie pie into the voluptuous vixen's open mouth. For the briefest of moments, Laurie looked like she was about to explode in rage. But then her body relaxed, her eyelids lowered – she was like a junkie getting her fix and the sweet sugary creamy delicious cookie pie was her drug.

And as Laurie chewed and chewed and murmured in gluttonous ecstasy, Abida knew that she had free reign to do almost anything.

“Your baby girls sure are getting heavy,” said Abida, grunting as she hoisted Laurie's twin bazookas. She knew from having weighed Laurie's massive tits on her last visit that each mammoth melon weighed in excess of 30 pounds and that was months ago. She could tell just from eyeballing Laurie's bustline that the tremendous bulging bitch was even bigger now.

The tape measure didn't reach all the way around Laurie's bust. It looked like the big boob queen wasn't about to give up the throne anytime soon!

“Laurie, I can't measure you. You're just too big for my tape! You're over 100 inches of boob!”

“Too...big?” Laurie murmured. A dollop of cream dropped from her lips to splatter against the shelf of her enormous knockers. Oh Gawd, how long had she longed to hear those words! Her breasts were too big! Her babies, her pride and joy, were finally all grown up!

“Laurie, what cup size are you?” Abida asked, knowing the answer. She couldn't keep Laurie's cup size out of her mind some days.

“Ohhhhh,” sighed Laurie, her voice so dreamy and distant that Abida wasn't immediately certain whether she was answering her question or just sighing in bliss.

“Just looking at you, gosh, you're so full in the chest... if I had to guess, I'd say you must be at least a T Cup now.”

“A T cup?” Laurie mumbled through a mouthful of cookie pie and ice cream. Some melted vanilla dribbled from her slack lips.

Laurie smirked, a delightful warmth growing in her crotch at the revelation. Laurie found her growing breasts to be intensely exciting.

“Yes, a T cup. Which seems appropriate for you, Laurie. These titanic tits are totally terrific!”

“Oooo!” Laurie liked the sound of that. It was the best thing since the last time Abida had measured her for a P cup and told her that her “pillowy pontoons were perfectly plush and positively perky!”



“Have some more pie, Laurie. I’ve got a T-cup here in my bag. Let’s see if it fits you. Of course, we don’t really carry sizes that big in the store, so you’ll have to get your bras special ordered. But at least you’ll know what you need.”

Abida gently shoved Laurie onto her bed, the bed springs creaking loudly under the growing girl’s bulk.

“Open wide, Laurie, we’re just going to make sure you get some nice treats while we get you strapped in!” Abida smiled, starting to get into the act. She was used to Laurie being in charge, but, with Laurie nearly out of her head on cookie pie, Abida was calling the shots. All she had to do was keep this bitch’s mouth full and she’d be free to do anything she pleased!

Abida looked over to the open box on the bedside table. Laurie had nearly eaten her way through one entire cookie pie, but there were still two left. Abida suddenly had a devilish idea.

“Laurie, sweetie.” She smiled, pleased that she could now use Laurie’s taunting term of endearment back on her. “Do you like ice cream?”

“Hmmm.” Laurie nodded dumbly, her cheeks swollen and her brow sweating.

“Wait just a second.”

“Hmm?”

Laurie couldn’t muster the energy to even react as Abida slipped out the door.

What was going on? What was her plan?

Laurie looked up when Abida reappeared lugging a gallon of ice cream from the Sarovy freezer. Laurie watched, her temperature rising, as Abida scooped huge chunks of vanilla ice cream, slathering them all over one of the cookie pies. When the ice cream keg was empty, she grabbed the second pie and smooshed it on top. She had created the world’s biggest ice cream sandwich!

“Okay, sweetie, I know you’re going to like this! Open wide.”

“Oh Gawd...” gasped Laurie before her mouth was filled with gooey, creamy deliciousness.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she lost her senses to euphoria, so much that she barely even registered as Abida pulled the straps of a gigantic new bra over her chubby shoulders or leaned in close to snap the hooks behind her.

All Laurie could do was eat. And eat. And eat. Already, she was getting hot and flushed. And Mrs. Sarovy hadn't even forced any breakfast on her yet! She was already so horny and stuffed on cookie pie!

Meanwhile, Abida kneaded her soft doughy breasts, reveling in the heft and weight of those monster milkbags, nearly forgetting to keep up the façade of measuring Laurie for a fitting.

But three cookie pies and a gallon of ice cream is A LOT of food, even for an experienced eater like Laurie.

Laurie began to falter. She was a big eater no doubt about it, but this was too much even for her. Pretending to adjust the left cup of Laurie's new bra, Abida's hand slipped to brush the fatter raven's nipple. The effect was immediate as the already over-stimulated Laurie gasped out loud.

Abida seized the chance, shoving another handful of gooey, dribbling cookie pie ice cream sandwich into the bloated beauty's open mouth. Laurie's eyes bulged in surprise, but she couldn't protest. Even if her mouth wasn't stuffed completely full, being stuffed was such a rush that she was nearly speechless with pleasure.

"How big are you around the middle?" asked Abida suddenly as she watched another mouthful of cookie pie disappear down Laurie's ravenous gullet. Laurie's middle looked almost as wide around as her chest, so Abida wasn't sure that she'd be able to measure her... but she was suddenly seized by an insatiable curiosity!

"Sit up, Laurie, let's measure that tummy, hmm?"

Laurie didn't resist as Abida propped her into a sitting position. Her belly was throbbing with fullness but it felt sooo good. She was only vaguely aware of what Abida was doing when she felt the slight pinch of Abida's tape measure cutting into the creamy blubber of her titanic tummy.

Abida tugged at the ends of the tape measure but there was a good several inches of blubber preventing the ends from meeting.

"Uh oh, I'm afraid that my tape measure won't go all the way around you here either," said Abida. "You're just too.... Big. Wow."

Abida couldn't help but ask. She knew that she shouldn't, but she had to. "Laurie, how much...do you weigh?"

"450 pounds," mumbled Laurie, too stuffed and bloated to bother trying to dodge the question. That's right, a couple weeks ago Frank had weighed her and discovered that she was

now nearly 500 pounds.

“450 pounds?? Holy shit, Laurie! You’re... you’re...nearly as big as Natalie McTaggart!”

“Who?”

“The fat...er, biggest girl at school.”

“I never heard of her,” snapped Laurie.

“Well, she’s not going to school now. She graduated. Years ago. I didn’t mean that she was the biggest girl at school now, I meant that she was the biggest girl in school history.”

“What??”

“She’s famous! They weighed her during the President’s Annual Physical Fitness Day challenge and she broke all the records! People still talk about her... and she weighed 500! If you gain 50 more pounds, you’ll be the fattest...er, I mean, biggest girl who’s ever gone to Los Hermanos High!”

The idea that anyone would gain “just” 50 pounds would have been ridiculous, but with Laurie.... Well, the only people who were possibly gaining faster than she was were Alice and Jen.

“I’m... the... biggest?” Laurie mumbled, her mouth still full of sweet sticky cookie pie. Laurie was shocked but at the same time... she was thrilled. She still couldn’t 100% understand this strange new fascination, but with her belly stuffed tight with cookie pie and the memory of Abida’s hands caressing her giant breasts still fresh in her mind, Laurie was feeling super horny. Her vagina ached, dripping with excitement and soaking her snug panties. Gawd, she needed to be fucked right now. Why did the revelation that she was too fat for Abida’s tape measure turn her on so? Shit, she couldn’t let Abida know... she couldn’t let anyone know! It was bad enough that Frank knew. Shit, this was all Frank’s fault! He had to tease her in bed about her growing gut and increasing appetite. And she’d grown to love how he subtly dominated her in bed; it was the only time that Laurie felt comfortable relinquishing control. And her spiraling weight was evidence of that. She just kept getting bigger and bigger and bigger. At first, she justified her weight gain by concentrating solely on the benefits that it conferred to her massive bustline, but she couldn’t ignore her chunky thighs, her thick arms, her round cheeks and double chin, her widening ass and burgeoning belly... Oh Gawd, she was going to cream in her panties if she didn’t stop thinking about this!

“Um, you need to go Abida. Like now.”

“What? But we’re not done—“

“We’re done,” snapped Laurie. Gawd, she was so fucking horny now! She needed Abida gone, so that she could satisfy these intense cravings.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to say you were the fattest—“ yelled Abida, suddenly realizing that Laurie was probably pissed at her for blurting out that she was closing in on being the fattest girl in school history. Little did Abida realize the real reason that she wanted to be alone!

Just 50 more pounds and she would be the fattest girl who had ever gone to her school! Oh Gawd, Laurie’s head was swimming. On the one hand, she was mortified. How could she, Laurie Belmontes, cheerleader – no, not JUST cheerleader, but team captain! The best cheerleader of them all! How could SHE have blimped so much in just one year that she was now in the running for the biggest cow in school history? It was humiliating and, more than that, terrifying! How big would she grow? Her weight gain was already out of control. It was like everything was conspiring to make her balloon: Frank’s teasing, Abida’s cookie pies, Mrs. Sarovy’s feeding, even the gluttonous influences of Jen and Alice! If she didn’t stop herself, she would just keep growing bigger and bigger and bigger, until she looked like a balloon in the Macy’s Thanksgiving parade! Laurie had a sudden mental image of herself as a parade balloon, a massive over-inflated parody of a voluptuous teenage vixen, floating down 5th Avenue as crowds of cheering kids lined the streets. Oh Gawd! She couldn’t let herself get THAT fat... but at the same time... Laurie’s snatch was on fire with excitement! Every pound gained, every inch added.... It made her sooo hot! It wasn’t just the knowledge that her skyrocketing weight was also adding mass to her deliciously overfull bust! She loved her new plush body, loved her swollen booty that rivaled Jen’s famously round rump, loved her hefty sagging belly that rivaled Alice’s enormous gut. She wanted to be bigger, she wanted to be huge! She WANTED to be the biggest! She wanted to be Frank’s inflatable doll of a girlfriend, she wanted to be the big bitch who turned people’s heads. She wanted everyone to know that SHE was the biggest, most bulging, most bloated, most billowing, most bra-busting bitch who EVER went to Los Hermanos High! And all that it would take to reach that point was 50 more pounds...

Fifty more pounds and she would be at a turning point. There would be no going back. She would be doomed to balloon. Committed to a future as a major fat ass. The most major fat ass of all. Did she dare? Is that what she wanted? She kept trying to tell herself no, that she wanted to just be trim, sexy, voluptuous, even pneumatic ... but fat? No, never fat! She would never be fat!

And yet, she could so clearly see herself in the future, a fat heifer with a belly that stuck out in front of her like a beach ball, an ass so wide that she could barely clear doorways, giant blubbery hips, thick calves, a double chin the wobbled when she talked, chubby chipmunk cheeks, and, above all, massive tits so gigantic that no bra could contain them, so big that they nearly hit the floor when they weren’t restrained, so big that they made Abida cry in despair if she even tried to measure them. Sweat trickled down Laurie’s face. Was that her future? Was she destined to become an elephant, a sideshow attraction? But... she had to admit.... The

vision wasn't unsexy. What was she saying? Did she actually think that she'd look sexy if she was a giant fat hog??? Laurie couldn't believe it. But...

50 more pounds.

All she needed was 50 more pounds.

"Laurie, I didn't mean to call you fat!" cried Abida. Abida was nearly in tears. It wasn't fair! She was so close to finally getting someplace with her dream girl... all she ever wanted was to gaze at those beautiful bountiful boobs and maybe, just maybe, get a chance to finally stroke that supple flesh! She was so excited that today she had finally had a chance to knead Laurie's pillowy pontoons, but she was in despair thinking that it was now over... and she might never get another chance!

Laurie, however, didn't care.

"Get out. I'll talk to you later," she huffed.

As Laurie shoved Abida through the door, she wondered if she could justify calling Frank. She was probably on thin ice after haranguing him into visiting just to pleasure her last night. But then, Frank never minded pleasuring her. Maybe she should respect his time and just pleasure herself. But no. Reaching her own pussy was becoming too much of a challenge, just leaving her hot and bothered. She'd call Frank and tell him to get his fat ass down here pronto. At least that chubby was good for one thing.

She pulled out her phone.

# 54. Laurie

“Another helping, Alice?”

“Ooo, yes please, Mrs. Sarovy!”

Laurie beamed as she watched Alice hold out her plate eagerly, like a dog whining for a treat. Mrs. Sarovy dumped out another heaping helping of buttered mashed potatoes, so big that the plate wobbled in Alice’s grip. This was brilliant! For weeks, Laurie had watched with alarm as Jen grew wider and wider. She couldn’t believe that her second-in-command on the cheer squad could let herself blow up into a complete heifer, but the big problem was that Jen just didn’t seem to care. That made it hard for Laurie to shame her ditzzy friend into dieting when Jen really couldn’t care less if she ballooned into obesity as long as she got to keep stuffing her face with delicious treats. At first, Laurie had enlisted Jen’s boyfriend Craig to help her convince Jen of the dangerous path she was treading...er, waddling. But that turned out to be a total bust. At first Craig was totally on board, but it turned out that he was mostly upset by Jen’s constant farting and her fixation on food to the exclusion of all else... even sex. When Jen changed her diet slightly to reduce her flatulence and started rekindling her sex life, Craig lost all interest in helping Laurie badger Jen into dieting. Well. Desperate times call for desperate measures and Laurie was determined to, if not help Jen reduce, at least make sure that she stopped growing before she became totally immobile. Laurie was such a good friend that she was willing to help out even if her own waistline took the hit!

And that’s why Laurie had been living over at Jen’s house for the last week, stealing food from Jen’s plate at dinnertime and running interception between meals to prevent Jen’s mom from getting snacks to her majorly chubbified daughter. But the problem? Now Laurie was ballooning instead.

Luckily, the scheming beauty hit on the perfect solution. If she wanted to keep food away from Jen without having to eat it all herself, why not bring in Alice? After all, Laurie was still determined to keep Alice gaining in the futile hope that Alice’s massive size would continue to make herself and Jen look svelte by comparison. At this point, Laurie was over 450 pounds. The idea that anything smaller than a whale would make her look svelte was laughable, but Laurie was still determined.

Without consulting Jen or her family, Laurie had invited Alice to become the household’s second semi-permanent live-in guest. Laurie knew it would work out great. Alice loved to eat and would leap at any excuse to cram food into her greedy mouth. With Laurie secretly fattening her and her boyfriend Tyler not so secretly encouraging Alice’s gluttony, the only thing in the bloated blonde’s life that acted as anything even resembling a restraint on gluttony was Alice’s disapproving mother. And getting Alice out of her own home meant that Mrs.

Grobauch's nagging was the last thing on her mind!

And Mrs. Sarovy was ecstatic to have another guest to feed. The older woman was obsessed with cooking and lived in fear that her family and friends weren't getting enough to eat. Jen and her father, both naturally hearty eaters, didn't object because it meant more food on the table for them too.

The only person who objected was Jen's little sister Jesse.

Jesse squinted suspiciously as Alice dug into her second helping with relish. Jesse was accustomed to displays of unbridled gluttony from living with her sister, the ultimate human pig, but Alice was no slouch. Alice was the size of a baby hippo, a big round blob of a girl with an enormous soft belly that covered her lap and nearly overlapped her adipose-smothered knees. Her constant snacking made her grow soft and flabby, so vast that she struggled to even fit her bulk into standard maternity clothes. Luckily, Alice gained most of her weight in her belly, so maternity clothes were cut in just the right shape to fit her. Jen, a mammoth pear with hips that brushed doorframes and buns that burst even the strongest panties, didn't have such luck.

"So... how long is your mom at this yoga retreat?" asked Jesse.

"Um..." Alice looked up in surprise, blinking her blue eyes dumbly. Her cheeks bulged with buttery, creamy mashed potatoes.

"Two weeks," jumped in Laurie. "That's right, Alice's mom is going to be out of town for the next two weeks, so she'll have to stay here."

"I see. And this is the same retreat that your mom is at?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it is, you got a problem?" Laurie kept smiling but her flashing eyes dared Jesse to push the issue.

"No," mumbled Jesse. The chubby pre-teen pushed her food around on her plate. "I just think it's weird that Alice's mom joined this retreat a week late, that's all."

Laurie narrowed her eyes. The story about the yoga retreat was, of course, complete bullshit. Laurie invented it just in case the Sarovys had objected to hosting Alice and Laurie for so long, but neither adult Sarovy seemed to mind the additional company. Jesse, however, was bristling at having to put up with not just one but two of her sister's fat friends.

Alice shoveled another bite into her mouth. "Mrs. Sarovy, you're such a good cook! Oh my Gawd, I could just eat forever!"

"I know!" piped up Jen, "My mom is, like, the best cook!"

“Alice, wouldn’t you like some of that steak?” said Laurie, quickly grabbing the thick slab of fatty meat from Jen’s plate and transplanting it to Alice’s.

“Oh, thanks, Laurie!” said Alice, her round face beaming. She attacked the steak with vigor, completely ignoring that it rightfully belonged to Jen. Delicious!

“Hey! That’s, like, mine,” muttered Jen.

“Oh hush, Jen, don’t be so greedy! Alice is your guest after all,” said Laurie.

Jesse looked from one girl to the next. What was going on here? The three chunky cheerleaders were like living balloons, steadily being inflated with food, fat, and gluttony. She wouldn’t be at all surprised if one of these days these three porkers actually exploded like over-inflated blimps.

Of course, Jesse wouldn’t wish such a fate on her big sister. As ditzzy as Jen was, Jesse still loved her sister. And just look at poor Jen now! The bottom-heavy bubble-buttred bubblehead was going hungry, barely able to get a scrap of food because those other two greedy gluttons were hogging everything! Jesse shook her head. Gawd, she was becoming just as bad as her mother!

Alice shoved another spoonful of mashed potatoes into her greedy mouth, completely oblivious to the consequences. Her full tummy pressed too hard against the stretch panel of her maternity pants and the button broke off, popping away from her crotch and ricocheting against the table leg. Under the table, her zipper relaxed downwards and Alice could feel a sudden sense of relief as her full tummy popped out through the new gap. Luckily, no one noticed.

Jen was too busy eating. Jen’s parents were too busy feeding her. Jesse was too busy staring at her gluttonous sister grab herself a fourth helping of buttered carrots.

But Laurie’s sharp ears pricked up at the distinctive sound. She’s popped too many buttons herself to mistake that noise! Of course, when Laurie popped buttons, it was because her magnificent bosom refused to be confined. At least, that was what she told herself. She willfully ignored how often those buttons were popping off her pants these days.

“Alice just popped her pants!” thought Laurie gleefully, an evil smile curling across her glossy lips. “Jen and Alice are both so fat! I literally cannot believe it.”

Everything was going perfectly according to plan...

Like all meals in the Sarovy household, dinner lasted for hours. Mrs. Sarovy refused to fill the fridge with leftovers, so no one was allowed to leave the table until every dish was empty and every belly was filled. By the end of the feast, Alice and Laurie felt ready to explode like a pair of overfilled balloons. Despite their best efforts, even Jen waddled away from the table with



her bulging gut packed as tight and heavy as a bowling ball – although, in their defense, Jen left considerably less bloated than she would have been without Alice and Laurie there to hog as much of the food as they did. The elder Sarovys and Jen’s sister Jesse ate their fills as well, although they would probably suffer less indigestion than the big three.

After dinner, the three titanic teens spent the rest of the evening collapsed on the sofas in the Sarovy living room, groaning and massaging their overloaded guts, their moans barely audible over the loud gurgling and burbling of three monster bellies struggling to digest way too much food. Jesse watched from the corner, aghast at the groaning Goodyear gorditas. They were all so full that they looked like three human balloons filled up with too much fat.

Alice was the first to stumble to her feet when bedtime rolled around.

“Guys, I gotta... get some sleep... I’ll see you in the morning, okay?” huffed Alice, running her plump hands over her overloaded-to-bursting belly. Laurie burped and Jen hiccupped, but other than that they were both too bloated to respond.

She wobbled unsteadily toward the stairs, lacing her fingers together to form a cradle below her bloated belly. Then, slowly, laboriously, the hefty honey mounted the stairs one slow step at a time.

“Ooof, these stairs are just too much,” puffed Alice as she reached the threshold of the second floor. She placed one hand against the wall for support as she paused to catch her breath. Stairs were always an ordeal for a fat girl like Alice! After a few moments, she plodded her way to her room. There, the beluga-sized beauty quickly shimmied out of her clothes with a sigh of relief. She dropped her ruined maternity pants without a second thought, rubbing her hand along the angry red line left by the overly tight waistband in her soft, tender flesh. Thank Gawd she was free of those confining pants now!

Alice loved wearing pajamas. The baggy soft cotton pants and tent-like pajama shirts were some of the few clothing items that still felt comfortable. Relatively speaking. It was harder and harder to find even pajamas in her size.

Alice picked up the enormous pajama top and inspected it. She sighed. Most of the buttons were missing, long since busted off by her growing gut. What could she do about that? It was out of her control! She would have to talk to Abida soon about sewing some new buttons onto her pajama top, since she didn’t have the money right now to buy a new replacement in a bigger size.

Sighing again, she pulled on the top and buttoned the few remaining buttons. They pulled tight, but Alice was in no mood to worry about those. She was so sleepy after tonight’s giant meal that she just wanted to get to sleep.

She wobbled out into the hallway to find the bathroom, almost running headfirst – or

rather, belly-first – into Jesse.

“Oh! Excuse me!” Alice attempted to step aside to allow Jesse to pass, but the blonde blimp was way too huge. She still filled nearly the entire hallway with her corpulent form, definitely presenting way too much of a barrier for a budding chubster like Jesse to squeeze past.

Jesse looked Alice up and down. The two girls were similarly dressed in flannel pajamas. The only difference was that Alice filled hers to capacity and beyond. Her cotton pajama pants were stretched so tight around her thick legs and lower pot belly that they looked painted on. The drawstring at the pants waist was gone, completely consumed into the pants in an attempt to let the pants out to their widest possible size. And the pajama top was a shambles, most of the buttons long since lost under the steady, creeping onslaught of Alice’s burgeoning belly. Several buttons still remained, straining hard, across the tubby teen’s ample bust, but since Alice’s breasts were still relatively small compared to her gargantuan gut, those buttons might just survive.

Jesse was no where near as fat as Alice. While Alice clearly tipped the scales at well over 400 pounds – putting her squarely in the “morbidly obese” camp – Jesse was merely pudgy. Several years younger and several hundred pounds lighter, Jesse might be forgiven for thinking that she was positively svelte when she compared herself to Alice. In reality, Jesse was a round little dumpling already stressing her own pajamas: the buttons on her top puckered when she breathed, revealing small but noticeable gaps through which the young chubbette’s soft, spongy belly could be seen.

“Jeez, Alice, you’re big! How much do you weigh?”

Alice was taken aback. In truth, she wasn’t sure. The last time that she had stepped on a scale, Laurie reported to her that she clocked in at XXX massive pounds. Alice had to take her friend’s word for it, since she was now so monumentally overweight that she couldn’t even see the scale’s dial over the swell of her globular gut.

“I...I’m not sure,” stuttered Alice, suddenly unsure of herself. “I know I’m a little overweight, but... I’m not really...I’m not really sure...”

Alice could feel her chubby cheeks flushing with embarrassment. She wasn’t expecting to be harassed about her weight here at Jen’s house! She was used to her own mother harping on her size every time that she caught Alice sneaking a snack between meals or raiding the pantry for dessert. But outside of her own home, it seemed like everyone was accepting of Alice’s size. But Laurie and Jen were always so nice. They certainly understood Alice’s dilemma, since they too were growing girls. And Tyler loved his girlfriend’s increasing size; the bigger she grew, the more he seemed to adore her. And, of course, Jen’s parents were the worst enablers of all, always plying her with more and more food!

It was almost as if everyone in Alice's life was secretly conspiring to distract the bloated blonde from the very real, very weighty consequences of her own constant overindulgence. When she was away from her mother's barbed comments, Alice found it way too easy to ignore the increasing difficulties of life as a major heavyweight. Alice could barely make it through the day without popping a button or splitting a seam; her expanding waistline just meant that Abida was working her fingers to the bone to patch up busted stitches in Alice's already tent-like clothes. And Alice was so out of shape now that even a simple walk...er, waddle... down the hall left her puffed and red-faced.

Jesse couldn't help but notice Alice's labored breathing, watching her giant belly slowly rise and fall with every inhale.

Jesse was literally the only voice of sanity in the world now. Everyone else seemed to be content to watch Alice, Laurie and Jen eat themselves into obesity, but Jesse wasn't about to pretend this was normal.

"You know you're way more than chubby, don't you? You're fat. You're really, really fat."

Alice didn't know what to say. There was no defense to the cold hard truth, so, as usual, Alice fell back on simple denial. "I...I...I'm not that fat!"

"Oh come on! You're as big as a whale! You can't be that blind! You've got to be the fattest girl that I've ever seen. Well, except for my sister. And your other friend Laurie, there. What's your game, anyway? Why are you and Laurie staying here?"

Alice remembered the lie that Laurie had instructed her to use. "Well, my mom is on a yoga retreat right now..."

"Bullshit!" snapped Jesse. "You two are here because you want to eat us out of house and home! You know that my mom loves to cook and she always makes way too much food! And you two greedy guts are here to take advantage of that!"

"No, no, it's not like that at all!" cried Alice. How could she make Jesse understand that she and Laurie were doing this for Jen's benefit? That they just wanted to help Jen to lose a few pounds by absorbing some of Jen's mom's constant feeding?

That wasn't the real reason Laurie had insisted that Alice join her as a semi-permanent visitor in Jen's house. The buxom beauty queen did hope that Alice would help prevent Jen was gaining too much more weight, that was true. But Laurie also hoped that Jen's mother might refocus her feeding efforts on this newest guest – helping Alice to blow up even faster than she already was! After all, Laurie was 450 pounds of jiggling lard now. If she wanted anyone to think she was thin, she needed Alice to be even bigger than that!

"I...I can't help it!" sobbed Alice, suddenly breaking down as Jesse's accusations broke

through her defenses. "I just can't stop eating! I know I need to stop, I need to get control of my appetite, but I just love to eat too much! And, look at me, I'm just getting fatter and fatter everyday! Sometimes I feel like I'm getting fatter by the minute, but it feels so good to eat and eat and eat until I've had my fill!"

"What's going on up here?"

Jesse and Alice turned to see Laurie pulling herself up the narrow staircase, her hands gripping the banister as if she might collapse into a sweaty, disheveled heap at any moment.

Laurie did NOT like to hear Jesse criticize Alice. That could just ruin her plan! The last thing that she needed was for Alice to start getting self-conscious about her weight. As long as she kept Alice away from her mother, Alice could live in a dreamworld where her weight wasn't a growing problem. The rotund girl loved to eat and hated to exercise, and she was naïve enough to think that she could live gluttonous, sedentary lifestyle without consequences as long as no one shoved them in her face. But now Jesse was about to ruin that!

Drawn by the sound of Alice's agitated voice, the top-heavy diva was here to protect her friend from Jesse's barbs.

"I'm so fat!" blubbered Alice. "Look at me!" She motioned at her blimpish body, her double chin and chipmunk cheeks jiggling as she sobbed. Fat tears ran down her plump cheeks.

"Ohhh no no no, Alice, shhh, it's okay!" said Laurie, wrapping her thick arms around Alice and pulling her fat friend in for a hug. "You're not too fat, Alice, why would you even think that? You've been so good on your diet, Alice, why, you're probably losing weight faster than any of us!"

Jesse guffawed. "Are you kidding? She's fatter than ever! In fact, you're ALL fatter than ever!"

Laurie turned to face Jesse, her mouth a thin line of annoyance.

"You little brat, how dare you!"

"Me? How dare you? How can you tell Alice that she's losing weight! She's not losing weight at all! I think she gets bigger every time that I see her!" Jesse recalled seeing Alice occasionally over the past few years whenever Jen brought her over for sleepovers. Alice was always fat, but she was never THIS fat! Jesse could remember a time when Alice was merely a plump girl with a little bit of a pot belly; now she was so big that she could barely fit through this hallway and so phenomenally heavy that the floor creaked under her padded feet. "Like, Alice keeps getting fatter and fatter! And it's cuz she eats way too much! You all do!"

“Don’t you take that tone of voice with me, kid,” snarled Laurie, pressing Alice close as if to shield her better from Jesse’s vicious attacks. She pushed Alice’s face into her chest, nearly smothering the sobbing girl between her massive mammores.

“Mmppff! Laurie! Not so tight!” mumbled Alice through a mouthful of boob, but Laurie wasn’t listening.

“What are you gonna do, sit on me?” jeered Jesse. “Laurie, you might scare my sister but I’m not scared of you! I’ll tell you right to your face: You’re fat! You and Alice and Jen have been gaining weight all year and now you’re all as fat as pigs. You look like someone’s trying to fatten you up for market! You look like you might be the fattest girl who ever lived!”

Laurie’s lip quivered as she felt her anger rising. Jesse’s taunt reminded her what Abida had told her just the other day about Natalie McTaggart, the fattest girl to ever attend their high school. Laurie knew she was at least 450 pounds, possibly more if she’d plumped up even more since Abida weighed her. The fattest girl in school history, Natalie McTaggart, weighed only 500 pounds. Only 500! Laurie was getting dangerously close to that number, and she knew that Alice and Jen weren’t far behind either. As much as the idea of being the fattest girl in school history filled her with horror, it also filled her with a strange sense of... pride? Laurie wondered what it would be like to break Natalie’s record. She wondered what people would say the day that she, Laurie Belmontes, proudly tipped the scale at 501 pounds of wobbling, jiggling, rippling blubber? All her life, Laurie strove to be the biggest and best at everything. In years past, her obsession with size restricted itself to her overwhelming vanity about her big boobs. But now this was far beyond just boobs. She wanted to be huge. She wanted to be massive. She wanted to be the biggest, fattest, roundest girl ever.

Still, no one knew about that crazy fantasy. Not yet. She could barely admit it to herself and Frank only had the barest inkling of how deep her desires truly ran.

And she definitely wasn’t about to let some punk kid out her!

Laurie inhaled angrily, her bosom bulging against the confines of her top. Then her eyes moved down to see the strained buttons down the front of Jesse’s pajama top.

Laurie grinned wickedly. “I wouldn’t be so smug if I were you, Jesse.”

Jesse snorted derisively. “What do you mean by that, Fatso?”

Laurie chuckled, but her eyes were flashing. She smoothed her long raven hair, trying to play it cool so that Jesse wouldn’t catch on to how much that mocking nickname cut her.

“Let’s just say I’ve been friends with your sister for a long, long time. Why, I knew her when she was your age, Jesse.”

“So?”

“So, when she was your age, Jen was a lot slimmer than you are now. So if you think Jen is a wide load now, I can’t wait to see what you look like at her age.”

Jesse blanched. “No. You’re lying. Jen always had a huge butt.”

“Oh, did she?” Laurie clucked her tongue. It was true that Jen had always been bottom-heavy. Laurie remembered the summer that she and Jen first became friends, that fateful year at cheer camp where the other campers all made fun of Jen’s wide bottom and taunted her that she could never be a real cheerleader when she had to carry around that colossal curvy caboose. Jesse was right; Jen had always been a thick pear. But Jesse was overall pudgier than her sister had been. And, if Jen’s development was any indication, Sarovy women didn’t lose their baby fat when they hit their big growth spurt. They just got bigger and bigger and bigger...

“Maybe. But you’re fatter all over, Jesse. So when you start to develop, you can look forward to growing a big butt like Jen and keeping all that other pudge too. If you think Jen got fat, wow, you’re going to be massive.”

Laurie’s voice dripped venomous honey as she poked her chubby finger into the soft flesh of Jesse’s exposed gut for emphasis.

“And you think your mom feeds Jen a lot? Just wait! By the time you’re Jen’s age, your sister’s gonna be out of the house. And then who’s your mom going to feed? Who’s your mom going to cook all those giant meals for? And then make you sit at the table and eat them allllll, hmm?”

“I’m not scared,” said Jesse, standing up to her full height in an effort to intimidate Laurie into backing down. The effect was somewhat comical since all it accomplished was to make her buttons strain more against her chubby abdomen.

“No? You think you can resist your fate?”

“Yeah! Jen just eats too much cuz she’s dumb. She’s, like, a total bimbo, so she doesn’t realize how much she’s eating. I know when I’ve had enough.”

“Oh do you think so? You seem pretty smart. Jen used to be pretty smart when she was your age too, Jesse. But what happened to her? She’s just been getting dumber and dumber over the years as she’s been getting fatter and fatter. You know why?”

“Why?” Despite herself, Jesse was starting to get nervous.

“Laurie, what are you talking about—” asked Alice, but Laurie shushed her. Alice was

really confused now! She didn't understand a lot of things about Jen and Laurie's relationship, but she was still shocked to hear Laurie talk about Jen like that.

Laurie squatted down, her knees creaking under all her weight, until she was face to face with Jesse. Jesse kept her eyes trained on Laurie's round face, even as the older girl leaned in so close that her massive melons pressed against Jesse's own, more modest chest.

"When Jen's butt started growing, her mind started going. You might think you're hot shit now, kid, but once the Sarovy genes kick in – you're gonna blow up like a helium balloon! And you better believe, you're gonna get dumb real fast!"

"That's not true! Jen was never smart! I know she was always a ditz!" cried Jesse, but her voice wavered as if she couldn't entirely convince herself it was true. Had Jen always been dumb? Jesse was beginning to doubt her own memories with Laurie there looming over her.

Laurie chuckled as she straightened up again, thrusting her bulbous bodacious bosom out as per usual. Even at her enormous size, Laurie's grandiloquent hooters still demanded attention. While Alice had become more apple-shaped until she resembled a living beach ball, Laurie still wore her weight in a vague if absurdly overfull hour glass shape. Her nips and thighs were plush enough to balance out her top and her belly puffed out far enough to provide extra support for her bust, but there was still no missing those two titanic tatas. Laurie was stacked!

"Better watch that waistline, Jesse. Cuz once you start putting some bounce in that booty, you know it's all over. You're gonna be a big fatass just like your big sister."

"I will not! I'm never gonna be as fat as Jen!" howled Jesse angrily. She stomped her foot in rage, but the sudden movement was too much for her snug top. The thread holding the button in place right over the summit of her chunky tummy snapped. With a loud ping, the button launched across the hallway. All three girls watched as it hit the floor, bounced, and then rolled to a stop.

"Now who's the chubby one, huh?" crowed Laurie as a red-faced and seething Jesse retreated back to her room.

"Laurie! That was really mean!" said Alice.

"Whatever," said Laurie, "That little brat needed to get taken down a notch. I can't believe the gall of her, talking to you like that! You okay, Alice?"

Alice nodded. "Yeah... I'm fine. Sorry, I just... I don't know why I reacted like that." She wiped her face with her thick arm, rubbing away the last of her tears. "When she started talking, it just reminded me of some of the things my mother would say."

"Don't listen to her," said Laurie. "She's just a little punk. Can you even believe that Jen

is related to her?"

Alice nodded in agreement. Jen was the sweetest girl in the world, even if she was kind of an airhead. It was hard to believe that a smart-mouthed twerp like Jesse was her little sister!

"Is all that stuff you said about Jen true? Did she used to be smart?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. "Jeez, Alice, you'd think you were as dumb as Jen! I know you've got blond hair, but don't be such a blonde! Of course Jen never used to be smart! I made that all up. Can you imagine Jen ever having a brain in her empty head?"

Alice bit her lip. She loved Jen dearly as a friend, but she had to admit that Jen had always been a colossal dim bulb.

"But that's the best part. Now that I've planted the seed of doubt, Jesse's going to obsessing about that. Every day, she's going to be wondering: Am I getting dumber? Am I losing my smarts like my sister? Am I going to be a huge fatass ditz like Jen? Maybe that'll encourage her to keep her mouth shut from now on. Especially when it comes to making fun of people's weights!"

Laurie and Alice both had to laugh at that.

"Thanks for coming to help me, Laurie!" Alice smiled.

Laurie grinned. "Don't mention it, Alice. After all, us big girls gotta stick together, right?"



# 55. Alice

“Hey, Abida, could you help us?”

Abida looked back and forth between those two round, worried faces. Alice and Jen held out two piles of worn and torn clothes that they hoped Abida could repair, re-stitch, and, most of all, enlarge.

Abida sighed. “How much longer is this going to go on?” The slender Indian girl was beginning to get annoyed with Alice and Jen’s constant requests for clothing alterations. She had originally agreed to work as their free seamstress in hopes that she could somehow get closer to Laurie by helping Laurie’s friends, but it didn’t seem like it was having much effect. Abida was briefly elated when Laurie had demanded that she make a house-call to fit her for a new bra, but she was devastated when Laurie quickly kicked her out afterwards. Abida didn’t realize that Laurie had become so horny after hearing Abida’s comments that she needed to be alone to pleasure herself – or to call Frank to pleasure her. Abida worried that she had offended Laurie by comparing the busty bitch to Natalie McTaggart, the fattest girl in school history.

“You know, there’s only so many alterations I can make to your clothes,” said Abida, “Eventually, you’re going to run out of give if you both keep getting bigger.”

Alice blushed in embarrassment. Abida was one of the few people who didn’t mince words about the girls’ weight. It reminded her of Jen’s little sister Jesse, who only this morning had continued her campaign of harassment against Alice. Jesse was somewhat subdued after Laurie’s scolding, but even Laurie’s harsh words couldn’t keep Jesse from expressing surprise about the girls’ size.

This morning, Alice had woken early, her nostrils filled with the sweet aroma of waffles. Mmmmm... Jen’s mom must be making waffles today! Oh boy! Just the thought of a rich, sweet stack of syrup-drenched waffles was enough to get Alice to roll out of bed and waddle her fat ass down to the kitchen as fast as her little piggy trotters could carry her.

Jen and Laurie were still asleep. But Jen’s tubby little sister Jesse was already at the table, attacking her first helping. Jesse was a chunky little dumpling, her soft body already straining the stitches on her own pajamas, but she was far from morbidly obese like her big (emphasis on big!) sister. And Jesse made no secret of her disdain for her sister’s sky-rocketing weight or that of her sister’s two fat friends.

“Wow, Alice, your belly is enormous,” said Jesse as Alice waddled to the breakfast table this morning. Alice’s big pink gut stuck out in front of her like a gigantic fleshy beanbag topped by a dark cavernous navel. Her paunch bulged out of her ruined pajama top, proceeding Alice

by a good three feet as she shuffled toward the table, drawn by the heavenly smell of Jen's mom's cooking.

"I...I....," stuttered Alice as she settled her broad behind across two chairs.

"Jesse! Manners!" scolded Mrs. Sarovy as she burst out of the kitchen, bearing an enormous platter groaning under the weight of multiple tall stacks of sweet homemade Belgian waffles. "Alice is our guest and we're never rude to guests in this household. What would you like for breakfast, Alice? I made waffles, but I could make you something else too if that's not enough..."

"No, ma'am, waffles are fine!" chirped Alice, her eyes sparkling with excitement at the sight in front of her. Alice licked her chops eagerly, her fingers instinctively curling around the knife and fork set before her on the table as she anticipated the morning feast to come.

"Are you sure? Maybe some bacon and eggs to go alongside it?"

"Hmmmph!" Mrs. Sarovy couldn't be sure what Alice was trying to say because her mouth was already full of waffles. The moment that Mrs. Sarovy plopped several waffles onto Alice's plate, the tubby teen was already devouring her breakfast as if she hadn't eaten in months.

"Well, I'll just make a few to be sure," said Mrs. Sarovy, "You don't need to eat them if you don't want to. What about you, Jesse? Bacon and eggs too?"

Jesse shook her head. "No, Mom, I'm fine."

Mrs. Sarovy looked at the last remnants of waffle on Jesse's plate and frowned with concern. Her poor daughter couldn't possibly have had enough to eat after just one helping!

"I'm already making a few eggs for Alice here, so you can have some too, if you want, okay, Jesse?"

Mrs. Sarovy waddled back into the kitchen, clucking to herself.

Jesse rolled her eyes. She was used to watching her mother relentlessly stuff her sister Jen, but Jesse was determined that she wouldn't let the same thing happen to her. Of course, Jesse was already quite plump for her age, but that didn't mean she was destined to inflate like a blimp too!

Jesse glared across the table at Alice as the tubby blonde wolfed down her breakfast, her cheeks bulging with waffle, sticky syrup dribbling from her plump lips.

"Seriously, Alice, just because my mom puts food in front of your face, it doesn't mean

you HAVE to eat it,” said Jesse, “With self-control like that, it’s no wonder you’re so fat.”

Alice gulped and wiped her mouth with a napkin. “Um, I guess maybe I am kind of chubby these days,” mumbled Alice nervously. That was the understatement of the year! “But, um, you know, that’s just the...normal shape of my body... some of us tend to be a little rounder.”

Jesse raised an eyebrow as Alice returned to attacking her own stack of waffles

“A little rounder? If your belly gets any bigger or any rounder, you are going to explode,” predicted Jesse. Alice’s face went white. She didn’t believe that dire forecast, of course – people didn’t actually explode from overeating in real life! That only happened in cartoons... or in nightmares! But just the fact that Jesse would say such a thing was enough to momentarily shock Alice out of her usual gluttonous stupor.

Jesse chuckled to herself at her wicked barb before digging back into the leftover food on her plate.

Even now, hours later, Jesse’s words kept replaying in Alice’s head. “If your belly gets any bigger or any rounder, you are going to explode.” It made her feel strangely nervous and queasy, a little uneasy quiver deep in the pit of her over-sized stomach. Alice’s polo shirt couldn’t cover most of her titanic tummy these days; she could barely stretch the overworked material over her growing tits these days, so her big pink belly hung out free, wobbling and swinging as she waddled, her creaking knees bumping into her overhanging blubber with each lumbering step. At the very least, the hang of her gut helped to hide the fact that Alice couldn’t button or zip these cargo pants, even with the pockets unzipped and spread widely.

In fact, Alice was so wide now that she couldn’t even hitch up the zipper on her fly. She had to jerry-rig her pants together with a safety pin since she couldn’t pull the button close enough to fasten.

“Please, Abida, you have to help us! I... I can’t even zip up any of my pants right now! None of my clothes fit!”

“Yeah,” piped up Jen, “This is, like, literally my last pair of leggings! The seat’s torn out of all my others! Like, what am I gonna wear?” Jen patted her rotund rump for emphasis. The over-stretched black leggings were covered with painted stars in swirling patterns, meant to evoke the look of the milky way. It made Jen’s massive butt look like an exploding supernovae.

“Jen, Alice, I...look, this can’t go on. You two need to just buy some new, bigger clothes.”

“Um, we totally can’t do that!” whined Jen, “We’re trying to save money! For, like, something really important!”

“Alright, alright, fine. But the least you two could do is control your eating and stop getting bigger. It seems like I’m letting out your pants every week!”

Jen and Alice exchanged glances. In fact, Abida WAS letting out their pants every week.

Abida sighed. “Okay, hand them over. But be warned! This can’t go on forever. Something’s gotta give.”

Alice bit her lip nervously, her chubby cheeks blushing crimson. Those words sounded almost as ominous as Jesse’s earlier warning, and Alice’s pudgy hands moved, unbidden, to knead the soft blubber of her protruding paunch. It still felt soft and spongy under her palm. That was a good sign. If she was going to pop, surely her belly would feel tight and over-stretched, right? Alice shook her head, her thick double chin wobbling. What was she even talking about? She wasn’t going to pop! That was craziness! It just didn’t happen in real life! She needed to put that thought out of her head.

“Thanks so much, Abida!” said Alice, “We really appreciate it! I promise it wouldn’t be for much longer, though.”

“Yeah, totally!” agreed Jen, “We’re, like, totally close to our goal!”

Abida rubbed her chin, looking from Alice to Jen and back again. God, these two porkers were huge! Alice was so round that she looked like a blonde balloon, her double chin consuming her neck and pressing against her chest, while her gargantuan belly pushed her hefty boobs up into her face. Jen had blossomed into such an extreme pear that her elephantine thighs touched all the way down to the knee, her rubbing thighs wearing holes through the crotches of all her leggings as her bloated booty – two shifting globes of fat – pressed against her seat with more force everyday. They were both so fat that they probably gave Laurie a run for her money!

In fact...

Just how fat were they?

“Before you go, though, I’ll need to weigh you each. Just for accuracy.”

Jen shrugged. “Okay, sure.”

Alice was less nonchalant. Unlike Jen, she was still a little embarrassed by her massive size. And being a little bit smarter than Jen, she also didn’t understand the point.

“Um...but why? Why would you need to know our weights to let out our pants?”

“Well, I have to know how big you are if I’m going to let them out enough, right?”

“But my weight doesn’t... I mean, it doesn’t tell you our measurements...” Alice trailed off. She didn’t understand Abida’s reasoning at all, but she was also reluctant to question it too much lest Abida decide that she needed to take the porky pair’s measurements too. It was bad enough that Abida was going to weigh them. Alice would just die if Abida took a tape measure to her giant gut too!

“Jen, let’s do you first.”

Abida motioned to a bathroom scale stashed in the corner. Jen wobbled over, already huffing at even this much activity, and stepped on it. All three girls could hear the dial spinning... and spinning... and spinning...

Finally, the whirring noise of the spinning dial faded to nothing. Jen attempted to peer over her ballooning waistline but couldn’t see the dial.

“Um, like, what does it say? I, like, totally can’t see the dial!”

Abida crouched in close, her head brushing against the soft blubber of Jen’s abdomen as she did. “450 pounds!” she announced.

“Um, like, wow. I guess that is, like, a lot,” said Jen.

“Yeah, just a bit,” said Abida, shocked at Jen’s placid acceptance. Any other girl would have hit the rafters to learn that they were THAT heavy, but Jen barely even seemed to care! That was a big difference from how Laurie had reacted.

“Oh, just a bit? Then that’s, like, not so bad, right?”

Abida and Alice exchanged glances. Abida sighed. For a moment she had forgotten that Jen was such a complete bimbo that she would of course take Abida’s sarcastic quip literally.

But Abida was still curious. She remembered when she had weighed Laurie and then asked her to place her breasts on the scale, desperate to know how much of Laurie’s bulk was stored in her massive mammaries. Jen’s boobs were by no means small, but Jen clearly didn’t store as much in her bosom as did Laurie. Most of Jen’s weight went to her greedy butt. Abida had to know just how much!

“Hey, Jen, would you be up for a little experiment?”

“Huh?”

“Well, Jen, it’s just that you have a very, uh, unique shape.”

Jen stared blankly.

“I mean, you tend to be a little more ample on the, uh, derriere, as they say.”

“The dairy air? Like, what’s that? Some kind of flying cow?”

Alice cleared her throat. “She means that you have a big bottom, Jen.”

“Ohhhhh, yeah, I totally know! Lucky thing for me that, like, Craig is totally an ass man, right? I mean, like he totally lucked out when he started dating me, right? I’ve got, like, buns to spare!” Jen grinned and smacked her prodigious posterior for emphasis, squealing in glee as the spongy flesh rippled in response. “Hee! Look at that booty bounce!”

“No one can deny that you do have the bounciest booty,” agreed Abida, “But maybe we could figure out HOW bouncy.”

Jen again stared blankly.

“I mean, if I’m going to let out your pants, I need to know exactly how big you are in the seat. Could I ask you to, uh, weigh your butt?”

Jen looked over her shoulder dubiously. “I guess? But how are we gonna do that?”

“Leave that to me. Step off the scale, please.”

Jen dutifully stepped off the scale, the dial loudly spinning back to zero. Abida grabbed the scale off the floor, and briefly scanned the room until her eyes fell on a footstool. “Aha! Alice, could you give me a hand? This footstool isn’t tall enough, but maybe if we balance it on a chair, it’ll be just the right height.”

“The right height for what?” asked Alice.

“We just need the scale to be high enough, so that we can rest Jen’s backside on it while she’s standing.”

Jen watched as the two girls quickly jerry rigged a structure and then balanced the scale on top.

“Okay, Jen, just back up and plop your caboose on top of the scale,” commanded Abida.

“Um, it’s kind of too high up,” whined Jen, “I’ll have to stand on tip toe.”

“That’s kind of the point. That way the weight of your butt will actually press on the scale and... look, it doesn’t matter, let’s just get this done.”

“Alright.”

Jen wobbled backwards, occasionally glancing over her shoulder as she maneuvered her mammoth rear toward the scale. Abida couldn’t help but think that Jen looked like a massive big rig trying to back into a tiny parking space; she looked like she should have a loud beeping noise to accompany her progress to warn anyone in the area that a wide load was pulling in.

“Ugh, it’s too high,” whined Jen as her giant soft buns collided with the tower, the arms of the chair pushing into her squishy buttery blubber.

“Just stand on your toes for a second, Jen.”

Jen sighed. Standing on tip toe was even harder than regular standing! Nevertheless, she obliged.

“Okay, Alice, you wanna give me a hand? We’ll just hoist Jen’s butt here onto the scale. You take the left cheek, I’ll take the right.”

Alice blushed, embarrassed to be manhandling her friend’s fat fanny, but she nodded.

“Okay, on three. One. Two. Three!”

Jen yelped as she felt two pairs of hands grope against her enormous rump, fingers sinking into her adipose as Alice and Abida hefted her blimpish booty up and over.

“Okay, release!”

Alice grunted with the effort of lifting. Her atrophied muscles were buried under acres of soft, jiggling flab. She rarely lifted anything heavier than, say, a jumbo sized chocolate chip cookie or a big gulp soda, and never carried anything longer than it took to move her hand to her mouth. So lifting Jen’s humungous hefty haunches was quite a workout for the poor pudgy princess!

“Oof!” Jen startled as she felt her fat ass flop onto the scale, the cold metal of the scale chilling her sensitive skin through the thin, overstretched fabric of her spandex-blend leggings.

The three girls stood silently as the scale dial spun... spun...spun... and then finally stopped.

“Hmm, 50 pounds,” announced Abida, pushing Jen’s jelly away from the dial face so she

could assess the damage.

“Oh my gawd, really? That’s, like, not that bad at all!” said Jen.

“Jen... that’s just one cheek. So your entire butt must weigh, like, double that.”

“So... like, 50 pounds?”

“More like 100!” said Abida. She was, honestly, astounded. Only a few days ago, Abida had told Laurie that she was only 50 pounds away from being the fattest girl in school history. Jen was slightly lighter than Laurie – as if that was an accomplishment – but she wasn’t all that far behind. If she wasn’t careful, this bloated bootilicious bunny would balloon up bigger than her busty bestie quickly!

“Ha! Well, like, I said: I got the booty. I am the most bootilicious girl in school! Um, you know Craig always likes to call me his PAWG princess.”

“What’s that mean?” asked Alice.

“Um... it means, like, phat ass white girl, cuz my ass is PHAT. Like, with a p. That means ‘pretty hot and tempting.’ “

“Okay, that’s enough of that,” said Abida, starting to get annoyed with Jen explaining these dated slang references that she clearly thought were still the cutting edge of fashionable lingo. “Jen, if you could step away, then let’s get Alice weighed.”

“Do we... do we have to?” asked Alice, sheepishly holding her thick arms in front of her as if she could hope to hide her oversized paunch. That was a hopeless cause! Alice was so rotund that her belly stuck out a good few feet in front of her, as round as a bowling ball and, after a good meal, just as firm.

“I’m sorry, Alice, I don’t mean to pry,” said Abida, “It’s just important so I can size you correctly.”

That was a complete lie. Abida didn’t need to know Alice’s weight. This was nothing more than morbid curiosity about Alice’s morbid obesity.

“O..okay,” said Alice, “Should we put it back on the floor?”

“As long as it’s up, why don’t we measure your...most prominent feature first?” Abida eyed Alice’s voluminous gut.

“You mean my...uh... my tummy?” asked Alice, her voice cracking slightly. As much as she hoped her choice of words might downplay the size of her monstrous belly, there was no



denying that Alice's stomach was massive.

"Yes, that's right."

"Okay, I guess... if it's really important."

Alice laced her chubby fingers together to form a cradle under her bloated belly and, with a loud grunt and a mighty heave, managed to lift that billowing bag of blubber enough to drop it onto the scale. When Alice lifted her belly, Abida finally got a brief glimpse of Alice's crotch – enough to realize that the fat girl's cargo pants were wide open, only barely held together by a straining safety pin. Even with the safety pin, the pants were way too tight and it looked like Alice would soon have to add a second pin to prevent them from bursting open completely.

Alice stared off into space, trying to avoid looking like she was trying to peer over the grand mountain of her belly. She was way too fat to be able to see the scale over the arc of her gut.

"Hmm, 230 pounds," said Abida.

230 pounds! Alice felt her knees quiver at the news. How could she be THAT big? Her belly alone weighed 230 pounds! That was insane! No wonder Jesse issued that dire warning this morning. She must look like a full-grown cow! She was as big as a hippo! Alice must really and truly look like she was ready to explode if her belly packed THAT much fat!

"Okay, Alice, let's see how much the rest of you weighs."

Alice nodded dumbly, still in shock from the revelation about her excessive new weight. She barely registered as Abida pushed her doughy gut aside and returned the scale to the floor. She didn't react as Abida gently guided her over to the scale and had her stand on it. She didn't notice the whirring sound as the dial spun. She only startled out of her stupor when Abida announced the result.

"450 pounds total! Wow, you two are... actually the same weight! I didn't expect that."

"Yeah, like, that's just cuz we carry it differently," said Jen, "So, like, no one would guess! So, like, do you have all the info you need to adjust our clothes?"

"Huh? Oh right, your clothes." Abida caught herself before she blurted out the truth: Why would I need this info for your clothes? She really only needed this information because she couldn't help but wonder. She remembered when she had tricked Laurie into letting her weigh her tits and had discovered that each of Laurie's massive melons weighed a whopping 60 pounds! At the time, she had thought that was crazy big, but these new revelations – that Jen's ass weighed an astounding 100 pounds and Alice's belly tipped the scale at 230 pounds – really put it all in perspective.

“Yeah, I can take care of your clothes. But, please, you two have to promise me that you’re going to work to control your gaining. This might be the last time that I’ll be able to help you. After this, you’ll just need to buy bigger clothes.”

“We can’t afford that!” said Jen. “We need to save our money!”

“We’ll be more careful,” said Alice, “In fact, we’re working on a diet right now, so I’m sure we’ll be losing weight soon.”

“A diet, huh?” said Abida.

“Yeah, Laurie is helping us. We’re all staying at Jen’s house and Laurie is making sure that we don’t eat too much. She’s really helping us out!”

Abida looked over the two chubby cheerleaders, both nearly busting out of their inadequate clothes. She doubted that Laurie was really helping either of them very much at all.

“Great,” she said. “Good luck on that.”

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The two hefty heifers hadn’t waddled far before Jen nudged Alice in the ribs.

“Hey, Alice, I just had, like, a thought.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“You wanna, like, go check on the scooters?”

“Oh Jen, we don’t have enough money to buy scooters yet.”

“Yeah, like, I know. But I think we’re getting pretty close. And, like, I just wanna, like, see them. Ya know, to remind myself what we’re getting!” A dreamy look passed over the bottom-heavy bimbo’s plump face as she imagined life on her scooter. “I mean, like, just to help keep up our willpower to keep saving.”

Alice nodded, her double chin wobbling. “That sounds like a good idea. I wouldn’t mind taking a second look.”

Jerry, the salesman at the mobility scooter store, groaned inwardly as he recognized the two tubby teens waddling toward him like a pair of pudgy penguins. Oh no! Not these fatties! When he first laid eyes upon them weeks ago, he hoped that he would never see them again. He felt supremely guilty selling mobility scooters to these two young girls, knowing that it would

only result in them growing fatter and fatter by relieving them of the need to get even the small amount of exercise provided by shuffling around. Jesus, could it be that they actually WERE already even fatter than the last time he'd seen them? He squinted in disbelief, but it looked like the case. Chubby Alice was round as a beach ball, her big swollen belly hanging below the hem of her tight stretched polo shirt. Surely her belly didn't hang quite so low the last time she was here? And Jen was wider than ever, her elephantine legs rubbing together so furiously with her every step that he could practically hear the material between her thighs fraying. She had to pause every few feet to reach behind herself and yank at the waistband of her tights, since the rolling jiggle of her tremendous gelatinous buns made her stretch pants constantly ride up between her cheeks.

"Hiii!" chirped Jen as they two bulging beauties crossed the threshold into the store. "We're back! Like, remember us?" Jen's breathing came fast and labored, her ample chest rising and falling rapidly, after the exhausting trip all the way from Abida's lingerie store. Gawd, she couldn't wait until she finally had the money to buy a scooter! She'd never have to worry about walking again!

"Yeah, of course I remember you ladies," said Jerry. How could I forget, he wondered. Most of the people who came to his store looking for mobility scooters were people with actual disabilities, who genuinely needed a scooter to help them get around. Alice and Jen were the only customers he had ever seen who wanted to buy scooters simply because they were too lazy to walk.

"Yes...I...uh... what can I do for you girls?" He hoped against hope that they weren't actually planning to buy any scooters today. He didn't even care if he had to give up his commission; it would almost be worth the loss if it meant he could save these girls from continuing down this path to damnation and obesity.

"We don't have enough money to buy the scooters yet," said Alice, moping her sweaty brow. "But we just wanted to come down and take a look at them. Just to, you know, remind ourselves what all the sacrifice is for."

Clearly the one thing that these two fatties weren't sacrificing was food, thought Jerry. They were enormous! He half-wondered how they even fit through the double doors to get into the mall. How did they even get around now without a scooter?

"Right... well, I think you girls were looking at the Hall Weasel model, right? It's right over there in the corner."

"Thanks!" said Alice, a pleasant smile on her round face. She tugged at Jen's arm, and the two fat friends wobbled over to gaze at the scooter in rapt excitement.

"Oooo, I can't wait!" gushed Jen, grabbing Alice's flabby arm and squeezing in excitement. "This is going to be so great! Ohmygawd, just think how much easier everything is

going to be! I swear, like, my poor feet get soooo tired walking around all day! I can't wait to be able to ride everywhere!"

The smile fell from Alice's face as she read the sign posted above the Hall Weasel.

"I... oh no! Jen! Jen, look at that!" She pointed in horror.

Jen blinked at the sign. "Weight limit... 420? But, like, we're 450 each! That's like... that's like... uh.... Well, like, 450 is more than 420!"

"It's 30 pounds over! Oh my Gawd, Jen, we're... we're too heavy for the Hall Weasel!"

Tears welled up in Alice's eyes at the thought that all their hard work might now be for nothing. All those weeks of saving, of dealing with outgrown clothes, just to find out that they had actually outgrown the scooter!

Jen burst into tears and clutched Alice tightly. Jerry watched in confusion as the two fat girls bawled, tears flowing freely down their chubby cheeks.

"Girls, girls! Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"I thought that the Hall Weasel was designed to carry 500 pounds?" said Alice, straining to keep the crack of anguish out of her voice.

"Oh... er... I'm afraid we've had to reassess that weight limit. It seems that the Weasel isn't as durable as they were claiming. The company was sued after there were a few... malfunctions, so they had to scale back their claims. But don't worry, if you girls need a more, er, heavy-duty model, we've still got you covered. We can still order the Luxury Roller 5000 for you."

"That's too expensive!" hiccupped Jen, wiping her face and smearing her mascara. "Like, it would take a million years to save enough money for that one!"

"Wait, Jen," said Alice, an idea forming in her head. "We can't afford to each by one, but...what if we pooled our money?"

"Like, you mean just buy one scooter?"

"We could buy one now and then keep saving up until we have enough for a second one."

Jen sniffled. "Yeah, but, like, which one of us would get the first one?"

The two girls exchanged confused looks. Neither one of them wanted to give up the chance to glide around in ultimate lazy luxury, the chance to eliminate pesky exercise from their

lives altogether. But, at the same time, neither of them wanted to deny the other that same bliss.

“Well, Jen, buying scooters was your idea, so I think... I think you should get to keep the first scooter.”

“No way, Alice! You’re, like, my best friend! I am totally not going to make you have to keep walking while I get to cart my lazy ass around! I totally think YOU should get the first scooter!”

“But, Jen, I would feel terrible if you had to keep walking! Oh, what are we going to do? There’s no solution to this problem!”

Jen brightened. “Like, what a second! Oh my Gawd! I just thought of the perfect idea! Like, what if... what if we pool our money... and buy it for Laurie?”

“For Laurie?”

“Like, yeah! Remember how we said she was totally going to flip a bitch when she saw US using scooters? Like, if we buy her a scooter for Laurie, there’s, like, no way that she can be mad, right? I mean, like, she probably needs it even more than us, ya know? Like, I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but, like, Laurie’s been getting REALLY fat lately.”

Alice didn’t like to mention it, because she knew that Laurie was super sensitive about her super-sized ever expanding waistline. But Jen’s plan did have a certain logic to it.

“I see what you’re saying, Jen! And then, if Laurie has a scooter, she can’t be mad when, down the line, WE each buy scooters too, right?”

“Yeah! Exactly!”

“Jen, you’re a genius! That’s brilliant!” She turned to Jerry. “Thanks, I think we WILL order the Luxury Roller 5000, after all!”

# 56. Laurie

Ring ring ring!

Grunting in annoyance, Laurie grabbed at the cellphone on the bedside table. She held it up and squinted at the display. Mom. Ugh, what was her mom calling about now? Why was her mother interrupting her so late at night? Didn't she know that Laurie needed her beauty rest?

Glancing at the clock on the table, Laurie realized it wasn't actually all that late. It was only 7:00 p.m. Jeez, how could it possibly be that early? Why was she so tired?

With a loud wheezing groan, Laurie hoisted herself into a sitting position, her titanic tits flopping against the protruding shelf of her growing gut. She winced. That hurt! Absently, she rubbed a manicured hand over the daunting arc of her bloated stomach. After yet another dinner at the Sarovy household, Laurie was absolutely stuffed to the gills, her gut round and firm and packed to bursting. That was typical. Every night, Jen's mom made sure that neither Jen nor her two best friends left the table until they had cleared their plates of second, third and sometimes even fourth helpings. Laurie told herself that she was doing her part to help Jen lose weight by accepting all the extra food that Jen's mom proffered, but, really, the only substantial change had come to her own waistline as she grew rounder and rounder under the constant onslaught of high calorie treats. After dinner, the three girls left the table so absurdly stuffed that there was little more they could do other than to collapse into a drunken, bloated stupor. Even now, Laurie could see the summits of two massive pink mounds rising into the air at the foot of the bed; both Alice and Jen were lying on the floor, snoring like buzzsaws, their overloaded paunches gurgling and bubbling as they struggled to digest their latest feast.

Graciously, they had allowed Laurie to take the bed. Well, honestly, they were just too stuffed to make a fuss when Laurie flopped down in bed first. They'd both simply dropped to the floor like two lead weights and fallen asleep right there.

"The sacrifices I make for my friends," muttered Laurie, gently pinching the soft, malleable flab of her potbelly. Yup, that was all her. Groping her new blubber folds filled her with a strange warmth, prompting a little tingle between her thickening legs, but she didn't have time to explore her new, ripened body any further. She had to figure out what her mom wanted.

She held the cellphone to her ear. "Mom, what do you want? I told you not to call me while I'm at Jen's house tonight!"

"Sorry, Laurie, but I need you to do a favor for me."

"This better be good," mumbled Laurie, glancing at the door nervously. Her mother was

supposed to be far away at a yoga retreat; that was the lie that she fed to Jen's family to explain why she needed to stay with them for this extended period of time. Not that they seemed to care at all. Jen's parents were so laid back that they were perfectly happy to have Laurie eating them out of house and home. But Laurie was more worried about Jen's little sister Jesse. Jesse was a little snot. What was worse, she was way smarter than her older sister and way more skeptical about Laurie's motives. Laurie suspected that she would have to do something to deal with Jesse sometime soon. But for now, the last thing she needed was for Jesse to wander in and realize that Laurie's mother wasn't at a retreat at all.

"Do you remember the Smiths?" asked her mother.

"No."

"Sure you do, they went to that yoga retreat with me last summer. Well, we're all going to bikram hot yoga lecture tonight and they need a babysitter."

"Oh mom, no. No way! I just don't have time."

"Really? Why not?"

"Moooom, I'm just...I'm just kind of busy, okay?" muttered Laurie, shifting in bed. She stared down at her plump feet, her bare toes wiggling. Truth be told, Laurie wasn't busy at all. Her stay at the Sarovy house had only made her grow lazier and lazier, since Jen's mom not only kept the voluptuous vixen in an overstuffed stupor but also insisted on doing everything for her. Laurie and her two fat friends barely had to move a muscle. At least any muscle other than their jaws, since Jen's mom expected them to eat, eat, eat constantly. Laurie glanced over at the two quivering lumps sprawled on the floor next to her. After yet another gargantuan meal, both Alice and Jen were passed out, their massive engorged bellies towering over them like two pink wobbling mountains. Laurie smiled as she noted that Alice's cargo pants were open, the crotch split under the force of Alice's gluttony. Those were Alice's favorite pants, Laurie knew. Mainly because they were the only pants that Alice could still squeeze into without immediately splitting the seat. The ballooning blonde used all kinds of desperate tricks to extend the life of those pants – everything from leaving the pockets unzipped to give her a little extra room, to fastening the crotch with safety pins – but it looked like her time was running out. The pants were nearly worn through the crotch due to the constant rubbing of Alice's legs when the blubbery blonde blimp waddled. Laurie's plan to keep Alice plumping up up up was working perfectly.

She frowned as she looked over at Jen. Laurie was trying so hard to help Jen reduce, but it didn't look like all her work was having much effect. Jen was still massively overweight, her ginormous buttocks swelling out like two fat-filled beanbags that tested the limits of the stitching on her black leggings. Jen always wore leggings because she could no longer fit into normal clothes. Alice, luckily, could still wear somewhat stylish clothing if she deigned to shop at the maternity store. She gained almost exclusively in the belly, so a hip fashionable dress

designed to fit a heavily pregnant mommy-to-be might conceivably stretch over her pronounced tummy. No such luck for Jen. The poor pudgy porker was such an extreme pear that no one designed pants for a badonk THAT big and wide and round. Jen had to wear leggings and stretch pants out of necessity. Laurie felt like she would go crazy if she had to resort to leggings! Laurie was always the height of fashion. Jen, too, used to love dressing up and buying new clothes, but her interests of late had shifted more to eating than to shopping. That only meant that Laurie would have to work extra hard to bring her bottom-heavy friend back to reality.

Laurie's mom's plaintive voice jolted Laurie from her thoughts.

"Laurie, sweetie, I really need you to do this favor for me. It would be really groovy, ya know? It would just be for a few hours."

Laurie snorted. She was so comfortable here in bed, she really didn't want to move. Could she even move? She was so full – Jen's mother had really outdone herself with a succulent pot roast tonight – that she could barely move, her full bloated belly radiating a pleasant warmth through her body. She groaned, thinking about what a hassle it would be to get dressed again! After dinner, Laurie practically tore off her binding sweatpants and threw them on the floor, knowing that she might split them at any moment if she wasn't careful. She was, for all intents and purposes, naked. Sure, she was wearing panties, but they were hidden under the rolls of her burgeoning gut. Sure, she was wearing a bra, but her colossal cantelopes spilled over the cups so much that you could barely even see any of the material anymore.

"Laurie, you know I don't ask for much. Besides, they'll pay you."

Laurie rolled her eyes and sighed heavily. "Fine, mom. Just give me the address." She didn't need another lecture about responsibility. Besides, maybe this was a good thing. It had been a couple hours since dinner, so, knowing Mrs. Sarovy, Jen's mom was probably already hard at work whipping up a midnight snack for the girls. If Laurie ducked out now, she might just miss that and avoid the fattening consequences. As if a couple extra calories could make a difference now.

Laurie nodded and rolled out of bed as her mother recited the address. She lurched to her feet, her swollen belly nearly dragging her to the floor. Oof. She had to be careful not to move too quickly or she might make herself puke. After all, there was A LOT of food stashed inside her tummy and it would be too easy to rile it up. She tiptoes over to the dresser, careful not to wake her two dozing companions.

"Hmmm, more gravy," mumbled Alice in her sleep, smacking her lips.

"Of course that's what you're dealing about, fatty," chuckled Laurie. But something was wrong. A year ago, Laurie loved to make snide comments like that, expert put-downs that dripped exquisite venom. But now? She couldn't work up the vitriol against poor Alice anymore.



Her feelings were almost... warm, friendly. "Fatty" didn't feel like an insult in her mouth so much as an affectionate nickname. Alice didn't feel like a rival to be destroyed, but a fellow fat girl to be adored. Could it be... could it be that Laurie was going soft?

She shook her head. No. As much as she genuinely liked Alice now, she couldn't just give up on the master plan now... could she? Not when she was so close. Or was she? Laurie was almost 500 pounds. She was like a living balloon steadily being inflated by too much food and too much fat and too many delicious home-cooked meals by Jen's mom. And it was getting harder and harder for Laurie to deny her own massive size. Her unwieldy gut stuck out almost as far as her pride and joy, her bountiful bosom. She didn't like to think about her expanding figure when Frank wasn't there to whisper teasing little nothings into her ear, but she was finding it really hard to ignore.

Whatever. No time to think about that, she had a job to do.

Shoving her bodacious breasts into a low-cut croptop and yanking a pair of skin-tight jeans over her lower curves, Laurie was finally presentable again. She admired herself in the mirror, carefully adjusting her top to show off more cleavage. Laurie knew that was always an advantage when babysitting. Moms didn't approve, but dads always slipped her a few extra bucks to make sure that she kept coming back for them to ogle.

"Ooo, Mr. Smith, I'm just delighted to watch your little angel for you," Laurie said to no one in particular in her sweetest voice. The busty bitch could use a whole arsenal of mean girl tricks to get her way when she wanted, but she was also more than capable of using sweetness too, when the time called for it. In fact, that was probably why she so often got away with so much. She knew exactly when to turn on the charm when adults were watching. As soon as the parents were out the door, all she had to do was turn on her normal bitchy attitude and that kid would be scared straight. This evening would be a piece of cake.

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Laurie's predictions came true right from the start. From the moment he opened the door, Mr. Smith couldn't keep his eyes off of Laurie's magnificent bosom. Laurie casually inhaled, holding her breath so that her titanic tits bulged through the plunging neckline. They looked like two enormous pale watermelons, full and ripe on the vine and just ready to burst with juice.

Mrs. Smith didn't seem quite so impressed with Laurie's display, but she was in such a hurry to get out the door that she didn't seem to notice her husband's wagging tongue.

"And all the emergency numbers are right by the phone, okay? Our cell numbers are there too, so if there's any trouble just call us, okay? Help yourself to anything in the fridge and you girls have a good time tonight."

“Yes, ma’am, of course, Mrs. Smith.” Laurie nodded, her titanic tits sloshing inside her constraining top. “Don’t worry, your little...er... what’s her name?”

“Tiffany.”

“Tiffany. Your little Tiffany will be safe with me.”

Mrs. Smith nodded. “Good. I can tell that you have a good aura, so you’re a very trustworthy girl.”

Trustworthy? Ha! She wouldn’t say that if she knew how Laurie had been deceiving both Jen and Alice for the past few months. Laurie felt a sudden twinge of guilt over the way that she had been treating her two best friends. What did they do to her to deserve to be mistreated so? Alice was a sweet girl who never said a bad word about anyone, yet Laurie was conniving to fatten her up like a hog. And Jen was Laurie’s best friend in the world, yet she told Jen that she was no longer secretly fattening Alice ever since Jen had objected to the plan – how could she lie to her best friend like that?

Laurie’s thoughts were interrupted as she heard the Smith’s daughter bounding down the stairs behind her.

“Where is the little sweet...” Laurie’s voice trailed off as she turned around and caught a glimpse of her new charge coming into the room.

“You,” said Laurie, her eyes narrowing.

“You,” said Tiffany, her eyes widening.

Tiffany was a skinny little twerp with red pigtails and a gap-toothed smirk. There was no mistaking her; she was none other than the little brat from the Fairytale Village amusement park!

“Well, you girls have fun,” said Mrs. Smith, completely oblivious to the sudden tension in the room. “We’ll be back in a few hours!” She and her husband bustled out the front door, leaving Laurie alone with Tiffany.

“You’re the little brat from the park,” said Laurie.

“You’re the big boobie lady!” said Tiffany.

“I...yes. That’s right.” The observation played into Laurie’s absurdly inflated pride in her absurdly inflated assets, so she couldn’t help but puff out her chest a little when she heard Tiffany describe her like that!

“Your boobs got bigger,” said Tiffany matter-of-factly.

"...Yes," said Laurie, feeling a little flustered at Tiffany's blunt statement. She felt herself swelling with pride that even this little girl noticed her own girls were growing, but it did feel a little weird to thank a kid for that, er, compliment.

"It's probably cuz you got fatter," continued Tiffany.

"I...hey!" Laurie snarled. Only Frank was allowed to point out her burgeoning weight! She didn't need to take that kind of guff from this little squirt! "I did NOT get fatter!"

"No, you did," said Tiffany, walking around Laurie to size up the tubby teen. "Like, your belly is way rounder now. It's so big that your boobs don't even look that big anymore. And you're way wider now too. You must have been eating a lot lately to get this big."

"Alright, that's enough out of you, you little brat!" snarled Laurie, "Your parents put me in charge and I do NOT intend to listen to this sass."

"You ruined my trip to the Fairytale Garden," said Tiffany, "And you're not the boss of me!"

"Bed! Now!" shouted Laurie, pointing angrily back up the stairs.

"I'm not going to bed! It's not even dark out!" protested Tiffany, "You're mean! You think you can boss me around just cuz you're bigger than me? Well, I don't have to listen to—"

"Listen," said Laurie, bending down to look Tiffany directly in the eye, her voice low and dangerous. "You better think very carefully about your next move. Because if you want to still be alive when your parents get home, you better hold your tongue."

"Why? What are you going to do? Sit on me?"

"Why you little...!"

Tiffany howled with laughter and ducked as Laurie made a grab for her. The small girl easily slipped away from the tubby teen's clumsy grasp and ran up the stairs.

"Huh, fine, you stay in there and I don't want to hear another peep out of you!" shouted Laurie, straightening up. She nodded in satisfaction as she heard the click of a door closing. Good. If Tiffany spent the rest of the night sulking in her room, then Laurie wouldn't have any trouble out of her.

Laurie's eyes went wide at the fully stocked refrigerator. Holy shit! She'd never seen so much food before! Well, except at the Sarovy household, but that was a special exception. She'd never seen a NORMAL family with such a full fridge. How did these people stay so thin?

A strange feeling began to creep over the tubby teen as she stared at all that food. A sudden deep, ravenous hunger in the pit of her ample belly, a yawning ache, a primal need. It was more than hunger for Laurie, though. The voluptuous vixen was so primed to think of food and sex as eternally linked that just looking at this full larder was actually making her... well, not exactly horny, but she was having a lot of trouble articulating the delicious mix of lust and hunger that made her knees weak and her palms clammy. Laurie felt her breathing quicken, her titanic tits heaving as her lungs worked hard to keep up. Her heart fluttered inside her swollen chest, its beat suddenly fast and irregular. Laurie's face flushed as her heart went off like a jackhammer. What was happening to her? Both Jen and Alice had experienced this sensation before, when both girls had become so agitated by the prospect of unlimited food that they had nearly had heart attacks in their excitement, but this was Laurie's first time feeling that overpowering, debilitating rush. Food was her life. Food was her love. The edges of her vision went blurry as Laurie squinted and shook her head, willing herself back to calm.

"Ughhhh," moaned Laurie, clutching the fridge door tightly to avoid sagging to the floor. It started as a moan of pain, but quickly morphed into a moan of arousal as visions of the feast to come overpowered Laurie's fear.

"Gotta...get...under control," sighed Laurie. She closed her eyes in hopes that blocking out the sight of all that food food FOOD would help her calm down. She pursed her plump lips and breathed in and out and in and out, slowly returning to normal. After a few minutes of careful controlled breathing, Laurie was back to herself.

"Phew, that was weird," said Laurie, mopping her brow and immediately forgetting the strange experience. Clearly it was just the shock of seeing so much food that had rattled her, nothing more.

The Smiths did say that she could help herself to anything in the fridge, didn't they? Laurie smirked. She wasn't about to let this opportunity go to waste.

She grabbed a plastic Tupperware container and pried it open. Huh, looks like leftover fried chicken. Laurie shrugged and popped a greasy morsel into her mouth. Mmm, that was good! But it was just a start.

From the back, it looked like Laurie was assuming the quintessential fat girl pose. She was leaning forward into the fridge, her thick knees bent, her fat denim-clad ass pointing out and swaying from side to side as Laurie loaded up on junk food. She was too greedy to even bother taking food out of the fridge, instead eating it right here.

Laurie couldn't stop herself. Laurie was too much of a glutton to resist – weeks and weeks of constant stuffings at the hands of Jen's mother had ramped up her appetite to an insane level and her frequent sexy feedings (not to mention fat teasing) at the hands of Frank gave her a craving for food that went well beyond simple hunger.

“Ugh, why did I wear these tight-ass jeans?” mumbled Laurie through a mouthful of food, squirming slightly as her snug jeans pinched her between her legs.

Pop! The button shot from the crotch of Laurie now beyond-skintight jeans, bouncing across the floor. Without the button to help anchor it, Laurie’s zipper slid down immediately. Her bloated tummy bounced out, full and proud and round like a big pink bowling ball. It was scandalous even before her binge to imagine that these jumbo-sized jeans designed to fit an elephant were already super-tight on Laurie’s flaring hips and chubby tummy, but now they would never fit her again no matter how much she wiggled and wriggled to pull them up her thighs.

“Fuck, these were brand new,” muttered Laurie, grabbing the waistband of her ruined jeans and adjusting them to give her full tummy a little more breathing room. But honestly, she couldn’t bring herself to worry too much about her split jeans. She was much too enamored with the chance to gorge herself.

More more more! Laurie tore through the fridge, cramming herself with food. She ate like a woman possessed, like a ravenous beast. The tightness in her belly fired the burning in her nethers, reminding her more and more of her frequent sexcapades with Frank. Laurie was no stranger to binge overeating, but with no witnesses and free access to other people’s food, Laurie always turned into the greediest hog. More more more! Eat eat munch crunch chew chew CHEW. Laurie filled herself with abandon, smearing butter and sauce across her chubby cheeks and dripping batter down her double chin into her voluptuous cleavage. She wouldn’t stop until all the food was gone. She COULDN’T stop til all the food was gone! In the back of her head, a tiny voice protested: What if Tiffany comes out of her room? What if that brat catches you? What are you going to tell her parents? But Laurie didn’t care. All that mattered was food and eating until she couldn’t possibly eat another bite for fear of bursting like a megaton bomb.

The binge was quick but devastating. It seemed like only minutes, but Laurie had eaten every scrap of food inside the Smith’s fridge, stuffing her belly to new and absurd heights of gluttony.

Totally stuffed beyond belief, Laurie lay sprawled on the cold tile of the kitchen floor, her breathing short and labored lest she inhale too deeply and literally burst apart at the seams. Her belly rose above her like a massive pink mountain, round as a beachball and tight as a drum, angry red stretch marks spiraling outwards from her belly button as if she was nine months pregnant. Her stomach was so full, so overstretched, so completely packed, that she was almost surprised that her belly button hadn’t popped out. Shit, she was almost surprised she hadn’t popped period. Yet every bite only made her hornier and hornier, visions of her sexy stuffings with Frank running through her head, until she had eaten herself into this predicament. She was totally immobile, trapped under the weight of her own indulgence, too dazed and bloated to even shove her fingers under the waist of her busted-open jeans to finger her burning

hot clit. Jesus Christ, she was sooooo fucking horny! She almost wanted to call Frank and demand he come over to pleasure her, as she had so many times before, but what would the Smiths think if they came home and caught her boyfriend fucking her on the kitchen floor?

For that matter, what would they think if they came home and found her in THIS state? Laurie was so full that she could see the summit of her gut looming over the twin summits of her massive monster mammaries.

“Oh my Gawd, you’re gonna be in trouble!”

Laurie turned her head to see Tiffany standing in the doorway.

“You ate everything in the fridge!” said Tiffany, aghast.

Laurie opened her mouth to respond but could only burp loudly. The only other sound was the steady bubble and gurgle of her overloaded gut, struggling to digest her latest feast.

Tiffany kicked her toes against the exposed skin of Laurie’s monstrous belly, prompting a loud hiccup from the overstuffed sweetie. “Oh my Gawd, I can’t believe that you ate everything in the house! My parents are gonna be soooo mad! They’re gonna kill you!”

“Ooof, don’t press on my belly,” moaned Laurie.

“No wonder you’re so fat!” continued Tiffany. “You eat like a pig!”

“Shut up, you little shit,” snapped Laurie, “You... do not... get to talk to me like that!”

“Oh no?” Tiffany planted both her little hands against Laurie’s titanic tummy, palms flat against the overbloated cow’s hot, flushed skin, and pushed hard. Laurie was packed so tightly that Tiffany’s hands barely sank into the drum-tight flesh, but her movement did draw a fresh set of moans from the poor helpless hottie.

“Oh my gawd, you look like you can’t even move? You’re totally stuck there!” A sly smile spread across the little girl’s face. “That means... you can’t stop me! I can do anything I want!”

The color drained from Laurie’s face. What had she done? “Oh shit,” she mumbled. This was bad. She didn’t know what Tiffany planned to do, but, whatever it was, it was probably not something her parents would approve of! And that meant Laurie was gonna get her ass chewed out when the Smiths returned home.

“You just stay there on the floor, okay, Boobs?” said Tiffany, “I’m gonna go play outside.”

“You can’t play...outside!” huffed Laurie, “It’s past... your bedtime!” Grunting, Laurie planted her hands on the floor behind her and struggled to raise her obese body off the ground.

Ughh, she felt like a beached whale! Why had she gorged herself like that? She knew better than to eat so much, but she... she just couldn't help it! She was powerless to resist when she was surrounded by food! Laurie couldn't say no and, as a result, her expanding waistline was completely out of control. Now she was so fat and greedy that she could barely even take on this little brat! What would people say if they heard that Laurie, the feared queen bitch of the cheerleading team, couldn't even keep a little brat like Tiffany in line? Everyone was going to laugh at her!

"Try and stop me!" laughed Tiffany.

Laurie groaned. The last thing that she wanted to do was to chase after that little snot! In her overstuffed condition, Laurie just wanted to roll over and go to sleep. But she had a job to do. Swearing under her breath, Laurie reached behind her to brace herself against the floor and slowly, laboriously, push herself up to her feet. It was not an easy task! She had to slide her butt along the floor until her back was against the wall and then hoist herself up while leaning back with the wall as support. Even then, she felt like her monster belly and gigantic jugs were going to drag her right back down to the floor. Ugh, why did she have to have so much weight up front? Perhaps for the very first time in her life, Laurie briefly cursed her enormous tits. All that weight made it sooooo hard to get to her feet with any grace! If only she had a big fat ass like Jen, then at least she'd have some ballast to balance out her bodacious balcony.

Whatever! Laurie didn't have time to worry about that. She had to catch Tiffany and put the fear of God in that little monster. Not that Laurie presented much of a menace right now. Only a few hours, she had been perfectly coifed, primed and pampered to perfection. But now, after her massive binge, Laurie was a mess. Her face splattered with sauce, her cleavage filled with crumbs, her crop top rolled up above her swollen gut, her tight jeans busted open... she looked a fright! She winced at the ache in her bloated belly, the undeniable tug of gravity sending sharp waves of pain through the overstretched skin. She didn't have time to worry about that! Laurie laced her fingers together under her bloated tummy, forming a cradle to help support her massive middle and keep it from bouncing and swaying too badly as she waddled. Huffing and puffing, Laurie slowly shuffled toward the back screen door.

"When...I...get...my... hands...on you!" snarled the red-faced chubbette, her breath already coming in ragged gasps. Phew! When did she get so out of shape? Surely it must be because she was so full! There was no way that she could literally be so out of shape that she could be winded from just walking across the kitchen. Nevertheless, Laurie couldn't help but wistfully think about how nice it would be if she didn't have to walk across the kitchen. Ugh, if only there was an easier way to get around...

Back to reality. Tiffany was in the backyard, sitting on a tire swing that her parents had hung from a large oak tree. When she caught sight of Laurie wobbling her way through the screen door, she yelped in surprise and fell backwards off the swing. But little kids are made of rubber, so she was up in a flash, dashing across the yard to stay ahead of her porky pursuer.

“You... stop running! Gawd...don’t make me...run,” whined Laurie, jogging after her charge as quickly as she dared move with a belly this full. All that bouncing and shaking was going to make her sick!

Tiffany ducked into a small plastic playhouse in a far corner of the yard. Oh, really? Laurie chuckled to herself. Did Tiffany really think Laurie wouldn’t see her in there?

“Alright, that’s enough! I’ve just about had it with you, Tiffany! I’ll give you to the count of three to come out of there and march right back up to your room.”

“Or else what?” came Tiffany’s defiant voice from inside the playhouse.

“Or else... I’m coming in after you!”

“Ha! You wouldn’t fit in here, fatso!”

“What?! That’s it! I’m not even gonna count, I’m coming in right now!”

Grunting like a pig, Laurie got down on her hands and knees, noting, with some satisfaction, that the fat nipples at the ends of her enormous breasts grazed the ground in this position. She could feel the prickly green grass of the backyard tickling her sensitive nipples through her croptop.

Laurie crawled forward. It was a tight squeeze, and Laurie could feel the door jam digging into her soft, blubbery flanks as she wriggled her way in. Ugh! Laurie got her head inside, but immediately encountered some resistance when she tried to press her upper body through the door. The problem, not to put too fine a point on it, was her hemispherical hooters. Laurie’s overfull bosom filled the doorway far beyond the manufacturer’s wildest dreams.

Tiffany shrieked as she saw Laurie power her way through the narrow doorway, her fat breasts smashed against the ground as she clawed forward, huffing and puffing. The younger girl kicked open the backdoor and sprinted out. Oh great. Laurie hadn’t noticed that there was an escape hatch. She tried to wriggle backwards, but she was stuck. No matter how much she squirmed or shook, her fat ass was wedged tight!

“Oh shit! Shit shit shit!”

“Oooo you said a bad word!” came Tiffany’s voice from behind her. “And ha ha! You butt is as big as your boobs!”

“What!? Why you—“

Laurie’s eyes bulged as she felt a little pair of hands grab her soft tender behind and knead it like dough. “Haha you’re so squishy! I guess it’s cuz you’re so fat and greedy!”



Laurie grit her teeth. "Just wait til I get out of here!"

"Oh, but you can't get out of there! You're stuck in the playhouse! It serves you right for being so greedy!"

Tiffany planted a kick right in the center of Laurie's exposed and vulnerable backside, prompting a yelp of surprise and pain from the trapped diva. Tiffany just laughed.

"Your butt is still shaking!" she announced, amused to see the excess blubber around Laurie's bottom wobble and ripple in response to her kick.

"Just wait til your parents get home!" shouted Laurie angrily. "You won't be laughing then!"

"Yeah, I bet they'll be wondering what happened to all the food in the fridge!"

Laurie blanched. Shit. She hadn't thought of that! What would she say? Tiffany's parents were going to return home to discover that their babysitter had not only eaten them out of house and home but was ALSO stuck tightly inside their daughter's playhouse. Now she was REALLY in trouble!

Hopefully they really were good enough friends with her own mother that they wouldn't be too mad. But Laurie wondered if even her massive tits could save her now. Sure, a few strategic jiggles and struts might assuage Tiffany's dad, but Tiffany's mom...? That woman was completely immune to Laurie's charms. This was going to be a reeeeeeally long night now...!

# 57. Laurie

Laurie was fuming.

No one could deny that the dark-haired beauty was fat, downright obese in fact. She was well over 400 pounds, teetering closer and closer to the 500 mark, but Laurie would, on most days, scarcely admit that she was even chubby. She might describe herself as “voluptuous” or “pneumatic” or even “buxom,” since Laurie was especially proud that so much of her new weight had settled on her already gigantic breasts, pumping the top-heavy tit queen up to a very overfull T cup these days. No one could deny that Laurie’s massive milkbags still demanded attention, even as her belly, butt, and thighs swelled to keep pace with her growing chest.

Maybe, when Laurie was alone with Frank, she could admit to herself and to her boyfriend that she was, in fact, fat and getting fatter. There was a certain exciting naughtiness to that, but Laurie couldn’t face that in public. That’s why she was so pissed right now. Here she was, trying to babysit this little brat Tiffany, and she’d become lodged in Tiffany’s plastic playhouse in the backyard. Laurie couldn’t blame this on her tits; her ass was the problem. Try as she might, Laurie couldn’t squeeze her widening backside through that little doorway.

“Your butt is wobbling,” said Tiffany, barely able to hide the amusement in her voice.

“You shut up,” snarled Laurie, “You’re going to be in sooo much trouble when I get out of here!”

“No, YOU’RE going to be in so much trouble! You’re supposed to be babysitting me, but instead you ate everything in the fridge and now you’re stuck in my playhouse. My parents are gonna be sooo mad at you!”

“Why you little—” Laurie tried to squirm backwards, but NOW her breasts were the problem. Her titanic tits squished against the sides of the doorjam when she tried to wriggle back out of the house. Damn it, she was stuck fast!

Laurie’s gut gurgled and groaned as the heavyweight hottie shifted her size. After stuffing her fat face directly from the fridge and wolfing down every scrap of food in the house, Laurie’s stomach was full full FULL. Stuck in a position where she was essentially lying on her stomach was NOT helping her at all; her dinner sloshed around inside her, making her feel queasy and bloated. Gawd, why did she eat so much? The truth was, of course, because Laurie was a greedy glutton with no self-control. She might spend most of her energy on berating Alice and Jen for their constant impulsive gorging, but Laurie was equally culpable. She couldn’t pass by a candy store without waddling in for a sample. She couldn’t leave a

restaurant without ordering the biggest item on the menu. She was hooked on food, addicted to eating, a compulsion only powered all the more by the strange sexual tingling that accompanied a full belly. Laurie loved to eat not just for the simple pleasure of a full belly, but because it brought her great lusty excitement to push herself to her absolute limits. She always liked being the biggest and the best, pushing the envelope, challenging the norms. Her extreme gluttony was just another example of that.

“Hmm, I’m not supposed to watch the scary movies that come on TV at night, but, if you’re busy there, I guess there’s no one to stop me!” chirped Tiffany.

“No! No, Tiffany! Don’t you dare—“ Laurie stopped short. This wasn’t working. If she was going to get out of this mess, she needed help. Normally, Laurie would have called up Frank and yelled at him to come save her. Or maybe she might phone Jen or Alice. But her cellphone was out of reach, jammed into the back pocket of her stretchy denim-spandex blend jeans and perched atop the orb of her right buttock. The only person that could help her now was Tiffany.

She had to change tactics. Maybe she could win this kid over to her side with a few sweet words.

“Listen, kid, how about you help me out here? I promise that...uh... if you help me, I won’t tell your parents how much of a brat you’ve been all night?”

“Hmm, how about no?”

“Argh!” Laurie snarled in rage, renewing her efforts to squirm out of the house just so that she could strangle that kid. Tiffany howled with laughter at the sight. From outside, all she could see was Laurie’s massive backside and thick legs, clad in stretchy denim jeans stretched to their limits over Laurie’s rounded curves. After gorging on the contents of the house refrigerator, Laurie has busted her fly open, but the jeans still managed to snugly cover her plush pudgy posterior.

“Oh my God, your behind is sooo fat, it’s hilarious! When I saw you at the fair, I just remembered that you had big boobies, I didn’t remember that your butt was so big too!”

“My butt is NOT big,” growled Laurie, her eyes flashing angrily. The nerve of this brat! Even though Laurie’s bottom was indeed growing quite large, she still thought of herself as perfectly proportioned in the seat. Of course, it didn’t help that Laurie’s perspective was somewhat skewed from spending so much time with Jen – Jen’s massively wide badonk would make any girl feel svelte in comparison.

“Naw, it’s pretty big,” said Tiffany, “Why else would you be stuck?”

Tiffany laughed again as Laurie renewed her escape efforts, the entire plastic playhouse

shaking and wobbling as Laurie shimmied her overpumped body.

“Augh, okay, fine, look Tiffany, if you let me out... I’ll... I’ll let you watch the scary movies.”

“I can already watch scary movies right now. I could just leave you here til my parents get home.”

“No!” Laurie blanched. Earlier, she had managed to distract Tiffany’s father with her large breasts, to the point that he seemed pretty happy to let Laurie get away with anything. But she wasn’t sure that he would be quite as accommodating if he came home and found her in this position, especially since he couldn’t get a gander at her tits while she was stuck with her ass hanging out of the playhouse. It would be harder to distract him from the fact that she was, after all, massively fat. “C’mon, Tiffany, there’s got to be something I can do so that you’ll let me out?”

“I dunnnooo...”

“Look, if you let me out, I’ll... I’ll let you watch TV all night! We’ll even rent the scariest movie you want!”

“Hmm, maaaaaybe. You know, I didn’t much to eat tonight, cuz you ate all the food in the house. Maybe you could get me some snacks to eat while the movie is on?”

“Sure, anything!” Laurie had eaten every scrap of food in the house – she could still feel the contents of her feast roiling around in her belly – so she didn’t relish the thought of making a snack run when she was already so absurdly bloated.

“There’s an ice chest in the garage where my parents keep the stuff I’m not supposed to have. It’s way up on one of the top shelves, but you’re tall enough to reach it, so you could get it for me, right?”

Laurie considered this. That was an easy enough request to fulfill. But still... what could these people possibly have that they wanted to keep out of reach of their daughter?

“What’s in it?”

“My dad keeps his beer in there, but I don’t care about that! I tried a beer once when one of the kids at school brought one, it was yucky. But my mom keeps the ice cream there when she’s trying to diet.”

“Ha!” Laurie snorted. “Doesn’t sound like your mom is very good at dieting.”

“You should talk,” said Tiffany. Laurie felt the girl’s foot kick against her soft, squishy butt

again, fuming in silent rage as the girl laughed at how her spongy flesh wobbled in response.

“I’m not on a diet!” snarled Laurie, “I’m not cheating if I’m not dieting!”

“You’re not? You’re like the only girl I’ve ever seen who’s NOT dieting!” Tiffany paused to consider that. Every woman in her life – from her mother to her aunts to her mother’s friends to her other babysitters – were always bitching and moaning about their weights, promising to cut back on their snacking and ramp up their exercising. And they were always, always miserable. Tiffany didn’t think she had ever seen her mother truly happy. Even when her mother cheated on her diet and stole into the garage to binge on ice cream, the older woman didn’t seem to get that much enjoyment out of it. She was always plagued with guilt!

But this Laurie was something else... this fatso had literally just eaten everything in the entire kitchen, gorging until her belly was so round and full that it looked like it just might burst, and she didn’t feel any guilt at all! Judging from her size, she must eat like this ALL the time because Laurie was friggin’ enormous. Tiffany had no way of knowing the full extent of Laurie’s increasing poundage, so she didn’t know that Laurie was nearly 500 pounds of prime grade-A porky fat girl. But she could plainly see that Laurie was the fattest woman she had ever met in her life.

Tiffany thought back to the time that she had run into Laurie at the fairy tale amusement park, remembering that the buxom teen was in the company of two other, similarly obese girls. Jeez, were all three of them not on diets? Tiffany wondered if that was normal. Is that why all the “normal” women she knew were always dieting? If they stopped, would they just blow up like those three blimps?

Tiffany thought about the ice cream in the freezer. She was young and thin; her mother liked to remind her that she didn’t need to worry about her weight yet, that was something that older women and mommies fretted about. But Tiffany wondered, for the first time, what her own future would hold. Would she need to constantly monitor what she ate, like her mother did, only to deal with the occasional lapse of will and subsequent guilt? Or would she let herself get massively, unapologetically fat like this heifer Laurie?

Well, one thing was for sure. Tiffany had certainly never met a woman with giant hooters like Laurie’s. This raven-haired cow was absolutely stacked! Tiffany knew she would probably resemble her own mother more when she finally started to develop, but her mother’s assets were nothing compared to these bra busters. Tiffany wondered how much of Laurie’s titanic tits were due to genetics and how much was due to her weight?

“I don’t need to diet at all!” continued Laurie, still kicking her legs. “How dare you even imply that I need to! No one but Frank is allowed to – I mean, no one is allowed to call me fat!”

“If you keep shouting like that, I’m not going to help you,” said Tiffany.

Laurie shut her mouth.

“Okay, fine, I guess I could help you. But you have to promise that you’re going to help get me the ice cream from the freezer!”

“I promise!” shouted Laurie, feebly kicking her fat stubby legs and shaking her rounded rump.

“And you’re not just gonna steal it all and eat it yourself?”

“I promise!” growled Laurie. Gawd, this kid drove a hard bargain.

“Alright, in that case, I’ll help you.”

Laurie paused as she felt Tiffany’s small hands groping her ponderous patoot, squeezing the soft blubber as the girl searched for a good handhold. Finally, Tiffany’s fingers curled around the waistband of Laurie’s stretch fabric jeans.

“Okay, I’m gonna pull you out!” said Tiffany.

Laurie could already see in her mind’s eye what was going to happen. “No, wait!—“

Too late! Tiffany yanked with all her might. Since the fly on her jeans was open, the jeans were actually just loose enough around her waist to fly off. Tiffany tumbled backwards, pulling Laurie’s jeans and panties with her.

Laurie howled in rage as she felt the cool evening air on her bare bum.

“What the hell?! You pulled my pants off, you little twerp! What are you doing!?”

“Oh sorry... oh wow, your butt look even bigger now.”

“Stop it!” Laurie shouted, again rocking back and forth in hopes of breaking free. Without the cloth prison to help restrain their wobble, Laurie’s buns bounced and shook like two mountains of gelatin. Tiffany stared, mesmerized.

“Pull my pants back on!” shouted Laurie. She was so embarrassed! She couldn’t believe that this little kid was out there staring at her naked ass! This was exactly the sort of situation that Laurie would have expected to happen to Jen. Jen always got into trouble because of her giant butt! Jen was the one who should be stuck in a playhouse because her butt was too fat to fit! Not Laurie! Laurie just couldn’t believe this!

Oh Gawd, what if Tiffany’s parents found her like this? This was even worse than before! It was bad enough to think that they would find the bloated, billowing babysitter stuck in the

playhouse, now they were going to find out stuck and naked! They were going to think... what were they going to think? That she was some sort of weirdo sex pervert? Laurie wasn't as confident that her ass could save her; it may be big, but it didn't have the same hypnotizing effect as her bodacious, bra-buster boobs.

"Your butt is huge! I bet your butt probably weighs more than I do!"

Laurie, of course, had no clue how much her butt weighed. But, at the rate that she was gaining, it probably wouldn't be long that Abida started to take notice of Laurie's growing downstairs, noting that her basement was adding additions as fast as her balcony. Eventually, Abida might grow as curious about the weight of Laurie's bottom as she had about Alice's belly, Jen's ass, and, most of all, Laurie's own bosom.

"I guess you need a big butt to balance out your big boobs, though, huh?"

"Why you little... if you don't shut up and get me out of here right now, I swear you're gonna be in soooo much trouble!"

"Uh oh, looks like you're being mean again! I guess I'll just leave you here."

"Okay, okay, fine! Stop! I'll be nice!" Laurie muttered through gritted teeth. She couldn't believe that she had been reduced to making deals with snot-nosed brat! It was humiliating! Perhaps even more humiliating that being caught with her pants down. Which reminded her, she needed to get her butt covered and fast!

"Pull my pants back up!" yelled Laurie, kicking feebly.

"Hold still!" Laurie paused as Tiffany struggled to pull the stretch-fabric jeans back over Laurie's absurdly bloated bubble butt. The overstuffed diva could feel the snug fabric working its way back up her thick legs, straining and creaking as Tiffany tugged with all the strength in her little froggy body. But after a few minutes, she had to give up.

"Ugh! I can't do it! Your butt is too big!"

"That's ridiculous," snapped Laurie, "I got them on this morning, how could they possibly not fit now?"

"Well, you just ate everything in the fridge. Maybe you're fatter now."

If anything, it should have been easier to pull the jeans on now, since Laurie had popped the button from her fly during her binge earlier this evening. But maybe it was something about her position, lying on her stomach with her butt in the air, that was giving Tiffany trouble? Maybe pulling off the snug jeans had allowed Laurie's compressed backside to pop out to its full size, making it harder to get the jeans back on? Whatever the reason, Laurie was in a pickle!

“I can’t pull you out if I can’t get a hold on anything! There’s nothing to grab on your naked butt now,” said Tiffany, “We’ll have to wait for my parents. They’ll know what to do.”

“Oh fuck that,” snarled Laurie, “I am NOT letting that happen!” Tiffany gasped, shocked to hear Laurie swear, but Laurie was done fooling around. Maybe she couldn’t squirm her way out, but that wasn’t the only way to bust out of this flimsy plastic cage.

Grunting, Laurie struggled to raise herself up to her hands and knees. The flimsy plastic playhouse wobbled and shook around her, the joints creaking as Laurie slowly rose up. She could hear Tiffany shouting outside, yelling that Laurie was going to break her playhouse, but Laurie was in no mood to argue. She had no fucks left to give. She was gonna bust out if it was the last thing she did!

Laurie struggled to stand up – part of the issue was that she was far too fat and bloated to do it easily, but it didn’t help that her jeans and panties were tangled around her ankles! Nevertheless, Laurie persisted, hefting her back against the house’s plastic ceiling and pushing her arms out against the walls.

“Uurrrgh! And uppppp!” Laurie groaned, sweating beading on her forehead and pooling in her cavernous cleavage. With a final mighty grunt, Laurie burst free – the house split apart at the plastic joints and Laurie exploded out like a monster rising from the depths of the ocean.

“Finally! Ugh, that was awful!” Laurie said, brushing her hair out of her face. She winced as she looked down, noticing that the orb of her enormous, stuffed-tight belly stuck out beyond her monumental melons. That was a bitter pill to swallow! But worse, Laurie was still so full from her binge that she couldn’t bend at the waist without putting painful pressure on her middle – so how was she going to bend down to pull her pants and underwear back up?

“Tiffany, I need your help, sweetie,” said Laurie, “Give me a hand with these pants.” Laurie tried her best to ignore how awkward this situation was, that she was standing here, completely exposed, yet too rotund to pull up her pants. Luckily, Laurie’s fat paunch drooped in front of her crotch enough to protect her modesty.

“You broke my house!” said Tiffany, staring mournfully at the dessimated playhouse.

“Tiffany, I am not playing around. Help me out here or I won’t get you any ice cream.”

That lit a fire under this kid! Tiffany bent down and grabbed Laurie’s pants and underwear, lifting them up her legs.

“It’s not gonna fit,” said Tiffany, “You’re too fat.”

“Hush up and stand back,” snapped Laurie, grabbing the waistband away from Tiffany



and pulling her clothes up over her bottom with a little wiggle dance. She felt for the fly over the arc of her belly, since she couldn't see anything down there, before remembering that the button was gone, lost in her mindless feast earlier. Oh fuck it. She grabbed the zipper tab and pulled it up as far as it would go, ignoring the sharp pain as it dug into her tender and distended gut.

"Shit, I really shouldn't have eaten so much," mumbled Laurie as if the size of her swollen middle was just hitting her for the first time.

"C'mon, you promised me ice cream!" said Tiffany, grabbing Laurie's hand.

"Fine, fine, let's go," Laurie said. She let the young girl lead her back toward the garage. Inside, Tiffany pointed to a shelf against the wall. There was a small white minifridge stashed there.

"What kind of ice cream do you want?" asked Laurie, opening the freezer. Tiffany's mother kept it well stocked with flavors! Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, mint chip, rocky road...

"Gimmie the mint chip!" said Tiffany. Laurie passed down the carton.

"Here, you go, knock yourself out."

Laurie closed the freezer, but her eyes lingered on the fridge. Didn't Tiffany mention that her Dad kept his beer in there? Technically, Laurie was underage, but who was gonna know? Just one beer wouldn't be missed. And, besides, after this trying night, she deserved a break.

Laurie pulled out a beer and twisted the top off. Tiffany looked up from her ice cream.

"You're not supposed to drink those. Those are for grown ups!"

"Well, Tiffany, have you ever met anyone more grown up than me?" Laurie struck a pose that was intended to emphasize her bulging breasts, but mostly resulted in her bloated belly puffing out to attention, pushing the zipper on her jeans down several notches.

"I guess not..."

"Good. Now shut up, Mama needs to relax."

Laurie drained her beer quickly. The carbonation fizzed inside her, further stretching her over-strained gut, but the alcohol also helped to dull the edge of her overfull tummy and soothe her jangled nerves. She sighed. This was much better.

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“We’re home!”

“Hmm, they didn’t burn the house down. That’s good.”

“Oh stop it, you know that’s not what I was worried about. I just don’t trust that girl to be responsible, that’s all I’m saying.” Tiffany’s mother walked into the front atrium of the house and looked around. Where WAS Laurie? She was already inclined to dislike Laurie just from the way she dressed; she could tell that Laurie dressed like a total slut to try to distract her husband. Men would always forgive any transgression as long as it let them look at tits. Tiffany’s mother was not so easily fooled, though.

“Where is she? Laurie! Are you in here?”

A voice piped up from the garage. “Mom! We’re in here!”

Tiffany’s mother furrowed her brow. “Tiffany? What are you doing in there? Why aren’t you in bed?”

“Laurie said I could stay up!”

“Laurie was supposed to put you to bed hours ago! What are you – oh my Lord!”

Tiffany’s mother’s words were cut off as she stepped over the threshold into the garage and surveyed the scene within. Laurie lay on the concrete floor, surrounded by empty beer bottles and ice cream cartons, her belly – was it even possible? – swollen EVEN larger, enough that her zipper was pushed down all the way by her bloated gut. Her face was smeared with ice cream. Tiffany sat next to her, happily ladling spoonfuls of melted ice cream into the comatose cow’s slack mouth, as if it were a game, while Laurie moaned softly. As full as she was, Laurie wasn’t resisting. Instead she eagerly lapped up everything that Tiffany offered her, before leaning her head back and belching loudly.

“What on earth is going on in here?”

“Missus Smith? Izat you? This isn’t what it looks like!” said Laurie, snapping to attention as she realized what was happening. “We were jest... hangin’ out! Tiffany wanted some (hic!) ishe cream an...”

“Are you drunk? Were you drinking my husband’s beer?”

“Nooooo...” Laurie slurred, her eyes struggling to focus through the alcohol haze. “I jest...maybe one or two? Oh my Gawd, it’sh not a big deal!”

“I’ve decided I like Laurie,” said Tiffany brightly. “She ate all the food in the kitchen and

broke my playhouse but she let me eat all the ice cream I wanted!”

“She let you eat ice cream!? You’re not supposed to eat ice cream!” cried Tiffany’s mother.

“Yeah, well, I couldn’t eat all of it. So I just gave some to Laurie. She loves to eat! Look how fat she is!” Tiffany giggled, poking her bloated babysitter in the apex of her beachball-sized belly. Laurie only burped in response.

“This is outrageous!” shouted Tiffany’s mother, “Tiffany, I want you to go to bed. We’re going to have a very stern talk with Laurie here!”

“But Mooooom, don’t yell at Laurie!”

“Yeah, don’t yell,” said Laurie, struggling to stand. Her head was spinning, so she had to steady herself against the back wall. Her bloated gut sloshed and bounced as her bottom hit the wall, the weight of her mammoth midsection threatening to drag her back down to the floor. Ooooooffff! She really should NOT have eaten all that ice cream, but, her common sense impaired by too much beer, Laurie simply did not have the willpower to resist. She cursed to herself. She knew that she should have stopped eating! Now she was really gonna get it. Tiffany had already spilled the beans about everything that Laurie had done, from cleaning out the fridge to breaking the playhouse, but now she’d also been caught red-handed, drunk and gorging on ice cream!

“Let’s not be so hasty, I’m sure there’s a good explanation for all this,” said Tiffany’s father, appearing next to his wife.

“Oh hush you, we all know your opinion. Don’t think I won’t have a long talk with that girl’s mother just because you – Tiffany, cover your ears, honey – want to ogle her tits like some old perv!”

“Dear, I just think that we ought to consider...”

“We ought to consider that this girl is going to get a massive scolding as soon as she gets home! Oh, I’m going to make sure of it! This girl is never going to babysit in this town again!”

Fine by me, thought Laurie.

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Frank watched his girlfriend stagger drunkenly across the room before collapsing into

bed next to him.

“Wow. Um, are you feeling okay, Laurie?” Frank himself was no shrinking violet. Laurie’s bad habits had to some degree rubbed off on her already heavy-set boyfriend to the point that Frank now matched her in weight. The heavyweight power couple were each over 450 pounds, so together they accounted for nearly a half ton of lard.

Laurie spent most of her day so stuffed that she could barely think straight let alone walk straight. But right now, she was having trouble keeping balance for a completely different reason.

But Laurie’s recent extended stay at the Sarovy household definitely did a body good. The devilish diva was so over-bloated with new blubber that she was having difficulty keeping her balance, instead tottering back and forth as she felt the new weight on her chest dragging her forward only to be counteracted by the added heft of her growing backside. Laurie wasn’t used to this new of gravity!

“I’m fine,” snapped Laurie. Her hemispherical hooters rose from the neckline of her low-cut crop top, resembling two big pale bowling balls criss-crossed by pale blue veins. Below them, her belly provided a handy shelf to support Laurie’s ballooning boobs. And good thing too! Otherwise, the top-heavy queen bee would be plagued by back problems as the weight on her bra’s shoulder straps grew heavier and heavier every day.

“You sure? You haven’t been this out-of-it since you ate out the whole refrigerator at the Smith’s last week.”

“Oh Christ, Frank, don’t even remind me about that night! I never want to talk about that little brat or her bitch-ass parents again! I can’t believe I had to listen to a whole lecture from my mom about restraint when I got home. Like, Miss hippy dippy is going on about how overindulgence is bad for the chakras or some shit and you need to go the middle path of balance or something. Gawd, it’s so annoying! I don’t want to think about that, baby.” Laurie purred, running her fingers down Frank’s chest. “I want to think about us. Frank, do you know how big I am?”

Frank smirked. He knew this game well. “How big are you?”

“The other day, when Abida was here to measure me, she said I was a T cup.” Laurie hugged her stupendous bosom, reveling in the plush softness of her own flesh and giggling like a giddy schoolgirl at the realization that her arms weren’t long enough to completely envelop her own tits. “Gawd, my tits are so huge! Frank, you better appreciate my girls. There ain’t no one who’s got babies like mine. I make Dolly Parton look like the head of the Itty Bitty Titty Committee!”

“Ha, very funny, I – wait, Abida was here?”

“Yeah, I called her in to measure me for a new bra. I mean, it is high time. You can’t expect a tiny little S-cup to contain these queen gazongas now, can you?” Laurie hefted her fat knockers to better display them to Frank. “You know she didn’t even have a T-cup in her stock? They have to be special ordered. That’s right, baby, my rack has outgrown the rack. My cups overfloweth!”

“You had her here? You’ve got Abida doing house calls now?”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Of course, sweetie, why not? Abida would do anything for me. The poor girl is obsessed.”

“She’s obsessed with you? But why?”

“Why? What kind of stupid question is that? Because she’s a total lesbo,” sniggered Laurie, “She thinks she can hide it, but I can totally tell. She loves big tits, too, so at least she has good taste. I totally have her wrapped around my little finger. If I want a discount on a new teddy or negligee or bra, all I have to do is a little of this...”

Laurie leaned forward and rolled her shoulders, pushing her ponderous breasts together to create a colossal canyon of creamy cleavage. Frank stared into the abyss of Laurie’s ginormous chest chasm.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t know? It’s so totally obvious the way she stares at my tits! She’s a bigger tit hound than even you, Frank! Speaking of which...”

She rolled over and tried to put her chubby arms around Frank. They wouldn’t reach.

“Gawd, I swear, Frank, I don’t know how you think you can take care of me by yourself. You’re such a fat ass that you can barely move on your own, I don’t know how you think you can satisfy a woman like me.”

“You know, Laurie, you’re right. It’s getting harder and harder to take care of you all by myself.”

Laurie blinked, shocked that Frank would agree with her.

“I think it’s about time that we call in some help.”

“What are you talking about, Frank? Are you messing with me?”

“So what’s Abida’s number?”

“You jerkface,” laughed Laurie, “What are you going on about? You think Abida could

handle me? That girl would probably have a heart attack if I called her up and said 'Abida, come over here and fondle my tits!' There's no way that she could... wait, Frank, are you serious? Are you for real?"

Laurie put her hands against the bed and propped herself up, her billowing knockers falling hard against her ample jelly belly.

"Abida can't handle me. You can't handle me. But together... maybe you'd be enough."

Frank smirked. "You really think so? I don't think even Abida would be enough help."

Laurie scowled. Frank was using reverse psychology on his overinflated love doll, knowing that Laurie hated to be contradicted about anything. If he told her that Abida wouldn't be able to help satisfy her in bed, she would insist that the exact opposite was true.

"I mean, what could she possibly do to help?" said Frank, "What would you do with her? Do you really want some girl in here worshipping your breasts like you're some kind of fertility goddess? I mean, Abida would just lavish waaay too much affection on your big, fat, round breasts and I bet that would get old really fast." Frank smiled as he began kneading the impressive orbs hanging from Laurie's front, drawing a sharp sigh of satisfaction from the buxom babe. Laurie loved feeling Frank fondle her newly plumped-up belly and chunky thighs, but her love for breast play still held sway. And the idea of having a second pair of hands to massage her monster mammaries was pretty tempting. A second pair of lips to kiss the slopes of her swollen knockers, a second tongue to lick her fat nipples, a second mouth to whisper sweet, sexy nothings into her ear and tell her all about how big she was growing and how gigantic her tits were. Mmmm...

"Yeah, I really don't think you'd want that at all, Laurie. There's no way that sort of thing would appeal to you."

Laurie raised a finger to silence her boyfriend. "Not so fast, Frank. Don't tell Mama what Mama likes and doesn't like. Mama's gonna tell you, little boy. And Mama likes this Abida idea..."

## 58. Alice & Frank

Alice stared at herself in the mirror, her eyes moving over the rounded form reflected back at her. Her undersized clothing did nothing to hide her vast belly, her voluminous breasts, or her thunder thighs – her polo shirt, the largest thing that she owned was stretched around her middle like a sausage casing and her pants miraculously still hitched up around her waist but then they refused to button. Alice sighed wistfully, her thoughts elsewhere. For once, the bloated blonde wasn't fantasizing about food or dessert or even that coveted mobility scooter. She was dreaming about something much more mundane: pants that fit.

For weeks, Alice had been saving her money, pinching every penny, so that she could eventually afford to buy a shiny new mobility scooter, something to ferry her between classes, something to reduce the heavy burden of walking. At over 450 pounds of pure soft lard, Alice was a true heavyweight and walking was an increasing challenge. Besides the simple fact that her thick legs rubbed together so much that her inner thighs were red and chafed and the fact that her knees constantly bumped the sag of her overhanging belly, walking was just too tiring. She could barely even waddle without huffing and puffing! But all that was going to change soon. Just as soon as she had enough money to buy that scooter...

Of course, that day was farther away now that Alice had pooled her money with Jen to buy a scooter for Laurie first. The two chubby cheerleaders hated to delay their own scooter purchases, but it was definitely for the best. Alice remembered how Laurie used to always give her grief about her expanding waistline, so she imagined that their team captain probably wouldn't be happy to find out that her two star cheerleaders had decided to give up on walking. But if Laurie had her own scooter too, her tune would probably be quite different!

Alice sighed again, looking down at herself. She couldn't see over the swell of her enormous belly, but she could feel her jumbo-waisted khaki cargo pants cutting into the soft flesh of her bottom and thighs. They were size 30 yet they were too small to button around her ample waist. She had been dealing with undersize clothes for weeks, because she couldn't afford to buy new ones. Not while she was trying to save money! Instead, she had to resort to asking her friend Abida to alter her clothes, letting out her stitches as Alice continued to grow. But soon!

Alice grunted as she tugged futilely on the waist of her pants, knowing there was no way that she was going to get that button to connect. It hadn't reached all the way in weeks, forcing her to secure her pants with a safety pin. This was embarrassing! Luckily, because of her close connection with mega-queen bee bitch Laurie, no one at school said anything, but still. It was always humiliating whenever the rotund blonde suffered another popped button or busted seam.

"Tyler? Could you please give me a hand here? I'm having some trouble!"

Another embarrassing thing? Relying on your boyfriend to help dress you. Alice hated to admit it, but that was one of the reasons she was always so glad that Tyler spent most nights with her since she had come to live at Jen's house. Getting dressed by herself was an awful chore when she had to reach her pudgy arms around her gargantuan gut, but an extra pair of hands made it sooo much easier!

Tyler popped out of the attached bathroom. "What's wrong?"

Alice pointed at her front and Tyler's eyes fell on her wide open fly. He nodded, smiling. He knew what to do. After all, he saw this sort of thing all the time with Alice.

Tyler disappeared under the shelf of Alice's belly. The overweight girl waited. She couldn't see what her boyfriend was doing, but she could feel his hands tugging on the flaps of her cargo pants, straining to pull them together.

"Alice, honey, could you suck in a little?"

Alice inhaled, pulling air into her lung and sucking in her massive belly as far as she could. "Oof!" It pushed the wind out of her as the pants' waistband cinched around her middle as Tyler managed to hook the safety pin into the fraying material.

"Ooo, that's tight," gasped Alice.

"Don't let it out yet, Alice! I still need to get the zipper up!"

"Oh no!" Alice blanched. She had completely forgotten about that part! She winced as she felt Tyler slowly tug the zipper upwards, feeling the pants grow tighter and tighter with every inch that it climbed. Alice nearly wanted to cry. There was absolutely no way that Tyler would be able to get it up! She would have to go to school with her zipper wide open! Oh it was going to be so embarrassing!

"It's not...moving," moaned Alice as Tyler fiddled with the tab. She could feel the cold metal of the zipper pressing into her belly, through the thin, over-stretched fabric of her jumbo-sized panties.

It was true. Alice was so tubby that her pocket of fat bubbled out through the open zipper, blocking its progress. Even with the safety pin latched, her belly pushed the zipper apart with a huge gap with flesh poking out.

"Here, I know a trick that can help," said Tyler. He leaned forward and kissed Alice on her fat, right through her open zipper.

"Eeek!" Alice squealed in response to the feeling of Tyler's lips against her gut and subconsciously pulled in. But oh, did it feel good! A sensual shiver ran up Alice's spine and she



began to coo as Tyler licked and kissed her. Alice arched her back and groaned. It was enough! Tyler grabbed hold of the zipper and yanked it all the way to the top.

“Ooof!” said Alice, wiping her forehead. “Wow! These are a tight fit!” After that little display, she needed to calm down a bit!

“Careful! Don’t let it out all at once or you’ll blow your way out again. Just let it out slowly.”

Alice breathed out, watching as her belly filled out to its full magnificent size, her girth pushing against the tight waistband. For a moment, she was afraid that Tyler was right; she could feel the safety pin quivering against her bulk, ready to snap, but it held.

“I can’t wait until I can finally buy some new clothes,” said Alice, twirling to look at herself in the mirror. Her polo shirt was stretched as tight as a second skin over her middle, tucked into her waistband under her belly in hopes that would keep it from sliding up over her gut over the course of the day. That was a lost dream. Her deep dark belly button was clearly visible through the over-stretched fabric and every step sent thick jiggles through her beachball-sized paunch that threatened to burst free.

“Tyler, this is getting really hard,” said Alice, “I can’t believe how big I’ve gotten! I used to think that 200 pounds was obese and now I’m over twice that!” She grabbed her belly pudgy with her chubby hands and shook it dramatically. “Look at me!”

“Aw, Alice, you know it looks great on you! I think you’re super beautiful.”

The crazy thing is, she actually believed it! When Tyler complimented her, she couldn’t help but feel like the most beautiful girl in the world. “You... you really think so, right? Oh Tyler, I’m so lucky to have you. I’m just worried that one of these days I’m going to be too big for you!”

“You could never be too big for me, Alice! I mean, c’mon, if you could get too big for me... like, don’t you think it would have happened by now?” He chuckled as he ran a hand over the ample swell of Alice’s middle.

Alice giggled. That much was true! Only a year ago, she never would have imagined that one day she would be THIS big. Of course, Alice’s size wasn’t the real problem. She could sort of admit that she was fat, maybe even admit that she was more than fat... that she was downright obese! But the expanding blob girl couldn’t confront the real terrifying issue: That she wasn’t just big, but growing. And that, for her, 500 pounds was really just the beginning...

“I guess this is good enough for school,” said Alice, sighing. “I just hope that I don’t have a wardrobe malfunction. Gawd, I don’t know what I’d do if that happened. Or should I say, WHEN that happens?”

“Alice, don’t be so gloomy! I don’t know why you won’t just let me buy you some new clothes.”

“Oh, Tyler, that’s so sweet, but it wouldn’t be fair! I couldn’t ask you to just buy me new clothes every time that I popped a button. You’d go broke!”

“But for you, Alice, it would be worth it!”

“Let’s not think about that now, Tyler. We’re going to be late for breakfast and you know how Mrs. Sarovy gets about that.”

Tyler nodded. “You sure Jen’s mom doesn’t mind me spending the night? And staying for breakfast? I think my mom would pitch a fit if I brought home all my friends from school.”

“Oh, she loves it. She’s very old world.”

In fact, Mrs. Sarovy DID love it. Nothing made her happier than seeing her family eat. Most mothers would be completely overwhelmed by the size of this new “extended” family, but she was enjoying the constant hustle and bustle that came with having her daughter’s friends staying over as semi-permanent houseguests.

She now expected – no, DEMANDED – that Alice and Laurie join them for almost every meal. And she didn’t even seem to mind that the guest roster now also included a rotating cast of boyfriends, as Tyler, Frank, and Craig occasionally came over to spend the night with their respective girlfriends.

Of course, that didn’t even take into account Jen’s father or little sister. Both of them were healthy eaters too, although neither of them could reach the belt-busting limits that Jen could. They both still seemed to stop eating when they were full.

Breakfast was a blur. Jen and Laurie were already gobbling their morning meal, as were Jesse and Jen’s dad, while Jen’s mom bustled in the kitchen to make a second course. The woman never stopped cooking! Mrs. Sarovy stuffed her guests with pancakes and waffles until they were all ready to burst, then hustled them out the door. Alice and Jen left in Laurie’s Land Rover with barely a word – they were both too full as they waddled out the door to do anything other than burp and moan – so Alice piled into Tyler’s old jalopy for the trip to school.

School was another challenge for a massively fat girl!

Students stood aside as Alice lumbered past, one arm around her beanpole of a boyfriend. Behind their backs, many students couldn’t help but comment on the enormous size difference between scrawny Tyler and massive Alice. Some wag had even invented a rather unflattering nickname for the duo: Jack Sprat and his wife. But no one would dream of actually saying it out loud to their faces. For one thing, Laurie would destroy anyone who thought of

giving her friends any guff. Alice's manager at Pizza-by-the-Pound Maggie had already told most of the student body about Laurie's not-so-subtle threats. But, beyond that, why would anyone want to be mean to them? Alice was one of the sweetest girls in school and she and Tyler always seemed so happy together. Only the most churlish of cads would want to spoil that!

"Alice, I need to get to math, but I'll see you after school, okay?"

Alice nodded as the bell rang, signaling students to make their way into their classrooms. "Sure. Thanks so much for helping me, Tyler. I'm so lucky to have you!" A broad smile crossed her round face. In a life that was so far dominated by her shrewish mother's barbs, Tyler's unconditional love and acceptance was a rare bright spot.

She watched as Tyler scurried away, before she turned her attention to the next obstacle in her path. The door. Edging up on 500 pounds, Alice was almost as wide as a tanker truck. She could easily waddle her way through the double doors that gave entry into the school's main corridors, but the smaller doors that led to classrooms... those were beginning to pinch her love handles!

Alice lumbered through the door, drawing stares from the rest of the class. The teacher, Mrs. Harris, watched as Alice turned sideways, sucked in her belly, and slowly angled herself through the doorway.

"Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Harris!"

"That's okay, Miss Grobauch, please take your seat," said Mrs. Harris, eyeing Alice pointedly. As an English teacher, it wasn't her place to butt into her students' home lives. Yet Alice was clearly such an extreme case that she couldn't help but wonder what had happened to make this cheerleader blow up so fast and furious.

Mrs. Harris felt like she ought to take the initiative and insist that Alice visit with the school nurse to have her glands checked. But, then again, her students' weights weren't her concern.

Little did she suspect the truth. That in addition to Alice's own constant snacking, the bloated blimpette was being inflated by multiple sources: her loving boyfriend always providing for her every need, weekly fattening sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, and, of course, Mrs. Sarovy's cooking. Alice's figure didn't stand a chance. If she wasn't so deeply in denial about her own size, the ever-escalating numbers on her scale would have worried her. But Alice was more concerned with her own gustatory pleasure. Never able to say no to a treat, Alice simply pretended that her mounting weight wasn't a concern. Problems fitting in her clothes? She's just have Abida alter them. Walking becoming a chore? She'd just buy a scooter. Like a blimp being readied for take-off or a pig being fattened for market, Alice was growing bigger and bigger every day.

Speaking of Abida, the slender Indian girl was sitting in the desk right behind the lone empty seat in the room.

“Hi, Abida!” said Alice brightly.

Abida smiled and nodded in response. “Morning, Alice.”

Alice grimaced as she stared at the desk-seat. Her expanding size made these tight school desks a bigger problem every day!

Alice maneuvered her hips into space between the desk and chair, wheezing and panting with the strain, peering futilely behind her to try and gauge the position of the chair. Was her butt positioned just right, so that she’d plop right onto the chair when she lowered herself down? She couldn’t tell; all view of the chair was blocked by a vast expanse of fat rump. She would have to guess!

Sitting right behind her, Abida watched as Alice dropped her vast ass into the chair, her voluminous butt cheeks overflowing the seat. She watched the seams in the fat girl’s fats tense and strain. The threads at the seat of Alice’s cargo pants were black, completely mismatched for the pale beige color of the pants. Abida recognized her own handiwork. This was one of the pants that Abida had to let out to accommodate Alice’s ever-growing rear. Pressed for time, she hadn’t been able to match the thread color. It should embarrass Alice to know how obvious the repaired seam was, but Alice didn’t seem to notice or care.

Gawd, she was getting enormous! Abida could barely see the blackboard around Alice’s vast bulk now.

Her belly pushed hard against the desk, compressing the chubby piglet’s lungs and making it hard to breathe. She had to get more comfortable!

“Ugh, these desks are so tight!” complained Alice, lifting her belly and letting it drop onto the desk in front of her with a loud slap.

Mrs. Harris waited patiently as Alice struggled to get comfortable – relatively – in the undersized desk.

“Okay, class, now that we’re all settled, let’s turn to page 143 and discuss last night’s assignment.”

Alice grunted as she struggled to reach the bookbag at her chubby feet, her flabby belly squishing against the desk in front of her as wiggled her uselessly fat fingers. She could feel her cheeks going pink from the strain, the tips of her fingers starting to tingle, her shirt sliding up her vast doughy gut. But she was so close! Finally, her fingertips brushed the bookbag’s handle

enough that she was able to grab hold and hoist it up. Panting from the exertion, Alice unzipped her bag and rummaged around to find her homework assignment.

Of course, there was a lot more than just books and papers in her backpack. Alice never traveled anywhere without an emergency stash of packaged cookies and candy bars. After all, how could she be expected to wait allll the way until lunch before she replenished her reserves? Staring into her bag, Alice was momentarily distracted from her teacher's words by the sight of a king-sized Snickers bar shoved between her notebooks. Hmm... Alice felt her fat tummy gurgling at the thought of a mid-morning snack. Sure, she was still overloaded with rich buttermilk pancakes, but she could still feel a tiny little bit of room deep in her tummy... a tiny little bit of room that was now demanding to be filled!

The classroom was filled with the sounds of shuffling papers as the students dutifully searched for the right page. And, amidst the shuffling, Abida heard another noise too.

Abida's sharp ears pricked up at a sudden crinkling sound. She looked forward and... oh my gawd, really? Alice was unpeeling a chocolate bar. It was only first period and this overstuffed cow was already snacking!

Alice licked her lips hungrily. As she saw it, she was perfectly justified in a little snack. It had almost been an hour since breakfast, after all! Besides, what harm could a little snack do?

"Mmmm," mumbled Alice as she bit off a huge hunk of rich, creamy chocolate and chewed it lazily like a cow chewing her cud. Alice was so blessed out on chocolate that she didn't realize how loud she was being! Heads turned in response. Mrs. Harris narrowed her eyes.

"Miss Grobauch? Is that... is that candy?"

Alice's eyes bulged as much as her full cheeks. Oh no! Busted! She swallowed hard.

"Hmmm? No, ma'am!" Alice said guiltily, her plump cheeks immediately flushing pink.

"Are you eating candy in class? I hope you brought enough for everyone!"

"I...I wasn't eating, ma'am!" squeaked Alice, rapidly shoving her hands behind her back.

"Let's see those hands, Alice."

"I...I...I..."

Abida sighed. She really shouldn't enable Alice's bad habits, but she felt sorry for the poor hungry heifer. She reached forward and snatched the evidence from Alice's plump fingers, shoving it into her pocket. That was ONE advantage of Alice's enormous size; Mrs. Harris

couldn't see anything happening behind her.

Relieved of evidence of her crime, Alice brought her hands forward and turned her palms upward, proving that she didn't have any candy.

"Hmm," said Mrs. Harris squinting suspiciously.

"See? I told you I didn't have any – hic!" Alice hiccupped loudly, her whole body wobbling and billowing in response. Giggles rippled through the classroom as Alice's hand shot to her mouth in response. All the stress had given the poor fatso a bad case of the hiccups!

"I see. Well, I'm sorry for falsely accusing you."

"That's – hic! – okay!" said Alice. Another hiccup made her bounce slightly in her seat, her thick blubber jiggling so heavily that Abida could hear the chair creak under her weight. Abida scooted her own seat slightly backwards. Alice's chair probably wasn't in any danger of breaking... but Abida still didn't want to take any chances.

Alice's hefty gut wobbled against the safety pin at her crotch, the pressure finally overcoming the frayed material. Riip! The pin tore out and Alice's fly blew open, allowing her giant gut to spill forward onto her lap. Luckily for her, the desk blocked the class's view, so no one noticed Alice's wardrobe malfunction. Although Alice herself couldn't help but blush as she felt her soft, warm blubber plop against her upper thighs.

"Oh poo," muttered Alice. When class was over, she would just have to wait until everyone else filed out before she left. Then she'd have to re-attach her safety pin. In reality, the front of these pants were already torn up pretty badly from the previous times that Alice had busted her safety pin loose. If only she could afford some new pants! Oh, it wouldn't be long now. Any day now, Laurie's scooter should arrive in the mail. And after that, she could start saving for her own scooter. And after that... finally, FINALLY, she would be able to buy some clothes that fit her!

Until then, she'd have to keep relying on Abida. Speaking of which....

Alice turned around in her seat, huffing and puffing. "Abida, thank you so – hic! – much! I really owe you."

"Don't worry about it," said Abida.

"I wish there was some way that I could – hic! – repay you for everything that you've – hic! – done for me!" said Alice. The last hiccup shook her shirt loose, allowing it to ride up the arc of her bloated belly and reveal a wide swathe of bulging pink flesh.

"Hmm," said Abida, nodding. Little did she know that something was about to happen

that would make all her efforts worthwhile...

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“Welcome to the House of Lingerie, I’m Abida, how can I—oh it’s you!” Abida instantly launched into her usual greeting as soon as she heard the front door of the shop open, but she hadn’t expected this. She recognized this chunky, burly guy as Laurie’s boyfriend Frank. He had never been in the shop before, but, of course, she often saw Laurie and Frank pawing one another in the hallways at school. Besides, they were casually acquainted. Frank worked down at the Pizza-by-the-Pound restaurant in the mall food court, and Abida sometimes ate there on her lunch break from the shop.

Oh, thought Abida as realization dawned. He was probably just here to buy some lingerie as a present for Laurie. If Laurie was still growing (and why wouldn’t she be?), she had probably already outgrown her last purchase and was now sending Frank to do shopping for her.

She couldn’t help but feel a little tinge of jealousy. Was it fair that Frank got to spend all his time with that gorgeous goddess? What could he give Laurie that Abida couldn’t? She knew that Laurie must know by now how much that Abida liked her. In fact.. oh no! could that be the reason that she was sending Frank here to do her shopping now? Last time Laurie had so completely expanded past the limits of her clothing that she demanded Abida come make a house call to fit her for a new bra, claiming it was a fashion emergency and that Laurie couldn’t leave the house. Maybe she was once again housebound, afraid to go out after blowing out the seams and stitches on yet another set of undergarments? But then, why hadn’t Laurie simply called Abida for another house call? Could it be that Abida had been too forward on her last visit? Had she mad Laurie so uncomfortable that the voluptuous vixen no longer wanted to be around Abida? Now she needed Frank to act as her representative? Abida’s heart sank. No, no, no, she was just being paranoid, right? She couldn’t bear the thought of never seeing Laurie again, never getting another chance to surreptitiously brush the sides of those enormous soft pontoons, never feeling Laurie’s warm supple skin against her own as she pretended to measure Laurie for yet another refitting. She would just die!

Abida forced herself to smile despite her worries. “Hi, Frank, what are you doing here? Are you doing some shopping for Laurie?”

“Sort of. Well, I am here on her behalf, at least.”

Abida kept smiling, but she could feel the sweat forming on her brow. Oh no! She was right! Laurie was pissed at her and she was sending Frank to deliver the message.

“On...her behalf?”

“Yeah, so, listen Abida, we know that you like Laurie.”

“Heh heh heh, yes, I sure do like my best customer!” chuckled Abida nervously.

“No, I mean, we know that you REALLY like her. Let’s not beat around the bush, we know that you totally want to be with Laurie.”

Cripes, the jig was up!

“Okay, fine, I admit it!” said Abida, breaking down and putting her face in her hands. “I DO like Laurie! No, I don’t just like her: I’m crazy about her! I can’t stop thinking about her! You wouldn’t understand, Frank! She’s just... she’s just perfect!”

“I know,” said Frank.

“Do you? Do you!? No, you don’t get it at all! So fine, come in here and yell at me for hitting on your girlfriend! I don’t care!”

“What?” Frank looked surprised. “I wasn’t here to yell at you!”

“Is it so wrong for a girl to love another girl?” sobbed Abida. “Especially a girl of such... divine proportions! Because oh my Gawd, Laurie is just the sexiest, most womanly diva that I’ve ever seen! Okay, I said it! You couldn’t possibly appreciate her like I do!”

The words that she’d held in for so long all tumbled out in a rush and Abida was sobbing and hiccupping, her face red with embarrassment to admit her forbidden lust for Laurie’s soft sexy body.

“You think you can just keep her all to yourself, but it’s so not fair! No one thinks about what I could do for her. No one thinks about how good I could make her feel! Go ahead and yell at me, it won’t change the truth!”

“Calm down!” said Frank, “I’m not here to yell at you. I was going to ask if you wanted to join us.”

Abida fell silent, her red-rimmed eyes wide. “What?”

“I...well, we know how you feel about Laurie. And we were looking to, you know, try to spice things up a little, try something new. It was just a thought.”

“Like... together? Like... like a threesome?”

“Yeah.”

“And Laurie’s okay with this?”



“It was kind of her idea.”

“Are you serious?” Abida could feel her heart racing. She couldn’t believe what Frank was saying.

“Just sayin’, if you’re interested. We wouldn’t want to make you feel weird.”

“No, no, no!” said Abida quickly. “I mean yes! I mean no, I wouldn’t feel weird.” Was Frank actually asking her to be part of... part of a ménage a trois? She had never even considered that before. She quickly looked Frank up and down. He wasn’t bad looking, a big beefy guy with a prominent sagging gut that pushed the bounds of his jersey and hung over the crotch of his pants, but her real interest was in Laurie. Oh my Gawd, this was finally her chance. She reflectively curled her fingers in anticipation, imagining what it would feel like to hold those famous pillowy pontoons in her hands. For years, Laurie’s magnificent milkers had haunted her dreams! How she longed to run her tongue over those fat, cork-sized nipples, watching how Laurie’s mammoth mamories jiggled and quivered under her devoted attention. Of course, Laurie wasn’t just the buxom bombshell that she was when Abida first noticed her. A solid year of non-stop binging and gorging ensured that Laurie was now a jumbo heavyweight with thick legs, a wide ass and a bloated belly to accompany her expanding jugs. But somehow that only served to excite Abida more. Laurie’s expanding curves just made her more feminine, more womanly, like an ancient fertility goddess just bursting with absolute fecundity. Abida licked her lips, her mouth suddenly dry. She couldn’t wait to taste Laurie for real. “I would love to... oh my Gawd, I can’t believe this is real. Are you really asking me to be with you and Laurie? Oh Frank, you can’t know how long I’ve been dreaming about that.”

“I could guess,” said Frank.

“I’m... I’m so sorry I said those things about you not appreciating Laurie,” blubbered Abida, “I just... I just didn’t know what to think. I was just upset. I didn’t mean it.”

“It’s fine. But if you’re down, why don’t you come by tonight? You do know where Laurie’s staying, right?”

“Oh, yeah, she’s at Jen’s house for some reason, right? She had me come over to do a house call a little while ago.” As much as Abida’s life had intertwined with those of the three chunky cheerleaders, she was honestly kind of baffled by the constant convoluted shenanigans that went on between Alice, Laurie, and Jen. Laurie was living at Jen’s house for some reason, and both Jen and Alice were involved in some secret conspiracy to avoid letting Laurie know that Abida was helping them by letting out the slack in their pants on a near weekly basis. Abida wasn’t sure what to make of all that, but it really didn’t matter. All that mattered was that she was finally – FINALLY – going to live her dream of bedding Laurie!

Oh, and Frank would be there too. That was fine as well.

## 59. Eddie & Laurie

Eddie pulled his car up to the curb in front of a comfortable house on a quiet suburban cul de sac. He checked the address one last time, even though he knew it 100% by heart already. He knew this address well. After all, he delivered pizzas here almost every week, like clockwork. He grabbed the stack of cardboard pizza boxes off the passenger side seat and made his way to the front door. He counted the boxes in his hands. Three. That was one pizza per girl, right? He was fairly certain that there were only three girls living here, because it was always the same three that met him at the door. When he'd started delivering to this address so many months ago, it was just one pizza per night. But at some point, they had started ordering two. Now they were ordering three. No surprise, though. These girls were massive. Every time that he saw them, they looked even bigger. All this pizza was clearly going to their waists. And, of course, they were probably eating like pigs the rest of the week, too, when he wasn't bringing them their hot cheesy treats. You didn't get THAT big on a diet of kale.

As he rang the doorbell, only one question ran through his mind. Which girl would it be to answer the door? It was usually the dark-haired girl with the huge tits. Eddie hated that one. She seemed to be the leader of their little group, but she was a total bitch and always tried to weasel out of tipping him by showing off her enormous breasts. Eddie might have considered that a reasonable trade if she at least flashed a little nipple, but the buxom babe mostly just rolled her shoulders back and surreptitiously squeezed her tits together to form an impressive cleavage canyon. He had to admit, they were BIG. He had no idea what cup size this girl sported, but it had to be at the high end of the alphabet. Still, this was the modern age, and he could see as many boobs as he wanted just by going on the Internet. He wasn't about to accept any fully-clothed chest, no matter how massive, as adequate compensation.

The other two girls were better. The thick-hipped brunette was a little dim – she always had trouble counting out the correct change when she had to pay – but she was always chipper and friendly in a way that made Eddie smile. The round blonde was fun too; she always seemed a little apologetic, as if she realized that they were ordering way too much pizza for just three girls and was a little embarrassed by that. It was a little cute, to be honest. Eddie hoped to see one of those two.

Instead, a short, pudgy 14 year old kid opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked. Her eyes fell on the stack of pizzas. "Oh. Of course, my sister must have ordered pizzas for their sleep-over."

"Yeah, I got two large pepperoni pizzas, one large mushroom..."

"Yes, yes, right here!" called a voice, followed by the thundering sound of a very large

girl attempting to very rapidly get to the door.

Oh great, thought Eddie, it IS her.

Laurie appeared in the doorway, her massive frame filling the entire entryway. Jesus Christ, she was HUGE! Everytime that Eddie delivered to this house, these girls looked even bigger. Laurie was a vast, blubbery cow of a girl, her giant tits spilling out of her undersized blouse; he could see tears starting to form under the busty bitch's armpits, allowing the soft lard of Laurie's flanks to bubble through. In the shadow of her colossal breasts, Laurie's belly swelled forward like a pink boulder, too big for her shirt to contain, sagging over the waistband of her pants. Somehow this bloated behemoth had managed to stuff her ever-widening thighs into a pair of jeans, but Eddie could tell that the stitches were screaming as they fought against the heavy load of her thick legs and wide rear. It was only by the miracle of her heavy-duty spandex blend that Laurie was even able to yank these pants up over her growing ass.

"So what do I owe you?" purred Laurie, fluttering her eyelashes and leaning forward so that the delivery boy got a clear glimpse of the raven-haired bombshell's billowing bazookas. Jeez, she was stacked! Despite himself, Eddie felt his temperature rising. Wait, could it be... he blinked in surprise. As Laurie leaned forward seductively, more and more of her pale plump pontoons came into view, a never-ending canyon of cleavage growing deeper and deeper. Eddie felt like he might just fall into those boobs and be smothered to death. In fact... no way! His jaw dropped as he realized that Laurie wasn't wearing a bra tonight – by now, he usually would have glimpsed at least peak of her usual heavy-duty brassiere. Laurie was so big in the chest that she could no longer wear many of the sexy frilly bras designed for smaller girls, instead relegated to monster utility bras as they were the only undergarments up to the task of restraining the double dee-licious diva's mammoth mammaries. But Eddie could see the barest hint of nipples, noticing the twin arcs of slightly darkened skin that signaled Laurie's aereolae were about to pop into view.

"It's on the house," said Eddie without thinking. Oh shit!

"Perfect, thanks sweetie," said Laurie, her voice as smooth as silk. She didn't wait for Eddie to take back his offer. She immediately slammed the door in his face, leaving the poor boy standing on the stoop, dazed and bewildered. He couldn't believe it! After all these months of refusing to let himself be duped by Laurie's tits and NOW he'd finally succumbed! His boss was gonna kill him!

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Inside the house, Laurie chuckled to herself. It had finally worked! She patted the top of her chest, watching in satisfaction as the supple flesh quivered and jiggled at her touch. "Good work, girls. Mama believed in you. Mama always knew you were up to the task."

As she started toward the stairs leading to the basement where her two best friends were waiting, Jesse piped up.

“Are you three really going to eat a whole large pizza each?” she asked, her voice incredulous.

Laurie glared at Jesse angrily, staring down over the shelf of her protruding bosom in a futile attempt to intimidate the younger girl. Jesse just stared back, unimpressed.

“Don’t you think that the three of you might be overdoing it just a little? I mean, not like it’s any of my business. I just don’t want to deal with having to roll your fat ass home. Oh wait, I forgot – you never go home.”

“Jen has graciously invited her friends to stay and help—“

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” Jesse leaned against the doorframe, folding her chubby arms across her chest. “Just seems to me this is all just a scam to get free food. You and the blonde balloon downstairs are eating us out of house and home... not that Jen wasn’t doing that by herself.”

“You should talk, you little lard ass!” snapped Laurie, pointedly jabbing Jesse in her soft little gut. “I see the way you eat and you’re well on your way to being just as fat as your big sister!”

“Ha! Yeah, right! You don’t scare me. That whole story about Jen was total baloney. Jen’s always been a fat bimbo! I’m nothing like her.”

The last time that Laurie and Jesse had verbally sparred, Laurie was able to best her opponent by taking advantage of Jesse’s greatest fear. Laurie could tell that Jesse resented living in her older sister’s ever-growing shadow. Jen and Jesse were like night and day when it came to personality – Jen was a bubbly airhead and a cheerful chatterbox, while Jesse was a sarcastic little snot – but they looked like they were cut from the same cloth physically. Jesse was still young enough that she hadn’t blossomed yet, but Laurie was certain that in a few years Jesse’s rear would plump up to the same prodigious pillow proportions as her older sister.

And that was Jesse’s greatest fear. She didn’t want to believe that she would someday be as big as Jen. When Jesse watched Jen waddle around the house, struggling to shove her pumped-up posterior through doorways, busting stitches on her overfull leggings, it filled her with dread. How could anyone let themselves get that fat? At Jen’s size, even the simplest tasks were monumentally difficult. Jen needed her boyfriend Craig to help her get out of bed in the morning, and she rarely left his side just because she needed him to help steady her so that the overwhelming gravity of her fat ass didn’t just drag her to the floor. Jen couldn’t even reach down to tie her shoes anymore, so she mostly wore slip-on sandals and flip-flops. When she didn’t wear shoes with laces, she had to call for Jesse to help her tie them. Jesse was honestly

embarrassed by her older sister's growing helplessness, and dreaded the day that Jen blew up so big that she needed constant care. Jesse swore that she would never let that happen to her.

Of course, Jesse reassured herself, Jen was kind of dumb so she didn't fully realize the dangerous path she was on. But Jesse was much smarter. Jesse was sure that she could avoid the same pitfalls of gorging and gluttony.

"Tsk, tsk, honey!" Laurie flicked Jesse across the nose, chuckling as the younger girl swatted her fingers away. "You say that now. But you know why Jen's so fat, right? It's cause of your mom. Your mom just can't stop feeding her. That's why it's a good thing that Alice and I are here to help. We're trying to keep food away from your sister so that she doesn't just explode."

"Then why are you ordering so much pizza?"

Laurie grimaced. Ugh, this little brat was too smart! This was sooo annoying! It was so much easier dealing with Jen, since Jen was such a ditzzy bubblehead she would believe ANYTHING that Laurie said. But Jesse was just too skeptical for her own good!

"Your mom just loves feeding Jen," continued Laurie, "And that's why Jen's totally porked up into a chunky heifer. But what do you think your mom is going to do after Jen leaves home? You know Jen is going to head out for college at the end of the year. And then who's going to be getting all the attention here at home? Why, bless my heart, I do believe it might be you, you little butterball!"

Laurie pinched Jesse's chubby cheek. "Yup, suddenly you're going to be the one eating alllll the brisket and kugel and whatever other weird foods your mom wants to make. And you're going to be getting fatter and fatter and fatter. Why, I bet you'll wish that Alice and I were back here, helping you out! But nope, it'll just be you, all alone, eating everything."

"You're... you're not helping Jen... you're just bringing more food into the house...." Jesse tried to argue, but she was too busy pondering the frightening possibilities raised by Laurie's claims. She knew Laurie was right. Her mother was totally going to start feeding her as soon as Jen was out of the house! She just hoped that she would be able to resist. She was a lot smarter than Jen, so at least she would know better than to just mindlessly eat everything placed in front of her...

"You think you can resist your mom?" chuckled Laurie. She leaned down to look Jesse in the face, eye-to-eye, her knees creaking and popping as she lowered her bulk. "Good luck on that! Then again, you've got a lot of growing to do. Maybe you'll be big enough that you can fit all that food and not pop after all."

Jesse stared after Laurie as the king-sized queen bee wiggle-waddled her way to the basement door and disappeared down the steps, chuckling the entire time.

Laurie gripped the three boxes in her pudgy hands and balanced them atop her shelf-like bosom as she wobbled her way back down to the Sarovy's finished basement, where her two fat friends were already enjoying appetizers. But what was a sleep-over without pizzas?

"Girls! Pizza is here!" Smiling widely, she placed the pizzas on the table.

"Oh thank Gawd!" said Jen, clapping her hands in childish glee and dropping a family size bag of tortilla chips. "I thought I was gonna starve to death!" Ignoring the irony, she quickly sucked the salt off of her fingertips and struggled to push herself to her feet, so that she could join Laurie at the table.

It was early in the night, so the girls hadn't even changed into pajamas yet. They were all still wearing their street clothes, but that probably wouldn't last much longer for Jen and Alice; the best part of these all-you-could-eat slumber parties was that they got to shed their constricting clothes and don nice comfy, stretchy pajamas. The stretchiness was essential, seeing as they always gorged until their stomachs were massively distended.

Laurie, however, had an appointment later tonight that she needed to keep, so she wasn't planning to spend the whole night at Jen's house for once. After she made sure that her prize piggy Alice was totally stuffed, she would hop in her car and drive home – Frank was going to bring Abida over tonight, and the three had big plans. Laurie smirked to herself at the thought. She and Frank had a very active love life, but the idea of bringing in a third person was delightfully naughty and sent lustful tingles through Laurie's lardy loins.

"Thanks, Laurie! It's so nice of you to order pizzas for all of us!"

Laurie smiled slyly. Niceness had nothing to do with it. Ordering pizza was just part of her plan to fatten up Alice into a prize-sized hog, so that she and Jen looked svelte by comparison. But then... why had she also ordered pizzas for herself and Jen? Although Laurie prided herself on being a consummate Machiavellian schemer, she was oblivious to the fact that she was sabotaging her own plan.

Alice licked her lips eagerly, her greedy eyes falling on the hot pizza. She waddled over to the table, throwing one tree-trunk sized leg in front of the other, huffing and puffing with the extreme effort of even this small amount of movement.

When she reached the table, Alice pulled out a chair and slowly lowered herself down. She could feel the stitches in her overloaded cargo pants tensing and straining against her vast bulk as she moved, the pressure increasing on her seams as her mammoth buttocks swung into a sitting position. Her enormous bum pressed against the chair, her blubber squishing out to her sides as she settled her full weight on the flimsy seat. Her ass fat oozed over both sides of the chair. Alice could feel the seat of her pants pulling tighter and tighter, and she silently prayed that it would hold together. At the same time, Alice's belly pushed forward, pressing tightly into

the waistband of her pants, so Alice could feel the cold metal of the safety pins holding her fly together against the soft, warm flesh of her monumental middle.

Alice was too fat for even these so-called fat pants. Her enormous paunch blocked the button from reaching its hole, so she had to start latching her pants closed with a safety pin. But then Alice grew too fat for even the safety pin to reach, so she had to add a second pin. It was an embarrassing trick that Alice had learned from her extremely obese bunkmate Amber at fat camp last year. At the time, Alice had thought Amber was huge, possibly the fattest girl in the world, definitely the fattest that she had ever seen. But in retrospect, Amber was barely even 300 pounds... Alice now outweighed her old friend by nearly 200 pounds of wobbling, jiggling flab!

Even beyond her issues with buttoning her pants, Alice still couldn't adjust her wardrobe properly. No matter how much she tugged, her zipper wouldn't go up to the top anymore... she could barely raise it halfway up its tracks, leaving a humiliating gap through which the alert observer could glimpse the fat girl's overly snug panties cradling her flabby fupa.

The corpulent cutie's gurgling gut pressed against the safety pins with increasing pressure as she sat down. Alice prayed to herself again, hoping against hope that they would hold tight.

Laurie raised an eyebrow, a sly smirk crossing her face. Her eyes fell upon Alice's gut. Yes, it was definitely bigger. Her plan was still working perfectly! Alice was a greedy glutton, so getting her to stuff herself like a pig was as easy as pie! All Laurie had to do was to make sure that her fat friend had ready access to a constant stream of fattening treats and Alice would do the rest.

"Oooo! Pizza!" squealed Jen, also drawn forward by the intoxicating aroma of hot melty mozzarella with garlic and basil.

Laurie was less pleased to see that all her efforts to help Jen reduce had been less successful. Between her and Alice, they had managed to keep enough food out of Jen's grasp to slow her gains... but Jen was still far over 400 pounds of prime marbled fat girl.

Jen followed Alice's example and lowered her behemoth bulk into a chair... or, in Jen's case, two chairs. Jen's bottom was so wide that she needed to rest her gigantic rear across two chairs or risk a very public furniture malfunction.

Still, Laurie was just pleased that her plans for Alice were bearing such delightful fruit. Laurie felt like a genius puppet master, able to manipulate these fat dumbasses to her own will. No, she felt more like a successful farmer, proud to be raising the best, fattest hogs. She was proud that her prize piggies were still growing. She intended to keep it that way.

Watching Alice and Jen stuff their faces brought up conflicting emotions in Laurie. She

knew she needed to watch her own weight, but... boy, that pizza did look delicious! But more so, Laurie felt a weird sensation in the pit of her stomach. Watching them eat was actually... getting her a little hot and bothered. What the fuck? Laurie shook her head to try and clear the cobwebs. What was wrong with her? She was already turning into a grade A sex freak ever since she discovered that nothing made her hornier than to be stuffed and teased by her boyfriend. But was she really reaching the point where watching OTHER people stuffing themselves was going to turn her on too? Jeez, if this kept up, pretty soon Laurie would just be fingering herself constantly...

The two blimps filled the room with a chorus of creaks and squeaks as their constricting clothes fought against their voluminous bodies. Watching them finesse their way into their chairs was like watching two zeppelins come in for a landing.

Gawd, she needed Frank to fuck her bad. She needed him to stuff her bad. She needed Frank to take care of her until her pussy was raw and her belly was aching. She knew that he was talking to Abida today, trying to carefully lure the slender Indian girl into a threesome with her and Frank. Hopefully it would work. What was she saying? Of course it would work! Abida worshipped her like a goddess. There was no way that Abida was going to pass up this opportunity!

“Aren’t you going to have any pizza, Laurie?” asked Alice, her full cheeks bulging.

“Er... of course!” Laurie hoped that Alice didn’t notice the flush in her cheeks. Shit, Laurie was already super mega-horny from just watching these two manatees binging. If she started to stuff herself too, she was certain her pussy was just going to explode! Shit shit shit, she didn’t think she’d be able to wait til she met with Frank and Abida. She was aching to touch herself right now, her plump pussy clenching in anticipation inside her overly-snug spandex-blend jeans.

Only seconds ago, Laurie had been silently judging her flabby friends as she watched them slowly lower their bulk into their chairs, aware that they were both too fat to simply plop themselves down without a high risk of breaking their seats. Now Laurie was forced into the same position! She pulled out a chair and slowly lowered herself down – gently, gently! She sighed in relief as she felt her broad bum squish against the flat plastic surface of the chair, feeling the metal legs creak as she settled in. She frowned. The chair felt really unstable, as if it was ready to break at any moment. Laurie opened her pizza box and pulled out a slice of pepperoni pizza.

“Whass wrong?” asked Jen, her mouth filled with mushroom pizza. “You okay, Laurie?”

“Yes.. I just.... This chair feels weird.”

“You should use two like me!” said Jen, a note of pride in her voice as if she had discovered some brilliant life hack. “See? It’s waaay more safe!” She bounced in her seats, the



twin globes of her inflated rump billowing out to her sides as they squished against the chairs.

“Hmm, that’s a good idea, Jen!” said Alice brightly. “I can’t believe I didn’t think of that!”

Laurie watched in amazement as Alice pulled over a second chair and scooted her bum over until she was spread over both. Alice didn’t store as much fat in her behind as did Jen, so she fit comfortably across two chairs whereas Jen’s bulbous badonkadonk was already oozing over the edges of her chairs.

Laurie considered it. She would certainly feel a lot more comfortable with her weight spread over two chair. But she wasn’t ready to admit that she needed two chairs! That was a huge milestone on her inevitable path toward complete blimpitude, bigger even than being forced to balance her plates on her chest because her stomach had grown so large that it blocked her from getting close enough to the table, bigger even than having to shop entirely in the maternity section to find clothes that fit, bigger even than not being able to see the numbers on scales over the massive mountains of her bosom and belly... But even more so... it was incredibly hot. Laurie was already going wild, her loins on fire with thoughts of the passionate night to come. Every small indication of her growing size was adding fuel to the fire, making her wetter between the thighs. She was already so slick that she was amazed she hadn’t slipped out of her seat; she felt like pretty soon she was going to soak through her pants and leave a big wet spot in the crotch of her spandex-blend jeans. Holy shit, she needed to get under control.

She needed to breathe.

She needed to relax.

She needed... to eat.

She shoved the first slice in her mouth and her eyes nearly rolled back in her head. Oh Gawd, so good. She needed more! She needed to eat and eat and eat... Jen and Alice were hard at work devouring their own pies, silent but for the smacking of lips and the piggy chorfling and grunting that always accompanied their gluttony. Those two ate because they were greedy hogs who couldn’t control their own appetites. They wouldn’t understand that Laurie’s love of food, her love of stuffing, her love of that deliciously addictive full-up feeling went so far beyond that... She needed to be stuffed! Frank and Abida were going to stuff her tonight, she knew it, but she needed it now. At the back of her head, a tiny voice of rationality screamed at Laurie to restrain herself. What would happen if she arrived at the meeting pre-stuffed? There was a limit to how much she could force into her big round belly before she burst like an overinflated air mattress!

But she didn’t care. All that mattered now was food food food, eat eat eat... The three girls were each in their own worlds, so consumed with consumption that their minds were total blanks other than the all-important, all-consuming imperative to EAT.

Chairs creaked under three mega-sized tushes as they raced to shove as much pizza into their hungry maws as humanly possible. Metal legs slowly bent under them, causing the three hefty hotties to slowly sink lower as they ate. But they didn't notice. All that meant was that now they were closer to their food, so it required less effort to bring pizza to their mouths.

In minutes, the feeding frenzy was done. The pizzas were all but devoured and the three growing, gaining girls were left cradling their overgorged guts.

Laurie belched loudly, bringing her back to reality. Shit. She probably shouldn't have eaten an entire pizza! She stared at the decimated box, noting with wry amusement that only a few crusts and half-eaten slices remained. Her bloated gut swelled out in front of her, round and tight like a weather balloon, resting on her thick thighs and covering her lap. She could feel the snap of her spandex-blend jeans digging into her sensitive and distended gut painfully, even if she couldn't see it over the arc of her titanic middle. Laurie ran her manicured fingers lightly over her blushing belly, the tickle of her nails against her ample flesh renewing the moistness in her pussy. Gawd, this was making her fucking horny. But she still had to lug her fat ass upstairs and drive all the way home on a monster full stomach. And, of course, Frank and Abida was probably going to feed her more. Ha, who was she fooling? They were DEFINITELY going to feed her more. Laurie already felt like she was ready to burst, but the idea that her lovers were going to stuff even more savory deliciousness into her groaning gut was making Laurie super hot and bothered. Shit, she better calm down or she was going to cum in her pants right here!

"Listen, sweeties, I hate to eat and run, but I really have to meet Frank tonight..." She tried to stand up but the sheer weight of her overloaded belly pinned her down. Grunting, she tried again – this time, she laced her fingers together under her titanic tummy, forming a cradle to help lift her bloated middle.

"Ooooo! Got something special planned?" giggled Jen as she chomped into another slice of pizza and tore off a glob of melted cheese.

Laurie smirked. "A lady never tells. But yes. So I'm gonna leave you two to finish up the night. Will you two be okay without me?"

"Can we finish your pizza?" asked Alice pleadingly, her eyes staring at the last few slices left in Laurie's box. Alice had already polished off her own pie, but she was far from satisfied.

Laurie paused. She hated to give up any food, but she was going to get plenty to eat when she was with Frank and Abida. Sure. She could afford to be gracious. Besides, every slice that Alice ate just meant more calories to fuel the ballooning blonde's expansion.

"Yeah, go for it, honey." She leaned in close and whispered into Alice's ear: "Just try to keep it away from Jen. She's been putting on a little too much weight lately."

Alice nodded. The idea that Jen was putting on too much weight was ridiculous coming

from Laurie, who was probably the biggest of the three of them now. But Alice was happy to use any excuse to cram more food into her own gullet and, if saving Jen from her own gluttony gave her that excuse, she was happy to take it.

When Laurie left the room, Jen leaned over to her friend. "Alice, guess what?"

"What?"

"I, like, got a call from the store today. It totally arrived!"

Alice clapped a hand to her mouth. "Laurie's scooter?"

"Yeah, all we have to do is pick it up! Laurie's gonna freak when she sees it!"

Alice was sure of that, but she was worried that Laurie might not freak in the good way that Jen was expecting.

"It's about time, too!" said Jen. "I reeeeeeally need some new clothing. OMG, Alice, do you want to go shopping with me this weekend? We can finally get some new outfits!"

A small smile crossed Alice's plump lips. Finally! She was so tired of struggling with ill-fitting clothes. She just had to keep reminding herself everytime that she popped a button or split a seam that it was for a good cause. But now! Now that the scooter had finally arrived, Alice dreamed about buying herself a brand new pair of cargo pants that she would FINALLY be able to cinch around her vast waistline. Shirts that she could actually pull down over her immense gut! Panties that didn't strangle her! Oh, what a dream come true! Of course, it never occurred to Alice to think that maybe she wouldn't suffer such constant humiliations if she could just control her appetite instead of eating herself into higher and higher levels of obesity.

But wait... that dream hadn't come true yet.

"But Jen, we're not done yet. We still need to buy scooters for ourselves!"

Jen's face fell. The bloated big-butt bimbo had completely forgotten THAT little detail! That was the whole point of this clever plan of theirs! Alice and Jen wanted to get their own mobility scooters, so that they wouldn't have to bother with the annoyance of walking. The two rotund cuties found that walking ... or, in their case, waddling... was becoming harder and harder as they swelled rounder and rounder. Jen was the one who first came up with the idea to buy mobility scooters. Maybe she wasn't as dumb as people thought she was, after all! But the two chubbettes knew that Laurie wouldn't be happy about their plan. Laurie was always trying to get them to lose weight, after all! But Jen again hit on a brilliant idea – if they pooled their money and bought Laurie a scooter as a present first, then she couldn't possibly be mad when they bought scooters for themselves.

At least... she hoped that Laurie wouldn't be mad! Alice mused on the situation.

"Jen?"

"Like, yeah?"

"Do you think... do you think this will work? Are you sure that Laurie won't be mad?"

"Totally! This is a great idea, Alice! Just you watch, Laurie is gonna be soooo excited!"  
Jen beamed.

It seemed that Laurie wasn't the only Machiavellian schemer among the three of them!

# 60. Laurie

Laurie was already regretting her decisions tonight. Not her decision to have a three-way with Frank and Abida. That was a good idea, and the idea of having two obedient servants at her beck and call, two loyal worshippers to massage her growing body and feed her treats and treat her like the queen she was... that sounded great. Besides, at her size, she desperately needed two people to see to her ever-more queenly needs. The pampered plumper was simply too much woman for only Frank to handle, right? Adding Abida to the mix was the only logical solution.

After all, Laurie's breasts, her pride and joy, were larger than mature watermelons now, sloshing over the cups of her titanic brassiere, grown so vast and absolutely over-pumped with fat that they defied the imagination. Laurie had long suspected that she could, if she wanted to, make a decent income just by allowing horny men the barest glimpse of her unrestrained assets. The pizza delivery boy just earlier tonight, for instance, was flabbergasted by the sight of Laurie's gargantuan grapefruits bulging from the confines of her overstuffed blouse.

No, Laurie was regretting eating an entire pepperoni pizza. She could feel all those pounds of fatty cheese and oily grease roiling around in her gut. Laurie's swollen belly was so large now that her fat-dimpled knees bumped the sagging overhang of blubber with every step – something that only served to agitate her already complaining stomach more.

Even when she wasn't stuffed to the brim – an increasingly unlikely occurrence – Laurie was too fat to easily move. Her limbs were swaddled in blubber, so her thick elephantine legs and turgid swollen arms could barely bend enough to allow the spherical sweetie to reach her, ahem, most important parts. And for Laurie, her most important parts included her vagina, so that she could pleasure herself after a good stuffing, and her nipples, so she could play with herself after a good stuffing. That's why she needed more help from Frank and Abida these days.

But it also meant that just getting dressed was getting harder.

Laurie stuck her head back into the basement rec room, where Alice and Jen were devouring the remaining pizzas. "Jen, get up here and give me a hand."

Jen looked up, her cheeks bulging with pizza. "What? Like, what do you need me for?"

"Don't talk back to me, just come help," snapped Laurie, "I need to look good tonight and I need some help getting dressed." She paused. "And bring me a couple more slices of pizza while you're at it."

Laurie looked like a slob in her empire-waist jeans and grease-stained blouse – conspicuously, the top two buttons on her blouse were missing, revealing a few inches of canyonous cleavage. When Laurie inhaled, her chest swelled out enough to stress the remaining buttons. Laurie always liked to look good, so this was unusual to see Laurie looking so casual.

“Um, like, okay,” said Jen. The bottom-heavy brunette sadly stuffed the remaining crust of her pizza into her mouth, grabbed a couple slices for Laurie, and cast one last longing glance at the remaining box before rocking herself to her feet. It took a few minutes. Jen’s voluminous rear was so massive that it weighed her down like an anchor, and she had to wobble back and forth like an inflatable bobo doll before she could stagger to her feet.

“Like, don’t eat all the pizza without me, Alice,” said Jen as she waddled away, already huffing.

“Don’t worry, I’ll save you some,” said Alice, even as she eyed the pizza hungrily. Jen sighed. Even she wasn’t ditzzy enough to believe that there would be any pizza left when she returned.

“Laurie, why do you need my help? Like, how hard could this be?” she whined as she tottered behind her equally fat friend, the two gaining girl slowly lumbering their way up the stairs to find Laurie’s bedroom... or rather the spare bedroom that Laurie had commandeered as her own while she was living at Jen’s house. The closet was already filled with lots of fancy clothes, all in conspicuously large sizes, that Laurie had brought from her own home.

“Jen, shut up. Don’t give me that. You know what it’s like when you’re big.” Laurie pantomimed hefting a pair of huge breasts, although she didn’t need to fake it. Her breasts were very obviously large and in charge. “Now give me that pizza!”

Jen handed over the pizza dutifully and Laurie began, once again, to eat.

Jen nodded. Like Laurie, the deliciously overinflated ditz also had a lot of trouble dressing herself since she was way too fat and unwieldy to reach her extremities. She mostly relied on Craig to help her pull her stretch pants up and over her giant rump when she got dressed in the morning. If her parents ever objected to Craig’s frequent sleep-overs, she would just tell them that he was a necessary helper.

“Why are you dressing up?” asked Jen, “C’mon, Laurie, tell meeee!”

“Cuz I’m going home so Frank can fuck my brains out,” snapped Laurie, “Now be a good sister fat girl and help me get these goddamn jeans off. I’ll work on the shirt.”

“Ugh,” mumbled Jen as she slowly lowered her bulk into a squat, her over-burdened knees creaking and popping until she was eye-level with Laurie’s crotch. As Laurie undid the

surviving buttons on her blouse with her sausage-like fingers, Jen fiddled with the overtaxed button on Laurie's spandex-blend stretch jeans. It wasn't easy! Laurie's overloaded gut pressed against the jeans with obscene pressure, her bloated belly bulging over the waistband so far that Jen had to lift it up just to see what she was doing. Working one handed was hard enough, but Jen could barely get a grip on the shivering button with her own fat fingers. Ugh, it would probably just be easier for Laurie to burst that button rather than to unbutton her jeans!

Jen smirked to herself. Wait a minute! That was genius!

"Like, Laurie, could you, like, do me a favor and take a deep breath?"

"Huh? What was that?" Laurie raised an eyebrow as she shrugged off her top, letting her massive bosom shake and shimmy inside her reinforced bra.

"Like, just take a deep breath. I want to, like, see something..."

"Fine, whatever." Laurie inhaled deeply. Her expanding tummy pressed against the waistband of her jeans with increasing pressure. Above the waistband, Laurie's bare belly ballooned outward as she sucked in breath. Below the waistband, Jen watched as Laurie's flabby fupa inflate like a denim balloon. The button pulled tighter and tighter, pucker lines appearing on both sides of the metal disk. The denim flap covering Laurie's zipper began to flare out as her pants tightened, revealing the interlocking metal teeth of the bulging beauty's overstressed fly. Then, without warning, her button succumbed to the punishment. With a sharp ping! The button tore loose and flew across the room, nearly hitting Jen in the face. The zipper slid down instantly, revealing even more of Laurie's ballooning middle.

"Did you get it, Jen?" asked Laurie. From her vantage point, she couldn't see over the swell of her titanic tits and bloated belly, so she just assumed that Jen had successfully unbuttoned her pants.

"Um, like, yeah, totally!" chirped Jen. She giggled to herself, knowing that she had tricked Laurie. Laurie would be totally pissed later when she went to put her jeans back on and found that the button was missing, but, for now, what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. Jen grabbed Laurie's pants and yanked them down, freeing her tree-trunk legs.

"Okay, just step out of them now," instructed Jen. Laurie did as she was told. Jen picked up the giant jeans and folded them over her arm, careful to prevent Laurie from getting a good look at the ruined crotch. Jen couldn't help but think that Laurie looked even bigger now that she was standing around in nothing but her underwear. She was absolutely massive.

"Jeez, Laurie, you're huge!" marveled Jen, her eyes bulging as she took in Laurie's true size. "I mean, all over!"

"Shut up, Jen, and give me a hand with my undies. I want to wear something special for

tonight; get the frilly black bra and panties from the top drawer.

Jen nodded. Laurie's current underwear was built for comfort rather than looks; her enormous shapeless panties covered most of her giant rear, but did little to fire the imagination. And her industrial-strength bra was just a boring pearly white with no bells or whistles. These were undies designed for a fat girl, not a buxom bombshell.

But as Jen rooted through her friend's lingerie drawer, she couldn't help but wonder if Laurie would even fit into any of her sexy underwear anymore. When was the last time that this bloated beauty even tried to cram her curves into a sexy lacy teddy or a skimpy negligee? Nevertheless, like a good friend, Jen did as she was told.

"Get the garters too," snapped Laurie, "I'm going to look stunning tonight."

"Okkaaaaay, if you, like, say so," said Jen dubiously. Returning to Laurie, she cleared her throat and said: "Okay, like, first we gotta get this old underwear off you."

"Right. C'mon, Jen, chop chop!" Laurie wiggled her voluminous bottom to indicate that she wanted Jen to strip off her panties for her. It might seem that Laurie was just being a lazy, demanding bitch as usual, but the honest truth was that she was so large and unwieldy that she genuinely needed help just keeping her underwear off; she couldn't bend enough to pull them down herself, especially not after a full evening of gorging.

Jen sighed as she dug under the rolls of Laurie's love handles to grip the panties' waistband and pull it down over her fat ass and thunder thighs.

"Lift your feet, Laurie, let me get that off." Laurie lifted one foot, then the other, allowing Jen to remove the giant underwear.

"Bra," commanded Laurie, her word muffled through a mouthful of pizza. Even now, filled with regrets about her earlier binge, Laurie couldn't resist eating even more.

"Stop moving so much!" whined Jen as she struggled to get a grip on the bra clasp; Laurie's constant chewing as she scarfed down even more pizza was enough to send ripples through her butter-soft blubber, making it hard for Jen to finish her task. Not to mention the fact that this bra was clearly inadequate to holster Laurie's blossoming mega-mammaries, her boobs overflowing the cups and putting so much pressure on the straining undergarment that the straps dug deeply into Laurie's soft shoulders and the back clasp was buried under Laurie's burgeoning backfat.

After a few minutes of struggle, Jen finally got her fingers around the clasp. Undoing the hooks was no less of a challenge. Jen managed to pull one free, then a second. That was enough. With just that small amount of release, Laurie's tits took over. The weight of those two gargantuan orbs proved too much for the remaining hooks, and Laurie's bra literally burst apart



under Jen's fingers, the hooks tearing out and the whole brassiere flying across the room as Laurie's billowing blimps exploded into freedom.

Laurie breathed deeply, her magnificent chest rising. "Oh thank gawd," she muttered, "Finally I can breathe a little! I tell you, Jen, it's such a burden always having to look good, but it's such a relief to be free of all constraints once in a while."

Jen nodded dumbly. Laurie stood before her in all her naked glory. It was quite a sight! Laurie looked even bigger without her clothing to hide anything; her belly stood out proud and round, bigger than a beach ball, topped by a deep dark navel, her gut sagging just enough to hide the arrogant queen bee's perfectly shaved crotch. Her breasts were beyond reality, two orbs that dwarfed fully-grown watermelons, big and ripe and ready to burst, so big now that they no longer rested on her belly like a shelf but splayed to either side of her titanic tummy when she didn't have a bra to shape and mold them. She looked like a blow-up doll, and her pale white skin was so striking in the light that Laurie almost seemed to glow like a big round full moon. She didn't spend nearly as much time outside as Jen, so while Jen's skin was a deliciously golden-brown tan, Laurie was as milky white as a big round pearl.

But as big as Laurie's boobs and belly were, Jen couldn't help but notice Laurie was filling out in her hindquarters too.

"Jeez, Laurie, you're really getting some fucking cake back here!" said Jen with an appreciative whistle as her eyes fell on the protruding shelf of Laurie's bulbous buttocks. She patted the top of Laurie's exposed cheeks, running a hand over the soft supple curves of Laurie's backside as if to test their thickness. Jen was, after all, the unchallenged booty queen of their school, so she was eager to scope out any potential competition. "You're really getting' pretty thick back here, girl. But I don't think I got anything to worry about. It's still not nearly as nice as mine."

Jen smirked, smacking her own bulging backside for emphasis. Laurie grimaced.

"Thank Gawd. Your only criteria for a good ass is size, and there's no way that my butt is that big! Cake, indeed! Hmm... ooo cake does sound good right now." Laurie licked her lips in spite of herself, a dreamy look momentarily coming into her eyes before she shook her head to clear her thoughts. "No! Oh no I really shouldn't, I'll be too full for later."

As if to defy her own words, she shoved the last of her pizza into her mouth, dribbling red sauce onto the shelf of her bountiful bosom.

"Your butt's still not as big as mine, buuuut ya know what? I think that you're definitely big enough to qualify as a fellow big booty beauty, like, don'tcha think, Laurie? We're like two totally bootilicious babes, huh?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. She hated to think that her ass was anywhere near as large as

Jen's. That simply wasn't possible. Jen's rump was so rotund that she couldn't find pants that fit over her haunches. She was so big in the booty that she was restricted to leggings and yogapants, so round in the rear that she couldn't find her hips through doors, so tubby in the tushie that she could barely waddle without the gravity of her billowing butt cheeks pulling her to the ground. Laurie was big, yes, but she was proportioned much better, in her opinion, with the majority of her excess weight going straight to her greedy titties and only smaller amounts settling on her belly, hips, thighs, and buttocks.

"Like, since we're both, like, some real big booty bitches now, like, maybe I can share the big secret of proper booty care with you?" said Jen.

"What are you even talking about, Jen?"

"Like, just wait here for a sec." Jen wobbled her way into the bathroom. Laurie waited impatiently as her friend rummaged through the drawers. Minutes later, Jen emerged carrying a small canister.

"What's that?" asked Laurie.

"Anti-cellulite cream!" said Jen, grinning. "Like, this is my super secret! But I think it's, like, time that I shared it with you. Like, did you ever wonder how I keep my butt so smooth and creamy?"

Laurie nodded. Honestly, she DID wonder. Most girls with a butt that big were covered in disgusting cellulite! How as it possible that Jen's bottom stayed so deliciously round and firm and peach-like?

"I just slap some of this on my butt every morning and it keeps me looking fiiiine! But, like, I think it's high time that you started using some as well, girl, cuz that ass is outta control!" Jen laughed, slapping Laurie's exposed badonk and watching the blubber jiggle in response.

"I do NOT need anti-cellulite cream!" snapped Laurie. She was aghast at the idea that her butt needed any help at all. Her butt was – relatively – small and firm and petite! At least compared to the rest of her...

Ignoring her, Jen unscrewed the lid of the canister, scooped out a heaping helping of cream, and slapped it against the rounded contours of Laurie's left butt cheek.

"Eeek! That's cold!" squealed Laurie in an uncharacteristically shrill voice, her back straightening as she stood bolt upright in shock – a stance that only made all her protruding bulges protrude even more.

"Aw, like, don't worry, ya big fat baby," laughed Jen, "You'll get used to it. Just calm down." Jen vigorously rubbed the cream into Laurie's butt, covering her soft bulbous rear in

large sweeping motions until the cream vanished into Laurie's spongy flesh. Then she repeated the process on Laurie's right butt cheek.

Laurie generally preferred to have attention lavished on her chest rather than her butt, but the hefty honey couldn't help but bite her lip at the pleasurable sensations that Jen's unintentional butt massage were giving her. It was no wonder, of course, Jen was a master of butt play. Nothing made her hornier than when Craig cupped his big strong hands around her own ample ass assets and squeezed and kneaded, treating her buns like so much bread dough, rubbing and groping and plumping her fat fanny until her pussy was literally dripping like an overfull honeypot. It sent delightful shivers of desire down Jen's spine just thinking about that, and she was unconsciously playing out the same movements that made her so horny on Laurie's bottom – and, truth be told, it was having a similar effect. Laurie's eyes rolled back into her head, and she could feel the swollen nipples atop her bloated breasts growing hard. If Jen kept this up, Laurie was going to start dripping down her legs...

"There we go! All done!" said Jen, releasing her grip on Laurie's tender tuchus and stepping back to admire her handiwork. "That should keep your butt nice and firm for a little while longer! Isn't that great, Laurie? I never thought I'd see the day when your butt would get so big that we could be ass sisters! Er, that sounds weird. How about I just say that we can be booty besties?"

"Right, right, whatever," said Laurie, fanning herself with her hand in a vain attempt to calm herself down. Damn it now she was super horny. She really couldn't wait to see Frank and Abida... But she STILL needed to get dressed!

"I gotta say, these panties you're wearing are pretty big, Laurie!" continued Jen, holding up Laurie's discarded knickers and marveling at their size. "But, like, I still don't think I'd fit into them. We may be booty besties, but I think I still got you beat! I'm still the big booty queen!"

"Good," said Laurie, "Just don't forget who's got the tits in this relationship. Now, come on, I don't have all night. Help me get dressed!"

Pulling the black lacy panties up over Laurie's mammoth legs and rear was no small challenge. The panties stretches valiantly but they couldn't cover all of Laurie's tush, instead leaving an ample helping of plumber's crack exposed. Well, at least that would be hidden when Laurie was dressed, reasoned Jen. The black bra was not built to hold Laurie's monster mega-milkers, so the voluptuous vixen's titanic tatas spilled over the cups like water overflowing a dam – Jen had to pull with all her might to get the clasp together.

"Ughhhhh Laurie, like, this bra is waaaay too small! I thought Abida got you sized for a new one!"

"She... did..." huffed Laurie, the air in her lungs being pushed out by the constricting undergarment. Still, she couldn't help but feel a note of pride that she had already outgrown yet

another bra. Poor Laurie could never stay fitted for long before her ballooning breasts came barreling out as they plumped to greater and greater sizes.

In comparison, pulling the garters up Laurie's legs was a cake walk.

"Um, like what are you planning to wear?" asked Jen after Laurie was outfitted in her sexy new skivvies. Jen couldn't keep a note of doubt from creeping into her voice. She couldn't imagine this behemoth squeezing herself into anything other than an extra-baggy sweatsuit. But she knew that Laurie never left the house looking anything less than immaculate, and, if she was planning on a date with Frank, she would insist on looking her best.

Laurie snapped her manicured fingers. "Get my red dress out of the closet, sweetie."

Jen balked. "Um, like, your little red dress? Are you, like, sure?"

Laurie stared daggers at her bottom-heavy friend, but Jen was too dim to notice Laurie's rising temper. The little red dress was a tightly fitted, slinky little number with a high hemline designed to reveal the wearer's long legs and a plunging neckline designed to reveal the wearer's copious cleavage. Laurie had bought it months ago, probably expecting to wear it on a special occasion for Frank, but Jen was pretty confident that Laurie had inflated substantially since then. The idea that this billowing behemoth could stuff her expanding eggplants into the ridiculously inadequate cups of that tiny red dress was just laughable.

"Umm, like, Laurie, don't you think you're, like, too fat to wear that?"

"What?" snarled Laurie, her temperature rising at Jen's words. Honestly, Laurie was almost too shocked to be mad. She knew that Jen didn't care about her own size, that Jen was perfectly happy to plump up to the size of a full grown hippo if it meant she could keep indulging in her favorite snacks and treats, but it was still shocking to hear her be so nonchalant about size. Plus, Jen should know better than to call Laurie fat! Jen didn't have that privilege! It made Laurie feel really... weird when Jen acknowledged that Laurie was, in fact, fat.

"Um, like, I don't mean that you're, like, too fat to wear it," said Jen quickly. "Not like, that it wouldn't look good on you cuz you're too fat. I mean, like, you're LITERALLY too fat to wear it. Like, there's no way that you could even zip it up."

"Jen, you had best thing very carefully about the next words to come out of your mouth," said Laurie, her voice low and sinister.

Jen still didn't pick up on Laurie's meaning. "Like, c'mon, Laurie, you gotta admit it. You're... well, like, we're both getting pretty big these days. Like, it's not a bad thing, just, like, you should think about getting some clothes that fit. Like, you can afford it."

Jen pulled at the waistband of her mega-sized stretchpants to demonstrate their stretch.

“See? Like, I’m big but I’ve got, like, the perfect clothes for my body!”

“Your body is a lot more booty than mine,” snapped Laurie crossly, “And Jen, if you had half as much in your head as you do in your ass, then you would just shut up and get me my little red dress. I am going to look good for Frank tonight and that’s not gonna happen if I’m wearing stretchpants like some bloated heifer!”

“Okay, Jeez, fine!” Jen held up her hands defensively. She waddled into the walk-in closet, her mammoth butt cheeks rolling back and forth inside the confines of her absurdly overstuffed tights.

“Ugh, Jen, I’m sorry,” called Laurie, as she adjusted her bra straps. Gawd, the straps were cutting deeply into her shoulders, the weight of her enormous breasts pulling them taut. “I didn’t mean to call you a bloated heifer. I’m just kinda nervous about tonight.”

“It’s okay!” Jen chirped brightly as she emerged from the closet with the requested dress. The dimple-derriere ditz had already almost completely forgotten why Laurie was snapping at her. She was certain that Laurie’s attitude would improve dramatically once she and Alice presented Laurie with their special gift – Laurie was going to love her new scooter! Jen was so excited that she felt like she might burst if she didn’t tell Laurie about it right now, but she really didn’t want to spoil the surprise.

Jen held the little red dress up next to Laurie, looking from the undersized garment to the oversized girl and back again dubiously.

“Ummmm.... So, like, what now?”

“What do you mean, what no? Give me a hand getting it on!”

Laurie spread her feet apart and held out her arms, waiting expectantly for Jen to dress her. Jen couldn’t help but think that, in this position, Laurie looked like an inflating zeppelin preparing for take-off.

“Um, like, alright, if you say so Laurie. Like, raise your feet.”

This was a delicate balance. Laurie raised one foot, her knee bumping the overhang of her sagging gut as she did so. Jen grunted as she lowered herself into a squat, her knees popping and creaking as they strained to hold up so many hundreds of pounds of overstuffed fat girl. Squatting was no easy feat for Jen, and the poor girl’s face started to blush red with the strain of maintaining that position. At the same time, Laurie was way too bulky and top-heavy to maintain her stance balanced on just one foot, so she immediately began to shake and wobble, the movement sending a growing cascade of ripples through her unrestrained blubber. With an audible sigh of relief, Laurie lowered her foot once Jen got the red dress positioned, but she groaned again as she lifted her other foot. The whole process would have taken only a fraction

of a second for a slimmer girl, but everything was a slow and laborious ordeal for two girls so monumentally obese that they could barely move without breaking a sweat. Or, heck, could barely move period. The two girls moved slowly, gracelessly, like two blimps trying to refuel in midair, as Jen struggled to pull the red dress up over Laurie's massive legs and thunder thighs.

"I don't think this is gonna work," whined Jen as the dress pulled tighter and tighter with every inch it rose.

"Stop bellyaching, Jen, it'll be fine."

"Like, do you really need to wear this? Frank's just gonna tear it right off you. You should just wear your regular clothes and, like, take them off when you get there. I mean, like, you're totally sexy in just your underwear, Laurie, you don't need all this extra help! Like, let's be honest, nothing could improve on these massive boobs of yours, Laurie."

Jen, of course, was trying to butter Laurie up to defuse the temper tantrum that she knew was coming. Jen knew that Laurie would never in a million years fit into this super-tight dress. Even if by some miracle they could stuff Laurie's paunch into the straining garment without splitting the seams apart, there was no way that Laurie's hemispherical hooters would fit. They were simply too big and round.

But Jen's honeyed words were actually making things worse. Laurie was a sucker for flattery and Jen's compliments were stroking the mammoth mamacita's massive ego. Laurie inhaled, standing up straight and tall, subconsciously thrusting out her chest even more as she felt the glow of self-confidence building within her. Laurie was literally swelling with pride, but the practical effect was that the zipper began to slide back down again as Laurie's burgeoning flesh overcame its resistance.

"Um, no no no!" said Jen, grabbing hold of the zipper tab and holding firm.

"What?"

"Er, your zipper is stuck on... well, it's stuck. Like, suck it in."

Laurie obeyed Jen's order and took in a mighty gulp of air, pulling in her belly and pushing out her chest. That helped a little. Jen was able to raise the zipper another quarter inch, although she had to carefully tuck Laurie's backfat into the dress lest the soft flab get caught in the teeth.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Jen moved the zipper higher and higher, ignoring the strained grating noise that filled the room as the overworked tab struggled to pull the zipper teeth together.

Every millimeter was a struggle. The dress was so tight on Laurie that it effectively

functioned as a corset, compressing the overweight diva's abundant blubber just enough to make her presentable. Laurie grimaced as she felt the dress tightening around her middle; she was full of pizza and the pressure on her full tummy was making her uncomfortable and cranky.

"Hang on, Laurie, here we go!" said Jen as she yanked on the zipper with one final burst of power. The zipper went up quickly and Laurie felt as if a vice was tightening around her tender and overstuffed belly.

"Jen! Not so fa-----" The raven-haired diva's complaints were cut short as the tightening dress forced a massive belch to burst from her lips.

Jen giggled. "That's good! Maybe, like, that helped you deflate enough to fit into the dress."

"I do NOT need to deflate to fit in this dress," said Laurie crossly, but talking was becoming more difficult when she couldn't breathe for fear of busting her zipper.

By a miracle, the zipper passed the mid-point of Laurie's back. Laurie's belly was now encased in skin-tight red fabric. Her round gut looked like a giant tomato. A giant round tomato with a very noticeable indent where the fabric stretched over her deep dark belly button.

But now was the hardest part: her tits. Even at this gargantuan size, Laurie's hyper-voluptuous figure still shone through. Her constant eating had not just turned Laurie into a massively obese sow, it had given her a dangerously advanced case of gigantomastia. Her titanic tits defied sweaters to button and jackets to zip, tore the stitches out of T-shirts and broke the buckles on brassieres. Now they would see if this dress zipper was up to the challenge.

"Um, Laurie? This is, like, gonna be hard unless you can suck in your tits as much as you can suck in your gut."

"Just pull the zipper, Jen," snarled Laurie through gritted teeth. "I don't need any of your smart commentary."

Jen pulled the two halves of Laurie's dress together with one hand as she slowly worked the zipper up. Progress slowed to a crawl as the zipper encountered the insurmountable obstacle – or rather two insurmountable obstacles – that was Laurie's billowing bosom. Every tooth was a small victory. Laurie bit her lip, her brow furrowed, as Jen worked diligently to help stuff her buxom bulging buddy into a dress as tight as a sausage casing. The dress forced Laurie's pillowy pontoons up and out, squeezing them so tightly that they looked like they might pop right out of the top of the dress – if they didn't burst like a pair of party balloons first.

"There!" Jen sighed in relief and stepped backward to admire her handiwork. It was nearly impossible to believe, but she's managed to get the zipper all the way up! Laurie was dressed!

Sort of.

“See? And you were worried it wouldn’t fit,” said Laurie. Her voice was strangely high-pitched as she struggled to hold in her belly.

The dress was intended to be short and sexy, but it was not made for someone of Laurie’s girth. Her tits and belly took up so much of the material that the dress was absurdly short on her, barely covering the voluptuous vixen’s crotch and leaving the lowest quarter of her butt cheeks bare. Laurie struck a seductive pose, trying to look sexy, but the dress hitched up to expose a sliver of her panties visible between the thunderous fleshy columns of her thighs.

“Um, maybe you should, like, adjust the dress a little?” suggested Jen, “Like, just so you don’t look like a total slut.”

“I do NOT look like a slut,” snapped Laurie. Gawd, Jen was getting mouthy tonight! She wondered if her pear-shaped pal was especially crabby because she’d been forced to abandon her pizza feast to come help Laurie. Whatever! Jen was her BFF, she should be honored to come help Laurie get ready for a hot date! Lord knows if Jen ever needed help getting dolled up for Craig, Laurie would totally help her! Of course, Jen never got dolled up for anyone or anything these days. She seemed to think that sweatpants and leggings were acceptable to wear 24/7 simply because those were the only things that she could pull up over her titanic tushie these days.

“Here, let me help you there.” Jen bent down to adjust the hem of Laurie’s dress. All that bending and squatting was really taking a toll on the stitches of Jen’s overworked leggings, which creaked and groaned audibly with Jen’s every movement. This, however, was the final straw.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! One by one, the threads down the rear of her stretchpants began to fail – leaving a growing rip in their wake.

“Jen, your stretchpants!” cried Laurie.

“Aw shit,” swore Jen, “These are my favorite stretchies!” She stood up and turned around, craning her neck in a futile attempt to assess the damage. The whole seat of her stretchpants was completely blown out, the giant tear perfectly following the rear seam from the waistband all the way down over the arc of Jen’s grandiloquent ass and then disappearing into the space where her oversized thunder thighs rubbed together. Jen’s entire rotund rump, two perfectly round beach balls of overpumped lard, was on display. If it weren’t for Jen’s mega-sized granny panties, Laurie would have been treated to a full moon.

Laurie chortled. “What am I always telling you, Jen? You see why I’m always on your back about your weight? Have you ever met anyone else whose ass actually outgrew their



stretchpants?”

“This doesn’t count,” whined Jen, her chubby hands reflexively moving behind her to cover her broad bum from Laurie’s scrutiny. “Like, these are old pants. I totally meant to buy new ones anyway. The threads were probably weak cuz Abida...”

Jen slapped a plump hand over her mouth, her eyes bugging out. Oh no! She’d almost blabbed about Abida!

Laurie squinted suspiciously. “What about Abida?”

“Ummmm... nothing?”

“Jen. What’s going on?”

“Nothing! It’s just...ummmm... well... okay, promise you won’t get mad?”

“Jen, what did you do?”

“See, Abida has been helping out with a... surprise for you!”

Laurie goggled in disbelief. What was Jen talking about? Surely she couldn’t be.... No, no way! Jen, of course, was referring to her secret plan with Alice, wherein the two chubby cheerleaders pooled their money to purchase a mobility scooter for their raven-haired captain. As part of their scheme to save up money to pay for the scooter, both girls had forgone buying any clothes for months... a difficult prospect given that they were too greedy and gluttonous to ever forgo food. And that meant that, even as Alice’s waistline continued to balloon and Jen’s booty continued to swell, the two girls no longer had the budget to expand their wardrobes and had to instead rely on charity clothes alterations from Abida.

Laurie knew nothing about this. All she knew was that she and Frank were going to have a threesome with Abida tonight.

There was no way that Jen could know about that, right? There was no way that Jen could possibly be involved in this, could she? Laurie only vaguely remembered the incident weeks ago when, completely sloshed on cheap booze, the two girls had actually made out briefly. But Jen was so dumb that she could barely remember her own name, let alone something that happened for a split second while she was buzzed out of her gourd, right?

“See, Alice and I had a surprise for you and Abida was helping...”

“A surprise? What’s this surprise, Jen?”

“I... can’t tell you. It’s a surprise. Not yet. I’m going to give you your surprise this week, I

promise it will totally be worth it!"

Laurie nodded, but she was still suspicious. "Okay, Jen. I'll be looking forward to that." She gazed over her shoulder to admire her reflection in the mirror, pretending that she couldn't care less about Jen's secret. In reality, her mind was buzzing. She genuinely wondered what this could possibly all be about... What was Jen planning? If Alice was involved too, then it couldn't have anything to do with their kiss that one time... right?

"Hmm," said Laurie, cupping her bulbous bosom and adjusting her neckline to show off her cavernous cleavage to full effect. Frank was going to jizz in his pants the moment that he laid eyes on her. And Abida? The poor girl would probably have a stroke at the sight of Laurie strutting through the door, snug and sexy in her packed-to-bursting dress. Laurie smiled to herself. That was exactly the effect she was hoping for.

"So how do I look, sweetie?" asked Laurie, pantomiming blowing a kiss to herself in the mirror.

"Fat," said Jen. "Fat but sexy."

Laurie bristled. "Maybe you should go check on Alice, sweetie. You don't want her to eat all the food while you're away."

"Oh shit, you're right," yelled Jen, "Um, like, well, have fun with Frank tonight! Give us the deets later. Bye!"

Jen lumbered away as fast as her fat little legs would carry her, her deliciously full bubble-butt shifting and jiggling with every step. Laurie shook her head as Jen waddled away. She really shouldn't run... er, waddle... that fast. Every careless step just made the split in her pants wider and wider, exposing more of Jen's backside. Nearly her entire rear was on display now, both panties and skin.

Laurie shook her head. Whatever. She had bigger concerns. It was time to meet Frank and Abida...

# 61. Jen & Laurie

A thunderous belch reverberated through the room as Jen opened the door to the basement rec room. As her eyes fell upon the ponderous figure sprawled on the floor, her heart sank.

“Alice! You, like, didn’t!”

“I’m sorry...Jen...I had to...I was...so hungry...and... it just looked so good.”

Alice lay on the floor, her arms and legs spread out, her pale white belly rising above her like a quivering, gelatinous mountain. Empty pizza boxes and snack bowls littered the floor. Alice hadn’t just polished off the remaining pizza, she’d eaten literally every scrap of food in the room! Now she was lying on the floor, a helpless blob trapped only her own overstuffed belly. It was huge! Left to her own devices, Alice couldn’t resist chowing down. Without Jen or Laurie to help her, Alice simply ate and ate and ate... until there was no food left and her massive belly was packed to bursting.

“I think I’m gonna die,” whined Alice. Her complaint was punctuated by a loud hiccup that made her bloated belly rock back and forth. “Oh, Gawd, I ate too much. Jen, help me. I’m gonna burst.”

“Like, how can I help you?” muttered Jen, shrugging her shoulders. “I can’t believe you, like, didn’t leave anything for me!”

Alice moaned. The corpulent cutie was completely incapacitated by her titanic tummy. She knew, as soon as Jen left the room, that she should wait until Jen returned. She knew she shouldn’t simply eat everything that she could get her chubby little hands on, but... she couldn’t resist! That was the reality of Alice’s life. She was too hopelessly addicted to gorging to ever deny herself pleasure, no more than Jen or Laurie could. If ever any of the three girls found herself in some situation where they could eat themselves sick, they would inevitably take advantage of the opportunity. Now Alice was reduced to a helpless overinflated balloon of gluttony, more pig than girl, too full and fat to do anything but burp and hiccup and whine.

Miraculously, Alice’s empire-waisted cargo pants had survived the bloated blonde’s belt-busting binge. Granted, Alice hadn’t been able to button these pants in weeks, but the safety pins that held them together were still holding, albeit highly stressed under the overwhelming blubber mountain of her belly.

“My pants are killing me,” moaned Alice, “Jen, please, I need your help. Could you just...could you just undo them for me? I’m way too bloated to do it myself.”

Alice's chubby cheeks were slathered with pizza sauce, but Alice was too dazed in her food coma to even lick it up. Not that she wanted to! She was so completely stuffed that she was sure that even licking up the smallest morsel of sauce would be enough to make her blow. Her polo shirt had ridden up over the monolithic mound of her belly while her pants had slid down; the spherical sweetie's sinfully swollen stomach was on complete display for the whole world to see, without even the barest hint of clothing to hide her crime. Even a ditz like Jen knew exactly what caused a girl to get THAT obscenely bloated: nothing short of the most extreme gluttonous binge.

The safety pins on Alice's crotch were dangerously over-exerted as they struggled to hold her pants together.

"I couldn't... resist," moaned Alice. Tears welled up in the chunky cheerleader's eyes. "Jen... please...it hurts..."

"Alright, alright, don't bust your buttons, I'll help you!" said Jen, wobbling over to Alice and squatting down to tackle the problem. A jagged ripping sound tore through the air as the split in Jen's stretchpants expanded even further.

"Jen! That sound...!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know! I, like, split my pants earlier. I, like, hope Abida can fix these. Cuz we're not gonna be buying new clothes for a while. We still gotta pay for our own scooters."

"Jen! Please... be careful with those pins... don't poke me!"

"Jeez, relax, Alice, I know you feel like an overinflated balloon but it's not like a pin prick is really gonna make you pop!" Jen chuckled, but even so she carefully unclipped the safety pins with as much finesse as she could muster. As she disconnected the safety pin, Alice's belly surged forward like the tide coming in. The force of Alice's expanding belly knocked Jen backwards onto her bottom, finally blowing her pants completely apart. Jen flopped backwards, clad in her oversized knickers and the remnants of her shredded stretch pants.

What a mess! Well... at least Laurie's having a better evening, she thought.

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Abida nervously knocked on the door. She had never been over to Laurie's house before; the only time that she'd met Laurie outside of school or work was when she made a house call to fit Laurie for a new bra recently – but Laurie had been staying at her friend Jen's home at the time. Coming to Laurie's ACTUAL home felt like a much more... intimate setting.

This was the moment that she had been dreaming of for years. Ever since Laurie first

started shopping at the lingerie shop where Abida worked, Abida had fantasized about Laurie. How could she help herself? Laurie was much smaller in those days – she was a svelte but pneumatic cheerleader – but that first visit was just magic. Watching the raven-haired beauty confidently swagger around the shop, her bust gently heaving with her ever step, sent a sexual arc of electricity through Abida that she had never experienced before. Was that the moment that Abida started to suspect that she liked women? Maybe not. Maybe she always knew, maybe she always felt that unknowable stirring deep in her soul that alerted her that she was different from the other girls she knew at school, that her desire for female companionship went deeper than a desire for a good friend.

But one thing was for sure: No other girl ever moved Abida to the same heights of desire as did Laurie. That long raven hair, that pale spotless skin, those long silky legs, that haughty but undeniably sexy attitude... and, of course, her boobs. Laurie's magnificent bustline always demanded attention and Laurie was never shy about thrusting her best assets out there for all the world to see.

Abida watched over the past year as Laurie's formerly voluptuous figure exploded into absolute obesity. She was astonished at how drastically Laurie let herself go, sometimes wondering if the object of her desire might have some developing gland problem responsible for her rapid gain. But every pound that Laurie added to her frame only made her bosom swell larger, until Laurie looked like a gigantic fat dairy cow with a massive pair of full-to-bursting udders. Abida wasn't entirely sure of her feelings about that... Sometimes she felt herself drawn to cuddle Laurie's excessive flesh like a moth drawn to a flame. Other times she could only think about Laurie's mammoth mammaries, caring nothing for the pounds inflating the chunky cheerleader's hips, legs, belly, or rear.

Tonight, though, it didn't matter. She was about to get her wish. She was going to finally, FINALLY, get to spend a night with Laurie. Laurie and her boyfriend Frank must have been more aware of Abida's desires than she thought, since they'd invited her to participate in a threesome. Abida never thought this day would come. But now that it had, she was so nervous she thought she might pass out!

The door opened and Frank's face appeared in the crack. "Abida! So glad you're here. We've been waiting for you."

"Sorry I'm late," said Abida, coughing nervously. She held up a plastic grocery bag. "I followed your instructions and brought the... are you sure this is what you wanted? It's an awful lot of butter."

The bag was full of sticks of butter. Abida knew Laurie must have a huge appetite to grow so vast so fast, but even she couldn't possibly just eat butter by the stick. What possible use could Frank have for this?

Then again, Frank was pretty big himself. He stood aside as Abida entered the house,

but the slender Indian girl could still barely squeeze past the husky football player's girth. She looked him up and down quickly, hoping that he wouldn't notice. Abida wondered if this couple was in some sort of race to gain, to see who could grow larger before one of them exploded. So far, Laurie seemed to be winning, although Frank was definitely no slouch with his voluminous gut stretching the bounds of his shirt and hanging under the hem slightly.

"C'mon upstairs," said Frank, motioning for Abida to follow him. "We're really glad to could join us. You know this is the first time that I've actually been able to convince Laurie to come home in weeks? She's just been having so much fun over at Jen's, so you know that she must have really been looking forward to this."

At the door to Laurie's bedroom, Frank rapt his knuckles against the door. "Laurie, she's here!"

A voice from inside: "Good. Come on in."

Frank opened the door and ushered Abida inside. Laurie's room was pure sex, decorated in girly pinks and sultry reds, her bed covered in silk sheets and gauzy veils, scented candles.

And Laurie... well, Laurie was ALWAYS pure sex.

Abida blinked nervously as she took in the sight of Laurie in her slinky cherry-red cocktail dress.

"Abida, so glad you could join us," cooed Laurie. "You're not nervous now, are you baby?"

"Um...no! Of course not. Not at all!"

Laurie grinned evilly. "Maybe you should be. You're in my world now, baby."

The hippopotamus-sized hottie wriggled and squirmed, swaying her bulbous hips and shaking her vast bosom in a parody of a sexy burlesque dance. Abida gulped as she watched the over-stressed seams running down the sides of the tight red dress tense and strain with Laurie's sensual movements, ready to split under the pressure of too much over-packed flesh. The voluptuous vixen was on the verge of exploding her dress, and Abida couldn't help but think how sexy it would be to see those big pale boobs bust right out of Laurie's full cups. Laurie attempted to reach behind her to unzip her dress, but she was way too fat to effectively strip tease in any traditional sense. But Abida was so enamored with Laurie's over-blown curves, her eyes wide as she drank in the feminine fatso's bumps and grinds, that she didn't notice how laughably slow and awkward Laurie's movements were. Abida couldn't help but also notice that the hem of the red dress, already scandalously high, had begun to creep even higher as Laurie moved, revealing... was Laurie wearing underwear? Abida's heart rate quickened as she

realized that the zaftig bombshell wasn't wearing anything beneath her dress. Nothing separated her from the goddess of her dreams other than one thin, thin, overstretched, overworked, burstingly tight layer of fabric pushed to its absolute limits and just ready to split apart with the slightest nudge.

"Frank, unzip me. I gotta get out of this dress before I die,' huffed Laurie, but it turned out that she didn't need the help. She leaned backwards, thick arm grasping behind her back to try and grip the zipper between her chubby fingers, but the change in position only made her breasts and belly push forward. That proved to be the final straw for the overworked dress. Laurie erupted from the defeated garment like a butterfly bursting forth from a cocoon – the dress literally exploded apart at the seams with a loud tearing sound, splitting into ribbons.

"Shit," muttered Laurie, the shreds of red fabric clinging to her billowing naked form like the remains of a burst balloon. "Shit, shit, shit!"

"Babe, you're just too much woman for that dress," said Frank.

"Frank, this was my favorite dress!"

"So? You weren't ever going to fit into it again. Not after tonight."

He held up the plastic bag full of butter.

"I hope you're hungry, babe," said Frank, "We know how much you love to eat, so we brought you some tasty treats."

"Fuck off," said Laurie huskily, wriggling her way out of the shredded dress as she plopped her fluffy bottom down on the bed. "Mama's full." She patted the dome of her bloated belly, still stuffed tight with a whole evening's worth of pizza. "My baby's ready to pop."

"Oh, Laurie, but Frank told me to bring this!" said Abida, holding up a plastic bag full of sticks of butter.

Laurie's eyes went wide, then narrow. "Butter? Are you fucking kidding me? Do you honestly think I'm going to just eat sticks of pure butter? Who do you think I am, Jen? I'm not a complete pig!"

Frank chuckled, patting Laurie's rotund middle and ignoring her complaints. He was used to Laurie's constant protests, but he knew that they were little more than a show. Laurie was so greedy these days that she would drink pure lard if you offered it to her.

"I'm sorry, I just..." Abida began to sweat. The poor girl thought that she really had done something wrong, not realizing that Laurie was, in reality, eagerly anticipating another greasy feast.

Frank snapped his fingers to cut Abida off. "Abida, hand me a stick."

She dutifully handed over a stick, watching in confusion as Frank unwrapped it and held it to Laurie's lips.

"I am not... going...to... eat that..." said Laurie, her voice faltering as she felt the stick press against her plump glossy lips.

"Oh Laurie, playing hard to get, are you? Trying to act cool in front of the new girl, make her think you're not just a fat sexy kitty who'll eat anything put in front of her? But we know better, don't we?"

"Oh...oh... Frank..."

"That's what I thought. Who's a good fat kitty? Yes, you are, baby, that's right."

With a sensual sigh, Laurie obediently parted her lips to take the stick of butter.

Laurie sucked on one stick like it was a popsicle, melted butter running down her double chin and pooling in her cleavage, as Frank sensually rubbed another stick over the tightly quivering arc of Laurie's overstuffed middle, leaving slippery trails of greases in its wake. She felt like she was about to have a heart attack. Laurie was sucking on that stick of butter like it was a dick and Frank was oiling up her titanic tits with butter. Abida was probably the only girl who even approached Laurie in terms of breast obsession, so she went weak in the knees as she watched Frank knead Laurie's pillowy pontoons.

Abida was in awe. As Frank stepped back, she saw Laurie in all her naked glory: a massive mountain of shiny, slippery boobs and belly, rolling soft flesh wobbling and undulating with every hot breath as the buxom queen bee adjusted herself in bed.

"Why'd you stop?" whined Laurie, "C'mon, baby, don't tease me. You can't start playing with my babies and then just stop."

Frank motioned to Abida. "Don't you think it's rude to ignore our new guest?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. "One little boy's not enough to keep mama satisfied," huffed Laurie, rolling over in bed so that Abida could get a full, unobstructed view of her naked, glistening body. "Let's see if adding a little girl will help."

Laurie's grandiloquent hooters were only the crowning achievement of a body gone completely plush. She was swollen with indulgence, filled out with her own constant gluttony, so that her belly, so round and firm and yet squishables huggable, plumped out in front of her like a display stand for her massive breasts. Her navel, deep and dark and mysterious, had slowly



morphed into a long horizontal crease across the lower quarter of her belly as more pudge accumulated around it.

“Like what you see, sweetie?”

Abida nodded dumbly.

Laurie grinned and raised a beckoning finger. “Then don’t just stand there, sweetie. Mama needs some attention from her babies. Start taking those clothes off. Let mama see what she’s working with.”

Abida looked to Frank, unsure about the next step. But Frank just chuckled as he started to pull his own shirt off. “You heard the lady, Abida. And you don’t want to keep her waiting.”

“Take it off,’ snapped Laurie, “Take it all off.”

Abida felt her temperature rising, sweat breaking out on her forehead, but she obliged. She was so nervous that her hands were shaking, and she could barely get her palsied fingers around the button on her pants to unsnap them. Still trembling, she pulled her pants off, then tossed her shirt aside, standing in front of Laurie and Frank in just her underwear.

Laurie looked the slender girl up and down. Abida was a cute girl with a slim but not skinny figure. A tiny bit of pudge on her hips and a slight but perky bosom. Of course, next to Frank and Laurie, she looked like a scarecrow. The two lovers were as big as a pair of mountains, two giant blobs of lard. Frank clocked in at a very hefty XXX pounds, his large gut long since grown doughy enough to sag over his crotch and a thickening layer of soft flesh covering whatever muscular he had from his days on the footbag field. But Laurie was even bigger, a good quarter ton of blubber packed into a hot young body so bursting round that Abida ached in her loins just to see it.

“That’s a start,” said Laurie, “But I want to see my girl’s tits. Take that bra off.” She nodded to Frank. “You too, honey. I don’t want to see any clothing tonight.”

Frank stripped down without fanfare, dropping his trunks, and returning to Laurie’s side. Abida gulped nervously, but she followed suit. Without her bra, Abida could feel the cool air against her chest; a chill ran through her, making her little nipples stiffen.

“Now, Abida, we’ve got a problem tonight,” said Frank, “And I think maybe you’re the one who can help us solve this. See, Laurie has been very, very naughty. She knew that we were going to feed her tonight, but she still went ahead and ate dinner before we met. What did you have for dinner tonight, Laurie?”

“Pizza,” said Laurie.

“Oh yes, pizza. And quite a lot of it from the looks of this big fat belly,” said Frank, running his fingers along the swollen mound between Laurie’s chest and crotch. “It looks like you’re alllll full up. Very naughty of you, Laurie.”

“Oh, but Frank... I just get so hungry. You can’t expect me to starve?”

“Oh of course, I know how hungry a fat girl can get.”

“I’m... not fat,” protested Laurie, already losing herself in this game of teasing and denying. Abida looked from Frank to Laurie and back again, trying to suss out what was happening. She knew some sort of game was going on, but she wasn’t quite sure of the rules yet.

“Not yet, maybe. But by the time we’re done with you tonight, Laurie, I think this sexy fat kitty is going to feel quite different about that.”

“That’s better... oh that’s nice...” Laurie’s demeanor began to soften as Frank massaged her gut, grabbing great handfuls of gelatinous blubber.

Abida stepped forward and rested her palms against the surface of that gargantuan gut, biting her lip at the electric sensation. She could feel Laurie’s warmth radiating off her massive form, Abida’s fingers sinking deeply into the deliciously soft, slippery flab. Following Frank’s lead, she began to squeeze and grope Laurie’s flesh, drawing a renewed sigh of contentment from the billowing bulging bitch.

“Please...don’t stop...keep going... I need more...my boobs... please squeeze my boobs....”

Abida reached out to oblige, but Franks stopped her, shaking his head. “Not yet. Get some more butter. We’re going to turn this babe into a real butterball.”

Abida handed a new stick to Frank and watched as he squeezed it into putty between his hands, then began massaging it again into Laurie’s wobbling tummy.

Well, when in Rome...! Abida grabbed two sticks of butter, one in each hand, and rubbed them over the arc of Laurie’s gut, leaving two slick slippery trails. Laurie sighed in bliss at the feeling of the cold butter against her warm skin.

“Oooo, that feels good,” sighed Laurie.

“I know you’re hungry, baby, don’t feel like we’re ignoring you,” said Frank, shoving another stick of butter into Laurie’s open mouth.

Laurie suckled the butter stick like a baby sucking a pacifier. She didn’t care for the

salty, greasy taste of pure butter, but the knowledge of what it would do to her was making her incredibly horny. More butter calories would add more inches to her already swollen middle, more inches to her comically oversized tits. Oh Gawd, that was sooo hot! Laurie's breathing quickened, her chest heaving. Abida couldn't help but stare at Laurie's massive melons rising and falling with her labored breaths.

"Mmmm," mumbled Laurie, sinking her teeth into the soft butter and biting the melting stick in half. The remaining nub fell onto her chest, leaving a buttery trail down the overpumped diva's plumpening double chin.

"Frank," she said huskily, "Put it back in my mouth. This butter bath is soooo good... but don't forget the most important part." She pushed her pudgy arms against the bed to lift herself slightly, thrusting her chest out to call attention to her bodacious boobs as they flopped forward.

Abida nodded eagerly, raising her butter-slick hands to grab two soft handfuls of Laurie's quivering mammores. "Oh right, of course, Laurie! I would never forget your awesome..."

"No, no, no, not yet," said Frank, putting on finger on Laurie's lips and raising his other hand to signal Abida to hold off. "We're not done yet. We still have so much butter and so much belly to butter."

"But...but... Frank, baby, my tits are going to need the most butter... I mean, look at how huge they are now! Abida, tell Frank how big they are."

"Frank, your girlfriend's breasts are the biggest I've ever seen. You know that we have to special order her bras now cuz we don't carry anything in her size? She's a T cup!"

"Well, with this big giant belly and this big giant butt, I'd say that you're starting to look more like a TEA POT," chuckled Frank.

Laurie scowled. This was... well, this both incredibly frustrating and also incredibly sexy. Laurie loved being teased about her growing size, loved it when Frank dominated her. She spent all her time being the biggest, bossiest bitch in school, so it drove her wild to be submissive to Frank's sly mocking. Frank also knew that Laurie was a total tit queen, who both loved when people acknowledged her hemispherical hooters and loved when people touched them. Her ex-boyfriend had been so obsessed with Laurie's billowing boobs that he did almost nothing other than titty fuck her, but Frank... Frank was dedicated to pleasuring and exploring every inch of his growing girlfriend. One one hand, Laurie was in complete agony that Frank refused to massage her super-sensitive bosom. But, on the other, this waiting game also helped heighten her arousal. So as much as she whined and complained that Frank was delaying her favorite part, she couldn't help but enjoy the wait.

"Ohhh...Frank...Abida...please...oh Gawd, my tits are bursting to be touched!" Laurie loved having her giant breasts fondled almost as much as she loved being fed and teased, so

having her two lovers refuse to touch her magnificent melons was driving her insane with lust. Ohhh, she needed to feel hands around her titanic tits, squeezing, groping, pinching... It was maddening!

“Give me a hand, Abida, let’s roll her over. I want to show you something.”

With their combined efforts, Abida and Frank managed to roll Laurie over onto her stomach. Laurie moaned loudly at the pressure on her over-filled gut, but she was too stuffed and bloated to do anything but whine and belch.

“Laurie’s so proud of her boobs, but she always forgets that she’s growing back here too,” said Frank, cupping his hands around Laurie’s naked butt cheeks and squeezing. “I’ve told Laurie that I think she might even be bigger than Jen back here, what do you think, Abida?”

“Oh my.”

Abida smacked Laurie’s fat butt, watching the ripples pass through her blubber.

Abida stared. She’d never seen Laurie in this state before, submissive and pleading. The dominant diva always presented such a confident, controlled front that Abida had never suspected that Laurie secretly desired to be stuffed and humiliated.

“Wow, Laurie... Frank’s right. Your bottom is getting so big and plump! You really are almost as big as Jen... maybe even bigger.”

“No...no... I couldn’t be...”

“But you are!” said Abida, a smile curling her lips. She was starting to get into this. “You’re fat fat ass is so big and wide. It’s a wonder you’re still on the cheer squad with hindquarters that hefty. How do you even fit through doors, Laurie? And to think all that butter... it’s just gonna make you bigger!”

“Abida, Frank, please,” Laurie gasped. She was so horny now that she was almost in tears. “Please, Frank, for the love of God will you just fuck me.”

“Abida, let’s roll her over again. This cow isn’t going to move on her own.”

Together, they flipped Laurie back onto her back as the buttery beauty kept begging to be fucked.

Smiling, Frank opened his over-bloated girlfriend’s thick legs and slowly slid himself inside her trembling, sopping pussy. Laurie gasped loudly, her eyelids fluttering. She was so aroused that she felt like Frank entering her might be enough to make her come.

“Laurie, you’re going to have to do something too. Poor Abida needs some help, too. I can’t help her there.”

“You do it,” snapped Laurie.

“I can’t help her. I’m a boy. She needs you, Laurie. Besides...” He slammed back into Laurie’s fat pussy, drawing a sharp gasp of pleasure from the bloated princess. “...I’m kind of occupied down here.”

“Fine! Ugh, Abida...just...get your scrawny ass over here.... and sit... on my face.”

“...I..I..I”

“Don’t argue with me!” snapped Laurie. “Strip down... and climb up here!” Abida gulped and nodded. She’d been waiting for this moment for sooo long that she almost couldn’t believe it was finally here! She obediently pulled off her shirt and pants. Lauri smirked at Abida’s slender body; the dark-skinned girl looked to have tiny (compared to Laurie) B-cup breasts, absolute mosquito bites compared to the magnificence that was Laurie’s obscenely padded bustline.

“Underwear,” said Laurie, snapping her fingers, “Get those... panties off, Abida. I can’t eat through your knickers.”

Gawd, hurry up, thought Laurie. She was having trouble concentrating on any coherent thoughts with Frank jackhammering her drenched pussy.

“Oh... right... right.” Abida grabbed the hem of her undies and pulled them down her slim legs, dropping the garment on the floor. Laurie cocked an eyebrow. Abida’s vagina was small and delicate, covered by a downy fluff of dark pubic hair. Other than kissing Jen in a drunken stupor once, Laurie didn’t have a lot of experience with girls, but Abida looked like she might be tasty.

The Indian girl climbed up onto the bed and carefully swung one leg over Laurie’s face.

“Is...is this okay, Laurie?”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s fine. Now you better make yourself useful up there and get to work on my babies. Frank can’t reach them from down there.”

Abida blushed as Laurie’s expert tongue lapped in and out of her own vagina, searching the fleshy folds until it hit on her g-spot.

“Oh! Oh!”

Laurie's eyes rolled back in her head. It was hard to concentrate on pleasuring Abida when Frank was fucking her so so good down there, but Abida's moans just made Laurie even more excited. Frank was ramming her hard now, making her belly rolls jiggle and slap together.

Abida bit her lip. This felt amazing! It was incredible to think that Laurie wasn't an experienced pussy eater, but all her years of giving blowjobs gave her the tongue dexterity that ported over perfectly to pleasuring women. Abida wanted to lean back and forget herself in the moment, but she had a job to do.

She reached forward and planted her hands against Laurie's mountainous mounds, feeling the whale-sized cheerleader's diamond hard nipples against her sweaty palms. Abida squeezed and kneaded, feeling the soft, pliant flesh between her fingers. Finally! Finally, after so many years of staring at those magnificent orbs, of dreaming about how soft and supple they must be, finally Abida was actually touching the object of her affection! She couldn't believe how good Laurie's breasts felt! She was in heaven!

"Wow, Laurie, you really WILL be... bigger than... Amber soon!" said Frank, sliding his cock into Laurie's sopping wet vagina.

"Amber?" said Abida, yelping slightly as Laurie's tongue probed a particularly sensitive region of her nethers. "You mean... the old cheer captain? I heard she... was, like, 300 pounds now. Laurie's already waaaay... bigger than... her! Laurie's on her way to being bigger than... Natalie McTaggart soon!"

Laurie only moaned in response.

Even without Laurie's influence, Jen and Alice continued to gorge themselves like human pigs. But somehow Jen still managed to sweat off a couple pounds of blubber through her half-hearted exercise. And without Jen helped Laurie in her plan, Alice's gaining slowed just a little. Whatever the case, now that Laurie was being fed by two lovers the raven-haired diva was poised to explode. Her weight skyrocketed.

But Laurie couldn't stop. She loved her, as she called them, double stuffing sessions.

Frank looked at Abida quizzically. "Natalie McTaggart? Who's... that?"

"The fattest... girl in school was Natalie McTaggart. And I don't mean that she was the fattest girl in school at the time, I mean she was the fattest girl in school HISTORY. She was a senior while I was a freshman."

Laurie moaned even louder, the sound muffled by Abida's warm moist crotch.

The fattest girl in school history!

That was a phrase that would haunt Laurie's dreams!

## 62. Laurie

Laurie was a huge bloated, sticky, sweaty mess. After a full night of high octane love-making, being serviced by both Frank and Abida, the fat queen bee was spent. It was hard enough for a girl of her size to move during sex, but now she had two helpers catering to her every whim, kissing her, fondling her, pleasuring her. It was a bliss beyond anything she had ever felt before, and Laurie still felt the fading echoes of the trio's passion throbbing in her battered pussy even now.

"You like that, baby?" asked Frank, petting her girlfriend's head and dabbing the perspiration off her forehead with a damp cloth. Laurie lay sprawled in her bed, her thick arms and plump legs spread, her enormous belly rising like a mountain above her, rhythmically swelling and shrinking with the fat diva's heavy breathing. Gawd, she was exhausted!

"Oh babe, you know I do," said Laurie, still panting. It was easy for a girl of her massive size to get out of breath just from walking a few feet, so how could she be expected to withstand a marathon sex session? She was just happy that she had these two attentive lovers to do most of the heavy lifting, so that she could just lay back and enjoy the attention. Even so, her weak atrophied muscles were aching and her over-worked heart was pounding in her chest, under layers and layers of thick insulating blubber. "You were magnificent. You were good too, Abida."

"T-thanks," said Abida, still a little star-struck to be in the presence of this naked goddess. Frank grinned. It was unusual for Laurie to react with anything other than disdain, so she must be totally blitzed out of her head on endorphins.

"Ooof, I am so spent, but I can't just lie here." Laurie shifted in bed, struggling to hoist herself into a sitting position. She winced as her titanic tits slapped against her overloaded gut. Abida and Frank had stuffed her silly during their love-making and, as the euphoric haze of the afterglow started to fade, the full size and fullness of her gargantuan belly started to reassert themselves.

"Strap my girls in," snapped Laurie, pointing at her chest. "Mama's too big to go around without support."

Frank nodded, looking around on the floor. Among the heaps of discarded clothes, he knew that Laurie's monster bra, designed to hold breasts the size of mature watermelons, would always stand out. Oh good, there it was.

"Abida, pick that bra off the floor, would ya?" he said, pointing to the tent-sized undergarment laying near Abida's feet. "Let's see if we can wrangle these puppies in." He



grinned devilishly. It was never really work when you got to play with Laurie's tits.

"Oh, sure." Abida obediently picked it up, pausing only briefly to marvel at its size. Jesus Christ. Of course, Abida shouldn't have been surprised. She was the one who helped size Laurie and then helped her pick this bra out. Still, it was a little hard not to gawk.

"Stop staring, sweetie, and bring it over," commanded Laurie, a note of irritation in her noise. But she couldn't keep a thin smile from playing over her lips. In reality, she was always quite pleased when someone was stunned into silence by the sheer grandiloquence of her stupendous bosom. And Abida was reacting just the way she liked.

"Oh right, right!" said Abida quickly, running over and arranging the crumpled undergarment on Laurie's chest.

"Hold still," said Frank, grabbing Laurie's left breast and tucking it into the cup of the enormous bra before following suit with the right breast. "We're gonna have to work together!"

"Frank... be gentle.. my girls bruise easily!" said Laurie, biting her lip to keep from moaning outloud. Fuck. How could she already be horny again? She couldn't help it. The fatter she grew, the bigger her tits got. The bigger her tits got, the more sensitive they became. And the more sensitive they became, the hornier they made her. Even just feeling Frank's hands brushing the sides of her breasts made goose bumps rise anew from her skin.

Behind her, Abida yanked roughly on the bra straps, trying to will the clasp to buckle. It was a tight fit. Even Abida's expert skills were no match for Laurie's swollen assets, and the slender Indian girl began to wonder whether Laurie might be overwhelming yet another bra. How could that be possible? She had literally fitted Laurie for a new bra just a couple days ago, right? Laurie was growing so rapidly that she was almost like a balloon filling up with helium... except with fat.

Abida yanked again and this time the clasp connected. Good. She knew it was too soon for Laurie to have outgrown another cup size. It must just be because she was so bloated with butter that everyone about her seemed swollen tonight.

"Fuck, that's tight," muttered Laurie. The body band cut deeply into backfat and her boobs welled over the cups, but at least it fit. As Frank and Abida stepped back, Laurie flopped back down in bed, her whole gelatinous body quivering. But she couldn't stay there long.

"My panties, pull them up."

Next Frank and Abida fished Laurie's giant underwear off the floor. These weren't as impressive as her brassiere, but they were still quite large. Abida estimated that they could hold at least two of her. Frank lifted Laurie legs as Abida wriggled the knickers up and over her thighs and under her butt, tucking the overstretched elastic waistband under Laurie's bloated

belly.

“Help me up, I gotta shit,” muttered Laurie. “Oh Gawd, all that butter... ugh.”

Laurie winced as she felt all those gallons of butter churning and bubbling inside her titanic tubby tummy. She needed release.

She waggled her thick arms expectantly and her two lovers took the cue. Each one grabbed one hand and pulled, grunting with exertion, until they managed to raise their prize hog back into a sitting position.

“Fine, fine, I’ll take it from here,” snapped Laurie, swinging her chubby legs over the side of the bed and pushing herself to her feet. “You two get cleaned up.”

Groaning with fullness, Laurie laced her fingers together to form a cradle to support her bloated belly. Swaying unsteadily, she stumbled to the bathroom, where she quickly pulled the door closed, tore down her panties, and plopped her massive ass onto the toilet.

“Oh Gawd, I can’t believe I ate all that butter,” she muttered. Her mind wandered briefly to counting calories, wondering how much of tonight’s meal would eventually settle around her thighs and belly and, most importantly, her tits.

Frank and Abida watched, spellbound, as Laurie wobbled away, one slow ponderous step at a time, her footfalls subtly shaking the house, her fat ass swaying behind her.

The bathroom was actually a tight fit. Laurie could feel her sides brushing the doorframe as she squeezed through. She should have expected that, but she couldn’t help but gasp in surprise as she felt the rough cold wood of the doorway slide against the buttery, blubbery flesh of her love handles. Was she really so fat that she was on her way to outgrowing doorways? Ridiculous. The doorway to the hallway bathroom had never been the proper regulation width, so it was a squeeze even when she was slimmer. But still. Outgrowing it completely? How was that possible? Laurie had spent way too much time at Jen’s house, gobbling Jen’s food, letting Jen’s mom stuff her like a Thanksgiving turkey, and this was the result. She hadn’t had to deal with this narrow doorway in weeks, so it was a rude reminder of her increasing size. What would she do when she finally DID get too fat to fit into the bathroom? Was she going to be forced to just relieve herself outside like an animal? Laurie secretly relished her new volume, but she still couldn’t quite wrap her head around what it really meant to be THIS obese.

Whatever. She didn’t have time to worry about that now, she REALLY had to go! Laurie bumped the door closed with her bottom and wobbled over to the toilet. Acutely aware of her size, she lowered herself slowly onto the seat. The last thing she wanted to do was crack the toilet; her mind went back to the time that Jen had managed to break the toilet at her own house with the force and gravity of her ginormous butt. Laurie was not ready to have the same thing happen to her.

Laurie gritted her teeth and strained, every muscle in her body tensing. She knew she needed to let it all out, she could feel pounds and pounds of liquid butter sloshing around inside her belly like a clarified ocean of lard, but... she couldn't. All that dairy actually had the opposite effect on the poor pudgy porker's bowels. She was stopped up, completely constipated despite her pressing need to evacuate.

She grunted again and strained, but only succeeded in pushing out a long, loud fart that echoed cacophonously in the chamber of the toilet bowl.

"Oh fuck, this is just great, I'm gonna fuckin' bust if I don't shit," muttered Laurie, staring down at her enormous distended butter belly, so swollen that her skin was flushed pink and her gut reached nearly to her knees.

"Knock knock, you okay in here, Laurie?" said Abida, pushing the door open.

"Fuck, Abida, close the door," snapped Laurie, her eyes going wide. She instinctively raised her hands to shield herself from Abida's view, but it was futile. Laurie was way too big to hide, clad in nothing but her overmatched bra, her knickers around her knees, her fat ass spread over the toilet. "Can't a girl get some privacy?"

"Aw, the poor fat kitty needs some privacy."

Laurie's jaw dropped. Abida was a fast learner. Although nervous at first, she had quickly learned what magic words would get Laurie excited over the course of their tryst with Frank. And now it seemed like she was even adopting Frank's pet names for her.

"Yes, she does," said Laurie, narrowing her eyes. "Get out."

"You know, Laurie, I was just thinking... We still have so much butter. Wouldn't it be a shame to waste it?" She grinned as he hefted a plastic grocery bag. Laurie's eyes bulged. There were still a few sticks of butter left.

"Oh no, no no no," said Laurie, waving her arms. "I am not eating another fuckin' bite. Look at me. I'm done."

"Shit, Abida, we just finished. Are you being serious?" muttered Laurie.

"Are you seriously telling me that you don't want anymore butter, Laurie? Just think about what this will do to that sexy body of yours. Ooo, think about it all going to you chest, making those big fat titties of yours even plumper."

Abida plopped herself on what little of Laurie's lap wasn't already covered by her overstuffed gut, snuggling close to Laurie's bosom. Laurie was shocked. This was a different

side to Abida. For months, Abida had admired Laurie from afar, never daring to think that she might actually someday have a chance to touch that magnificent bosom. But she was feeling much bolder after their threesome. And who could blame her? After so many months of dreaming and frustration, could Abida really be expected to be satisfied by just one session of love-making?

Abida gently slid her hands into the crevice between Laurie's breasts and belly, cupping the ginormous tit queen's pendulous pontoons to test their weight. They were heavy, oh so deliciously heavy, like two full ripe watermelons just ready to burst on the vine. And Abida could just imagine them growing bigger and bigger.

"You're so big, Laurie. Sometimes I just can't believe how... how massive your breasts are. You're so big you're like a dairy cow with your big, soft, sexy, heavy udders just aching to be squeezed."

Abida closed her fingers around Laurie's breasts and gave them an experimental squeeze, drawing a sharp intake of breath from the busty behemoth. Shit. Abida knew exactly what to do to turn Laurie on. The blubbery cheerleader was putty in Abida's grasp.

"Ooo, just look at these big beautiful boobs," purred Abida, "No one's got such enormous perfect hooters like you, Laurie. Just looking at you popping out of that bra is driving me crazy. Let me touch them again, Laurie, please."

"Oooo, yes," cooed Laurie, forgetting herself in a renewed euphoric haze. Her pussy was already rubbed raw from the energetic sex marathon, but Abida's words were making her moist again.

Abida reached into the bag, the rustling of plastic only exciting Laurie more as she anticipated the glorious feeding to come. Her full belly grumbled as if to protest against another stuffing session, but Laurie didn't care.

She couldn't stop herself. As Abida pulled out yet another stick of butter, Laurie closed her eyes and opened her mouth. She wanted it. She needed it. No matter how full she was, she always had room for more. Like a baby bird, she was always hungry for more treats.

"Here you go," said Abida. She slid the soft greasy butter into her willing victim's mouth, shuddering in excitement as she watched it disappear between Laurie's plump glossy lips with a soft sensual sigh.

"Mmmm," Laurie murmured, helpless to resist as Abida shoved yet another stick of butter into her mouth. How many sticks of butter had she already eaten tonight? A dozen? A hundred? There seemed to be no end. Laurie could barely believe it herself. She was already so full of butter that she felt like a living dairy keg, but how could she resist just one more taste?

Laurie sighed in bliss, filling her aching lungs with air and puffing out her chest. She could feel the body band of her monster brassiere pulling tight, pressing into the soft flesh of her back, the straps digging into her padded shoulders. Her enormous teats welled up out of the cups, threatening to bust loose.

Snap! That was it. The pressure of Laurie's burgeoning body was too much and the clasp of Laurie's overloaded undergarment broke apart, the high-tension bra practically exploding off her chest and allowing her pillowy pontoons to spill free.

The sudden release awoke Laurie from her sexual stupor.

"Shit, Abida. My bra..."

Laurie wanted to be mad. This was a brand new bra! She wanted to snap at Abida, to say something snarky to put that girl back in her place. But how could she? Abida knew how much Laurie loved her oversized hooters, so there was no way that Laurie would be able to convince her that her fury was genuine. Abida would know that few things actually excited Laurie more than new evidence of her colossal size, both in the chest and in general.

The snapped bra flung forward and hit Abida in the face, nearly knocking her out of Laurie's lap.

"Oh fuuuuck," moaned Laurie. Her belly was even BIGGER and more bloated than ever, now so obscenely full that it pushed Abida off of her lap, spilling out past Laurie's thick, blubber-swaddled knees. Her belly was drum-tight, absolutely hard and firm to the touch, her skin flushed red as if it were about to tear apart. Laurie was so beyond full that she felt like she was about to explode just from breathing.

"But Laurie, we're not even done..." protested Abida, a nervous hiccup creeping back into her voice. The sensual, commanding girl who had just seduced Laurie into another impromptu stuffing session was gone. Abida's characteristic nervousness was back, her boldness evaporating in the face of Laurie's usual crabbiness and overstuffed pain.

"What the fuck did you do to me?!" snapped Laurie, steadying herself against the bathroom counter to push herself back to her feet. Her belly bobbed and swayed, sending waves of pain through her body. Laurie groaned again, again lacing her fingers under her gut to help steady her massive middle and give it some support. The less she could jostle it, the less chance she would burst before she got back to bed. Bed. That's what she needed. She just needed to lie down and digest.

"Abida..."

"Yes, Laurie?" Abida chirped with puppy-dog eagerness.

“Abida, just... just pull up my panties for me, will you? I’m way too fucking stuffed to do it myself.”

Even when she wasn’t stuffed, Laurie wouldn’t be able to easily bend down to pull up her undies. She was way too fat and unwieldy for dexterous moves like that. In fact, she couldn’t even see her underwear bunched around her ankles over the arc of her boobs and belly.

Abida nodded obediently and wriggled the underwear back up Laurie’s thighs, stretching it over her thick hips and plump buttocks with only the occasional strained stretching sound.

“Okay... thanks. Now just... leave me alone. I need... I just need to rest. And not eat. Give me a rest, please.”

Laurie waddled back to the bedroom, belching and hiccupping loudly, the occasional burst of flatulence blowing from her bottom. Laurie was too stuffed and bloated to even care. Fuck. She just needed to lie down and sleep this off. Her belly was so swollen that she felt like a float in the Macy’s Thanksgiving parade. Her gut was bigger than a fully inflated beach ball, so tight that it was flushed red and obvious stretchmarks were appearing around her belly button. Shit, she was so full that she felt like her belly button was about to pop out and turn into an outie just like a pregnant woman’s.

Frank was still in the bedroom, tidying up after the violent threesome, and he lifted an eyebrow quizzically as Laurie blundered her way back into the room, her bare breasts swinging pendulously, her even larger gut wobbling dangerously.

“Laurie? What happened to your bra?”

“Fucking Abida happened,” grumbled Laurie as she flopped down into her bed. The entire bed groaned ominously under her weight, the mattress and box spring sagging beneath nearly a quarter ton of marbled teenage blubber. “That little minx... cornered me in the bathroom and... fed me again...”

“Again? Why, Laurie, haven’t you had enough?”

“Of course... I’ve had enough!” snapped Laurie, barely able to squeak out the words. She was so full that her lungs were being compressed by her massive gutload and she was so stretched that she could feel her skin pulled tight around her gigantic stomach. She was a mess. She was done for. Poor Laurie just wanted to sleep forever, but her overstuffed tummy was aching so so bad! And the loud pops and burbles and gurgles of her swamped guts were enough to keep anyone up! The poor girl still felt like she needed to let loose, but she was so stopped up with indulgence that she simply couldn’t. All she could do was wait and hope that, after a little digestion, she would feel better.

“Abida fed you again, huh?” said Frank, chuckling as if it was the funniest thing in the

world.

“Yeah... what’s so funny about that, buster?” snarled Laurie. She was trying to be menacing, but it was difficult to instill fear in anyone when she looked and felt like a beached whale. The bed groaned again as Laurie shifted her weight in a futile attempt to get comfortable. There was just no way.

“Gee, Laurie, if you didn’t want to eat anymore, you should have just told her.”

“What are you... babbling about, Frank?” Laurie leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Gawd, why wouldn’t he just shut up? Laurie was done with conversation, she just wanted to be left alone for a few hours... or maybe a few days... or weeks. She felt like a boa constrictor after swallowing a whole wild boar.

“Well, it’s just that, there’s so much butter left.”

Laurie opened one eye. Frank held up a plastic bag full of butter sticks.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” mumbled Laurie, her chubby face going pale. How was it possible? She was certain she must have already eaten an entire grocery store’s worth of butter, but there was still MORE?? How much did Abida bring?

“Frank, I’ve already eaten TWICE as much butter as I meant to. I feel like I have butter flowing through my veins now. I simply CANNOT eat any more, can you understand?”

“Sure, I understand,” said Frank, “But, see, I think I know my fat sexy kitty by now.” He ran one hand over the trembling arc of Laurie’s middle, pausing at the fleshy zenith to flick her corpulence lightly with his forefinger. He was pleased to hear Laurie gasp slightly in response; every sensation was magnified in her stretched belly, so the lightest touch sent waves of pleasure through the overfed hottie. She couldn’t help that. Shit. Shit, Frank could not be thinking... he could not be planning...

“And I know that there’s nothing my fat sexy kitty CANNOT do. Just things she WILL NOT do.”

Nonchalantly, he pulled a stick of butter from the bag and started to unpeel it like a banana, humming to himself. Laurie’s eyes bulged with a combination of excitement and terror.

“So, of course, if you don’t want any butter, all you have to do is say ‘no.’ But if I don’t hear you say no, then I’m going to assume that you don’t really feel like you’re done.”

He held the unwrapped stick to Laurie’s lips.

“Frank.” Laurie gasped, her eyes pleading. “Please. Frank. I’m so... I’m so full.” Laurie

blinked back tears. The poor girl was so conflicted! She was literally so full that she felt like an overinflated butter balloon that might just pop if she didn't get her own appetite under control. But, on the other hand... how could she turn down another stuffing session? What could be sexier than to be stuffed not once, not twice, but THREE times, going so far beyond the limits of her own body that she surly must blow apart? And that butter... hmmm... if she burst, it would totally be worth it for just one more taste of that salty, greasy deliciousness.

She needed it. Tears spilled from her eyes, streaking her cheeks and making her perfect mascara run. It hurt sooo much. But she couldn't stop herself.

"Frank....I need it..."

"Are you sure, babe? You ARE looking pretty tight here." He patted her distended tummy, noting that it didn't have an inch of give. Under a thick layer of blubber, Laurie's gut was packed tight.

"Yes... I'm sure... please...I need... more..."

More. She always needed more.

"Frank... I'm... I'm past my limits," Laurie sighed even as her tongue eagerly licked at the butter. She was beyond help. Frank knew it. The butter bloated beauty was his to command.

"I'm too full... I'm going to... I'm going to fucking explode, Frank. Gawd, you're turning me into... into..."

"Into what, Laurie? Just a perfect butterball?" Frank chuckled again as he watched Laurie suck eagerly on the stick of butter. He couldn't help but get aroused again as he watched his gaining girlfriend work the stick of butter with her lips and tongue as if she was giving a blowjob to a dick. Damn. Laurie, of course, was no slouch when it came to pleasuring men; she had a lot of experience. But Frank hadn't ever expected to see her port those skills over to sucking down butter.

"How much... how much more... is there," huffed Laurie, her face sticky with melted butter as she finished the first stick. Her guts rumbled ominously, as if to warn her against continuing down this path. Eating pure butter was definitely going to damage her already overblown waistline even more. If Laurie had ever hoped to actually get her weight back under control, eating several pounds worth of pure butterfat in a single session was probably a good indication that was just a pipedream.

"That's right, eat it all up," cooed Frank, pushing another stick into Laurie's mouth.

"Mmmhhhp," sputtered Laurie. "Gonna...pop... help..."



The feminine fatso complained and protested as she gulped down even more delicious butter, but, just as Frank predicted, she never once said no. She never once said the one magical word that could have instantly brought this entire ordeal to a close, because, deep down, at the bottom of her butter-clogged heart, Laurie didn't want to stop. She wanted Frank and Abida to feed her, to pamper her, to grow her into the biggest, fattest, most bloated blimp bitch to ever roll down the halls of Los Hermanos High.

Laurie shifted in her bed, the stitches in her overstretched panties groaning in response. But as another stick entered her mouth, Laurie felt her tummy, already bloated to obscene proportions way beyond belief, puff outward just the tiniest fraction of an inch more. Just the tiniest fraction of an inch too much. She could feel the fabric of her satin undies coming apart under the pressure, the stitches between her meaty legs breaking one by one, the thread unraveling as her burgeoning flesh strained to be free. Finally, with a loud RIIIP, her panties exploded into ribbons, falling from her corpulent body and letting her huge belly bounce free.

Now she was once again naked. Why had she even bothered trying to get dressed again? Less than half an hour later and both her bra and panties were completely destroyed.

Laurie flopped backwards into bed. With her panties ruined, the fat cheerleader was now completely naked. She lay sprawled in bed, gasping for breath under the combined weight of her massively stuffed belly and her outrageously oversized utters.

"I'm done," she panted, "I can't. Fuck. I'm at my limits. One more bite and I'm gonna fucking blow."

"Did I hear you say 'no,' Laurie?"

Laurie wanted to say it. But she couldn't. She felt that same desperate internal conflict that she knew Alice must feel so often: the knowledge that she shouldn't eat any more but the deep, ancient, almost animal yearning to indulge in delicious desires so far past reason and into insanity.

"I want... more."

"For once, I'm afraid I can't indulge you, Laurie."

Laurie blinked in surprise. What was this? Was Frank actually beginning to worry about how overfull, how overstretched Laurie was? Did he literally think that she really was going to burst like an overfilled butter balloon?

He held up the empty bag. "We're out of butter," he said, "You really did eat it all."

Laurie moaned. The spell broken, all she could think about now was the INSANE pain

coming from her belly. Oh why oh why had she eaten so much? She should have resisted Abida's second stuffing, she should have resisted Frank's third stuffing. They were only following her orders, so, if Laurie was the one in control, why was she the one left so crammed full that she was certain she must be sweating butter.

"Meow?" Laurie's cat Pumpkin, curious at all the noise, jumped up onto the bed next to her overstuffed mistress. Laurie groaned out loud as she felt the bed shake slightly as Pumpkin found her footing. The young cat blinked at the heaving mountain of fat girl, not comprehending what was wrong with Laurie. Pumpkin tentatively tested her footing with one paw, placing it firmly against the swollen pink dome of Laurie's overstuffed gut.

"Pumpkin, don't," began Laurie, but she never finished the thought. Without a second thought, Pumpkin jumped up on Laurie's gut, perching at its the highest point.

"Pumpkin! No! Stop! Bad kitty!" whined Laurie, wincing as she felt the cat snuggle down for a nap. She was so insanely bloated that the cat's weight bore down on her tender and distended middle with almost painful pressure. But she was also so stuffed that she couldn't move a muscle. All she could do was helplessly curl her toes or clench her fingers, since all her energy was focused on just breathing.

Frank laughed as he picked Pumpkin up and lifted her off Laurie's middle. He patted Laurie's fevered forehead reassuringly. "You rest for a few, babe. I'll go find Abida and get things cleaned up."

He gave her a quick kiss on the forehead and padded out, leaving Laurie alone with her thoughts.

This was not good.

Laurie was worried. What had she done? Initiating a threesome with Frank and Abida had seemed like a great idea, but she hadn't thought this through. Laurie's weight was already rising steadily higher every day with just Frank stuffing her, but what would happen now that Abida had joined the game? She hadn't counted on Abida being quite so enthusiastic. But at the end of the night, Laurie had been stuffed past per limits three times. It was a genuine miracle that she was still in one piece, but every breath was an agony, pushing her drum-tight belly and overstretched skin into dangerous territory. She was absolutely going to burst if she wasn't careful.

But that was the worst part. Neither Frank nor Abida was doing anything that Laurie didn't, deep down in her heart of hearts, secretly want. Frank and Abida were really only following orders, doing exactly what Laurie wanted them to do. The problem was that Laurie was in the driver's seat, but she was out of control. She was already massively overweight, possibly already even fatter than Natalie McTaggart. Shit. How much did Natalie weigh? Laurie couldn't remember the exact number, she would have to ask Abida about that later. But

if Laurie couldn't reign in her two feeders, she would definitely break Natalie's record sooner rather than later... if she hadn't already broken it.

She was nothing now but a literal butterball.

# 63. Alice

“Jen, could you please not walk... so fast?”

Footsteps thundered through the mall as two grotesquely obese teenage girls shuffled through the galleria, their porky bodies jiggling with every step, their heaving bellies drawing startled glances and scattered titters from passers-by.

It was rare that Jen walked fast. At almost 500 pounds, the bootylicious babe tended to waddle at a slow, ponderous pace when she moved at all. And there was probably only one person in town who could ever think that Jen was walking too fast: The very person who happened to be waddling along behind her right now.

Jen paused, turning to face her slow poke friend Alice. Alice, an enormous belly-centric blonde who was just as fat as her friend Jen, wobbled along, gasping and panting, struggling to catch up with Jen.

“C’mon, Alice! Aren’t you, like, excited?” She grinned, but, despite her enthusiasm, sweat still poured down her chubby cheeks and double chin. Her flabby frame was coated in a thin layer of perspiration, soaking through her T-shirt and leggings and making the thin drenched fabric cling to her thick back rolls and fleshy love handles.

“Sure... but... it’s not like... it’s gonna disappear.... We could just walk normally and get there... gasp!... Jen, please, can we rest for just a moment? I think I’m gonna have a heart attack if I have to keep running like this.”

“Alright, I guess we can rest,” relented Jen. “But not for long! I’m, like, so excited I could just, like, burst!”

Alice, of course, wasn’t running. She was barely even moving at a snail’s pace, but, to her, almost any movement was too much. The extra quarter ton of blubber weighing her down made everything harder and left Alice feeling exhausted after even the smallest exertion.

For months, Jen and Alice had been saving every cent, pinching every penny, so that they could eventually buy themselves a pair of mobility scooters. It wasn’t that they actually had trouble walking – or, at least, they hadn’t had much trouble walking when they first formed the plan. Both girls were just so lazy and out-of-shape that they found the prospect of buzzing around on scooters designed for the impossibly obese to be more attractive than the trouble of actually walking. At least, they had at one point. But it took them a long time to save up enough money that they were able to afford a scooter, and they hadn’t at all curbed their eating habits during that time. As a result, the two chubbettes ballooned bigger and bigger to the point that

they genuinely now were just on the verge of needing scooters out of necessity rather than laziness.

Now, finally, they had enough money to actually buy a scooter. Jen was so excited that it was the first time in years she'd actually tried to run, but poor Alice was having a hard time keeping up.

But both girls knew that there was another obstacle to their plan besides money: their friend Laurie. Laurie was just as fat as Jen and Alice, possibly even fatter now, but she was still always trying to get the girls to lose weight. While Jen genuinely didn't care about her size and Alice always seemed to be in active denial of her weight, Laurie was determined that they should lose weight. So, they were both pretty sure that Laurie wouldn't approve when she found out what they were buying.

But then Jen hit on a genius idea. They could only afford one scooter right now. They would give it to Laurie as a gift. Jen was convinced that Laurie would love it once she saw it – enough that she wouldn't object when Jen and Alice eventually saved up enough to buy scooters of their own!

Alice finally caught up, throwing her arm around Jen and slumping against her fat friend. Jen tottered but caught herself before she tipped over. The two girls looked like a pair of inflatable boxing weebles, wobbling back and forth yet not falling over.

“Like, it's not much farther, Alice!” said Jen, “You can totally make it!”

“But...Jen, I'm just so... I'm just so winded.”

“It's okay, Alice. Like, just rest for a second,” said Jen, squeezing Alice's plump shoulder reassuringly.

While Alice was also nearly giddy at the idea that she would soon be able to scoot around on a scooter without having to exhaust her poor chubby feet, she was less confident that Laurie could be so easily won over. She was actually a little nervous. And... Well, a little hungry. She couldn't help but turn her gaze toward the mall food court. It was so close and all those delicious smells of fast food were making her mouth water. Alice's ample belly gurgled.

After a momentary pause, Alice straightened up. The hem of her polo shirt rode up over the arc of her gargantuan gut, revealing a wide pink slab of belly blubber and the dark chasm of Alice's navel. Embarrassed, she grabbed at her shirt and pulled it back down, struggling to tuck it into the snug waistband of her cargo pants.

“You know, Jen...we're really close to the food court,” said Alice. “Do you think maaaybe we could get a snack first? Just a quick one, of course,” she added quickly.

Jen bit her lip, her excitement over the scooter doing battle with her own natural gluttony. For once, though, she was actually more excited about something other than food.

“Um, like, that sounds great, Alice, but I just reeeeealllly want to hurry up and get the scooter. But totally, we should get a snack afterwards, okay?”

“Sure.” Alice sighed. She had hoped that a snack would give her an excuse to sit down and rest her feet for the next hour, but no, it looked like Jen was determined to make her walk the entire distance to the medical equipment store.

It wasn't that far. That's what Alice tried to tell herself, even though the final few feet seems like an agonizing eternity.

“Oh shit,” muttered Jerry as Jen and Alice waddled through the door. It was his two least favorite customers again! Not that he actually disliked Alice and Jen, it was just that he felt so guilty accepting their money. The two feminine fatsos were desperate to buy the Luxury Roller 5000 not because they genuinely had any mobility issues, but only because they were each too lazy to walk. And that was something that Jerry found absolutely disgusting. There were lots of people out there with genuine mobility problems, so it irked him that he had to wait on these two hoggish hotties.

“Heeeeeeey, remember us?” gushed Jen cheerfully as she wobbled through the double doors that led to the store, her constant corpulent companion only a few feet behind her. Both girls were red-faced and sweating from the simple act of walking. Jen was buoyed by her excitement, the thrill of finally buying the scooter for which she'd scraped and saved for so long. But even she was beginning to feel faint; the paleness of her sweat-drenched face and the slight tremble in her smile gave away the truth of how winded she really was.

Alice didn't even bother hiding it. She doubled over, placing her chubby hands on her fat-swaddled knees and hung her head down. Her ragged gasping and panting was so loud that it echoed through the store.

“Um, are you girls alright?” asked Jerry dubiously. The last thing he needed was for these two cows to have a heart attack right here in his store. The paramedics would have a dickens of a time loading just one of them into their ambulance, let alone two!

“Yeah... yeah... I'm fine...” puffed Alice, raising one flabby arm weakly. The fat blonde seriously looked like she was about to collapse, and Jerry worried that she might fall through the floor if she fell with too much force. “I just need... I just need to sit down... for a second.”

Before he could stop her, Alice was already making her way toward the nearest chair. Jerry grimaced as the enormously tubby teen flopped into the chair, her whole blubbery body quivering with the impact of her fat bottom against the seat. He could hear the chair creak under all that weight. He hoped it would hold.

“We came to buy the scooter!” said Jen, throwing her credit card down on the counter. “Well, like ONE of them! We’ll be back to buy the others when we get the money. But we wanted to get the first one now! Like, go right ahead and charge it! We’ve been saving for, like, forever and we’ve totally got the money!”

Jerry nodded, his heart sinking in despair. He momentarily considered telling the girl that her card was declined, but what good would that do? She really seemed determined to get this scooter! He swallowed his reservations and ran the card, handing it back to Jen when the transaction was complete.

“There you go, ma’am.”

“Awesome! Soooo, like, where is it? You know, the Luxury Roller 5000?”

“Sure, it’s right over here in the corner,” said Jerry weakly, “I’ll show you.” He started walking briskly toward the back of the store, pausing as he heard the two chubbettes puffing along slowly behind him. Oh right, he forgot that these two couldn’t walk that fast. They could barely even waddle.

This was only – what? – his third meeting with Jen and Alice, but he was positive that they were fatter each time that he saw them. He wasn’t sure how that was even possible. He suspected this might be the last time that he ever saw these two tubbsters. Not because they wouldn’t want to come back to buy additional scooters, but simply because he fully expected them each in short order to grow so fat and lazy that they wouldn’t be able to leave their beds.

“So that’s the Luxury Roller 5000,” said Jerry dully, motioning to a small scooter in the corner. He normally wasn’t so blunt with his customers, but Jerry really wanted to get Alice and Jen out of his store as fast as possible. He felt genuinely despicable selling them a scooter; it was like selling crack to a drug addict. He knew he was just enabling the worst aspects of their no doubt already incredibly unhealthy lifestyles.

Jen threw one thick leg over the scooter, the sudden movement overwhelming the straining seam running up the back of Jen’s mega-sized stretchpants. Riiiiip! The seat blew open, exposing the fat-bottomed girl’s enormous undies to the world. Jen didn’t notice her wardrobe malfunction; she was too busy trying to get comfortable. Jerry watched, blank-faced, as Jen struggled to position her Hindenburg-sized heiney on the undersized seat. It was a sight to behold. Each of Jen’s pumpkin-esque cheeks was so big that she couldn’t find any position where the seat could support both of them. When she actually tried to settle the weight of both cheeks on the seat, it instead slipped into her crack, causing Jen to fall backward and bruise her tailbone.

Jen squeezed the gas handle with her left hand and the scooter lurched forward, straining under the pressure of nearly 500 pounds of lard.

“Like, this is perfect! Laurie is gonna shit herself!”

Jerry raised an eyebrow. He wasn't sure who this Laurie person was that Jen was referring to. Could it be that these two fatties had a third fat friend? Jesus! How big was that one? Jerry's mind reeled as he considered the possibilities; maybe these two were out shopping because their third was literally too big to leave the house. It would be beyond belief.

“Wait, like, look at that!” Jen pointed at a sign hanging from the ceiling.

“Remember! Many insurance plans will cover the cost of your scooter for medical necessities, like missing limbs, arthritis, or morbid obesity.”

“Alice! Like, do you know what that means?” Jen squealed in delight. “Like, we're TOTALLY morbidly obese! We could get our scooters for free!”

“Jen, don't say that!” cried Alice, wringing her hands. “I-I-I know we've put on some weight recently, but we couldn't be... we couldn't be morbidly obese! Please don't say that!”

Jen grinned. “Um, like how much did you weigh last time you stepped on a scale, Alice?”

Alice blushed. She hated to think about it. The last time she had weighed herself was when Abida had made her weigh her belly before the slim Indian girl agreed to let out her pants one last time.

“Like, I hate to break it ya, Alice, but we're, like, super fat,” said Jen, hefting her own flabby gut for emphasis. “I mean, like, it's not a bad thing, but, like, why pretend it's not true?”

Alice stammered in confusion. As much as she loved Jen, she found Jen's nonchalance about her sky-rocketing weight to be strange and disconcerting. Of the trio, Jen was the only one with a clear-eyed view of their ballooning size – and the only one who didn't seem to care. As long as Jen got to keep stuffing her face, she didn't seem to care how big she got.

“Like, c'mon, Alice, you gotta, like, admit it. We're both fat.”

“N-not that fat!” cried Alice desperately. Of course, she knew that it was true, but she still couldn't stand hearing it. It wasn't so bad coming from Jen, but it only reminded her of how her mother constantly harped on her weight... or how Laurie used to mock her for her chubby gut. At least Laurie was being nicer to her these days! That was probably because Laurie was just as big as Alice now, so she finally understood the difficulties of being a big girl.

“Like, c'mon, girl, don't front. Own it! Like, you've grown so round and tubby that you can't even zip your pants!”



Alice blushed furiously. Despite all her efforts to extend the life of her last pair of empire-waisted cargo pants, her continuously-expanding supersized tummy had finally pushed beyond their limits. Weeks of fastening her pants with safety pins were no behind her. She simply left her pants unbuttoned now, letting her swollen gut spill out of the gap and hoping that the hang of her belly was enough to block anyone from noticing. Worse, without the button to anchor her pants together, Alice could feel the straining zipper slide down more and more over the course of the day as her bloated belly bounced heavily against it during her usual waddling gait. In addition, her polo shirt was stretched to the thinness of tissue paper around her ample heft, growing ever tighter as Alice grew wider and deeper.

“Jen! Stop!”

“I’m not, like, judging!” said Jen quickly. “I mean, like, at least you can still wear pants! I’m so big in the booty these days that I can’t even pull any pants up my thighs! I gotta just wear leggings and stretchies!”

Jen gestured at her explosive lower half – hips that bulged so extremely that her stretch pants were fraying up the side seams, a rump that extended a good three feet behind her and pressed so violently against the fabric of her overstretched leggings that any observer could see the outline of Jen’s enormous panties wedging into her cavernous ass crack.

“Like, I’m just sayin’... if anyone deserves this, it’s us!”

Alice looked dubious.

“But, like, Alice, this is awesome!” continued Jen. “We won’t have to save up any more money! We can get our scooters, like, way sooner!”

She turned to face Jerry. “Like, do you think we could get scooters? We’re totally both morbidly obese, right?”

“Uhhhhh...” Jerry wasn’t sure how to respond to this. He’d never met anyone who not only didn’t care about being morbidly obese but seemed to think it was a good thing. “Er, I couldn’t say, but it doesn’t matter what I think. You would need a doctor’s certification.”

“Alice, this is, like, the best news ever!” cried Jen, clapping her hands in excitement. “Like, I’m gonna make an appointment to see my doctor ASAP so I can get that free scooter!”

Alice frowned. She had not gone to see her family doctor in years, certainly not once since she had really started to balloon. On her last visit, the doctor had lectured her so sternly about her extra pounds that Alice left the office nearly in tears. And that was back when she didn’t even weigh two hundred pounds. What would her doctor say now that she weighed over twice that? Alice just knew that she was going to get yelled at! Worse, the doctor would probably insist on talking to her mother and trying to explain why her mother should encourage

Alice to pick up some healthier diet and exercise habits. As if her mom didn't already ride her ass enough about her weight!

"Like, my doctor is totally chill," continued Jen, "Then again, I, like, don't really know if she's really so much a doctor as a guru. Laurie's mom recommended her."

"That might not count, honey," said Jerry gently. He was fairly certain that even the most sympathetic, body positive doctor would be horrified at the size of these two hefty heifers. "We need certification by a medical doctor."

"Well, like, I guess I'll look into it," said Jen, Jerry's words going in one ear and out the other.

"C'mon, Alice! Let's get this scooter to Laurie. She's gonna be sooooo surprised! Hop on!"

Alice blinked. "I don't think there's enough room for both of us," she said.

"Like, sure there is! This scooter is supposed to be able to support up to 1000 pounds, right?"

"Yeah," said Alice dubiously. She wasn't worried about the weight, she was worried about the mass. The scooter was, indeed, designed to carry a single person of up to 1000 pounds, but that didn't mean that it was designed to comfortably accommodate two girls of their girth. The tiny scooter seat was already hidden beneath the billowing lobes of Jen's monumental rear, so Alice wasn't even sure where she was supposed to sit.

"C'mon! I'll just, like, scoot forward a bit to give you some room," said Jen, wriggling herself forward just enough that a sliver of seat poked out from beneath her own bulging bottom. Definitely not enough for Alice to sit on, though.

"There's not enough room! I'll fall off!"

"Like, just grab on to me and you'll be fine!"

"Okay." Nervously, Alice lumbered forward, settling herself tenuously upon the tiny bit of open seat and grabbing Jen's blubbery love handles with her hands. The scooter creaked and groaned as Alice settled her full weight upon the overburdened vehicle.

"Girls, it's not designed for two people!" said Jerry. "If you break it like that, it'll void your warrantee!"

"Um, like, we're not always gonna use it like this! Just this one time!" said Jen, apparently under the mistaken impression that this was somehow okay.

Chugging like a locomotive, the scooter crawled forward. Jerry shook his head. The two girls looked ridiculous. Perched on the overmatched scooter, they called to mind a circus act where two obese clowns struggled to balance on a comically undersized unicycle. Jerry was genuinely surprised that the whole scooter didn't fall apart right now, defeated by their combined weight.

"It's, like, okay!" chirped Jen. She patted the scooter's handlebars affectionately, like an equestrian patting her beloved steed's head in gratitude. "This baby can hold up to half a ton, right? Like, that's what you said!"

"...yes, but..."

"And like, we're not even 900 together, right, Alice?"

Alice blushed, embarrassed to have Jen announce their weights like that. "...I'm not sure, Jen, it's been a while since I got weighed..."

"Yeah, but, like, we couldn't be 1000 pounds together, right? Like, the scooter is moving! That proves we must weigh less than 1000 pounds together!"

Alice nodded. That sounded good! She was happy to grasp at any straws to avoid facing the truth, that she might indeed be even heavier now than she thought.

"Thank God that's over," mumbled Jerry, but he still couldn't pull his eyes away from Jen and Alice's retreating backsides. He was seriously worried that the scooter might just give out completely before the two fatsoes were even 100 yards from the store, but the Luxury Roller 5000 surprised him. It actually seemed to be hauling those two fatasses! It was having trouble, yes, but it was working.

Maybe he had misjudged the Luxury Roller 5000. Maybe it was actually a far better piece of equipment than he had ever thought. He might have to start pushing it a little harder to his clientele now that he had seen it in action and could vouch for it passing even the toughest challenge. He could imagine the scene now. He could convince any customer to drop some cash on a Luxury Roller 5000 by recounting the story of how he had seen, with his own two eyes, the scooter support the blubbery asses of two quarter-ton heifers at the same time. Why, it practically sold itself!

Well, at least some good came of this. He shook his head again and went back into the store, dreading the day that Alice and Jen would return to make good on their threat to purchase their own scooters.

Riding the scooter together, Alice and Jen were a comical, almost grotesque site. Mall patrons stopped dead in their tracks to gawk at the veritable mountain of tender tubby teenage

flesh as it ambled by on the puttering scooter. Alice couldn't help but blush as she felt the judging eyes of strangers upon her, but Jen was, as usual, completely oblivious to the disbelieving stares.

"Mommy! Mommy! Look at the fat ladies!" cried a young girl before her embarrassed mother dragged her away. Alice bit her lip, squeezing her eyes shut to try and block out the sight of so many people staring at her. She knew she was huge. She couldn't help it! The more she tried to control her outrageous appetite, the bigger she grew. Jen might be excited at the prospect of being declared morbidly obese so that she could get a free scooter, but Alice was certain that wasn't a good idea. Maybe she could secretly arrange a doctor's visit, but she had to make sure that her mother never found out. Her mother was already furious enough at Alice's ballooning waistline. If her mother heard a doctor confirm her worst fear – that her daughter was morbidly obese – she would absolutely hit the roof! This was a dangerous game.

Jen, meanwhile, was all smiles. She was thinking about how much easier life was about to become. Imagine a life where you don't need to waste all your time waddling around, getting all gross and winded and sweaty! The bottom-heavy bimchette couldn't even imagine a single downside to life with a scooter! Of course, people would stare. People would laugh. People would judge. But bubble-headed Jen was away in her own world and the mockery of strangers meant nothing to her.

Hey! Like, Alice! I got a great idea!" yelled Jen suddenly.

"What is it?" Alice mumbled, struggling to adjust her grip of Jen's soft blubber. There wasn't a lot of room on the back of the scooter and Alice was constantly in danger of slipping off and falling on her own pillowy bottom.

"Like, since we're gonna get the scooters for free, you know what that means? That, like, means we can finally start buying clothes again!"

Alice's face lit up. Normally, Jen was the clothing horse of the pair. Jen loved shopping almost as much as she loved eating, so these long months of shopping abstinence while the overfed duo saved every cent and pinched every penny so that they could eventually buy Laurie's scooter were especially hard on her. But they hadn't been much easier than Alice, because, even though she stopped buying new clothes, she still desperately needed a new wardrobe. Alice's blimpage hadn't stopped. If anything, she was bigger than ever. But for months, she had simply squeezed her growing bulk into the same old clothes to the point that Alice's frayed stitching was holding together on nothing more than hopes and prayers.

But now! Now she could actually get some clothes that fit!

"I... I think maybe we shouldn't jump the gun?" said Alice weakly. Was it safe to start buying clothes? Jen was making a big assumption that they would be able to get scooters for free, but even the overly cautious Alice was finding the idea of a clothes shopping spree hard to

resist.

“C’mon! Like, let’s shop!” crowed Jen, putting the brakes on the scooter as the pair pulled up in front of the mall’s only Plus Size fashion boutique. “Hop off and let’s get some threads!”

Alice dropped off the back of the scooter, hitting the ground like a ton of bricks. Jen followed suit, obviously popping a few more threads in the seat of her stretchpants as she wiggled her rump out of the scooter’s bucket seat.

Then, side by side, the two corpulent cuties wobbled through the double doors into the store.

Monica had worked at Plus Size Paradise for a little over a year now; she was a big girl herself, so customers tended to feel at ease around her, trusting her advice on fashion. And she had seen quite a few ladies of... substantial girth during her tenure at the store. But this! This was insane!

“Holy shit,” mumbled Monica under her breath. She was used to seeing lots of fat women at this store, but these two! They really took the cake! Literally, they probably took every cake. She nudged her co-worker, then pointed.

Monica used to think she was way too fat. Last time that she weighed herself she weighed about 180 pounds, which, at her short stature, put her easily in big girl territory. She knew the pain of being overweight, knew the difficulties associated with those extra pounds that you just can’t lose, so she was usually pretty sympathetic to her clients.

But how could she be sympathetic to this???

“Oh no,” whispered her co-worker Diane. “You’ve got to be kidding. Do we even have anything big enough to clothe these two heifers?”

“Only if we have some spare circus tents in back,” hissed Monica.

Diane goggled. “Monica! You’re so catty!”

“I’m sorry, I just.... Oh, just look at them!”

Their conversation was cut short as Jen waddled up to the counter, pausing only to catch her breath as she planted the palms of her plump hands on the counter for support.

“Hey, like, we’re looking for some new clothes!” chirped Jen, “Like, we haven’t bought anything new in a while, so, like, do you have anything good?”

“Um,” said Monica, “There’s lots of good stuff.”

“I’m looking for some new stretch pants with a little more stretch,” said Jen. To emphasize her point, she grabbed the elastic waistband of her legging, buried deeply under her tummy flab, and gave it a good snap. Her gelatinous blubber jiggled in response.

“Jen!” called Alice from across the store. “Look at this!”

Jen turned to see what Alice was talking about. The blubbery blonde held up a pair of empire-waisted jeans, so enormous that they seemed to be at least five feet across.

“What do you think?” asked Alice.

“They’re, like, totally cool,” said Jen. “You’re, like, so lucky that you can wear jeans! I still gotta just get stretchies cuz of my, like, unique distribution.”

Monica’s eyes trailed down to the explosive curves just south of Jen’s waist. Jen was not only one of the most massive women that Monica had ever seen, but her ass was enormous! A good 70% of Jen’s behemoth weight was concentrated in her hefty hips, thick thighs, and pompously ponderously plush posterior. Her current leggings were very clearly outmatched; Monica could already see visible tears running up the length of Jen’s stubby swollen legs. She needed to get this pudgy piglet into the next size up stat, before those leggings simply blew into ribbons under the force of Jen’s enormous thighs.

“Actually, we do carry jeans specially designed for ladies who need more room in the, uh, seat,” said Monica.

“Like, what?” Jen stared, her eyes going wide. “Are you, like, being serious?”

“Yes, ma’am. It’s our new line of ‘Just My Size’ jeans.”

Jen goggled. She hardly dared believe it! For months, her wardrobe had been restricted to nothing but leggings and sweat pants because her exaggerated pear shape made it impossible to find jeans that fit her. Any pants that pulled up over her buns would be hopelessly baggy in the waist, and any pants that could come close to buttoning around her middle would be so tight in the rear that they’d split open the moment she shifted her weight.

“Um, like, I don’t believe this! Like, no jeans have fit over my butt for, like, months! Like, I’m just too bootylicious!”

Monica and Diane exchanged glances. “Bootylicious” was one way to say it.

“Well, ma’am, I’m sure that we could find something to fit you. If you’d like, we can measure you?”

“Um, like, sure?” said Jen.

Monica glanced at Jen’s monumental backside and then nodded to her co-worker. “Bring out the big tape measure. I have a feeling we’re going to need it.”

Alice looked around for a place to sit down as the two girls bustled around her friend, stretching a tape measure around her various curves. Alice noticed a low bench, for use for ladies trying out new shoes, next to the shelves. Perfect. She gratefully lowered her bulk into the seat, pausing only slightly as she felt the bench creak slightly under her enormous weight. She had to be careful. If it busted apart and sent her tumbling to the floor, Alice doubted that she’d be able to right herself again afterward.

Monica struggled to pull the ends of the tape measure together around the widest portion of Jen’s hips without cutting into her blubber. Jen’s flab was so soft and gelatinous that it was hard to get an accurate reading; the tape measure sank effortlessly between the fleshy folds of Jen’s monster love handles. But it looked like they were at least close enough that they could make a guess.

“So, ma’am, it looks like you’re... about 90 inches around at your widest?”

“Like, about? That’s, like, pretty big, right?”

Considering that the world record for biggest hips is only eight feet, yeah, that’s fuckin’ huge, thought Monica. But out loud she just said: “Yes, I’m afraid that our tape measure doesn’t actually fit all the way around, so you’re actually, um, a little bit bigger. So, we can’t tell how big around you actually are. But I think we can get close enough to find something to fit you.”

Alice watched in amazement as Diane disappeared into the back and then quickly reappeared with a pair of pants so enormous that it looked like a camping tent. Monica and Diane struggled with all their might to pull the jeans over Jen’s overstuffed buns. It wasn’t easy, but the cut of the jeans was actually just right. It pulled over her backside, the rear seam sliding between Jen’s bloated buns but still fitting.

“See? We got you,” said Monica as she pulled together the flaps of the jeans, fastening the button with ease around Jen’s voluminous waist.

“Oh! My Gawd!” cried Jen, raising her hands to her chubby cheeks. Jen turned around, admiring how the perfectly-cut jeans flattered her enormous round ass yet actually still fastened around her waist. Could it be? It was almost beyond thought! She looked good!

“I can’t believe it, Alice!” cried Jen, tears welling up in her eyes. “Like, these jeans totally fit me!”

Jen couldn't believe it. For months, she had just assumed that she'd never be able to wear jeans again, that her mammoth butt would forever restrict her to leggings.

"Alice! I'm totally wearing jeans! Look at me! OMG this is too much!" cried Jen, grabbing Alice and pulling her into a tight hug.

Alice smiled, but she could help but wonder: How long would this last? If Jen kept growing, she would probably outgrow these jeans in less than a week. But at least she was happy for now...



## 64. Alice

Alice and Jen couldn't resist exchanging giggles all through breakfast. Everytime that one caught the other's eye, the two porkers would break out in renewed laughter. They were positively giddy with delight, knowing that they were soon going to surprise Laurie with a brand new mobility scooter. Laurie was totally going to flip her lid!

Breakfast at the Sarovy house was never a small affair. On weekdays, Jen's mother was constrained by her guests' schedules; Jen's father had to leave the table for work eventually and the girls all had to leave for school. But on weekends, breakfast could last all morning and sometimes even into the afternoon. Jen's mother was such a relentless feeder that she often blurred the line between breakfast and lunch entirely and, if she had her druthers, her guests wouldn't even leave the table until after dinner.

"I'm so glad you girls have a healthy appetite," said Mrs.Sarovy, beaming happily as she plopped yet another plateful of hot, fresh pancakes onto the table between the two bloated beauties.

"Thanks, Mom!" said Jen, her cheeks already bulging and syrup dribbling down her double chin. She licked her lips hungrily, cooing at the delicious sweetness, before plowing into another helping. "It's sooooo good! I could, like, eat these forever!"

Jen opened her mouth to say more, but all that came out was a loud baritone belch that reverberated through Jen's pliable blubber. "Oof, that's better!" said the juicy peach-bottomed bimbo, patting her chest. "Like, that cleared up a little more room!"

"What was that, dear?" asked Mrs.Sarovy from the kitchen.

"Like, nothing, Mom! I was just, like, saying I could eat like this forever!"

With Mrs.Sarovy at the grill, the idea of eating forever wasn't even all that far-fetched.

Alice nodded in agreement, careful not to speak with her mouth full. Jen more and more frequently forgot herself while she was eating, descending into an almost primal hoggish greed where she would cram food into her face with almost total disregard for manners or decorum. Only after she was completely stuffed would Jen pause to notice the sticky syrup on her chubby cheeks or the crumbs in her cleavage.

Alice too tended to forget herself while she was eating, but, while she might go into an almost catatonic state of bliss and become oblivious to the world around her, she still tended to eat somewhat daintily for a girl so big. She tried her best to chew with her mouth closed and

take small – if extremely frequent – bites. As her body swelled, though, Alice was finding it harder to maintain any dignity while eating. Just chewing was enough to get her out of breath, so she was sometimes forced to eat with her mouth open, wheezing and gasping the entire time. Today, though, she hadn't reached that point yet.

"I'm sooo excited," sputtered Jen, her little piggy eyes twinkling. "When do you think we should give Laurie her present?"

Alice pondered the question. She wasn't entirely sure. "I think the sooner the better. Laurie is really going to have a heart attack when she sees it! I don't think she suspects a thing."

Of course, Alice and Jen hadn't just bought a scooter for Laurie out of the goodness of their hearts. Both girls were, themselves, enormously fat. Each girl weighed just shy of 500 pounds and would in all likelihood each would be joining the quarter-ton cutie club within the next few months – if they hadn't already broken that threshold. Each of them were looking forward to the day that they could have scooters of their own, so they would no longer be forced to carry the burden of their rapidly blimping bodies on their own poor, tender, aching feet. But they also knew that Laurie, as proud and haughty and judgmental as she was fat and lazy, would explode with outrage if she heard that her two best friends were giving up their mobility for comfort. But she couldn't possibly be angry at them if she had a scooter of her own first! That was their plan. Present a scooter to Laurie as a present. She would probably be mad, but she couldn't be THAT mad over such a thoughtful gift. And, once she got used to the idea, it would help defuse her anger when Jen and Alice eventually saved up enough to buy some scooters for themselves.

A perfect plan! Both Jen and Alice were feeling pretty good about themselves for thinking of it, but Jen's little sister Jesse, sitting across the table from the tubby duo, couldn't help but wonder what these two fatsos were chuckling about.

Jen pushed the last bite of pancake into her greedy mouth, then lifted her plate to lick off the remaining syrup. Once it was completely clean, she replaced it on the table, took one last longing glance at the freshly-arrived stack of pancakes her mother had just brought from the kitchen, and sighed.

"Okay, so, like, I'm gonna go call Laurie," said Jen, placing her chubby palms against the table and pushing herself away in a rare display of willpower. "I'll find out what she's doing today and, like, maybe we can show her when she gets back later? What do you think?"

Alice nodded as she shoved another forkful of pancakes into her mouth, her double chin wobbling. That sounded good.

Jen lurched to her feet, nearly losing her balance as she adjusted to the enormous gravity of her massive thighs and monumental rear. Alice wasn't used to seeing Jen dressed like this. For months, Jen's unusually pear-shaped weight distribution meant that she was

unable to fit her titanic tushie into anything other than leggings and yoga pants. But after they pooled their money to buy Laurie's scooter, Jen had decided to treat herself to a visit to the mall's best plus-size fashion boutique. To both girls' utter astonishment, it turned out that the store actually carried jeans designed to accommodate girls of Jen's ample proportions.

The bulbous brunette was wearing her favorite top, a stretchy low-cut white T-shirt decorated with black cow-print splotches, but she was also wearing her brand new 'Just My Size' jeans. It must have taken a literal acre of denim to sew them, because they were absolutely enormous, having to cover so much soft, pliable blubber. They already looked a little snug on Jen's vast curves, pulled tight at her crotch and haunches, so it was anyone's guess how long they would remain, as they claimed, just her size.

"And then I can show off my new jeans too!" beamed Jen, patting her monumental denim-clad rear. Her soft flesh bounced slightly under her chubby palms. Alice marveled at how even these mega-sized jeans, designed for girls with ridiculously rotund rumps, still pulled tight across Jen's chubby cheeks; the rear seam created a slight indent between the two boulder-sized lobes, marking a trail up the length of the fat girl's ass crack. "Laurie's gonna go nuts! I bet she thought I'd, like, never be able to wear real pants again! Like, this is totally such a great day!"

Jen waddled off, her beachball-sized ass cheeks ponderously swaying like two gargantuan denim boulders. Jen paused briefly as she reached the foot of the stairs, groaning out loud at the task that now faced her. Climbing stairs was such a chore! Jen grabbed the banister with one plump hand and hoisted her elephantine legs up, one then the other, to the first step. That was a start. The hefty hippopotamus-sized hottie slowly wobbled her way up the steps, one at a time. The trip up a single flight of stairs should have lasted only a few seconds for most girls, but it was a labor that could take an absolute whale like Jen up to an hour. She would be so winded by the time she reached the second floor that it was anyone's guess if she would even still have the strength and stamina to actually telephone Laurie at all. She might well just flop, exhausted, into bed and leave the phone call for tomorrow.

That left Alice alone at the table with Jesse. Jesse watched Alice continue to attack her remaining pancakes with gusto; she could hear her mother bustling in the kitchen, but, for once, it seemed that Mrs. Sarovy was distracted from further feeding by some cleaning chores.

"What's your game?" asked Jesse suddenly, suspiciously narrowing her eyes.

Alice hiccupped in surprise at the pointed question. "Wh...what do you mean?"

Alice could feel herself starting to sweat under Jesse's unforgiving gaze. What was Jesse talking about? Alice wasn't entirely sure. Could she be referring to her secret pact with Jen to buy scooters? Or could she be referring to her understanding with Laurie to help eat extra food to keep it away from Jen and thus help her lose weight? Or was she talking about something else entirely? Alice wasn't sure.

“Why are you two always here?” asked Jesse. “What’s your plan? There’s no way that you two are just here to take advantage of my mom’s cooking, are you? There’s got to be some majorly brilliant endgame to all this gluttony.”

Alice shook her head. “I—I don’t know what you’re talking about, Jesse!”

“Oh no? I’m tired of you and your friend Laurie mooching off of my family. So if you don’t come clean and tell me EXACTLY what you two are doing, then I’ll have to use drastic measures!”

“W-what do you mean?” Alice’s face went pale. That sounded scary! But, at the same time, she had to wonder: What drastic measures could Jesse possibly be talking about? What could she do?

“I’m going to give you exactly what you want,” said Jesse. Alice stared blankly, confused. Why would that be a bad thing?

“Fine, looks like you’re not going to talk. Moooooom!”

“What’s that, Jesse honey?” called her mom back from the kitchen.

“Mom, I think Alice is still hungry!” called out Jesse in a sing-song voice.

“Oh, no, I’m totally fine,” said Alice politely, patting her ample gut as it spilled forward onto her thick legs. “But thank you anyway, Mrs. Sarovy.”

“Nonsense! We can’t have our guests going hungry!” cried Mrs.Sarovy. “It’s a point of pride that no guest should ever feel like they didn’t get enough to eat!”

In moments, Mrs.Sarovy had a plate of rolls, sliced cheese and cold cuts in front of Alice.

“Just give me a few minutes, Alice, I’ll get the oven fired up! In the meantime, this should tide you over!”

Alice stared at the plate in front of her as Mrs.Sarovy tottled off to reapply herself to the stove.

“Oh, thanks, Mrs.Sarovy!” said Alice, smiling to herself as she cut into a roll. Despite her protests, Alice was still slightly puckish. That was no surprise. Alice was never completely full. Sometimes she ate until her belly ached, until her eyes watered, until hot tears spilled down her chubby cheeks, but she was never actually completely full. She was greedy enough that she could always find just a little more space for just a little more food.

Jesse didn’t believe that. She believed that Alice had a limit. But she also knew that her

mother would never stop bringing out food as long as she had a victim to eat it and she knew that Alice would never stop eating as long as food was available. She was going to use both of those facts to her advantage.

It didn't take Alice long before her plate was clean and she was sucking grease off of her stubby fingers. But it was just long enough for another fresh plate of pancakes to appear before her.

"C'mon, what's this all about? I know you must have some plot in mind! What are you up to? I don't believe for a moment that you're just here for food!"

Alice shrugged, absently pushing another bite of pancakes into her mouth. Poor naïve Alice really had no clue what stunt Jesse was pulling here. She couldn't understand at all why Jesse would think this was a punishment. Alice loved pancakes! In fact, there were few foods that Alice didn't love, but sweet sticky flaky pancakes were definitely near the top of the list for her.

"Alice, you saw the trailer for the new Wreck-it-Ralph movie, didn't you?" asked Jesse coyly. Alice nodded, but she wasn't really paying attention. She licked her lips, a hungry glint in her eye, and grabbed her fork eagerly as Mrs. Sarovy plopped a second stack of pancakes onto the table in front of her before she had even started the first.

"You know what happened to that bunny, don't you?" said Jesse ominously.

"Uh huh," said Alice absently. She vaguely remembered the scene. It took place in a game where Ralph fed too many pancakes to a cartoon bunny until it simply burst. But if Jesse thought she could threaten Alice with that, she simply had no idea of the extent of Alice's gluttony.

Alice dug in. She ate and ate and ate. For most people, every bite would make them feel more and more full, but Alice was such a helpless glutton that eating had the opposite effect on her. The more she ate, the hungrier she grew. Every bite awakened a ravenous desire for more, more, more. Alice was eating on autopilot, her eyes glazing over as her mind reeled under the euphoric effect of all that glorious, delicious food. Oh, heavenly! She could never get enough! No matter how much she ate, she could never fill up that yawning void in her belly.

"What are you doing here?" asked Jesse again, the sharpness in her voice cutting through the blissful haze of Alice's food stupor.

"Huh? I don't know what you're... talking about," huffed Alice. She planted her pump feet against the floor and pushed with all her might, moving the table slightly back from the table to give her growing belly more room. Alice looked like a pumpkin, her belly big and round and enormous and spilling out of her over-stretched polo shirt to fill her lap. Jesse couldn't believe how big she was getting.

“Ugh...can’t...reach,” mumbled Alice, struggling to reach the table with her thick, fat-swaddled arm. After a moment, she gave up. It just took too much effort to hold up her arm, so she dropped it to her side. By now, Alice’s belly had grown so vast that it had pushed her too far back from the table for her to reach her food anymore.

The overstuffed girl sighed in relief. She was absolutely stuffed to the gills, just monstrously full beyond belief. Mrs.Sarovy’s relentless feeding left her feeling like a beached whale, too big and bloated to even breathe comfortably, but she couldn’t stop herself as long as she could keep eating. Now she couldn’t reach the food and that was the only thing keeping her from eating even more. Thank goodness! Her giant belly was actually saving her from herself!

“Mom, Alice is having some trouble reaching her food,” called out Jesse. “I think you need to help her!”

“Oh no,” mumbled Alice, her chubby face blanching as Mrs.Sarovy eagerly emerged from the kitchen with yet another load of pancakes.

“Oh you poor dear, we can’t have that!” said Mrs.Sarovy, grabbing a plate off the table and carefully balancing it on the shelf of Alice’s rotund gut. Alice watched in mounting terror as Jen’s mom plopped yet another tall stack of flapjacks onto the plate.

“Syrup, honey?” asked Mrs. Sarovy. Alice nodded dumbly, her double chin wobbling against her chest as she stared at the bounty in front of her. She hardly dared eat anymore yet her mouth opened, unbidden, and her chubby fingers clenched around her fork as she moved in to begin another round.

More, more, more... Eat and eat and eat...

After hours of relentless feeding, Alice was beginning to understand the soft power of Jesse’s torture! Jesse knew two very important things: She knew that her mother would never stop bringing out extra plates of food as long as there was any chance that her guest had even the slightest inkling of hungry. And she also knew that Alice would never stop eating as long as there was food in front of her. It was the classic case of the unstoppable force meeting the immovable object!

Eat and eat and eat... Alice was losing track of time. How long had she been at the table? How many plates of pancakes had she forced down into her cavernous maw? How many more were still left to go? Would Mrs.Sarovy ever let up? For once, Alice wished that Jen was still at the table. Normally, she was excited when Jen left the table early – it meant more food for Alice and, even if she hated to admit it, the thought of gobbling Jen’s share of the food gave her a sick, greedy thrill in the pit of her oversized stomach. But this was too much. Way too much! She just didn’t have any room. She was done, but she couldn’t stop.

Alice stared down at the piles and piles of plates, genuine fear in her eyes. Cold sweat dripped down her forehead, sliding over her round, flushed cheeks. She couldn't imagine eating a single bite more. She was stuffed beyond belief, her belly swollen in front of her like an enormous round balloon, so tight that she could barely breathe, the hem of her polo shirt sliding up to reveal most of her burgeoning middle. Alice lifted her fork unsteadily, her arm wobbling as she brought it down and plunged into yet another helping of pancakes.

Alice was nearly in tears from the pain of her full belly, yet she couldn't stop herself from gorging. She was so fattened with flab, so bloated with blubber, so laden with lard, that she was certain she would burst if she didn't stop but she didn't have the willpower. She loved to eat and every bite was an explosion of deliciousness so good that she forced herself to ignore the pain that followed as her stomach filled tighter and tighter.

"I...couldn't eat anymore... please," gasped Alice as she pushed away yet another cleaned plate.

"The bunny gets the pancakes," chuckled Jesse darkly. She pushed yet another stack toward the bloated blonde, ignoring the desperate helpless pleading in the fat girl's eyes.

Alice ate and ate and ate, her breathing becoming ragged and shallow as her stretching stomach pressed harder against her lungs.

"Now what's Laurie doing here? What are you doing here?" asked Jesse. "I want to know the truth and, if you're not going to tell me, I'll tell my mom you're still hungry."

"I...don't know what you're talking about," whined Alice miserably, smacking her sticky, syrup-covered lips and stifling a soft burp. She was so full that she had to lean back in her chair to breathe comfortably. Her thick double chin rested on the shelf of her boobs, making her look even rounder.

She was going to explode if she didn't take matters into her own hands. She had to do the unthinkable.

She had to refuse food.

The very idea almost made Alice want to cry as much as the pain in her stomach did. But she had! She didn't have a choice!

"I'm...done...please," squeaked Alice, placing her palms against the table and pushing herself away. "No...more, thank you!"

Jesse's jaw dropped as Alice resolutely planted her chubby feet against the floor, her thick fat-swaddled knees bumping into the underside of her grotesquely distended belly. Alice placed one hand against the back of the chair for support, and the other against her own back,

slowly struggling to raise herself to her feet like a massively pregnant woman staggering under the load of a growing brood of quintuplets. The chair creaked in relief as Alice's broad butt lifted up and the obese teen staggered drunkenly to her feet. She couldn't believe it! Alice was actually mustering up some shred of willpower to resist putting ever more food into her gullet!

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs.Sarovy, clutching yet another stack of pancakes as she bustled out of the kitchen. "I couldn't bear to think you might be...oh..."

She paused. Seeing Alice in her full glory made even Mrs.Sarovy rethink the wisdom of her relentless feeding. Alice was huge. At 400 plus pounds, Alice always looked huge, of course, but after this latest round of feeding she looked positively porcine. The fat blonde girl was as big as a whale and as round as a balloon; her gargantuan stuffed belly was so tightly stuffed that it was shiny. Her gut surged over the waistband of her mega-waisted cargopants, testing the absolute limits of the garment. Alice hiccupped loudly, sending waves cascading through her blubber and starting an immediate chain reaction: The safety pin holding together the waist of her pants broke, allowing the two flaps of her fly to bust apart, and a brilliant supernovae of bright red stretch marks suddenly blossomed into being along the sides of her monster belly. Alice moaned out loud, but otherwise didn't seem to notice.

"Yes... please... I just need to... get to bed. I.. need... to rest!" Alice reached under her gut to lace her chubby fingers together, forming a cradle to support her overstuffed abdomen. Every step was a monumental labor, each heavy footfall sending shuddering quakes through the house as Alice struggled to lug over 400 pounds of food and fat away from the tempting siren call of the table.

Alice could barely breathe; she was so full that her crammed belly was pressing tightly against her lungs. Her round cheeks were red from the strain of wheezing as she wobbled slowly forward. Jesse watched, paralyzed by a mixture of disgust and fascination. Alice was so out of shape that she looked like she might just have a heart attack from trying to cross the room.

Alice leaned backwards in hopes of getting some air into her compressed lungs, moaning loudly, her enormous drum-tight belly shifting like a galleon on stormy waters. It was like a helium balloon, so overpumped that it had burst free of its moorings, ripping Alice's shirt, bursting her fly, threatening to snap the overly taut elastic waistband of her pathetically threadbare panties. There was no way to deny it. Alice was as big as a cow. She looked like a bullfrog puffed to its max. She looked like a pig fattened for slaughter. She looked like a blimp filled to the limits. She was ready to explode. Until today, Jesse had never thought that a teenage girl could actually explode from overeating. But now she wasn't so sure.

Jesse watched Alice struggle, her enormous backside wiggling from side to side as she strained to escape from the pinch of the doorway. Jesse realized that she was used to thinking of Alice as being rather small in the backside, but that was only because Jesse always mentally compared Alice to her own sister Jen and Jen's unbelievably overstuffed rear. But even though



Alice was built to store most of her bulk up front, she still had a respectable enough rump that she could get caught in doorways. It was unreal.

Jesse chuckled to herself. Alice thought she could get away without spilling the beans, but now she was stuck – her escape thwarted by her own extreme corpulence! How ironic! Jesse sidled over her the poor trapped piglet, struggling not to laugh out loud at the sight of Alice's twitching backside as the bloated babe wobbled back and forth in a futile attempt to free herself.

"Still hungry, Alice?" asked Jesse from behind. Alice felt her knees going weak. Oh no! It had taken all of her willpower to finally break away from the table, but she hadn't made a clean break. She was stuck and she was at Jesse's mercy again! She wasn't sure that she would be able to resist a second time. If Jesse got her to eat just one more bite... Alice had a sudden vision of the consequences. She was sure to detonate in a shower of syrup and pancake batter, blowing the house apart and probably injuring everyone in the process!

"No.... no ... please..." she whispered thickly, her lips moving but the words so inaudible that Jesse could barely hear them. It didn't matter, though. Jesse was determined that Alice would eat until she either spilled the beans... or burst like an overfilled water balloon. "I couldn't eat...another bite... I'm gonna pop. Jesse, please!"

"Oh you don't have to eat anymore," said Jesse, "But I just want to make sure you have the opportunity. It's up to you whether or not you really want to eat."

"Mom, Alice said she still wants more! She says that she can't believe that you would let her leave the table hungry!"

"Oh no! Alice please don't be upset!" cried Mrs.Sarovy as she came running with yet another tall stack of flapjacks.

Jesse grinned. Her mother was totally taken in by the obvious ruse. But once she spied Alice's face, even Mrs.Sarovy paused.

Alice's face was beet red, sweat pouring down her brow and over her cheeks. She looked like she was desperately trying to hold herself together, as though she was so obscenely stuffed, so completely full to the very brim, so bloated with food and inflated with fat that she was holding herself with nothing more than sheer willpower – and that, if she relaxed for just a moment, she very well might blow!

"Oh my goodness, dear, you look...a little, uh, under the weather there," said Mrs.Sarovy. And then she said something that she had never said before and would probably never ever say again: "Are you sure you want more, dear?"

Alice looked up, her eyes silently pleading. Oh no. No. No no no! Why did she have to

ask that question? Alice needed to say no, but she couldn't. She could never say no. She still needed to eat. She was helpless in the face of her own gluttony, her only hope was that someone else would save her, someone else would deny her food, someone else would prevent her from stuffing herself until she popped. But Mrs.Sarovy was not that person.

"Yes," said Alice breathily. "Yes... please... just a little bit... more."

"She can't hold it in this position, Mom," said Jesse helpfully, "You'll have to spoon it into her mouth."

"Oh, of course!" said Mrs.Sarovy brightly, all her misgivings forgotten in the thrill of getting to feed Alice some more. She lopped off a bit of pancake with a spoon, smeared it around the plate to gather up some sticky maple syrup, and held out the glistening, sticky, soppy treat to Alice's face.

"Come on," said Jesse, "Eat up, Alice. Remember: The bunny gets the pancake!"

Alice opened her mouth in helpless resignation, just enough for Mrs.Sarovy to push in that one last morsel. She swallowed, painfully, her entire over-stuffed, over-bloated body tingling and throbbing with absolute fullness. This was it. This was her undoing. She could feel it. She was absolutely going to pop now. Her fate was sealed.

Or was it?

Her stomach gurgled ominously, a loud groaning, churning, roiling sound filling the room. Alice squeezed her eyes shut, half-convinced that it sounded just like the squeaking and creaking of an over-filled balloon in the last moments before it burst. But then, surprisingly, the sound passed.

But, even so, she wasn't done yet.

That last bite did it. The extra weight in Alice's belly was enough to pull the girl forward; the immense gravity of her 400 pound fat belly yanked her forward with enough force that her tender hips slipped through the confines of the doorway.

"Oh no!" gasped Alice. She felt herself falling forward, her breath catching in her throat. She had a sudden horrifying vision of herself hitting the floor, belly first, and bursting apart on impact. She was definitely full enough that even the smallest attack on her belly could prove disastrous!

Jesse cringed as Alice collapsed onto the floor, her enormously stuffed belly cushioning her fall but forcing a tremendous belch to blast out of the poor overstuffed sweetie's syrup-ringed mouth. The impact wasn't enough to blow her apart, but it reverberated through her blubber – and her fat rear, sticking straight up in the air, split the seat of her cargo pants apart.

“Well, I guess Jen doesn’t have the monopoly on fat asses,” said Jesse to herself. She walked over to inspect Alice, prodding the fallen fatso in her bloated flanks. “You okay there, chubbo? You ready to talk?”

Alice didn’t respond except to burp softly. Jesse leaned in closer and was astonished to see that Alice had actually fallen asleep. She was so unbelievably overfull that she had simply passed out.

“She’s asleep,” said Jesse, dumbfounded.

“Oh my, the poor dear!” said her mother, “We’ll have to carry her to bed...”

“No way, Mom!” said Jesse, shaking her head. “Are you kidding? She’s got to weigh, like, a ton! Let her sleep here. Besides, this isn’t over.”

She patted Alice’s blonde head. “Sleep well, Alice. I don’t know what you and Laurie are up to, but, believe me, I’ll find out. One way or another, I’m going to get to the bottom of this whole weird situation!”

# 65. Jen

Jen pushed herself through the doorway to her room (Was it always this tight?) and bumped the door closed behind her with her enormous backside. Ugh, she needed to lie down! Ostensibly, Jen had excused herself from yet another endless dinner because she needed to make a phone call. And, yes, that was technically true. She just had to call her friend Laurie and tell her the good news or she was just going to burst from the excitement!

Though looking at Jen, you might be forgiven for thinking that she was just going to burst period.

The bubbly brunette bimbo was absolutely enormous, her weight now very clearly hovering just around the 500 pound mark if she hadn't already surpassed it. And it was all because of these massive meals that her mother prepared! And also because of all those slumber parties with her friends that turned into all-night gorging sessions! And also, truthfully, because Jen never stopped snacking in between her mother's massive meals and those all-night gorging slumber parties.

But tonight, she was once again stuffed to the gills and ready to pop. She was naturally pear-shaped, most of her excess poundage plumping out her monumental rear into two delectably squeezable hemispheres of exquisite roundness, a perfect peach of a bottom that tested the stitching in even the heartiest of stretch pants. For months, Jen's globular backside had meant that she couldn't wear anything but yoga pants, leggings, and sweats. Nothing else had the stretch to accommodate that bodacious booty without splitting. And any jeans or slacks with enough room in the rear to comfortably fit over Jen's ballooning butt would inevitably prove to have too much slack in the waist.

Possibly not tonight, though, as after yet another marathon stuffing session at the hands of Jen's overbearing mother, Jen's bloated belly was swollen enough to match her tubby tushie. She cradled her gut with both hands, moaning in overstuffed pain between loud shameless belches. Her chubby fingers probed beneath the arc of her overloaded belly, searching to find the straining button on her jeans. Oh Gawd, she needed release before these fucking tight-ass jeans cut her in half! With a sigh of relief, Jen felt her fingers touch the cold metal of the bottom. Thank Gawd! Grunting, she struggled to push the bottom through its hole to release her belly. It wasn't easy! With her overloaded gut pushing against her waistband with all its force, that button was under a lot of pressure! Not to mention that Jen's stubby sausage-like fingers was too uselessly plump to have much manual dexterity. The fat girl could only hope for the best as she struggled fruitlessly to grasp the slippery metal button between her plump fingers.

After a few minutes of struggle, the button must have lost patience, because it suddenly burst from its mooring with a soft "Pip!," slipping from her fingers and flying across the room to

hit the floor with a clatter. The zipper slid down and Jen's stuffed belly popped out, pushing up the hem of her cow-print shirt and swelling to its full size.

"Ugh, phew! Thank Gawd, now I can breathe again!" gushed Jen happily, ignoring the fact that she had already ruined the new jeans she bought today. These were the only pants that she had been able to find in months that were specifically tailored for fat girls with big butts, so it was a real shame to bust them apart so soon. But still, Jen knew that she could always rely on her friend Abida for clothing alterations, so she wasn't too upset. Besides, how could she be upset tonight? Tonight she had great news!

Jen grinned as she held up her phone to snap a selfie of herself from the classic fat girl angle designed to hide the extreme excesses of her figure. Laurie, of course, was always riding Jen's ass about her enormous, well, ass. Wouldn't Laurie just lose it if she could see that Jen could actually stuff her butt into a pair of jeans again? Laurie didn't need to know that these were specially designed jeans made just for girls with absolutely outsized rears; she would just be impressed that Jen could once again fit into anything other than stretch pants. Jen carefully arranged the shot to hide the fact that she had already lost the button, letting the hand of her belly obscure the jeans' busted crotch. There! That was perfect! Grinning to herself, she hit send and patiently waited for Laurie's reply.

Jen flopped onto her bed, the whole structure nearly buckling under the quarter ton cutie's voluminous mass. She planted her chubby feet on the mattress and raised her butt in the air as she grabbed the hem of her pants and started to wriggle them down her thighs. She needed to get them off completely! They were waaay too constraining when her belly was this full!

As the jeans popped down over Jen's ass, her bottom bulged out even further, the twin fleshy lobes of her badonk swallowing up the thin cotton fabric of her undies. Groaning in relief, Jen kicked off her jeans and dropped back onto the bed.

She picked up her cellphone and punched in an autodial number. She held the phone to her ear and gritted her teeth in anticipation.

Someone answered. "Hey, girl."

"Hey, giiiiirl, hey!" said Jen breezily. "Wuzzup, Laurie? Did you see the picture I sent you?"

"What are you talking about, Jen? What picture?" Laurie huffed. Her voice was strained and husky and it sounded as if she was talking with her mouth full. No surprise there. Laurie ate on a new constant basis, so Jen probably would have been more surprised if Laurie HADN'T been eating.

"Um, like, I sent you a picture of me in my new jeans! You should totally check it out! I

look, like, soooo damn good!”

Laurie snorted in laughter. “You, in jeans? (munch munch) Have you lost your pea-sized mind, Jen? I don’t believe for a second that you could fit those hippopotomus haunches into any jeans! You’d (chomp) bust those suckers open the first time you bent over!”

“Um, like, I AM wearing jeans!” said Jen. Laurie’s words sounded rude, but Jen was by now used to playful mocking from her best friend. At some point over the past year, Laurie had finally figured out that Jen really wasn’t at all concerned with her weight. Even as Jen ballooned past 200, 300, and now 400 pounds, the rapidly expanding bimbo felt nothing but calm acceptance for her own swelling figure. It didn’t hurt that so much of her extra pounds went straight to her bulbous booty, which Jen regarded as her best feature. Jen was almost as proud of her expansive bottom as Laurie was of her overly-pneumatic bustline. The main difference was that, while Laurie constantly vacillated between excitement and dread at the prospect of her growing body, Jen was totally at peace with being a gigantic fatass. And no amount of ribbing from her friend could change that. Laurie still harassed Jen about her size at any opportunity in the futile hope that she could eventually provoke Jen into caring enough that she would try to lose weight, since Laurie still worried that Jen was growing too fat to remain on the cheer squad, but her words had little to no effect. Jen for her part thought it was immensely silly that Laurie would even care about that, given that Laurie herself rivaled Jen in pure poundage.

“Okay, okay (gulp), I’ll look at the picture,” mumbled Laurie. A pause. “Holy shit, Jen, you ARE wearing jeans! Where the hell did you get those? How did you find jeans to cover that giant butt of yours? How many bolts of fabric did THAT take?”

“Like, I found them at the mall today,” said Jen, careful to leave out the detail that she bought them at the fat girl store. Not that there was any doubt about that, where else would a girl of Jen’s size buy clothes? “What do you, like, think, Laurie?”

Another pause. “Honestly? (chomp chomp) Yeah, you’re lookin’ good, girl. (munch munch) Now if you could just lose a couple pounds…”

“Haha, shut up, you whore,” laughed Jen playfully before changing the subject. “Like, how was your date?”

Laurie swallowed. “Fine.”

“Oh my Gawd, you whore,” laughed Jen. “Like, you can’t just say ‘fine.’ I need to know the deets! Like, you did, like, all that prep for tonight! Was it everything you thought it would be? Like, did you two do it?”

“Jeez, Jen, you nosy bitch. I’m not gonna tell you Frank fucked me!” Laurie’s voice was sharp, but there was a playful edge to it. This was clearly a big act; Jen knew that her best friend was, as always, dying to gossip. There was nothing that Laurie liked talking about more

than herself and her own love life.

Of course, Jen also had some news for Laurie, but that could wait for now. Jen and Alice had pooled their money to buy a present for Laurie, a mobility scooter. Both Jen and Alice were over 400 pounds and Laurie was probably even bigger, so it seemed like a super obvious and useful present! More to the point, Jen and Alice wanted scooters for themselves, but they were afraid of how their arrogant and haughty friend would react to that idea. So they thought that they could head off any objections by buying Laurie her own scooter first! Once Laurie learned how great life with a scooter was, she couldn't be mad when Jen and Alice got some for themselves!

The only question was: How would Laurie react to the present? Laurie was extremely full of herself and in deep denial about her weight. There was a very real possibility that she might just get explosively angry when presented with a scooter of her own, taking it as an accusation that she was, in fact, fat. But it was a risk that Jen was prepared to take!

"I need to know every little detail. Like, don't leave anything out? What are you wearing?"

"Um, Jen, you fat-ass bimbo, you know what I'm wearing! You dressed me!"

"Yeah, like, I know what you were wearing when you went over there. I need to know what you're wearing NOW."

A pause. "Nothing."

"Haha, holy shit, really? Are you, like, totally naked?"

Jen bit her lip as she pictured Laurie lying naked in bed. Damn, that was kind of hot, actually. Jen and Laurie had been friends for years, but Jen couldn't help but think about Laurie in... well, a new way. Maybe it was because of all the strange dreams that she had been having lately, weird dreams that Jen couldn't quite remember clearly upon waking but which she was sure somehow involved Laurie and food. Maybe it was that time, not so long ago, when a drunk Laurie had grabbed Jen, pulled her close, and full on French kissed her. Or maybe – Jen felt herself going moist at the thought – it was because of that time that she had accidentally spied on Frank and Laurie making love.

Jen knew that she wasn't a lesbian. She loved Craig dearly and she definitely loved dick. But she couldn't entirely push aside these new thoughts about Laurie. Maybe there was room in her life for some feelings like this too...

Laurie, for her part, was indeed naked. After a full night of marathon sex and constant stuffing, she was completely immobile – a massive sticky, bloated mess sprawled out in bed, trapped beneath her own overloaded belly and behemoth boobs. She was a blimp, a blob, an overfilled waterbed of a girl, so stuffed that she could barely even think straight. But every time

that she finally stopped eating, every time that the throbbing pain of her over-stretched beach ball of a belly became so overwhelming that she had to stop chewing, had to drop her thick, fat-swaddled arms to her sides, and just rest for a moment.... Frank or Abida or both of them would start anew. One of them would hold a bottle of chocolate syrup to her slack lips while the other pried apart her tree-trunk legs to tease her rubbed-raw pussy. And it would all start all over again. Laurie never wanted anything more than to be treated like an absolute pampered queen, but she was beginning to dread the consequences of getting exactly what she wanted. How much pleasure could she take before she got too big to move? How much could she eat before she simply burst? She was already so heavy that she could barely waddle and her lovers seemed determined to feed her until she was absolutely drowning in her own blubber. Of course, she had no doubt that she could stop them at any time. The moment that she seriously told Frank to slow down or Abida to back off, she knew they would listen to her. The problem was that she didn't want to. She was in control of her lovers, but she was absolutely out of control herself. She didn't have the willpower to make them stop.

Laurie shifted in bed as much as she could, wincing as her swollen belly bounced at her movement. She was still eating despite herself, gorging herself on yet another small snack before her lovers returned to stuff her again.

"Laurie, are you ready for another round yet?" said Abida, opening the door and peering in at her prone lover on the bed.

"Who's that?" asked Jen. "I hear a voice."

"No one, it's just the TV," snapped Laurie, waving angrily at Abida that she should leave the room.

"No, like, I heard it say your name! Like, is there a girl there with you? OMG, does Frank know? Who is it?"

"Shut up, Jen, Jeez! Fine, yeah, there's a girl here too. I'm having a threesome, are you happy?"

"O! M! G!" squealed Jen, "That is, like, so hot! Wow! Like, was it good? Who's the girl? Like, tell meeee!"

"I'm not going to tell you who the girl is!" snapped Laurie again, although she was rather enjoying this game. It amused her to keep Jen guessing like this.

"But it's too bad you couldn't see me, Jen. It was pretty hot. Man, I just ate and ate and ate...er, her pussy! Yes, that's what I ate. That's all I ate!"

"Is it, like, Lizzie? Or Denise? OMG it's Kristine, isn't it?" Jen quickly ran through all the possibilities in her head. Who could this mystery girl be?



"I already told you that I'm not telling you," said Laurie, grabbing a bottle of chocolate syrup off the bedstand and holding it to her lips. She chugged greedily, her eyes rolling back as the rich creamy liquid flowed down her throat, filling her up even more than she ever dared believe possible.

"Like, send me a selfie, Laurie."

"What? No way, you perv!"

"Like, I sent you one!"

"Yeah, but I'm naked!"

"Like, it's nothing I haven't seen before," said Jen matter-of-factly.

Laurie paused. That was true. The two friends had often changed clothes right in front of each other in the locker room over the years. Still, this was different. Laurie always strove to look presentable and elegant, even when undressed, and right now she was nothing but a huge mess, her chubby cheeks and double chin slathered with chocolate syrup, her hair unruly, her body bloated beyond belief. Still... Laurie was also super excited about her size and an excuse to show off her size to Jen.... That was just making her all wet between the thighs all over again...

"Fine," she huffed. She held the phone at arm's length and snapped a photo, capturing as much of her body as possible in the shot. She hit send.

She held the phone back to her ear. "Okay, I sent it."

"Damn, Laurie, you are... big! Wow, like, how much did you eat tonight? You, like, said I had hippopotamus haunches, but, like, look at the size of your tits! You're massive!"

Laurie grinned. Jen knew that Laurie liked hearing praise about her giant teats. But... Laurie wanted to hear more...

"I already know I've got big tits, Jen," said Laurie. "But... you don't think the rest of me is too big, do you?"

"Um, like, no, Laurie, you look good!"

"You don't have to lie for me, dumbass, I'm not stupid," said Laurie. Laurie was immensely turned on by her own size, and listening to Frank and Abida tease her about what a colossal hog she was had been a huge turn-on. Laurie wondered if she could goad Jen into saying something similar. She was getting super horny at the thought! And poor dumb Jen

wouldn't be any the wiser! Laurie chuckled. She could probably trick Jen into making sex talk right now over the phone and Jen would never figure it out! She would just think they were having a nice little heart-to-heart about Laurie's weight problem, never suspecting that Laurie was purposely driving the conversation to that topic just so that she could finger herself to Jen's words.

"But...I am kinda fat, right? Be honest, Jen."

"Um...well... like, yeah, just a little. Like, I didn't wanna say anything, but you've, like, really been packing on the pounds lately, Laurie. You're kinda turning into a porker."

"Ooo, I know," said Laurie, her breathing starting to quicken, her bosom heaving. "I have been making such a pig of myself lately. But you know I can't help it, Jen. I do just love to eat so."

"Oh, yeah, like, I totally hear that!" chirped Jen happily. "Like, eating is the best! But like, Laurie, you're getting waaaaay big. Like, I think you might be as big as Alice, almost. Or me. Like, it must be getting sooo hard to get around at your size, right?"

"Oh yessss, absolutely," moaned Laurie, rubbing her legs together and sighing as she felt her moistness growing between them.

"Like, I bet it would totally make life so much easier if you didn't have to walk around, right? Like, I bet you'd really love a way to avoid that, right?" said Jen. This was perfect! Laurie had given her the perfect opening to discuss the present that she and Alice had purchased. What was even better was that Laurie really seemed to be into the idea!

"Shit, I'm getting horny again," muttered Laurie. She struggle to reach her pussy, sliding her free arm between her belly and thigh, but it was no use. She was too full and fat to reach. She could barely even move, so all she could do was grunt and whine like a pathetic heap. "Ugh, I can't reach!" Laurie groaned and gasped as she struggled to push herself forward, but she was so full that she couldn't compress her belly enough to sit up. The bloated balloon of her belly put up too much resistance and in moments Laurie was again flat on her back, her billowing breasts splayed to her sides.

Laurie lay on her back, panting, a helpless and hopeless mess. She held her breath as she heard the door creak open and craned her neck to see over her enormous bust who had entered the room. It was her pet kitten Pumpkin. The small cat looked up at her gigantic, obese master with big kitten eyes, confused about what she was seeing. Laurie's breath caught in her throat. What was Pumpkin thinking? Laurie knew that Pumpkin loved to curl up in a ball and fall asleep on top of Laurie's belly after she ate. But she was so full that she was half afraid that she might just explode if Pumpkin jumped onto her overstuffed gut. Pumpkin stared for a moment, curiously taking in Laurie's blimpitude. Then she bounded over, leapt up onto the bed, and curled up next to Laurie's head.

“Phew,” sighed Laurie. That was a close one! But she was still horny as fuck and had no way to relieve herself. But... There was a solution...

“Hold that thought, Jen,” said Laurie.

“Frank! Frank, get in here!” she yelled.

“What’s up, babe?” said Frank, popping his head into the room. Laurie didn’t say a word. She just opened her legs and pointed. Frank knew what he had to do.

“Okay, Jen, you were saying?”

“I was just thinking, like, you know, you’re getting pretty big, so it might be good if you had some help getting around. Like, you know how hard it is to talk when you’re, like, our size, right?”

“Hmmm....yes... you know, Jen, we all know that I’ve got the...the biggest boobs in school... but... I’m getting pretty....fat... everywhere else... don’t you think?”

“Um, like, yeah,” said Jen, oblivious to the fact that Laurie’s halting speech was due to the fact that Frank was between her legs again and the bloated beauty was struggling to think straight when she was being stimulated. “Like, Laurie, you’re, like, getting kinda big in the belly these days, too, ya know.”

“Ohhhh... yess... I know, Jen! I’m just getting soooo fat. I can’t help it, I’m just always getting bigger and bigger.”

“I could tell from looking at your photo. You’re, like, huge!”

“Ohhh, I can’t stop myself,” gasped Laurie, desperately struggling to suppress a moan as the sensations between her legs got the better of her. A shiver ran through her corpulent body and goose bumps popped out along her thick arms and unwieldy legs. Gawd, she was sooo horny! And this felt sooo good. “I just... can’t control... my urges...”

“Like, you really need to get some self-control,” said Jen sternly. She was pleased to, for once, be able to lecture Laurie. This was unusual. “Otherwise, you’re gonna be as big as a house, Laurie. Like, I don’t wanna be mean, but I’m just sayin.”

“And my butt is getting huge, too. Gawd, Jen, my butt is almost as big as yours! Maybe bigger!” Laurie arched her back, shoving her sopping crotch into Frank’s face as he continued to work. Laurie’s massive melons splayed to either side and she grabbed the sheets below her with her one free hand.

Jen paused. "Laurie, like, be reasonable. No way is your butt as big as mine. You're, like, big, but let's not forget who the real big booty babe is."

"Of course, Jen, we wouldn't want to forget which one of us is the one who gets her butt stuck in doorways. Hmm, when was the last time that happened, huh, Jen?"

Jen bit her lip. Oh shit. Now she was starting to get excited! Laurie was edging dangerously close to Jen's own kink. While Laurie was turning into a sex fiend who was obsessed with stuffing and growing, Jen's constant struggles to wedge her monster rear into tight spaces were developing into a minor kink for the bottom-heavy bimbo. Jen loved having her vast rear cuddled and squeezed. Nothing was better than when Craig snuck up behind her and grabbed her big soft cheeks in his strong hands, cupping her ginormous melon-sized lobes and kneading them with his fingers. Heavenly! But when Craig wasn't around to fondle her sensitive booty, Jen found that she could get stimulation from almost anything. Tight doorways would caress the sides of her butt as she wriggled through, sending delightfully naughty sensations through her butter soft flesh. And her biggest disappointment on outgrowing regular pants was that she could no longer enjoy the sensation of tight denim pressing in on her expanding tushie. Stretch pants didn't provide enough support to replicate that feel! That was part of why she was so excited to find these new Just My Size jeans!

"Ooo, Laurie, you do know I have the biggest booty in school. Gawd, I know you want me to lose weight, but, like, it's just soooo hard! Like, how am I supposed to do anything to make this big ass smaller?" Jen said breathily. Her fingers crept down, over the arc of her softening gut, sliding under her fupa, struggling to connect with her vagina. She grunted. Jen was over 400 pounds, nearly 500 pounds, and every pound of billowing, bulging, buttery blubber made it harder and harder to maneuver her pudgy fingers to where they needed to go. Gawd, she was so horny, but the terrible truth was that she was way too fat to touch herself. She could barely get her thick, fat-swaddled arm over her gut, her uselessly fat sausage fingers barely reaching even the waistband of her over-strained panties hiding in the folds of her blubber-pumped thighs and haunches.

"Damn, Jen, you fatass bimbo, you're never going to lose weight with that attitude. Listen to me, it's absolutely fucking ridiculous for a girl like you to have an ass that big. If your butt gets any bigger, you're not even going to be able to lug those giant buns around. Jesus, you'd just topple over backwards. Is that what you want, Jen? Do you want an ass so fat that you can't even carry it? How do you even squeeze that monster backside through doors?"

Gawwwwd, this was so totally unfair! How was she going to do anything to relive herself when she was too fat to reach her own pussy? She was getting so horny listening to Laurie berate her for her fat ass!

Of course, there was a solution! Jen flopped over in bed, her excessive blubber hampering her turn and making her resemble a full-grown elephant seal struggling on the beach. She pulled open the drawer of her bedside table and reached in to pull out exactly what

she needed: a vibrating wand! Jen grabbed at the hem of her ginormous panties and wriggled them down her thighs, exposing the soft pale flesh of her monster thunder thighs and out-sized rear. Gawd, this was an ordeal! At her size, Jen could barely dress herself let alone undress herself! But she was desperate for some relief, so she blundered on until her panties were bunched around her ankles and she was sprawled, naked, in bed like a beached whale. Her fat arms couldn't properly reach around her bloated belly and chunky thighs to properly pleasure herself, but using the wand she could still juuuuuust do it. It was still a struggle, but Jen sighed out loud as she felt the tip of the buzzing wand make contact with her engorged and sensitive clit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Jen lay in bed, her butter-soft lard quaking as she stimulated herself.

"What...were you saying, Laurie? You think my butt is getting... too big?"

"Yes... your ass... is way too huge.... You look like... your butt is going... to explode..."

"Ooo...but Laurie... you're not so... not so thin either... your tits are...the size of watermelons... no, like, even bigger..."

"I do have the biggest tits... but it's not just.. tits..."

"No, you're getting, like, super fat... all over..."

"I'm turning into... a big fat cow..."

"Ooo, but I'm...like... turning into a big fat pig..."

"We're both... way... too fat... and we can't stop... getting fatter..."

"We're gonna be... the fattest girls in school..."

"We already ARE the fattest girls in school," said Laurie, her eyes rolling back in her head at the thought. "We're gonna be the... fattest girls in town."

"No, like, fattest in the state..."

"Fattest in the world!" yelled Laurie. The image flashed through her head of herself as a massive ball of blubber, 1000 pounds... no 2000 pounds.... Nothing but pure lard, her body buried beneath piles of useless, helpless fat. She would be an absolute blimp, totally devoted to hedonism, incapable of doing anything but eating and fucking, relying entirely on Frank and Abida to take care of her. She would be the ultimate pampered princess, never lifting a finger to do anything. The idea was way more tantalizing than she could have ever imagined, and Laurie screamed out loud as she climaxed.

On the other end of the line, Jen moaned out loud as orgasm exploded between her fat thighs at the same time. Oh shit! She bit her lip. Had Laurie heard? Had Laurie guessed what

she was doing?

Luckily, Laurie was too busy worrying about the exact same thing to notice the strange noises her friend was making.

“Um, I have to go,” said Laurie brusquely. “I’ll see you at school later. Bye.”

“What? But like—” Jen’s protests were cut off as Laurie cut the connection. The bottom-heavy brunette stared at the silent phone in confusion, no sure at all why Laurie had ended the call so abruptly. She honestly had no idea that Laurie had also been pleasuring herself even as Jen masturbated herself to completion.

Jen laid in bed, her chest heaving and her breathing shallow. Her nude plump body was covered in a sheen of sweat, perspiration dripping off her skin and soaking the sheets beneath. She was exhausted! Even the small amount of physical stamina needed to masturbate was enough to drain this out-of-shape fattypants to the point that she could only lie helplessly in bed. The vibrator continued to buzz between her thighs. After a few minutes of recovering her strength, Jen finally reached down with a grunt and flicked it off, pulling it from her vulva with a wet pop.

As she examined the toy, one thought kept coming back to her. Who was the mysterious girl in Laurie’s threesome? Jen ran through the list of names in her head. Lizzie? Kristine? Denise? Mallory? It could be anyone. Jen would have to do some real detective work if she wanted to get to the bottom of this case.

And Jen was nothing if not nosy. She intended to find out the truth as soon as possible.

# 66. Alice

Alice was not looking forward to this day! A whole boring day at school, followed by a boring shift at Pizza-by-the-Pound at the mall. She sighed. Work was tough on the poor pudgy porker, but she knew it was necessary. Her plan with Jen to get free mobility scooters meant that Alice didn't need to worry about saving her money for a scooter anymore, but, since Alice's mother had cut off her allowance in an abortive attempt to cut off her snacking, Alice still needed money for food to fill her yawning belly and clothes to cover her expanding ass.

Not to mention, thought Alice grimly as she jammed her plump foot against the gas pedal of her car, she might need a bigger car sooner rather than later. Her chubby knee bumped the underside of her gut, sinking into the soft lard slightly, as she pumped the gas. Alice wasn't yet prepared to deal with the idea that she might literally become too fat to drive, but that seemed to be where her constant binging and gluttony were inevitably taking her. Already, she found it increasingly hard to fit her widening bottom into her car's bucket seats. It was already such a struggle to pull the seatbelt around her middle that Alice was seriously considering buying some belt extenders for her car. And then, of course, she could feel the car bottom out every time it hit a bump, since it was riding lower under Alice's monumental weight. And that was all just from when she was driving alone! It was a whole other matter when she had her equally fat friends Jen or Laurie in the car with her.

"Oof, it's not easy to spend a whole shift on your feet," complained Alice to herself, her mind drifting back to her upcoming after school work shift. As the poor girl continued to balloon, her work shifts at Pizza-by-the-Pound became harder and harder. It took all of Alice's strength to power through an afternoon behind the pizza counter, not least because it required her to exercise extreme willpower not to gobble down all the merchandise.

Alice tried her best to deny the reality of her ever-expanding figure, and she had so far been successful in ignoring the dire state of her obesity. But she was only 18 and already clocking in at a hefty quarter ton; if she continued to grow at her current rate, she would be completely immobile in just a few years. Alice was already feeling the pinch in many ways that didn't just include her car or her clothes.

For one thing, Alice was finally too fat to effectively masturbate; her gargantuan belly spilled out in front of her so far that she could no longer reach over it to touch herself. She had discovered this disturbing truth about her size one afternoon when Tyler had been too busy at work to visit her and she was feeling lonely. But when she tried to stretch her stubby fingers around her own bulk, she found herself lacking. She could still barely manage to satisfy herself by reaching under her belly, snaking her thick arm between her fat gut and her fleshy leg, but it was getting harder and harder to even make that journey, leaving her panting from the exertion. She knew that Jen and Laurie were both adamant toy enthusiasts when it came to self-pleasure

and she suspected that they now had to use toys to get around their own growing bulks, but she was still too shy to ask them for any advice. Maybe when she finally grew too fat to even reach under her belly, she might be motivated to finally talk to them about that. But for now, Alice was content to make do with the struggle.

And, of course, this new wrinkle just meant that she would need to rely on Tyler for help with one more thing. She already needed her boyfriend to help her get out of bed in the morning. She already needed him to help her get dressed. And, with her own resources limited, she also relied on him a lot more for food.

She always liked days when she ate lunch with Tyler instead of with Jen and Laurie. She loved her friends, but they didn't bring extra food for her. They were too busy filling their own bottomless stomachs to do something that nice for her!

Since Alice gained so much of her weight in her titanic tummy, she was becoming almost preternaturally round – she looked like a balloon slowly but surely inflating with too much blubber. It meant that Alice could barely see over her enormous gut; her chubby feet had long since vanished from her view. She never saw anything over her middle, so Alice was unaware of the changes taking place below her waist. As she grew wider and rounder, new flesh also piled around her pubic mound. Alice's fat pussy was steadily growing plumper and deeper as she grew, to the point that her pubic mound threatened to bust open her shorts when she forgot her own size and moved too quickly. Her deepening pussy brought with it increased sensation, though Alice tried hard not to think about it. The increased stimulation she got simply from pulling on her snug panties in the morning made her blush, and just this morning she nearly made herself cum when the blonde blimpette plopped her chubby buns down into the bucket seat of her car too quickly and felt the zipper on her tight denim shorts press against her plumpening crotch. The sensation sent an electric chill down Alice's spine, making her automatically pop up in her seat with a yelp – the sudden movement popping open the snap on her shorts with a soft "pip!"

She shook her head as she settled back down. Without the snap anchoring her shorts together, she could feel the warm flesh of her belly settling against the cool metal of her zipper tab. But it was too hard to reach around her gut and resnap her shorts while she was seated, she would have to wait until she arrived at school and stood up again.

Just one more thing for her to worry about! And Alice was worrying a lot right now. Jen claimed that she had tried to tell Laurie about the mobility scooter last night on the telephone, but had been distracted. That meant that they two girls still had to tell Laurie that they'd bought her a scooter, and Alice was not sure how Laurie would react. And then there was the matter of her upcoming doctor visit (or rather the visit that she kept planning on arranging one of these days), at which Alice planned to ask her physician if a mobility scooter was right for her. She was reasonably confident that the answer would be yes, but she still wasn't looking forward to getting another lecture about her continuously expanding waistline.



She pulled her car into the school parking lot, craning her neck to look for a good parking space. She needed something close to the front door, because she really did not want to have to do much walking! She noticed the empty handicapped parking space near the front and idly wondered if maybe she would qualify. She would have to ask her doctor when she finally worked up the courage to make that appointment that she'd been putting off.

For now, she'd have to just grab whatever space she could get. She pulled into an empty space across the lot and hit the brake. She pushed the release on her seatbelt, the overstretched belt immediately flinging off her body in relief. Then, grunting and groaning, Alice kicked open the door and rocked back and forth in her seat, struggling to build up enough momentum to push herself out of the chair. It was no easy feat given that Alice was so round that she was literally a boulder of blubber now.

After a few minutes, she stumbled to her feet. Oh yeah, her shorts. Biting her lip in concentration, Alice reached under the hang of her gut and tried to find the snap for her shorts. It was hard to find anything down there, since she had to rely on touch alone. Eventually her chubby fingers connected with the cold metal of the snap. Perfect. She sucked in valiantly and tugged at both sides of the flap, doing her best. She had hoped she'd be able to do this quickly, before any of the other arriving students noticed what was going on, but she had forgotten just how enormously tubby she was now and just how incredibly tight these undersized shorts were.

"Ooo, I can do this," Alice reassured herself, beads of nervous perspiration breaking out on her forehead. Deep down, she wondered: Could she really? "I just need to suck it in a little. I'll be fine."

She had to suck it in more than a little. A few passing students paused and turned to look at her as she grunted in annoyance when her shorts refused to cooperate. Her pudgy fingers lost their grip on her shorts button as she released her breath and her belly billowed out to its full size. She shook her head and tried again, this time concentrating with all her might on holding her belly in. She pulled with all her might and just managed to hook the snap together. She sighed in relief, carefully relaxing her stomach muscles slowly to avoid immediately busting her snap again.

Now she just had to get to class. Alice wanted to cry. It was suuuuch a long walk!

By the time Alice reached her classroom, the poor girl was panting and sweating and completely puffed. Carefully maneuvering her monumental bulk through the classroom door, she gazed longingly at her seat. She just needed to sit down!

Alice plopped her fat ass down into her chair. She leaned forward, the snap on her shorts busting open under the pressure imposed upon it by over 400 pounds of prime, grade-A belly blubber. Alice sighed to herself. This was pointless! She just hoped that the sag of her gigantic gut might hide her secret shame from the rest of the class when she stood up.

“You okay, Alice?” asked Tyler. Alice looked up. Tyler was sitting one seat over, his face a combination of concern and excitement.

Alice nodded, unable to catch her breath. “I’m... fine. It’s just a long... walk to get here, that’s all.” She gasped as she fanned herself with her hands. Swaddled with a quarter ton of excess blubber, Alice was always sweltering hot even in the fully air-conditioned classroom. She leaned back in her chair and sighed, her gut swelling with air in response.

The sight drove Tyler wild. He could see his obese girlfriend sitting in her seat, the fly of her shorts open, her chubby tummy pushing outwards through the opening. But Alice was so fat that she couldn’t see her open shorts over her mammoth gut, so she had no idea that she was exposed – he could even see the waistband of Alice’s panties pressing into the soft flesh of her middle, the quivering blubber of her fupa spilling over the over-stressed elastic and gently easing in and out with Alice’s labored breathing. She was an absolute beauty.

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The rest of the day did not go quickly for poor Alice. Class was exceptionally boring and Alice couldn’t keep herself from staring at the clock as the day drew closer and closer to lunch.

“Alice? Alice Grobauch? Alice, are you paying attention?”

“What? Oh, I’m sorry, Ma’am.”

Alice blinked in surprise, her cheeks flushing pink as she realized that the whole class was looking at her expectantly. Honestly, she hadn’t been paying attention at all. Alice was dreamily watching the clock in the corner, watching the minute end edge slowly closer toward 12 noon. Lunch couldn’t come fast enough for Alice! She hadn’t eaten since breakfast! A normal girl could probably last until lunch time on a bowl of cereal or a hearty omelet, but Alice’s breakfasts as of late consisted of multiple courses of pancakes, bacon, eggs, toast, and hashbrowns, all piled higher and wider than would fit on a plate, and enough that she never left the table without being stuffed to the gills. She was currently living as a semi-permanent houseguest of her friend Jen, and Jen’s mother was a relentless old-world feeder who never left the kitchen and couldn’t bear the thought of her guests every going hungry.

One look at Alice and you would never expect that she ever let herself go hungry. She was a mountain of a girl, nearly 500 pounds of soft malleable blubber – a round face, framed by blonde bangs, cheeks so plump and puffy that her eyes were forced into almost permanent squints, a thick double chin that completely filled the space between her face and chest, bulging breasts that filled out her polo shirt to the limit, monster thighs and haunches testing the stitching on her jumbo-sized denim shorts, a broad butt so wide that it hung over both sides of her school chair, and, most noticeable of all, an enormous belly, as big as a fully inflated beachball, resting in her lap all the way to her knees, spilling under the hem of her shirt and pushing the fat girl away from her desk. Alice was so fat these days that she had trouble

squeezing into her desk; if she kept gaining at her current pace, she would probably completely outgrow her desk within the month. For now, she could just barely squeeze her fat fleshy body between her chair and desk, letting her plump upper belly plop onto her desktop as she struggled to take notes in class. Alice was so fat that her belly made it hard for her to actually reach her desk, acting as a natural airbag.

Not that Alice was taking notes at all. She was so lost in her own thoughts that she hadn't written anything down all period. It was the last period before lunch and Alice was completely famished. Even after a huge belt-busting breakfast courtesy of Jen's overbearing mother, Alice was already ready to gorge again. She was supposed to meet Tyler for lunch and she couldn't wait. She always liked spending time with her boyfriend. She liked it almost as much as she liked eating!

Thinking about lunch made her titanic tummy grumble. And it was that loud, embarrassing gurgle that had drawn her teacher's attention.

"Alice, you can't be hungry already, it's not even lunch time," sighed Mrs. Othmore in exasperation. The older woman knew she shouldn't comment on her pupils' personal lives, but she found it increasingly hard not to point out the elephant in the room. Over the last school year, Alice had absolutely ballooned. She was always chubby, yes, that was true. But how many girls gained over 300 pounds in less than a year? It was unreal. Alice was like a human balloon steadily being pumped up bigger and bigger; she looked like she was definitely going to just burst one of these days if she kept inflating like that. And she never stopped eating! The only reason she wasn't stuffing her face with candy bars right now was because Mrs. Othmore had laid down the law – several times – forbidding the behemoth blonde from eating in her classroom. But it was a hollow victory. Forbidding Alice from eating only made the fat girl become more distracted, turning her into an incorrigible clock-watcher who was always impatiently waiting for the bell to ring.

"I'm... sorry, Mrs. Othmore," mumbled Alice, squirming in her seat. The wooden chair creaked under the flabby femme's oversized poundage. "I just haven't had anything to eat in, like, almost three hours!"

A few snickers ran through the classroom, but few students were laughing. They were all so used to Alice's gluttony that even a shocking admission like that was old news to them. They all knew that Alice ate constantly. Even if they didn't see her always waddling around with a treat clutched in her chubby hands, they would have still easily guessed her eating habits just from her rapidly expanding girth.

"I think I'm going to die if I don't get to eat soon," whined Alice, looking up at her teacher with pleading eyes. She hoped that Mrs. Othmore would be sympathetic, but the teacher could only think about how ridiculous it was that Alice couldn't concentrate on anything other than food. It was downright embarrassing to watch Alice get like this!

So both women were more than relieved when the lunch bell finally rang.

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Alice sighed as she plopped her fat bottom onto the bench, fanning herself with her plump hands. Phew! It wasn't easy for a girl of her size to get around, but the lunch bell was one of the few sounds that would guarantee Alice would at least try to move quickly. To say that she ran would be inaccurate; the best that she could do was lumber.

"How's your day been, Alice?" asked Tyler, giving Alice a quick kiss before sitting on the bench next to his oversized girlfriend. He looked ridiculously tiny next to Alice's mass. The bench sagged beneath Alice's jumbo weight, causing Tyler to slide closer to her. Not that he minded.

"It's fine," said Alice, "But, oh my Gawd, I soo need this! I'm just absolutely starving." Alice pulled a giant fluffernutter sandwich out of her brown paper lunch bag and licked her lips hungrily. She jammed it into her mouth, rolling her eyes in bliss.

"Mmmmmfff, tho good," she sighed, her mouth full of peanut butter and marshmallow fluff.

Alice wolfed her way through her lunch in minutes.

"Tyler, I've got great news, though!" said Alice happily, her cheeks bulging with fluffernutter sandwich. "You know that scooter that we were going to get?"

"Oh yeah, did you actually get it?" asked Tyler. He knew that both Alice and her friend Jen had for months been saving up their money to buy themselves a pair of mobility scooters. Truthfully, the two girls didn't really need them. Not yet, even though they were both getting dangerously close to the point that they would too round and heavy to even effectively waddle without breaking a sweat. The honest truth was that the two girls were just so fat and lazy that they regarded walking as an annoying chore, and they could think of nothing better than to glide around the world on their very own scooters. What a heavenly idea!

"Um, not yet. But we're getting there! Jen has a plan so that we can get them for free! All we have to do is go to the doctor and get certified as... morbidly obese." Alice blushed at her own words. The plan sounded a lot less exciting when she said it out loud. How could she actually have been excited about a plan that required her to be officially obese? While Jen was perfectly happy to admit that she was a massive blimp, Alice was still somewhat embarrassed about her growing corpulence. She knew that Tyler liked her big, but would he actually like her THAT big? What would he think that she was actively trying to get labeled as obese just so that she could justify getting a scooter to lug around her fat ass?

"Oh, that's cool!" said Tyler. "That's gonna save you a lot of money! Those scooters are super expensive. My sister was looking into one a while back, but she decided against it cuz it

just cost too much.”

Alice sighed happily. Tyler had reacted well! That put her mind at ease at least!

“Yeah,” continued Alice, “So I guess I need to, uh, make an appointment for a doctor’s visit.” Alice stared at the remains of her fluffernutter sandwich. Gawd, she was not looking forward to that! She had not been to see her doctor in years. On her last visit, the doctor had just lectured her for an hour about her weight, and that was back when Alice was merely chubby at 150 pounds! But her sedentary lifestyle and out-of-control appetite conspired together to bloat Alice up to... how big was she now? 400 something pounds? Or was she... was she over 500 pounds yet? Alice bit her lip, panic rising in her gut. Could it be possible that she was actually OVER 500 pounds? She was too afraid to actually step on a scale to find her true weight, so she had no idea. Even if she did gather up the nerve to step on a scale, she knew from experience that she would never be able to read the number on the dial over the arc of her ginormous belly and boobs.

Oooo, her doctor was going to read her the riot act! But if she really was obese, then the doctor just HAD to agree that a scooter was a medical necessity, right? It was her only hope.

“Are you okay, Alice? You seem upset,” said Tyler, concern in his voice as he wrapped his arm as far around Alice’s broad bulk as he could manage. He gave her love-handle a reassuring squeeze.

“Yeah.. I’m fine,” said Alice, smiling weakly. “I guess I’m just nervous about going to the doctor. I’m afraid he might yell at me for... getting so fat...”

“Don’t listen to him, then,” said Tyler resolutely. “Don’t let anyone tell you that you’re not perfect just the way you are! I don’t want anyone making you feel bad about how you look!”

“Thanks, Tyler, but... well... I just don’t know what to do. I know he’s gonna be mean to me!”

Honestly, no doctor worth his salt would ever let Alice leave his office without making her feel bad about her size. A responsible doctor would do everything he could to scare Alice into reducing before she either had a heart attack or just exploded.

“Didn’t you say that Jen had a more fat-positive doctor? Maybe you could try talking to him instead?”

“OMG! Of course! Wow, Tyler, that’s a great idea!” Alice said, suddenly beaming. “I can’t believe I didn’t think of that!”

Neither Alice nor Tyler had any idea whether or not Jen’s doctor was actually certified; knowing Jen’s mother’s weird ideas about health it was more likely that this doctor was a

complete quack. But still, Alice was willing to grasp at any straw to avoid facing the consequences of her growing obesity.

Her confidence restored, Alice stuffed the remainder of her fluffernutter sandwich into her mouth, swallowing it all down in one gulp. She reached for her thermos and drained it quickly, dropping it back into her book bag as she smacked her plump lips.

“Ugh... I’m still thirsty,” she mumbled.

“Don’t worry, Alice, I came prepared.” Tyler unzipped his own book bag and fished out a plastic liter bottle of Dr. Pepper.

Alice squealed in delight. “Oh Tyler, you’re the best! You’re a lifesaver!” She planted a kiss on his cheek before grabbing the bottle and unscrewing the top.

“So thirsty,” mumbled Alice as she raised the liter bottle of Dr. Pepper to her lips and began to chug. Tyler watched in amazement as the liquid spiraled out of sight, sucked down by his greedy, thirsty girlfriend. Alice’s appetite for sweet, high-calorie food was matched only by her appetite for sweet, high calorie drinks.

Tyler, of course, knew that Alice’s own lunch was never enough to satisfy her, so he always made sure that he carried a little extra to supplement her meals. A liter of soda was only a natural thing to top off any giant lunch.

“Slow down, Alice!” said Tyler with concern in his voice. “You’re gonna give yourself the hiccups!”

Alice didn’t respond. She only tilted her head back farther in a desperate attempt to get the sweet soda to flow down her throat even faster. Alice could feel her stomach filling up with carbonated soda, pushing outwards, the hem of her polo shirt rising to reveal the lowest quarter of her bloated belly spilling over the waistband of her shorts and testing the button. The more she drank, the tighter she could feel the cold metal of her pants button pressing into the warm, soft flesh of her swelling stomach but the delicious sweetness of the soda was more than worth the slight discomfort around her middle.

Alice pulled the bottle from her lips with a loud pop, and heaved a hefty sigh of relief. “Oooof, Tyler, that really hit the spot! Gosh, I don’t know why I’m so thirsty.”

Of course, the reason for Alice’s growing thirst was perfectly obvious. When even a short waddle caused you to sweat buckets, it was all too easy to become dehydrated. It was possible that more sinister forces were at work as well. At her massive size and with her massive sugar intake, Alice was probably somewhat pre-diabetic and her growing thirst should have been a major warning signal. But Alice was, as always, oblivious.

“Mmm, that’s good,” said Alice with a sigh as she pulled the bottle away from her lips to catch her breath. “Do.. do you mind if I have some more? I don’t want to be a pig..”

“Help yourself, Alice, I brought it for you, after all.”

Alice smiled and took another pull from the bottle, this time easily draining the bottle.

RIIIIINGGG! The porky princess jolted slightly in her seat, her blubber wobbling, as the bell rang to signal the end of lunch period.

“Uh oh, I better get to next class,” said Alice, putting her hand in front of her mouth to hide a little burp. Her whole body wobbled and jiggled in response. “Could you help me up, Tyler?”

“Sure, one sec.”

Alice could stand up on her own if she really wanted to, but this was just one of many things that were so much easier when she had a pair of helping hands.

Alice raised a chubby hand to her mouth to stifle a soft burp. Urp! Oof, she could feel all that soda sloshing around in her stomach. Every plodding step only served to angry up the extreme carbonation inside her, making her already bloated middle feel even more bloated. Her shirt was already halfway up her abdomen, exposing more and more of her swelling belly as she walked. She kept hitting the overhanging flab of her huge belly with her knees as she moved. Every kick only increased the fizzing inside her, making her that much more desperate to burp.

“Ooooo I shouldn’t have drank all that soda,” mumbled Alice as her boyfriend helped her stagger back toward the school building. “I’m feeling super bloated now!”

“What’s your next period, Alice?”

“Uh, calculus? With Mrs. Espinosa? Ohhh, I should have known better! She hates me!”

Mrs.Espinosa did not actually hate Alice at all. But she was very strict about eating in the classroom, and would not hesitate to call out students who broke her rule. Alice had been called out many times. And if Alice burped out loud in class, she was certain that Mrs.Espinosa would call attention to it!

“Try burping it out before you go into class,” suggested Tyler helpfully. “I could press on your stomach if it helps...” Any excuse to massage Alice’s growing belly was perfect for him!

“No, no, I’m too full of soda,” said Alice, “You’ll just make me pee! No, I’ll just have to hold it in until class is over. It... it couldn’t be that bad, could it?”

Alice tentatively pressed a stubby finger against the swell of her middle and was surprised to find that, under all that soft blubber, her belly was firm and unyielding. Too much fizz inside her. She wasn't just fat now, she was inflated – blown up like a mattress with too much soda carbonation. Again, Alice covered her mouth to let out a small burp, but she already knew that it wasn't enough. Alice could feel an absolutely massive belch brewing inside her gut, just ready to burst free. But she couldn't just let it all out right in the middle of class! A small, dignified, girly burp was one thing, but she would never get away with the kind of gut-bustingly explosive belch that she needed to let out right now!

Tyler helped lead Alice to her classroom door, but he had to leave her here.

"I have algebra right next door," he consoled her, patting her distended gut sympathetically. "I'll see you after class, okay? It'll all be fine, don't worry."

"Thanks, Tyler," said Alice weakly. She wasn't so sure. She was really regretting her gluttonous guzzling now!

"Ohhhh, I shouldn't have had all that soda," mumbled Alice again as she pushed herself through the classroom door and took a seat. She squeezed her eyes shut. She could feel all that carbonation swirling inside her gut, fizzing and bubbling. Her tummy puffed out visibly, growing rounder as the soda fizzed inside her. The poor girl groaned softly as she put her plump hands to her swollen belly, silently praying for the carbonation to settle down. She desperately needed to burp, but she simply couldn't let one rip right here in the middle of class? Oh no, that would be way too embarrassing! Her only hope was to hold it in and hope for the best. She could only hope that she would be able to hold her burp until the end of class and then waddle her pudgy ass down to the bathroom before she let loose the mother of all belches. Sweat beaded on her brow, droplets trickling down her face and dripping off of her plump double chin.

She just hoped that Mrs.Espinosa wouldn't call on her for anything...



## 67. Alice & Craig

“You’re late, Miss Grobauch,” said Mrs. Espinosa. The older Latina woman arched a disapproving eyebrow as her fattest pupil squeezed her bulk through the classroom doorway.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Espinosa!” cried Alice as she shuffled her to seat, her soft blubber bouncing with every heavy footfall. “I got here as fast I could, but I missed the bell! I was eat... I mean, I wasn’t listening, I’m sorry!”

Mrs. Espinosa crossed her arms and leaned back against her desk, glaring over her glasses at her morbidly tubby charge. Many of Alice’s older teachers looked at Alice with a combination of helpless concern and pity as they watched her steadily inflate like a helium balloon over the past year, but Mrs. Espinosa was one of the few who had active disdain for the plumping porker. In her mid 40s, she was one of the school’s younger teachers and she didn’t think there was any excuse for a teenager to be as fat as Alice. Older teachers sometimes just shrugged their shoulders and chalked Alice’s exponential girth to “the way those young people are today,” but Mrs. Espinosa knew better. Her own daughters weren’t anywhere as fat as Alice – and her elder Maggie even worked in the same pizza joint as Alice – so there was no reason that Alice should be that gargantuan. It was, she thought, absolutely disgusting.

Still, she was a professional teacher, so she had to work hard to not let her personal feelings about the lard-laden lass affect her work too much.

“You were eating, were you? Hmmm, maybe you should do less of that in the future and more listening if you want to hear the bell when it rings,” said Mrs. Espinosa sharply. “Then again, I can’t imagine that you listen very carefully for anything that might signal you to stop eating.”

Alice blushed bright red and tried to sputter a reply, but Mrs. Espinosa just dismissed her with a hand wave. “Sit down, Miss Grobauch, we have a lot of work to do. We don’t need you disrupting class anymore.”

Alice gulped and gingerly plopped her wide bottom into her seat, carefully trying to slide her near 500 pounds of pure fat girl blubber behind her desk. It was a tight squeeze. Alice was massively round. A life of pure indulgence, dedicated 24/7 to the constant pursuit of her next meal, meant that Alice was as round as an apple, her belly so big and swollen that she looked like a ripe pumpkin on the vine ready for the harvest. Her polo shirt couldn’t reach over the arc of her gut, leaving a wide swathe of pale white overhanging belly blubber free to wobble thickly every time that Alice accidentally bumped it with a thick fat-swaddled knee. At least the sag of her gut hid her shorts from view, so no one could see how tightly the waistband bit into her soft middle. Alice grunted as she struggled to get comfortable on the tiny seat, squirming so that

she could fit as much of her big chubby cheeks as possible on the chair.

“Oooof, I shouldn’t have had all that soda,” said Alice, grimacing as she felt the syrupy liquid slosh to and fro inside her giant gut. She put a pudgy hand to her middle to steady herself. But how could she help it? She had just been sooooo thirsty at lunchtime that she couldn’t resist when her boyfriend had offered her a liter bottle of Dr. Pepper. Of course, she could have taken a sip. She didn’t need to drink the WHOLE bottle. But Alice’s appetite for sugary drinks was almost as powerful as her appetite for food, and Alice could never say no when she’d had enough.

A frown crossed Alice’s soft pretty features as Mrs. Espinosa launched into her lesson plan. Her tummy gurgled urgently. Oof.

She could feel the fizz building up in her belly, puffing her up like a blowfish. Oh no! If she could excuse herself to the bathroom, Alice knew that she could burp all that gas out until she was comfortable, but she doubted that Mrs. Espinosa would let her leave. That woman was the biggest hard ass in school!

Still, it was worth a try. Alice raised her hand.

“You have a question, Miss Grobauch?”

“Could I go to the bathroom, please?” asked Alice.

Mrs. Espinosa again raised an eyebrow. “Already? The lesson just started. Do you really need to go?”

“I...I guess not.” Alice withered under her teacher’s baleful gaze. She should have insisted that, yes, she DID need to go, but Alice was too shy to stand up for herself. Instead, she would just have to hold it. She could do it. After all, how bad could it be?

It was bad. And it was getting worse.

The chubby plumper whimpered softly. Her belly pushed out, stressing the snap on her shorts with increasing pressure, as Alice felt herself inflate. She was literally blowing up like a balloon, right here in class! She hoped that no one would notice her discomfort.

Alice had a sudden vision of herself swelling with gas, growing bigger and rounder like an inflating blimp until her belly exploded out of her shorts and flipped her desk. And then growing bigger and bigger, her skin squeaking as she stretched, her overloaded tummy bubbling and gurgling as she filled up with gas. Her body bloating up until her arms and legs disappeared into her growing bulk, until her head was swallowed up by burgeoning, tightening flab. She would feel her soft body becoming tight and strained as she reached her limits, bright red stretch marks spiraling outwards from her belly button and flaring across her pulsating

flanks. The rest of the class would scoot their seats away from her, subtly at first as they tried not to embarrass Alice but then eventually they would abandon all decorum as they realized that Alice was growing too full... and that she was surely about to explode! Finally, there would be mass panic as everyone ran to escape the classroom before Alice detonated and blew the entire building to smithereens!

Alice shook her head to clear her thoughts. No, that couldn't happen. She was just being silly. She needed to concentrate and think rationally.

"Alice? Alice Grobauch? Are you okay?" asked Mrs. Espinosa, her brow knit with worry. She couldn't help but notice how much her fattest pupil was squirming around in her seat.

"I'm...fine, ma'am," said Alice dutifully. Everyone doubtless already thought that Alice was a total pig. All you had to do was spend two minutes observing her and you would easily come to that same conclusion. It wasn't just that Alice was a colossal heavyweight heifer clocking in at near 500 pounds, there was also the fact that she never stopped eating. But still, she didn't have to confirm her piggishness by belching aloud in class!

Her shorts, already unsnapped and halfway unzipped, began to part under the pressure of her swelling, gas-bloated gut. She could feel the zipper sliding down, tooth by tooth, her warm spherical balloon of a belly billowing out through the open V of her defeated fly.

Alice could feel the mother of all belches brewing inside her, just ready to burst forth. She couldn't release it yet, though. She glanced up at the clock. Oh no. There was still half an hour to go. Alice clutched at her desk with her pudgy, sausage-like fingers, trying to steady herself as sweat dripped down her brow. Perspiration slid down her chubby chipmunk cheeks, to drip off of her double chin and into her cleavage. Her stomach was absolutely bursting with gas. She could feel the cold edge of the desk pressing tightly into her bloated belly, her tightly inflated middle rolling over the desktop as the gas built up inside her.

"Ohhh I knew I should have stopped while I was ahead," muttered Alice to herself, but there was little that she could do now except wait it out. She hoped that she could get through the rest of the lesson before she exploded, but there were no guarantees. She felt absolutely miserable! The poor girl was so puffed up with gas that she felt like a bomb about to blow. She wondered if any of her classmates could tell? Alice was so fat that no one would probably even notice if she was slightly more bloated than usual, but Alice felt like she must look like a blown-up beach ball.

Alice sighed in relief when the bell finally rung. She hadn't listened to a single word out of her teacher for the entire hour; she couldn't think about anything other than her own discomfort. And, of course, she couldn't say anything about her issue or she would be subjected to yet another lecture about the dangers of her own overindulgence. But finally, she was free!

Alice planted her feet against the floor and attempted to push herself to her feet. But her butt didn't move a centimeter from the seat before the underside of her gut bumped the desk. She was stuck! Her chubby face went pale as Alice realized her predicament. Her belly was so swollen with gas that she was absolutely wedged into her school desk, trapped between her chair and desk. She tried again to stand, but it was useless. She pursed her lips and sucked in her breath with all her might, hoping she might suck in her belly enough to get free, but she was simply too inflated to budge.

Mrs. Espinosa narrowed her eyes as she saw the last of her students file out. Well, the last of them other than Alice. Alice hadn't even left her seat. She was just sitting there like a lump, her enormous bulk filling out her tiny school desk.

"Class is over, Miss Grobauch," said Mrs. Espinosa as she packed her teaching materials into her satchel and prepared to leave.

"I..I know, I'm just... resting for a minute before I go to the next class!" said Alice desperately.

Mrs. Espinosa grunted. She didn't have time for this nonsense; she had another class to teach!

"Suit yourself," she said. She stood up and strode out of the room, nearly colliding with a scrawny nerdy-looking boy as he entered the room.

"Mr. Hiller, kindly watch where you're going," said Mrs. Espinosa.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Espinosa, I was just looking for Alice and – oh there she is!" said Tyler.

"Yes, there she is. She's hard to miss," said the teacher, rolling her eyes. "Good day." With that, Mrs. Espinosa swept out of the room.

Tyler's eyes fell on his helpless girlfriend, so inflated with fizz that she was trapped in her desk. She looked like a puffed-up bullfrog and her misery was written all over her face.

"Tyler...I need... your help... I'm gonna... I'm gonna pop..."

Tyler rushed over to her. "No, no, Alice, you'll be fine. What's the matter there? Is your stomach upset?"

"No... I'm stuck..."

Tyler stepped back to survey the situation, noticing for the first time that Alice's distended gut was pressing deeply into the desk, her upper belly pancaking against the flat surface of the desk, while her lower belly filled the space below. She was wedged in tight!

"It's... cuz of all the soda," whined Alice, "It's making me all bloated!"

"Is it?" Tyler experimentally pressed a finger against Alice's exposed tummy. The overblown teen opened her mouth to protest, but no words came out. The pressure of Tyler's hand was enough to dislodge any trapped gas, and the biggest, loudest, juiciest belch that Alice had ever produced blew from her open mouth. It was so loud that it echoed back and forth in the cavernous room for nearly a full 30 seconds and knocked Tyler right off his feet. He landed on his butt on the floor with a soft "whump!"

"Oh no, Tyler, are you okay?" cried Alice when she saw her boyfriend sitting on the floor. "I... I didn't mean to hurt you!"

"I'm fine," said Tyler, picking himself up off the floor. He rubbed his bruised bottom. "I'm not hurt. I'm just... startled. I wasn't expecting anything so loud. But wow! What a burp!"

Alice blushed. "S-sorry, I didn't mean to... oh my Gawd, this is so embarrassing!"

"Don't apologize, Alice, it's no big deal. But the real question is, did it help you? Are you unstuck?"

Alice wriggled in her seat. It DID feel a little looser!

"Almost! I'm still pretty tightly wedged in here, but I think it's not as tight as before!"

"Well... maybe a few more burps and that ought to do it."

Alice nodded. Burping was embarrassing, but it was better than being stuck here for the next class to find. "I guess that's the only way. I DO feel like I might need to burp some more."

"Here," said Tyler, reaching out to press on Alice's tummy again, "I'll help."

He couldn't help but grin. Any excuse to caress Alice's tummy was always good!

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Back at Jen's house, Jen and her boyfriend Craig were finally about to get some quality time alone. This was rare. Ever since Laurie and Alice had come over to live as semi-permanent houseguests, Jen had barely a spare moment to spend with her poor neglected beau. But Jen remembered the strain this had put on her relationship not so long ago, when she became so consumed with winning the pie-eating contest at the county fair that she had forgotten to tend to her boyfriend's physical needs. The pair had almost broken up, and Jen was determined not to repeat the same mistakes. She had the perfect plan to satisfy both of them.

“I’ll be right with you, Craig baby, I just gotta adjust these pants!” said Jen, sitting on her bed and fiddling with the waistband of her leggings as it dug deeply into the butter-soft flesh of her rotund rear.

Packed into her straining spandex stretchpants, Jen’s ass looked like two giant pumpkins. The leggings were decorated with a swirling galactic pattern of stars and nebulae, which Craig couldn’t help but see as an oddly appropriate decorating motif to cover his gaining girlfriend’s galactic-sized ass.

Craig had to restrain himself from rolling his eyes. “Jesus, Jen, just buy new pants already.”

“I, like, already did,” said Jen. Then she clammed up, suddenly embarrassed to admit that she had blown money on specially designed big booty jeans before immediately blowing those jeans apart the very same day. “I mean... um, like, I’m trying to save money!”

“If you really wanted to save money, then stop buying so much food,” said Craig simply. He loved Jen – and now that she wasn’t constantly farting up a storm, he didn’t even mind her growing size – but even he could sometimes get frustrated with her ditziness. There was a perfectly good and easy solution to her problem, but Jen just didn’t see it.

“Um, like, good one,” said Jen, chuckling. “But how am I not gonna eat? A girl gets hungry!”

“I didn’t mean... oh never mind.” Craig sighed, throwing up his hands in surrender. There was no way that he was going to get through Jen’s thick skull. This was useless.

Jen wheezed as she rocked back and forth in a futile attempt to stand.

“Like, what do you care what I wear?” asked Jen slyly as she finally pushed herself to her feet. Wheezing, she waddled over to Craig and threw her pudgy arms around her boyfriend. “You’re just gonna take these clothes off me, ain’t ya, baby? Like, you know Alice and Laurie are both out an’ my parents aren’t home.... You know what that means!” She grinned, a twinkle in her eye.

Craig smirked. “Oh, is someone in the mood? Someone’s feeling a little naughty.”

“Like, I am feeling totally naughty,” chuckled Jen. “And I don’t think these stretchpants are gonna cut it.”

She turned around and gyrated her colossal caboose against Craig as much as she could. At her size, Jen couldn’t gyrate much before she was completely winded, but luckily the inertia of her jiggling blubber did most of the work for her.

“Oooo, you like my big booty, Craig? You like my big fat badonkadonk?” Jen grinned, licking her lips eagerly. “I bet you just wanna, like, live inside my big fat ass! Oh Craig, my big fat ass needs you sooo bad! I, like, want you to take me! But, like, back there!”

Doggie-style was the couple’s favorite position, since it let both of them revel in the sensations of Jen’s pillowy posterior. Craig loved it because it let him squeeze and knead Jen’s bottom as he entered her, something he appreciated as a consummate ass man. But Jen also loved the feeling of big strong hands cupping and grabbing her pumped-up rump, loved hands sliding over the pleasing rotund roundness of her bulging buttocks. But now she was in the mood to go even further.

“Like, you’re gonna put it in my butt,” said Jen, sliding her vast, billowing booty over Craig’s pole. She could feel his dick stirring, growing rock-hard, and Jen loved to feel that diamond-hardness against the vast softness of her monumental backside. The stark contrast between hard and soft just drove her wild, and she loved that the softer she got, the harder Craig grew.

“Your sister’s not around, right?” said Craig, suddenly cautious. Jesse was a real pain in the ass, and Jen’s annoying little sister always seemed to turn up at the worst times. Jesse didn’t have a lot of patience for her only sister’s naivety, and took every opportunity to mock Jen for being a fat-assed ditz... or, as Jesse had said once, a bubble-headed bubble butt. Craig didn’t appreciate Jesse being so dismissive of his girlfriend. Sure, he didn’t necessarily disagree. He knew that Jen was definitely a huge ditz. But it was one thing for him to think that, it was another for some punk kid to say it!

“Um, like, she’s out too,” said Jen, “I dunno, catching Pokeman? Who cares? The important thing is that we’re both here!”

Of course, thought Jen, she wasn’t really dressed the part of a sexy minx. Not yet. She could easily seduce Craig wearing her usual T-shirt and leggings, but she wanted to make this special.

“Um, like could you help me get undressed?” said Jen coyly. It wasn’t just her attempt at seduction. She genuinely had trouble getting undressed! She was wider than she was tall and it was hard for a girl with such a low center of gravity to bend down to pull off her leggings. The best she could do would be to wriggle helpfully as Craig did the heavy work of actually bending over and pulling them down.

Craig couldn’t be upset about this, because any chance to see Jen’s naked bottom in all its glory was worth any amount of aggravation.

“Sure, baby, anything for you,” he said as he grabbed the tattered elastic waistband of her tights and worked it down over Jen’s humungous hips and billowing buns. Without the stretchy fabric to restrain her flesh, Jen’s exaggerated pear-shaped curves looked even more

explosive. Damn, what a woman! Her butt seemed to grow bigger everyday, but Craig could hardly complain.

“You wait right here, okay, babe? I’ll be right back!” Craig watched as Jen wobbled into the bathroom, her giant pale ass shaking in all its naked glory. Without clothes, Jen looked even more pear-shaped, a colossal gumdrop of quivering gelatinous flesh.

She was gone for quite a while. Craig could hear her grunting and huffing in the bathroom, her moans punctuated by the official sound of fabric stretching and squeaking. What was she up to in there? He looked up at the clock on the wall. Could anything actually make waiting worth it?

After a while, Craig grew tired of waiting. He nonchalantly pulled an apple out of his backpack and settled down for a snack while he waited, biting off chunks of apple while he watched the minutes tick away on the clock and listened to his girlfriend wheezing and huffing inside the bathroom.

When Jen reappeared, Craig had to reassess his statement. Yes. It had been worth it.

Jen wiggle waddled back into the room, dressed in a shiny black latex bodysuit. A silver metal zipper began at Jen’s neck and ran all the way down the front of the suit, between her ample breasts, over her rotund belly, then between her thighs and over her protruding bum. Damn! She must have found some time to go shopping at backroom in Abida’s lingerie store, because this was something else! She was so big that the dark black latex made Jen look like a black hole, an enormous void that swallowed up all light. He could hear the suit creaking and squeaking as she moved, and he wondered how much pressure the zipper was under.

Jen sauntered over to her boyfriend, her backside shifting to and fro as she moved, the latex squealing and pinging. Damn! She was so big that it seemed like she had spent all that time squeezing into the latex catsuit just for it bust off her within minutes! Craig was doubtful about how long the bodysuit would last under this stress, but it certainly made a nice visual in the meantime. He was going to enjoy the view for as long as it lasted.

“Oooo Craig, like, are you gonna give me it in the butt? Oooo, better hurry before I get away!” Jen turned around to display her massive heart-shaped bottom. Craig noticed that the suit was strategically cut into a thong, slipping between her giant cheeks to leave her fat booty almost entirely bare. All he had to do to access Jen’s hole was to pull that thong just slightly to the side...

“I dunno, Jen, you ready for this? You think you can handle it?”

Jen wiggled her ass. “Ummm, like, my booty can handle anything. Like, a big booty like mine can take some big stuff!”



Craig nodded. Jen seemed pretty gung-ho, but he knew that they definitely needed to lube her up before they tried anything.

“You got any lube, Jen?”

“Yeah, like, on the dresser.”

“Okay, good. Now bend over.”

Jen obediently bent over the bed, offering her vast badonkadonk for Craig’s inspection. But she pulled away with a high-pitched squeal as Craig massaged her crack with lube.

“Eee! Craig, that tickles when you touch it like that!”

“Sorry, babe, but you need to hold still. I can’t get you lubed up if you keep moving.”

“Okay, sorry! Like, I’ll be good.”

“Hmmm.”

Craig tried again, but again Jen squealed and jumped away. “It’s so cold!” she giggled.

“Okay, I’ve had enough of this,” said Craig, “I’m going to make you stay still. Do you still have those silk cords?”

“Oooo, are you gonna tie me up?” Jen bit her lip. This was fast getting kinky... and she liked it! She pointed. “They’re in the dresser.”

Craig didn’t say anything, but he pulled open a drawer and rummaged around until he found the cords. Jen had bought them precisely for use in sex games, but then the fat piglet had pretty much completely forgotten about them during her training for the fair pie eating contest last summer, when she was way too distracted by food and eating to even think about sex. Craig was less interested in using them for sex games right now than he was in using them to just get Jen to stay still.

“Hold still, baby,” he instructed as he looped the ropes around Jen’s middle, pinning her flabby arms to her plump sides and cinching her legs together. In moments, Jen was tied up like a sausage, her soft flesh oozing over the ropes. Craig roughly shoved her down, so that she plopped into bed like a manatee doing a belly flop into the ocean. Then he rolled her over, so that her big fat ass was pointing up in the air like two big pale mountains.

“Now hold still, okay, Jen?”

“Ummmm, like, do me up the butt, Craig!” whined Jen. “Your big booty cutie wants..like,

no, she, like, NEEDS it in the patootie!”

Craig grimaced. “Jen, cut it out with the cutesy baby talk, that is really not helping.”

“Buutttt I want you in me noooooow, baby,” whined Jen, pumping her enormous backside up and down. She looked like a massive bloated slug!

“Jen. Be quiet.” Then he got an idea. He picked up the apple, forgotten on the dresser top, and held it up to Jen’s face. “You hungry, babe?”

Jen was immediately quiet, her eyes glued on the apple. Her fat tummy gurgled loudly at the sight of it. Granted, she would have preferred something with more substance – like a big juicy burger or a greasy slice of pizza – but an apple? At least it was something that would fill her tummy.

“Hmm, yeah—“

Jen didn’t get a chance to finish the thought before Craig shoved the apple into her mouth, effectively silencing her whining. He stood back to admire his handiwork, trussed up and with an apple in her mouth, Jen looked like a pig about to be barbecued for a luau. She was definitely fat enough to pass for one!

“Now keep your mouth shut, little piggy,” commanded Craig. “Pigs don’t talk.”

“Hmmm,” mumbled Jen in agreement. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she felt Craig grab hold of her massive naked rump, his hands sinking deep into her soft buttery blubber, parting her cheeks so that he could enter her.

“Hold still, piglet,” commanded Craig as he slathered Jen’s puckered pink asshole anew with lube. Jen squealed at the sensation of cold petroleum jelly against her sensitive skin – it sounded almost exactly like a pig grunting.

Jen huffed as Craig entered her, grabbing her plush posterior for leverage as he sank into her deep deep quicksand.

“Hrph hrph hrph,” Jen huffed, her gasps muffled by the apple in her mouth as Craig pumped her slippery asshole with his cock. Jen’s entire blubbery body wobbled and shook, her lard spilling out between the ropes so much that she looked like a Christmas ham. Jen’s buttery blubber was shaking so much that the stitches in her bodysuit were under tremendous pressure, but both lovers were too intent on their own pleasure to even notice the high-pitched warning snaps of threads breaking as the seams of Jen’s suit started to succumb to the pressure. Pale porky flesh spilled out the growing tears as Jen’s brand new bodysuit began to bust apart. It hadn’t even lasted a day, beating the record held by Jen’s mega-waisted ‘Just-My-Size’ jeans shortest garment life-span. What tailor could ever design clothes for a girl of Jen’s proportions

that wouldn't just fall apart in a day?

Jen couldn't even groan out loud with the apple in her mouth, so she just moaned deep in her throat. From behind, Craig marveled at Jen's explosive proportions. She really was an absolute porker, so fat that she looked like someone that cannibals actually would serve at their luau! Craig plunged deeper into Jen's backside, as deep as he could go, no small feat considering that Jen's ginormous ass cheeks acted as two big spongy barriers keeping Craig at bay. A smaller man would have had a lot of trouble getting past those big round lobes to penetrate her, but Craig was up to the challenge. He pushed harder into Jen, his hands grabbing the quivering mounds of her ass and drawing renewed moans of pleasure from the tied-up porker.

Jen's breathing grew faster and faster, her heart was racing inside her chest, making the fat girl break out in sweat. Oh Gawd, this sex was way too much for a fat girl like Jen! She felt like she just might explode from the sheer exertion! She was so out of shape that just the excitement of sex was enough to exhaust her and leave her absolutely winded! But what could she do? Craig was not going to give up until he was done, so she would just have to ride out the storm... not that she wanted to do anything else! As Craig built to a climax, Jen's bodysuit gave one final groan and burst into ribbons, releasing her gelatinous flab to billow out to its pull size and snapping one or two of the silk cords around her middle in the process. Craig didn't notice as he released inside her and Jen bellowed in ecstasy like a pig, the apple flying from her mouth,

"Like! Oh! My! Gawd! Craig, that was so hot!" moaned Jen, turning her head as much as she could to see Craig. Her face was beet red and sweat was dripping off her brow. Her hair was a mess. "Was it, like, good for you?"

"Yeah," said Craig, panting. "That was good."

"Good," said Jen. She wiggled her big butt again. "You, like, got me all hot. Now, like, roll me over. Like, you've to finish me off!"

Craig nodded. A boyfriend's work was never done!

# 68. Jen

“Ugh, why do they have to put the food court... so far... away?” Jen huffed crossly. It was unusual for the bubbly bimbo to ever be cross about anything, but having to walk across the whole mall just so that she could get herself a food court burrito? Well, that was just too much! Jen moved at a slow waddle, her tremendous thighs rubbing together as she tottered along, huffing and puffing. Gawd, she was going to get a rash on her inner thighs if this kept up! The fabric of her tights was already worn and fraying where her legs rubbed together, and Jen was not ready to buy a new pair! Actually, that wasn't true. Jen was always ready to buy more clothes. But her favorite clothing store was on the opposite side of the mall and she didn't want to have to walk all the way back again! What an ordeal!

Plus, Jen was really concerned about more important things than just her tights. Ever since she heard a second girl in the background on that phone call to Laurie, she was desperately trying to puzzle out her identity. Who was that mystery girl? Jen couldn't for the life of her guess what Laurie's type was when it came to girls. Was this the first girl Laurie had been with? Jen had no idea.

Finally, Jen stood at the threshold of the food court. Jen's weight was... debatable at the moment. It had been a little while since her last weigh-in, so she had some plausible deniability when she claimed that she didn't know her size. But just looking at her gigantic rump, tree-trunk thighs, fat gut, thick arms, and round double-chinned face, it was safe to say that Jen was nearly 500 pounds... if she wasn't already over that number.

Jen didn't care. To her, weight was just a number. And she wasn't going to let some dumb number get in the way of enjoying life. Jen loved to eat and she refused to apologize for indulging her appetite to the fullest extent. She never left the dinner table without feeling like she was about to pop. And no trip to the mall would be complete without a lunch at the food court.

Jen was oblivious to the stares as she waddled over to the closest food kiosk, a typical burger joint, and wheezed out her order.

“Gimmie, like, the Big Burger Meal, please,” said Jen, leaning on the counter for support. Standing was just too difficult for the big booty cutie's overworked and tender feet! “Like, and some onion rings too. That sounds, like, really good!”

Jen attracted the usual disgusted stares from other mall patrons as she wobbled to a table and plopped her ass into a seat. But there was one person whose stare was more awe-struck than judgmental.

It was Allen, the same pre-teen boy who, only a few months earlier, had met Jen at the

mall food court and become enamored with her beauty. His friends had ribbed him, teasing him for being so fascinated with a fat-ass like Jen. They'd even dared him to go talk to Jen; he took the dare claiming that he only wanted to warn Jen that her dress was hitching up and exposing her underwear, but in truth he would have taken any excuse to talk to that vision. In gratitude, Jen had hugged and kissed the younger boy. It was a spontaneous gesture on Jen's part, but, for Allen, it was a life-changing experience.

Allen couldn't stop thinking about that fateful day that he had met a goddess at the mall food court. For the nebbish preteen, Jen Sarovy was everything that he could desire in a woman. Even before he met Jen, Allen had felt the beginnings of teenage stirrings, but it felt like that contact – when Jen had grabbed him in a monster bear hug and he felt her warm, soft, plush body press into his – made him truly explode into puberty. Since then, he couldn't stop thinking about thick, zaftig women. They haunted his dreams at night and his fantasies during the day. He tried to satisfy himself with naughty Internet searches for pictures of Kim Kardassian or Nicki Minaj, but even the most celebrated of celebrity rears felt like poor substitutes for the truly titanic tushie that he had the extreme good fortune to meet at the mall that day.

The whole incident was burned into his memory: Seeing that plump older girl wobble her way through the food court, her bountiful backside shifting back and forth with every delicate waddling step, the hem of her stretchy pants slowly drifting downwards and over those heavenly hemispheres, exposing more delicate pink skin and the merest whisper of white cotton panties clenched tightly between her chubby cheeks.

Allen gawked. He couldn't believe it! After all these weeks and months of fantasizing about her, the big booty goddess was back! He knew it must be her. He would recognize that dark chestnut hair pulled back into a jaunty ponytail, that sweet ditzzy expression on her chubby face, and, of course, that enormous ponderous backside. But she was huge! Last time that he had seen her, there were still a lot of kind euphemisms you could still use to describe her: thick, plump, zaftig, voluptuous. But now? Now she was downright fat! She was absolutely enormous, a veritable mobile mountain of flesh!

Jen gasped and panted as she laboriously trudged across the food court, carrying the tray of burgers and fries. Her greasy T-shirt, stretched tightly around her soft jiggling gut and ample chest, was soaked with sweat. She obviously was carrying a few more pounds around her top and middle, but it was downstairs where Jen had undergone the most explosive growth. Her hefty hips and thick thighs looked like they were five feet around and her bodacious booty looked like two medicine balls crammed down the back of her failing leggings. He almost couldn't believe that her ass was real – even though he knew from their last meeting that Jen was gifted with a preternaturally round rump – except that the hem of her tights was gradually sliding down, revealing more and more of Jen's balloon-like booty. Not to mention that Allen could see small but growing tears running along the stretchpants' side seams down her legs and up the rear seam between her cheeks. The in-seam of her stretchpants was nearly completely threadbare, worn down by the incessant rubbing of her chunky thighs.

Jen paused to catch her breath and mop her brow, leaning a chubby hand against the wall. Her chubby face was flushed bright red and her breath came in ragged gasps, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to breathe. He couldn't believe that his former dream girl had grown so absurdly fat that she now had trouble just walking. She was ridiculously out of shape! How could she actually get that fat? She looked like she must have spent the last few months with a hose in her mouth, guzzling pure lard! She was a complete blimp!

Jen dropped the tray of greasy, fatty fast food onto a table with a clatter. For a long moment, she stared at the chair. The chairs here in the food court were obviously NOT designed for a woman of her generous womanly proportions. Jen absently reached behind her and grabbed the waistband of her tights, now slid almost halfway down over her outsized derriere, and sharply yanked it upwards. The effect was mesmerizing as Allen watched the entire wobbling bulk of those buttery buns bounce in response, buoyed by the rising fabric. It brought the crack of Jen's ass into sharp relief as the tearing rear seam slipped silently between her chubby cheeks. Then she released the waistband and her fat ass dropped back down. The gelatinous blubber sloshed and wobbled for another minute before coming to a rest. Damn.

Then, contrary to all logic, Jen tried to find a way to actually sit down! Allen was flabbergasted. There was just no way that she would be able to balance all that ass on just one flimsy chair!

Jen frowned as she tried to adjust her bottom so that she could comfortably sit on the chair. It was no easy feat! Jen was so wide that she could barely even fit one cheek onto the overloaded chair, so no matter which direction she scooted there was always a good half ass of blubber oozing over the sides. This just wasn't giving her the support that she needed! Jen wiggled in her seat, grunting in annoyance. This wasn't working. The only solution was to grab a second chair.

Allen watched as Jen leaned over to grab another chair and pull it over to herself. She pushed the two chairs together and scooted her bottom over until she was straddling the both of them. Even now, Jen's monster butt still overhung the twin chairs on either side, but at least she could get comfortable now. Jen was just happy for the extra support. Her ass was so much that she had to be careful that she didn't sit with her asshole unsupported for too long or she could risk giving herself a prolapse!

Now that she was comfortable, Jen turned her attention to the meal in front of her. She grabbed the burger and lifted it to her plump glossy lips with an almost worshipful expression on her face. Her eyes fluttered closed as her teeth sank into the bun. Allen could swear that he heard her murmuring to herself in almost orgasmic tones under her breath, and she was bouncing the balls of her feet against the ground in jittery excitement. No doubt about it, this girl loved ... and lived... to eat! No wonder she was blowing up like a balloon!

Jen gobbled the greasy food in front of her like a woman possessed. Allen couldn't

believe how much this girl could eat!

Still, he had to talk to her again. He didn't know why he found this giant fatty pants so compelling, but he couldn't take his eyes off of Jen. There was something hypnotic about the way that thick blubber of her giant ass, restrained only by the tissue-thin fabric of her overstretched tights, sloshed and wobbled as she shoveled food into her fat face.

Nervously, the young boy walked toward this vision of voluminous voluptuousness. His nerves almost got the better of him, but no. Steeling his resolve, he marched up to Jen. When he was only a couple yards away, she seemed to notice him. She dropped the remains of her burger onto her plate and craned her neck to look at him, cheeks bulging with food, eyes squinting as if she was struggling to place where she had seen this boy before.

Allen suddenly realized that he had no idea what to say. He hadn't planned this out at all! So he blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"Er...Would you like... another?" he asked.

Jen swallowed. "Um, like, what?"

"Would you like... another burger?" repeated Allen, pointing at her plate.

"Like, waaaaait a second, I know you! You're, like, that kid! Like, how are you? Where are all your little friends today?"

Allen blushed. She actually remembered him! He couldn't believe it! The poor boy felt like he might just faint from the excitement.

Jen vaguely remembered that Allen and his friends gawking at her when she had been at the mall several months ago. Most of Allen's friends were just shocked to see a girl of Jen's size, but Allen actually seemed to appreciate her curves. Jen could immediately pick out a budding ass-man, noting how the young boy's gaze maintained a laser focus on her soft and spreading rear. That was adorable! On their last meeting, Jen had rather shamelessly flirted with Allen, not at all seriously but mostly just so he could brag back to his friends about encountering an older girl.

"I'm just here... I mean, it's just me," stuttered Allen, not sure how to respond.

Jen cut in. "Well, like, that's okay. You're, like, my favorite, anyway." She chuckled and gave Allen a sly wink. For Jen, this was all just a harmless game. But poor Allen nearly had a heart attack!

"I-I-I..."

“What’s your name again, kid?”

“A-a-allen...”

“Okay, Allen, nice to see you again. Like, you asked if I wanted another burger, right? Like, are you offering you pay, Allen?”

“I...yeah... I mean, I just thought... maybe you’d like...”

“Sure!” bubbled Jen, dabbing her plump lips with a napkin. She flashed him a sultry smile. “Like, if you could get me a second Big Burger meal? That would be super!”

Allen happily bounded away. Jen watched him make his way over to the burger counter and put in another order for her. She grinned happily. Allen was, she had to admit, kind of cute. Not dating material, of course, he was way too young for her! But it was kind of adorable the way that he was so obviously mooning over her. And, dang it, didn’t Jen deserve a little bit of attention once in a while? She was used to watching boys always swoon over Laurie and her gigantic jugs. Recently, as Laurie blew up like a zeppelin, fewer boys were throwing themselves at the raven-haired beauty’s feet. But Laurie could still turn heads with those magnificent melons even if her belly was on the rise too. And besides, Laurie had BOTH Frank and her new mystery lover always tripping over themselves to please her!

Jen never got that same attention. The problem was that there just weren’t as many ass men out there as there were breast men. And sure, she was lucky to have Craig.... But a girl liked to feel attractive once in a while, right? So could anyone really blame Jen if she milked it a little bit when she found her own eager worshipper.

Allen soon returned with a second burger meal, complete with soda. Since it was free refills, Jen didn’t actually need to buy a second soda. But she still thought it was cute!

“Like, this is totally just what I needed!” gushed Jen as Allen placed the second tray on the table in front of her. “Like, I hope you don’t mind if I just eat? I’m so totally hungry! I’m, like, a growing girl, I can’t just have one burger!”

Allen watched, silently transfixed, as Jen made short work of the second order – shoving fries in her mouth and sucking greedily on a mega-gulp soda. He could hear her fat belly, which spilled over her thick thighs and filled her lap, gurgling and bubbling as she stuffed herself with abandon. When she leaned forward to grab another handful of fries, the top of her bulbous butt popped back out of her pants, but she was too intent on eating to notice. This woman was amazing!

“Like, you know, you’re just about my little sister’s age, I think,” said Jen through a mouthful of greasy, fatty burger. “I should toootally introduce you two!”



“Is your sister...er... like you?” asked Allen eagerly, his eyes straying down to Jen’s massive hips overflowing the confines of her seats.

Jen shook her head. “Naw. Like, not yet. She’s a lot smaller than me, for once thing. And, like, she’s totally smart. But, like, that’s how it goes. She got the brains in the family, but I got the...well, like, I got the body!” Jen smiled widely, and tried to strike a pose. The sudden movement pushed her sweat pants too far and Allen heard a single stitch snap with a high-pitched pop. Secretly, he couldn’t help but wonder how long Jen’s sweat pants would last before they simply exploded, unable to withstand the torturous pressure of containing Jen’s enormous badonk, thick thighs, and hefty hips.

“Jen? Is that you?”

Jen looked up to see a slender redhead dressed in the official red-and-yellow cheerleader garb of her rival school of McKinley High. It was Mallory Fish, the captain of the McKinley cheer squad. Even though the two girls were technically professional rivals, they had easily bonded when they first met and were now close friends. It also didn’t hurt that Mallory had introduced Jen to the pleasures of marijuana on their first meeting, and the two occasionally did get together to enjoy a nice high. Mallory had originally hoped that it would help to suppress Jen’s appetite as it did hers, but that hope was short lived. Jen remained as voracious as ever.

“Um, like, hi, Mallory!”

Jen looked Mallory up and down. For a brief moment, she wondered whether Mallory might actually be the mystery girl in Laurie’s threesome. Was it possible? It made sense. Mallory WAS a total hottie. But then again, Mallory also hated Laurie with a burning passion. There was no way in hell that she would ever get together with Laurie!

Nope, it had to be someone else. But who?

Even though Mallory was quite a bit smaller than Jen, it would be unfair to say that she in any way scrawny. Mallory was slim but sensual. Her dedication to cheerleading was evident in her washboard stomach and her long, muscular legs. Obviously ready for practice, Mallory wore her ginger red hair pulled back into a jaunty ponytail. She was dressed in her school colors, red and yellow, her snug spanky pants perfectly showcasing her petite but shapely rear, two perfect pert globes. Her breasts were two modest handfuls with just enough heft to hang low on her chest, filling out her cheer top. In short, Mallory was everything that a cheerleader should be – and everything that Jen was not.

Mallory grimaced as Jen wolfed down her lunch. She liked Jen, but there was no denying that the ditzzy brunette had bloated into a complete zeppelin under Laurie’s slack leadership.

“Like, why don’t you join us? Mallory, have you met my friend Allen? Isn’t he just the

sweetest little thing?”

Mallory nodded curtly. She didn't have time to waste talking to some middle school nerd. A chatty bubblehead like Jen loved to talk and she would give anyone the time of day. But Mallory was much more serious-minded.

“Yeah, great. What are you, Allen, 13? What are you doing here buying Jen lunch?”

“Yeah!” bubbled Jen, wiping some grease off of her double chin. “Like, he bought me lunch. You could say it's a lunch date!” She giggled at the idea, but Allen only blushed redder.

“You're having a lunch date with a 13 year old?”

“Well, not really! Like, I'm dating Craig, you know. Sorry Allen! But, like, I can't be mean to him. Look at this face!” She reached over and pinched Allen's cheek between her pudgy thumb and forefinger, still giggling at Allen's discomfort.

“Look, Allen, why don't you run along? I need to have a talk with my friend here,” said Mallory.

Allen wanted to protest! There was nothing he wanted to do more than continue to bask in the presence of this glorious rotund goddess, but Mallory seemed like she really meant business.

“Alright, you heard the lady, Allen. You go on now, but I'll be seeing you around. And thanks for the lunch! Oh, and one more thing!”

Jen wrapped her thick arms around Allen and pulled him close, burying his face into her bosom. Allen was shocked! He could feel Jen's warm, soft, sweaty breasts all around him, smothering him, and he almost swore that he felt a nipple poke him in the eye! When she released him, he stumbled backwards in a daze.

“Oh....my God... th-thank you...!” he stuttered, still not believing what had just happened.

“Yeah, like, go tell your friends that you just got a faceful of boob, huh?” snickered Jen. “They're all gonna be soooo jealous!”

Mallory watched the preteen wobble away. She wasn't sure if the boy's friends would really be all that jealous of the attention she was lavishing on Allen if they could see her now. Jen was a heavyweight fat girl and nothing could disguise that. Mallory could tell that she was substantially larger than she had been on their last meeting, so much so that she needed two chairs to support her mammoth buttocks... and even then, Mallory was shocked that the chairs didn't buckle under the weight of that bodacious bulging booty.

"Like, you having lunch too?" asked Jen, taking another giant bite of her burger.

"I've... already eaten," said Mallory. And if she hadn't, watching Jen could effectively kill anyone's appetite! The bottom-heavy bimbo was a walking...er....waddling advertisement for the American obesity epidemic, her frightening girth warning enough to scare any even vaguely weight-conscious girl against the dangers of mindless indulgence.

"Sit down, Mallory, and keep me company! We gotta catch up! What have you been up to?"

"Nothing much." The slender redhead perched herself on a chair. "You're looking... well. How have you been, Jen?"

"Totally great! Like, you gotta hear this super exciting thing that's happening!" said Jen, leaning forward and motioning Mallory to come close. "Like, did you hear that we bought a, like, scooter for Laurie?"

"A scooter? Like... a mobility scooter?" Mallory could barely contain her shock. "Dang, how big is she now?"

"I dunno, maybe 500 pounds? Like, she's pretty fat. I think it's cuz she hangs out with Frank and, like, all those two do all day is eat. You know, like, they're having a threesome?"

"A threesome? With who?"

Jen shrugged. "Dunno. Some girl. I, like, thought that you might have some clue."

"Why would I know? I don't talk to Laurie. I don't even like that bitch."

Jen scowled. "Um, like, don't call my bestie a bitch!"

"I'm sorry, Jen, but she is. I love you, but you know I can't stand Laurie. She's an arrogant prima donna!"

"Yeah, like, I know. You're right. She IS a bitch. But, like, she's my bitch. So it's okay for me to say it, but, like, it's totally rude for you to say it."

Mallory sighed. She really didn't want to get into this topic! "So you said you bought her a scooter? Does she really need one?" Mallory's mind boggled as she tried to think of how absolutely massive Laurie must have grown to need a scooter to lug her fat ass around.

"Um, no, she doesn't need one. I think? But, like, she'd probably like one. It would make life a lot easier. Besides, if she had one, then she couldn't be mad if Alice or I had one too,

right?”

“Oh, so that’s your end game in this?” Mallory was horrified. Jen was going to buy a mobility scooter for herself? How could she say that so nonchalantly? Only the fattest of fatties needed those, people so obscenely obese that they could barely even walk anymore. And... well... now that she thought about it, Jen was a prime candidate. But there was something off-putting about how excited Jen was. Needing a mobility scooter should be a mark of shame, a clear warning that something drastic needed to change in your diet. But Jen seemed to actually relish the prospect, simply because it would make life easier if she didn’t even have to walk. This was absolutely obscene and monstrous! Mallory couldn’t believe this was really happening!

Jen grinned. “Yeah, it’s totally smart! I was trying to tell Laurie about this scooter we got her the other day but... I dunno, I didn’t really get a chance. I was afraid that she might be mad, so I think maybe I’ll tell her when we have our next slumber party. I’ll, like, bring some beer and maybe she’ll be happier about the news after she’s had a few drinks, ya think?”

“Sure.”

“But get this! When I called her to tell her about the scooter the other day, that’s when I found out that she and Frank had another girl with them!”

“Are you still cheerleading?” asked Mallory. She felt like an idiot asking that question. Of course, Jen must have long since quit cheer. There was just no way that a girl who weighed on the verge of 500 could still be cheerleading. She’d be laughed off the field... if she could even get on the field!

“Um, yeah! We’re gonna have the big game coming up soon,” said Jen, her cheeks bulging.

“Are you... serious?” Mallory’s jaw dropped. “But Jen, you’re huge! I mean... okay, look, I’m sorry, I don’t want to be mean.” Mallory struggled to find the right words. “But...um... Jen, how much do you weigh?”

Jen shrugged. “Dunno.”

“Don’t you think that you might be too big to still be a cheerleader?”

“Um, Laurie is bigger,” said Jen as if this was a winning point.

“Yeah, but... can you even do any of the routines anymore? When was the last time that you actually practiced?”

“I practice every week!” said Jen.

“You go to practice every week,” said Mallory. “But do you actually practice? That’s a key distinction.”

Jen thought about it. “Um. I guess not. Laurie said that I didn’t need to practice as much. But, like, I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

“Jen, I’m worried! Look, I’m going to be cheering for McKinley High when we play against your team, and my whole cheer squad has been working their butts off to stay in shape all season. Have you guys even worked out once? You’re all going to be humiliated at the game!”

Mallory smirked despite herself. She genuinely liked Jen and didn’t want to see her hurt. Heck, Mallory even liked Jen’s equally porcine friend Alice, whom she’d only met once. But Mallory absolutely despised Jen’s team captain Laurie. And if Laurie was even bigger than Jen, then it would be absolutely delightful to see Laurie get humiliated on the cheer field. Mallory would relish the opportunity to watch that colossal arrogant hog make a complete fool of herself. She could just imagine the hoots and hollers of the crowd as they watched Laurie waddle her enormous blubber butt onto the field, wheezing and gasping, sweat pouring down her beet-red face, before she collapsed into a heap of quivering blubber after attempting a simple cartwheel. That would be spectacular! But Mallory didn’t want to see crowds mocking Jen or Alice.

Jen shrugged. “Like, I’m sure it’ll be fine,” she repeated. “Laurie’s not worried, so I don’t think I need to worry.”

“Didn’t you learn to think for yourself back when you two were having that spat?” said Mallory, exasperated. “Laurie’s only looking out for herself. You need to think about what’s best for you. I think you should quit cheerleading.”

Jen boggled. “Quit cheerleading? But, like, cheering is my life! I couldn’t let my squad down!”

“You wouldn’t even need to quit forever,” said Mallory, “Just for a little while. You need to tell Alice too. You two should just take a hiatus, just long enough that you can lose some weight. So that you don’t get totally embarrassed on the field!”

“And, like, leave Laurie all alone? I couldn’t do that!” said Jen, shaking her head. “Laurie is my bestie! I would never leave her high and dry!”

Mallory sighed. Was there any way to get through to Jen the truth of her situation?

“Jen... just a minute ago, you were talking about buying a mobility scooter. If you need a mobility scooter, do you really think you’re in any shape to cheerlead? Can you do any of the cheers? Can you do a flip or a cartwheel? How are you going to do a pyramid? Who could hold you up?”

“I could, like.... Be in the bottom of a pyramid?” said Jen.

“Jen, I’m serious. I’m not trying to be mean, I’m just saying... Jen, do you know how much you weigh?”

“Uhhhhh...I’m not sure?” Jen stared at her feet – or where her feet would have been if she could see them – and nervously squeezed the flab of her bulging gut between her chubby fingers. She honestly had no clue. Her weight was steadily rising, that was for sure, but it barely registered. She was gaining so quickly that she had long ago given up on really keeping track. She only stepped on a scale when Laurie insisted that she do so, but even Laurie had lost interest in monitoring Jen’s weight in recent weeks, but that was only because she was so focused on her own indulgence. Laurie didn’t seem to be as concerned with the big plan anymore. Jen was glad of that. Maybe Laurie’s recent trysts with Frank and this mystery girl were good for her? That didn’t make Jen any less curious about the mystery girl’s identity, though. She was determined to get to the bottom of this mystery.

Mallory sighed. “Well, maybe you should think about finding out. Alright, fine, Jen. I gotta go, but promise me that you’ll look after yourself, okay?”

“Like, of course I will!” Jen struggled to her feet. “Like, why wouldn’t I? C’mon and gimme a hug, sweetie!” She wrapped her thick arms around her slim friend and pulled her close into a deep bear hug, pressing Mallory into her squishy soft flesh. Jen effectively knocked the wind out of her, so Mallory was gasping for breath when Jen released her.

“Gasp! Sure...well, Jen... I guess I’ll be seeing you around...”

“Byeeee!”

Jen waved goodbye with genuine glee, a dopey chipmunk grin on her fat face, as Mallory walked off. Mallory’s dire warning was already forgotten as Jen returned to finish the rest of her burger.

## 69. Jen

“Ohmygawd, Alice, what do you think? It’s gonna be so great! Laurie is gonna totally flip!”

Jen stepped back to survey her work. She had managed to shove a large, unwieldy mobility scooter into her basement closet, decorating the handlebars with a large pink ribbon. She intended to give it as a gift to her friend Laurie tonight and she wanted to make sure that it made a huge splash!

Laurie, of course, needed a mobility scooter. Anyone who saw the obese teen would have agreed that she was a prime candidate for one. Laurie, once the trim yet busty captain of the school’s cheerleading team, had gradually succumbed to sloth and gluttony over the past year, steadily ballooning in weight until she was, at last weigh-in, teetering on the brink of 500 pounds. Jen was half-convinced that Laurie was way past 500 by now. And, to Jen, that was just great! Because Jen and Alice weren’t exactly slouches in the gaining department either. A pair of ponderous plumping piggies, they each kept pace with Laurie’s expansion. Like Laurie, they had once been fit cheerleaders. But now they were each so fat that they had trouble waddling even short distances without getting winded.

That’s why Jen was so stoked about this scooter. She wanted one of her own. But she knew that Laurie would read her the riot act if she caught anyone on her team buying a mobility scooter! That was, in Jen’s eyes, totally unfair. Because she really really needed one! Jen was a rotund brunette bimbo, carrying nearly a quarter ton of wobbling blubber in her thighs, hips, and especially butt. In fact, Jen’s famously bloated rear end was so vast that it seemed to command its own gravity, constantly threatening to pull Jen backwards to the ground or just to split the seat of her leggings if she moved too quickly. No one would have guessed that a total ditz like Jen could conceive of such a brilliant plan to trick Laurie into approving of her squad mates getting their own scooters! It was simple: They would give a scooter to Laurie as a gift. Even though Laurie would definitely be livid to think that her teammates would consider her fat enough to need a scooter, she wouldn’t be able to spurn a gift. That would be rude! And once Laurie had a scooter, she couldn’t begrudge her fat friends getting their own scooters as well. The perfect plan!

The three girls met every week for a big Friday night slumber party that inevitably turned into an orgy of snacking and gluttony as the three tubby teens surrendered to their expansive appetites. Their clothing rarely survived long, as the girls stripped out of confining garments to give their engorged stomachs more room to grow – even pajamas usually split before the end of the night, leaving the gorging girls in little more than underwear or even less. Right now, Jen was still clad in her usual street clothes – a cow-print T-shirt and overfilled black stretch leggings.

Jen’s friend Alice nodded, but her mind was elsewhere. Like Jen, Alice was massively

fat. But whereas Jen was a very plump pear with a colossally corpulent caboose, Alice was a round little pumpkin who stored most of her gains in her massive blubbery belly. She wore a striped polo shirt that made her enormous belly look like an overinflated beach ball and mega-waisted cargo pants that failed to button beneath the swell of her gigantic gut. Her short blonde bangs framed a round worried face and her sparkling blue eyes were distant as her mind wandered.

“Like, c’mon, Alice! It is, like, great, right?” prompted Jen.

“Hmm? Oh.. yeah. Yeah, it’s great!”

“Is, like, something wrong?” asked Jen, suddenly noticing that her fat friend appeared to be distracted. She couldn’t understand why Alice wasn’t as excited about finally gifting Laurie the mobility scooter as she was!

“Oh sorry, Jen. I was just thinking about... oh, it’s just stupid, never mind.”

“No, like, what’s wrong?” asked Jen, concern in her voice. Jen might have been a huge zeppelin-sized airhead but she could tell that something was troubling her closest friend. Was Alice her closest friend? She certainly considered Alice a close friend, but, for years, Jen had always thought of Laurie as her bestie. Now....well.... She was reluctant to say she anything bad about Laurie, but.... Well, she could at least say that Alice was AS GOOD a friend to her as Laurie was.

“It’s silly, Jen, but please don’t laugh. It’s just... I keep thinking about something your little sister Jesse said.”

Jen rolled her eyes. “Oh, like, Jesse? You shouldn’t listen to her! She’s, like, suuuuch a little brat!” Jen’s sister Jesse was, in some ways, very different from her older sister. While Jesse shared certain surface similarities – including the same mousy brown hair and the same ominously pear-shaped build – Jesse was a very different personality. Jen was a happy-go-lucky ditz, but Jesse was a sarcastic but shrewd smartass!

“She said...well, she said that if my belly got any bigger and rounder, that I was going to burst,” said Alice, her chubby cheeks going pink. “I know what you’re gonna say, that’s silly. I know that can’t actually happen! But the way she said it... she said it like it was a big warning. And... I dunno, Jen, it kinda just keeps playing in my head, you know?”

Alice, of course, knew this was ridiculous. So why was she so upset by it? She looked down at herself, her chubby feet hidden from view by her vast pink belly, hanging out below the hem of her overstretched polo and slowly easing in and out with her ragged, labored breathing. She absently ran her plump hands over her soft flanks, her chubby sausage fingers easily slipping between the fleshy folds at her sides where her love handles hung over the waistband of her tight pants. She was undeniably huge.



And where would it end? She was growing so fast that some days she did genuinely feel more like a balloon being inflated than a girl gaining fat. And what was the fate of all balloons when they finally reached their utmost limits? Alice bit her lip. She couldn't help but think about where her relentless expansion would lead.

"Aw, like, don't worry about Jesse!" said Jen, a big grin on her chubby cheeks. "She just says stuff like that to scare you! Like, she tells me the same thing, but, like, I'm still here, right? Like, Jesse is always all: Oh Jen, you better watch out, you're gonna pop if you get any bigger. But, like, I still haven't popped, right? And I just keep getting bigger and more bootilicious, so I don't see the problem."

Alice looked her bottom-heavy friend up and down. The fact that Jen hadn't popped YET didn't exactly give her a lot of confidence. Plus, while Jen had long since come to terms with her gain and now thought of extra pounds as little more than extra padding to make her famously juicy bottom even more juicy, Alice had a less romanticized view of her own girth. It was hard to think of her extra weight as a good thing when so much of it settled in her tummy! Of course, Alice's boyfriend Tyler seemed to like it, and that brought her some real comfort. But still!

The two girls were interrupted by a large thump overhead, followed by the sounds of muffled conversation. Alice and Jen exchanged glances. That must be Laurie arriving! Down in the furnished basement of Jen's home that served as a rec room, they could hear their gargantuan friend thumping around upstairs, her heavy footfalls echoing through the house, as she made her way to the stairs. They listened as Laurie gradually lumbered down the stairs, the sounds of heavy ragged gasping growing louder as did the constant thuds of the large cheer queen's feet hitting each step.

And then suddenly Laurie was there, a massive giant wheezing butterball packed into a straining pink tracksuit.

"Uh...hi Laurie," said Jen uncertainly as Laurie shuffled sideways to squeeze through the doorway.

Laurie grunted and flopped down onto the couch. Alice and Jen exchanged worried glances. It had been a little while since the last time that they saw their mutual friend, but... they still couldn't believe how big Laurie was now! They were each pretty fat themselves, as big as a pair of baby hippos, but Laurie... she looked like she was the size of a mature hippopotamus!

The raven-haired diva sat on the couch, filling it entirely with her massive bulk, wheezing and gasping from her trip down the stairs. Always busty, Laurie's breasts were gigantic! The two monster tits must have weighed as much as cannonballs, sagging to the sides of a gargantuan gut that spilled out in front of her, filling her lap and edging almost to her fat-swaddled knees. Her face was so fat that her round cheeks were starting to give the overstuffed beauty queen a permanent squint, and her double chin had expanded to the point that it was becoming a

cushiony frill around her neck. Even at her massive size, Laurie always made sure to dress impeccably. While Jen and Alice sometimes opted to dress for comfort instead of style, Laurie rarely eschewed form-fitting (if gigantic) jeans and tight sweaters that showed off her billowing bra-busters to their maximum potential. Her long raven tresses were always perfectly coifed and her make-up was always perfectly applied. Not today, though! Today, Laurie looked like a mess. She looked like she had rolled out of bed, stuffed herself into a pink tracksuit, and waddled straight over. She had a cardboard box tucked under her arm.

After a while, Laurie managed to sputter out a response. “Hey...”

“Are you... okay?” asked Alice, a note of worry in her voice. Of course, Laurie was huge. That was expected. All three of them were huge. But... Alice hadn’t expected Laurie to be THIS huge! The three girls had more or less managed to keep pace by virtue of them always eating together, but now Laurie looked substantially heavier. Alice was completely shocked, but Jen... Jen could only wonder. Could Laurie’s explosive growth in recent weeks have anything to do with the mystery girl in her life? Jen couldn’t help but notice that Laurie’s boyfriend Frank also looked bigger the last time that she had seen him. Could these things be related? Jen might have been a dopey ditz, but the wheels in her head were starting to turn.

“Laurie, we’re so happy you made it!” squealed Jen. “Look, we got something just for you!” Jen motioned to the coffee table in the center of the room, already laden with bowls of potato chips, popcorn, M&Ms, and all the usual junk food that fueled the tubby trio’s weekly binge session. Of course, no sleepover was complete without pizza, and Jen had already ordered three larges. The chunky cheerleaders were each so lost to gluttony that none of them thought anything of devouring an entire large pizza all by themselves. But what made this night different was the cooler at the foot of the table; rather than just soda, tonight it was also stocked with beer. Jen had bribed an older cousin to snag some illicit booze for the underage bingers. She hoped that maybe if Laurie was just a little bit tipsy when Jen revealed the mobility scooter, it would make things go a little smoother.

“Nice,” said Laurie, nodding in approval. “Good job for once, Jen. Now this is how you host a party.” She leaned forward in her seat, the couch creaking and groaning ominously as she shifted her immense bulk. Alice watched in fascination as Laurie’s gigantic teats swung forward, spilling over her belly into her lap. Laurie extended a chubby hand and waggled her sausage fingers, clearly indicating that someone should place a beer bottle in her palm. Jen picked up on the signal and obliged.

“Thanks, Jen,” said Laurie, placing the bottle to her lips and taking a big swig. She winced as the carbonation tickled her nose.

“What’s in the box?” asked Alice curiously.

Laurie patted the box, a sly smile on her lips, as she took another gulp of beer. Despite her large size, Laurie didn’t drink often so she was rather a lightweight and she could already

feel the alcohol making her a little dizzy.

“That will be revealed soon, Alice, my dear fat friend! Now hand me my pizza!”

Alice blushed. Sure, she knew she was fat... but she still didn't see where Laurie could get off telling her that! Especially since Laurie was clearly even fatter!

All thoughts of the box quickly vanished, though, as the girls succumbed to their insatiable hunger and sat down to start gorging. As usual, they ate through the night, gossiping, giggling, and gorging, bellies swelling with beer and pizza, stitches straining as they loaded more and more food into overloaded guts, until, after hours, the food stores were depleted and the room was filled with three very stuffed babes.

“Oooof, I ate too much,” mumbled Alice, rubbing her distended tummy. “I really shouldn't have had the last few slices of pizza.”

“Maybe...” agreed Jen, “But, like, who can resist? It's soooo good!” Jen could hardly be bothered to care about her weight when she was sober, but now that her belly was sloshing with beer and her head was swimming, she didn't care at all.

“Ugh! No wonder you two are turning into such a pair of porkers,” sniffed Laurie. The hefty hypocritical heifer shifted on the couch, grunting as she tried to move her massively overstuffed belly to avoid cutting off circulation to her thick tree-trunk legs below. Laurie had not moved from the couch all night, instead demanding that her two friends act as her servants and hand her pizza slice after pizza slice.

“Of course, as your team captain, I take full responsibility for your current rotundity,” said Laurie, dramatically putting her chubby hand to her ample chest. “I should have put the kibosh on that long ago, instead of letting you both chunk up. But I just couldn't bring myself to ever say a discouraging word. That's just the kind of nice person I am! But I really can't let this go on any longer! And I'm not going to lie. We've all gained a little, I admit it. Even me!”

“Have you gained...” Alice stopped herself before she could finish the thought. She almost forgot how angry it made Laurie when anyone questioned her weight. Laurie glared at her chubby blonde friend, daring her to finish the sentence.

“Well, Alice, for your information, I don't know, but that's exactly why I brought this!”

She held up the box. Alice and Jen looked at each other in confusion.

“It's a scale, you two ninnies,” snapped Laurie, rolling her eyes. “And since you two hippos got too big for the regular scale, I had to special order this one! But it's worth it, just so that we can finally get an accurate reading. Maybe this will finally convince you two to take your weights seriously!”

Alice and Jen again exchanged glances. Laurie was acting weird. They were used to Laurie being really defensive about her size, but she was being unusually snappish today... almost as if she was trying to hide something?

And she was! Laurie was dying to know her new weight. She knew she must be big, bigger than big, but she had no clue. For weeks, her own scale at home failed to register her weight. She was simply too big, and the numbers didn't go high enough. She had to special order this heavy-duty medical scale off the Internet, and it was the only option that she could find that would go high enough that wasn't specially designed for weighing livestock.

Jen clapped her hands in glee. This was perfect! Jen didn't care about her weight, but she knew that Laurie **MUST** still care about hers. Maybe if Laurie realized how fat she'd grown, she would be **BEGGING** for a mobility scooter!

Laurie pulled the scale out of the box and handed it to Jen. "Put that on the floor, Jen. Let's see the damage."

Laurie watched her fat-bottomed co-captain carefully squat down in front of her to put the scale on the floor. Damn! Laurie could tell from a glance that she was way fatter than Jen now, but Jen's famously fat fanny was still a sight to behold. The twin lobes of her bloated butt pushed up in the air as Jen bent over. Damn!

"Alright, gals! Who wants to go first?"

Alice sighed. Out of the three behemoth beauties, she was the one with the most realistic sense of her own body.

"I guess I'll go first," she said, a slight quiver in her voice. "It's best to get it over with fast."

"Aw, don't be such a downer, Alice!" said Jen with a big encouraging grin. "Like, I'm sure it can't be that bad!"

Alice stared forlornly as her own belly, a vast doughy blob of lard that seemed to stretch on forever, filling out her shirt and blocking all view of her chubby little feet. She was less optimistic.

"Um, you'll have to tell me when I'm on the scale," said Alice as she edged forward, bracing herself for when her toes collided with the scale. At her size, she couldn't see her feet, so she had to be careful of where she stepped.

"Okay, like, just a couple more steps, Alice, you're almost there!" said Jen helpfully.

Laurie grunted as she lazily chomped another bite of pizza.

After a few minutes of uncertain fumbling, Alice was finally standing on the scale. She sucked in her breath as she heard the dial start to spin. And spin. And spin. How long would it go? Alice couldn't help but imagine the worst. Alice peered dubiously over her ballooning waistline in a pathetic but doomed attempt to see the numbers.

"Um, I can't see..."

"Hang on, I'll help," said Jen, squatting down to get a good read. Alice winced as she heard Jen's knees pop and crack with her movement, followed by the quieter but still audible sound of seams tensing and stretching. Alice half-expected to next hear a loud rip when Jen's pants inevitably split, but the stretchy leggings held for now.

"Alright, Alice, you're, like 505 pounds."

"Oh my!" said Alice, placing a hand to her mouth in shock. 505 pounds?? She couldn't believe it! Sure, she knew that she was big. She knew she was way over 400, even close to 500. But to be over 500? That felt like crossing some line of no return.

"Okay, like, move aside, let me try!" said Jen, bumping Alice with her padded hip. Alice obediently stepped down, her mind still reeling. Jen planted her feet on the scale and waited for the dial to stop spinning. After a solid minute, it finally came to rest.

"Like, what's it say? C'mon, Alice, I, like, helped you out! Now you gotta help me!"

Jen's jelly belly was smaller than Alice's, but between her gut and her breasts she still had enough volume up front to block her view of the scale.

Alice struggled to crouch down, gently pushing her plump hands against Jen's protruding paunch to shift it aside.

"508 pounds," announced Alice with a note of relief in her voice. 508 pounds! Thank goodness! Sure, it was only a three pound difference, but somehow it was a huge relief to think that Jen was actually heavier than she was. Alice felt like she might just faint from joy! She didn't, however, pause to think about how dangerous that three pound difference might be. Knowing that she wasn't the heaviest of the trio would almost certainly make Alice feel like she had permission to continue indulging her worst habits. If anything, it might even give her an excuse to increase her gluttony! Alice was already blowing up like a balloon; if she ate anymore than she already did, Jesse's dire predictions might yet come true!

"508 pounds? Sheesh, yeah, like, I guess that's kinda big," said Jen as she stepped down from the scale. She peered over her shoulder to give her backside an appreciative glance. The two beachball-sized orbs of her butt cheeks were easily visible, pushing the threads

of Jen's oversized tights to their breaking point. "But, like, at least it all goes where it's needed, huh?"

Laurie grunted. Leave it to Jen to think that her ass looked good at this size!

"Like, how about you, Laurie?" Jen grinned. She was barely able to contain her excitement. She knew just from looking at Laurie that she was massive. And once Laurie heard her own weight, she would probably be begging for a mobility scooter!

"Sure, gimme a sec," mumbled Laurie as she downed the rest of her beer. The alcohol was really starting to hit her and her head was swimming. The quarter ton cheer captain struggled to suppress a hiccup as she wobbled to her feet, and slowly staggered over to the scale. She looked like an elephant crossing the savannah.

Jen and Alice winced as Laurie planted one foot, then another upon the scale. The scale creaked and crunched under the cheer queen's massive bulk. The dial started to spin and spin and spin... and spin. And finally, when it seemed like it would never stop, it stopped.

Laurie didn't even both trying to read the dial. Even when she was thin, her pneumatic bosom blocked all view her feet. Now that she was a massive blubbery blob of lard, Laurie knew there was no way in hell she would see anything.

Jen and Alice nearly clunked their heads together in their eagerness to examine the reading. But what they saw absolutely astonished them!

"Laurie, you're... 560 pounds!" said Alice.

"No way!" said Jen, "Is that right?"

"It must be!"

Laurie stumbled backwards as if struck by lightning. What?! How was that possible? Of course, she knew exactly how it was possible. It was because of Frank and Abida. Ever since she had initiated a threesome with those two, Laurie's life had become a non-stop whirlwind of food and sex. She was already ballooning nicely on her own without their help, but now Frank and Abida kept her stuffed to her limits almost 24/7. She couldn't get a moment of peace without one of those two cramming something into her! The worst part, though, was that they were only following her orders. She knew that she could make them stop at any moment just by telling them to back off, but she didn't have the willpower. She looooved the feeling of a full belly, stuffed rock, so grotesquely swollen that she could barely breathe without feeling like she was going to explode. Now the thing that she had so long feared had finally come to pass... she was fatter than both Alice and Jen! She was the fattest of the trio! And not just by a little...by over 50 pounds!

“Um, maybe we should have weighed before we ate tonight?” said Alice. “I bet a lot of that weight is just from tonight’s meal!” She was grasping at straws, true, but she couldn’t help but feel sorry for Laurie. Sure, Laurie had always been super mean to Alice back when Laurie was thin and Alice was pudgy. But now that the tables had turned, Alice was too nice of a person to hold a grudge. After all, how could anyone feel anything for pity for Laurie, a former cheerleading bombshell who had completely let her figure go to pieces? Not even Laurie’s giant jugs could distract from the fact that she had ballooned into an obese, out-of-shape sow.

Jen was less subtle in her reaction. “Dang, Laurie, you’ve, like, kinda porked up lately,” said Jen.

“Jen! Don’t say that!” hissed Alice, shocked that Jen would say something so mean.

“I, like, don’t mean it like that! I mean, you still look good, Laurie! But, like, I bet it’s hard to carry all that good stuff around, right? Like, I bet you wish you could find an easier way...”

Laurie was breathing so hard that she couldn’t reply. Alice and Jen thought that she was winded from the walk to the scale, but the truth was that Laurie was so incredibly turned on to hear about her sky-rocketing weight that she was hyperventilating. Gawd, her pussy was on fire! The threads in her snug satin panties were smooth but even those were too stimulating for Laurie when she was this horny! She was gulping air so frantically that she felt like she was going to blow!

“I... need to sit down,” wheezed Laurie. Her head was spinning, she felt like she was going to faint! Her colossal chest heaved, her breasts rising so dramatically with every ragged breath that they looked like they might just burst the zipper on her track suit!

“Don’t sit on the couch, Laurie!” said Jen suddenly, coming up behind her obese friend to help support her. Gawd, Laurie was super heavy! “I’ve got someplace better for you to sit! Like, I don’t think that couch can hold 560 pounds. But I bet I know something that can!”

“Oh, Jen, I don’t know if this is the right time—“ said Alice.

“What...are you babbling about?” snapped Laurie, sucking in another mouthful of air.

“Well, Alice and I... we got you a little present. We thought ‘Gosh, what would be a good thing for our pal Laurie?’ And then it hit us! We bet Laurie would love it if she didn’t have to always walk everywhere! Like, walking sucks, right? So we got you this!”

With a flourish, Jen threw open the closet door to reveal the mobility scooter. Laurie’s eyes bugged out of her head.

“What...what is that!?”

“It’s, like, a scooter to help you get around!” said Jen, beaming. “It’s sooooo great, want me to show you how it works?”

Jen was too much of a fat bimchette to notice Laurie’s expression, but Alice gulped nervously as Laurie’s plump face went red. Laurie was...full of conflicted emotions! She was, of course, way too proud and haughty to actually admit out loud that she was fat, much less obese, so she was absolutely furious that Jen would even imply such a thing. But at the same time, Laurie was absolutely in love with her growing body, finding every new curve and pound so undeniably erotic that she wanted to explore herself all day. So the fact that her friends had noticed her size and thought she was so enormous that she’d need a special mobility device to get around... Gawd, it was making her even hornier! Her pussy was sopping wet, so much that Laurie felt like she must surely be soaking through the tight fabric of her track pants! It was all she could do to keep from moaning out loud in ecstasy!

“You guys.... Got me a mobility scooter?”

“Yeah, like, isn’t it awesome?! Like, we thought we might get some too... then we could all go rolling together, huh? Like, don’t you think that would be great?”

Laurie sucked in her breath. Somehow that was a relief... If Alice and Jen were thinking of getting them too, then she wouldn’t feel so out of place with her fat ass plopped into the driver’s seat. And... maybe it was the alcohol talking, but Laurie was so horny and happy that she couldn’t be mad.

“I think... I think you two are the best friends a girl could have!” cried Laurie, sloppy tears welling up in her eyes. “I love you both so much!”

“Um, like, are you okay, Laurie?”

“This is suuuuch a great present,” blubbered Laurie, wiping her eyes with one thick arm. “No wonder we’re all besties! We’re all on the same wave-length!”

She lurched to her feet and threw her arms around her two friends, pulling them in close, her blubbering sobs wracking her corpulent body. Alice and Jen exchanged glances again. Yup, this was definitely the alcohol talking. But still, Laurie wouldn’t be able to take these words back when she was sober.

“Sit on it, Laurie! See how it feels!”

“You two are the best friends ever,” gushed Laurie, her enormous frame teetering drunkenly. Blubbering and sobbing, the drunk blimpette staggered over to the scooter, struggled to squeeze her bloated gut behind the handle bars, and plopped her massive ass into the bucket seat. Her 560 pounds worth of blubber bore down on the scooter with intense pressure, making the whole vehicle creak loudly. Laurie’s massive behind overflowed the seat,



two handfuls of butt blubber oozing over each side of the chair. Her gut pushed into the handlebars and Laurie could barely reach them over her own hemispherical hooters. In short, the scooter actually seemed to be too small for her! Jen bit her lip nervously. What was the weight limit on this scooter again? Jen struggled to remember. She hoped that it could carry at least 560 pounds! She would feel awful if Laurie immediately busted her new scooter!

For now, though, it seemed to be holding. And Laurie seemed to be enjoying it. And that meant one thing...

She wouldn't be able to block Jen or Alice from getting scooters of their own! Their dream was finally coming true!

# 70. Laurie

560 pounds! Laurie could scarcely believe it herself. Yet... how could she deny it? Laurie stared at her reflection in the mirror. The obese girl who stared back at her would have been a stranger to her less than a year ago, but now... Laurie couldn't deny that she was fat and getting fatter. All her planning, all her scheming, all those intricate conspiracies to push extra pounds onto her friend Alice so that no one would notice extra pounds creeping onto her own frame... It was all for naught!

Only too recently, Laurie had looked every inch the stereotypical cheerleader captain: A svelte but voluptuous teen bombshell with long raven hair and curves to die for. Not to mention her tits! Ever since puberty first kicked her development into overdrive, Laurie had always been overly proud of her large chest, doing everything that she could to emphasize her extraordinary bustline. When she was thin, she was still buxom, her bouncy twin orbs straining the limits of a Double D bra. But so much had changed recently. First, somehow, somewhere, Laurie had completely lost control of her appetite. It was probably because she spent too much time with her friend and co-captain Jen, who, although also once a sleek but zaftig beauty, was such a mindless snacker that she'd allowed herself to balloon to mammoth proportions.

And then Laurie had met her boyfriend Frank, who only encouraged her bad habits. And then she and Frank had recently added another lover to the mix, Abida. Somewhere along the line, Laurie had made a dangerous discovery. She discovered that she liked to eat. More than that, she LOVED to eat. She loved to be stuffed. She loved to fill her belly until it was round and tight and hot to the touch, so completely crammed with food that it was bursting. Of course, once Laurie started to indulge this strange new desire, it wasn't long before she started to show a new softness around the edges. And she grew softer and softer and rounder and rounder... She was powerless to resist, so at first Laurie thought she could at least distract people from her own burgeoning waistline if she made sure to always stand next to a fatter friend. That's why, with the reluctant help of her friend Jen, she had set her mind on fattening up her teammate Alice. But the bigger Laurie grew, the harder it was to make sure that Alice kept pace. Besides, as Laurie spent more time with Alice and genuinely grew to like the girl, she felt worse and worse about deceiving her naïve teammate.

Laurie turned to the side, grimacing as she noticed that she was simply too big to see her entire reflection in the mirror. Her enormous round belly and fat-laden breasts stuck out too far in front of her, so she had to take several waddling steps away from the mirror to see her full body. Gawd, she was fucking huge! She looked like a cow! Laurie stared at her round face, framed by her raven bangs. At her thick double chin (when did THAT happen?), grown so swollen that it now nearly rested on her chest. And her chest! Her breasts seemed to grow faster than the rest of her, absorbing the lion's share of the excessive calories that she pumped into her growing body, and they were nearly beyond the alphabet now. She could feel her

monster-sized bra pinching her soft undercarriage even now as her titanic tits sloshed back and forth with every wobbling step. Laurie hated looking like a slob; she was one of those prissy girls who always spent hours on her hair and make-up even if she was just making a quick jaunt to the grocery store. But tonight she had made an exception, and she was wearing a relaxed pink tracksuit rather than her usual designer jeans and fashionista ensemble. It was all that she could fit into. Under the combined influence of Frank and Abida's stuffings and her own gluttony at these slumber parties with Jen and Alice, Laurie was ballooning too fast to keep herself clothed. Even now she was bulging out of the once loose tracksuit, the top zipper open over her breasts simply because she couldn't force the tab up any higher. And the hem kept popping up over the arc of her gut, revealing a big slab of gelatinous belly flesh and Laurie's growing lovehandles.

"Shit," mumbled Laurie, reaching down to heft her massive breasts. "I'm so fucking huge."

She bit her lip as her hands nervously moved down, below her breasts, to gently massage the vast globe of her paunch. Damn. She knew she was fat. But this. It was just so hard to believe! What was worse was that she actually liked it. How could that be? Laurie was so conflicted. She still wanted to be the large-and-in-charge cheer captain, the domineering mean girl bully who no one would dare to defy. But she also, loathe as she was to admit it, loved it when Frank and Abida dominated her with food, stuffing her until she was a helpless bloated pig at her absolute limits and then stuffing her even more. It turned her on so much that she was getting moist between her thighs just thinking about it, and Laurie bit her lip to stifle a groan. Ummmm! Laurie sighed wistfully.

But the awful truth was that Laurie wasn't just excited by being stuffed anymore. Her kink was growing, becoming stranger and more extreme. Being stuffed was incredibly erotic for her, but she also loved her blimping body. Every new pound and roll made her weak in the knees... and not just because her fat-swaddled knees were too weak to support her massive weight! She was getting turned on by her weight gain. And to know that she now weighed a staggering 560 pounds! Oh Jeez! Her head went fuzzy at the very thought. Somehow 500 pounds had always been a big landmark in her mind, a point of no return. As her weight steadily climbed, she always told herself that she was safe as long as she stayed under 500 pounds. She could always lose the weight. As long as she stayed under 500 pounds, she wasn't completely surrendered to gluttony. She wasn't beyond help.

But to know that she not only had surpassed 500, but had shot past it by a good 60 pounds!! Jesus! That was already over half way to 600 pounds. 600 pounds! That was unthinkable! And yet... Laurie couldn't keep standing. Her muscles were too weak to support her gargantuan bulk for long periods anymore, so she sagged down into the seat of the mobility scooter that Alice and Jen had so... graciously gifted her this evening. The scooter creaked loudly under her weight, signaling that if Laurie didn't change her ways she probably wouldn't be able to make use of the very long before it simply collapsed under her escalating poundage.

Laurie glanced across the room to where Jen and Alice lay, passed out on the couch. As every week, the three girls had gorged on pizza and chips and snacks until they were ready to explode. It took a lot of food to satiate these growing girls, so every week they seemed to eat more and more. Alice was lying across the couch, her eyes closed and mouth open, snoring loudly, her big bloated belly rising and falling with every wheezing inhale. At her size, it was no wonder that Alice appeared to be in the early stages of severe sleep apnea! Of course, Alice was only 505 pounds. That was positively svelte compared to Laurie! Jen lay flopped on the floor, lying on her stomach with her big fat ass pointing up in the air. Jen weighed only slightly more than Alice at 508 pounds, most of it stored in that famously rotund rump. For too long, Laurie had let herself believe, contrary to all evidence, that there was no way that she could be fatter than either of her two friends. But... she was!

And it was totally fucking hot.

"I'm the fattest," mumbled Laurie to herself, awe in her voice. She squeezed her soft pliable belly flesh between her pudgy sausage-like fingers. Gawd, this was making her so horny. She tried to cross her tree-trunk legs underneath her fat gut, but her legs were too thick and unwieldy to cross anymore. Oof.

Laurie bit her lip. Jeez, she really was getting excited now. Her crotch tingled with rising passion, and she could already feel herself growing moist in her threadbare sweats. She looked over at Alice and Jen again. They were fast asleep. If Laurie just snuck off for a little bit of quality alone time, they wouldn't miss her. Of course, there was only one problem with that idea. Laurie was getting hornier by the second – her breath was already beginning to quicken, her chest rising and falling like a bellows as her heart rate increased – but there wasn't anything that she could do about it! The terrible truth was that Laurie at 560 pounds was finally too fat to masturbate. She could no longer properly reach her vulva over the expanse of her enormous breasts and massive belly. Try as she might, she couldn't stretch enough to reach her pudgy fingers inside herself anymore. And, oh, how she tried! At home, Laurie could still pleasure herself with some help from her toys, but without the extra help she couldn't do anything to relieve the sexual tension. Damn!

At least not alone.

Laurie grunted as she dipped her hand into the front pocket of her sweat top and fished out her mobile phone. She tapped out a text to Frank with her chubby fingers:

FRANK. AT JENS PLACE. COME NOW

She waited a moment for him to reply:

CAN'T, I'M AT PRACTICE

Shit! How could she forget? Frank was at fucking football practice tonight. Gawd, this

was the last thing that she needed! Laurie was furious. How was she supposed to get herself off without her boyfriend? In all honesty, it was probably a good thing that Frank was busy tonight. Ever since the couple had discovered Laurie's stuffing kink, every sex session turned into a feeding session and Laurie was already big enough to burst. She didn't need any extra calories after gorging herself all night with Alice and Jen.

Livid with rage, Laurie tapped out another message:

FUCK PRACTICE. COME HERE & FUCK ME NOW.

She paused. For good measure, she added a couple of heart emojis. Just so that the demand didn't seem... too demanding.

A moment later another text arrived:

TOLD YOU, I'M BUSY. CALL ABIDA.

Laurie groaned. Abida? Sure, the girl made an interesting addition to the couple's trysts, but did she really want to call Abida over alone? That would just be... weird. Then again... Abida had long been absolutely obsessed with Laurie and the girl was willing to do anything that Laurie asked. If Laurie asked her to come over, there was no way that Abida was going to say no. A sly smirk crossed Laurie's fat round face as a devious plan occurred to her. Yes. Yes, she WOULD call Abida over. Abida would come over and do everything that she asked her to. Abida wouldn't be able to resist. And Laurie would simply set her mobile on the bedside table, position it so that the table could take in the full expanse of what was happening, and film it all. Then she would send it to Frank, just to show him what he missed. The nerve of him, rejecting her demands! He would be kicking himself for weeks that he missed out on a night of totally hot sex with two totally hot women!

Well, one totally hot woman and one acceptable woman. Laurie mentally corrected herself. Abida was okay. But the skinny Indian girl certainly didn't possess the ample charms that Laurie did.

No time to lose. She tapped out a text to Abida:

ABIDA. COME TO JEN'S PLACE NOW.

Just to make sure that the signal was clear, Laurie held the phone at arm's length and snapped a couple selfies of herself making duckface before attaching them to a text and sending them to Abida. Using the famous Internet "fat girl" angle de-emphasized Laurie's massive size but did help showcase her fabulously pneumatic bustline. She knew that Abida wouldn't be able to resist that.

It didn't even take a minute before Abida replied.

### ON MY WAY C: <3<3<3

Laurie clucked her tongue in satisfaction. Perfect! Of course, it wouldn't do to have Abida come down to the basement. She might wake Jen and Alice. She needed to get upstairs, to the guest room where Laurie was staying, so that the two could get some privacy. Ugh. Stairs. Laurie hated stairs!

Laurie stifled a groan of annoyance as she pushed herself to her feet, immediately feeling the full weight of her 560 pounds of blubber threatening to pull her to the floor. She planted one foot firmly on the ground, then the other. Slowly, the shockingly obese teen wobbled her way toward the staircase leading out of the basement, every step sending a cascade of ripples through her buttery blubber. Laurie was so fat that she moved slowly and ponderously like a baby elephant. It was hard to believe that only a year ago she had once been a lithe and graceful cheerleader capable of back-flips and cartwheels. Today, Laurie was a mammoth, billowing behemoth of blubber who could barely waddle without breaking a sweat. In fact, sweat was pouring down her rosy flushed cheeks by the time that she'd reach the bottom of the staircase. Even a short walk was enough to leave her completely winded now! Ugh, why did that make her even hornier? Knowing that she was so out of shape, that her excess fat was weighing her down and making even the simplest things impossible, only made Laurie get more excited. Her heart fluttered inside her chest, thumping against her ribcage urgently; if she wasn't so insulated by flab, she almost thought that her run-away heart would be making her ribcage rattle!

Laurie planted her left foot on the first step. Groaning, she lifted her right foot, feeling her entire tremendous body slowly rise up with her. She planted the palms of her chubby hands against the walls of the stairwell to steady herself; her gelatinous flab quivered wildly with the slightest movement, threatening to overwhelm her. Was it even necessary to keep her hands to the walls? Laurie was so big that she could feel her hefty hips brushing the walls, although her view of her lower half was generally blocked by her bountiful bosom and overstuffed love handles.

If the trip to the stairs had been intense, the trip up the stairs was absolute murder! It didn't help that Laurie's belly was still stuffed from tonight's pizza binge, so her thick, fat-swaddled knees collided with the overhang of her bloated gut as she advanced up every step. By the time she burst out into the kitchen, Laurie was exhausted.

"Jesus...I... I need to sit...fuck, I'm so... out of shape..." wheezed Laurie as she tottered forward, her plump hands grasping at one of the wooden kitchen chairs. Her breath coming in ragged pants, Laurie dropped her fat ass into the chair, momentarily forgetting her vast size. She swore under her breath as she felt the chair creak and buckle under her weight, but it held. Shit. She needed to be more careful! She knew that Jen, who packed most of her excess weight into her colossal derriere, liked to spread herself across two chairs to help support her growing bulk. Laurie's butt wasn't nearly as wide as Jen's, but she still considered following her

fat-bottomed friend's example. It would definitely be safer. She wouldn't be running the risk of smashing every chair she sat in if she did that!

"Hello? Who's there?"

Laurie caught her breath as a figure appeared in the kitchen doorway. It was Jen's mom. Mrs. Sarovy fumbled for the light switch, and then goggled at Laurie as light flooded the kitchen.

"Oh Laurie!" beamed Mrs. Sarovy. "I didn't realize it was you! You made such a ruckus coming up the stairs that I thought something must be wrong! Are you okay?"

"I'm...fine, Mrs. Sarovy," said Laurie, her face still red. The titanic teen still hadn't completely recovered from the laborious trek up the stairs. Damn it! Why was Jen's mom up? This was the last thing that she needed! She needed to get rid of her before Abida arrived. Not because Mrs. Sarovy would object to another houseguest, but because Mrs. Sarovy would probably try to feed her! Poor Abida had nearly exploded on her last visit; the slender girl just didn't have the stomach capacity to handle Mrs. Sarovy's relentless feeding sessions. And, besides, how was Abida going to properly pleasure Laurie if she was so bloated and uncomfortable that she just passed out?

"Are you... hungry? Oh you poor dear, did you not get enough to eat at dinner?" Jen's mom said, a worried look on her face. Laurie groaned. Of course! Mrs. Sarovy was always convinced that her guests didn't get enough to eat. That's why Jen was such a blimp! Who wouldn't gain weight in this household? The idea that Laurie could possibly be hungry after all the night's binging and gluttony was ludicrous. Already her sweat top was rising up to reveal a full, fluffy muffintop spilling over the straining waistband of the chunky cheer captain's filling-to-splitting sweatpants.

"Naw, I'm... I'm..." Laurie couldn't bring herself to say it. The truth was, Laurie was still absolutely stuffed. Her entire evening had been filled with nothing but eating! She was stuffed full of food before she arrived for her sleepover with Jen and Alice, and she had done nothing but eat all night long since arriving! Even at 560 pounds, Laurie was looking quite bloated. Her swollen stomach stuck out, round and full, its tightness evident even under her pounds and pounds of soft, squishy flab. But the idea of eating more... Her size was already making her horny, the idea of eating even more was almost making her go into spasms of pleasure!

"Actually, Mrs. Sarovy, I am just a little peckish. I was hoping I could get a little snack if it wasn't any trouble." Laurie smiled sweetly and fluttered her eyelashes innocently. Of course, she knew it was never any trouble for Mrs. Sarovy to feed anyone. The woman practically lived for this.

Mrs. Sarovy sprang into action. "Of course, of course! Goodness, we can't have our guests going hungry! What would people say? I told Jen that she should tell me if you girls

needed any more food, I can't believe that she would forget!"

Chattering endlessly to herself, Mrs. Sarovy bustled her way to the fridge and immediately started pulling out saran-wrapped dishes of leftovers. Laurie's eyes bulged with surprise. She should have expected it, of course, but considering how much Jen's family ate she couldn't believe that there would EVER be any leftovers! Sure, none of them were as big as Jen who now tipped the scales at 508 pounds, but both her parents and her little sister were definitely on the hefty side with hearty appetites to match their sizes. But Mrs. Sarovy was such a relentless old-world feeder that she still made far too much food for even her whole family to finish!

"I've got some meatloaf left over, you like meatloaf, right? And you'll need some mashed potatoes..."

Laurie stared, wide-eyed, at the growing pile of food in front of her. Sweat broke out on her forehead. Oh no. Oh no no no.... This was a terrible mistake! She should have known better. Why did she give Jen's mom an opening? She should have known that Mrs. Sarovy wouldn't be content with just stuffing her, but would literally feed her until she popped. Laurie bit her lip. She placed both hands against the expanse of her vast middle, pressing into the soft flesh to feel her stuffed tight stomach beneath in a desperate attempt to gauge its fullness. It was hard, still full of pizza. But... Laurie couldn't say no to food. No matter how full she was, she was always hungry for more!

"I can't believe I'm doing this," mumbled Laurie as she stabbed her fork into a slice of meatloaf and brought it to her lips. Her eyes rolled back in her head at the thought that she was putting even more food into her already ridiculously overstretched tummy. How much could she actually hold? She was going to find out.

Another bite, then another and another. Laurie started off slow, but she soon hit her pace. Now she was determined to finish. She was going to eat every morsel that Jen's mom put in front of her. She was ready to eat until she puked... or worse! Full slipped ever farther away as the behemoth cheerleader mowed her way through a mountain of leftovers, shoving meatloaf and mashed potatoes and green beans into her mouth with abandon. She didn't even taste what she was chewing. It was all a race to force as much food into her overpacked gullet as she could before her body rebelled. Her belly, a massive boulder of blubber that covered her lap almost to her knees and propped up her fat-bloated knockers, pushed out further and further as Laurie gobbled with abandon, smearing her chubby cheeks with sauce and cream.

"Oof... Gawd... this is soooo good.... Mrs. Sarovy," mumbled Laurie through cheeks filled with food. "I would just... eat... forever... if you let me...."

Laurie was completely lost to sanity now. Somewhere in the very back of her mind, a small quiet voice of logic still protested against Laurie's gluttony. You can't keep eating like this! You're gonna get huge! Huger! How will you cheerlead when you weigh a literal ton? How will



you walk? Where will you find clothes to fit you? Frank and Abida will have to roll you to school! If you keep eating, you're gonna get so big that you just explode!

"Shut up," muttered Laurie, tearing off a bite of cornbread with her perfect white teeth.

"What was that, dear?" said Jen's mom.

"Nothin,'" said Laurie quickly. "I was just talkin' to myself." Laurie could barely breathe she was so absurdly full. Her belly pushed down the overstressed elastic waistband of her sweatpants, causing her pants to slide down enough to show off the top quarter of Laurie's growing backside and just a smidge of chubby butt crack above the band of her creaking undies. Meanwhile her sweat top was pushed up, bunching around her breasts until Laurie was forced to grab the zipper toggle and unzip it completely to give herself some breathing room. "I...can't stop... can't stop... gotta keep... gotta keep eating..."

Laurie felt like a big sloshy water balloon stretched to her limits, but every bite was only making her hornier. Her loins were burning! Underneath the blubbery swell of her massively loaded belly, Laurie rubbed her thicks legs together. She needed to finish everything before Abida arrived.... But if Abida didn't arrive soon, Laurie felt like she was just going to cum all by herself.

"My, my, Laurie, you're starving! Have you even had anything to eat today? A growing girl shouldn't starve herself! It's not healthy," said Mrs. Sarovy. The older woman paused, stepping backward to get a better look at the enormously obese cheerleader in her kitchen. Perhaps for the first time ever, she was having second thoughts about feeding this girl. Mrs. Sarovy was used to watching her victims as they ate; nothing brought her greater joy than to see someone enjoying her cooking! She knew the signs of genuine hunger – she cooed with joy when she watched her daughter Jen shovel food into her fat face with wild abandon. She also knew the signs when Jen was nearing satiety... Jen would slow down, she would moan and belch and hiccup, her chubby round face would turn red, and she would start to complain that she was full. Of course, Mrs. Sarovy didn't think that being full was any reason to stop eating. At least, she usually didn't. But... this was different.

Laurie was obviously full. The buxom diva's breath came in labored gasps as her swollen belly pushed against her lungs. Her face was flushed bright red, her eyes were glazed, sweat was pouring down her cheeks and forehead. By all indications, she should be slowing down now. But Laurie was still gorging herself as eagerly as ever, binging like a woman gone beserk. Mrs. Sarovy had never seen anything quite like it before! In fact, it was a little worrying. She wasn't sure what to make of it!

A sudden knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Sarovy's thoughts.

"Oh, who could that be at this hour?" she said, furrowing her brow. "Wait here, Laurie, I'll go check the door."

“Kay,” huffed Laurie, leaning back in her chair with a low moan. Only after she leaned back did Laurie discover her mistake. Shit! She was so full that once she leaned back, the weight of her massive gut wouldn’t let her lean forward again! Her belly was frigg’in enormous! It was bigger than it had ever been before, a bare beach ball-sized bulge that overwhelmed the stitches on her sweat suit and covered her lap all the way to her knees and beyond. But now that she was leaning back, she couldn’t reach the table anymore! And there was... still... at least... a full plate of mashed potatoes there.... Laurie was no big fan of mashed potatoes but it was more food and she was still desperate to eat everything.

But she was just too stuffed to do anything but lie there like a blob. And that’s exactly what she was doing when Mrs. Sarovy returned with Abida.

“Look, Laurie, it’s one of your little friends! Abida, was it? Oh, you’re all just skin and bones! This just won’t do! Sit down and pull up a plate!”

“I already ate,” said Abida uncertainly. Her eyes were locked on Laurie. She was shocked to see the state of the former hottie. Laurie was bigger than ever, so monumentally bloated beyond belief that she looked like an overstuffed Thanksgiving turkey, her billowing bulging belly exposed, her chubby cheeks and disheveled sweat top covered in crumbs and sauce smears. Laurie’s head lolled back and forth as the jumbo fat girl moaned and whined, her chubby hands rhythmically rubbing her vast gut in a futile attempt to settle its contents. “Are you.. okay, Laurie?”

“I... ate... too much,” puffed Laurie. “I thought... I would... eat everything... before you got here... but...”

She couldn’t say it, but Laurie was almost thankful that it was physically impossible for her to reach the last plate of food. She sure as hell didn’t have the willpower to stop herself, so the only thing saving her from literally bursting was that she was pinned under the weight of her own middle and unable to get up to get more food.

“Oh but you got so close, Laurie!” said Abida, pulling up a chair next to Laurie. She picked up the last plate of mashed potatoes and held it up to Laurie’s face. Laurie stared daggers at Abida. She was furious that Abida was helping her now... but she also kind of wanted it!

“Eat up, Laurie. You know you want to.”

“I...can’t... fit anymore,” snorted Laurie, even as she shoved her face into the plate and began to lick up the mashed potatoes like a pig at the trough. Gawd, she was disgusting! She was a big fat hog! She was beyond help! For so long, Laurie had laughed and snickered at Alice. Alice the fat glutton who couldn’t control herself, who was eating herself fatter and fatter all the time because she just had no restraint! And now look at her! She outweighed Alice by a

good 50 pounds! She was fatter than Alice and stuffing herself just as much. She was just as much a greedy fattypants as Alice ever was!

It took less than a minute for Laurie to gobble up the entire plate of potatoes. Ooooooof, whyyyy. Oh Gawd, oh Gawd, that was too much. Waayy too much! Laurie's overstuffed belly throbbed with a pain she had never known, it hurt soooo bad that Laurie simply knew that this was it. She was going to pop! This was definitely it! She squeezed her eyes shut and grimaced, waiting for the inevitable. She had no one to blame but herself! It's not like she didn't know what she was going. It served her right for being such a gluttonous pig! But she didn't blow. The next thing she knew, Abida was dabbing Laurie's lips with a napkin.

"There, isn't that better?" asked Abida gently. "Had enough to eat, baby?"

"Oof...yes..."

Abida grinned and patted the arc of Laurie's belly. "You sure, fat girl? You fat sexy kitty, you."

Laurie moaned again. Gawd, she was using Frank's term for her! This was driving her crazy. Oooooof she was sooo horny...

"Oh good! I'm so glad that you're here to help Laurie finish. You're going to eat as well, right?" said Jen's mom suddenly. The older woman seemed completely oblivious to the sexual dynamics at play between Laurie and Abida.

"Um... no, I'm fine," said Abida again. "I'm just going to help Laurie go up to her room to get some sleep now."

She leaned close to Laurie and whispered something into her ear that gave her delightfully naughty goose bumps. "And after we get you to your room, that's when I'll eat."

# 71. Alice & Jen

Meanwhile, as Abida struggled to get her lard-filled lover away from the dinner table and Mrs. Sarovy's control, Jen and Alice still slumbered fitfully below. The two chunky cheerleaders sprawled out on the floor, dead to the world, snoring loudly, as their overfilled bellies rose and fell like giant quivering mountains with their every breath. After yet another evening of overindulgence, it was no wonder that they both slept like logs! Yet, even as they slept, they still dreamed...

Alice was over 500 pounds, so there was no denying that she was a big girl. As much as Alice tried to deny her size, there was no longer any way that she could plausibly pretend that she wasn't massively obese. Even if she somehow managed to convince herself that it was totally normal for a teenage girl to constantly pop buttons off of her slacks every time that she sat down or that it was no big deal if her wide hips got stuck in doorways, she still had to reckon with the fact that she and Jen were pushing forward with a plan to convince their doctors to prescribe them mobility scooters to deal with their... overwhelming corpulence. How could she face a doctor and say that she needed a scooter to help her move around because she was simply too fat and lazy to walk and then try to deny that she was fat? It was impossible. Jen might be perfectly happy to admit that she was a blimp, but Alice still felt a few lingering qualms about wholeheartedly embracing her inner hog.

In her dream, Alice still carried every ounce of her 505 pounds. She was a big blubbery roly poly chubbette with massive thighs and thick legs holding up an enormously round body, a belly so big that Alice was taller lying down than she was standing up, and a pretty round double-chinned face framed by blond bangs. Her clothes barely fit her. Alice's striped polo shirt strained at the seams, small tears visible at her sides where her pale fat bubbled through. The shirt no longer covered Alice's giant middle, barely fitting as a crop top across her ample boobs and leaving her thunderously giant blubber belly bare. Under her belly, Alice's cargo pants barely buttoned around her waist. She no longer wore a belt, since she had long ago grown too vast for any belt she owned to cinch around her waist.

Alice imagined herself back in her own house, lounging in the recliner in front of the television, flipping through channels with a bored look on her face. Why wasn't there ever anything good on TV? Gawd, she was soooo bored! The behemoth teen heaved a heavy sigh... but then something moving in the corner of her vision caught her attention.

Alice rubbed her eyes and blinked in surprise. Was she seeing things? What was going on? All of a sudden, she was surrounded by small chubby gray creatures, tittering and giggling. Alice's jaw dropped as the creatures poked and prodded her exposed flab with glee.

"Who are you guys?" asked Alice. "What are you doing in my house?"

“We’re the Munchies!” sang the creatures. “We make you munch even when you’re not hungry!”

On cue, Alice’s belly gurgled loudly.

“But sounds like you ARE hungry!” said one of the munchies, giggling as he poked a stubby finger into the soft overhang of Alice’s rotund gut. “That’s even better! Don’t worry, Alice, we’ll make sure that you get plenty to eat!”

Two of the Munchies jammed down on the lever to the recliner, pushing Alice up into a sitting position, before two more grabbed her arms and helped her to her feet.

“C’mon, Alice, we know you’re feeling bored and blue! But come with us, we’ll find something to do!”

Alice tried to protest, but the Munchies just grabbed her hands and pulled her toward the kitchen, chuckling and snickering at Alice’s every lumbering step.

“Oh no, I don’t think you guys understand,” said Alice sharply as she watched the Munchies pull the fridge door open and start pulling out Tupperware containers filled with leftovers. “My mom is gonna kill me if she finds out that I’ve been snacking between meals! She already thinks I’m too... uh... plump.”

“Alice, you’re far past plump; you’re downright obese!” sang the Munchies gleefully. “But we’ll still help that waist increase!”

“Obese?! Hey, that’s not nice! You guys don’t have to be mean about it!” Alice’s chubby cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. She got enough ribbing about her size from her mother and her friends at school. She didn’t need it from these Munchies too! Instinctively, Alice grabbed the hem of her shirt and tried to pull it down over her gut without success. All she managed to do was pop a few threads along her shirt’s side seam.

“C’mon, Alice, open up! It’s time to eat, it’s time to sup!”

Alice licked her lips as one of the creatures held a massive ice cream sundae, slathered with chocolate syrup and doused with fluffy whipped cream, up to her chubby face. She wondered: Where did he get that from? Surely there hadn’t been a fully made ice cream sundae just stashed in the fridge... Come to think of it, how did all that food ever fit into the fridge? The Munchies appeared to now be carrying far more treats and snacks that could ever have squeezed into one refrigerator!

“Hmm, this looks delicious,” said Alice, “But I really shouldn’t... I have been getting a little chubby lately...”

“C’mon, you know you want to!” cheered the creature, motioning for Alice to start eating. He needn’t have bothered. Alice already had her spoon at the ready, dipping into the yummy confection and bringing the first bite to her eager lips.

“Munch, munch, what a yummy treat! Munch it up, you love to eat!” sang the munchies.

“Mmm, it is very good,” said Alice, dropping the empty bowl onto the table. Already, the Munchies were swarming over her, each one waving some new treat in her face. How could she resist?

“Pick mine! Pick mine!” cried each Munchie.

“One at a time, please!” said Alice weakly, yet she accepted every plate given to her until her arms were filled with desserts and she struggled to juggle the platters.

“You love to munch like a greedy pig!” sang the Munchies, “Now see why your belly got so big!”

“Let’s get you back to your seat! So that you can relax and eat!”

Now the Munchies were gently leading Alice back to her recliner as popped treats into her mouth without a second thought. The Munchies helped her to squeeze her wide bottom back into the recliner’s bucket seat before plopping a pie tin into her lap.

“A slice of pie would hit the spot! Eat it up while it’s still hot!”

“Hmm, so good...” said Alice as she scooped up the gooey pie with her pudgy fingers and shoved it into her mouth. “I guess I could stand to have a little snack...”

It didn’t take long before Alice was gobbling and guzzling with abandon. It was no surprise! Alice was, after all, a complete gluttonous piggy who never needed an excuse to indulge. And with the Munchies ferrying a steady stream of delectable treats to her chair, Alice was free to eat and eat and eat, never pausing to wonder why the Munchies were so insistent on feeding her.

As she ate, her enormous beach ball of a belly grew bigger and bigger and rounder and rounder, filling up with food like a balloon being filled with air. But the hefty hoggette barely even paused in her binge to notice that her cargo pants were growing tighter and tighter around her overloaded paunch.

The button on Alice’s cargo pants was under obscene amounts of pressure as her belly swelled outwards with every bite, pulling the waist of her cargo pants tighter and tighter. It bit cruelly into the gluttonous teen’s soft yielding blubber, but every second that passed, and every

bite consumed, pushed that button closer and closer to its inevitable demise. Alice was not going to stop eating anytime soon. As long as the Munchies kept bringing her tasty treats, she was going to keep eating... and eating... and eating..

“Oof,” huffed Alice, mopping her brow with one thick arm. “I’m... starting to get full... I don’t know... if I can eat... anymore...”

“Nonsense!” said the Munchies, “You just need to get your second wind!”

Together, several Munchies grabbed hold of the lever at the side of the recliner and gave it a hard yank. The chair reclined suddenly and Alice fell backwards with a yelp.

“Hey!” she gasped, “Careful! That scared me! Oof, and you jostled my tummy...”

“But you’ve got more room to grow now!” cheered the Munchies. It was true. In a reclining position, Alice’s overstuffed abdomen was no longer pressing so hard on her lungs. It felt like she had more room now!

Another slice of pie, another platter of cookies... Alice couldn’t stop herself! Until finally...

BANG! Alice was no stranger to busting buttons. It happened to her more often than she liked to admit. Alice was such a glutton that she rarely owned a pair of pants or shorts longer than a week before she suffered some sort of wardrobe malfunction. She might split her seat when she bent over or she might bust her zipper off its tracks when she inhaled too deeply... but most of all, she popped buttons. After a big meal, she would hear that familiar pip! sound that indicated that, once again, she had indulged too much.

But this... Alice had never burst her buttons with such force! Her cargo pants had struggled valiantly to hold in her ballooning belly, but it was no use. When they finally blew apart, the explosion had so much force that Alice’s gut trembled violently, like a mountain in an earthquake, as it burst out to its full size.

“Oh no,” said Alice, stifling a soft burp as she struggled to see over the arc of her tremendous tummy. It was no use, all she could see were her own boobs and belly blocking her view of her waistline, though she could feel the sudden slack around her middle that indicated without doubt that she had blown another button to kingdom come. “Oh no, I’m popping my buttons...”

“You munched all day like a glutton!” sang the Munchies, “Now looks like you’ve popped your button!”

“It’s not funny,” huffed Alice in annoyance, but, even as she said it, she reached out to accept another platter piled high with lemon squares from the closest Munchie and popped the

first into her mouth.

Click. The first zipper tooth under Alice's missing button let go as her stomach puffed out.

"I really need to cut back," mumbled Alice through a mouthful of zesty lemon treat. "But maybe just a couple more..."

It was always "just a couple more" for Alice, a greedy little plumper who never knew her own limits. That was why she had ballooned to over 500 pounds, constantly adding more inches of soft jiggling blubber to her already vast waistline because she could never resist a tempting treat. She would never refuse anything sweet placed in front of her, so Alice was destined to grow ever bigger and wider. The longer that she refused to face the extent of her gain, the bigger she would grow. It was a miracle that Alice could still waddle these days, but there would probably come a day, sooner rather than later, that the expanding teen would become so round that she would need her boyfriend to roll her to school. She already relied on her boyfriend Tyler to help her with small tasks that were too troublesome for a girl of Alice's size. She needed him to help her tie her shoes, because Alice was too fat to reach over her belly anymore. She couldn't even see her feet, so how could she be expected to tie her own shoes? Getting out of bed was getting harder and harder everyday, so Alice really preferred the days when Tyler spent the night... since he could help hoist her massive bulk out of bed the next day! Alice was definitely going to grow too fat to even walk one of these days... if she didn't explode first!

But all that was just a distant hazy memory for Alice now, because she was way too focused on enjoying the Munchies' feast.

Click, click, click... the sound of Alice's zipper slowly sliding down was like the ominous ticking of a clock counting down as Alice's bloated belly grew ever bigger and rounder.

"Come on Alice, fill your gut! Grow those thighs, build that butt!"

"Stop teasing me," huffed Alice, slightly annoyed as she squirmed in her seat, trying to get more comfortable as the load of her bloated belly bore down on her. Even if she didn't appreciate the Munchies' running commentary, she still didn't stop eating. Alice had actually been kind of hungry when this whole feeding adventure started – that was unusual, because Alice rarely went long enough between meals to ever feel genuinely hungry. At best, she mostly just felt less full. The moment that any room opened up in her enormous globe of a gut, she was immediately fill it with snacks and junk food. But today, she actually had been hungry. But not anymore. Now she was full, her stomach puffed out with way too much junk food. Yet Alice was still eating. She didn't need the Munchies to feed her, she would have been just as gluttonous if she was left to her own devices. But the Munchies gave her a convenient excuse to keep gorging...



“C’mon, stop bringing me so much food! I really shouldn’t eat like this... I really need to lose some weight,” complained Alice. But she made no effort to resist the Munchies’ enticements. Indeed, she eagerly accepted everything that they handed to her. “You guys are gonna make me get fat!”

“Don’t want to eat? What does it matter?” sang the Munchies. “You’re already fat! We’ll just make you fatter!”

Click, click, click... the zipper slipped down three more notches as Alice popped a chocolate tart between her glossy pink lips and murmured in contentment.

“At least... slow down... so I can taste stuff...” mumbled Alice. Laurie loved to eat for the sexual pleasure of being overstuffed, Jen was a mindless muncher who ate without thinking, but Alice was the real gaining gourmand of the trio. True, she tended to eat way too much way too fast, but she was the one who most loved the delectable taste of rich food. Alice looooved to savor the decadent creaminess of fudge, the succulent sweetness of chocolate, the perfect combination of flavors that went with a good meal. Sweets were her biggest weakness, but Alice could appreciate almost any medley of flavors. Everything just tasted so good! How could a girl resist?

Click, click... Alice sucked sticky glaze off her fingers without a second thought, barely cognizant of the constant clicking of her defeated zipper. She didn’t pay that noise any mind, even though it should have been a clear signal. Alice was rapidly outgrowing her last, biggest pair of pants in real time. She hadn’t just burst her button, she was pushing the fly to its absolute limits. Soon her belly would be so big that buttoning her pants wouldn’t be the only impossibility. When faced with a button that refused to quite reach into its buttonhole, Alice could always comfort herself by reminding herself that at least she could still raise up her zipper. If she could heft that zipper tab high enough, she could still (conceivably) pull her shirt down over her waist to hide the fact that her pants wouldn’t button. But not anymore! The next time that she tried to pull her zipper up, it would absolutely refuse to budge – blocked by a solid wall of belly blubber! If she didn’t halt her binging soon, she wouldn’t even be able to get these pants up around her thighs next time that she went to get dressed!

Click, click, CLICK! Finally, the zipper tab reached the end of its trail, bumping the very bottom of the zipper and leaving the flaps of Alice’s cargo pants fly wide open. Her belly, an enormous swollen mountain of flab, bulged out proudly. The waistband of Alice’s overstretched panties, visible through the gap of her open pants, were rolled down so far by her bloated gut that the first few curls of her blond pubic hair were visible, peeking over the straining elastic.

Alice was absolutely 100% stuffed, crammed as full as a Thanksgiving turkey and barely able to even move. The Munchies stood back, giggling, and surveyed their handiwork. Alice dumbly nibbled on the remnants of yet another cookie, her eyes glazed, her jaw moving mechanically like a dumb cow chewing its cud. She was so stuffed that she could barely even think straight.

“Hey there, Alice, you’re looking pretty stuffed? Needless to say, that’s got us chuffed!”

Alice opened her mouth to respond, but all that came out was a sudden hiccup followed by a loud moan. Oooof, she was sooo full!

Alice lay in her reclining chair, pinned under the swell of her giant gut bloated to the size of a hot air balloon, moaning and hiccupping from the pain of her fullness, while the Munchies danced around her prone form and sang:

Hello Alice, you’re getting quite chubby,  
Hips getting hefty and bottom getting tubby,  
But the part that makes us munchies so jelly,  
It’s the size of that gargantuan belly!  
Feeding it full of cakes and pie a la mode  
Getting so big you’re gonna explode!  
Munching like a pig and you just can’t stop  
Til your waistbands strain and your stitches go pop!  
You can suck it in with all of your might  
But it’s the reason your clothes are getting so tight!  
We make you munch in a gluttonous trance  
Now you can’t button your shorts or zip up your pants!  
You can’t fill your hunger or slake your thirst  
So enjoy! Munch away! Hope you don’t burst!

Poor Alice! Back in the real world, she burped softly in her sleep and rolled over, her massive belly rolling with her like an avalanche. Next to her, Jen was also snoring loudly. The bottom-heavy bimbo was dreaming as well...

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“So! You’re the three agents that thought you could stop my evil plan? I guess you were no match for Dr. Abida Bittersweet!” Abida threw back her head and laughed. The slender Indian girl was dressed in a white apron and chef’s toque, chuckling as her minions carted brightly colored boxes of highly addictive cookies across the warehouse behind her. Before her stood a large machine with three girls strapped to gurneys, each one struggling futilely.

“You’re never going to get away with this!” snapped Laurie. The buxom raven-haired beauty wore a lime green spandex catsuit that barely stretched around her magnificent curves. In fact, it looked like it was designed for a much smaller girl, so much so that the material looked ready to burst across the vast expanse of Laurie’s monumental bosom.

“Yeah, we’ll find a way to stop you!” agreed Alice. The fat blonde wore a yellow spandex jumpsuit similarly stretched around her middle.

The third member of the trio seemed less belligerent. Jen wore a red spandex jumpsuit that clearly was not up to the task of covering its colossally bottom-heavy occupant. In general, all three girls looked like they desperately needed to make a visit to their tailor for some alterations – and fast, before they had some extremely embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions!

“Um... like, yeah, what they said!” agreed Jen. “But, like, do you have any more of those cookies to spare? I could totally go for just a snack!”

“Jen!” Laurie shot her colossal cohort a poisonous look. “Stay focused! We’re not here to snack! We’re here to save the world from chocolate annihilation!”

“Yeah... but... like, they’re so tasty!” whined Jen. She licked her lips hungrily. “I, like, don’t know how you two can think about stopping Dr. Bittersweet while there’s still cookies to be eaten!”

Laurie and Alice exchanged exasperated glances.

Abida laughed. “You three are ridiculous! You really think you fatsos can do anything to stop me now? Look at you! You’re as big as whales and you haven’t even had to face my most diabolical invention yet!”

“Ooo, that, like, sounds bad!” said Jen nervously.

“It is bad! But I’ll get to that in just a moment. First, my evil plan to flood the world market with my highly-addictive, highly-fattening Passion Patty treats is going swimmingly! Soon every woman in the world will be a giant blob of lard! They made a real mistake when they thought that three cheerleaders-turned-teen secret agents could stop me! One taste of my Passion Patties and you were just as addicted as any victim! You’ve all ballooned up into absolute hogs of your own accord, stuffing your faces with my Passion Patties and I didn’t have to lift a finger! Especially you, Jen!”

Chuckling, Abida patted Jen on her tree trunk-sized leg, watching with amusement as the juicy caboose’d cheer blimp’s soft flesh wobbled in response. “Yes, you’re all weak-willed little gluttons, but Jen, you really take the cake!”

“Um, like, thanks!”

“It’s not a compliment, you fat bimbo!” snapped Abida. “It’s the whole reason that you three completely failed at your mission and fell into my trap! And now all that remains for me to do is to dispose of you once and for all!”

“Um, I don’t suppose we can get a snack while you’re, like, talking?” said Jen hopefully. The blubbery babe squirmed in her bindings. Gawd, this spandex catsuit was suuuuper uncomfortable! It was skintight to begin with, but now... oof, it felt like wearing a whole body girdle! The clingy spandex really left nothing to the imagination, revealing every roll and dimple on Jen’s over 500 pound body, riding up her rear between her cannonball-sized butt cheeks and even sliding up her crotch to give her severe camel toe. Not to mention that breaking into Dr. Bittersweet’s lair had required a lot of walking, so Jen was super sweaty and achey now... and the red spandex stuck to her sweaty skin! This was a total nightmare! She totally needed to change clothes as soon as she could find something a little less restrictive around the hips and booty. Leave it to Jen to think about clothes when the fate of the world was at stake!

“Now this little machine that I’ve got you all strapped in, you’ve probably wondering what this is? Well, I call it The Feeder, just a little something I whipped up in my spare time. Since you three all clearly like chocolate so much, this will feed you chocolate until you explode!”

“Oo! Chocolate! Yummy!” said Jen.

“No! It’s not yummy! It’s death by chocolate!” said Abida, annoyance in her voice. “I’ve had enough of your ditziness! Now enjoy your chocolate! Have as much as you can hold!”

Jen licked her lips eagerly as a hose descended from the ceiling and plugged itself into Jen’s mouth. Almost immediately, the fat bimbo tasted the first deluge of chocolate as the machine began to pump fattening liquid chocolate into her.

“I thought... wait... the machine was different in the cartoon,” said Alice dubiously as a second hose dropped from the ceiling and shoved into her mouth. All protests evaporated as the first taste of chocolate hit her tongue. Her eyes rolled back in her head with pleasure and she began sucking down the tasty mixture.

“Yeah, well, the old version was inefficient. Why would I build a machine with a single arm that would have to take turns feeding each of you? Why not just feed you all at the same time and save some time? Right, Laurie?”

Laurie was going to make some snarky comment but her voice was muffled by a third hose.

“Haha! Bon appetite, girls!” laughed Abida, rubbing her hands together in glee as she watched her handiwork. The effects of the chocolate sludge were immediately apparently even on the bodies of these three grossly overweight heifers. Three tummies bulged forward, straining against the stitchery of their already overfilled catsuits, but the girls were powerless to do anything but gulp and grow.

Jen, for one, didn’t care. She just loved to eat and eat and eat and this was the perfect

excuse to stuff her face! She was gulping chocolate as fast as she could, eagerly sucking on the hose like a fat baby sucking on a teat. Her fat belly at first sloshed as each swallow forced more liquid chocolate into her body, but soon her tummy grew round and hard as it filled up. Jen couldn't care less! She was only dimly aware in the very back of her mind of Abida's dire warning, that this machine was designed to fill her so full that she would eventually just burst. What did she care? As long as it meant that she got to taste more heavenly chocolate! Oooohhh it was soooo good! Jen's little sister Jesse liked to tease her pear-shaped older sister that her constant gluttony would eventually be her undoing, that Jen would one day eat one bite too many and simply explode like a giant fat-filled bomb, but Jen didn't put much stock in those silly warnings. Now, though, those warnings didn't seem so silly.

Her bloated belly gurgled and grumbled as it grew, swelling under her red spandex like an inflating air mattress, the red fabric making Jen more and more resemble a ripening tomato on the vine. Across from her, her two friends were also lost in the ecstasy of gorging. All three girls lay still and silent, not even bothering to struggle as they guzzled and glugged themselves with abandon.

Abida chuckled. "Wow, most girls at least try to struggle. But you three... wow, you're just too gluttonous to even pretend to resist! Wow, at this rate, I really don't know how long you're gonna last. I should probably just go hide behind that blast shield. Wouldn't want to, er, get any stains on my nice clean labcoat when you three finally blow."

Jen didn't even care. Abida's voice was like distant mumbling, all Jen cared about was more, more, more chocolate! Her tummy bulged and billowed, growing before her eyes like a rising mountain of dough, the fabric of her red suit stretching tighter and tighter but also thinner and thinner until it was almost transparent. Jen was only vaguely aware when the first threads started to pop along her sides. She knew that her red spandex catsuit was specially designed by the top minds at spy headquarters to withstand all sorts of stresses, but apparently the top designers had not anticipated anything like this! But who could blame them? Who would ever have thought that the agency would be relying on teen spies who would so eagerly eat themselves round? The popping threads turned into one long tear as the stretchy uniform finally came apart at the seams, rending itself to shreds as Jen's bulging balloon belly blew from its confines. Jen only vaguely registered the explosion of her outfit, but, for her, that just meant less pressure on her expanding gut and more room to grow!

"Oh my goodness, what a fat greedy cow!" laughed Abida, now monitoring the three prisoners through a window from the next room. "I can't believe that you just burst your catsuit! How embarrassing for you! Well, no matter. You won't have to feel embarrassed for long."

She paused, chuckling to herself, as a second long loud RIIIIIPPP signaled that Alice's spandex catsuit had also given up the ghost, followed by the steady POP POP POP of Laurie's stitches failing. Now all three girls were free to grow even faster, three big round chocolate filled tummies rising, growing, ballooning. Three fat tummies gradually flushing a deep rosy pink from the strain, then an alarming red as they continued to grow, edging closer and closer to

detonation point. How much chocolate could these three corpulent cuties actually hold? Their capacity was impressive, but Abida wasn't about to give up. She had an unlimited supply of liquid chocolate and she intended to keep pumping it into them for as long as it took.

Jen's cheeks bulged as she sucked and sucked and sucked, her mind occupied with nothing but the prospect of filling her over-stretched belly with as much chocolate as possible. She knew, deep down, that she was only hurting herself, that eventually she would reach her limits. But she didn't care! What did the future matter? What did she care about the inevitable end? If she was going to explode, it just meant that she needed to guzzle down as much chocolate as possible while she still could before the inevitable—

**KABOOM!!!!**

The whole lab shook as Jen finally reached her limit and exploded like a water balloon filled with chocolate. Her end came only moments before two more earth-shattering KABOOMS from her nearest neighbors, but Jen didn't notice that.

Back in real life, Jen grunted in her sleep. A little smile played across her lips as she thought about all that chocolate, the rest of her dream already only a distant memory.

# 72. Laurie

“Gawd, Laurie, how much did you eat?”

Abida grunted as she struggled to help Laurie raise her foot to reach the next step. These stairs were absolute murder for a girl in Laurie’s state! First of all, Laurie was so absolutely stuffed, so grotesquely bloated beyond all reason, that she could barely move, barely breathe, barely even speak... all she could do was moan and grunt and belch as Abida pushed against her, her hands sinking into the soft flesh of Laurie’s back, trying to keep the swollen sweetie was simply falling backwards. (Luckily, Laurie’s enormous breasts and belly provided a natural counterbalance that kept her upright even in her dopey, dazed food stupor state.) Secondly, even if Laurie hadn’t been stuffed beyond all belief, she was still over 500 pounds. So getting up stairs would have been difficult in even the best of circumstances.

“Too...much... food,” muttered Laurie, her voice trailing off as she seemed to be on the verge of falling asleep. “Can’t... can’t eat... anymore...”

A loud belch escaped her lips. Gawd, she was so full... after an evening of eating... and eating... and EATING... Laurie was finally at her limits. There was absolutely no way that she could eat even a single bite more. She was packed. Stuffed. Glutted. Pushed to the limit. She was so bloated that she felt like a megaton bomb about to explode. She looked like a Thanksgiving turkey stuffed to the brim. Her belly protruded a good four feet in front of her, so huge and round that she could even see it past the apex of her ginormous breasts. Laurie could feel her pink tracksuit stretched tight around her globular body, the hem of her top bunched up under her behemoth boobs and leaving her beach ball-sized belly completely bare. Her gut was so tight and round that it really DID look like a beach ball! Gawd.... Ooof... why did she eat so much? First she ate before she came over... then she stuffed herself at the sleepover with Jen and Alice... then she let Mrs.Sarovy stuff her again! Laurie couldn’t help it. She was a helpless greedy glutton, but she also couldn’t stop getting sooo incredibly turned on by both the feeling of a super-full tummy but also the idea that she was constantly growing fatter and fatter. And the tingle between her fat flabby legs, the growing moistness in her absurdly stretched and tearing panties drove her to keep eating and eating and eating far beyond her limits, til she was certain that she was simply going to burst like a balloon, but even then she couldn’t stop...

“One more step, Laurie, you can do it,” said Abida. The slender Indian girl was doing all she could to encourage Laurie, but she was at the end of her rope. Maneuvering the teenage blimp up the stairs was no easy task, especially since Laurie was so drunk and unsteady and her wide hips kept grazing the walls, but finally it looked like the end was in sight.

Laurie raised her foot and dropped it on the landing of the second floor.

“Come on, girl, let’s get you to your room,” said Abida, gently placing her hands on Laurie’s shoulders and guiding her down the hallway. Abida tried to keep her voice low and soothing, desperate not to betray her own excitement. OH. MY. GAWD!!!! For months, Abida had watched Laurie from afar, pining for a chance to be with the buxom raven beauty, always doing everything that she could to catch Laurie’s attention. And now? Now she was basically Laurie’ caregiver, as Laurie grew way too fat and clumsy to take care of herself. The once dominant cheer captain was increasingly reliant on help from others – from her own mother, from her boyfriend Frank, and from Abida – to do even simple things like, for example, climbing the stairs. She was eating herself into absolute helpless obesity, but she just couldn’t stop... and what was more she just didn’t seem to care.

“C’mon, let’s get you through the door. Oops! Looks like you’re too wide in the bottom now, Laurie,” said Abida, keeping up a running stream of consciousness monologue as she moved her chubby charge into the Savory’s guest bedroom. Laurie’s hips bumped into the doorframe. Apparently she literally WAS too fat to fit through the door now. “Oh dear, and I thought that any house that was built to accommodate Jen’s monster booty wouldn’t have any trouble accommodating you. But guess I was wrong! Guess you’re just too fat now, Laurie.”

Abida chuckled, but Laurie just groaned. Not a groan of pain, but a groan of lust, of barely contained desire. Damn. For so long, Abida had played the good submissive, ever attentive, ever giving, but now that she actually possessed Laurie she was quickly growing into her new role as a dom. She was surprised by how natural it felt and, what was more, how much she enjoyed it. She loved teasing Laurie, reminding Laurie of how she had once been a queen bee cheer captain but was now nothing more than an overstuffed porker.

“Abida... I’m... 560 pounds.”

“What was that?” Abida leaned her chin on Laurie’s shoulder, pressing close to the ballooning babe from the back, feeling the flesh of Laurie’s growing rear press into her body.

“Tonight... we weighed...me... I’m... 560 pounds...”

“Damn, Laurie, you’re....you’re really huge!” Abida sucked in her breath and bit her lip. “I knew you were getting fat but... wow. I never thought, I never dreamed that you’d get THIS big. Damn, girl, you know what that means? You better enjoy this waddle you’re having right now, cuz soon you won’t even be able to do that. Soon you’re gonna have to spend all your time in bed, just eating and getting... bigger. But don’t worry, you’ll always have Frank and me to take care of you. We’ll bring you all the schoolwork you miss, so you won’t have to worry about a thing while you’re here, in your bed, like a big fat blob... c’mon, fatso, let’s turn you around and see if we can fit you through the door sideways. Oh dear, I hope that works. If it doesn’t, then what are we gonna do with you? Hmm, when you’re sideways, your boobs and belly stick out so far. Suck in that gut for me, will you, Laurie? Oh what’s that? You’re too full? Oh dear, that’s gonna make this hard. I guess we’ll just have to squeeeeeeze you through.”



Laurie moaned as Abida shoved her through the doorway sideways, her belly and tits squishing against the doorframe with such force that Laurie started to groan in a mixture of pleasure and pain – but the groan turned into a loud burp as the squeeze forced gas from her distended stomach.

“Let’s get you on the bed,” said Abida.

Laurie didn’t need to be told twice. She collapsed onto the bed, all 560 pounds of her monumental bulk crashing upon the mattress in a tidal wave of overfed teenage blubber.

“Undress...undress me...can’t...oof,” mumbled Laurie. Her track suit was barely holding together. Her top was little more than a croptop now, rolled up to fit as a tight roll across her billowing bra-busting boobs, leaving the heaving globe of her drum-tight paunch exposed. Her sweat pants were pushed so far down by her gut that Abida could see a few curls of Laurie’s pubic hair poking out over the waistband. But even so, Laurie was so full that her clothes were putting painful pressure on her food-stuffed middle. Even her panties felt like they were cutting her in half!

“Come on, fatso, work with me,” said Abida, pushing her hands into Laurie’s side to help turn the overly voluptuous vixen onto her back. It took a few minutes but eventually Laurie was laying on her back, her belly and breasts towering above her like mountains. Oof... this was actually really uncomfortable for poor Laurie! Her enormously stuffed gut pressed down on her lungs, making it hard to breathe in anything more than short gasps. But this was the best position for Abida to do her work. The smaller Indian girl immediately set to work undressing her friend, grabbing hold of the overstressed elastic waistband of Laurie’s tight sweats and slowly wriggling it over her thick thunder thighs and down her chubby legs. Laurie’s swollen stomach popped free as it escaped from the restrictive material, plumping to its full true size as Abida released it. Damn. She could tell that Laurie was big but she looked even bigger without her sweat pants helping to retrain her just a little bit.

“There, isn’t that better?” said Abida, smiling. Laurie’s underwear was buried between the big girl’s massive rolls of flab, but what little cotton fabric was visible to the naked eye was obviously under tremendous pressure. It was only a miracle that Laurie hadn’t already snapped her waistband. Abida dropped the pink sweatpants on the floor, marveling at just how massive they truly were. Abida could fit twice into each leg! Not to mention the fact that, after straining to hold in Laurie’s bulk, the sweat pants were completely stretched out – the stitching down the legs was loose and Abida could see several ragged holes where the seams had completely blown out – so the pants looked even bigger! Jesus, Abida simply couldn’t wrap her head around how absolutely massive Laurie really was! To think, a year ago Abida was simply fascinated by Laurie because she was a voluptuous domineering cheerleader with a great full pair of perky tits. But now... Now she was finding herself excited beyond all reason by Laurie’s gradual transformation from a sexy haughty queen bee into a bloated helpless blimp! It was truly a marvel to behold!

“Gotta get your top off too,” said Abida. “Could you raise up a little?”

Laurie grunted and burped softly. “No... can’t... move...”

Abida sighed. Even when she was a helpless immobile blob, Laurie continued to be demanding.

“I guess I’ll have to do it for you,” said Abida. She shoved a pillow under Laurie’s back to help prop her up a little. Then she leaned over and, not even pretending that she was trying to avoid touching Laurie’s chest, grabbed hold of the zipper toggle and unzipped Laurie’s sweat top, allowing the buxom behemoth’s oversized knockers to spill out and slap against the shelf of her gut.

As Abida pulled away the sweat top, she took a step back to appreciate the sight before her. Laurie was absolutely massive beyond belief, a big bloated blubber-pumped flesh balloon, filling her bed like an overstuffed bean bag, wearing nothing but her panties and a stretched cotton undershirt, already splitting at the seams with the pressure of holding in Laurie’s gargantuan pontoons. Laurie’s breasts kept pace as her biggest assets as she grew, so now she was once again overflowing her latest brassiere. Abida could see the outlines of the poor abused bra through Laurie’s undershirt, the flesh of her soft round breasts swelling out of the cups like bread dough rising in an oven. And the rest of her was huge too! She had practically outgrown her bed; her love handles sagged over either side of the bed, which creaked and groaned under her massive weight. It wouldn’t be long before Laurie would have to switch to sleeping on a futon, just because no bed would be able to support her obscene bulk without buckling!

Next Abida had to roll the hem of Laurie’s undershirt up on over her belly. And then, of course, those giant tits were still restrained – barely – in Laurie’s overwhelmed brassiere. Abida remembered the day that she had helped Laurie to pick it out. Of course, it fit her much better back then; Abida prided herself on always helping her customers to find the best fit for their bodies. Even extreme bodies like Laurie’s. How long ago was that? Just a couple weeks, right? That monster bra, a creaking behemoth of straps and girders and underpinnings all designed to hoist and bolster breasts so massive that they would, unfettered, nearly sag to the floor. This was a bra that was not designed for a teenage girl, but a much, much, much more mature woman. And yet now Laurie was overflowing it, her enormous pontoons rising and falling with her every labored breath, the soft flesh bulging out of the cups like two hot air balloons straining to burst free and rise skyward. Abida was half afraid to even try to remove the bra, knowing that the undergarment must be under such extreme stress that it was likely to explode as she tried to release the pressure. But she couldn’t just leave it on Laurie now, could she?

“Come on, we’re almost done,” said Abida, sliding her small hands under Laurie’s fleshy back in search of the bra clasp. It was there, buried within her folds of flab, and it was so taut that Abida could barely get her fingers around the buckle. Almost, almost...

“Ugh...get it off,” mumbled Laurie thickly, her demand punctuated by a soft burp. Gawd, she was so fucking stuffed. Laurie couldn't think straight, so she barely reacted when Abida finally got the clasp open and the overstretched brassiere burst off of her and flew across the room, hitting the opposite wall with a loud slap. Laurie's freed knockers spilled out like two billowing beanbag chairs, falling to either side of her mountainous gut.

“Thank Gawd,” sighed Laurie as Abida let her fall back into the bed. “I can't take... the pressure... oof... I'm so... so tight...”

“We're not done yet,” said Abida, her eyes falling on Laurie's downstairs. The fat girl was almost nude now, but her panties still clung to her body, buried under the rolls and folds of her blubbery flanks. “I bet that underwear is pretty uncomfortable too, isn't it? I can just see that waistband cutting into your tender delicate flesh.”

The frayed elastic of Laurie's waistband was cutting so deeply into her lard that it felt angry red welts all around her middle. Abida grabbed the elastic between her fingers. She briefly considered trying to pull the underwear down Laurie's thighs, but then realized: what was the point? These knickers were coming apart at the seams, there was no way that they would last even another day under this kind of pressure. She yanked on the rubberband and was rewarded with a jagged tearing sound as the fabric tore apart instantly. Laurie burped again, kicking her legs out and sighing in relief as the last shred of clothing busted off her body and left her completely free. In all her naked glory, Laurie looked even bigger. Abida would never have believed such a thing was even possible! But indeed, Laurie looked like a big bloated beached whale.

“I can't believe that you did this to yourself, Laurie,” said Abida, clucking her tongue. She tried to keep a straight face, but it was hard not to giggle at the sight before her. “You just don't know your own limits, do you? What would Frank say if he could see you right now, Laurie?”

Smirking, Abida placed her elbows on the apex of Laurie's gut and leaned forward until her chin was in her hands and her body was pressing against Laurie's monumental girth. Laurie groaned.

“Ooof don't press... on my gut... oh Gawd.... I'm too full... I'm gonna 'splode..”

“Well, you should have thought of that before you made such a pig of yourself, hmm, don't you think, Laurie? Look at yourself. What kind of an example are you setting? And to think, you, the head cheerleader! I can't imagine how you expect to do any cheers when you're in this state. You look like a tick swollen up and ready to pop!”

“Abida... stop... please... you're... oh jeez... you're making me....ooooff...” Laurie moaned. Her enormously stuffed belly, filled to the very brink, was making her super horny, but

Abida's expert teasing was actually making her even hornier. Damn, if only Frank was here... Laurie felt a slight twinge of guilt that she was naked with Abida when Frank wasn't around. Though Abida was a girl, so it was okay, right? It didn't count as cheating.

"Hmmm, I bet you wish Frank was here too, don't you?" said Abida, poking her slender finger into Laurie's middle to test just how tight she was. "I bet you'd love for him to see what a colossal hog you've been tonight, how you just ate and ate and ate and couldn't stop. How you gorged until you were so bloated that I had to help you upstairs. How you porked out until you were so absolutely dizzyingly packed full that I could undress you and you couldn't even lift a finger to stop me."

That finger at Laurie's middle slid down her belly, pausing only momentarily to poke into her deep navel, as it made its journey down to the flabby fupa that covered Laurie's moist pussy.

"It really is a shame that he's too busy to see you like this, isn't it?"

"Oof... yeah... stupid Frank... too busy... to... come over..."

"Then again," said Abida with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "I don't think that's any reason that he should miss out. You do have a laptop around here, don't you?"

Laurie raised an eyebrow. What was this minx thinking?

"I think we'll just skype him in, hmm? Then he won't have to miss the big show. Oh I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you, Laurie? Then you can let Frank see alllllll this." She patted Laurie's beachball-sized middle, chuckling. "I bet he's never seen you get this big before. Won't he be so surprised!"

Laurie's eyes opened wide. At once, she was both excited and frightened. How could she admit to Frank that she was 560 pounds of pure lard? Yet at the same time... she was eager to confess her sin, to reveal to her boyfriend the consequences of her rampant gluttony.

Laurie didn't have to even respond. That was a good thing. She was so absolutely stuffed that she didn't feel like she even had the strength to say anything. But Abida was already busy tapping away on Laurie's laptop; she couldn't see Abida working, Laurie's view was blocked by her own gargantuan gut, but she could hear the click click click of every keystroke followed by the distinctive sound of the Skype dialing.

"Hey," came Frank's voice, "So I hear you have something to show me, Abida."

"Oh I do indeed, Frank," came Abida's voice. "Do you know what your naughty girlfriend has been up to all night?"

"I can guess." Laurie went red. She could hear the smugness in Frank's voice. He

already knew what he was going to see.

“Take a look over there. Can you believe it?”

“Dang.”

Lying prostrate on the bed, Laurie couldn't see what was happening but she knew that Abida must be angling the monitor so that Frank could see her. What a sight she must be! Just a giant blob of lard, so monumentally blown out of proportion from her all-night binge that she barely even looked human anymore. She must look like a full-grown hippopotamus, a blubber-laden manatee, a fattened cow ready to be slaughtered. The idea was already making her excited. If she wasn't so stuffed, she would be squirming in bed, desperate for someone... anyone!... to touch her and bring her some release.

“Frank... is that you...” she muttered. “Can you... see... me?”

“Damn, Laurie, I can't see anything else. What have you been doing all night?”

“What do you... think... I've been... eating... You should have... come over...” Laurie struggled to form the words, but the massive weight bearing down on her lungs made her voice thick and breathy. “You could have... seen... all this in person... now you'll just have to make due with... watching...”

“Yeah, you stupid boy,” joined in Abida. “You're missing out on all the fun. Just to think, you could be right here. You could be doing this.” Laurie felt Abida drape herself over Laurie's gut, pushing yet another gaseous burp from the fat girl's mouth. “You could be learning first hand just how big Laurie is now. How big are you, Laurie? Tell Frank.”

“No...no... I can't say...” Laurie mumbled, her chubby cheeks flushing. She desperately wanted to say the number, but the embarrassment was part of the kink for her. It was so much hotter if Frank and Abida forced it out of her.

“Not gonna tell us? You naughty naughty little cow” tsked Abida. “I guess I'm going to have to use force to get you to tell us. You look like you're pretty full there, Laurie, but maybe you could use a couple more delicious treats.”

“Oh jeez... no...” Laurie sputtered. “Abida, no.... seriously...”

“Because I just happened to bring a couple boxes of donuts with me. And it would be such a shame for them to go to waste...”

“Abida, stop... I'm not joking...” Laurie struggled to prop herself up in bed, but she was too flabby and heavy to move. “I'm... way too full... I can't eat another... bite...”

“Oh no? Gee, Laurie, I’m afraid that I don’t believe you. I think there’s room for plenty more in that big big tummy of yours. I don’t think you’re ever truly full.”

“Frank! Frank, tell her to stop... this isn’t funny...”

“I dunno, Laurie,” said Frank’s voice, “You’d better tell us your weight then.”

“I’m 560 pounds,” blubbered Laurie. “Alright? You two... happy?”

“Oh yes,” said Abida, holding a donut right by Laurie’s nose. “That was very brave of you to say, to admit what a huge pig you really are. So much bigger than Natalie McTaggart, huh? Can you believe that you really are the biggest, fattest cow in the entire history of our school? Oo just wait till the next student health fair, I’ll bet the school nurse will blow a gasket when she sees just how big and tubby you’ve grown.”

“Can you... get that donut... away from my face...” said Laurie, her eyes transfixed on the tempting treat. She licked her lips. Oh Gawd, she knew that she shouldn’t want it. She literally knew that she was on the verge of bursting, she’d already been stuffed three times tonight... Even looking at this donut was making her belly throb, but the idea of eating more... the idea of stuffing down one more sinful, ill-advised bite... ooof it made her so hot.... She desperately hoped that Abida would pull the donut away before she succumbed to her base instincts and scarfed it down, but she also secretly hoped that Abida would let her eat it... ohhhhh damn she was so fuckin freaky, she couldn’t believe that she was about to bust but she just loved it so much.

“Sure, I’ll take it away if you really want me to. Is that what you want?”

Laurie paused. Sweat beaded on her forehead. Damn. Damn damn damn... Gawd.... She was gonna explode... this was it... there was no way around it... but damnit, it was bound to happen sooner or later... One of these days, Laurie was definitely going to eat one single teeny tiny little bite too many and just blow like a megaton bomb... hell, that day might as well be today. What a way to go! Laurie was absolutely gluttoned beyond anything she ever thought possible... But she had finally reached the milestone of being the fattest girl in school history, she might as well go out with a bang. It would be simply embarrassing for kids to say that “The second fattest girl in school history ate too much and burst like an overinflated balloon.” But to say “The fattest girl in school history just blew up?” Now that would be an accomplishment!

“Leave it... leave it in my mouth...”

“Good girl,” said Abida, patting Laurie’s chubby face as she slowly pushed the donut into Laurie’s eager maw. “Now you get to chewing like a good little fatso and let mama take care of you.”

Abida slipped away as Laurie chewed slowly, laboriously. For a few minutes, Laurie

couldn't see anything. But then she heard Abida grunting and felt the slender Indian girl's hands grabbing her blubbery fupa and strenuously lifting it up. She felt the cool air against her moist crotch. And then she felt Abida's delicate little tongue slip into her, that wet little tongue probing her sex and sending sudden electric shocks of sexual energy all through Laurie's overloaded senses. She wanted to scream out loud, only her mouth was muffled by donut.

It was an amazing sight to watch this small Indian girl, merely a twig next to Laurie's immense bloated bulk, completely dominate the larger girl and bend her to her will. The days that Laurie was the queen bee in charge were now long behind her. She was a helpless blob, barely mobile and certain to quickly become even less mobile now that Jen and Alice had gifted her a mobility scooter that would reduce the need for Laurie to get even the little exercise that she did now.

Abida herself was getting super turned on, not just from eating out her dream girl Laurie but also from the knowledge that Frank was enjoying the show. She was amused by the idea that Laurie was shoving this in Frank's face, trying to make her boyfriend jealous that he wasn't there to participate. It was an effective gambit, of course. The only thing that Abida was disappointed in... well... honestly, she kind of wanted to do 69. The only thing that would make this night better would be to have Laurie's lips in her crotch even as she had hers in Laurie's. But that just wasn't possible. Laurie's breasts and belly were just too obscenely large. Abida would never be able to stretch enough to reach Laurie's privates while sitting on the fat girl's face. Yet somehow that knowledge – knowing that Laurie was so fat as to make 69 impossible – fired her even more, pushing her to lick faster and harder with every gasp and moan that it drew from her obese lover.

Laurie gasped and sputtered, her chest and belly rising and falling like mountains in an earthquake. She wanted to taunt Frank, to make some snarky comment about how he was missing out. Didn't he wish that he was here? Of course he did! But she was too lost in the comment to talk. Laurie was so out of shape these days that she could barely waddle even a few feet without getting completely winded, so just the effort of concentrating on her building orgasm was enough to make her wheeze. She couldn't get the breath to form words even if she wanted to. Gawd, her pussy was on fire! She felt like she was ready to explode – not just because she was so obscenely full but also because Abida's expert tongue was teasing her right to the brink.

She thought again to the present that Jen and Alice had given her tonight... her very own mobility scooter. Her two friends were basically telling her that they knew she was too big for her britches, too fat to walk. They should realize, of course, that Laurie was too proud to even admit such a thing! Or was she? She was getting off more and more on her size and loving when people recognized her monstrous obesity. So what a sight it would be when the head cheerleader rolled into school, as big as a whale, her enormous fat ass balanced precariously on her very own scooter like one of those giant fat twins that she saw in the Guinness Book of World Records. Kids would talk. They would whisper about her behind her back. Oh damn. The very idea was driving Laurie completely wild... she grunted loudly and

arched her back as much as she could, her belly thrusting up into the air, her fat bloated hooters flopping back to smack her in the face, her pussy clenching, but Abida wouldn't let up, no no no, that nimble little minx was determined to see her all the way through to the end so she just kept licking and licking and licking and Laurie kept chewing on that donut, eating eating eating ohhhh when would it ever stop? Would it stop? Would she? Every day, Laurie thought that surely she must be reaching the end... surely she couldn't just keep getting fatter and fatter and hornier and hornier? But the bigger she grew, the more she reveled in her size... Laurie's sex drive was almost as out of control as her sky-rocketing weight. And neither her gaining nor her lust showed any sign of stopping anytime soon... especially not while Laurie still had both Frank and Abida to help roll her along...

Damn, thought Frank, what a show! He was half disappointed that he wasn't there in person, but he was glad that Laurie and Abida didn't let him miss out. Abida was quickly falling into her natural role as Laurie's dominant feeder, and Frank was pleased that he had made the right choice in bringing her into their relationship. He saw a bright future ahead for the three of them.



# 73. Alice

“Table or... um, booth?” asked the waitress, catching herself in the middle of her question. She realized, a split second too late, what a stupid question it was. The girl in front of her was absolutely enormous, way too fat to ever fit her bloated bulk into a booth.

And it was true. Alice Grobauch weighed over 500 pounds. The titanic teenage blonde was so massively overweight that she looked like a full-grown hippopotamus, her giant gut billowing out nearly three feet in front of her as she waddled. Her short blond hair framed a round face that nearly merged with her fat body, her neck swallowed beneath her pillowy chipmunk cheeks. Her threadbare polo shirt stretched across her ample boobs, which rested upon the shelf the aforementioned gut as it sagged out from below the hem of the girl’s shirt. Her cargo pants cinched tightly around her vast waistline, straining against her thunder thighs and thick calves. Alice was already breathing heavily just from standing at the front podium and she looked desperate to flop down in a seat.

“Booth, please,” said Alice without thinking. As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she realized her mistake. She had forgotten just how big she was! How anyone could forget their size when they weighed over 500 pounds was ridiculous, but Alice was so deeply in denial about her increasing obesity that she frequently deluded herself into thinking she was merely chubby rather than inhumanly fat. But it was too late to change her mind. She was too embarrassed to admit her mistake and the server definitely wasn’t going to second guess a customer.

“I’m... supposed to meet my boyfriend here,” said Alice shyly. Tyler and Alice were planning on having a romantic date, and, of course, since Alice was completely obsessed with satisfying her stomach, any romantic date had to start with a romantic meal. And a romantic meal for Alice simply meant a big one. No surprise, then, that Tyler had suggested visiting the All-American Deep Dish Buffet. This restaurant was notorious for its endless servings of prime rib, mashed potatoes, and all manner of traditional American comfort foods. Just the thing to satisfy a growing girl with an insatiable lust for food!

The server nodded, but didn’t say anything. He didn’t really care about anything that Alice had to say. In fact, he pretty much assumed that she was lying. No way did a hog like this have a boyfriend! She probably spent all of her time eating. But if she didn’t to make up some story about meeting an imaginary boyfriend here so that she could justify gorging herself to the gills at a buffet, that was no business of his.

Silently, the server led the wobbling behemoth to the closest free booth and watched in horrified fascination as Alice attempted to maneuver her gigantic belly into the seat.

It was a sight to behold. The server felt like he was watching a blimp come in for landing as Alice struggled to squeeze her wide load bottom onto the bench while lifting her belly with her chubby hands to clear the table. Once she was settled, Alice dropped her porky paunch onto the surface of the table with a loud SPLUT.

“You can help yourself to the buffet whenever you’re ready and your waitress will be around to take your drink orders shortly,” said the server.

“Oh... thanks... I think I’ll wait for Tyler before I get any food,” said Alice, smiling awkwardly. Her chubby cheeks went rosy with embarrassment. She could tell that this server thought she was just a fat gluttonous pig here to eat herself into oblivion. She hoped that Tyler would get here soon, so that she wouldn’t feel so awkward sitting here alone!

The server nodded, but didn’t say anything. He turned away to return to the entryway, struggling to hide his incredulity. He was too professional to let his true feelings show, but he felt like laughing at loud at Alice’s pathetic attempts to hide her gluttony. Wait for her boyfriend to arrive? Ha! No one got that fat by waiting to eat. He expected that she would be up at the buffet in less than five minutes. At least, she would be if she could squeeze herself back out of that booth!

Alice shifted in her seat, trying her best to get comfortable while she waited for her boyfriend to arrive. She was determined NOT to visit the buffet line before he joined her. Alice frowned. She could tell by the server’s chilly reaction that he didn’t believe at all that Alice was waiting for anyone and thought that she had made up that whole story. Well! She might be a little plump, but that was no reason for anyone to treat her like some kind of out-of-control hog! She would show them. She nodded to herself, steeling her resolve to wait. How hard could it be? Tyler was certain to arrive at any moment. She would just think about something other than food food food food FOOD. Her eyes moved longingly toward the buffet. Oof, she was sooo hungry! Her belly growled. She hadn’t eaten since breakfast... well, that wasn’t true, she had eaten a brunch snack too. And a little nibble right before leaving home... Okay, so really, she had no excuse for being hungry. But what could she do?

Alice squirmed, her flabby gut sliding over the surface of the table, and she startled as she heard a sudden distinct popping noise. What was that? Alice froze, her breath caught in her throat. Was that her pants button bursting? No, that wasn’t it... she knew what that sounded like. Besides, she could still feel her tightly cinched pants biting into her flabby waistline. Had she split her seat? Nope, she could still feel the back of her cargo pants straining tightly against her backside. Then it dawned on her. Oh! That was it! What a relief! That popping was the sound of the snaps on her back pockets. The pressure of Alice’s enormous buttocks had finally overwhelmed the metal snaps holding her back pockets and they had busted open. That was no big deal. Alice breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that she wasn’t after all going to be forced to waddle out of the restaurant with her hinder on full display through a huge split in her pants.

Things were definitely looking up, thought Alice as she piled a load of gooey mac and cheese onto her plate. She blinked. Was she at the buffet line? How had this happened? She was so preoccupied thinking about her back pockets that she had absent-mindedly wriggled herself out of her booth, waddled over to the buffet, and started helping herself. Alice blushed to see how heavily loaded her plate already was with all manner of creamy, fatty goodies. Oh damnit! So much for her resolution to wait for Tyler! Then again, what was done was done. No reason to waste good food. Besides, Tyler would be there soon.

It was nearly impossible not to gawk at Alice as she shuffled down the line, filling her plate to overflowing with buttered green beans and peach cobbler. Waiters and waitresses could barely remember to hide their stares as the blonde blimp as she jiggled back to her seat and once again squeezed her humungous bulk between the bench and table. Now Alice was faced with a major conundrum. She was so fat that her belly spilled out over the table, covering the area where she should have placed her plate. She couldn't just hold her plate though! Frowning with embarrassment, Alice finally gave up and balanced the overloaded platter on the shelf of her own soft wobbling gut before she set to work eating.

"Can I get you a drink, ma'am?" asked the waitress, finally coming up to take Alice's order as the tubby teen shoveled food into her mouth.

"Coke please," mumbled Alice, through cheeks bulging with food. A big class of sugary, syrupy soda was the last thing that she needed right now, but Alice's appetite for sweet drinks was almost as insatiable as her appetite for unhealthy food. And how could anyone expect her to deny herself?

Alice was just about finished gobbling her way through her first plate when Tyler finally arrived.

"Hi, I'm looking for my girlfriend – oh there she is!" Tyler waved to Alice across the restaurant. Alice paused long enough in her eating to wave back.

The server was stunned to realize that, in fact, the enormous fat girl was actually telling the truth when she said she had a boyfriend. He was shocked!

Tyler was used to his girlfriend's size and he wasn't so naïve as to not expect Alice to be even bigger every time that he saw her. But Alice was absolutely enormous, even bigger than he'd expected. Crossing the threshold of 500 pounds was more than just a number. Alice looked substantially bigger. She was the size of a baby elephant, 500 plus pounds of pure butter-soft blubber packed into one teenage girl grown so monstrously round and obese that she looked like she might roll around like a beach ball if you pushed her over.

"Tyler... I'm so glad to see you!" cried Alice in delight as Tyler approached the table, "I wanted to wait, but... I just got so hungry."

"It's alright," said Tyler, "I, uh, can't say I didn't expect that."

"You're going to get yourself some food, right?" asked Alice, "When you go to the buffet, could you get me a second plate? I'm just... uh... well, I would really appreciate it!"

Alice loved Tyler and knew that he would never judge her for her gargantuan size, but she still didn't want to admit to him that the real reason that she needed him to go to the buffet for her was that she was too tightly wedged into the booth to stand up.

Tyler looked Alice up and down. Alice was wedged tightly into the booth, her soft flabby belly spilling onto the table. Her threadbare polo shirt was little more than a tube top, slipping up over the slope of her enormous belly to reveal so much pale white flesh. Alice's belly button was a long crease sandwiched between generous jelly rolls of flab.

"Uh... sure," he said. "I was just going to get a plate myself, I could totally pick you up some too. Is there anything in particular that you wanted?"

Alice burped softly, her plump cheeks flushing pink as she covered her mouth. "Oh.... Uh... no, you know I'm not picky. Just get me a little of everything, please?"

Tyler nodded and went to the buffet. Ever the obliging boyfriend, he piled a plate high with every tempting treat that he knew Alice would love... he did want her to be happy after all! When he finally returned to the table, he was balancing two plates, one modest one for himself and one absolutely loaded one for Alice.

"Here you go, Alice," he said, sliding the overflowing platter in front of Alice. She clapped her hands in glee at the sight, her greedy eyes sparkling at the prospect of so much food.

"Thanks, Tyler, you're the absolute best!" squealed Alice, grabbing her fork and plunging into her lunch with gusto. She forked a mouthful of creamed corn into her mouth and her eyes rolled back in her head as the sweet, creamy taste hit her tongue. Oooooof, soooo good! It was a good thing that Alice was sitting down, because she was starting to go weak in the knees from the delicious sensations tickling her taste buds!

Of course, it didn't take Alice long at all to clean her plate. In mere minutes. All the food was gone and Alice was literally licking the last remnants of gooey sauce off of the plate.

"Tyler... could you, um, get me a second plate?"

"Already?" Tyler didn't know why he was surprised. He knew Alice was a big eater, so he shouldn't have expected that she would be able to restrain herself from gobbling down everything edible within reach. But this was pretty fast, even for Alice!

"I just... I'm sorry, it's just so good! And I get so hungry..." mumbled Alice, her plump lip quivering so hard that her double chin started to jiggle. Tears started to well up in her big blue eyes.

"Alice, don't cry; it's okay!" said Tyler quickly. Of course, he hadn't intended to upset Alice. The surprised comment had just slipped out, but maybe Alice was feeling even more sensitive than usual about her weight since she had so recently discovered that she was now over 500 pounds. Of course, Tyler didn't know that. He could tell just by looking at Alice's massive corpulence that she must be pretty big, but he had no idea of her exact poundage.

"I know I'm getting so fat, but I can't help it!" cried Alice, dabbing her eyes with her napkin. "Oh Gawd, Tyler, I just weighed myself at my last sleep over with Jen and Laurie and I... I... I weigh 505 pounds! I'm a massive fat sow!" She grabbed at her flabby gut and jiggled her fat rolls for emphasis. "Look at all this blubber! I'm a full quarter ton!"

"Um...well, I think then you must be a quarter ton cutie," said Tyler, quickly trying to think of something to say that would assuage his obese girlfriend to make her stop crying. The line was super cheesy but it actually seemed to work. Alice blushed and sniffled, but she seemed happy.

"Do you... do you really think that?" she asked.

"Of course," continued Tyler, "You know I love you and I think you're beautiful."

Alice felt stupid that she needed so much reassurance. She knew that Tyler adored her and was positively enamored with her size. But she still wondered far too often if she could possibly ever get too big for him.

"But the thing is, it's not just that I'm fat," blubbered Alice. "I keep getting fatter. I'm just a blimp, an inflating blimp! What are you going to say when I'm 600 pounds? Or 700?"

"Alice, you know I would still love you even if you were 1000 pounds!" said Tyler. He immediately regretted saying it, not because he didn't mean it but more because he was afraid that Alice would become even more distraught at the idea that she might someday conceivably balloon up to a full half ton.

He needed some way to make Alice stop obsessing about her weight, and he knew several surefire ways to do that.

"You said that you weighed yourself at the sleepover with Jen and Laurie? So, uh, how much did they weigh?" Tyler knew just from the last time that he had seen Jen and Laurie that there was no way that either of them were thinner than Alice; Laurie, especially, had exploded in size recently. And if they were bigger, then he was pretty sure that Alice wouldn't be so self-conscious. Also, to be totally honest, Tyler was intensely curious to know how much those two

weighed! They were definitely a pair of real jumbo heavyweight porkers!

“Oh! Well, Jen was 508 pounds and Laurie was... 560 pounds.”

Tyler didn't even have to say anything else. Alice suddenly remembered that she was, for once, the thinnest of the three besties! Sure, she was only a couple pounds lighter than Jen, but she was WAY lighter than Laurie! And as long as Alice was thinner than those two, even if only by a very slim margin, she didn't feel so huge at all! This was a dangerous feeling for Alice, because she would instantly leap at any excuse than allowed her to ignore her burgeoning waistline. Knowing that she wasn't as fat as Jen or Laurie would only give her cart blanche to indulge even more than before. Alice was always such a complete greedy piggy, so helpless in the face of her own insatiable cravings, that she was destined to grow bigger and bigger... but now that she remembered she wasn't the heaviest thing around, she was probably going to justify herself eating even more!

Alice's thoughts turned to her pact with Jen. The two of them had pooled all of their money to buy Laurie a mobility scooter recently. Of course, Laurie sorely needed one. At 560 pounds, she could barely even waddle her enormous bulk around anymore. But Jen and Alice had a secret ulterior motive for their apparent generosity. Each of them wanted mobility scooters of their own, simply because they were far too lazy to walk around and they thought that pattering around on scooters would be way easier. Laurie was normally way too haughty to admit her own growing size and would have been aghast to see Jen and Alice so ready to give up on losing weight that they'd consider scooters. But then they figured, Laurie wouldn't be able to object to them getting scooters if she had one of her own! The only remaining obstacle to their plan was that they couldn't afford to buy new scooters for the two of them, so now they would have to go to their respective doctors to get their scooters certified as medical necessities. Alice was not looking forward to that visit, knowing that her doctor was sure to read her the riot act for gaining so much weight! But again, knowing that Jen and Laurie had gained more made that pill a little easier to swallow...

Alice's mind was elsewhere, vaguely dreaming about her scooter, as she unconsciously cleaned off her second plate and then her third... and her fourth. The food kept coming and Alice kept eating, like a dumb cow chewing her cud. Alice didn't even stop to consider the growing pain in her overloaded belly, which was pressing so hard against the table now that she could barely move.

“I think I'm feeling kinda full, Tyler,” huffed Alice finally, stifling a light burp. She looked down at herself, noticing for the first time that her belly was even more obscenely swollen and bloated than usual. It stuck out, round and proud, like a giant inflated balloon – tight and hot to the touch. Alice wiped her forehead with her thick forearm, noticing for the first time that she had begun to sweat from the sustained effort of eating. Gawd, she was so out of shape! She needed to get a hold of herself. But still. As full as she was, Alice couldn't pass up the chance to get some dessert.

“Tyler, could you – burp – get me some frozen yogurt, please?” said Alice bashfully, already forgetting her earlier complaints about her skyrocketing weight.

“Sure, what flavor do you want?”

Alice licked her lips. “Chocolate, please!”

Tyler nodded. This was no surprise. Alice was an incorrigible chocoholic.

Tyler fetched the yogurt and watched in rapt attention as Alice gobbled her way through the frozen confection, licking her lips and murmuring in pleasure. The frozen yogurt filled her belly with a deliciously cold, shivery sensation that only made her hungrier! Oooh, she just loved to eat way too much for her own good!

But finally, she knew she had to face the reality of her situation.

“Oof, I’m stuck,” confessed Alice. “I didn’t want to say anything...”

Tyler understood immediately. “Aw, Alice, you know you don’t have to be embarrassed with me! Don’t you worry about a thing, I’ll make sure we get you loose...”

She squirmed in her seat, trying to break free but it was no use. She was simply far too fat to escape the confines of the booth, the table was pressed tightly into the flabby flesh of her middle. This wasn’t all that unusual for Alice. As she crested over 500 pounds, she found that she was outgrowing more than just her clothes. It was becoming difficult to navigate her burgeoning body through daily life – her hips brushed against the sides of doorways, her bulk could barely fit behind the steering wheel of her car, she was forced to use handicapped stalls in public restrooms simply because she was too large for the regular ones. There was no end to the small humiliations that Alice had to endure, any one of which should have shocked her into the overdue realization that she needed to get her eating under control. But the poor tubby teen was far too greedy to ever pass up a meal, so she was always ready with an endless stream of excuses to rationalize why her situation wasn’t really so dire.

Most of them involved her weekly sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, where she was still convinced that her equally fat friends were serving her low calorie diet snacks. That was complete bullshit, Laurie was still plying her with full-fat junk food even though Laurie herself had started to become less interested in her original plan to fatten Alice up as Laurie discovered her own strange gain-related kinks. But even if the food was diet, it wouldn’t have made much difference. Alice was eating so much now that she was certain to gain even if she only ate low calorie healthy snacks.

It was no surprise that Alice had once again eaten until her bloated gut trapped her at her table. But normally that would at least signal Alice that she should stop eating... for a little while. But the desserts at this buffet were just so good that Alice couldn’t help herself, even

though she could feel the table painfully jabbing her overloaded abdomen.

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“Alice, could you put down the yogurt and give me a hand?” asked Tyler. Normally, Alice would have absolutely listened to her boyfriend’s please... but the frozen yogurt was just sooo good! She couldn’t bear to stop shoving more delicious frozen goop between her plump lips. Her lips moved, her chubby cheeks wobbling as she chewed with a desperate animal hunger, eager to get as much food into her belly as fast as possible.

“Mmm...I can’t,” moaned Alice, pausing in her gluttony just long enough to lick some melted yogurt off of her lips before plunging back into her feast. “It’s just... soooo good. Just let me finish this, please!”

Tyler sighed. He knew that Alice had no intention of stopping when she finished this bowl. He would just have to work around her.

It was nearly impossible to get a firm grip on Alice because she was so fat; there really wasn’t anyplace one could grab where your fingers wouldn’t immediately sink deep into her flab. Tyler grit his teeth. He had to get her out! He knew just how easily Alice could get embarrassed, and he didn’t want her to have to suffer! He had a sudden awful thought that if he couldn’t get her unstuck, they might even have to call the fire department to get her free! Alice would hate that! The last thing that she would want would be for a bunch of firemen to laugh at her size. She might even make it onto the local news. Wouldn’t that be something! Then the whole town would be laughing at her! Poor Tyler couldn’t help but think of the absolute worst case scenarios. But maybe he could avoid them!

He wrapped his arms around Alice as far as he could and firmly planted his feet against the floor, heaving with all his might to extricate Alice from the booth. He groaned out loud with the effort, his back and arms aching as he struggled to lift far too much fat girl. It was impossible! He was going to give himself a hernia if he wasn’t careful.

“Ohhh please be careful, Tyler!” yelled Alice, nearly dropping her yogurt cup into her cleavage. “I’m so very sensitive!”

That much was true. Alice was not only monumentally fat, but she was also super lazy. Over the past year, her sedentary lifestyle meant that she not only grew rounder and wider but also softer... until her flesh was as soft and malleable as warm butter. Her skin was so soft and tender that she bruised easily.

“Sorry, Alice,” said Tyler, “It’s just that... hmm... I’m not sure how we’re going to get you out...”



Alice gulped. Now she was really beginning to get worried. Was she really completely stuck? Maybe she should have taken her predicament more seriously! If only she hadn't gorged herself so fully! If only she had worked to get herself out of the booth instead of gobbling down that last bowl of frozen yogurt! She could feel her belly, firm and full beneath a thick layer of soft blubber, and just knew that she was way too stuffed to even try to suck in her gut. She grabbed at the hem of her polo shirt and attempted to yank it over her vast paunch, hiding that doughy avalanche of pale quivering flesh, but there was just too much of her to hide. She yelped and released the hem when she heard the loud jagged RIP of stitches tearing. She had to leave her belly bare or she might just split her side seams!

Meanwhile, Tyler was still thinking. Maybe this was just too big a job for one man. He would have to ask the restaurant staff to help. That would be embarrassing for Alice, but at least it was better than calling the fire department.

"Alice, don't worry! I promise you that we'll get you out of that booth!" said Tyler. He flagged down a passing waitress. "Um, excuse me? Could you help? My girlfriend here is... kinda stuck..."

The waitress looked Alice up and down, and nearly dropped her tray of drinks in shock. It was no wonder this fat cow was stuck! She was absolutely enormous. Alice nearly wanted to cry as she read the surprise in the waitress's expression. But the waitress soon regained her composure, professional as she was.

"Sure... um... I can give you a hand," she said. She looked at Alice's blubbery bulk dubiously as she realized that there wasn't anyplace to easily get a grip on this femme fatso.

Tyler read her mind. "We might need some extra help," he said.

"Uh...um, yeah. Just a second." The server disappeared into the kitchen. After some frenzied whispering, a group of about half dozen kitchen staff emerged from the kitchen. Not a single one of them could contain their surprise at seeing Alice's massive body stuffed into the booth.

"Damn, we're supposed to get THAT unstuck?" blurted out one young man, wiping his greasy hands against his apron as he shook his head in disbelief.

"Shh!" hushed the server, "Not in front of the customer!"

"Oh... sorry."

"It shouldn't be too hard to get her out, I think we just need to heave her a bit," said Tyler, trying to take control of the situation. The staff milled about uncertainly, but reluctantly followed Tyler's directions as he told them what to do. Eventually, all six staffers were gathered

around Alice, tugging at her arms and flanks, their fingers sinking deep into her soft flesh.

“Oh! Oh, please be careful!” cried Alice through a mouthful of yogurt as she popped yet another spoonful between her lips. She could feel a dozen hands roughly handling her soft tender flab, grabbing great handfuls of blubber and sinking deeply into her butter-soft flesh as they tried to pull her from the booth. Poor Alice!

Other patrons were turning to watch this spectacle, giggling to themselves at the sight of a giant obese girl so wide and bloated that she couldn't get up from her booth under her own power. Several younger customers even whipped out their cell phones to snap photos of the scene; there were sure to be plenty of amusing image memes featuring this big ballooning babe circulating on social media tonight!

“C'mon, we're so close!” cried Tyler, heaving his whole body against Alice's soft, yielding corpulence. He could just sense that they had almost successfully dislodged this pudgy porker from her predicament! “Just... a... little more...”

“We're trying!” snapped the server, her face red with the effort. “If your fat... I mean, if your girlfriend would put down the spoon and help out, that would be nice.”

“Mmm,” mumbled Alice as she shoveled more yogurt into her mouth, oblivious to the server's annoyance even as the group of hard-working staffers rocked Alice back and forth. With every moment, they managed to wedge the weighty whale slightly further out of the booth until...

Pop! Alice popped loose from the iron grip of her stuckage and tumbled to the floor with a thunderous crash, knocking plates and glasses off the table and scattering the staff all over the restaurant.

“Oh!” cried Alice, spilling her remaining yogurt into her cleavage as she fell from her seat. “That's cold!”

“Are you okay, Alice?” asked Tyler as he hurried to help Alice lumber back to her feet. He groaned as Alice placed her weight against him while she struggled to her feet; Tyler was not a particularly strong fellow and Alice's 500 plus pounds of blubber were a difficult thing to support for even a seasoned lifter! Nevertheless, Tyler grit his teeth and held his tongue, not wanting to embarrass his titanic girlfriend even more.

The server was furious. Not only had Alice wasted the time of the entire staff by forcing them to help her get unstuck, but she had also made a huge mess when she finally tumbled out of her booth!

The server was so angry that he was going red in the face. “Get out of here!” he snarled, pointing at the exit. “And take your blimp of a girlfriend with you! We don't want you around here

anymore! Don't think that you can get away with this sort of thing! Look at all the damage you did! I hope you're prepared to pay for that!"

Tyler's face blanched as he surveyed the damage that Alice had done. She'd really made quite a mess! He just knew that he wouldn't be able to pay for that. He could already hear Alice beginning to tear up again as she simultaneously realized their situation...

Desperate times call for desperate measures. Tyler didn't know what to do, so all he could do... was bluff.

"Look...I...I'll have you know that these booths are a menace! They're super dangerous! Why would you sit Alice at a booth? You should clearly be able to tell that it can't accommodate her?"

The server sniffed. "Are you kidding me? You've got to be kidding me!"

"I'm not kidding!" continued Tyler hotly. "Alice could have been hurt because of your negligence! I...I... we might just sue over this!"

Now it was the server's turn to go white. She was certain that Tyler was bluffing about suing, but she didn't need him or his pet piggy complaining to the restaurant owner. The server was pretty certain she would get in big trouble if that happened.

"Uhhh, no need for that!" she said quickly. "I think I was a little hasty. Tell you what, how we just comp your meals and call it even?"

The server didn't think that was even at all. Alice had eaten so much food just by herself that she had practically cleaned out the buffet... but what other choice was there? The server grit her teeth thinking about how unfair it was that Alice had literally gobbled enough to feed an army AND created a huge mess but was still getting away scott free! What a world! Then again, anything to get this giant glutton to just leave! The server just wanted to get rid of Alice before... well, before she ate more and exploded all over the restaurant, causing even more damage!

Tyler smiled. "Well!" he said, "That's more like it! I'm glad to see that some places still do value good customer service!"

# 74. Mallory

“Uh... why do we have to do this?” asked Jen dubiously. She glanced down at her ginormous body, clad in tight stretchy spandex, and winced. Most girls would have been horrified to see themselves bulging out of a leotard, every wobbling roll of flab on display for the entire world to see, but Jen was honestly just more annoyed at how uncomfortable this outfit was. Further, she just didn't see the point.

“Yeah, I don't see why we have to be here,” agreed Alice.

“Because you two are just absolutely out of control,” said Mallory. “And I can't just stand by and watch you two completely ruin your bodies. I mean, you can't be happy at your size!”

The three girls were in the lockerroom at the gym. Mallory was a fitness nut, so of course she had a membership. She had managed to convince the front desk clerk to let Alice and Jen accompany her on this visit. Honestly, the desk clerk took one look at Mallory's two enormously fat friends and probably decided that letting them in for a freebie was an errand of mercy. Those two hogs needed to drop some major poundage fast or they were going to die of heart attacks before they were 20 years old!

Mallory was a slender redhead, a startling contrast to heavyweight Alice with her monster belly and jumbo Jen with her enormously ponderous posterior. Mallory and Jen had become close friends earlier this year, but Mallory was always worried about her porky pal's growing size. She couldn't believe how much Jen had ballooned in just the short time that they had known each other. And then there was Alice! Mallory met Alice through Jen and was amazed to see that Alice was growing just as fast. A cheerleader from a rival school, Mallory had a long-standing hatred for Alice and Jen's haughty, bitchy team captain Laurie... but, after getting to know Alice and Jen, she had developed a genuine friendship for these two chubbies. Mallory thought it was highly suspicious that all three girls had so quickly blimped up into obese hogs, and she was certain that Laurie must be behind it all somehow. Laurie was exactly the sort of evil bitch who always had some kind of weird scheme percolating. Mallory couldn't quite put her finger on the why of it all, though. Why would Laurie intentionally make girls on her own team get so fat? Why would she get so fat herself. Mallory couldn't connect the dots, but she was certain that something was going on. But what?

Mallory sighed, returning to reality. She didn't have time to worry about Laurie right now. She had to help Jen and Alice! The two tubby teens were rapidly eating themselves into the furthest stages of obesity, literally inflating like a pair of overblown balloons so that they were bigger and bigger every time that Mallory saw them. She couldn't in good conscience just sit by and watch them do this to themselves! She had to at least try to help them before they finally ate one bite too many and just burst!

The big problem was that neither Jen nor Alice really had any interest in curbing their self-destructive behavior. Jen didn't seem to care that she was the size of a baby elephant. In fact, she seemed to revel in her new curves, falsely believing that all those extra inches to her backside made her bootilicious rather than bloated. Alice at least paid lip service to dieting, but when it came time to actually take action she was just as reluctant to actually put in the hard work of either exercising or eating right.

"Look, how much do you two weigh?" asked Mallory, eying her two chubby friends up and down. Maybe if she got them to admit their weights, then they wouldn't be so against the idea of exercise.

Alice and Jen exchanged awkward glances.

"I'm... 505 pounds," said Alice, bashfully holding her plump hands in front of herself as if she could hide her mammoth bulk.

Mallory rubbed her temples. 505 pounds? Jeez, this was even worse than she imagined!

"And you, Jen? How much do you weigh now?"

"Um, like, 508 pounds?"

Mallory felt like she was going to have a stroke. How could these two be so blasé about their morbid obesity? Alice and Jen were each absolutely enormous, so big that they couldn't use standard bathroom scales.

"I don't understand why we need to work out," said Jen.

"You don't, do you? Jen, you're over 500 pounds. You NEED to drop some weight or you're just gonna get too big to even walk soon!"

"Oh, like, I'm not worried about that," said Jen, "Didn't we tell you? We're, like, gonna get some mobility scooters soon. Just as soon as we set up some doctors' appointments."

Mallory was floored by Jen's response.

"Mobility scooters?! You're gonna get mobility scooters? Don't you think that's a little extreme? That's for people who're too fat to walk! You can't be giving up on your weight like that!"

"Um, like, it's not like that," said Jen, "We're not, like, giving up! We can walk just fine. It's just, like, such a bother. Ya know?"

Mallory did not know. That Jen actually could still waddle but was just too lazy to move about was even worse.

Alice dressed conservatively in a pink tracksuit, her sweat top unzipped to allow her giant gut and ample boobs to hang out. She wore a white cotton tanktop beneath, which was in the process of crawling up the slope of Alice's belly to reveal a lot of soft pale flesh. A corona of jagged red stretchmarks circled Alice's belly button, spiraling outwards to cover her sagging gut. How was it possible that a high schooler could be so morbidly obese that she was already developing noticeable stretchmarks? The stretchmarks just emphasized how rapidly Alice was gaining, packing extra pounds into her quivering paunch so fast that her skin couldn't stretch fast enough to accommodate them all. It made her perfectly round, perfectly plump gut look like a balloon overinflated to the point that it was ready to pop.

Jen had somehow managed to wriggle her massive bum and thunder thighs into a clingy yellow lycra leotard, pulled over a pair of straining tights. The stretchy material clung tightly to her exaggerated curves, slipping between the boulder-sized cheeks of her chubby butt to give her a monster wedgie. Every waddling step forced the catsuit to ride up higher and higher, exposing more of Jen's bloated booty to view. Her ass cheeks wobbled constantly, shifting and sloshing like two globes of jello, so Jen had to constantly reach behind her to yank her leotard out from her buttcrack.

"This leotard is riding up my butt," she whined.

"There's only one solution to that," said Mallory.

"To take it off?" said Jen eagerly. She obviously hoped that she could whine enough that Mallory would call off the whole idea of going to the gym.

"To work off some of that butt," said Mallory hotly. "If you didn't have so much junk in the trunk, you wouldn't have this problem."

"But...but I'm, like... it's good to have junk in the trunk!" sputtered Jen, "Everyone knows that I'm the most bootilicious girl in school!"

"Correction, Jen, you WERE the most bootilicious girl in school. These days, no one thinks of you as bootilicious. They just think of you as...uh...uh... blimpilicious."

Mallory groaned at herself. What a stupid turn of phrase! She only blurted it out because she couldn't think of anything better. She didn't want to hurt Jen's feelings, but sometimes it seemed like a little bit of tough love was the only thing that was every going to motivate her to drop a few pounds. Mallory was really worried about her friends' health! There was no way that it could be good for them to gain so much weight so quickly!

"Blimpilicious? That sounds good... right?" said Jen hopefully.

“No!” Mallory snapped. “It’s actually bad.” Damnit, leave it to this bimbo to completely miss the point! “You two are going to actually work out for once, so help me! Let’s get out there!”

Alice and Jen groaned as Mallory hustled them out of the locker room and into the open air of the gym. They were partly groaning because they didn’t want to exercise, but they were also partly groaning at the effort that it took to walk. The two tubby teens immediately attracted attention as everyone in the gym turned to gawk at the quarter ton cuties waddling past. Each thundering footstep sent the ground shaking and the rafters quaking, as well as sending mesmerizing ripples through Jen’s gelatinous bottom and Alice’s gargantuan belly. It was a sight to behold. Mallory was almost embarrassed on their behalf, but she didn’t have time to worry about that. She ushered them into a free corner.

“C’mon, you two, get on the mats,” she demanded. “We’re gonna start with a few easy stretches.”

“Stretches aren’t easy,” whined Alice, already huffing so hard from the laborious waddle across the gym floor that her round face was turning red and her swollen belly was heaving.

“It’s easy,” said Mallory a little too sharply. “Just raise your arms over your heads and lace your fingers together like this.” Mallory stretched her arms up in the air and reached for the ceiling.

If one were charitable, one could claim that Alice and Jen made game attempts to imitate Mallory. But the truth was that their form was absolutely pathetic. Alice grunted and groaned but was barely able to raise her arms above her head for more than a couple seconds. Jen, too, couldn’t perform the elementary move without breaking into a sweat, her overloaded joints popping and creaking as she moved.

“This suuuuucks,” moaned Jen, “How much longer do we have to do this?”

“We haven’t even started!” cried Mallory. “Come on, up on one leg!” Mallory grabbed her foot with one hand and bent her leg behind her back, balancing precariously on the other foot. Deep down, she didn’t really expect that Jen or Alice would be able to do this move... but maybe this would be the move to finally embarrass them into realizing the extent of their flabbiness.

Alice couldn’t get her foot off the ground. Jen tried, but it didn’t end well.

“Whoa!” Jen gasped, her eyes going wide, as she realized her mistake. She was way too back-loaded to risk balancing on one foot, and the moment that she started to totter the intense gravity of her enormous basketball-sized rear began to drag her down. Before Mallory could react, Jen tumbled to the floor in a heap, bouncing on her fabulously plush tushie. Luckily, her thick layer of butt blubber broke her fall, so Jen was uninjured.

“Oof, I, like, fell down!” groaned Jen, kicking her thick legs and waving her flabby arms helplessly. “Um, a little help?”

This time it was Alice and Mallory that exchanged looks. Both girls knew that Jen was way too heavy to easily lift.

Mallory sighed. “Okay, c’mon, Alice, let’s give her a hand.”

Mallory grabbed hold of Jen’s outstretched hand and pulled as Alice positioned herself behind Jen to put her hands under Jen’s armpits. Mallory heaved with all her might, her toned athletic cheerleader muscles straining to lift this bottom-heavy bimbo back onto her feet. It was not easy. Mallory could feel her muscles burning, her shoulder aching as she feared that Jen’s voluminous bulk might just tear it from its socket before her buns lifted even an inch off the floor. Yet somehow, miraculously, Jen began to rise. With a little help from Alice, they finally got the overstuffed ditz back up.

“Ooof, this is totally dangerous!” said Jen, rubbing her poor tender tushie and frowning. “I could have, like, really hurt myself!”

“Jen has a point,” said Alice, “Maybe we should call this off...?”

“We’re not done yet,” said Mallory. “Come on, you two, work with me, please? You have to understand that... what you’re doing to your bodies is super unhealthy. I mean, are you really telling me that you can’t just do a couple stretches? Are you really that out of shape?”

“Umm...” Jen stammered, reluctant to say the truth. She was, in fact, ridiculously out of shape. Besides her ballooning waistline, Jen’s muscles had slowly but surely atrophied from lack of use to the point that it was almost absurd to believe that she had once been a cheerleader capable of leaps and cartwheels. She was so weak now that she could barely even lug around her own fat buns.

“How about some low impact stuff? Let’s try downward dog... all you have to do is lie on the floor and raise yourself up with your arms... and push your butt up a little. You should be a pro at that, Jen.”

Jen was too much of a bubble-head to notice the subtle dig at her expansive behind. She and Alice watched as Mallory got down on the mat to show them the correct form.

Alice and Jen tried to imitate her, but they could barely lower their enormous, fat-swaddled bodies without just falling on the ground. Mallory waited patiently, listening while Alice and Jen grunted and snorted like a pair of squealing piglets, but eventually they were both on the ground.



“Okay, now all you have to do is lift yourself and...”

“I’m having trouble,” said Alice meekly. Indeed, she was completely unable to get low enough on the floor to complete the position, because her belly was so big that it pancaked against the ground even when she tried to raise herself up onto her chubby hands and knees.

“And stretch!” commanded Mallory, bending easily to slide her hands down, raise her calves, and point her pert bottom in the air.

“Ughhhhhh...” Moaned Alice, who barely had the arm and leg strength to even arch her back. She struggled, but her weak, blubbery arms had no muscle... every inch of her body had long since turned to butter-soft fat. Droplets of sweat formed at her hairline then dropped down onto the mat below her as she strained to keep herself raised. But even with her belly touching the floor, Alice didn’t have the strength to hold herself up. Her arms were already wobbling, her bingo wings jiggling wildly. Then she gave up. She dropped to the mat with a groan of relief.

Jen was not having any more luck.

“Ugh, this is sooo hard!” whined Jen. The big booty bimbo was sweating profusely, her leotard soaked through with perspiration and her pale supple skin slick with damp. Gawd, this was sooo uncomfortable! She could feel sweat pooling in all her folds and recesses, making the rolls of blubber on her flanks slick and slippery. Her ass crack was soaked, damp streaks appearing on the taut straining fabric of her leotard. She blinked stupidly as she tried to peer over her colossal curves to even see her feet. Well, they had to be down there somewhere. With a loud groan, Jen tried her best to stretch. It was no good. Her joints popped and creaked, but she could barely even bend over because the thick jelly rolls of her middle bunched up to create a natural springy resistance to her movement.

“And stretch!” said Mallory, a little more sharply as she watched Alice and Jen flail around miserably. “C’mon, this is one of the easiest exercises! YOU should be able to do this one at the very least!”

“I’m trying!” huffed Jen as she reached with all her might. Jen was sooo miserable! Her whole fat body was aching with exertion, since she wasn’t used to doing anything more strenuous than eating, and she was sooo tired! This was worse than the one time that Laurie had tried to get her to exercise, because at least Laurie was also fat and prone to giving up really easily. But Mallory was slim and fit and ready to go all day! This suuuuucked! Jen wanted to die! Jen couldn’t take it anymore, this was just way too hard! She was just going to give up, that’s right. She was going to just drop right down on the floor and—

RIIIIIIPPI!

Jen froze as the tell-tale sound of fabric tearing hit her ears and she suddenly felt a cold draft at the base of her bottom. All that stretching and straining proved to be too much for even

the super-stretchy material of her spandex, and her had split the seat of her leotard, allowing her tubby tushie to burst out free. Alice gasped in shock, and a bevy of slimmer gym rats behind them broke into giggles at the sight of Jen's exposed rear. There was a whole lot of ass on display now, both panties and skin. Jen's rump was absolutely massive even when it was constrained by clothing, but her naked butt loomed even larger, like two pale full moons of jiggling gelatinous blubber.

"Awww shit, I split my tights," cried Jen, instinctively reaching behind herself to try and shield her bare buns with her pudgy hands. That was a lost cause! There was no way that anything could hide a pair of hams that big!

"C'mon, quick, let's get you to the changing room!" said Alice, rolling over onto her side and then struggling to hoist herself to her feet. She looked like a turtle flipped onto its shell and she was having just about as much luck in righting herself. She was simply too fat!

Jen, too, was finding it harder to get up than it was to get down. Mallory easily stood up, and watched in disgust and fascination as Jen and Alice rolled around on the floor like two beached whales.

Eventually, it became clear that there was no way that these two feminine fatsos were going to get up without some real assistance. "Come on, you two, that's enough," Mallory sighed. Once again, she found herself helping Jen lift herself to her feet, stitches popping in her leotard with high-pitched snaps as she gradually lumbered to a standing position. Getting Alice up was no easier, but finally it was done. Oof! Poor Mallory was freaking exhausted!

Mallory draped a towel over Jen's backside in a futile attempt to hide her from gawking eyes. It was no use, the towel was barely more than a tablecloth sitting atop the wobbling shelf that was Jen's bulging butt.

"I guess that's it for now," said Mallory. Jen and Alice breathed a collective sigh of relief. As embarrassing as Jen's wardrobe malfunction was, they were both glad to use it as a convenient excuse to cut this exercise session short.

"We can go home right now, right?" said Jen eagerly.

"Sure, sure, let's just get changed." Mallory hated to admit defeat, but what else could she do? She'd barely even got Alice and Jen to even do two simple stretches and now they were already calling it quits! But Mallory was simply too pooped to go on.

With every step, all three girls could hear the split in Jen's seat growing wider as the shifting globes of her gelatinous booty exerted pressure on the failing fabric.

"I guess we should get changed..."

“Nooo,” whined Jen, “Let’s just go. I, like, just wanna go home!”

Mallory raised a dubious eyebrow. “You don’t want to change back into street clothes?”

“We’ll do it later,” said Jen quickly. The porky pear was worried that every second spent in the gym only increased the likelihood that Mallory might change her mind and try to get them to exercise more. She wanted to get home as soon as possible to avoid that!

“Alright, but, uh…” Mallory couldn’t grasp Jen’s thought process. Was Jen really so eager to leave that she was willing to go out in public with her ripped leotard? From Jen’s eager puppy-dog expression, it really seemed like she did!

With only a quick stop in the locker room to pick up their things, they made a beeline out to Mallory’s car. Alice and Jen piled into the back seat – they were each too wide to fit into the small bucket seats in the front of Mallory’s compact vehicle, instead opting to spread their widening backsides across the back bench. Mallory buckled herself into the driver’s seat, wincing as she could feel the car settle under the near half ton of teenage blubber it was being forced to carry. As she maneuvered the car out of the parking lot, she could feel the vehicle struggling to lug its corpulent cargo, scraping loudly against the asphalt.

“The car’s having some problems,” said Mallory pointedly, glaring at her two porky passengers in the rear view mirror. “It usually doesn’t have to carry this much weight.”

“Um, like, maybe you need a new car?” said Jen, completely missing Mallory’s implication about her weight. “Oof!” The bottom-heavy bunny grunted as the low-riding car hit a bump, causing the two feminine fatsos to bounce in their seat. Mallory could hear a few more threads in Jen’s failing leotard snap in response to the fat girl’s sudden movement.

It felt like an eternity before she finally got them back to Jen’s house, but that was only because the extra weight in the back seat forced her to drive so slowly. As Alice and Jen struggled to hoist themselves out of the car, Jen’s mother came waddling briskly down the driveway to greet them.

“Oh did you girls have fun on your outing?” asked Mrs. Sarovy. “Oh my goodness, it must have been quite strenuous! Look at you two, you’re sweating!”

“Yeah… we were at the gym,” huffed Jen, wiping her forehead with one thick arm.

“The gym? Oh no, you mustn’t do that! You’ll tire yourselves out!” said Mrs. Sarovy, genuine concern in her voice. “Oh you must all sit down and eat something! I don’t want you to pass out from working too hard!”

“Um..” said Mallory dubiously. She elbowed Jen hard in her flabby side. “Your mom kinda cooks really fatty dishes, you know. You better be careful or she’s gonna undo all your

hard work!”

Not that you did any hard work, thought Mallory gloomily. After all that pleading and cajoling, Jen and Alice had barely even done any warm-up stretches!

“We totally worked up a real appetite!” said Jen brightly. “Like, after all that hard work I think we deserve a little treat!”

Mrs. Savory turned to Alice and Mallory with a giant grin. “Of course, you’re staying for dinner as well, aren’t you? We always love to have Jen’s friends over!”

“Yes, please,” said Alice eagerly. Mallory recognized the hungry glint in Alice’s eyes and knew she was already dreaming about the massive feast that no doubt awaited her. Alice loved to eat and she would never ever pass up an opportunity to stuff herself to her utmost limits. She spent most of her time at Jen’s house these days as an unofficial semi-permanent houseguest, and she knew that Mrs.Sarovy’s cooking was to die for! Plus the portions were so large... “You know I always love your cooking, Mrs.Savory... I mean Sarovy!”

“Excellent!” Mrs. Sarovy was beaming. She turned to Mallory. “And you as well, right, Mallory?”

“I...uh...actually shouldn’t stay, I’ve got...”

“Oh, I won’t hear of it!” interrupted Mrs. Sarovy, quickly hustling the three girls inside as fast as they could wobble. “What would your mother say if she heard that I let you go home hungry? She would think that I was a terrible hostess!”

Before she knew what was happening, Mallory found herself seated around the table with Jen and Alice while Jen’s mom ferried an endless parade of casseroles and side dishes from the kitchen. Mallory could smell a mouth-watering brisket cooking in the oven, the heavenly aroma of savory meat already filling the house. It definitely smelled delicious, but Mallory had to remind herself that she was a cheerleader and had to stay in shape. She couldn’t just gobble everything in sight or she’d end up as big as Jen or Alice!

Speaking of which, Mallory noticed with grim humor that she was the only girl at the table who could fit entirely on one chair. Alice had to push two chairs together and slowly lower her bulk across them. Jen had graduated to three chairs, not because she was that much bigger than Alice but just because she stored so much of her weight in her rear. Jen sat in the central chair, letting her endless blubbery cheeks spill outwards over the other two.

“Don’t stand on formalities, I want you girls to dig in!” said Mrs. Sarovy as she plopped the brisket down on the table. Mallory goggled at the sheer amount of food on display. Mallory thought that maybe Mrs.Sarovy knew how much these two girls ate, but then again Mallory also suspected that Mrs.Sarovy prepared this much food no matter who came to dinner.

“Mmmm... so good! Thanks, Mom! You really know how to make a good meal... and thank Gawd, cuz I thought I was gonna die after that big work out!” said Jen as she stuffed a huge chunk of moist brisket into her mouth and chewed vigorously.

“You poor babies!” cried Mrs. Sarovy, “You must be exhausted! You girls need to eat up!”

Jen and Alice plunged in without any further encouragement. Mallory could only gawk. But she also couldn't say no to Mrs. Sarovy's smiling, worried face. She looked down at her plate, already loaded with brisket and butter-soaked vegetables. This was not the sort of fare that she usually enjoyed, but... well, one time couldn't hurt.

One time CAN hurt, decided Mallory after finishing off her food. It was delicious, that much was true. But it was soooo heavy, far heavier than anything that health-conscious Mallory usually ate! Mrs. Sarovy's buttery, calorie-laden cooking felt like a lead weight in her stomach.

“I can't eat another bite,” puffed Mallory, her face slightly green. She was so full that she felt sick! She was certain that she was going to pop or throw up. But Mrs. Sarovy was still ladling a second helping onto her plate!

“Nonsense!” said Mrs. Sarovy brightly. “You've hardly eaten anything. Look at Jen and Alice, they're still eating, right?”

Each of them also is about as big as three of me, thought Mallory darkly.

Mallory smiled weakly, but she was too sick and bloated to protest. Unlike Jen and Alice, who were such greedy gluttons that they literally would keep eating as long as there was food in front of them, Mallory knew her limits. She could feel her normally flat, washboard stomach puffing out, firm and round and testing the spandex fabric of her exercise outfit. Putting one hand on her swollen tummy in hopes of soothing her roiling guts, Mallory picked up her fork in her other and slowly mushed the remaining food on her plate in circles. The age-old trick seemed to work, tricking Jen's mother into thinking that Mallory was eating when she was really only moving her food around in circles. Thank goodness!

Alice and Jean, meanwhile, were hovering down their third helpings with abandon. Jen was leaning so far over her plate that her chubby face was practically smashed into her food, like a pig at a trough, her mammoth buttocks busting additional threads as she ate. Her entire butt was now on display through that growing tear, two plump white hemispheres of tubby tush, jiggling and shaking at the slightest provocation and Jen's modesty hidden from the world by nothing more than the merest whisper of overworked white cotton panties clenched between her chubby cheeks. But if Jen didn't care about her ass being on display in public, she cared even less about it being on display here at home! She was too busy eating!

Alice was the same, mechanically shoving food into her mouth like an out-of-control eating machine, obviously dropping crumbs into her cleavage as she ate. Her pink tracksuit was stretched tightly over her massive curves, creaking every time that she pushed another forkful of food into her mouth. Her exposed belly sat in her lap, slowly pushing outward and pressing against the table as she ate. The faint red stretch marks were becoming more pronounced, pink lines transforming into red stripes until her fat belly was starting to resemble a pink and red striped watermelon with her deep sunken navel as the stem.

“Mmm... this is so good, Mrs. Sarovy!” said Alice through a mouthful of mashed potatoes. “And (urp) since we DID work out today, I think I can afford to take a little extra! Just to, um, keep up my strength...”

Mallory’s jaw dropped. Was Alice being serious? There was no way that she could actually believe that she burned even a single calorie in today’s pathetic excuse for a work out!

“Like, you’re totally right, Alice!” piped up Jen. “We should, like, treat ourselves right! Could I get another helping of spinach casserole, Mom?” She held out her licked-clean plate with a grin. Mrs. Sarovy nearly squealed in glee at the prospect of getting to feed her daughter even more, beaming widely as she spooned yet more casserole onto her daughter’s empty plate.

Mallory’s face fell as she watched Alice and Jen gorge themselves with abandon. She could literally see all their hard work at the gym today melting away right before her eyes as Jen’s mom ladled serving after serving of buttery mashed potatoes and cheesy casserole onto their plates.

Sometimes she wondered why she even bothered!

# 75. Jen

“Hello? Oh hi Laurie. Naw, I’m busy today. Do I really have to come to practice? Aw c’mon!” Jen whined into her cell phone. “Like, I don’t even really do that much at practice, ya know? Besides, I’m meeting some old friends for lunch today. You know Bev and Bea and Bernice? The Chang sisters? Yeah, well, they’re back in town so we’re gonna hang. Ok sure. Yeah, I’ll say hi for ya. TTYL!”

Jen tapped the button to hang up and shoved her cell phone into her cleavage. She was super excited! Bernice, Bea and Bev Chang had been good friends with Jen back when the three of them were in middle school, but the Changs had moved down south before high school started. Jen smiled. There was nothing better than catching up with old friends... although deep down she was also a little worried. The last time that she had seen the Chang sisters, Jen was still... well, maybe svelte wasn’t the right word. Jen had always been slightly hefty even in middle school, carrying a few extra pounds in her hips, thighs and backside that would prove portentous of her present shape. But who could have predicted that just a few extra pounds would eventually multiply to the point that Jen was now so fat that even just walking was a chore.

Jen wiped one thick arm across her forehead. When she heard that the Chang sisters were visiting, she had immediately suggested that they meet up at their old hangout. She vividly remembered how, years ago, the four of them had always hit up the same greasy spoon fast food joint everyday after school. The Burger Pit was famous for big juicy burgers and giant portions of fries. Laurie had forbidden anyone on the cheer squad from eating there for exactly that reason, but, considering how things were turning out lately, Jen couldn’t take that prohibition very seriously anymore. Jen was wearing a simply T-shirt, visibly straining at the seams as it struggled to encircle her majorly chubby gut, and a pair of stretchy leggings pulled to its absolute limit around her massive thighs and buttocks. Jen was over 500 pounds, a lot of weight for a girl of her age and height. She was having trouble with the short walk from her car into the restaurant, her chest heaving with her ragged breathing, sweat drenching her shirt and plastering the fabric to her skin.

When she walked through the door, she immediately recognized the Chang sisters hanging out in the atrium. They were a little taller, sure, but otherwise the triplets hadn’t changed at all.

The Burger Pit was a local greasy spoon that the trio had often frequented after school back in the day. Jen, of course, remained a loyal customer to this day, so the staff didn’t bat an eye when Jen’s familiar form darkened their door.

“Bernice! Beverly! Beatrice!” cried Jen, beaming widely at the sight of her old friends. “Like, it’s so good to see you!”

The three girls turned to stare at this mega-sized behemoth now addressing them. No way! It couldn’t be! This tubby whale was so big that she could barely fit through the door, but that mousy brown hair, that round smiling face, those sparkling blue eyes... there was no way that this girl could be anyone other than Jen! But how could Jen have grown THIS big?

“Jen... is that you? You’re... uh... wow.” Beverly could not believe her eyes. She hadn’t seen Jen in several years, but the difference was just astounding. The Jen that she remembered was a thick but fit cheerleader, a sleek brunette with an admittedly broad bottom. But the girl that she now saw in front of her? This girl was an absolute blimp, so absurdly swollen with fat that she could barely waddle, every plodding step made the ground shake like a thundering herd of wildebeasts. Jen was wider than she was tall, swaddled in so much blubber that she was sweating wheezing from just the short jiggling walk that it took her to get from the door to greet her friends.

“Oh! Em! Gee!” squealed Jen, grabbing her old friend and enveloping her in a giant squishy bear hug. “It’s been, like, so long! Like, I haven’t seen you since middle school!”

“Yeah... that’s, um, so long ago,” said Bev. She looked over at her sisters in confusion. Bea and Bernice just shrugged. Neither sister could believe how much Jen had expanded in just a few short years!

Bea cleared her throat to get Jen’s attention. “Wow, Jen, it’s good to see you,” said Bea.

“You too! Wow! I can’t believe we’re all back together again!”

Bea scratched her head, desperately trying to think of a sensitive way to bring up the obvious elephant in the room. “Yeah... so, um, Jen, I couldn’t help but notice... um... how do I say this? You’re...”

“You’re quite a bit wider,” finished Bernice.

“Oh? Oh, yeah,” said Jen. The enormously fat brunette released her grip on Beverly to get a better look at herself, turning to look over her shoulder at her gigantic rear as if she was just seeing it for the first time. “Like, I guess I’ve gained, like, a little weight lately. But it’s no big deal. It, like, looks good on me!”

“Um...” The three Chang sisters exchanged confused looks. Even back in middle school, Jen had been famously curvy. Her exaggerated butt was the talk of the class back then! And it wasn’t surprising that Jen’s youthfully zaftig figure would turn to fat when she got a little older. But Bea and Bev and Bernice hadn’t expected Jen to turn fat quite so fast! And not nearly to this extent! The Chang sisters were all slightly chubby, and like most teenage girls



they tended to fret about their waistlines. But seeing the absolute bloated blimp that was Jen put all that fretting into real perspective! How could they possibly worry that their own butts were too big when Jen's rear end was wider than a big rig tire!

"Like, I'm still the most bootilicious girl in school," said Jen proudly. "It's just that, well, like, now the rest of me matches my booty, too! That's what Craig always says!"

"You're dating Craig now?" said Bev. She was honestly shocked to hear that Jen was dating anyone at all. How could a quarter ton blimp like Jen snag a man of her own?

"Oh yeah, of course! Like, we've been dating for a couple years now. He always was a butt man, of course, so, like, you can guess he's really in heaven now!"

The three sisters exchanged glances again. If Craig was a butt man, then he must be getting more than his fill... because Jen was more butt than woman at her size!

"By the way, Laurie says hi!" continued Jen.

Bea and Bernice both grimaced.

"Laurie? Are you still hanging out with that bitch?" said Bev.

"Um, like, that's not nice!" said Jen defensively. "Laurie is my bff! Well, one of them... I mean she's, like, my best bestie who's not here right now. You two are my other BFFs, of course. Like, you know what I mean, right?"

"Sure Jen, it's fine. But really, Laurie Belmontes? She was such a little snot back in middle school. I still can't understand why you started hanging out with her."

"You know who I saw the other day?" interjected Bea. "I ran into Maggie Espinosa and she told me that Laurie got totally fat."

Bev shot her sister a warning glance. It wasn't cool to gossip about Laurie's weight in front of Jen, considering that Jen herself had ballooned into a total cow. True, Jen didn't seem to mind her size, but still...

Bea didn't pick up on the hint. "I just thought that was so funny, cuz remember what a twig she was back in middle school? When you guys met at cheer camp for the first time, Laurie was this nasty little beanpole. Such an attitude for such a little girl! She was flat as a board back then."

"Yeah, but, like, when she started developing... she, like, really went into overdrive," said Jen, pantomiming a giant set of breasts with her pudgy hands.

“Oh yeah, I heard that she was crazy stacked now.”

“Can we just order and get to our table?” whined Bernice. She was tired of all this talk and just wanted to eat!

“Sounds good to me!” chirped Jen.

None of the girls even had to study the menu to know what they wanted. It was, after all, the exact same menu as always. Each of the three Chang sisters ordered herself a hamburger and a soda, nothing fancy or unusual there. But each sister independently decided to dally by the register just so that they could hear what Jen was going to order.

“Could I get, like, the double cheeseburger with bacon and....uh.... could I add double cheese to that?”

“Sure,” said the counter girl, “We can do that for you.”

“Okay, and, like, could I get some sautéed mushrooms on that too? And, like, add guacamole? And French fried onions? Actually, like, you know what? That’s, like, too complicated. Could I just get a second burger with the French fried onions?”

“So a double cheeseburger and a hamburger?”

“No, like, two double cheeseburgers. Actually, like, better make that three. Cuz I’d like one with extra pickles too. Oh, and let me get an order of extra large fries too. And an order of onion rings. And could I get a large chocolate shake too?”

The girls were aghast. How could Jen eat THAT much? That was enough food to feed an army! No wonder she was as big as a cow!

“Come on, guys, you remember our regular table, right?” said Jen.

The Burger Bar was a casual student hang-out, so the tables all resembled wooden picnic table seating. The tables didn’t have chairs so much as benches. Bev frowned as she noticed that the benches didn’t have a whole lot of support. There were legs at one end of each bench with the other bolted to the wall.

She elbowed Bea in the ribs and pointed. Bea immediately understood the situation. In fact, Bea could tell that Jen still frequented the restaurant and undoubtedly still always sat at their regular table: The wood of the bench was warped, dipping down as though it had been forced to accommodate a gradually increasing load over the course of years.

“Ugh, I wish these seats weren’t so small,” groused Jen as she slid herself into the booth, her gut settling upon the table top as she adjusted her butt on the bench. The entire

bench creaked ominously and the Chang sisters braced themselves as they waited for the sudden splintering SNAP that they were sure was to follow. But it never came! Apparently, today was not the day that the bench would break. At least not yet.

Jen settled her plump rear down on the bench, wiggling her haunches to get comfortable. The entire bench creaked in response, slowly sagging beneath Jen's immense weight. Jen didn't notice. She was too busy chattering with her friends to even think about how much damage her 500 plus pounds of pure teenage lard could do to a bench that barely had enough support to hold up an average sized girl. Jen's bottom spread out along the bench like a marshmallow expanding in the microwave; her cheeks were so large that they also spilled over the end of the bench. Sitting down caused her leggings to pull down slightly, just enough to reveal the top quarter of Jen's bare bottom, along with a good inch of butt crack.

Bev and Bea took their seats on the bench opposite Jen, leaving poor Bernice to try to squeeze in next to the prodigiously pear-shaped porker. It wasn't easy. There was barely enough room on the bench for Bernice, so she had to sit with half of her own scrawny (compared to Jen) ass hanging over the edge.

It took two waitresses to bring all the food for the quartet, mostly on account of Jen's enormous order. The four old friends gossiped and talked like it was old times as they ate, soon forgetting themselves as they rehashed pleasant memories. It wasn't easy to forget that Jen was the size of a Volkswagon bus, but soon it didn't matter to them at all.

It did, however, matter to the bench. The bench sagged more and more with every bite that Jen shoved into her mouth. Her blubbery buns spilled over the seat, nearly sagging all the way to the floor, putting more and more pressure on to the stitches of Jen's overloaded stretch pants.

Jen mowed her way through her burger, chomping off great big greasy mouthfuls with vigor and quietly murmuring to herself in gluttonous ecstasy. Gawd, this was soooo good! Jen absolutely relished any excuse to stuff her fat face! All the while, the bench creaked and groaned. The dangerous sound of cracking wood slowly grew louder and louder as Jen munched away obliviously. Crack! Something gave way deep inside the wooden plank and the whole bench suddenly sagged lower. Jen dipped down slightly, her bountiful buns shaking, but the greedy glutton just kept eating.

"Jen, uh... you look shorter," said Bev, noticing that Jen had sunk several inches as the seat began to buckle under her excessive and growing poundage.

"Huh? Like, you're not making any sense," said Jen. Juice dribbled down her double chin as she re-attacked her burger with undimished gusto. The creaking grew louder and louder, building to a frightening crescendo as other patrons in the restaurant started to take notice. All eyes were on Jen and her monstrous booty spilling out of her inadequate stretch pants. Jen didn't notice. She was too intent on eating!

“I think you need to calm down,” said Bernice, poking her friend in her voluminous gut and noticing with dismay that her finger disappeared into Jen’s soft flab all the way up to the knuckle. “I don’t think this bench can take much more...”

And then...

CRACK!

Sure, Jen should have seen it coming. All that creaking and groaning and grinding from the bench should have been ample warning. But Jen was never the quickest on the up-take and, when she was distracted by food, she was even slower than usual. So it completely took her by surprise when the bench finally broke beneath her and sent her tumbling to the ground in a big, jiggling heap.

“OMG!” cried Jen as she hit the ground, kicking her stubby legs uselessly. Luckily, Jen’s colossal caboose broke her fall. Her enormous buns, pumped with so much soft yielding blubber that they were basically like two cushions shoved into the back of her fraying stretch pants, acted like her own built-in airbags. Bernice too tumbled to the floor with a yelp. But lacking the same built-in cushion, the poor girl slammed her tailbone right into the floor!

“Jen! Bernice! Are you ok?” cried Bev, jumping to her feet.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m, like, fine,” said Jen. She shoved the remnants of her third burger into her mouth and chewed vigorously, hardly phased by her accident.

“Speak for yourself!” groaned Bernice as she picked herself up off the ground.

Jen rolled over, rubbing her tender tushie. “Like, my butt broke my fall. But, like, could you give me a hand up?”

The Chang sisters couldn’t say no, although lugging Jen to her feet was a hard job.

“You guys, I think maaaybe we should, like, get out of here?” said Jen. She scanned the restaurant, noticing – perhaps for the first time – that every pair of eyes was on them. She could hear desperate whispers from the kitchen as the kitchen staff debated who would have to go out and yell at Jen for smashing one of their benches. In reality, she probably wasn’t going to get in trouble. Jen was such a good customer that they wouldn’t want to risk losing her business. But Jen didn’t know that and was still eager to get out of here before someone read her the riot act. “We could, like, head back to my place? Ya know, and just hang out?”

“Um, I dunno, Jen, is your mom home?” asked Bea.

“Yeah! Like, of course!”

“Ummmm... then I think maybe we would rather, uh, go someplace else. I mean, your mom is nice but, uh, we just ate. And I don't want to go someplace where someone is going to make me eat more!”

Bev and Bernice nodded emphatically. If anything was going to put them off of food, seeing Jen eat until she broke a bench would definitely be it!

“Where are you guys staying while you're in town?”

“We're all at our grandmother's house. Look, Jen, you should just come over and hang out. You remember Grandma's pool? We'll go for a swim.”

Jen nodded. That did sound like a lark!

Honestly, Bea, Bev, and Bernice just wanted to get Jen somewhere where the behemoth teen wouldn't be quite so conspicuous. They were well aware of all the stares that Jen's obscenely bloated badonkadonk attracted wherever she went, so they thought that a nice dip in their grandmother's secluded backyard pool would be a good excuse to get Jen out of the public eye. Not to mention Jen would probably be a lot more comfortable in water. Like a manatee, Jen was awkward on land but graceful when she could allow water to lift her weight for her.

The sisters sat along the edge of the pool, each wearing a one piece swimsuit – Bev in blue, Bea in red and Bernice in yellow – and waiting for Jen to finish changing in the backyard shed that doubled as a changing room.

“Hey, girls,” said Bev, clearing her throat, “While we're alone, I just have to say it... can you believe how big Jen is now?”

Bea sighed in relief. “I'm glad someone finally said it. I've been thinking about it all day! Do you think she has some sort of gland disorder? I mean, Jen was always a little thick but... not like that!”

“I don't think it's a gland disorder at all,” said Bernice. “I know exactly how she got so big. Did you see the way she packed away burgers at lunch today? Three double bacon burgers and she didn't even break a sweat! In fact, it seems like that's the ONLY thing that doesn't make her break a sweat. She just stuffed her face until she busted the bench! That's some real commitment to gluttony.”

“I guess we shouldn't be surprised,” said Bea. “You remember her mom, right? She was relentless in packing food in Jen's mouth... and us, too, everytime that we came over!”

Bev nodded. “I guess after four years away it's not surprising to return to see that Jen's

grown so big.”

“Heeeeeeey, girls!”

The sisters turned to see Jen squeezing her bulk out of the changing shed. They stared as Jen waddled out from the changing room. Clad only in a string bikini, Jen looked even bigger than before. She was wider than she was tall, a billowing bulging roly poly ball of flesh, the front of her bikini bottoms hidden under the bulge of her flabby gut, the back of her bikini bottoms swallowed up between her bloated buns, her ample breasts barely restrained by her overmatched bikini top and resting on the shelf of her fat belly as she wobbled. Everything shook as she lumbered toward the pool.

“Oooh, this is gonna feel sooo good!” burbled Jen as she waded into the pool, displacing enough mass that the water slopped over the edges of the pool and swamped the three Chang sisters. Bernice and Bea jumped back with high-pitched squeals, but Bev couldn’t contain her mirth at the scene. Jen yelped as her butt, swollen with lighter-than-water fat, floated up to the surface of the pool, causing Jen to lose her footing and flop forward onto her belly. The Chang sisters giggled as Jen fell face first into the water, flailing her arms and blowing bubbles as her giant bum bobbed up and down like two big pink icebergs.

Bev sighed. “C’mon, gals, let’s give Jen a hand.” She led her sisters down into the pool, where the three of them helped to right their sputtering friend.

“Thanks,” said Jen, coughing up water from her lungs. “Like, I don’t know why that happened! It’s, like, so weird. I’m having all sorts of trouble standing up in water lately.”

“Yeah, really strange,” said Bea sarcastically, eying Jen’s bulging booty. The fat girl’s bikini bottoms were little more than a whisper of fabric between her cheeks.

“You need some more weight up top to help you stabilize,” said Bernice. Bea shot her sister a withering look, but Jen didn’t pick up on the barb.

“Hey,” said Bev mischievously, “Speaking of, you remember that game we used to play as kids in the pool? Chicken fight?”

“Haha, of course!” said Bea, laughing. She remembered it well. It was a simple game, where one girl would climb atop another girl’s shoulders. Then two pairs of fighters would rush at each other until one pair managed to knock the rider off the other team’s shoulders.

“Like, we could play it now, ya know?” said Jen, bobbing up and down in the water. Her giant butt looked like two big pink icebergs bobbing on the waves. “C’mon, Bea, get on my shoulders! I, like, bet we could totally beat Bev and Bernice!”

“Haha, yeah, why not!” cried Bea. Without a second thought, she wrapped her arms

around Jen's shoulders and hoisted herself up to ride atop her obese friend. It wasn't that hard to get up. Jen's preposterous posterior was a natural shelf that Bea could use as a foothold to help her clamor up onto Jen's shoulders. As she was getting settled, Bernice did the same to Bev.

"Alright! Team Jen and Bea is ready to fight!" crowd Jen, slowly wobbling her way toward her opponents. The four friends laughed and giggled at the silly game, but it didn't take long for Bernice to knock Bea right into the water.

"Now it's my turn on top!" cried Jen with childish enthusiasm.

"Jen, no!" cried Bea, but it was too late. Jen was already clamoring up onto her shoulders. Not even chlorine water could buoy up all 500 pounds of Jen's mega-fat body. Bea felt Jen's tree-trunk legs wrap around her neck and the next thing she knew she was forced underwater, weighed down by the porky princess and her ponderous posterior. The slimmer girl could only flail and sputter.

"Oh shit! I'm so sorry," cried Jen as she lifted Bea back out of the water.

"It's... fine..." Bea coughed and wheezed for several minutes. "It's just... you're... a little heavy..."

"Yeah, I guess so," admitted Jen. "I guess that's one game we just can't play anymore. I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you like that!"

Suddenly crestfallen, Jen dragged herself out of the pool and dropped heavily onto a lawn chair, the supple flesh of her bare bottom squishing between the soft plastic strips that made up the chair's seat. "I guess I should have known better. Like, it's hard to do a lot of stuff at my size!"

"Aw, don't be sad, Jen," said Bev. She didn't want to make Jen feel self-conscious about her weight, although it was really hard to believe that Jen didn't care at all that she was massively obese. Then again, Jen always had been kind of a bubble head. "Let's dry off and head inside. I'm sure we can find something else to do that, uh, won't be so hard on you at your...um... size."

"Hey, like, Bea, I've had a really good time with you guys today. It's, like, so good to see you all again! I hope you're, like, not mad about that thing in the pool."

Bea put down her book. After rough-housing in the pool, the four girls had spent the rest of the evening chatting and watching old movies together. It was almost like one of the sleepovers that Jen frequently had with Alice and Laurie except that there weren't massive amounts of fattening snacks on hand. Jen didn't like that part. Eventually, worn out after a long

day of good times, Bernice and Bev had fallen asleep in their grandmother's basement rec room. Jen had conked out on the floor, but when she awoke she noticed that Bea wasn't around. It wasn't hard to find her. She was outside, on the front porch, sitting in her grandmother's porch swing and reading a book while enjoying the evening air. That made sense. Bea always was the most bookish of the three, enjoying her quiet time alone.

"Aw, don't worry about it, Jen. No harm done." Bea smiled. "I mean, what's a little drowning between friends? Hey hey, I'm just kidding!" Bea said quickly as Jen's expression fell. "You know we're still pals. We'll just... uh... be more careful in the future."

"Yeah," said Jen, "I...uh... guess so."

"Listen, Jen, I didn't want to say anything to make you feel bad, but since it's just the two of us now, I kind of have to ask..."

Jen stared at her feet. Or rather, she tried to. She couldn't see her feet over the magnificent arc of her flabby gut and ample breasts. But even though Jen was generally okay with her weight, she was kind of embarrassed knowing what question was coming.

"How did you... uh... get so big? I mean, if I can ask. You don't seem to mind it, which is surprising. But you weren't that much bigger than we were when we left. But you've just... ballooned! You're huge!"

"Um, I'm, like, not THAT big," said Jen, looking over her shoulder to spy her pumped-up patoot. Back in her stretch pants, it was kind of hard to ignore that she really WAS that big. She was bursting at the seams, blubber bubbling out through splits in her failing stitches. "Like, I know I'm a little chunky these days. But like I said, it just makes me more bootilicious, right?"

"Uh huh. Right. So how did this happen?"

Jen shrugged. "Like, I dunno... I just kinda started gaining, you know?"

"It can't just be because of your mom," said Bea, rubbing her chin. "You lived with her for 18 years without blimping this much. But all of sudden in the last four you just explode? There's got to be something else..."

"Huh, I guess, I dunno," said Jen, awkwardly twirling her hair around her pudgy finger. She really didn't like the direction this conversation was taking. There was, in fact, something else happening. It was all those sleepovers with Alice and Laurie. They were all part of Laurie's plot to fatten up Alice, in hopes that if Alice looked fatter than Laurie and Jen would look slimmer in comparison. But that plan had backfired in a major way. Both Jen and Laurie were growing fatter along with their teammate, blowing up like out-of-control balloons as they stuffed themselves with the same fattening, high-calorie treats which they intended for Alice to eat. They were victims of their own success. Especially Laurie, who was now nearly a full hundred



pounds heavier than either Jen or Alice! What an irony! Jen was almost on the verge of a revelation, thinking about how Laurie's plan seemed to be having this effect on her own waistline. Hmm. After Jen had confronted Laurie about how she no longer wanted any part in fattening Alice, Laurie had promised to abandon the plan. But all three girls continued to gain. That was very strange... But Jen just couldn't wrap her empty head around why.

"Hey, mind if I sit down with you?" asked Jen.

"No, Jen, don't—" began Bea. But she never got any further. Her breath caught in her throat as Jen plopped her gargantuan ass onto the porch swing, shoving Bev to the side. The swing sank nearly a foot as Jen leaned back. Bev braced herself as she was sure that the hook was about to tear out of the ceiling, sending both girls crashing to the ground. Deep inside the ceiling, the hook holding the porch swing in place crunched and groaned. Plaster and paint rained down upon the two girls below. Bev raised her arms to shelter herself from the deluge, but Jen didn't even notice.

But the porch swing held. Just barely. Bev didn't trust that ominous crunching and creaking from above, though.

"I'm just gonna get up, okay?" said Bev as she quickly sprang to her feet. Now that she had the whole swing to herself, Jen shifted to get into a more comfortable position. Her butt looked like an ocean of gelatin washing over the bench.

Jen squinted at the heavy-duty hook screwed into the verandah ceiling. A large crack bisected the ceiling, spiraling outwards from the hook. Jen frowned and pushed the swing. It wobbled slightly, dislodging some paint and plaster from the ceiling. Was that crack there last night? Jen couldn't remember. She couldn't help but wonder if her weight hadn't caused it. Maybe it was true. Maybe she really was just too heavy for real life? Jen was gradually finding that she was too big, too heavy, too fat for more and more things. She was slowly outgrowing everything – from her wardrobe to her car to her house. This was just more evidence of that. But, at the same time, she couldn't bring herself to care too much. She shrugged. What could she do? She definitely wasn't going to stop eating. She loved that too much. And she certainly wasn't going to start exercising. She hated that too much.

And as long as she kept hanging out with Laurie and eating the food that Laurie provided at their sleepovers, she was definitely going to keep gaining.

# 76. Lilith

How could this have happened?

Lilith grimaced at the sight of her overblown daughter. For once, Alice wasn't eating. The young piglet was probably only restraining herself because she knew her mother was watching, because Alice almost never without a candy bar or a cookie in her pudgy hands. Whenever Lilith walked in on Alice unannounced, she always caught Alice shoving some fattening treat into her greedy mouth. How had it come to this? For so long, she had tried so hard to help Alice to slim down, but her gluttonous daughter just kept growing bigger and bigger and bigger! Lilith had no way of knowing that on her last weigh-in Alice had finally exceeded 500 pounds and now weighed an earth-shattering 505. But Lilith certainly could guess, just from looking at Alice, that her daughter was massively overweight.

Lilith sighed and shook her head. She was trying her best not to nag Alice about her weight these days, simply because nagging didn't seem to have any effect. Lilith hoped that Alice might eventually see the error of her gluttonous ways on her own, but that didn't seem to be the case either. What could possess a girl to get so fat so fast? Just a year ago, Alice was merely chubby... but then she started to grow, first chubby, then chubbier, then fat, then downright obese. It was probably because of the bad influence from her friends, decided Lilith. But what could she do?

This was one of the rare nights when Alice was actually home, rather than staying over at her boyfriend's house or enjoying a slumber party with her cheerleader cohorts. Lilith saw relatively little of her daughter these days – despite the fact that there was so much MORE of her daughter to see – since the Sarovys had invited her to stay over at their house as a semi-permanent houseguest. Lilith hadn't objected at first, hoping that spending more time with her fellow cheerleaders would encourage Alice to at least watch her diet a little better. But the time spent under the Sarovy's roof seemed to have the opposite effect!

Sitting on opposite ends of the couch as they watched TV, mother and daughter were a startling contrast. Lilith looked like an older version of her daughter, although much thinner. She was a slim woman with modest breasts and slender curves but still sharing the same short blonde hair as her daughter framing a slightly less round but still pretty face (marred as it often was by a nasty sneer whenever she turned her gaze toward her overly plump daughter). Alice, by contrast, was younger but much wider. At over 500 pounds, Alice was nearly entirely round, her enormous heaving belly resting on her chubby thighs and filling her lap with heavy, billowing lard. The fat girl's face was so round now that her double chin rested on her chest, giving her whole head a distinctive gumdrop shape. Her large breasts filled out her over-stretched polo shirt until the seams were fraying but at least it was easier to contain her tits than her belly: Her shirt had completely given up all hope of holding in that gargantuan orb of fat and had slipped

up the arc of her gut to leave it wholly bare, instead just fitting as a tight croptop across her boobs. The waist of Alice's cargo pants was buried under her billowing rolls of flab, so Lilith had no way of knowing that the XXX pants no longer fastened around her bloated daughter's girth and now had to be held together with safety pins.

Gawd, Lilith couldn't imagine what it must be like to be so fat. How could Alice be comfortable? The girl could barely walk a few feet without breaking a sweat. Lilith couldn't help but feel a little bad for always hassling her daughter about her size, but surely Alice must understand that it was for her own good! Lilith just knew that it must be hell to be that fat. It couldn't possibly be good at all, could it?

Whatever. She wasn't about to sit here all night, stewing about her daughter's burgeoning waistline. As the television program drew to a close and the credits began to roll, Lilith stood up and stretched.

"I'm going to bed, Alice," she said. "Good night."

"Night, Mom!" said Alice. "I, uh, really enjoyed spending some time with you tonight. Sorry we don't get to do it too much..."

Lilith paused, her eyebrow arching slightly as she pondered a snarky comeback. But no. This wasn't the time for that. She smiled. Alice was, after all, her daughter.

"It was nice having you around tonight," said Lilith. "Maybe we can do it more often. You, uh, can see yourself to bed, right?" The moment she said it, she regretted it. Damn it. She was trying to have a moment, but then she had to ruin it by implying that Alice was simply too fat to pick herself up off the couch and waddle the short distance to her own bed.

"Oh sure!" said Alice, a slight quiver of confusion in her voice as if she didn't know what her mother was implying. Lilith was glad. She had a sneaking suspicion that Alice would be raiding the kitchen as soon as her mother was asleep, but Lilith couldn't bring herself to care right now. She was so tired, so very tired of constantly fighting with her daughter. She couldn't bring herself to stop caring, but maybe... well, maybe she could at least get back to subtly encouraging her daughter to make better decisions. Tomorrow. For now, she just needed to get to bed.

With a sigh, Lilith retired to her bedroom and quickly brushed her teeth and changed into her nightgown. As she climbed into bed, she could hear Alice shifting her bulk out in the living room followed by the tell-tale sound of the refrigerator door opening. Of course. She could have predicted it. She had half a mind to barge out into the kitchen to catch Alice red-handed, but eh she was tired now. She would worry about berating Alice in the morning.

As Lilith drifted off to sleep, she couldn't help but ponder... how awful it would be to be so huge, so fat... she couldn't imagine... but what if... what if...

“What on Earth?!” cried Lilith, her face going pale as she took in the sight of her own body. She was huge! She was a gigantic obese hog, so vast and doughy that she filled the entire bed with her bulk! Her belly rose in front of her like a giant fleshy mountain under the sheets, so big and bloated that she couldn’t see over it. No, no, no! This couldn’t be real! This had to be some sort of bad dream! With trembling fingers, Lilith raised the edge of the sheet and peered underneath. Oh my GAWD!! It really WAS all her! With a yelp, she tossed the sheet aside and, for the first time, beheld her vastness in all its glory. She was lying in bed nearly naked – other than a stretched-out white t-shirt that barely contained her newly swollen boobs and a pair of threadbare panties buried under the enormous sag of her planet-sized belly, she was completely nude. This wasn’t right! Lilith always wore her nightgown to bed. But now she was way too large to ever fit into her usual pajamas.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay, Mom?” Alice appeared in the doorway, her round face red and her chest rising and falling quickly with her labored breathing. “I heard you... puff puff... yelling and I... puff puff... came as fast I could...”

“I’m fat! Alice, I’m... what’s happened to me?! I’m as big as you!”

Alice raised an eyebrow as she leaned against the wall, her large chest rapidly rising and falling as she struggled to catch her breath after the brief waddling jog. “What are you talking about, Mom? Uh... I mean, I don’t mean to be mean but... Well, of course you are. You’ve always been...uh, big. I mean, we’ve always been big.”

“No, no, no!” cried Lilith, kicking her flabby legs feebly. “Alice, you know I’m not fat! I’ve never been fat! You... you’re fat, not me!”

Alice chuckled. “I think you were just having a dream, Mom.”

Lilith paused. Could that be true? Was her slim, sensual body nothing more than a dream? Was this reality? Was she actually an enormously obese sow, so big that she actually rivaled her daughter in poundage?

“I...I guess you’re right,” mumbled Lilith. “Right. Of course you’re right. How silly of me.”

Lilith shook her head as she propped herself up into a sitting position with her thick arms. It was surprisingly difficult as her enormous belly acted like a giant spring pushing her backwards, her stomach bunching up into thick rolls of resistance as she tried to sit up.

“Let me give you some help, Mom,” said Alice, shuffling over and offering her mother a pudgy hand. “You know how hard it is for you to get out of bed.”

“Right, right, of course,” said Lilith. She grabbed hold of Alice’s hand and, with Alice

pulling and Lilith pushing, the two tubby women eventually managed to hoist Lilith into a sitting position so that she could swing her tree trunk-sized legs over the side of the sagging bed. In this position, Lilith could really see the full extent of her size. Gawd, she was huge! Her belly flopped into her lap, covering her massive thighs nearly to her knees. Her breasts splayed out to the sides of her gargantuan gut, barely restrained by her threadbare night shirt. She couldn't believe this was all her!

"Come on, Mom, let's get you on your feet," said Alice kindly. Lilith nodded dumbly. She wanted to protest, to point out that she didn't need help, that she never needed help, not with a simple task like standing up, but the truth was that she really DID need help! Alice again grabbed hold of her mother's hands and, with a good deal of grunting and groaning, they managed to lift Lilith to her feet. Oof! She was so heavy that she could feel every pound of her enormous bulk in her joints, bearing down on her knees and her poor flabby feet.

"Thank you, Alice," said Lilith stiffly.

"No prob, Mom," said Alice. "After all, it's like you always say. Us big girls gotta stick together."

"I, uh, always say that?"

Alice nodded, a smile on her round face. Standing side by side, mother and daughter looked like a pair of bowling balls.

"Sooooo, since it's Saturday, I was thinking maybe we could get lunch today? Maybe go down to that new buffet that opened downtown?" Alice said, giving her mother some major puppy dog eyes.

Lilith was surprised. Alice wanted to spend time together? It had been years since Alice wanted anything to do with her mom... or had it been? No, of course that was ridiculous. Alice and her mother had a very close relationship, they spent lots of time together, mostly eating. Why on earth had Lilith suddenly felt like it had ever been different?

Lilith's enormous belly rumbled, startling her. It was a loud, demanding noise, the sound of a gut that wasn't used to waiting to be filled. Lilith licked her lips. Now that she thought about it, she was quite hungry. And the thought of a buffet sounded suddenly enticing. The thought of all that delicious food spread out before her, just waiting for her to gulp and guzzle and gorge to her heart's content... Lilith could feel her overloaded knees going weak at the thought. What was this strange feeling coming over her? Lilith shook her head to clear her thoughts. No! She might be fat, yes, but that didn't mean she was some sort of food-obsessed glutton, right?

Still, she WAS hungry.

She smiled and nodded, her own double chin bunching against her neck as she moved.

“Sure, Alice, that sound lovely. Let me just get dressed and we can make a day of it.”

Alice clapped her hands with glee. “Thanks, Mom! You’re the best!” In a surprising burst of speed for a girl so round, she wrapped her flabby arms around her mother as far as she could and attempted to hug the older woman. It was a valiant attempt, but the two women were just too round to effectively hug and their large bellies prevented them from getting close enough. But Lilith understood the gesture and smiled. This was nice! Having a close and loving relationship with her daughter was...good. Of course, the two women had always been close... right?

“I’m gonna go get started on breakfast, okay, Mom?” said Alice, wobbling away and turning sideways to squeeze herself out the bedroom door.

“But we’re going out to a buffet, why do we need to eat first...” Lilith’s protest trailed away as Alice left the room. She shrugged. Well. It didn’t matter anyway. Breakfast was the most important meal of the day and who knew how long it would take to get to the buffet. Maybe it would be a good idea to have a small snack before they left the house.

Lilith rooted through her closet, stunned at the vast array of huge, baggy muumuus and stretchy yoga pants. Where were all her neatly tailored dresses and pantsuits? Lilith groaned at the realization that she was simply too rotund to have any nice clothes; nothing would fit her!

“Ugh, forget this,” mumbled Lilith as she grabbed a gray sweat suit. She didn’t have time for this junk!

Unfortunately, even this gargantuan sweat suit was snug on Lilith’s new quarter ton body. Getting dressed was a huge hassle. First, she had to yank her undershirt off, nearly getting the overstretched fabric tangled around herself as she struggled to tear it off her bloated body. She could feel her giant jugs swing free as she hefted the shirt over her head, marveling at the sudden feeling of weight on her chest. Damn. Lilith was never a very stacked woman, but her bustline had obviously grown to match her waistline. Next, she grabbed a fresh T-shirt and grumbled as she wriggled her flabby body into the constrictive garment. It was too tight and it made her look like a sausage ready to burst. The white material clung to her big rounded paunch, clearly defining every wobbling roll and gelatinous fold of her plush torso. Lilith arched an eyebrow in annoyance. The lowcut top made her bust look even bigger, her swollen breasts rising from the neckline like two jiggling waterballoons. How tacky! She sighed, but she couldn’t help but smirk a little. Even if she was going to look a fright in her old sweatsuit, no one would be able to ignore her ample assets. At least that was one advantage of being a big girl!

Stuffing herself into the sweat top wasn’t easy, but she finally got her arms tucked into her sleeves. She had to suck in to pull the zipper tab over the arc of her belly and breasts and she could feel the stretchy fabric tensing and straining when she released her breath and allowed her titanic tummy to swell back out to its full natural size. A cool breeze at the base of her tummy alerted her to the fact that the sweat top didn’t cover everything; instead it was

sliding up the curve of her belly to leave the lowest jelly roll visible.

Lilith held up the sweatpants and marveled at their size. Goddamn. How was it possible that she was THIS fat? These should fit comfortably on a circus fat lady! Or maybe an elephant. Lilith's belly gurgled in hunger again, reminding the megaton milf EXACTLY how she had grown this big. Too much eating, obviously. Well, now wasn't the time to think about that. She was too worried about how she was going to get her pants on. She was way too fat and unwieldy to bend over to pull them up; if she tried, her new low center of gravity would just make her fall right on her fat face! There must be a way...

Lilith looked over at the bed, noticing for the first time how the mattress sagged in the middle. Years of supporting Lilith's ever-increasing mass had warped the bed until it looked ready to collapse. But Lilith wasn't thinking about that. She was remembering how she had seen Alice lie on her own bed while struggling to wedge herself into some obviously out-grown pair of jeans or shorts. Yes! That was what she needed to do!

Lilith flopped down onto the bed, wincing as the springs creaked and groaned beneath her poundage. She held her breath, worried for a moment that the bed might buckle, but it held. Good, good. Next she grabbed her gigantic sweatpants and, bending her fat-swaddled knees as much as she could, struggled to hoist them up and over her corpulent calves and tree trunk-sized legs. Lilith groaned, sweat beading on her forehead with the exertion, but the pants slowly rose up her legs. It was tough going as the material clung tightly to her body. Next she just had to get it over her ass. With a grunt, Lilith lifted her flabby butt off the bed just long enough to yank the pants over her protruding posterior before she crashed down again. Oof! What a work out! It took all of her strength and energy to twist herself around, so that she was lying on her stomach, and then shove herself up and off the bed with her pudgy pants.

She wiped her forehead with her arm and surveyed herself in the mirror. The sweatpants' waistband were under the swell of her belly, because there was no way that she could stuff all that ponderous lard under the elastic waistband without snapping it like a twig. Her outfit didn't do anything to disguise Lilith's billowing curves, but at least it was comfortable. Lilith experimented with movement, briefly squatting and standing several times (as much as she could) to test the sweatsuit's stretch. Nice! She smiled. Man, this was sooo comfortable! Maybe if she'd known the pleasures of sweatsuits earlier, she wouldn't have wasted so many years wearing tight, tailored unforgiving fashion.

"Guess that's one good thing about being fat," mumbled Lilith, "I don't need to worry about looking good, so I can just concentrate on feeling good."

"Mooom! Are you almost ready?" called Alice from the kitchen. "Breakfast is ready!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming," mumbled Lilith, grabbing at the hem of her sweat top and struggling unsuccessfully to pull it down over her exposed gut. No matter how much she tugged and tucked, the sweat top just kept sliding back up as she moved, exposing a thick and growing

slab of lower belly blubber.

Lilith set off for the kitchen, surprised at how differently her body moved at this size. She felt like an ocean in movement! She was especially surprised when she reached the doorway of her bedroom and felt her hips collide with the doorframe. She was just too wide to fit! She stepped back and reassessed the situation. Oh right, Alice had just turned sideways to fit. She couldn't believe she was imitating her whale of a daughter, but... well, she just had to keep reminding herself that she too was a big girl. Lilith sucked in her gut, watching as the grand globe in front of her shrank just enough that she could edge sideways through the door. She sighed, releasing her belly again and watching in despair as it bounced back. Oof! That was a lot of belly on display. Luckily, the aroma of sizzling pancakes distracted her from her worries. Mmmm! That smelled delicious! She could feel herself start to drool and her chubby feet started to carry her toward the kitchen. Lilith huffed and puffed her way down the hallway as fast as she could waddle!

Alice was already pouring a second batch of batter onto the griddle as Lilith entered the room. She could see the first batch, a towering stack of golden brown flapjacks, piled on a platter on the kitchen table. Alice had a plate loaded with buttered pancakes next to her as she stood over the oven, regularly stabbing fluffy morsels with a fork as she cooked.

"Alice! You cooked breakfast?" said Lilith. She was surprised! She certainly knew that Alice loved to eat, but she didn't remember that Alice ever cooking before!

Alice nodded. "It's not hard," she said through a mouthful of chewed-up pancake, "I just followed the directions on the box. I thought we'd need a good breakfast before we headed out."

"Alice, this is too much food!" said Lilith, "We really shouldn't be eating so much junk!"

Alice looked hurt. "B-but Mom! This is what we always have for breakfast!"

"And that's why you're so fat," snapped Lilith, temporarily forgetting that she was just as fat if not fatter than her daughter. She poked Alice in her trembling belly with one chubby finger, watching as her digit disappeared into her daughter's flab up to the third joint. Disgusting! But still... she couldn't help but notice how deliciously soft her daughter's blubber was. And she couldn't help but think about how deliciously soft her own blubber was as well. Why had she spent so much time thinking that carrying excess fat was gross? It was... well, there was something to be said for the experience!

Lilith suddenly remembered herself. "I mean, that's why WE'RE so fat. Alice, I mean to say... I... I think we really ought to think about trying to watch our waistlines a little better. I mean, I'm a little worried. Don't you worry?"

Alice stared at her mother as if the older woman had gone crazy.



“What are you talking about, Mom? You’ve never worried about your weight before.”

“I...I...” Lilith grasped for words, but couldn’t think of anything to say. Maybe she was just being irrational. “I’m sorry, Alice, I don’t know what came over me... I think maybe I’m just hungry. I’m sure I’ll feel better after a good breakfast.”

Alice brightened up. “Yeah, Mom! Try some, I think you’ll like ‘em! I put extra butter in ‘em!”

“Hmm, great, just what we need,” muttered Lilith to herself as she pulled out a chair to sit down. The chair looked tiny compared to Lilith’s mammoth bulk. Lilith was about to plop her gargantuan ass down when Alice cried out.

“Mom! You can’t just sit down like that!”

“Why? Why can’t I?” Lilith was annoyed, not least of all because standing up was hard work at her size. She wanted to rest her chubby feet as soon as possible!

“You know you can’t just sit on one chair,” scolded Alice, “You’ll have another accident! Remember what you told me: Always use two!”

“Oh. Of course. How silly of me.” Lilith’s chubby cheeks went red despite herself. How could this be real? She silently pulled out a second chair and carefully positioned herself so that her ass was balanced across the two seats as she lowered herself down. The wooden chairs creaked but they held. She watched as Alice did the same across the table from her. Lilith couldn’t believe that both she and Alice were so monumentally fat that they each required two chairs, one for each tremendous butt cheek, to support them.

“Two chairs, huh?” said Lilith darkly, shifting in her seat to try and get more comfortable.

“Aw, don’t feel so bad, Mom!” said Alice, “My friend Jen has to use three, you know.”

“Hmm.” Alice’s mother wasn’t surprised. Her daughter’s friend Jen was just as fat as Alice but definitely way more bottom-heavy, so a butt that wide would definitely need some special accommodations.

Alice seated herself opposite her mother, beaming broadly as she helped herself to a tall stack of pancakes. The fat girl was oblivious to her mother’s confusion as she wolfed down her breakfast. Lilith stared at the pancakes on the table. She definitely should NOT be eating high calorie food like this, not if she expected to ever slim down! Then again, it did smell delicious... and wouldn’t it be rude to refuse to eat a home-cooked meal after her daughter had worked so hard for her? Before Lilith knew what was happening, she was shoveling pancakes into her mouth like a starving woman.

Wow, these pancakes were great! Lilith had never tasted anything so absolutely delicious and she found that she just couldn't control herself. She was gobbling her breakfast so fast that she was breaking out in a sweat, her chubby cheeks and flabby arms wobbling as she shoveled forkful after forkful into her eager mouth. How could it be possible that these pancakes were so good? They were just ordinary pancakes, right? Alice had said it herself, she just followed the recipe on the box. What was so special about them? It couldn't be something about being fat that made food taste better, could it? That didn't make sense. Although Lilith wondered... Maybe it was just that, as a fat woman, she didn't feel the same pressures that she had when she was slender. Maybe the food just tasted better because she was allowing herself to enjoy it more?

Lilith and Alice chowed their way through breakfast with barely a word between them, the two women were way too intent on gorging to their hearts' delight to speak even if their mouths weren't stuffed full of delicious fluffy pancakes. For minutes, the only noise was the steady clink of silverware against plates and the occasional porcine grunt or stifled hiccup as they ate and ate and ate. Every so often, the chairs beneath them would creak or groan. The two women paid no mind to the sound, assuming it was the natural noise of chairs creaking as they shifted their mammoth butts to get more comfortable. They didn't pause to think or else they would have quickly realized that neither of them was moving enough in her seat to justify THAT much creaking from the wood. The chairs were creaking entirely because they were just too heavy for the overworked furniture to hold.

It didn't take long for the two hungry heifers to make short work of the entire breakfast feast, and soon Alice and Lilith were both leaning back in their seats, wheezing and cradling big food-bloated bellies.

"Alice... thank you for breakfast... that was... very good," said Lilith. She sighed in contented bliss, a slight smile playing over her lips as she felt a satisfied warmth emanating out through her body from her full tummy. Her gut pushed out onto her lap, round and full and proud and filled to bursting, a giant globe of flesh that sloshed over the elastic waistband of her snug sweatpants. Lilith still couldn't believe that was all her. She ran her pudgy fingers over the vast doughy expanse of her middle, marveling at her own softness. This was... strange. Strange but kind of nice... She shook her head. What was she saying? No, no, this was silly. She couldn't honestly like being fat!

"But we really shouldn't be doing this sort of thing," she said, abruptly changing tone. She sat up in her seat, the two chairs creaking loudly as she shifted her weight, and Lilith felt the gravity of her enormous paunch threaten to pull her to the floor as she leaned forward. "We're both way too big. Don't you really think we ought to go on a diet, Alice? I mean, just for our health. We should do it together. Mother and daughter."

Alice's plump cheeks went red and she looked at the ground. Clearly she was not very enthusiastic at all about this opportunity for some mother-daughter bonding time.

“We should probably skip that buffet,” said Lilith as she placed her hands palm down against the surface of the table and grunted as she pushed herself to her feet. She tottered slightly, still unsure about her new center of gravity. Gawd, her stuffed tummy stuck out in front of her like a huge hot air balloon, bulging out of her sweats! She looked like a complete pig!

“But Mom!” groaned Alice. “I’ve been looking forward to that buffet all morning!”

“Don’t you think you... I mean we’ve already eaten too much. Really, how can you already be thinking of lunch, Alice? We just had breakfast!”

Hypocrite that she was, Lilith too was already thinking of lunch. But Alice didn’t need to know that.

“But... you don’t want to go to the gym or something, do you?” asked Alice plaintively. “That would be so much work! Couldn’t we just...I don’t know, walk around the block?”

Lilith frowned. Of course her daughter didn’t want to do any real exercise! Then again...

“Then again, too much physical exertion isn’t healthy either,” continued Lilith. She was right, of course, that a woman of her size had to be careful not to exert herself too much. She was so out of shape that too much exercise might actually be dangerous. They would have to start small. Nothing too strenuous. “You’re right, a nice walk is a good way to start.”

“Wait!” said Alice. “We could go for a walk to downtown? I think that would be great, don’t you, Mom?”

Lilith knew exactly why Alice wanted to go downtown. That walking path would lead them right past that new buffet and give them the perfect excuse to stop in for lunch.

But somehow Lilith couldn’t bring herself to object. It was almost as if she secretly wanted the exact same thing as her obese daughter: The chance to stuff her fat face even more!

“Yes, Alice,” said Lilith with a smile, “That sounds like a lovely idea...”

# 77. Lilith & Alice

Lilith still couldn't believe that she was over 500 pounds! How could it have come to this, after all those years of dieting and self-denial! In fact, why had she bothered to diet so much? Being fat didn't... well, honestly, it didn't feel so bad!

Maybe that was because she was dreaming. Lilith didn't realize it, but this was all a dream. In reality, she was as svelte as ever, asleep in her bed. But in her dream, she was a 500 plus pound heavyweight, carrying all her extra weight in a massive wobbling gut that overlapped the elastic waistband of her sweats, heaving hooters that spilled out from her overstretched tank top, and thick thick thighs that rubbed together with every wobbling step. She was just as fat as her daughter Alice, who was waddling along beside her. Together, the two women were on a short walk, ostensibly to get some exercise but in reality they both were walking unconsciously toward a new all-you-can-eat buffet that had opened downtown. Two enormous bellies grumbled in unison as mother and daughter jiggled along.

Lilith was surprised to find that despite the extra weight bearing down on her joints she wasn't as uncomfortable as she thought she would be. Her chubby hands sank deeply into her own gelatinous flesh as she poked and prodded herself, desperately trying to conform that, indeed, all this extra mass really was part of her! It was such a strange feeling... The soft, buttery blubber squished between her pudgy fingers, deliciously supple to the touch. Her thick layers of padding felt warm and snuggly around her, like a hug from the inside. Is this the way that Alice felt all the time? Lilith pondered the question as she watched Alice bounce along in front of her, the enormous blonde's voluminous rear sloshing from side to side in her overstretched cargo pants with every waddling step. If so, then Lilith almost felt bad for always trying to make her daughter lose weight. Because this was just delightful!

"Get a hold of yourself," muttered Lilith, shaking her head. "You're not making any sense! Are you seriously trying to say that... you like being fat? Come on, Lilith, get a grip!"

"Mom, we can get some lunch, right?" pleaded Alice, grabbing her mother's thick arm and looking at her with big wide doe eyes. The fat girl rubbed a blubbery arm across her lips, wiping away a visible trickle of saliva that had started to drip from the corner of her mouth and down her wobbling double chin. She was so greedy that she was salivating wildly at the thought of lunch!

"Don't you think you... I mean we..." Lilith trailed off, her sarcastic retort suddenly forgotten as she stared at the inviting buffet. She startled suddenly as she felt something wet slide down her own double chin. Damn it, now she was drooling too! What was wrong with her? Lilith snorted and quickly wiped her own mouth, hoping that her daughter hadn't noticed her momentary loss of control. Then it happened: A low but audible gurgle, the sound of gathering

hunger. Lilith's fat tummy was rumbling. Lilith stared at her bulging beach ball of a belly, almost in shock, her eyes wide as if she couldn't believe that treacherous noise came from her own body.

But Alice had heard it too. "C'mon, Mom! I can tell you're hungry too! We should... just get a little. I mean, we shouldn't starve ourselves, right? That's not healthy, right?"

Lilith nodded dumbly. "Yes, of course... of course, you're right, Alice."

What was wrong with her? Why was she so readily giving in to her daughter's delusions? She knew full well that the last thing that she needed was a buffet... yet she was soooo hungry! She just couldn't stop herself from eagerly agreeing with Alice. It wasn't even an hour since they had glutted themselves at breakfast, but already they were both ravenous for an early lunch!

Alice waddled through the double doors of the restaurant, dragging her obese mother behind her. The poor waitress could barely contain her surprise at seeing these two behemoth blondes demanding to be seated. With a trembling finger, she pointed them toward a free table, but Alice and her mother didn't even bother to sit down before they started for the buffet line. Whatever hesitation that Lilith initially felt on entering the restaurant had long since fallen away. All that was left now was raw hunger and a growing excitement in the pit of her belly, a giddy thrill at knowing that she would soon be able to glut herself even more than at breakfast, that she could well and truly push herself to the limits. Soon she would have all that she could eat and more!

"This all looks so good!" squealed Alice, her voice rising in pitch with excitement as she piled her plate high with crab rangoons and broccoli beef.

"Oh god, I'm suddenly so hungry," said Lilith as she stared down at her pudgy hands, almost disbelieving that they were really scooping up THAT much deep-fried orange chicken. "I just... don't know what's come over me..."

"Ooo, me too!" cried Alice, "Let's eat!"

Now they were back at their table, shoveling deep-fried goodies into their mouths with abandon. The waitress stopped by their table to ask if they wanted drinks, but both women were too busy eating to even respond with anything more than piggish grunts. Their mouths were too full of food, food, food, delicious food!

Lilith shoved another scoop of low mein into her mouth, rolling her eyes and murmuring to herself in ecstasy. Heavenly! This was absolutely delicious! She glanced across the table to notice that Alice as well was eagerly filling her face with greasy noodles, a similar expression of contentment drawn across her rounded features. Was this why they were so fat? Because they found such exquisite joy in food... the delicious savory tastes exploding across her palette like

delightful tangy surprises! The warm, comforting feeling of a full belly sending tingles down her spine! She could feel herself filling up with food and the sensation was absolutely wonderful! She'd never experienced anything so fulfilling, so satisfying! Why, she could just eat like this forever.

Somewhere in the back of her head, a quiet distant voice warned her against letting go of herself. You need to get yourself under control. You're already way too fat! If you keep eating like this, you're going to be as big as a house! You'll be as fat as a whale! You're going to explode!

"Urp, go fuck yourself," mumbled Lilith to herself, banishing that nagging voice from her thoughts before plunging into the feast in front of her with renewed gusto. Her swollen gut pushed out in front of her, slowly rolling over her lap and her thighs and pressing against the edge of the table with increasing pressure as she ate. Her sweat top rolled up inch by inch, revealing more of her round, drum-tight paunch. She couldn't stop herself! Everything tasted so good!

"Mmm, this is soooo good!" mumbled Alice through a mouthful of food, noodles dangling from her mouth. It was as if she read her mother's mind!

Lilith nodded, her mouth too full to respond.

"This has been a really great day," said Alice, smiling through plump lips coated with sauce and grease. "We should really do this more often! It was great spending some time together with you, Mom. You know, some real mother-daughter bonding time."

"I'd like that," said Lilith, slurping down another mouthful of noodles. "I love you, Alice."

"Love you too, Mom!"

Lilith woke with a start, gasping and sitting bolt upright in bed. Oh my Gawd! What a nightmare! For a brief terrifying moment, Lilith wasn't sure whether she was still dreaming. She grabbed at her sides and sighed in relief as she felt her ribs through her shallow flesh. Oh thank goodness! She wasn't a hog at all! It was all just a dream.

But what a dream! It would be awful to be so fat! ...wouldn't it? Probably the worst part, though, was that... it didn't actually seem so bad at all. In fact, there was something kind of fun and comforting about being swaddled in so many layers of excess flab. Never before had Lilith felt so free to indulge in her darkest desires as she had in that dream. It was honestly a little bit frightening to contemplate!

She shook her head. She wasn't sure if her new revelations would change the way that she dealt with her pig of a daughter... but that was something that she could worry about in the morning.

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Meanwhile, elsewhere in the house, Alice was having her own dream. And the poor dear, it wasn't nearly as nice as the dreams her mother was having!

In her dream, Alice saw a giant circus tent. Inside, families eating popcorn and peanuts, kids with balloons, tourists with cameras all sat on rows of bleachers surrounding a large center-ring. A spotlight flashed on, illuminating the center of the ring, drawing thunderous applause from the audience. Laurie appeared in the center of the ring, wearing a top hat and tails over a sparkly red leotard. She wasn't the blob of a girl that Laurie was now, but the svelte buxom beauty that Laurie had been a year ago. She flashed a grin at the audience, moving so quickly that her long raven tresses whipped around her face.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the greatest show on Earth!" yelled Laurie through a megaphone. She paused, grinning, as the audience whooped in response. "Tonight we have for you the most magnificent, the most stupendous, the most dazzling show that you've ever seen! We have tonight the most awesome, bizarre, stunning spectacle of the new millennium! Please put your hands together for.... Ample Alice, the fat woman!"

Alice waddled out into the center of the ring. The fat blonde teen was dressed in a flowy polka-dot muumuu that did nothing to disguise her enormous size. The dress was supposed to be loose, but it clung tightly to Alice's gigantic girth, showing off every flabby roll and quivering bulge.

"Folks, you've never seen anything as big as her!" laughed Laurie, patting the bloated blonde on her fat stomach. "She's fatter than a full-grown sow, more blubber than a sea elephant, as round as a ripe pumpkin on the vine, swollen and ready to pop! Let's welcome her to the ring!"

"I'm not that fat," protested Alice meekly, but no one heard her complaints over the roar of the crowd.

"And tonight, Ample Alice will undertake a stunt that's never been undertaken before! Jokey Jen, bring out the pie!"

A familiar-looking bottom-heavy brunette clown wheeled a gurney into the ring, groaning under the load of a gigantic blueberry pie. Alice's eyes bulged. The aroma was heavenly! Her mouth started to water at the very thought of it.

"Thanks, Jokey Jen," said Laurie, slapping the clown on her bottom as she moved past her. Jen's fat butt cheek honked like car horn as Laurie squeezed it between her fingers,

prompting gales of laughter from the audience. “This pie is exactly what Alice needs, right?”

The audience cheered again.

“Ample Alice will eat this entire pie! Don’t believe it, you say? You will! Every ooey, gooey bite is going to go right here, into Alice’s big fat tummy!” shouted Laurie, patting Alice’s big belly with a wicked grin. “Our greedy little piglet here won’t give up, she’s way too much of a glutton to ever leave even a single bite uneaten! There’s enough pie here to feed an army, but Alice is gonna eat it all by herself! She’s going to eat and eat and eat and... well, let’s just say that we sure HOPE she doesn’t burst. Right, Alice?”

“I...I don’t...” Alice wanted to protest, wanted to say that there was NO WAY that she was going to eat that pie. That pie was the size of a Volkswagon bus! There was no way that she could eat it all! But then again... Alice felt the familiar yawning hunger deep in her belly, the ravenous all-consuming need to gorge that always overtook her when she was confronted with food. Alice didn’t want to eat, but she...just... had to! This blueberry pie just smelled too good to waste!

“That’s my girl!” laughed Laurie as Alice slipped her fingers through the flaky crusty of the pie to test the warm gooey filling beneath. She tentatively withdrew her fingers, sticky with blue goo, and jammed them into her mouth, sucking hard. Mmmm! Alice’s eyes rolled back in her head. Oh Gawd... no, no, no... she shouldn’t... she couldn’t... but she would! Without a thought, Alice plunged her bare hands into the pie, grabbing big chunks of warm doughy goodness, and plopped them into her mouth.

“Let the frenzy begin!” crows Laurie, but Alice wasn’t even paying attention anymore. She was much too focused on eating.

“Oof...I can’t eat... anymore,” sighed Alice, stifling a belch. She stared, bleary-eyed, at the giant tin before her, still full, against all reason, with ooey-gooey blueberry pie. Alice simply couldn’t believe it! It was like she couldn’t even put a dent into this pie! How was that even possible? She was so full that she felt like she was bursting at the seams, but there was still so much pie left!

“C’mon, Alice, eat up! Your audience is waiting!” crowed Laurie, a gleeful smile across her face. The crowd roared with laughter.

The world ceased to exist for Alice as she ate. Nothing mattered except getting as much food into her mouth as fast as possible. Alice lived to eat and she was absolutely within her element now! Delicious! The greedy fat girl was ready to plunge her face into the pie and guzzle it up with all her might. Already, she could feel all that pie sitting heavy in her gut, filling her up and making her already tubby belly bulge out even more. But it was sooo good! Alice didn’t care about the inevitable consequences that she knew all her gluttony would have on her waistline. She didn’t care about the screams of the crowd. All she cared about was satiating



her hunger! Alice was always hungry. Deep down, she knew that she would never be satisfied. She was too greedy, too addicted to food, to ever truly be satisfied. She would always want more, more, more. She would always be forever searching for that one big meal that would finally make her feel truly full. A psychiatrist would probably tell Alice that she was eating to fill up some void in her life, eating to compensate for some past pain that was just too uncomfortable to face. Maybe it was because her mother was so mean to her? Maybe it was because her mother kept trying to get her to diet, so maybe this was a subconscious rebellion? Maybe it was because the girls on her cheer squad kept harping on her weight? Regardless, she ate. The reasons for her gluttony didn't matter. She would never have enough. And that

“Ooof... getting full,” mumbled Alice, burping softly. She leaned back, the weight and fullness of her swollen gut suddenly jolting her back to reality. Gawd, she was massive! And she'd hardly put a dent in the pie at all!

“Alice, better not wait too long or that pie's gonna just come back!” giggled Laurie with a gleefully nasty edge in her voice.

“What? What are you... hey!” Alice yelped as she looked back down at the pie. She was sure that she had eaten way more than that! But the truth was evident right before her eyes. She wasn't even halfway through the pie. In fact... it looked like the pie was replenishing itself, reforming, regrowing to fill the pie dish right back up.

“The pie is regenerating! That's not.. hiccup!... fair!” whined Alice.

“Maybe you should spend less time whining, Alice, and more time eating!” said Laurie. “Unless you want to disappoint your fans, that is!”

“Alice! Alice! Alice!” chanted the audience in unison.

Well, thought Alice, I can't disappoint my fans. Besides, deep down, Alice relished any excuse to eat even more. It looked like the only way that she was going to finish this pie was to brute force it... she had to eat it faster than it could regenerate!

Alice sighed, steeling her resolve and plunging back into the pie. She could do this. Bite after bite after bite. She was like a machine, shoving pie into her maw as fast as she could, forcing herself to eat so fast that soon her resolve overrode the painful sensations coming from her overfull gut. By now, the evidence of Alice's gluttony was evident even on her overfed body. She was as round as a bowling ball, her mumu pulled tightly around the vast expanse of her overstuffed form, every thick blubber roll and fat fold outlined perfectly through the tissue-thin fabric. The dress was riding up as her belly expanded with fullness, but Alice was too intent on stuffing herself to even notice. Soon her inflating stomach had raised the hem enough to reveal Alice's thick thunder thighs, so big that her legs met all the way down to the knee. Soon the dress raised even higher, revealing her jumbo-sized panties straining against her hefty hips and voluminous rear. Soon the lowest quarter of her belly on full display, more and more of her big

round gut bulging into view like a full moon on the rise. But Alice was too busy concentrating on her pie to notice.

The pie was endlessly replenishing itself, so until Alice could gobble it down faster than it could grow back she was going to be eating pie forever! Her only choice, as far as she could tell, was to chow down even faster! Alice doubled her efforts, attacking the pie with renewed vigor and shoveling gooey blueberry pie filling into her mouth as fast as she could. She was trying her best to ignore the rising pain as she grew fuller and fuller, her already massive belly so overloaded with pie that she felt like her skin was about to tear. She had to finish it! She had to power through! Her plump lips were ringed with blueberry pie filling; the filling covered her fat cheeks and dribbled down her pudgy double chin to land in her heaving cleavage as Alice ate ate ate ATE! She was like an eating machine, filling herself as fast as she could, gorging like a pig at the trough, forcing all that delicious but oh so painful pie down into her overfilled gullet! The crowd was chanting her name, delirious with excitement as they watched the fat lady eat herself beyond her utmost limits for their amusement.

“Eat! Eat! Eat!” they chanted. Alice barely heard them. She was too intent on her meal.

And then, her fingers hit the tin. She blinked in confusion. OH my Gawd! She had actually done it! The pie was gone!

“No more. Please. I’m done. Enough already. I’m gonna explode,” sighed Alice, leaning back in her chair as she dropped her fork to the ground. “I’m... so full. Oh Gawd.”

Laurie was absolutely flabbergasted that Alice had actually managed to finish the pie, but she quickly regained her composure.

“Let’s give her a big round of applause, eh, folks? That’s Ample Alice the Amazing Fat Woman!”

Alice moaned and belched, her mind swimming. She was too bloated to care that the crowd was cheering her name, going wild that she had actually completed her meal. She rubbed her drum-tight belly, whining and moaning as the pain radiated out from her globular gut.

But wait... something was wrong. Alice could feel something... not sitting right. She was full, yes. But why did it feel like she was just growing fuller and fuller by the second?

“I’m...growing!” said Alice, her eyes widening with amazement. Indeed it was true! Maybe Alice had eaten just one bite too many, maybe whatever magic had caused the pie to keep replicating in its dish was now making it replicate in her stomach. In any case, her already ginormously girthy gut was steadily ballooning ever bigger, busting the stitches off her already useless mumu with a series of high-pitched snaps until the garment fell away and left the blimping teen nude but for her bra and panties.

“Help! Someone help me!” cried Alice, flailing her fat arms as best she could. Her arms were rapidly bloating up too, swelling into turgid cones of flesh that stuck out to her sides as her legs did the same. In moments, Alice was so utterly pumped with blubber that she couldn’t move at all! She was helpless to do anything but continue to grow bigger and fatter and rounder...

“Oops, folks, it looks like Alice might have had just one bite too many! Let’s all move toward the exits in an orderly fashion, so we can all get to safety before she blows.”

The crowd didn’t heed Laurie’s instructions, instead rushing toward the exits in a mad stampede. Alice, meanwhile, lay helpless in the center of the ring, gradually blowing up until she was literally the size of an elephant and the shape of a volleyball. She could feel her skin tightening as she neared her own limits, but her growth wasn’t showing any signs of stopping!

“Ooof... I’m getting too big... Laurie? Laurie? Help! Could you.... Please... I’m getting... too fat...”

“Sorry, Alice, guess you shouldn’t have gone in for that last second helping, huh? Well, tough luck, girlfriend, I guess you should have thought of that before you made such a glutton of yourself. That’s the way the cookie crumbles. Or should I say: That’s the way the fat girl pops!”

“Pops?!” cried Alice, her chubby face going white with terror. “Did you say pop?!”

“Yeah, but don’t feel too bad about it, sweetie. You never did have a chance, did you? To avoid this, you would have had to have stopped eating long ago, maybe showed just the teeniest tiniest modicum of restraint.” Laurie chuckled as she patted Alice’s swollen flank. “But we both know that was never going to happen. Hmm, you really are starting to feel pretty tight there, Alice. Guess I’d best be going as well. Well, enjoy bursting, Alice. Hope it was all worth it!”

Laurie blew her fat friend a mocking kiss before she too made a dash for the exit. Alice was so full now, so absolutely stretched to her limit, that she could barely even squeak out a nervous yelp.

“I guess... I shouldn’t have... eaten so much,” sighed Alice, squeezing her eyes shut to brace herself for the inevitable explosion.

And then... KABOOM! Alice was so swollen with blueberry juice that she was more fruit than girl now, nothing but a giant, round, massively bloated blueberry, sloshing with juice like a waterbed. And then she was filled with TOO MUCH juice and... that was that! She exploded with a thunderous noise, blasting the tent into the air and spraying the vicinity with deep blue blueberry juice.

Alice startled awake in bed, nearly sitting up... or trying to before the weight of her

gigantic gut made her fall back into bed. What a nightmare! The fat blonde rubbed her forehead and sighed. But at least it was only a nightmare! Almost on cue, her fat belly gurgled. It was almost as though her belly, sensing that she was awake, had decided that now was as good a time as any for a snack. Alice looked down at herself, her eyes lingering on her own belly, so big that it hung out of her jammies, so big that there were large gaps between her last few remaining buttons. She really shouldn't be eating anything more, she thought. She really was much too fat. And eating at night would only lead to more bad dreams like the one she'd just had. But then again, she was hungry...

And maybe a midnight snack would just hit the spot.

# 78. Jen & Laurie

“Phew! Like, good practice, girls!”

Jen beamed widely as she lumbered into the locker room, following the other cheerleaders. The other girls grumbled in response. They were exhausted! As usual, Laurie spent the entire practice session yelling and berating them. Jen, however, was in good spirits, because she didn't have to practice. As the captain's favorite, she got to spend the entire hour sitting her fat ass on the bench and shoving protein bars into her face.

“Easy for you to say, Jen,” said Lizzie, “Laurie doesn't push you to the brink!”

“Umm...what do you mean?” asked Jen quizzically. Her dumb cow-like eyes sparkled. Jen was such a colossal dim bulb that she really hadn't noticed Laurie's favoritism.

It was no surprise. Even if Jen wasn't the captain's favorite, she was so wide these days that there was no way that she would even be able to go through with the cheer routine. Lizzie exchanged knowing glances with her fellow cheerleader Kristine. It really was such a shame about Jen! Before she had started to balloon, she really had actually been a fairly good cheerleader! She was always thick, her sturdy build making her the perfect base for a cheer pyramid, but now she was absolutely gigantic. A good captain would never have allowed Jen to bloat up into a blimp, but Laurie could hardly be called attentive. Laurie did continue to harass and bully all the girls on the squad, always insisting that they just weren't good enough for her standards and threatening to kick them off the team, but she herself hadn't done any cheers in nearly a full year. Instead she had allowed her own body to swell until she was far too fat to do anything but yell.

Jen pulled off her cheer sweater and unbuckled her bra, sighing in relief as her ample breasts swung free. She frowned as she studied the red lines that the unforgiving undergarment left where it bit into her tender skin. Then she unhooked her skirt and let it drop to the floor before wriggling her bulbous booty out of her spanky pants and panties. Without a stitch of clothing on her naked body, the prodigiously pear-shaped princess was a sight to behold. Jen inspected the seat of her spanky pants, frowning as she noticed that the seam was becoming loose and frayed. It was inevitable given Jen's wildly voluptuous rump that she would eventually blow out the seat completely, but it was still annoying!

Jen jiggled into the stall next to Kristine and turned on the water, squeaking as the cold water sprayed over her supple, gelatinous body. Goose pimples popped into existence over the expansive surface of the bulging bunny's broad badonkadonk.

Jen eyed Kristine over the shower partition, drinking in her teammate's form. Hmm...

Jen had to wonder. Unknown to anyone, Jen was on a quest. She had overheard some juicy gossip recently, learning that Laurie was involved in a threesome with Frank and another girl. But who was this other girl? Jen couldn't fathom a guess. It could be anyone! Through her own investigations, she had already eliminated her friends Alice and Mallory, but there were so many other possible suspects. Could Kristine be the one? Certainly, Kristine was an attractive girl. A tall lanky black girl with muscular thighs and short curly hair, Kristine brought to mind a young Grace Jones. And watching the water wash over her glistening chocolate flesh, it wasn't hard to see what Laurie might see in such a partner. Besides that, Kristine was strong. And you would have to be strong to be Laurie's lover. Laurie was hugely fat and constantly growing fatter. Only someone like Kristine would be able to lift her.

Jen cleared her throat. She would have to do some more investigating if she wanted to figure out the truth.

"Um, sooo, like, what do you think of Laurie, huh? Pretty, like, crazy, huh?"

Kristine glanced at Jen, arching an eyebrow in confusion, as she slapped a sopping wet sponge across her bare chest. Jen was a full head shorter (as well as nearly a full chair-width wider) than Kristine, so it was hard not to stare at the taller girl's bust. Kristine's erect, stimulated nipples were practically in Jen's face.

"What are you talking about, Jen?" Kristine knew better than to gossip about Laurie with Jen. For years, Jen had been Laurie's obedient lapdog, her prized second-in-command who would report all insubordination right back to her mistress. Of course, that was before. Kristine and the other cheerleaders had noticed a certain rift opening up between Laurie and Jen. They were still thick as thieves, but Jen was just a tad more... independent these days? It seemed to correspond with not only Jen's growing friendship with Alice but also with Jen's inflating size. Still, Kristine was wary. She didn't want to say anything that might get back to Laurie and consequently bite her in the ass.

"Like, do you think she's hot?" blurted out Jen.

"What? Are you joking?" said Kristine. "Have you... have you seen Laurie? Like, Goddamn! She's huge! I didn't think it was possible for a girl to gain that much weight that quickly. I'd think that she had a major gland issue if I didn't see the way that she eats. She never stops stuffing her fat face! No wonder she's blowing up like a balloon!"

"So, like, that's a no?"

"Look, I know Laurie thinks that she's hot stuff as long as she's got those big ol' titties. But she's so big now that her boobs look like just another fat roll. She's turned into a big shapeless blob and, quite frankly, a real disgrace to the cheerleading uniform! How are we supposed to show our faces at the big homecoming game coming up when our captain is the size of a whale? We'll have to roll her out onto the field! Those jerks over at McKinley High are

gonna laugh their asses off!”

Kristine snorted in annoyance and turned back to her shower, evidently having said her piece.

Jen bit her lip. Well, if it wasn't Kristine, then who? Could it be Lizzie? Denise? She would have to interview every girl on the squad in turn.

The next girl was Lizzie. Could she be the one? Jen wasn't sure. Lizzie was a short, stocky Asian girl with a modest chest and thick, powerful thighs just perfect for completing tough kicks and jumps. Jen could imagine that Laurie's lover would need powerful legs to keep up with the greedy queen bee's demands. And Laurie might actually like a girl with a smaller chest... it meant less competition for attention when she flaunted her own assets.

“Um, like, heyyyyyy Lizzie,” bubbled Jen, draping her flabby arms over the shower partition as she hollered. “Like, I was totally wondering... soooo have you seen Laurie lately?”

“How can I miss her?” said Lizzie, “She's huge! You're friends with her, right, Jen? Is she, um, okay?”

Jen blinked in confusion. “Like, of course! What do you mean?”

“I mean, I don't think it's normal for a girl to get that fat that fast. She looks like she might have some sort of glandular disorder. I mean... oh, no offense.”

Lizzie blushed as she remembered that she was talking to Jen, a girl who like Jen had also exploded in size over the past year. Whatever was making Laurie so fat was probably also affecting Jen and Lizzie suddenly felt embarrassed for bringing it up.

“Huh? What do you mean ‘no offense?’” asked Jen in genuine confusion. She leaned against the partition, which creaked under her weight, all 500 plus pounds bearing down on the flimsy metal. Jen's naked body pressed against the partition, squeaking as her soapy skin slid against its surface, the two soap-lathered globes of the bootilicious bimbo's grandiloquent rear shining in the harsh lights of the gymnasium. Her naked butt looked like two perfectly spherical watermelons, big and juicy and deliciously squeezable.

“Nothing, it's nothing,” said Lizzie hastily. The short Asian girl couldn't believe that Jen was literally too dumb to realize that she'd been insulted. It made it hard to hate Jen! Even when Laurie gave her preferential treatment, she was just too cheerful and bubble-headed. How could you hold anything against her?

On the other hand, Laurie... was out of control. The cheer captain had always been a monster, but now she was completely beyond all reason. It didn't help that she seemed to get bitchier as she got fatter! Lizzie was secretly kind of looking forward to the next time that the

squad had to perform at a football game, relishing the looks on the crowd's faces as they saw that gigantic cow get wheeled out onto the field. The school would have to strip her of her status as team captain for sure! And then they would finally be rid of her! What a relief that would be! Lizzie wasn't sure who would replace Laurie – it was hard to imagine anyone else in the role of captain after Laurie had occupied it for so long – but she was sure that anyone would be better than Laurie!

Jen rubbed her chin. Maybe it wasn't Lizzie either? That just left Denise. Denise was a tiny, waifish girl with long brown hair and thick glasses. There was no way that Laurie would ever get with her, though! Laurie was a beauty queen and Denise was a complete dork! Then again, a good detective should never overlook any possibility. And Jen was determined to leave no stone unturned in her quest for the truth!

Next Jen wobbled her way over to Denise's stall, her voluminous backside sloshing and quaking with every plodding step. Jen's entire blubbery body never stopped shaking as she walked, every inch of soft adipose quivering like gelatin, but her well-padded butt was so flabby that it was practically vibrating. Jen was so massively thick in the backside that it was a wonder that her booty didn't clap just from walking. But maybe all that slippery soap and water helped to muffle the sound of her chubby cheeks slapping. In any event, Denise didn't notice her obese teammate until Jen was practically on top of her.

"Heeeey Denise, like, how's it going?" huffed Jen, trying to act nonchalant.

"Doing good, you?" chirped Denise in a chipper mood.

"Good, good... so I'm, like, asking everyone... like, just cuz I'm, ya know, curious, ummmm...what do you think about Laurie these days? She's, like, really something, right?"

"She's really... big, if that's what you mean," said Denise. "I'm kind of worried about her, honestly."

Jen nodded. She was kind of prepared for this reaction after talking to Lizzie. "Oh yeah, right, cuz, like, she's fat. Yeah, totes."

"I know that Laurie hasn't really been doing the cheer routines for a while, but I'm worried that she can't do them at all. She's even having trouble just getting around. She's so big now that I'm worried she's going to have a heart attack before she's even out of high school!"

"Right, right, totes," said Jen, nodding sagely but not really taking in anything that Denise was saying.

"Do you think we should... say something? I mean, do you think we should have an intervention or something?"



Jen paused. She had never considered the idea, but Denise DID have a point. Laurie's weight was absolutely out of control. For a long time, Jen had hesitated to say anything because, well, it wasn't like she was exactly a lightweight herself. But the other girls were also starting to notice it and worry about their captain's increasing girth. Jen might tip the scales at over 500 pounds, but her own weight was at least steady. Well, sort of. Sure, she was still gaining, but she wasn't gaining nearly as quickly as Laurie. Jen looked like she was naturally gaining, a couple of pounds here and there every month, but Laurie was putting on the poundage so fast that she looked like a hot air balloon being inflated.

Jen wasn't one to worry about weight. She hardly gave a second thought to her own expansion, let alone that of her friends. She had pretty much come to terms with the fact that she was destined to be fat and, no matter how much sniping and bullying Laurie did to shame her about her rotund assets, Jen couldn't bring herself to care. But Laurie was always someone who was very invested in her appearance. Her recent blimpage might be a sign that something was wrong. Maybe Jen should take a more active interest in her friend's well being!

"Um, like, I don't think we need to do anything, like, that drastic," said Jen quickly, "I mean, at least not yet. Like, why don't you let me talk to her first? I'll try and find out what's going on with her."

Denise nodded. "Okay, Jen, that sounds good. Just let us know what you find out."

Jen nodded. Denise was right. She should confront Laurie directly. After about ten minutes, the girls were mostly finished showering and changing. Jen watched as the rest of the squad filed out to get to their next classes

"Um, aren't you going to get dressed, Jen?" asked Denise as she walked past her bottom-heavy teammate. Jen was parked on a bench in the corner of the locker room, her wide gelatinous bottom covering the entire seat, her body still completely wet and naked.

"Um, like, I'm just waiting for Laurie," said Jen. Laurie still hadn't returned from practice. How long could it take her to waddle across the field? Sure, she was absurdly fat and glacially slow, but... jeez, she was taking forever! Jen knew that Laurie would head right into the showers when she returned, so Jen wasn't going to bother getting dressed yet since she would have to join Laurie back under the shower stream to talk to her.

"Okay, suit yourself," said Denise as she skipped out. Jen nodded and resigned herself to waiting. And waiting. And waiting...

"Ugh, I'm, like, gonna miss ALL my classes," sighed Jen, crossing her plump arms across her chest. What a bother! But then finally...

Jen startled as she felt the ground shake and heard the thundering, plodding footsteps

that alerted her that Laurie was finally arriving in the locker room. It was almost a full half hour since practice had ended, the other cheerleaders having long since finished changing and left the locker room to head off to their next classes. But at her monumental size, it was to be expected that Laurie would move a little more slowly. The behemoth teenager who now darkened the doorway to the locker room was absolutely massive, a shuffling, panting, sweating mess who was completely winded from the short waddle across the playing field and into the locker room.

“Fuckin’ doors,” muttered Laurie as she struggled to squeeze her flabby bulk between the double doors that opened into the changing room. At their last slumber party, Jen was astounded to learn that Laurie now weighed 560 pounds, making her far heavier than either Alice or Jen. Laurie was as big as a baby hippopotamus, a gigantic blimp of a girl who could barely move she was so swaddled in blubber. Her cheer uniform was a joke; the sweater barely covered her tremendous, trembling tits, constantly sliding up to reveal her wobbling underboobs barely contained in her monster brassiere, and her skirt was little more than a frill around her enormous circumference. Laurie’s belly had ballooned to the point that it now just as notable as her billowing breasts (which slopped off to the sides of her gut when she took off her bra and let them hang free). Her modesty was protected by her snug spanky pants, tightly clinging to her tree-trunk thighs and running up her rear with every waddling step. She clutched a pizza in her chubby hands, rolled up like a burrito, dripping red sauce into her cleavage. She was eating it like a burrito, tearing off big chunks of melty stringy cheese with her eager mouth and smearing her face with sauce.

“Are you eating a pizza?” asked Jen. “Where did you even get that?”

Laurie glared at her fat, bottom-heavy friend, but her mouth was too full to say anything. The glaring florescent lights of the gym made Jen’s slick, soapy body glisten.

“Um, let me just get dressed and I’ll give you a hand,” said Jen.

“Don’t bother,” muttered Laurie, “I need you to help me in the shower, so you’re gonna get wet again. Come on.”

Without waiting for an answer, Laurie started shuffling toward the shower, huffing and puffing loudly.

“Um, like, why don’t you just use the scooter that me and Alice got for you?” asked Jen hopefully. She had half-expected that Laurie would just be too proud to admit to the world that she needed a mobility device to get around easily and would continue to waddle around using her own two pudgy feet no matter how difficult it became to lug around all that weight. But, at the same time, Jen hoped that Laurie would give up soon...just so that she couldn’t look down on Jen and Alice when they finally got scooters of their own.

“Shut up, Jen,” snapped Laurie, “I don’t have time for your lip. Gawd, I’m so fuckin’

sweaty. Come help me get undressed, I need to take a shower.”

Laurie’s clothes were little more than formalities as her bloated bulk was already busting out at the seams and spilling out under the hems. Jen grabbed at the hem of Laurie’s threadbare cheer sweater, her pudgy fingers brushing against her buxom friend’s enormous pontoons, and slowly rolled the straining garment up and over Laurie’s colossal chest, letting her quivering udders swing free. Laurie’s breasts were beyond belief, as big as twin zeppelins and clearly overpowering her monstrous brassiere. The pearly white bra was stretched into near transparency by Laurie’s bulging, billowing bazongas, the slight darkness of her puffy areolas clearly visible through the flimsy material. The insane weight on Laurie’s shoulder straps made them cut deeply into the fat girl’s top and the body band was nearly buried in Laurie’s back fat, so that Jen had to push a handful of blubber out of the way to reach the straining clasp. It took a while to work the hooks out of their sockets since the inadequate undergarment was so tight and it practically exploded off of Laurie’s body when Jen finally was able to get them free. Next, Jen had to pull down Laurie’s skirt and spanky pants before reaching deep into the fat cheer captain’s voluminous ass crack to unwedge her snug panties. And all the while, Laurie never stopped gorging on pizza, the only noises coming from the obese cheerleader were the steady sounds of greedy chewing and the occasional soft burp.

Finally, though, the job was done and Laurie stood in front of her completely nude. Damn, she was huge. Jen knew that Laurie was big, but WOW. Without her clothes on, Laurie looked even bigger. Jen couldn’t help but think of a movie that she had seen as a kid, the Willie Wonka movie, where Violent Beauregarde had chewed a forbidden experimental gum and subsequently ballooned into a massive round blueberry. Laurie looked like she was on the way to the same fate.

“Wow, um, Laurie, you know you’re... kinda big...”

“Grab me my shower chair, will ya, Jen?” said Laurie, steadfastly ignoring her friend’s words as she lumbered toward the shower. “I am not going to stand for one second longer than I have to.”

Jen snatched up the folding shower chair that was leaning against the wall, popped it open and dutifully placed it in the open shower room for Laurie.

“Ummm, like, are you sure that’s big enough?” asked Jen. She watched as Laurie slowly lowered her vast bulk down onto the chair, both sides of her ginormous rear spilling over the edges of the seat and nearly engulfing it. “Like, maybe you should use two chairs?”

“Two... chairs?!” Laurie’s face turned pink with a combination of rage and arousal. She was furious that Jen would dare to make even a veiled comment about her weight but... well, Laurie had been careful to keep her new-found kink secret from everyone except for her lovers Frank and Abida, but she was absolutely turned on by her own growing body and any acknowledgement from Jen that she was, in fact, enormously fat made her feel all hot and

bothered.

“Turn on the water, will you, sweetie?” said Laurie through a mouthful of pizza.

“Um, like, are you sure you don’t want to, like, finish your pizza first...?”

Laurie growled, glowering at her friend before she crammed the remainder of the pizza into her bulging cheeks. She chewed heavily, red sauce covering her chipmunk cheeks and double chin.

“C’mon, Jen, I need you to help clean me,” barked Laurie, “You know how difficult it is for a girl of my stature to reach... everything.”

Jen twisted the knob to start the shower, standing aside as the hot spray hit Laurie’s titanic corpulence. She lifted her face to let the stream wash the pizza sauce from her mouth, but Jen was mesmerized by Laurie’s bulk. Under the stream of the shower, Laurie’s obese, flabby body looked even more like a beached manatee. Jen obediently grabbed a wet sponge from the wall and sopped it across Laurie’s titanic tits, instantly causing Laurie’s thick nipples to perk up at the sensation. Oooo! The bigger Laurie grew, the more sensitive she became... so it didn’t take much at all to get her going. Feeling Jen’s chubby fingers tweaking her nipples and lifting her heavy knockers to scrub her underboob was delightful and Laurie felt herself already getting wet. Luckily, Jen was completely oblivious.

“So... like, it’s none of my business, but, like, how much do you weigh, Laurie? Like, some of the girls are starting to worry.”

“I’m...I don’t knooowww...” moaned Laurie, “I was 560 when we last weiiiiighed in... but... I just keep... getting bigger...”

“Yeah, like, that’s what’s got everyone worried. Like, I don’t think it’s... normal to, like, gain so fast.”

“You think I’m... too fat?” Laurie blubbered, her breath catching in her throat. Damn... this was so unfair. Laurie secretly loved when people commented on her increasing size, so she was so tempted to coax Jen into saying more. But she couldn’t... well, it’s not like she could pleasure herself with Jen right there, right?

Then again, Jen was colossally stupid. The hefty heifer probably wouldn’t even notice anything!

“Gimmie a sponge too, Jen,” huffed Laurie, “There’s a lot of ground to cover and two hands are better than one, right?”

Jen handed Laurie a second sponge, but she didn’t think anything of it as Laurie moved

it between the flab folds along her waistline, gradually moving closer and closer to her crotch.

“You were saying... I’m too fat?”

“Well, like, I don’t mean it in a bad way,” said Jen quickly. She didn’t want to hurt Laurie’s feelings, after all, and she knew how much pride Laurie took in her appearance! “You still look... uh... well, good for your size. But, like, Laurie you are huge. Like, remember when we last got weighed? I was 508 pounds. And you were... like, 560? Like, I never thought that you’d get bigger than me, Laurie. But you’ve been porking 24/7 and, like, it’s all goin’ somewhere! Your belly is, like, even bigger than your boobs now, Laurie. I never thought that I’d see the day when your gut would stick out further than your tits.”

The flood gates were open! Once Jen started voicing her truth, she couldn’t stop herself. She was lathering up Laurie’s boobs while chattering up a storm. Laurie put her hand to her crotch, surreptitiously slipping her fingers between the plump lips of her fat wet pussy to finger her hot swollen clit. Luckily, the overhang of her voluminous gut hid her naughtiness from Jen, who didn’t seem to realize that her friend was doing anything scandalous at all.

“Like, Laurie, I know you were always proud of your big fat hooters, but, ya know, I’m supposed to be the one with the big butt! Everyone knows that I’m the most bootilicious girl in the whole school! But, like, I think your ass is actually wider than mine now. I mean, everything about you is wider than me now. Like, how do you think that makes me feel?”

“You think my ass is bigger?” murmured Laurie, her plump hand pumping faster as she prompted Jen to keep talking.

“Like, okay, maybe my butt is still, like, the best,” said Jen, glancing at her own backside. Despite her size, Jen’s behind still retained the same (mostly) perky roundness that it had when she was thinner – there was just a lot more of it now. She had to slather her butt with over a full jar of anti-cellulite cream everyday just to cover her luscious lobes and keep her growing globes smooth and silky. But the sacrifice was worth it to still be known as the best badonkadonk in school. Laurie’s backside was bigger now simply because Laurie was so much bigger in general. “But you’re definitely the biggest now. I mean, I don’t want to scare you, Laurie, but I, like, remember a time when you would have gone ballistic to think that your butt was bigger than mine. But now you have, like, the fattest ass in school! Like, all the girls are thinking maybe you should slow down a little... Ya know, just so that you don’t, like, explode or something?”

“Oh gawd, I’m gonna explode right now...” moaned Laurie, her eyes rolling back and her whole bloated body shuddering.

“Huh? Like, what are you talking about, Laurie? Are you, like, feeling sick? Like, maybe you shouldn’t have eaten all that pizza!”

Laurie moaned out loud, her eyes rolling back in her head. Goddamnit, she was getting

sooo horny! There was a time, not so long ago, that Laurie was a svelte, buxom beauty, envied by all girls and lusted after by all guys. Her washboard abs, her long silky legs, her pert bottom, but especially her large supple breasts... She had it all! But then... Laurie lost control. Maybe it was inevitable because Laurie was such a control freak. For all her life, the busty queen bee always felt like she needed to be in control, she needed to be the one to tell everyone else what to do. Everything in her life was strictly regimented and controlled. But then, somewhere along the line, she had discovered the joy of being out of control. And there was no turning back. Ever since then, her life had descended into an orgy of constant indulgence. She couldn't ever get enough and the results of her excess were becoming evident on her growing body. It turned her on to stuff her face and it turned her on to grow. Now she was eating constantly. She stuffed herself at her sleepovers with Alice and Jen, she let Jen's mom stuff her between meals, she let Frank and Abida stuff her in the bedroom. And the more she ate, the more she grew. Slowly at first, but then faster and faster.

What could the future hold for her? She was already nearly 600 pounds. She imagined herself, growing bigger and bigger, ballooning to sizes never before imagined. If she kept expanding like this, she'd soon grow too big to fit through the double doors of the gym. She wouldn't even need to come to the gym anymore... soon she'd be too big to walk, her vast voluminous bulk literally crushing her uselessly atrophied legs. Maybe she would be able to get around on her scooter for a little while longer, but she would be a ridiculous sight as she continued to blimp... soon she would be so large that she would be literally overflowing her scooter, her flabby flanks sloshing over the handles and her gut spilling forward to tip her over. Eventually, she would be too fat for the scooter. She would need to stay home, confined to bed, pinned under her own bulk, suffocating in her own billowing blubber. She wouldn't be able to wear her favorite clothes anymore. The enormous, tent-like tops and extra stretchy spandex-blend jeans that she special ordered with Abida's discounts would no longer be up to the task. Soon she would be relegated entirely to baggy sweats and then to flowing muumuus and eventually she would outgrow clothes altogether and she would lie in bed absolutely naked, maybe with a sheet draped over her bloated form, but otherwise nothing but a helpless pile of flesh. She would get so big that her arms would no longer rest at her sides, but stick out like she was inflated. She would be little more than a human balloon, so obscenely pumped with blubber that she couldn't move a muscle, couldn't even flex her chubby toes or curl her fingers, just absolutely suspended in an ocean of fat, so buried in her own flesh that they would have to hook her up to an oxygen machine to keep her alive, pump her full of medications and tubes to keep her clogged heart beating, keep her in a specially-designed hospital ward designed from an old airplane hangar... The vision of the future that ran through Laurie's mind was unrelentingly grim. And of course, it was ridiculous. There was no way that she would actually get THAT fat. How fat was the fattest girl to ever live? Surely not that big. But... what if she WAS that big?!

"Ohhhhh, gawwwwd," groaned Laurie, yelping out loud as she suddenly hit climax at the thought of literally being the fattest girl in the entire world. Her hand gripped Jen's shoulder tightly, shaking the confused bimbo roughly as Laurie felt euphoria explode in her loins.

“Um, what’s wrong with you, Laurie? How am I supposed to wash you if you, like, shake me like that?” said Jen, frowning.

“Oh... uh... right, sorry,” mumbled Laurie, her face flushed and sweaty under the shower stream. She heaved a heavy sigh and pushed her long, wet hair out of her eyes. Gawd! She couldn’t believe that she had just masturbated right in front of Jen -- her best friend! – without Jen even noticing! That was so... damn, she was turning into a real slut. How could she have lost control of not just her appetite but her libido as well? Maybe when she really was the fattest girl in the world, she just wouldn’t be able to keep herself from being super mega horny 24/7!

And yet. Laurie couldn’t deny that the fantasy made her outrageously horny. She wished that Frank and Abida were here to clean her rather than Jen. It just wasn’t fair!

But she’d be back with them soon. Soon. And they would know exactly how to take care of her.

# 79. Jen

Jen stared at the chart on the wall of the doctor's office, struggling to make sense of the unfamiliar words. It was a poster warning about the dangers of obesity with a long list of scary-sounding side effects that came with the extra pounds. Jen was too much of an airhead to recognize most of them, but then honestly she didn't care too much. The empty-headed brunette knew that she was fat and she knew that being fat could impact one's health... but she still had too much trouble putting two and two together. Honestly, she mostly didn't think about that sort of thing. Why should she care? The tubby teen only knew that she loved to eat and she didn't care a whit about the consequences. Most of her extra weight still went to her bottom and thighs, giving her an explosively out-sized pear shape that Jen liked to think of as "bootilicious." Her friend Laurie occasionally tried to warn her about her weight in the past, but Jen found it increasingly easy to ignore any warnings because food just tasted too good.

But you know what was really getting hard to do? Walk. At over 500 pounds, Jen's extra blubber was making it harder and harder to get around without getting totally winded. Simply walking from class to class at school was an unspeakably arduous ordeal for the plush, pampered princess and Jen was desperate to find any way to avoid even the tiniest bit of exertion. That was why she and her friend Alice had decided that they were going to buy mobility scooters. Jen smiled at the thought. Oh how heavenly that would be! Wouldn't it be sooo nice to be able to ride around in style and never have to worry about being out of breath again? Jen didn't really need a scooter. She needed a regular exercise routine and a major diet. But she was much too lazy and greedy for those things, so she was eager for a quick fix. She didn't care, didn't even stop to think, that owning a scooter would only make things worse. She would get even less exercise. Her weight would steadily creep even higher. And her butt would inevitably balloon up even bigger.

But Jen had her mind set on this. She and Alice had gone in together to buy their mutual friend Laurie her own scooter; Laurie outweighed Jen by nearly a hundred pounds so she REALLY needed a mobility device. But the real reason that they had bought her one was so that Laurie couldn't turn around and get mad when they bought scooters of their own. They assumed Laurie would probably be too proud to actually use her scooter at first, but once she got used to it she would probably rely on it to get around everywhere. That meant she wouldn't have a leg to stand on if she wanted to criticize Jen for her laziness.

Of course, that still left one major obstacle. These scooters were really expensive! After pooling their funds, Jen and Alice only had enough to buy a single scooter, which they gifted to Laurie. How were they supposed to buy scooters for themselves? Luckily, Jen hit on a solution: If a doctor decided that a mobility device was medically necessary, then the purchase would be covered by their insurance! The only snag was to find a doctor who would agree...



Jen felt pretty confident in choosing Dr. Barbara Richards. She had a good reputation around town as being a fat friendly doctor and Jen had visited her several times in the past with good results. She just knew Dr. Richards would help!

Of course she would. Jen didn't know it, but Dr. Richards had a secret agenda. The doctor was a clandestine fat admirer. She got a giddy thrill from "examining" her obese patients, squeezing their love handles and guts under the guise of checking their vitals and weighing them to chart their "progress." She worked hard to help most of her patients lose weight, but only because her job depended on her success. If she had her druthers, Dr. Richards would prefer to sabotage every patient's diet until they were morbidly obese! But that would mean the end of her business once word got out. So instead Dr. Richards contented herself with admiring her patients in their "before" states and simply shaking her head sadly as she helped them melt away their excess pounds.

The door opened and Barbara Richards walked in, carrying a clipboard. She looked up to see Jen. Her eyes bulged.

"Good morning, Jen," said Dr. Richards, smiling widely to hide her surprise. She hadn't seen Jen in a couple years, so she was absolutely shocked by the girl's size. Sure, Jen was definitely starting to already chunk up by the time of her last visit. But Dr. Richards had never expected Jen to get THIS big! The corpulent cutie had practically exploded in size, grown so big and fat and round that it looked like someone had pumped her up like a balloon. Dr. Richards remembered the bubbly brunette bimbo well, but the chunky cheerleader was now a full-blown blimp!

"Like, morning!" chirped Jen. She stood in the center of the office, her chest heaving and her breath coming quickly from the effort of standing. Jen still had the same light brown hair pulled back into a jaunty ponytail, the same infectious smile, the same sparkling but empty cow-like eyes. The big difference was that she was so fat that she was bursting out of her clothes, her t-shirt sliding up to reveal several inches of flab around her middle and her stretchpants fraying at the seams under the pressure of her flaring hips and enormously thick thighs. Even from this angle, Dr. Richards could see Jen's bodacious rear bulging out behind her like two big inflated beach balls. Jen's overly rotund body packed into a T-shirt and stretchy leggings that hardly seemed up to the task.

"What brings you here today, Jen?"

"Like, I need to get a check-up," said Jen, "I think I, like, might need to get some, like..." A look of intense concentration passed over Jen's chubby face, her brows knitted and her plump lips frowned. It was as if she was trying to remember something really hard! "like... a... what do you call it? Oh yeah! A special accessibility device. That's right!"

"Hmm, do you?" Dr. Richards looked this bloated bunny up and down, her eyes lingering on the girl's wide wide hips, chunky thighs, and magnificent rump. Jen was so bottom-

heavy that she looked like she might bob back to her feet like an inflatable bobo doll if you tried to push her over. “An accessibility device?”

“Yeah, like a scooter, ya know?” said Jen. “It’s, like, soooo hard to, like, walk, ya know? I think I might have a, like, medical condition so that I shouldn’t walk so much? Like, I get sooo tired. And winded. It’s like I can hardly breathe!”

She was already winded from the looks of her. Jen coughed and gasped, her breathing constricted by the thick layers of blubber pressing down on her lungs. Damn, this girl was so out of shape! Dr. Richards could already tell that Jen was way too sedentary for her own good. The good probably never got any exercise at all if her size was any indication. You didn’t bloat up THAT big unless you were seriously lazy! And the fact that Jen was angling to avoid walking only suggested that Dr. Richards was correct in her assessment.

“You want a scooter so you don’t have to walk, huh?” said Dr. Richards. Jen nodded eagerly, not picking up the incredulous tone in the doctor’s voice.

The doctor chuckled. It broke her heart to think of Jen losing any weight. This prodigiously pudgy porker was perfect the way she was... perfectly plump, perfectly plush, and perfectly pumped up with pudge! She wanted to squeal in delight when she heard why Jen was here. She wasn’t here because she wanted to lose even an ounce! In fact, she was looking for a quick fix that was guaranteed to make her gain even more even faster! Dr. Richards patted the examination table. “Why don’t you get up on the table and we’ll give you an examination?”

“Like, okay!”

Dr. Richards bit her lip to keep from smiling as she watched Jen struggle to hoist her blubbery body up onto the examination table. She could already tell from a glance that Jen was absolutely obese, way way beyond all the recommended weight limits. She was wider than she was tall and her enormous flabby bottom bulged out behind her as she struggled to raise one stubby leg high enough to swing it onto the table. Jen’s backside bulged dangerously, stretching the rear stitches of her fraying stretch pants to the point that Dr. Richards was afraid that Jen might just blow out her seat. That would be embarrassing for Jen... but it would also be super hot.

With a loud grunt, Jen finally lurched forward as she hoisted herself onto the table. Her cellphone, tucked safely between her sweaty boobs, popped out of her cleavage and clattered to the floor.

“Aw nuts,” whined Jen. “I dropped my phone!”

Since Jen only wore stretch pants, none of her outfits had pockets. She was way too fat to get back down off the table and bend down to get her phone. She flopped over onto her backside and fixed Dr. Richards with big, pleading eyes.

“Like, could you get my phone? It’s soooo far away!”

Without a word, Dr. Richards easily bent down and picked up the phone. She handed it back to Jen, who grabbed it with her pudgy sausage fingers and shoved it back between her big sweaty boobs.

Dr. Richards had a reputation as a miracle worker when it came to diets – her prescriptions for exercise and nutrition could whip even the flabbiest patient quickly into shape. But the truth was that Dr. Richards really didn’t want to do that. She had to just because it was her job, but she far preferred the way that her patients looked before she was done with them. She was thrilled for a chance to work with a client who didn’t have any intention of slimming down. In fact, Jen was such a bubblehead that she probably wouldn’t even notice if she gained even more!

I really shouldn’t, thought Dr. Richards. But how could she possibly resist? Jen came to her not because she actually wanted to lose weight. hilariously, this monstrously tubby teen didn’t seem to see anything wrong with her monumental girth. Jen was so pear-shaped that she waddled like a penguin when she walked, her titanic wobbling butt cheeks slowly swallowing up the fabric of her leggings and panties into an ever-deepening wedgie that revealed more and more of her ass crack to the open air.

“Like, I think I might, like, medically need a scooter,” repeated Jen.

“Hmmm,” said Dr. Richards, tapping her pencil against her clipboard. “What makes you say that?”

“Like, I read that, if a doctor says that I medically need a scooter, then I can, like, get one for free? Cuz, like, those things are sooooo expensive.”

She grinned hopefully at Dr. Richards.

“Hmm, honey, don’t you think that it might be better if you lost some weight?” said Dr. Richards impishly. She only said that because she wanted to watch Jen squirm. She knew that Jen had no intention of losing weight if it meant that she had to work out or curb her eating. But Dr. Richards enjoyed seeing the look of utter horror that passed over Jen’s face as she contemplated a life more active.

“Ummmmmm, I, like, don’t think that would work for me?” said Jen. “Like, maybe I have a gland issue? Like, yeah. Totally! I’m totally sure that’s the problem.”

“So you’re saying that there’s no hope that you could lose weight. You’ve just totally and completely given up on that?”

“Yup!” said Jen brightly, the full meaning of Dr. Richard’s words completely going over the ditzy teen’s head.

Good! That was exactly what Dr. Richards wanted to hear. She might feel a little guilty enabling Jen’s sloth if this girl actually had any desire or motivation to improve herself. But Jen was obviously completely committed to a life of endless comfort and indulgence, either oblivious or uncaring about where it would eventually lead. Jen’s bad habits meant that she would surely continue to expand even without Dr. Richards’ help. And in that case, why shouldn’t Dr. Richards help her along this path that she’d chosen? After all, it wasn’t often that she was able to indulge her own vice while giving her patients exactly what they wanted.

Dr. Richards thought about what Jen might look like after a month, a year, a decade of using a mobility scooter to get around. Obviously, Jen would just keep getting bigger and bigger and bigger, until she didn’t even resemble a human anymore so much as an enormous overstuffed hog, her flabby lovehandles sagging over the armrests and her bulbous billowing booty hanging off the back of her seat. She would have to keep upgrading her scooter, buying more powerful models with wider seats and sturdier wheels as she grew.

“Okay, honey, I think you might be a good candidate for a scooter. But I’d better give you a full medical exam just to be sure.”

Jen nodded. “Like, totally. For sure!”

Dr. Richards nearly laughed out loud. Excellent, this hefty heifer had fallen for it – hook, line, and sinker! She didn’t need to give Jen an exam. She just wanted an excuse to get her hands on that sweet, soft blubber! Jen was so round that she looked like a hot-air balloon poised for take-off. Dr. Richards couldn’t remember the last time that she’d treated a patient who was THIS fat!

She ran her hands over Jen’s soft sides, pausing at the fat girl’s overhanging lovehandles to give the wobbling flesh a quick squeeze. Dr. Richards felt weak in the knees as the jiggling blubber pinched between her fingers. Damn, she could pinch far more than an inch here! A few more cupcakes or candy bars and Jen was going to just explode right out of her leggings!

Dr. Richards ran her hands over Jen’s plush flanks, murmuring to herself in a way that she hoped sounded professional. There was really no reason to examine this overstuffed hog, but Dr. Richards just wanted to see how deeply her hands would sink into Jen’s wobbling blubber. Dr. Richards squeezed a handful of fat, marveling as her fingers disappeared into the feminine fatso’s flabby flesh.

“Okay, Jen, I need you to lie down.”

Jen nodded again, the movement causing her thick double chin to wobble wildly. She

scouted her broad butt back on the table and gradually lowered herself down with a labored porcine grunt. Jen stored most of her excess weight in her hips, thighs, and butt, but there was enough extra fat around her middle that she still had a sizeable gut even lying down.

“So you think a scooter would be good for you,” said Dr. Richards as she began massaging Jen’s bulging belly.

“Oh, yeah, like totally!” said Jen eagerly. “Like, my friend Laurie already has one! And, like, I was thinking I should have one too, right? I mean, like, she totally needs one, cuz she’s way bigger than me. But I think she’s still a little embarrassed by it. But like, if we both had them, she wouldn’t need to worry!”

“... you’re getting a scooter out of solidarity?”

“Well, kinda! Not entirely, though, I’m sure I really need it too,” said Jen quickly. She might be a dim-bulb bimbo, but even she understood that she needed to be careful with her words here. She shouldn’t say anything that might discourage Dr. Richards from giving her that prescription for a scooter!

“Your friend Laurie has one, huh? And how much does she weigh?”

“Last time we weighed her, she was, like 560 pounds? She’s probably bigger now, though. Like, between you and me, she’s kind of turned into a pig this past year.”

“Has she?” Dr. Richards smirked, amused at the irony of someone as big as Jen describing anyone else as a pig.

“I mean, like, I know I’m big too,” said Jen as if she read Dr. Richard’s mind. “But, like, Laurie? She’s BIG.” Jen puffed out her cheeks and spread her arms to emphasize her point. “But, like, I’m not saying she’s a pig cuz she’s fat. I mean, she eats like a pig. The other day, she was at cheerleading practice and, like, she showed up with a whole pizza! And, like, she just ate it! All by herself!”

Like you couldn’t eat a whole pizza all by yourself, thought Barbara. But she didn’t say anything out loud, merely contenting herself with poking and prodding this hefty honey and watching her monumental blubber jiggle in response. She quietly went about her business, letting Jen chatter away to her heart’s content. By the time that Barbara was done with her exam, she knew everything that there was to know about Jen and her relationship with all her cheerleader teammates. Dr. Richards couldn’t contain her excitement as Jen described how much both Laurie and their mutual friend Alice had ballooned over the past year. The descriptions of Alice’s burgeoning belly were especially interesting. Dr. Richards had long since noticed, after years of practice, that a very certain kind of woman gained primarily in her belly. It was the sort of woman who loved to eat above all else and simply could not contain her gluttony.

Then again, Jen's descriptions of Laurie's eating habits also sounded pretty enticing. Laurie was a top-heavy girl who stored a lot of her at least 560 points worth of weight in her titanic bosom, but she didn't sound like she was any slouch in the gluttony department. Dr. Richards found herself wishing that these other two girls would visit her office someday, so that she could compare them.

"That's enough of that, I'm going to have you stand up now," said Barbara, "So that we can weigh you."

"Oh sure," said Jen. After her heroic struggle to pull herself up onto the examination table, she was slightly annoyed that now she had to struggle to get down again. Barbara didn't say anything as Jen slowly slid herself off the table, her pudgy feet connecting with the floor. As the fat girl pushed herself upright, Barbara watched how much Jen's protruding posterior shook. The soft blubber wobbled and shifted like two massive water balloons filled with gelatin, sloshing to-and-fro so wildly that the doctor was afraid that the force of their movement would split the seams of Jen's snug leggings. The leggings were covered in bright floral print patterns, but the sheer size and mass of Jen's billowing booty had stretched the flowers until they looked like distended galaxies. Barbara could already see small tears down Jen's thighs and legs where her soft white blubber bubbled through. It was a miracle that Jen hadn't split her seat yet, considering that her enormously rotund rump meant that the rear seam was under far more pressure than any other part of her garment.

"Ugh, stupid leggings," sighed Jen under her breath. She grabbed at the elastic waistband and gave it a sharp tug upwards. The constant motion of her blubber caused the waistband to gradually work its way down her thighs, exposing a growing muffintop around her sides and the top quarter of her deep ass crack. Oblivious to Barbara's stares, Jen pulled her leggings back up and over her phat fatass and jiggled her way over to the scale in the corner.

"Now when was the last time that you weighed yourself, Jen?" asked the doctor, biting her lip to keep herself from sighing out loud at the sight of Jen's buttery blubbery bum.

"Ummmm... I dunno? I guess it was, like, a week ago? Maybe more?" said Jen, scratching at her gigantically round rear with her long sharp fingernails. A single stitch down her seat popped in response. Jen didn't notice, but Barbara sure did. Oh wow. Barbara bit her lip even harder, so hard that she was half afraid she would draw blood. Oh jeeez, she was getting so turned on by watching Jen waddle her fat ass across the office! She needed to get a hold of herself and stay professional! If she couldn't calm down, she might do something that she would regret...

However, that didn't mean that she wasn't going to weigh Jen. She had to know how big this hippo-sized hottie really was!

"I'm only 508 pounds," said Jen nonchalantly, as if she had no idea that she was way

beyond morbidly obese. Then a thought hit her. "I mean, I weigh, like, sooo much! I'm totally, like, 508 pounds! Like, I'm so big that I absolutely need a scooter, right?"

Barbara raised an eyebrow in amusement. This hefty hoggette was really desperate to get that scooter! Barbara wondered how desperate. She could probably convince this corpulent cow to do anything if she promised to let her get a scooter! She couldn't help but grin at the idea. If she was really evil, she could even recommend that Jen start a new "healthy" diet that was nothing but butter and ice cream... Jen probably wouldn't even ask any questions, so desperate was she to believe anything that Barbara told her. But no. She had to restrain herself. She couldn't get too greedy. She couldn't afford to blow her cover. After all, thought Barbara to herself, pigs get fat but hogs get slaughtered. Heh. What an appropriate expression to use right now! Jen herself was definitely moving into prime hog territory. Still, Barbara didn't want anyone to start getting suspicious that maybe she had more interest in keeping her patients fat than in helping them to get thin. She would restrict herself to writing a prescription for Jen's scooter. Certainly that was more than enough to guarantee that Jen would continue to gain.

Jen grunted loudly as she hoisted herself onto the scale, her wide bottom wobbling as her soft feet landed on the scale's platform. The entire structure of the scale creaked and shivered in response to Jen's excessive poundage. Luckily, Jen stored so much of her weight in her hips, thighs, and buttocks that she didn't have any trouble standing on the scale. Many patients of Jen's size had issued with their bellies bumping against the scale's upright shaft, preventing them from getting close enough to get their feet on the platform. Instead, the only real problem was squeezing past Jen so that Barbara could adjust the weights to get a clear indication of Jen's actual size. It was a tight fit! Barbara slid past Jen, her slender butt scraping the wall, her on-fire crotch bumping against the swell of Jen's right thigh. Barbara bit her lip as she felt her body squishing against her obese patient's warm butter-soft blubber. Daaammnnn, this girl was soooo fat and it was driving Barbara crazy.

Still, there was no good in giving away the game. Barbara maintained a stoic poker face as she advanced on the scale, quickly adjusting the weight with professional precision. Most scales didn't go up high enough for this heifer, but Barbara was prepared. She had lots of morbidly obese clients, so she had to special order a scale specially designed for the hefty figure. This one went waaay up.

She immediately adjusted it to 500 pounds, but was unsurprised when the measurement beam tilted to indicate that Jen was heavier. Of course. Jen was AT LEAST 508 pounds. There was no way that this fat tub had lost any weight since her last weigh-in. Dr. Richards adjusted the scale. The beam tilted back. Ok. It looked level now.

"515 pounds," said Dr. Richards. "Looks like you've put on a couple pounds since your last weigh in. Almost 10 pounds, thought Dr. Richards. It was obvious that this girl wasn't skipping any meals. Most patients got visibly upset when the doctor informed them that they had gained extra weight. But Jen didn't seem to care. She was already distracted, gazing at

another poster on the wall that warned about the consequences of prolonged obesity. Jen's brow was furrowed and she was moving her plump lips as if trying to sound out the unfamiliar words.

"Jen? Jen, did you hear me?"

"Huh? What?"

"I said you weigh 515 pounds."

"Ohhhh." Jen shrugged. "Like, I guess I gained a couple pounds. Like, I guess all this has gotta come from somewhere." She giggled as she patted her backside with apparent pride. "Could I, like, sit down again? I'm soooo tired!"

Jen's breathing was coming in sharp gasps, every breath rattling and wheezing in her poor, over-worked lungs as she struggled with the incredibly difficult exertion that was... standing motionless. Dr. Richards could see Jen's bosom heaving under her shirt, the girl's deep sweaty cleavage bulging through her neckline whenever she inhaled. Even in this air-conditioned doctor's office, Jen was sweating buckets. Big wet spots were visible under her armpits and down her chest.

"Are you having trouble... standing?" asked Dr. Richards. Jen nodded, but she was too winded to speak.

"Yeah... like, I had to walk alllll the way across the room... it's, like, totally hard work..."

"Okay, Jen, why don't you head back to the table and we'll discuss your options."

Jen nodded and started the slow, laborious waddle back toward the table. Barbara couldn't help but stare at Jen's undulating backside, marveling at the ability of spandex to stretch. It took Jen another five minutes to hoist herself back onto the examination table, rolling around like a beached manatee.

"Hmm." Dr. Richards cocked an eyebrow in an effort to look the part of a disapproving doctor. She couldn't well let Jen see the truth, that she was absolutely thrilled not just by Jen's gigantic elephant-sized proportions but also by the fat girl's nonchalance about her weight – a nonchalance that suggested she was probably just going to keep getting bigger.

"Soooo I mean, like, I should totally get a scooter, right?" said Jen hopefully. She tugged at the frayed elastic waistband of her leggings, hitching it up and over her blubbery hips as the weight of her love handles caused it to slowly wriggle down her thighs. "I mean, like, I think I should totally qualify?"

"I'm going to level with you, Jen," said Dr. Richards. "You are dangerously obese."



“Uh huh, right,” said Jen. She nodded her head and frowned seriously, but it was clear that Jen really had no inkling what that meant.

“That’s bad, Jen,” said Dr. Richards. “And I think you should understand that having a scooter is not going to help that. If anything, it’s probably just going to make it worse. I think the thing that you really need more than anything is exercise.”

“Ughhhhhh no,” whined Jen, her whole corpulent form sagging with despair at the sound of the dreaded “E” word. “Like, that’s sooooo hard! You can’t, like, make me exercise! Pleeese?”

“That said,” continued Dr. Richards, “I think that your current physical condition actually makes it dangerous for you to exert yourself too much. I’m going to recommend that you DO get a scooter, Jen –“

“Yes! Alright!” The doctor’s advice was cut off by Jen’s excited yelp. “Um, like, sorry, I was just so excited!”

“—but I’m also going to recommend that you try to start an exercise regimen. Nothing too strenuous, but I want you to work your way up to something. You don’t want to overexert yourself at first and give yourself a heart attack.”

“Yeah, yeah, that would be bad,” said Jen dreamily. She wasn’t thinking about anything that Dr. Richards said now. As far as Jen was concerned, nothing mattered now that she was finally going to be getting her scooter... and for free! This was wonderful! She imagined how great life would be now that she would never have to walk again, never have to suffer under the tyranny of having to move her increasingly bloated bulk under her own power ever again! She imagined herself on her scooter, with her friends Alice and Laurie forming a fleet of wheeled fatsos, cruising through the mall without a worry in the world, sailing from the high-end fashion boutiques to the food court without having to lift even a finger! Heavenly!! Jen didn’t give a second thought to the ominous reality of the situation, though. On some level, she understood that she was only getting deeper into dangerous territory, that she was destined to keep growing if she got even less exercise now. But Jen didn’t care! If she and her fat friends kept gorging themselves like they always had and now didn’t even have the minimal exercise of just walking, they would just keep growing fatter and fatter until they simply got too big for even their scooters. And what then? Jen was too dim to consider a future of helpless immobility, because she was too busy thinking of the immediate benefits of a scooter.

“And I want to see you again for a follow-up in six months, okay? Do you understand?” Dr. Richards didn’t expect Jen to understand what she was saying. She didn’t care really. All she cared was that Jen actually kept her follow-up appointment. She expected that Jen would be even fatter by that point. And Dr. Richards really wanted to see that.

Jen, meanwhile, was thinking of other things. She hoped that Alice was having as much luck with her doctor as Jen was having with Dr. Richards!

# 80. Alice

Alice stared at the wall, her pulse pounding. That was nothing unusual. The blonde bunny was so fat and out of shape that her heart always seemed to be racing after even the slightest activity. But this was extreme even for her. She wasn't doing anything strenuous like walking, she was just sitting quietly in the waiting room of the doctor's office. But Alice was terrified.

She was terrified because she was absolutely certain that the doctor was going to yell at her. She bit at her nails, nervous sweat beading on her forehead. Poor Alice! There was no denying that Alice was extremely obese for her age and height; she was almost as wide as she was tall. She weighed over 500 pounds, 500 pounds of pure fat girl lard that settled around her vast waistline and monstrous thunder thighs. Her gargantuan belly, easing in and out with her rapid, nervous breaths, sat heavily in her lap, stretching nearly to her thick, fat-swaddled knees. Her large breasts rested atop the shelf of her gut, completing this picture of teenage obesity. Alice's belly was her most prominent feature, so enormous that it even dwarfed her wide ass and pudgy thighs and made her look like a round ripe pumpkin.

Deep down, Alice knew she was fat. And worse, she knew that she was getting fatter everyday. She loved to eat and she hated to exercise, so what else could possibly happen other than that she would keep getting bigger? It was inevitable. But Alice tried not to think about that, even as her incessant snacking and constant gorging continued to add pounds to her figure and inches to her waist. But she knew that was definitely going to get a big lecture about her weight today. She had lost track of how much weight she'd gained since her last doctor's visit, but she was sure that it must be a lot. In fact, Alice had been intentionally delaying her doctor's visit specifically to avoid this very fact. But she was getting to the point where she couldn't delay it anymore.

Or rather, she really didn't want to. Because Alice's friend Jen had proposed a plan so ridiculous, so hare-brained, that it was guaranteed to work. Alice and Jen were both roughly the same size, both having just finally broken the threshold to 500. But girls were far too lazy and out-of-shape for any sort of strenuous exercise and dreamed of a life where they were free to be as slothful an indolent as their fat-clogged hearts desired. They both spent a lot of time fantasizing about purchasing mobility scooters so that they could simply drive around instead of having to carry their increasingly heavy bodies around under their own power. But mobility scooters were SUPER expensive and neither girl had that kind of dough. But then Jen had realized that, if a doctor prescribed a scooter as a medical necessity, that meant that insurance would cover the cost!

A brilliant plan! The only problem was finding a doctor who would play along.

Alice was in despair. She didn't think that her family doctor would be willing to agree.

She was sure that he was just going to tell her to get more exercise. Ugh! So unfair!

The nurse at the counter cleared her throat. "Alice Grobauch? You can come back here. The doctor will see you now."

Grunting, Alice placed her chubby hands against the armrests of her chair and attempted to shove herself to her feet. Her wide hips and flabby love handles bumped into the armrests as she moved, another grim reminder of her recent gains. Alice plopped her fat ass back down with a sigh. Gritting her teeth, she tried again. This time, she really put some "oomph" into it! With a loud groan, Alice shoved herself forward and managed to pop her wide load bottom out of the chair. She stood up straight, hoping that the nurse hadn't noticed her troubles. How embarrassing! But the nurse was a consummate professional and was studiously pretending to be studying some paperwork in front of her as Alice struggled to get out of her chair.

Standing up, Alice looked even fatter. Her round face was framed by blond bangs, but that did nothing to hide the thick blubbery frill of the second chin that consumed her neck. Her ample breasts and bloated belly stretched the fabric of her striped polo shirt to the point that the seams down her sides were fraying, exposing bubbles of soft pink adipose. Her shirt wasn't up to the task of covering her entire belly, so the lowest quarter of fat gut hung below the hem, sagging over the crotch of Alice's mega-sized cargo pants. The pants had to be XXXL but they still looked skin-tight over Alice's tree-trunk thighs and massive behind. Luckily, the sag of her gut hid the fact that Alice could no longer button her pants. She had tried every fat girl trick in the book but there was no getting around the simple truth: Alice had finally grown too wide and too round for the button to reach. Alice left her side pockets unzipped in hopes that would open up a little extra room to allow her to force the button into the buttonhole, but even that slack wasn't enough to counteract the size of her ginormous tummy. She had to leave her fly open and hope that no one noticed. Worse than that, she couldn't even zip up the zipper anymore. Leaving her pants unbuttoned was one thing, but, if the zipper was at least up, it would be less noticeable. But with the zipper pushed down to its base, her overstretched panties would be on full display if her paunch wasn't in the way.

Alice desperately needed to buy some new clothes in a bigger – much bigger – size, but what was even the point? She was inflating so rapidly that sometimes it felt like any new clothes she bought would already be straining around her hips and waist by the time she got them home from the store! For a long time, Alice had put off buying new clothes as part of her plan to save money for a scooter. But if she could convince Dr. Chan to actually prescribe her a scooter, then she wouldn't need to worry about that anymore. Alice gulped nervously, hoping that this daring plan worked!

Alice waddled toward the nurse, her chubby knees bumping the sag of her overhanging tummy. Oof, her belly was huge! And Alice was still growing, swelling rounder and fatter all the time. Once again, the grim prediction that her friend Jen's little sister Jesse had made played through her head: "If your belly gets any bigger and rounder, you're going to burst!" Looking

down at her massive front, Alice couldn't stop thinking about that. Some days it seemed inevitable that she would eventually burst just as Jesse warned her. Her mind was morbidly fascinated by the idea. What would that be like? Would she simply pop – bang! – like an over-inflated balloon? Would she detonate in a mushroom cloud of gastric juices, exploding like a nuclear bomb? Or would she blow out like a car tire, her skin simply stretching apart after one bite too many and allowing fat to spill out like a deflating air mattress? None of those options sounded particularly appealing, yet no scenario was sufficiently off-putting to encourage Alice to in any way limit her out-of-control appetite.

The nurse looked Alice up and down as the titanicly tubby teen approached. “We’re going to have you come in back and step on the bariatric scale, okay, hun?”

Alice had been fat too long not to know what that meant. The nurse could tell from glancing at her that Alice was way too fat to fit on a regular scale, so they were going to put her on a special heavy-duty scale designed for fat people. They might as well have said they were going to put her on a cattle scale!

The nurse led her into the back, passing the regular scale and leading Alice to a scale with a larger than normal platform. Already the fat girl was wheezing from the trek, placing the palms of her chubby hands against the walls of the narrow hallway to steady herself as she waddled along. Alice was so wide that she barely fit through these tight corridors! In fact, the day would probably come soon when she didn't fit at all...

“Could I have you step on the scale, Alice?” asked the nurse.

“Yes, ma’am,” mumbled Alice. “Um... should I take off my shoes? You know, for an accurate reading?”

The nurse bit her lip. Of course, a lot of people remembered that old wives' tale that somehow wearing your shoes while on the scale would give you a wildly inaccurate reading. Even if that was true, the nurse doubted it would make any difference in this case. Alice was so big that there was no way her shoes could affect the reading at all! Still, if it gave her some comfort, why not?

The nurse smiled sympathetically. “Sure, hon, go right ahead.”

Alice paused, suddenly acutely aware that, well, she COULDN'T take her shoes off! She glanced downward, but, as usual, only saw enormous boobs and belly filling her field of vision. She had not seen her feet in ages. She only even knew they were still down there because she could feel her toes curling with sudden anxiety! Alice was so rotund that she could no longer bend enough to tie her shoelaces, so she usually wore slip-on shoes or flip flops unless Tyler happened to spend the night and be there in the morning to help her tie her laces. Damn it! Of all the days for that to happen! Normally she was happy for Tyler's help, but only now did she realize what a hassle this was going to be!

“Um... on second thought, I think it’s fine,” said Alice quietly. The nurse nodded as Alice shuffled forward, resigned to her fate.

Alice grunted, sounding for all the world like an annoyed pig, as she lumbered forward, her bloated gut wobbling. But she couldn’t make it. Her belly extended so far in front of her that it bumped into the upright shaft of the scale long before Alice’s chubby feet could reach the platform.

“Um... I...uh... can’t reach...” mumbled Alice. Her face blanched. Gawd, this was all so humiliating! She just hoped that it would all be worth it. After all this work, she would just die if Dr. Chan didn’t prescribe her a scooter!

“Could you... turn sideways?” asked the nurse.

Alice obliged, shuffling sideways. How embarrassing! Luckily, this solution seemed to work. She was mostly round, but she managed to get her feet onto the scale platform before her hip bumped the shaft. She braced herself, squeezing her eyes shut as she waited for the nurse to adjust the weights. It took a few minutes.

“Alright Alice... let’s see... looks like you’re...510 pounds.”

“Oh no,” breathed Alice under her breath. How was that even possible? It was only, what, a week ago that she had weighed herself at that sleepover with Jen and Laurie. She was only 505 pounds then! If only she could have controlled her appetite just a little, but she couldn’t... and as a result, she’d packed on EVEN MORE poundage!

“Alright, Alice, just follow me. Let’s get you to the examination room. Just hop up on the table Dr. Chan will be with you shortly.”

The nurse ushered her obese charge into the examination room and closed the door.

The examination table would not have presented any issue for a thinner person, but Alice was way too fat to hoist her gargantuan body up onto the table. Usually, she would need an extra pair of hands to help. If Tyler were here, he could have helped push her up. But she was alone. Luckily, there was at least a little footstool placed at the foot of the table. With a porcine grunt, Alice lifted one plump foot and placed it on the stool. She could feel it quiver under her weight. She bit her lip. She was afraid to raise her other foot. Could the stool support her full weight? She was 510 pounds after all. Was the stool designed to hold that much pure fat girl? Alice wasn’t sure.

Well. There wasn’t much choice. She braced herself as she lifted her other foot and simultaneously leaned forward onto the table, her belly and breasts squishing against the tabletop, her fleshy hands gripping at its sides to help pull her forward. Alice looked like a

manatee flopping along the beach as she wriggled and jiggled her way onto the table, but she finally made it! Puffing and panting, she managed to twist around so that she was lying on her back. It took her a few minutes of gasping and wheezing before she could get enough breath back that she thought to try sitting up. It wasn't much easier! It was basically the same as doing a sit-up and Alice was way too out of shape to do one of those! It didn't help that she was way too wide for this table, her flabby flanks oozing over both sides of the table and making her balance rather precarious.

"Gotta be careful," whispered Alice as, bracing her hands against the table sides, she slowly pushed herself into a seated position. It was a miracle that she was able to do it! Her belly bunched up into several large thick jelly rolls, acting as a resistance to her movement. "Oooof, why does everything have to be so hard?"

It wasn't long before the door opened and Dr. Chan entered the room. Dr. Chan was an older Asian woman with her graying hair pulled back into a youthful ponytail. She entered the room with a large smile on her face, but it disappeared almost instantly in shock as her eyes fell upon her patient. She quickly looked down at the clipboard in her hands as if to double check that she was really in the right room. There was no way... right? Granted, she hadn't seen Alice in several years, but... she remembered Alice as a chubby teen that she occasionally had to admonish about her excessive sugar intake. This girl was waaaay beyond chubby, she was so grotesquely fat that she was spilling over the edges of the examination table!

"Um... Alice?" asked Dr. Chan.

"Hi," said Alice, smiling weakly and nodding her head. Her double chin jiggled.

"It's been a little while since the last time I saw you..." said Dr. Chan. "Um... how are we doing today?"

"I'm fine. I'm just, uh, having trouble getting around," said Alice, "See, I'm just... well, I get winded really easily, you know? And I thought... maybe I should get that checked out?"

Dr. Chan nodded. She strongly suspected that she knew the reason for Alice's predicament. Her obese patient was so wide that her enormous bottom hung over the sides of the examination table. Dr. Chan was honestly shocked. It had been several years since Alice's last office visit and, sure, this girl had always been hefty. Dr. Chan had to give Alice "The Talk" almost every visit, warning her that her increasing weight was someday going to be a real problem for her. Dr. Chan just hadn't expected that day to come so soon! Alice had absolutely ballooned since the last time the doctor had examined her, so much so that Dr. Chan felt like there must be some deeper issue at play here besides simple overeating.

"Well, Alice, we'll give you a full examination and see what we find," said Dr. Chan, "But I think you and I both know what the answer's going to be?"

Alice gulped, her eyes watering and her multiple chins quivering.

“Alice, could you tell me... have your eating habits changed lately?”

“Um... no? I think they’re pretty much the same,” said Alice, her round face blushing as she uttered a bald-faced lie. She hoped that Dr. Chan would believe her and assume that her escalating poundage was due to a gland issue or a hormone imbalance or just her changing metabolism, something beyond her control... anything but the truth! She hoped that Dr. Chan wouldn’t suss out that the real reason for her recent blimpage was just that Alice had completely lost control of her appetite. She lived to eat. From the moment that she woke up in the morning to the moment that she drifted off to sleep, Alice’s entire life was consumed with food and eating. She could never get enough! It was inevitable that her constant gluttony and gorging would add pounds to her frame. But now Alice was well over 500 pounds and it truly was getting harder for her to deny the impact that her weight was having on her life.

“Let’s check you out,” said Dr. Chan, rising from her seat. “Alice, could you strip down to your undies for me? Let’s give you a once over.”

Alice plucked at the hem of her straining polo shirt and struggled to pull it up over her head. As the garment rose, the fat girl’s big blubbery belly popped out, flopping against her enormously thick legs and covering her lap. Next her breasts popped out, slapping the top of her gut. Getting the shirt off was no mean feat! Next Alice had push one foot against the other to pop her shoes off; there was just no way that she was actually going to bend down there and remove them by hand! Getting her pants off was the hardest part, since it required her to raise her hefty heiney up off the table slightly so she could wriggle them down. Alice grunted and huffed as she laboriously pushed the pants waistband down, inch by inch, every millimeter allowing more soft pillowy flesh to spill out and muffintop over the edges.

But finally, her clothes were off.

In her underwear, Alice looked even bigger. Her gut plopped down onto her thighs, oozing over her lap until her frayed knickers were completely hidden from view. Her breasts sagged against her belly, so large now that her bra hardly gave her any lift anymore. Dr. Chan pressed her fingers against Alice’s sides, poking and prodding the fat girl’s voluminous flesh as she searched for unusual lumps or bumps, anything that might indicate something out of the ordinary. After a few minutes, the doctor was forced to give up the search in frustration. There was simply too much flesh in the way! No matter how hard Dr. Chan pressed her hands into that butter-soft lard she couldn’t feel anything but soft, squishy fat! She inserted her fingers between Alice’s jelly rolls in hopes of having more luck, but again she couldn’t feel anything but fat.

“Okay... let’s check your heart rate.”

“Breathe in, please.”



Dr. Chan pressed the stethoscope to Alice's chest as Alice inhaled.

"Now breathe out."

Alice released her breath.

Dr. Chan frowned. Alice was so fat that it was hard to hear anything, but she could just barely make out the distant thump-thump of Alice's overworked heart muffled by layers and layers of soft fat girl blubber.

"Your resting heart rate is extremely elevated," said Dr. Chan as she made a note on her clipboard.

"Is that good?" asked Alice.

"No, I'm afraid it's not. Alice, do you... how much exercise do you get?"

"I'm a cheerleader," said Alice. She hoped that the doctor wouldn't have any follow-up questions to that. If only Dr. Chan would just assume that meant that Alice did all the usual jumps and leaps and athletics commonly associated with cheerleading! Of course, Alice did nothing of the sort. She was a cheerleader in name only and only that because Laurie hadn't bothered to officially ever kick her off the team. She spent all her time on the bench and hadn't done a single actual cheer literally all year long.

"Uh huh," said Dr. Chan. She couldn't keep the skepticism out of her voice. "And you're saying that your eating habits haven't changed?"

"Nope! I, uh, know I've gained a lot of weight... I just don't know why. I think maybe... maybe I have a gland issue? I... I think maybe I need some extra help getting around? Like, maybe I could get one of those mobility scooters?"

Dr. Chan folded her hands and surveyed her obese patient with a suspicious eye. Alice felt herself wilting under the doctor's unforgiving gaze.

"I...I just think it would be good!" she sputtered. "It's so hard for me to walk around, you know? I think I would need it... like as a disability?"

Dr. Chan was quiet was a long before. Eventually, she leaned forward and sighed. "Alice, I know you don't want to hear this, but, as your doctor, I wouldn't be doing you any favors by ignoring the elephant in the room..."

And that elephant is me, thought Alice glummy.

“Frankly, your weight is... it’s absolutely out of control. You’re barely 18 and you weigh 510 pounds.”

“That’s not fair!” piped up Alice. “I was wearing shoes when I was on the scale! That... that probably messed up the reading!”

Dr. Chan leaned back and raised a skeptical eyebrow. “Uh huh. And how much should you weigh?”

“I was.... Well, I was 505 when I weighed myself last time.”

“And when was that?”

“Like.... A couple weeks ago?”

“So the last time you weighed yourself was a couple weeks ago?” said Dr. Chan. She continued as if she hadn’t heard Alice’s protests. “And you weighed 505 pounds. That’s a five pound gain. If that’s normal for you... and judging from your size, it looks like it IS normal... that’s some significant gain.”

“I...I...I’m trying!” blurted Alice, her face going so red that she looked like a ripe tomato. “I really am! I just... I just get so—“

“This is extremely unhealthy,” said Dr. Chan sternly. For emphasis, she reached out and pinched an inch of flab from around Alice’s voluminous waist and jiggled it roughly. It sent a ripple through her blubber, causing her entire soft, fleshy body to quiver violently. “If this keeps up, you’re going to be facing some severe health risks in just another year or two... if you aren’t facing them already! I can tell that your weight is already severely impacting your mobility. You can barely walk without getting completely puffed. And all that weight is putting A LOT of pressure on your knees, Alice. If you’re not careful, you’re going to grind your joints into powder.”

Alice’s lip quivered. She felt sooo embarrassed! She hated having to listen to lectures about her ever-escalating weight and her ever-expanding waistline. This was even worse than when her mom yelled at her! Dr. Chan was probably just going to yell at her for eating too much and exercising too little! And then she wouldn’t let her have a scooter... probably just to punish her for being such a fat, gluttonous pig!

Dr. Chan put a sympathetic hand on Alice’s knee. “Look, Alice, I’m sorry. I know that this isn’t easy to hear. I am very concerned about you, but I don’t think there’s any reason to despair. I think that it’s time to be serious about your weight, but I think there’s a reason to be hopeful.”

Maybe she deserved it. Maybe it did serve her right. Alice was only this fat because

she really was a glutton. She had no control over her own appetite, she couldn't stop herself from eating any food that was placed in front of her. What else could she expect other than ridicule and scorn for her lack of willpower? She felt ready to cry!

But then, Dr. Chan said something surprising...

"Now, you said that you haven't changed your eating habits, so that makes me wonder if there might be something else at play here."

"Gain this pronounced isn't normal," continued Dr. Chan. "I'm really afraid that it might indicate some underlying health issues, so, before we try to come up with any sort of diet or exercise plan, I'd really like to eliminate some other possibilities." She made a few marks on a piece of paper and handed it to Alice. "I'm ordering some blood work done. I want you to get to the lab as soon as you can and have this completed, so we can know what we're dealing with. In the meantime, I am going to make a note that you require a scooter for your...um... disability. This is only temporary, mind you. Hopefully, we're not dealing with anything genetic, in which case you're going to have to do some heavy duty diet and exercise to get you back to a healthy weight."

Alice was nodding so vigorously that her entire gelatinous body was quivering, but she barely heard a word. OMG!! She couldn't believe her luck!! She was worried that Dr. Chan would just make her exercise, but she was literally so fat that Dr. Chan was convinced that something deeper must be at play here! She literally didn't believe that Alice could get this big just by eating! This was perfect! Alice really didn't have any intention of going through with the blood work or booking a follow-up appointment. She had exactly what she had come for! Dr. Chan was prescribing her a mobility scooter! Soon she would never have to worry about walking anywhere and getting totally puffed!

She could just picture it now: She and Jen and Laurie could just cruise around in their scooters without a care in the world! Of course, the fact that they would be getting even less exercise than before meant that they would inevitably get even fatter as they continued to stuff themselves with gluttonous abandon. But Alice wasn't thinking about that at all. All she saw was a future of luxury and comfort!

"You can get dressed, Alice. But I do want to see you for a follow-up. When you go out front, the secretary can help you set that up."

Dr. Chan turned away as Alice struggled to stuff herself back into her clothes. "Um, Dr. Chan? Could you... help me put my shoes back on? I can't... er, reach."

Dr. Chan sighed. She turned around to confront her behemoth patient, bulging out of her clearly inadequate clothes. Damn, she was so fat that it was unbelievable! Dr. Chan found

herself briefly wondering: Is weight gain this pronounced even medically possible? Is there anything in the text books that's like this? Could this be something entirely new? She wondered if maybe she wasn't about to discover something that would get her name in the biggest medical journals. Could it be that Alice would be the first patient ever diagnosed with Chan syndrome? Well, if so, they wouldn't be able to fit all of her into one photograph when the journals published Dr. Chan's research. They'd have to print a two-page spread to fit all of this baby elephant on the page!

She shook her head. She was being ridiculous. She bent down, the top of her head brushing against the vast expanse of Alice's overloaded belly and gripped Alice's ankle with her hand. Alice's ankles were as wide around as Dr. Chan's thighs! Unbelievable.

"Life up for me, Alice. That's a good girl." Dr. Chan slipped the shoe onto Alice's left foot and quickly tied the shoe strings into a tight knot. It was absolutely ridiculous to think that this girl was simply too fat to tie her own shoes! Who knew what other simple daily tasks were now beyond this hefty heifer's abilities? Who knew which ones soon would be?

"Now lift your other foot. There we go, thanks."

Dr. Chan straightened up, her eyes falling on the open V of Alice's unzipped fly.

"Er... Alice, um, your pants..."

"What?" Alice fumbled under her belly with her sausage fingers, feeling for the zipper since she couldn't see it anymore over her gut. "Oh. That. Heh. I, uh, can't get that up."

Alice blushed. She had hoped that the doctor wouldn't notice that she was too fat to zip her mega-sized cargo pants.

"Hmm," said Dr. Chan.

As Alice waddled toward the front desk, the doctor's note entitling her to use her insurance to purchase a scooter clutched in her plump sweaty hand, her mind was abuzz with possibilities. First things first, she needed to talk to Jen. She wondered if Jen had as much luck on her doctor's visit. She hoped so! Then together the two of them would have to go down to the mall to FINALLY purchase those scooters that they had been eying for soooo long! Their fondest dreams were just about to come true! Goodbye, walking! From now on, Alice expected her life was just going to get easier and easier even if her belly grew bigger and bigger, her thighs grew thicker and thicker, and her ass grew wider and wider... But she wasn't worried about that. All she could think of was how wonderful it would be to not ever have to worry about getting winded from a short walk again! She had a sneaking suspicion that her mother was not going to be happy about this development, but what did it matter?

Things were looking up! She couldn't wait to start her new life as an even more

sedentary blob.

# 81. Laurie

Laurie was stuffed. Beyond stuffed. So far beyond stuffed that she thought she was going to die. Her two lovers had been stuffing her for hours, for days, for weeks. What day was it now? Laurie had no clue. She opened her eyes and stared blearily at the window, her mind too addled from countless hours of eating to fully comprehend what she was seeing. Was it light out? Was it dark? She had no idea what time of day it was or what day of the week it was. She was just TOO FULL to care.

She was lying in bed, barely able to gasp, the immense weight of her breasts and belly pinning her on her back, pressing on her lungs. Her bare belly, so immensely overfilled with too many sweet treats, towered over her like a mountain, slowly rising and falling in time to her labored breathing. Every breath was torture. She had to fight against the indomitable gravity of her gut for every straining lungful. Every exhale was a sigh of relief as her boulder-sized belly forced the air back out of her lungs. She was too big to move. Idly, she wondered if that was really the case. Had she finally reached the point of no return? Was she actually immobile? Was this to be her life from now on, never leaving this room, never leaving this bed, growing bigger and bigger and bigger, never knowing anything but absolute bursting fullness as her lovers kept her constantly stuffed to the brim?

Gawd. What a thought. Laurie couldn't believe herself, but she was wet between her tree-trunk legs just thinking about it.

Laurie wore a pair of exercise shorts, nearly completely swallowed up by her thick chafing thighs and voluminous ass. The sag of her paunch flopped over the front of her shorts to hide her crotch completely from view. The soft stretchy fabric was stretching to its utmost limits, the stitches down her sides already starting to split. Her croptop was a mere formality, barely capable of hiding her nipples let alone the bulk of her massive breasts. More than anything, the croptop was just there to keep her breasts from simply flopping over and splaying to her sides. But, for all intents and purposes, she might as well have been naked. Her tight clothes did barely anything to hide her morbidly obese body.

Her tiny, inadequate exercise shorts were pushed down by her belly, just enough to be obscene, but she could still feel that the flimsy garment was soaked through with her own juices as she contemplated a life of stuffed indolence.

Where were Frank and Abida now? They should be here pleasuring her, feeding her more... but they must have left the room to take a brief break. Laurie sighed and struggled to shift her weight. It was useless. She was too big and heavy to do anything other than kick her chubby legs uselessly. Once she digested a little, maybe then she would be able to move again. Maybe. But she would probably... no... she would definitely need Frank and Abida to

help her get up out of bed. From her last weigh-in, Laurie knew that she weighed nearly 600 pounds. 600 pounds of pure fat girl blubber. She might even weigh more than 600 after this most recent stuffing marathon.

Laurie looked down at herself, her double chin pressing against her neck. She was used to only seeing enormous boobs when she looked down, but even now she could see her ginormous gut bulging out past them. Maybe Frank and Abida were out buying her more food. Gawd, she hoped not... but at the same time she kind of hoped that they were. She was crammed so full that she was sure that she would burst if she ate a single bite more. But her lovers were relentless, never letting her pause long enough to catch her breath, feeder her fuller and fatter until her mobility completely disappeared under pounds and pounds of new blubber.

“OOoof,” sighed Laurie, barely able to get the words out. “So... bloated. I can’t...” She could barely grunt as a loud fart escaped her backside. Thank Gawd! That was a relief to let off a little pressure. Her insides still felt packed to the limit and Laurie could feel a lot more gas roiling around inside her intestines after her latest feeding. She was so full of food and gas that she must look like a helium balloon, she thought.

She heard the door open and two pairs of footsteps. She was too dumb and bloated to turn her head, so she couldn’t see who it was... though she could guess. Eventually, Frank’s round face appeared in her field of vision.

“Hey, babe,” he said, leaning in to kiss her forehead. “How you doing there? Feeling okay?”

Laurie opened her mouth to complain, but only a hefty belch escaped. Oof. Thank Gawd, a little more pressure released from her obscenely distended gut.

“I’m...so...fucking....full,” gasped Laurie. “I can’t...even breathe...”

Frank chuckled, patting Laurie’s chubby chipmunk cheeks. “I know you are, babe. How about we let you rest a little, huh? What do you say to that, hmm, my fat sexy kitty?”

Laurie grunted and attempted to shift her weight, but she couldn’t move a muscle. She was trapped under her own gargantuan body. Maybe she’d be able to move again after she’d digested a little. Maybe.

“You big softie,” said Abida’s voice. The slender Indian girl moved into Laurie’s field of vision, a sly smile on her face. “You’re too indulgent to this pig, Frank. Let her rest indeed!” She smacked Laurie’s overloaded gut lightly with her hand, not enough to hurt but enough to sting. Laurie groaned. She was so full that even the lightest touch felt way too stimulating against her grandiloquent belly. “A fat kitty! As if! You’re a hog, Laurie, a fat greedy hog and nothing but. And a hog’s job is to eat, right, piggy?”

Laurie stared, bleary-eyed. Oh Jeez. Abida was learning too well. Was this crazy girl actually going to force to eat even more???? Oh Jeez, oh Christ. Laurie was so far gone that she knew, she knew more certain than anything in life, that she was going to explode if she even THOUGHT about food.

Abida seemed to sense Laurie's trepidation. "Aww is the poor piggy too full to eat anymore?" she snickered. "Don't think you can fit another single itty bitty bite in that big fat full full belly of yours? Oh my well, it certainly does seem tight, doesn't it?"

Chuckling evilly, she pressed her finger into Laurie's gigantic gut. It was packed so hard and stretched so tight that there was absolutely no give. Normally the thick layer of blubber over her middle would always provide a soft cushion no matter how much she ate but... it seemed that this time she'd gone far far FAR beyond her limits.

"Now now, Abida, we'd better be careful," said Frank. He stroked Laurie's messy hair with mock sympathy. "We don't want to push Laurie too far. She's had more than enough to eat."

"She's had more than enough to eat when I say she's had more than enough to eat," snapped Abida.

Oh Gawd, thought Laurie, a cold fear crystallizing in the base of her brain. They'd created a monster. Abida really WAS insane. She was going to make Laurie explode, she just knew it!

"Don't you think that's up to Laurie?" said Frank, his voice gentle but unable to keep a note of amusement out of it. "What do you say, babe? Remember, all you have to do is say the safe word."

Laurie was silent. She...desperately needed to say the word. She knew that she couldn't fit anything more inside her. She was at her absolute limits. But... oh Gawd she still.... Wanted more.... Well, if she was destined to go out with a bang, so be it!

"Sounds like our prize hog has made her decision," snorted Abida.

"Sure sounds like it," agreed Frank.

"No...no...no..." moaned Laurie. "I can't... I can't take it anymore... I swear to God, I'm gonna blow..."

"Sounds serious," said Frank.

"Aw the poor baby," said Abida.



“I want to know how much you weigh first, Laurie. You’re sooo fat, I can barely believe it. I never thought that you’d let yourself grow this big, Laurie. But all that gorging, well, it’s gonna have an affect eventually, isn’t it?”

“I can’t... I can’t move...” muttered Laurie.

“Then we’ll have to help you up.”

It was slow going. Frank and Abida tugged and pulled and pushed while Laurie did nothing, letting her obscenely overstuffed body go limp like a bulging sack of potatoes. Let Frank and Abida do the work. She was a fat princess who deserved to have all her needs met. Let her servants do the hard work of helping her stand up if they wanted to know her weight. Laurie belched loudly as she felt Frank’s hands against her gut. She felt her guts rumble and let out a cacophonous fart, barely even bothering to hold it back. Fuck it. She was the queen bee, who would dare to criticize her?

She was so stuffed and bleary that she barely registered that Abida was giggling loudly at her slovenly appearance. To think that only so recently Laurie was the ruling diva of the school with a perfect body envied by all the girls and desired by all the boys! And look at her now. Nothing but a gas-filled blimp.

Finally, Laurie was on her feet. But there was still so much work to do! Groaning loudly, she shuffled forward. She couldn’t see over the vast orbs of her twins breasts, so she had no idea where she was going. Instead she had to rely on Frank, letting him gently guide her to where the scale must be.

“Lift your feet, babe,” said Frank. Laurie obliged, placing one foot and then the other upon the scale. Then she waited. The dial spun and spun and spun. Eventually, it glitched out.

“Wow, Laurie, I think you’re too big for even that special scale you bought,” chuckled Frank, wrapping his arms around his obese naked girlfriend as far as he could and burying his face into her long black hair. He squeezed, his arms sinking into her soft flab and forcing a renewed fart from her billowing ass. Abida laughed out loud but Laurie only grunted.

“Haha what a gassy pig you are, Laurie,” said Abida. She slapped Laurie’s overhanging gut, watching in gleeful amusement as it jiggled and wobbled in response. Gawd, that was so hot. For years, Abida had watched Laurie obsessively from a distance; she couldn’t get enough of that perfect cheerleading beauty with her giant round breasts. For so long, Abida thought that she was infatuated with Laurie only because of her massive bustline. But it turned out that wasn’t the case at all. As the rest of Laurie grew to keep pace with her chest, Abida only found that she grew more and more intrigued. As Laurie transformed from a voluptuous vixen into a bloated beauty, Abida faced with rapt interest. She couldn’t get enough of those dangerous curves! But ever since Frank and Laurie had brought Abida in as their third, Laurie had literally exploded in size. She was getting massive through too many feedings! Laurie used to look

perfect even at her larger size. As she inflated, Laurie made sure to always keep her clothing, hair and make-up perfect so that she always looked every inch the diva. But now she was gaining so fast that she couldn't keep up. Her clothes were little more than stretch fabrics or sweat suits or, like now, just threadbare exercise shorts. Her hair was long and string and unwashed, her make-up was nonexistent. She was an absolute mess. Abida loved to think that was because of her. She had finally made Laurie so fat that she couldn't disguise her innate piggishness anymore. Her inner hog was coming out. And it was all because of Abida!

"Good thing we've got two scales," said Abida. "Get on, you fat hog. We want to see how big we've made you."

Grunting, Laurie lifted her left foot and plopped it onto one scale. Then she lifted her right foot and plopped it on the other. She could hear the twin dials spinning, but she didn't bother trying to see the results. If she looked down, all she would see was her enormous hooters and gargantuan belly. She was way too fat. She stared in front of her, her eyes unfocused, her mind hazy, her thoughts on the needs of her belly. She was still stuffed to the gills but she was annoyed that Frank and Abida weren't still feeding her. She wanted.. no, she needed more! She never wanted to ever have to stop eating! She could imagine herself standing here, Frank and Abida cramming yet more treats into her eager mouth, her belly and tits expanding in front of her, her ass bubbling out behind her, the final threads in her exercise shorts exploding apart, her body billowing bigger and bigger, the scales spinning higher and higher, until she finally just burst. Gawd, she was soo horny. Abida was lifting her gut to get a look at the scales beneath her and Laurie was so turned out that she was half afraid that she might drip all over Abida's head.

"What does it say?" she asked huskily.

"299.5," said Abida. "They both say 299.5, so if we add them up that means... holy shit, Laurie! You weigh 599 pounds!"

"Fuck," Laurie's knees nearly buckled beneath her at the revelation. One pound away from 600! That was crazy. She was way too big! She... needed to stop. She needed to turn back. But... how could she? She was so far gone, such an absolute glutton, such a hedonistic slave to pleasure that the very idea of restraining any of her self-destructive impulses was just alien to her. But how could she live being 600 pounds? Knowing that she was the fattest girl in school, probably the fattest in town. Gawd, what a rush! And knowing that she was only going to get fatter and fatter... She was well on her way to being a helpless blob and there was no stopping it!

"One more pound," said Frank, patting Laurie's gut. "Babe, you're so close. Think about that last pound."

"Oh Gawd, Frank, I want it... I need that..." She opened her mouth, her tongue lolling. "Feed me until the dials say 300. Feed me until I'm 600 pounds."

“Should we do it here?” asked Abida. “I have an idea. Maybe we should let Mrs. Sarovy have some fun too?”

“Let’s get you downstairs,” said Frank, “I think you’ve been cooped up here too long. We need to air out this room, okay, piggy?”

“Stop calling me piggy,” gasped Laurie, but the dreamy look on her face showed just how much she loved it despite her pretensions to complain.

Laurie gasped and panted as her lovers helped maneuver her colossal body toward the door. Every step was an agony of wheezing. She was soooo out of shape! How could she possibly call herself a cheerleader? Gawd, wouldn’t the team be aghast to see her now? Who would believe that the queen bee diva of the cheer team would blow up to become a fatted hog? Laurie felt like a cow being fattened up for slaughter. But she was doing it to herself. Frank and Abida were just following her orders. And she didn’t have the willpower to tell them to stop.

Laurie suddenly lurched as she felt her hips hit the doorframe. Her eyes bugged out of her head. Oh shit. Had she outgrown the door? Was she really THAT fat? How long had it been since she’d last left the room? Could it be possible that she was now so fat that she would be stuck in her bedroom forever?

“I’m stuck,” whined Laurie. “My... my ass is too fat.”

“Never thought I’d hear you say that, Laurie,” laughed Frank. “Man, remember when you used to think that Jen had a fat ass? I don’t think even Jen has anything on you these days, Laurie.”

“A fatter ass than Jen, a bigger belly than Alice... wow, Laurie, you’re just breaking alllll the records...” said Abida.

“Why don’t you two morons shut up and get me unstuck?” said Laurie. “I don’t need to hear any smart remarks now! Get me out of here so I can go downstairs and eat!”

“Push harder, Frank,” huffed Laurie, “I’m fuckin’ stuck. My fat ass won’t fit through the door.”

Together, Frank and Abida had conspired to plump the former queen bee hottie into a mammoth-sized butterball, but the biggest culprit in Laurie’s gradual blimpage was her own greed. Always a voracious sexual hedonist, Laurie had long since succumbed to the siren call of pleasure and abandoned all restraint in satisfying her most base, carnal desires. Her lust and gluttony were intertwined to the point that they were inseparable. The rising numbers on her scale bore silent witness to her ever-expanding waistline.

Abida looked to Frank for guidance. Although she eagerly embraced her new role as Laurie's feeder, she was sometimes still a little unsure how to act in situations like this. For so long, she had known Laurie as a domineering bitch who bossed everyone else around and gave orders that she expected to be obeyed. Abida was just a tad surprised to find out that things were reversed in the bedroom, where Laurie seemed to positively melt when her boyfriend dommed her. Laurie's feelings toward Abida seemed to be mixed right now – sometimes she cooed and gurgled with pleasure when Abida ordered her to gobble down another cupcake, but other times she would snap out orders to the Indian girl as if she was a servant.

"Pound my ass," said Laurie, a sly smile playing across her face. She knew exactly what it sounded like. "Pound my fat ass hard and pop me through the door, you slackers."

Every shove sent wild ripples through Laurie's wobbling blubber, drawing sharp gasps from the obese teen. Pop! Pop! Pop! The force of Abida and Frank throwing themselves against Laurie's billowing backside was causing more threads in her shorts to pop, but Laurie was too taken with the feeling of her fat jiggling to care.

"Oh shiiiiiiit," moaned Laurie as Frank's final volley caused her to finally pop free of the doorway and stumble, sloshing and jiggling, into the hallway beyond. The weight of her tremendous tits and enormous gut was too much, though, and Laurie felt herself succumbing to gravity. The front-loaded diva fell forward onto the floor, yelping loudly even as her fall was cushioned by her pillowy pontoons.

"Ow! Damnit, you dumbasses made me fall down! Now get me up!" yelled Laurie. She was pissed off, but very well aware that she was also helpless. She was way too fat to get up from the floor without help!

Laurie felt absolutely sick. She was so full that falling on her belly sent waves of pain through her body. Her thick arms could barely reach the floor, propped up as she was upon her massive mammories and bloated belly. She felt two pairs of hands pressing against her soft flank, slowly rolling her over onto her back.

"Ooof... you dumbasses!... Don't leave me like this... I can't breathe!" Laurie gasped sharply as she felt the full weight of her alphabet-defying tits suddenly fall upon her chest.

"We're not gonna leave you, babe, don't worry," said Frank as he reached out and grabbed Laurie's pudgy arm with both hands. Grunting, he pulled hard until he managed to raise Laurie to an approximation of a sitting position. At the same time, Abida was behind her, pushing against the rolls of flab on Laurie's back. It seemed impossible that they would have enough strength to get this absolute bloated butterball to her feet! But finally they did.

"Now are you ready to eat, Laurie?" asked Frank.

"Yes...oh Gawd....yess..."

“Good. You’re going to go downstairs and you’re going to say yes to everything that Mrs. Sarovy offers you,” said Frank. He was still breathing heavily from the exertion of lifting his titanic girlfriend.

The color drained out of Laurie’s pillowy cheeks. “You’re fucking insane,” she said, “There’s no way that I could eat that much. The woman is relentless.”

Frank chuckled as he patted the arc of Laurie’s ginormous gut. “I think you’ve got plenty of room in this big fat tummy of yours, don’t you, Laurie?”

“I...oh Gawd, Frank, I’ll explode.”

“I’m going to add something as well,” said Abida. “A good piggy doesn’t question her orders. So I think you need a little added incentive. Everything that Mrs. Sarovy offers you, you’re going to ask for a second helping.”

Laurie’s fat-padded knees nearly buckled under her bulk at the thought. “Abida... Frank... no.. have mercy.... I can’t do it...”

Frank and Abida exchanged amused glances. “Well, you don’t have to,” said Frank, “We’re not going to force you,”

“But you have your orders,” said Abida, “You’re the one who has to choose whether you’re going to follow them. Are you going to be a good piggy? Or not?”

Laurie looked to Frank, hoping that he would relent. But he just smiled back at her. “Huh, Laurie? Are you my good fat kitty?”

“I...I am...”

“Then waddle your fat ass downstairs and go to dinner,” laughed Frank, spanking his fat girlfriend across her wide load ass and chuckling as her blubber wobbled wildly in response. A few more threads popped in her shorts, more of Laurie’s soft lard bubbling through the torn seams. It wouldn’t be long until those inadequate shorts were complete tatters.

Huffing, Laurie placed one padded foot in front of the other and took her first wobbling step toward the stairs. She could smell Mrs. Sarovy cooking dinner downstairs and, despite herself, she was drooling.

“I’m going to burst,” huffed Laurie again. “You two need to stop. I can’t... I can’t take anymore. I’m too full.”

“Oh? Then just stay up here in bed, if you don’t want dinner,” laughed Frank.

Laurie placed her other foot forward, her fleshy knee bumping the underside of her sagging gut. It had been a few minutes since her last feeding, just enough that her inflated belly had started to droop again. Feeding. Laurie was such a heavy hog that she didn't have meals like a human, she had feeding times like a big fat sow.

And feeding time was just starting...

Her whole body bounced heavily with every plodding step as she slowly, laboriously worked her way downstairs to the kitchen where Mrs. Sarovy was already hard at work preparing dinner.

"Oh hello, Laurie!" said Mrs. Sarovy, beaming as the obese teenager loomed in her doorway. "Are you joining us for dinner tonight? I sure hope so, I made extra and I don't think Jen and Jesse will be able to finish it by themselves. Oh of course, your friends back there are welcome to join us as well!"

Frank and Abida smiled sheepishly.

"I, uh don't think we can, sorry," said Abida.

"Nonsense! I know you kids are just too polite, but you simply must join us. Isn't that right, Laurie?"

"Is there.... Food ready?" gasped Laurie. "Can I eat now?" She leaned heavily against the doorway, panting with the strain of standing upright.

"Well goodness, dinner isn't ready yet, but I'm sure I have something you can eat. Are you hungry? Poor dear!" Mrs. Sarovy immediately snapped into mom mode, eager to make sure that no one went hungry. "All three of you sit down at the table! I'm going to make sure that you get something to eat."

Laurie plopped down, her ass straddling three chairs. She vaguely wondered how many chairs Jen needed to support her fat ass when she sat down. How many did Alice need? There was just no way that either of those hogs needed three chairs. Laurie's head spun as she struggled to comprehend yet more evidence that she truly was the fattest girl at school.

Protests were useless. Pretty soon all three of them found themselves sitting at the table with heaping helpings of al dente spaghetti carbonara on their plates. Frank shrugged and attacked his with gusto; he was a hefty boy in his own right and no stranger to big meals. Abida was less enthusiastic, but, afraid of offending her host, also began to eat. But neither of them could match Laurie. The obese heifer practically plunged her face into her plate like a pig at the trough and began to eat slowly.

For once, Laurie was eating slowly. Every bite was absolute torture; she could feel her overly-tight gut stretching out with every swallow. Her enormous belly was streaked with red stretchmarks from her phenomenal recent gains, but she could almost feel the stretchmarks pulling wider as she forced herself to eat even more. She wanted, needed to stop... but she couldn't. She was hopefully addicted to these strange, euphoric sensations that only gorging herself to absolute bursting could give her. Worse, she was powerless to resist Frank and Abida's instructions. As much as she tried to project an aura of power to the outside world, Laurie knew now that she was nothing more than a helpless submissive pig in the bedroom. She only hoped that she could fulfill their instructions before she literally exploded like a megaton bomb.

Mrs. Sarovy didn't even seem to register Laurie's appearance as strange, happily bustling in the kitchen as the near-nude cheerleader dribbled white sauce on her fraying croptop in her greed.

EAT EAT EAT EAT!! Her mind was filled with just one desire, bright and bold as a flashing neon sign in her consciousness. She needed to eat! She needed to eat everything! Every bit... every bite... The world around her ceased to exist, she concentrated all her mind on the plate in front of her, feeling every bite slide down her throat, willing it to blow her up even more, make her bigger, fatter, rounder...

EAT EAT EAT!! She was heading full-steam toward her own self-destruction. At some point, she knew that even Mrs. Sarovy would stop feeding her and start to worry about her escalating weight. How soon was that day? It almost seemed impossible, but even Jen's mom must have a limit. How big would she have to get before she hit it? 700 pounds? 800 pounds? Half a ton? Laurie didn't care how big she got, but the idea of becoming so monumentally huge that even Jen's mom was taken aback had a certain appeal. They would probably have to wheel her into the kitchen on a flatbed truck before that happened. But still... it was a powerful image that gave her chills up and down her thick, fleshy arms.

How much could one girl eat? How much could one girl grow? Laurie swallowed and felt her gargantuan belly press heavily against her lap, forcing her legs apart so that her paunch could drop between her thighs, nearly touching the ground. She could feel the intense gravity of her size tugging at her overloaded middle and she felt woozy at the realization that, if she just leaned forward ever so slightly, her gut really would reach all the way to the ground. Surely she must now have over a pound of pasta in her swollen belly? Could it be possible that now she really was a full, fat, phenomenal 600 pounds? Had any girl ever reached such a high weight so young? Forget being the fattest girl in school history, Laurie wondered if she might not be the fattest girl in world history now! She might yet get listed in the Guinness Book of World Records before she popped.

Laurie's nose bumped into the plate as she sucked down the last noodle. She leaned back, her chubby cheeks and double chin slathered with rich white sauce, her eyes nearly rolling back into her head from ecstasy and fullness, her body aching to contain every morsel.

There was simply no way that she could go on. She could barely breathe. Her croptop was literally bursting apart at the seams with every shallow gasping breath. If she wasn't careful, her colossal watermelon-heavy breasts would absolutely blow out her top right here in front of Mrs. Sarovy. She needed to rest. She needed to stop.

But Frank and Abida had given her instructions. And she needed to obey them. That was the only thing for a good, obedient piggy to do.

"More," she gasped, so quietly that you could barely hear her.

"What's that, dearie?" said Mrs. Sarovy, popping her head out of the kitchen.

"Please... could I have a second helping?"

Frank patted her on the back, clearly pleased with his pig's obedience. On her other side, Abida was stroking Laurie's enormous leg under the table with obvious affection. Her two doms were happy with her performance. That made Laurie feel all gooey inside, so excited that she almost wished they were all up in the bedroom again so that they could do another round of pleasuring her. But she still had more that she had to accomplish before they could do that.

The older woman clapped her hands in delight. "Oh it does my heart good to see a girl with a healthy appetite!" beamed Mrs. Sarovy. "And don't worry, sweetie... there's plenty more!"

That was exactly what Laurie was afraid of.



## 82. Lilith & Alice

“Mom, listen, I just want you to be warned: Alice has gained some...er... extra weight since her last visit.”

“Oh Lilith, you’re always saying that! You give that girl so much trouble over nothing, she’s going to get a complex! It’s just baby fat, a girl has to leave a little room to grow!”

Lilith was glad that they were speaking over the phone, so that her mother couldn’t see her exasperated expression.

“It’s not just baby fat,” said Lilith, rubbing her forehead. Getting her mother to understand her concerns about Alice was just so frustrating! But then... maybe when Alice’s grandmother actually saw her and realized that her granddaughter was now literally over 500 pounds, she would understand.

“Well, regardless, I haven’t see my Alice in ages. What’s a grandmother to do? I just want to spend a little time with the girl, is that too much for an old woman to ask on her birthday?”

“Look, Mom, just don’t feed her TOO much, okay? You know Alice never knows when enough is enough. We’ve picked out a nice new outfit for her to wear to your birthday party and we do still want her to fit into it by the time your party rolls around, right?”

“Oh Lilith, you worry yourself sick about nothing. So Alice is a little chunky, that’s no big deal. You just need to accept that she takes after her father that way.”

“Okay, fine, Mom. I’ll ask Alice what she wants to do.”

“Oh bless you, Lilith. And whatever you decide, I’ll of course see you both for the party?”

“Of course, Mom. Goodbye.”

Lilith sighed as she hung up her phone. She knew that Alice was spending way too much time with her friends over at the Sarovy house. And judging by Alice’s expanding waistline, they were a hugely bad influence on her. Maybe a few days away at grandma’s house would do Alice some good. Besides, there was no way that Alice’s grandmother could feed her more than Mrs. Sarovy could! Maybe Lilith shouldn’t be worried. But then, she couldn’t help but worry...

She was jolted out of her thoughts as she heard the front door slam, followed by the

thundering footsteps of her daughter arriving home. Alice was well over 500 pounds with a round, double-chinned face, large breasts, a wide bottom, and titanic thunder thighs tapering down only slightly to tree-trunk legs. But Alice was above all else a belly gainer, so her monstrous gut only served to dwarf the rest of her. Her tummy stuck out in front of her like an inflated beach ball, providing a convenient shelf for her ample chest and also sagging down over her crotch.

“Phew, it’s sooo hot out there,” mumbled Alice, mopping her brow with one thick arm. Honestly, it wasn’t all that hot but Alice was so swaddled in blubber that she was always sweating. As usual, Alice was dressed in her favorite cargo pants and polo shirt, which were her favorites mainly because they were the only things that she owned that still nominally fit her. The hem of her shirt constantly rode up over the swell of her belly, revealing a wide expanse of soft, wobbling adipose.

“Welcome home, Alice,” said her mother, folding her arms across her chest and pressing her lips together in disgust as her morbidly obese daughter collapsed onto the living room couch in exhaustion. “Hard day?”

“Uh huh...” Alice sighed. “I had to... walk all the way from the bus stop. It’s... not easy in this heat!” With some effort, she rolled over onto her back and fanned herself with one plump hand. She couldn’t wait until she and Jen actually had a chance to get down to the shop at the mall and finally purchase themselves some scooters! Life would be SO much easier after that!

“Listen, Alice, your grandmother just called,” continued her mother. “And...well...”

Lilith grimaced. She couldn’t stand to see her daughter in this shape. How could her own daughter have ballooned up like this so quickly? Never mind, she knew the answer. It all came from eating too much. Lilith had seen Alice’s eating habits, so she had no doubt at all that her daughter was rapidly blimping up into the world’s porkiest teenager entirely because she could never resist any tempting treat. It was disgraceful.

“Alice, you know that your grandmother’s birthday is coming up soon, so the whole family is going to get together at her home to celebrate. But she’s also invited you to spend the weekend before the party at her house so you two can have some bonding time. You also know that you’re her favorite granddaughter and nothing would make her happier than to have to spend the long weekend before her birthday over at her place. I can’t tell you to say no, but...”

“Oh, I’d love to spend some time at Grandma’s!” said Alice, struggling to sit up. “I feel like I haven’t seen her in forever.”

Lilith grit her teeth. “Now you also know that your grandmother is not... good for your waistline.”

Alice blushed. Lilith was trying her best not to harass Alice about her weight these days. For too long, she had tried to push Alice into reducing through criticism and humiliation. That just hadn't worked. But only recently, Lilith had a dream that she herself was as big as Alice was now. And while it didn't make her like her daughter's size any more, it did give her a little bit of perspective. She was trying to be less negative. She only hoped that Alice would eventually come to the realization on her own that losing weight was in her own best interests.

"But I'm not going to forbid you from seeing your grandmother. But, Alice, I would...well, I would caution you to be careful. Please, sweetie, you know that you gain weight really easily. And I'm just worried about you."

Alice mumbled under her breath. "I'm fine, Mom!"

"That's not all, Alice. Your grandmother is going to have a big party on Monday with the whole family there. It's a formal affair, so you're going to have to look nice. I don't want you showing up in your ratty old polo and cargo pants." Alice's mother sniffed derisively as she looked her daughter up and down, noting with disdain how Alice's bloated belly hung out from under her shirt, the lowest quarter of her gut quite bare. "Remember that nice blouse and skirt we bought you for your cousin's graduation ceremony? You can still fit into those, can't you?"

"Uhhhhh..." Alice bit her lip. She honestly wasn't sure that she could. "Of course!"

"Good. See that it stays that way. I'll bring them with me when I arrive on Monday, but in the meantime I just want you to concentrate on... well, just try to do something other than eat. I know how your grandmother is, but please just try for me."

"Alright, Mom." Alice nodded. "I'll try!"

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Alice's grandmother hadn't really taken Lilith's warning seriously. She expected Alice to be plump; Alice had always been a little on the chunky side even as a small child. But she wasn't prepared for the absolute helium balloon of a girl who arrived at her doorstep.

"Alice! It's so good to see you! My, you've grown!"

Alice's grandmother was surprised to find that she couldn't reach her arms all the way around her massively round granddaughter anymore. Alice had always leaned toward the plump ever since she was a child, but this... this was something else!

"Um, yeah, I guess I've been kinda bad with my eating lately," muttered Alice.

“Nonsense! You’re a growing girl, I won’t have you starving yourself over nothing,” said her grandmother, pinching Alice’s chubby cheek affectionately. Deep down she did find Alice’s size a bit worrying, but her excessive grandmothing instincts quickly smothered that concern. She was determined that her granddaughter enjoy her stay and, for a grandmother of her exquisite grandmothing pedigree, that meant a weekend of food, relaxation, and pampering.

“Oh my goodness, I suppose you are a little rounder than last I saw you!” gushed Alice’s grandmother, stepping back to get a good look at her rotund granddaughter. That was about the understatement of the century. “But that’s absolutely normal for a girl your age! Why, your mother was the same way.”

Alice gawked. “Mom was fat?”

“Oh you say it so negatively! I wouldn’t say fat... let’s just say pleasantly plump. Of course, she worked so hard to slim down, so you wouldn’t know it to look at her now. But you’d think it would give her a little more sympathy for you just being your natural size!”

Alice was somewhat skeptical that she was her “natural” size and she was also somewhat skeptical that her mother at her fattest was ever anywhere near as big as she was now. Still, it was a comforting thought to know that she wasn’t the only Grobauch ever to carry a few extra pounds!

“Come inside, sweetie, let’s get you settled! I’ll bet you’re starved! Mercy me, you must be weak from hunger. How long has it been since breakfast? Too long, I’ll wager!”

“Mom said I shouldn’t eat too much,” protested Alice as she waddled inside, wincing slightly as she felt her blubbery flanks brush the sides of the doorframe. That was worrying. How much longer before Alice grew too wide to fit through doorways? At over 500 pounds, it was already a squeeze. Her grandmother shushed her.

“Oh that Lilith! Always thinks she knows more than her own mother! Well, you can tell your mother that I think a good meal is exactly what you need right now! We’ve got a big weekend ahead of us and you need to keep up your strength!”

Alice opened her mouth to protest again, but then she thought better of it. Truthfully, she didn’t want to spend the weekend avoiding food! She came here to eat and she really really REALLY wanted to eat!

And eat is exactly what she did.

“Come, let’s get you to your room,” said Alice’s grandmother, ushering her morbidly obese guest into a prepared guest bedroom. Alice smiled to see that the room had an extra-big king size bed, just the right size to accommodate her girth, as well as a big screen TV. Just the place to spend a lazy weekend!

“Get comfortable, dearie,” said her grandmother. “Is there anything that you want to eat? Why, just listen to me! Of course there is! Why, you must be utterly famished. I don’t think that mother of yours even feeds you at all.”

“I am a little hungry,” said Alice, dropping her suitcase on the floor and plopping down onto the bed. The mattress sagged under her excessive poundage.

That was the last thing that Alice distinctly remembered before the deluge of treats began. The weekend passed in a lazy haze as she lounged in bed all day, gobbling treats supplied to her in an unending stream by her doting grandmother. There was no reason for Alice to even get dressed in the morning since she never left her bed, so she just wore her jammies. Of course her jammies continued to grow mysteriously snugger over the weekend, the buttons straining over her chubby tummy. But Alice was too blissed out on constant indulgence to mind!

“Another plate of cookies, sweetie?” asked Alice’s grandmother, bustling into the room with a platter of piping hot chocolate chip cookies as Alice vegged blissfully in front of the TV.

“Uh huh,” said Alice distracted. “Thanks, Grandma.”

“Of course, nothing’s too good for my favorite granddaughter!” said her grandmother, pinching Alice’s fleshy cheek affectionately. “I don’t like how your mother works you so hard! Why, you poor baby, you barely even have the strength to stand up! You really need to take more time to treat yourself, honey.”

Alice nodded, but she was too busy gobbling this freshest batch of cookies. She grunted as she struggled to sit up in bed, the bedsprings groaning under her colossal weight as she slid her wide butt backwards. Her bloated tummy plopped against her thighs, pushing against the straining buttons on her nightshirt with increased force. It was plainly obvious to anyone that Alice wasn’t having trouble standing up because she was too weak; she was having trouble standing up because she was simply way too fat and lazy.

“I’m sure just a few days of indulgence won’t make a difference,” said Alice to herself as she shifted her weight in bed. Almost as if to defy her denial, her fat tummy chose that exact moment to overpower the button straining to keep her jammie top closed over the widest part of her middle. Pop! The button snapped off her top and bounced across the bed; Alice’s blubbery paunch spilled out, splitting into two thick jelly rolls right at her navel.

“Oops, darn it!” said Alice. She did NOT need another reminder of her escalating size. This was almost enough to put her into a foul mood, but it was hard to be in a bad mood when Grandma’s cooking was around! If she was back home, she would have stripped off her constricting jammies so that she could really pig out without a constant reminder of her ballooning waistline, but she simply couldn’t lounge around naked with her grandmother

hovering over her. That would just be weird! So instead Alice had to make due with her tightening jammies and their straining buttons and hope that she managed to avoid completely splitting them apart at the seams before the weekend was over.

Eat, eat, eat, munch crunch, indulge and expand. Alice was barely aware of the passage of time, all she could do was to stuff herself like the fat little piggy she was, gorging like a hog being fatted for the slaughter, mindlessly indulging as her swollen belly rose higher and higher every day, blocking more of her view of the television as she ate and ate and ate.

But it was inevitable that Alice's visit would eventually have to come to an end. The day of the party arrived way too soon and with it arrived Alice's mother, carrying her own bags and Alice's fancy dress clothes with her.

Alice dropped a cookie down her cleavage in surprise as she heard the doorbell ring. It took a moment for the sound to register, to jolt her out of her gluttonous trance. Oh no! That must be her mom arriving! Alice's pudgy face went pale. She had promised that she wouldn't indulge her sweet tooth too much and instead... instead she had absolutely lost all control of her appetite, doing nothing but eat and sleep for days! Oh no!

"I'm coming, I'm coming! Hold your horses!" came her grandmother's voice as the doorbell rang again. Yup, that was definitely her mother. Lilith always was the impatient sort.

That gave Alice a little extra time. She threw off her sheets and, with a strained grunt, struggled to roll herself out of bed. At the very least her mother might be less mad if she didn't arrive to find Alice just lying in bed! Unfortunately, three days of absolute laziness had really gotten the best of Alice. Her joint creaked and her muscles ached as she hoisted her enormously bloated body to its feet.

"Wait, wait! I'm coming!" she huffed, shuffling into the front room as fast as her plump little feet could carry her. Her cookie-bloated belly bounced painfully as she wobbled and, by the time she reached the front room, she was so winded that she had to collapse onto the couch just as her grandmother was opening the front door.

"Hello, Mom. Hello—" Lilith paused as she saw Alice in her full glory. Lilith looked her daughter up and down. It harder even seemed possible, but Alice was VISIBLY fatter than the last time that she had seen her! How was it even possible that Alice kept getting bigger and bigger? Sometimes it felt like Alice was literally a balloon being inflated the way she kept growing!

"Hi, Mom," said Alice, a blush growing in her chubby cheeks. She knew, of course, what her mother was thinking. She could read it in her eyes. Alice was even bigger than ever.

"Mom, I ASKED you not to feed her so much," began Lilith hotly.

“What was I supposed to do? The poor girl was starving! Look at her, she’s so weak that she can barely stand!”

“That’s not because she’s too weak to stand!” snapped Lilith. Then she stopped and took a deep breath. No. She was not going to yell. She could feel her temperature rising, but she was going to control herself. Yelling wasn’t going to do any good. She had already learned that nothing she said would ever get through Alice’s thick skull and convince her greedy glutton of a daughter to control her eating.

“You’re not dressed,” said Lilith, narrowing her eyes. “Have you spent the whole weekend in your pajamas?”

“Um...well, I was just relaxing a little, you know, I was so stressed from school...” Alice stuttered, pushing her hands against the armrests of the couch to shove herself to her feet. A cascade of crumbs fell from her front as she moved, revealing exactly what she had been doing all weekend. Lilith could see from the deep groove that her daughter’s ass left on the couch that Alice was heavier than ever.

Alice groaned as she lurched to her feet, the first time that she’d been forced to be upright all weekend. And just when she was getting used to that lazy lifestyle! She knew it wouldn’t last, couldn’t last... she knew eventually she’d have to get up, get out of bed, go on with life. But, oh, how sweet it was! Alice could almost imagine spending the rest of her life in bed, doing nothing but eating and watching TV and relaxing, being pampered by her doting grandmother. What bliss! It was no wonder that she was continuously getting fatter with an attitude like that!

Standing up, Alice’s gut sloshed out of her jammie top, spilling over the elastic waistband of her mega-sized pajama bottoms and pushing the buttons to the edge.

“You look like a mess,” said Lilith. “Alice, I asked you to just do one thing this weekend...”

“I haven’t been eating that much,” said Alice hotly, despite the ample evidence both of her flabby physique and the missing button on her top.

“I brought your outfit, Alice,” said her mother, holding up the blouse and skirt.

Alice’s face fell; she knew exactly what was coming next. “Oh.”

“Come on, honey, take off those pajamas. Let get you dressed. We wouldn’t want you to look like a slob when the other relatives get here.”

Alice glummy followed her mother back to the bedroom, dreading what was to come. Her mother shoved the clothes into Alice’s hands and started to leave before Alice stopped her.

“Um... could you help me, please?” asked Alice shyly. The truth was that she was way too fat to get her clothes off without help. Her belly stuck out so far in front of her that she couldn't get her plump hands to reach to the furthest button. And she couldn't see anything below her waist, so it was a nightmare removing her pants!

“Help? You need help? How do you get dressed at home?”

“Um...Tyler usually helps me.”

“Of course.” Lilith sighed. “Alright, let's get this over with. Hold still, honey.”

Alice's mother carefully undid the remaining buttons on her daughter's top, grimacing as the shirt popped open immediately with every release. Alice's hefty breasts swung free, slapping against the shelf of her billowing belly. Lilith grimaced but again didn't say anything. What was the point?

Next she yanked Alice's jammie pants down her thighs, noting how worn and frayed the elastic waistband was. In nothing but her panties and undershirt, Alice looked bigger than ever. Next came the hardest part: Getting this chubby piglet into her formal clothes.

Alice grumbled as her mother wriggled the skirt up her tubby hips, but a quick warning made her clam up.

“You think this is uncomfortable?” snapped her mother. “You should have thought of that before you spent the weekend eating like a pig. Look at you! You're practically bursting at the seams. I promised I wasn't going to say anything but... ugh, let's see if we can get this zipper up!”

Lilith tugged on the zipper toggle with all her might, slowly raising it inch by inch. Alice gasped. The zipper was painfully biting in her soft flesh, a pain that was increasing with every inch that the zipper advanced, pulling the skirt tighter and tighter. It was only by a miracle that Alice's mother finally got it all the way up.

“Don't breathe,” instructed her mother. “We still need to get you in your blouse.”

It was obvious that the blouse was too tight even as Alice struggled to push her arms through the sleeves. And then there was the matter of all those buttons...

“Suck in your gut, sweetie,” said Lilith as she struggled to pull the button across. Alice obliged, inhaling deeply and pulling in her stomach as far as she could. Lilith yanked the button across and jammed it through the eyehole. Success! It actually fit!

Then another and another, each straining tightly but each just fitting...



Lilith was stunned that together they had somehow managed to cram Alice into her clothes! And she didn't look bad. The buttons strained slightly, just slightly, enough that there were faintly visible pucker lines but not enough that there were any gaps.

"Thank Gawd!" gasped Alice, sighing heavily and releasing the air from her lungs.

"No, don't!" cried Lilith. "Don't stop sucking in your gut!"

It was too late. It happened almost instantly, but it felt like it was all in slow motion as Lilith watched Alice's gargantuan belly swell back out to its natural size. First, the pucker lines deepened and lengthened as Alice's billowing paunch slowly pushed against them with increasing force. Then gaps started to form between each button, small at first but growing, wider and wider, pale pink flesh bubbling through. The gaps kept growing, the little white buttons nearly vibrating with the tension. Now Alice's belly button, sandwiched by soft flab until it had flattened into a sideways crescent, was visible through the gap between the bottom and second-to-last buttons. It didn't seem like they could stretch much further, but Lilith could only watch in stunned silence as her daughter's enormous potbelly pushed them further and further apart until... they couldn't take anymore! It was the second-to-last button that went first, the threads snapping and launching the little white button across the room. The release caused Alice's soft blubbery middle to bounce slightly, the motion setting off a chain reaction. The other buttons holding back her belly blew off one by one in a zipper tear. Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Alice's mother winced as she was showered by a spray of exploding buttons. At the same time, the hook on Alice's skirt tore loose, the zipper busting and the side seams of her skirt splitting down their length. When Lilith opened her eyes again, Alice's blouse was ruined and her daughter's big doughy middle was fully exposed.

Don't yell, thought Lilith. Don't get mad. Just... calm down.

"Let's get you something that fits better," said Lilith.

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After rooting through the closet, mother and daughter finally managed to dig out an oversized sweater and pair of black leggings that fit Alice's expanded form. They weren't as fashionable as Alice's ruined outfit, but they still looked presentable.

And just in time! No sooner had they packed Alice into her new outfit than relatives started to arrive.

Alice's mother maneuvered her blimpish blonde daughter into the front room and plopped her down on the couch.

“Sit here and don’t eat anything,” she hissed. “And maybe you’ll get through the night without embarrassing yourself.”

“But there’s going to be cake!” protested Alice. “I can’t just not eat! It’ll be rude!”

“Like you ever cared about being rude before!” said her mother with a nasty guffaw. She poked a bony finger into the soft flesh of Alice’s gut. “I know exactly why you’re thinking about cake, little missy, and I’m telling you that you’d better stay away from it if you know what’s good for you! Now please, sit here and don’t make a scene. I need to speak with some of your relatives now but I don’t want to come back and find out that you’ve split all your stitches, understand?”

Alice nodded sullenly. This sucked! After a whole weekend of endless indulgence, she bristled at the thought that she wouldn’t get anything to eat at this party! That was lame! Especially since she knew that her grandmother was cooking all sorts of wonderful calorie-packed treats to celebrate the special day!

Alice sat on the couch and sulked as the party swirled around her. Occasionally older relatives spoke to her, often commenting in surprise at “how much you’ve grown,” which Alice knew was simply a nice way of pointing out that she was as big as a baby hippopotamus. She hated this!

But then she saw someone that she didn’t expect.

Alice blinked. Of course, she recognized this girl coming toward her as her cousin Tifa. Alice hadn’t seen Tifa in quite a while, but she still had the same long blonde hair, cascading down her back like a golden waterfall, and the same snide sneer on her lips. Tifa always was a little snot! There was ONE big difference, though. On their last meeting, Tifa was an emaciated waif, so thin that her slender ribs were visible through her fleshless sides. But now Tifa was FAT. Not fat compared to Alice, of course, but she was clearly fatter than almost any other person in the room. She moved with a distinctive rolling waddle due to her wide flaring hips and wobbling saddlebags. She was definitely a hippy girl with big thighs and thick legs but also sported a sizable tummy similar – though much smaller – to Alice’s. Tifa was wearing an outfit very much like the one that Alice had outgrown, a short black tube skirt and a white blouse. The outfit looked like it just fit her.

“Alice, so good to see you,” said Tifa snidely.

“You as well, Tifa,” said Alice, her eyes bulging as she looked her cousin up and down. “Um... you look... different.”

“So do you,” snapped Tifa, her plump cheeks reddening. Obviously, Tifa’s recent weight gain must be a sore spot. “I know you’ve always been chubby, but, Jeez Alice! What do you

weigh now? You take up nearly the whole couch!”

Chuckling darkly, Tiffa grabbed Alice’s belly with both hands and jiggled it rapidly.

“Stop that!” said Alice hotly, slapping away her cousin’s hands. “How much do YOU weigh?”

She did not appreciate her cousin taking this kind of tone with her, especially when it was obvious that Tifa was also piling on the pounds. “Last time I saw you, you were thin as a rail! But now you’re bigger than I was last time! I’ll bet that you must weigh... gosh, like, 300 pounds!”

Tifa scowled. “Damn it, Alice! Okay, fine, you’re right! I’m 313 pounds. Go ahead and say it: It serves me right for making fun of you. But at least I’m not.. I’m not...”

“Well,” said Alice, “I guess this just makes us the two fat girls of the family.”

Tifa grimaced. She resented being lumped in with Alice as “the fat girls of the family,” but she also knew that as long as she stayed close to Alice she would always look like the thinner cousin. She had ballooned to 300 pounds, but that still left her 200 pounds lighter than that blimp Alice. That had to count for something!

“Alice! Tifa! Are you girls getting enough to eat? You shouldn’t just sit there, wasting away!” cried their grandmother as she noticed the two plump porkers sitting on the couch. “Why don’t you try some snickerdoodles?”

She held out a tray of cinnamon sugar cookies. Both girls stared at it longingly. There was nothing they would like better than to indulge, but... both girls were also painfully aware of their own expanding waistlines.

“Thanks, Grandma,” said Tifa, smiling sweetly. She gratefully took the tray and immediately handed it over to Alice. “Why don’t you try one, Alice?”

“Er... I, uh, probably shouldn’t...” Alice couldn’t help but remember the incident with her formal clothes. The whole reason that she’d popped all her buttons was because she had indulged way too much these past few days! And she didn’t think it was a good idea to keep doing that...

“Just one. Make your grandmother happy.”

“Well, if it’ll make Grandma happy...” That was all the excuse that the chubby cutie needed. Alice grabbed a cookie off the tray.

Tifa smiled. Perfect! She knew that her grandmother was probably going to keep

insisting that the girls try every kind of junk food in the house tonight, but, if she kept passing all the platters to Alice, she should be able to survive the night with minimum damage.

“And what about you, Tifa? Don’t you want any?” Their grandmother looked at her sadly, as if Tifa’s refusal was a personal affront.

“Uh... sure, grandma! I’ll have one.” Tifa took a cookie as well, smiling widely to assuage her grandmother’s worries.

The night passed in much the same way... Everything that was handed to Tifa, she simply passed to Alice. Her plan would have worked brilliantly, except that Tifa couldn’t help but gobble some of the tempting treats herself. So even if Alice was the one gorging to the gills, Tifa was still eating way too much to be comfortable.

By the end of the night, both girls were absolutely stuffed to their limits. They could barely move, pinned under the weight of two beyond-bloated bellies and gasping desperately for breath as their overloaded guts pressed tightly against their lungs. Alice’s stretchy clothes proved to be a life-saver, easily stretching to accommodate her new girth, but Tifa was having trouble. The buttons on her blouse quivered noticeably with every wheezing inhalation.

“Oh Gawd I can’t believe how much I ate,” moaned Alice, “I feel like I could pop.”

“You feel like you could pop? What about me?” whined Tifa. She clutched her own overloaded belly and winced. “You’re probably used to stuffing your face like that all the time! But not me! This hurts!”

Alice raised an eyebrow. Considering Tifa’s recent and obvious weight gain, she found it very difficult to believe that her cousin didn’t spend a lot of time stuffing herself.

The two girls could do little more than moan and rub their bellies until their mothers approached them to tell them it was time to go home.

“Come on Tifa, it’s time to go,” said Tifa’s mom, Aunt Myrtle.

“Oof, shit, I can’t get up,” muttered Tifa as she struggled to lift her fat ass from the sofa, bumping her hips into Alice as she wiggled. The movement was too much for her overloaded blouse and the second-to-last button – the same one that was the first to burst for poor Alice as well! – popped from her blouse, revealing more of her fat pale tummy.

“And I see that you’ve also done a commendable job of controlling your appetite,” said Lilith sarcastically as she eyed Alice’s inflated middle.

“I...I tried!” gasped Alice.

“Sure you did, Alice,” said Lilith. “Can you stand up? It’s time to head home.”

“Um.... Could you help me?”

Lilith sighed. She extended a hand. “Okay, come on.”

Getting Alice up off the couch was no easy task, but Alice was gratified to see that Myrtle was having a similarly difficult time getting Tifa to her feet. The sudden jostling had also given Tifa a bad case of the hiccups, so now Tifa’s bloated belly bounced in time to her loud gasps.

“Oof, I think I’m gonna tip over,” whined Alice, feeling the weight of her ginormous belly pulling her forward.

“Hold on, lean against me,” said her mother with rare compassion.

“Oh, thanks Mom,” said Alice, leaning her bulk against her scrawny mother. A few feet to the left Myrtle was doing the same for Tifa.

“Let’s get you out to the car... if you can even fit in the car anymore,” said Lilith with a heavy, world-weary sigh. She turned to her sister. “Goodnight, Myrtle. I hope you don’t have as much trouble with your daughter.”

Myrtle nodded in sympathy, as if she too could understand the pain of having an inflating blimp for a daughter. Tifa hiccupped again, louder, busting another button from her blouse and allowing more of her rounded tummy to bulge out.

Alice couldn’t help feel that was a victory of a sort as her mother helped squeeze her into their car.

# 83. Jen & Alice

Jen stared at the list of names. Hmm... So far she had eliminated Alice, Denise, Lizzie, Kristine, Mallory... who could it be? Ever since she had stumbled upon hints that her friend Laurie had brought a third into her relationship with Frank, Jen had been dying to learn the identity of this mystery girl. After a fair amount of snooping, Jen had managed to eliminate most of the suspects... but she still wasn't sure WHO the culprit really was.

She shifted in her seat, absently gnawing on the eraser of her pencil. It was a rare quiet evening in for the big-bumpered beauty, as Jen sat on her couch pouring over clues while her boyfriend Craig sat on the floor, playing a new game on his Nintendo. Part of that was because he HAD to sit on the floor. Jen was so ridiculously wide that she took up the entire loveseat just by herself, her bulging hips pressing into the armrests and her colossal caboose sinking deep into the spongy cushions to the point that she nearly always needed help to stand up again. Like her teammates Alice and Laurie, Jen was relentlessly expanding due to her uncontrollable appetite; the only real difference was where she store all her excess blubber. Jen was an over-exaggerated pear shape, so the ditzy brunette sported a bottom so wide that she had trouble squeezing through doorways and so round that the seats constantly ripped out of her stretch pants.

Luckily, Jen didn't need to get dressed when she was just hanging out at home. Tonight, she was dressed only in her bra and panties, her chubby gut spilling over her lap and her titanic thighs filling out the seams of her undies to the point that you could barely tell she was wearing anything at all below the waist. Not that Craig would ever object to that.

Jen screwed up her chubby face with the effort of thinking. There had to be some way to find out the truth!

Craig sat at the foot of the bed, playing some new video game on the Nintendo that Jen had hooked up to her television. His hands gripped the controller and he swore under his breath every time that a pixelated enemy attacked his ship.

"Heeey, Craig, like, did you know that Laurie's in a threesome now?"

"Huh," said Craig. His eyes never left the screen. "Well, good for her."

Jen frowned. She had hoped she could get a bigger reaction out of her boyfriend than that!

Jen plopped onto the bed behind Craig, draping her flabby arms over his shoulders. Craig snorted in annoyance as the entire bed sank with Jen's excessive weight, the sudden

movement causing him to jolt enough to miss a shot.

“Like, she and Frank brought another girl, did you know that? What do you think of that, hmm? Frank with two girls?”

“Good for him,” said Craig, still uninterested.

Jen huffed. “Like, why are you so interested in that dumb game? Like, I’m trying to talk to you!”

Craig finally glanced up. “Why? Is this some sort of test, babe? What do I care if Frank’s got two girls? Is one of them you?”

“What?! Like... no!”

“Then I don’t care,” said Craig, returning to his game. “Maybe Laurie’s not enough woman for Frank, so he needs two. I don’t need anything more than you, babe.”

“Like, oh my GAWD! That is totally the sweetest thing you have ever said to me!” gushed Jen, her fat cheeks going red at Craig’s words.

At the same time, the idea that Laurie was less than enough woman for anyone was patently absurd. Jen was about 500 pounds these days, but Laurie had an extra 100 on her. Could a girl clocking in at 600 pounds really ever be considered “not enough?”

“I’m just saying, like, you know Frank, right? You’re, like, friends, right?”

“Sure.”

“Maybe you could, like, find out who this other girl is...?”

“I’m not gonna pry into his love life,” said Craig. “If he wants to tell me, he’ll tell me. Why don’t you just ask Laurie if you want to know so badly?”

“Uhhhh....”

Jen bit her lip. She COULD just ask Laurie, but Laurie was so unpredictable. How could she know how Laurie would react to knowing that Jen knew?

“I dunno, Laurie’s been kinda... weird lately. She’s been, like, super sensitive about weird things ever since she started... getting fat, you know?”

“Oh yeah,” said Craig absently, his eyes clued to the TV as he maneuvered his video game avatar through a minefield of deep space asteroids. “Laurie’s gotten pretty fat.”

“Well, duh, I know that,” said Jen. “Like, she’s gotten REALLY fat. Like, I’m kinda starting to worry a little. Like, do you think it’s unhealthy?”

“Uh huh,” said Craig. He couldn’t have been less interested in talking about Laurie’s weight.

“You know the weirdest thing?” continued Jen, shuffling down the couch toward her disinterested boyfriend. “You know that, like, Laurie’s butt is bigger than mine now?”

“Is that so?” Craig suddenly sounded slightly interested.

Jen wasn’t used to NOT having the biggest butt. It was downright weird to think that Laurie was actually wider than she was now... In fact, she’d caught Craig staring at Laurie a couple times recently. Not lustfully, but with more of a horrified fascination. But still. She knew Craig might like big booties but that he didn’t like them THAT big. Right? On some level, Jen knew she didn’t have anything to worry about from Laurie. Laurie’s bottom might be bigger, but size wasn’t everything. Jen’s bottom was still the shapeliest. Laurie’s was big and wide, but Jen’s was still preternaturally round and firm for her size, so much that, even though her walk had slowly deteriorated into a shuffling waddle as she inflated, her rump still had a springy bounce to it as she moved. There was a reason that classmates always referred to Jen as a PAWG and her absurdly inflated behind as a “ghetto booty.” Her backside was lusciously spherical, like a pair of pumpkins shoved down her shorts.

It wasn’t just an accident of nature that had gifted Jen with such a perfect peach of a posterior. She made sure to slather her butt with anti-cellulite cream every night, an expensive habit but well worth it considering the results. Right now, Jen was doing squats in front of her bathroom mirror, her knees creaking as she dropped her titanic tushie into a crouch and then stood up again. She was just in her underwear, her panties squeaking and groaning as she moved. She really did need to buy underwear in XXXL, but she just hadn’t had time to go shopping lately!

“Um... like, you don’t actually LIKE Laurie’s butt better than mine, do you, Craig?” she shouted as she finished her final squat and stood up again. She craned her neck to look behind her, trying to catch a glimpse of her famously plump rump “I’ve still got the best booty, right? Hmmm?”

Craig tried his best to ignore the grunting and groaning as Jen struggled to lift her gigantic rump off the couch. The feminine fatso aimed her giant, boulder-sized cheeks at Craig, rubbing her behind against his shoulder as if to remind him who was the real big booty queen on campus.

“Damn, Jen, you don’t need to worry about anything. No one could compare. It doesn’t matter how big Laurie gets, no one’s got a better ass than you.” He reached up behind him



without taking his eyes off the game and squeezed a big blubbery handful of ass flesh. His fingers sank deep into Jen's spongy rear. Jen yelped gleefully at his touch before he withdrew his hand. "Now stop distracting me, I've got to finish this level."

Jen crossed her arms across her chest and pouted. Craig might say that he still liked her butt best, but she needed more confirmation than that! She wasn't going to let Craig just ignore her and play his dumb game...

With a grunt, the bottom-heavy brunette heaved herself to her feet and waddled off into the bathroom. For a few minutes, there was silence... broken only by the occasional grunt or groan as Jen struggled to get changed.

"Craaaaaig, honey? Why don't you put down that dumb game and come play with your girlfriend?"

Craig looked up. Jen was standing in the doorway, her broad hips brushing the frame, wearing a sexy smile on her face and little more. Her bare breasts were visible through her black mesh top; there were letters on the top, but since the shirt bunched up under her sagging tits Craig couldn't make them out from here. She wore black fishnet stocking hooked to a garter belt around her middle. Her crotch was bare, the fat swollen lips of her vulva exposed.

"Oh hell yeah," said Craig, instantly dropping his controller. He wasn't made of stone after all. When he knew his woman was in the mood, there was nothing that could stop him.

"What's that say on your shirt, babe?"

Craig walked over to his fat girlfriend, grabbed the hem of her shirt, and yanked it down so that he could read the words on her front: "BUST MY BELT"

"Ooo, you think you're up to it, Craig sweetie?" cooed Jen, stroking his cheek. Her plush body was warm and soft against him, her plump pussy glistening with arousal. "Gaw, Craig, I'm soooo horny now..." She patted her middle, fingering the band of her garter belt where it crossed her belly. "But, like, if you could just get this belt off me somehow... like, I bet I would just totally come right there."

Craig knew exactly what to do. "Babe, I think we can find a way to get it off..."

He bent over his shorter girlfriend, his strong arm snaking behind her back to support her as his lips met hers. Her angled her over to the bed and slowly dropped her down until she was lying prone, face down, her enormous round ass pointing up in the air. Her naked buns looked like two giant pale moons, nearly glowing white in the light. Craig could see the tan lines along Jen's bountiful booty, revealing the dividing line where nothing... not her shorts nor her skirts nor even her cheer spanky pants... was able to cover all of those two vast fleshy orbs. Jen spread her thick legs, her plump pussy ripe and wet and exposed and ready.

“Give it to me, Craig,” she breathed. “I need some big dick inside me...”

She sucked her breath in as she felt the head of Craig’s dick press against her quivering pussy lips, slowly sliding inside her, inch by inch, until Craig was buried balls-deep inside the horny hoggette.

“Oh Gawd, yes, Craig! Give it to me! Like, give it to me hard!”

Craig plowed into her, each thrust causing Jen to buck and squirm so violently that it seemed the overburdened garter belt didn’t stand a chance.

“OH! MY! GAWD! Do it, Craig! Pump me harder! Fill me with cum! OMG, I want you to come inside me, like, sooo bad!” cried Jen, her nipples stiffening with intense arousal and her bare boobs bounced in time with Craig’s every stroke. “Like, I want you to fill me with, like, sooo much cum! I want you to, like, make you into... nothing... but...a big fat... cum balloon!”

“Jeez, Jen,” muttered Craig, sweat beading on his brow as he thrust into his fat girlfriend’s pudgy pussy. Jen tended to be very vocal during sex and, truth be told, it could be a little distracting... especially when Jen started to lose what little inhibitions she had and REALLY let loose with her stranger fantasies. Craig remembered one time that he had shoved a convenient apple into Jen’s mouth to make her be quiet once, a mental image that continued to amuse him: with an apple in her mouth, the overstuffed porker had looked like nothing more than a barbeque pig at a luau.

“Oh my GAWWWD, I need your cum, Craig! Fill me up! Oh my Gawd, fill me up to the brim! Don’t stop! Come on, Craig, like, bust my belt!”

Craig grunted as he watched Jen squirm beneath him, her every wheezing inhalation filling her lungs and belly with air so that the stitches in her garter belt strained.

“Like, do it harder! And, like... Craig, tell me... like, I want you to... I want you to talk dirty...”

“Oh yeah? You like some dirty talk?”

“Yeah, like, tell me... tell me that I’ve got the best ass...”

Craig grunted. He loved Jen’s wide derriere, that was for sure. Still, that wasn’t the sort of dirty talk that he had expected...

“You’ve got the best ass, Jen. No one fucking compares to you.”

“Like... like... not even Laurie? Like, she’s got a bigger ass these days... like... so

much bigger..."

"Laurie can fuck off," said Craig, biting his lip to hold back as he continued to thrust into his moaning girlfriend. "No one's get a better ass than my Jen."

He grabbed big meaty handfuls of Jen's ponderous posterior, pulling himself even deeper into her, so that her booty wobbled and rippled in a constant motion of flesh.

"Who cares if Laurie's ass is bigger?" hissed Craig. "I bet it's all wide and flat from sitting around like a lump all day. Nothing compares to these hams, look how fucking round and tight they are!" Craig slapped his hand against the expanse of Jen's left butt cheek, his hand leaving a big red welt on the soft tender skin and causing Jen's titanic tushie to jiggle even faster. "Now this, this is jelly! There's no ass as fuckin' tasty as yours, Jen!"

"Oh Gawd... oh Gawd... yes!" cried Jen, her chubby cheeks (both those on her face and those on her behind) flushing with exertion. Her whole body was quivering and shaking and she was SO fucking turned on! She was so happy to hear that she still had the best booty in school. Craig was right. So what if Laurie was technically bigger? Was there any backside so round and plump and voluptuous, so incredibly pumped with blubber to give it the look of two overinflated balloons? Laurie's wideload rear couldn't compare to the exquisitely delectable shape and tone of Jen's perfect pear.

"Oh Gawd... Craig! I think.... OMG I think I'm gonna cum! Oh Gawd, don't stop! Keep going! Keep talking... my butt is the best, right?"

"Hell yeah, it's the best. Don't ever think that your ass ain't all that, Jen. I don't want my girl ever doubting herself again."

"Oh Gawd! Keep going! Keep going! Like, OMG fill me up! Harder! Harder!"

Craig pumped harder and faster, Jen bucked and squirmed... every movement put additional strain on the garter around Jen's wide waist until... snap! The motion of the ocean was just too much for the overtaxed garment and it snapped in two, flying from Jen's waist as she howled in orgasmic ecstasy, as Craig exploded inside her.

After a few minutes of recovery, the two lovers finally managed to disengage. Jen rolled over onto her back, gasping for breath. Her chest rose and fell, her thick nipples tenting the fabric of her shirt between the words BUST MY BELT. That shirt had proven prophetic, since Jen's garter belt was now lying in tatters.

"OMGGGGGGG," cried Jen, panting and wheezing so hard that she could barely talk. "Whoa.... Like... that was.... Such a work out.... Omg you really put your girlfriend through the paces!"

“Uh... sure,” said Craig. Honestly, it wasn’t much of a work out at all. But Jen did weigh over 500 pounds so even a little bit of physical exertion could leave her as a sweaty, bloated wreck.

“You, like, really meant everything you said, Craig? Like, you REALLY think I have the best booty?”

“Jeez, Jen, do you really need to ask after that?” He ruffled her hair and gave her a quick reassuring kiss on the lips. He chuckled. “Sometimes you really are a bimbo.”

Jen smirked. She didn’t mind when Craig ribbed her like that. But she was still thinking deeply about the big question on her mind: Who was the mysterious girl in Laurie and Frank’s threesome? She still intended to find out.

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Alice placed her chubby palms against the glass window and pressed herself as close to the display as she could with her tubby belly in the way. Her breathing quickened as her eyes drank in all the tempting treats on display. She knew she shouldn’t. She was already way, way, WAY too fat. But they all looked sooo good. Her breath fogged the glass in front of her as she stared, her fat tummy rumbling softly at the thought of a sweet treat.

She checked her watch. Ten minutes to opening time. Alice frowned. She really shouldn’t be eating yet more fattening junk food, so maybe it was a good thing that she couldn’t buy anything. But... maybe it was worth the wait. Of course, if she waited... she would be late for school. Alice bit her lip, debating what was more important to her. Being at school on time? Or a chance to stuff her face just a little more?

“Ten minutes isn’t that long,” Alice said to herself. Typical. The fat blonde would use any excuse to indulge.

Alice licked her lips, her eyes wide as she drank in the display. Gawd, it all looked SO GOOD. Alice couldn’t wait. Her plump, sausage-like fingers drummed against the glass as she imagined the minutes ticking by, drawing ever closer to that magical moment when the doors would open and Alice would finally be free to indulge! Her billowing tummy growled in anticipation. She was sooo hungry! Her breath caught in her throat as she thought about the feast to come, her heart beating faster and faster. She was so excited about the prospect of eating that she felt like she was about to explode! Her breath came in ragged pants, her chest rising and falling rapidly as her jack-hammering heart made her knees tremble and her pulse quicken. Ooooo, she didn’t think she could last! Alice gulped and squeezed her eyes shut, willing her body to calm down, trying to think of anything else other than food in a desperate bid to stave off her dangerously growing excitement.

She was gazing at the window display so intently that she didn't notice when a passer-by brushed past her, almost knocked off balance as he collided with the blonde porker's protruding rear.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Alice reflexively, turning around to help the stranger. But she froze as she recognized the stranger's face.

It was Alice's ex-boyfriend Chris!

"Chris! It's you!" Alice yelled.

"What? Who are...?" began Chris. Alice had gained so much weight since their last meeting that she was virtually unrecognizable and Chris couldn't tell his old girlfriend buried under all that new blubber. But then a flicker of recognition passed over his face and his eyes bulged in surprise.

Oh no, thought Alice. Of all the people to run into! This was the absolute worst! She immediately grabbed at the hem of her overstretched shirt and futilely tried to tug it back over the swell of her massive gut, as if that could hide it from Chris' judging eyes.

"Alice? Is that you?"

Chris was shocked. Of course, he remembered his ex-girlfriend... but he remembered her as cute chubby girl of only 200 pounds. Now she was a jumbo heavy-weight blob! He couldn't believe his eyes. Alice was absolutely massive, her belly as big as a boulder and way too large to fit into her shirt. Her polo shirt barely fit as a crop top across her hefty boobs, leaving her enormous pink gut bare. Her blonde hair framed a face so round that she looked like a pumpkin and her denim shorts were nearly hidden by the sag of her paunch. She was a complete cow!

"Wow, Alice... you've...uh... grown..."

Alice held her thick arms up as if to shield herself from Chris' mocking gaze. "Don't look at me!"

Chris couldn't help but look, his eyes scanning Alice up and down. Truth be told, he had been really hard up for any action since he dumped Alice. In fact, he was so desperate that he almost regretted ever ditching Alice, even if she was a tub. But damn. She must have been hard up too, since she clearly wasn't getting any action these days, instead sublimating all her sexual needs into eating. That was the only logical explanation that he could think of to explain his ex-girlfriend's inflation. Alice was so swaddled in thick blubber that she was nearly round – her large breasts rests against the shelf that was her billowing belly and she looked like she was splitting the seams on the overmatched polo shirt that could barely cover her middle without

leaving the bottom of her belly bare. Under her belly, her denim shorts looked painted on. Her fat thighs seemed to swallow up the overmatched garment!

“Why not?”

“You... dumped me for being too fat. And now I'm... fatter.”

“Yeah... you certainly are. Damn. Wow.” Chris couldn't help but comment. “How much have you gained, Alice? You're huge!”

“I...I... it's not my fault,” stammered Alice. She was acutely aware that Chris had caught her staring into a bakery window, salivating over all those sweet treats. The cool glass was still fogged up from her eager breath. Damn it, this was so embarrassing!

“C'mon, babe, we had some good times, didn't we?” said Chris, moving closer. Alice stepped backward, her rounded bum bumping into the wall. Oh no. She was cornered!

“You dumped me,” said Alice hotly. “You said I was too fat when I was only 200 pounds. But now suddenly you want to be with me when I'm 500 pounds.”

“500 pounds? Damn, girl, what have you been eating?” He grinned a devilish grin and Alice felt herself getting flushed despite herself. Damn it, she swore under her breath. This was super embarrassing! She didn't want Chris to see that she was actually getting hot and bothered. She always was a sucker for that impish smile, but she knew that Chris wasn't to be trusted.

“I... I haven't been eating anything,” snapped Alice. She regretted saying it as soon as the words left her mouth. That was an obvious lie. But what was she supposed to say when Chris was here smirking at her like that? Damn it! Alice wished she was anywhere other than here. As angry as she was at Chris, she couldn't help but notice just how hot he was! That was something that hadn't changed. Their relationship had always been... strained, even in the best of times. They had started dating almost more out of social obligation. After all, Chris was a football player, Alice was a cheerleader. They were a natural fit, right? But Chris always seemed annoyed that, of all the girls on the squad, he'd been saddled with the one who was a little bit plump. In the three months that they had dated, he never let up about her weight. It didn't help that Alice was a shy girl. Chris was really only after one thing during their time together, but at the time Alice didn't feel ready. Sure, they had fooled around some, but they'd never... you know... gone all the way.

Now Chris seemed eager to make up for lost time. He leaned against the wall, blocking Alice's escape and pinning her to the glass window. She could feel the cold glass against the small of her back and the swell of her bottom, and she could feel the warmth of Chris' body so close to her.

“What are you doing here, Alice? Waiting for the bakery to open?” Chris chuckled at the thought as if it was too absurd to contemplate. That Alice was such a colossal greedy fatass that she would stake out a bakery before opening, just so that she could grab some goodies to satiate her out-of-control appetite the second that they opened.

“That’s none of your business,” huffed Alice. Gawd, why did Chris have to be so hot? She couldn’t help but get turned on when she was so close to a hunk like this! Despite herself, Alice felt herself growing moist between her tree-trunk-sized thighs as she contemplated the possibilities with Chris. But no! There was no way. Chris had long ago rejected her for being too fat when she was several hundred pounds slimmer than she was now. He was clearly just teasing her now! What a jerk!

“C’mon, Alice, how about a little fun, just once? You can’t tell me you haven’t wondered.” He put his hand against her plump cheek and stroked under her double chin. Alice felt herself melting at his touch. She sucked in her breath sharply. Bad move. It proved too much for the overloaded button on her shorts and there was a loud POP! The button snapped from her waistband, bouncing against Chris’ chiseled abs.

“Damnit,” muttered Alice again under her breath. She hoped against hope that Chris hadn’t noticed, but it was a futile hope. Chris chuckled.

Despite her better instincts, Alice couldn’t stop herself from flushing. Her tight panties were absolutely soaked!

“Well, well, well, looks like easy access,” he said. He slid his hand under her plump plump belly, skittering against her pale flesh and giving her goosebumps, before pinching the tab of her zipper between his thumb and forefinger and pulling sharply. Alice felt her zipper part easily.

“I’ve always wanted to see if it’s true what they say about fat girls,” whispered Chris into her ear. “More cushion for the pushin’, eh?”

“Whoa! Hands off, buddy! That’s going too far!” snapped Alice. Chris’ rude insult was enough to snap her out of her trance. She slapped away his hand. “You’re getting awful handsy! This fat girl isn’t interested!”

“Aw, c’mon!” whined Chris. He was desperate, too desperate to keep up his suave act. “I’m super horny and I need to get my rocks off. I know you’re feeling it too. And let’s face it, no one else is gonna do you when you’re as big as a house!”

Alice felt herself swelling with rage. What a jerk! Her arousal instantly vaporized as she recognized Chris for what he was: Just a cad, desperate to satisfy his own lusts with no regard for Alice’s feelings. He might be a handsome devil but he was still a devil nonetheless! Alice was furious with herself for almost succumbing to his charms! How could she let herself go like

that? She was filled with anger and shame at the idea that she almost let herself get talked into... well, something!

"That's what you think!" Alice shoved Chris backwards. "I happen to be dating Tyler Hiller! And I would never cheat on him!"

Alice shoved her way past Chris and started to waddle away, completely forgetting anything about the bakery. Chris could not believe it! He was so close... and now she was getting away! He had to act fast if he was going to get any today, but he couldn't help himself from blurting out something that was just going to piss Alice off even more.

"Tyler Hiller?! You're still seeing that nerd? You gotta be kidding me! Wait a second... there's no way... you can't tell me that you two slept together?"

Alice paused, mostly because she remembered that her fly was still open. Grunting, she reached under her billowing belly and tugged the zipper tab up as high as she could pull it with the force of her gargantuan gut bearing down on it.

"Maybe," said Alice. "Because he loves me and knows how to treat me right! And he doesn't think I'm just some desperate fat girl he can bang! He thinks I'm sexy! He loves my fat body!"

Chris' jaw dropped. During their short time together, he and Alice had never slept together. Alice kept pushing him away, saying that she wasn't ready for such a big step. Yet... she slept with that dork Tyler when she wouldn't sleep with a football star like Chris?

"Maybe if you weren't always such a jerk to me, then you would have had a chance with me while we were dating. But that's passed!" Alice stomped away, her entire rotund body visibly jiggling with every indignant footfall.

Tellingly, even when she was totally aroused by Chris' presence, he never got her quite as excited as the pastries in the bakery window!

Chris was agog. Alice had lost her virginity... to Tyler?! He couldn't believe it! His blimp of an ex-girlfriend had actually found a new beau... and she was getting regularly plowed! Meanwhile, what did he have? Nothing but a serious case of blue balls! Damn, Chris couldn't believe how much his body had reacted to Alice being so close to him. He was so thirsty that even a fat girl could get him rock hard these days!

He grunted and leaned against the wall. Looks like it was just going to be another night of jerking himself off.



# 84. Alice, Maggie & Laurie

“Okay, Tyler, now pull!” commanded Alice.

Her boyfriend Tyler grabbed the waistband of Alice’s beige work slacks and slowly, laboriously tugged them up her thick thighs and over her bulbous rear. This was the couple’s regular routine now. At over 500 pounds, Alice was finding the little things in life harder and harder. She could technically still dress herself, even if bending down to tie her shoes was a real ordeal with her spongy belly and large boobs in the way. But, like so many things, it was just easier to let Tyler do all the hard work. As a result, she relied on her boyfriend more and more as she steadily grew lazier and lazier. At this point, Tyler helped Alice get dressed almost every morning and he always helped her change into her work clothes before her shifts at Pizza-By-The-Pound.

The couple both worked behind the counter of the pizza restaurant at the mall and Alice was always happy when their shifts overlapped. It meant that she got to spend more time with her boyfriend, but it also meant that Tyler could help her... in other ways.

“Are they up?” asked Alice dubiously as Tyler stepped back. She couldn’t see anything in front over her bulbous breasts and bloated belly, so she had to rely on Tyler’s report to know that her pants were actually on. She craned her neck to look behind her, hoping that she could catch a glimpse of her butt to see that, indeed, her pants were on. But she was too fat for that move, her double chin and padded shoulders making it hard to turn her head enough to get a clear view.

“Yup, they’re on,” said Tyler. He was breathing heavily from the strain of pulling Alice’s pants up. This was getting harder everyday as Alice grew fatter... but Tyler would never think of complaining! There was nothing he loved more than any chance to cradle or caress his girlfriend’s ever-expanding body.

Alice smiled. “Thanks, honey! You’re a life-saver!”

She really meant it too. Alice remembered how just the other day she had run into her asshole of an ex-boyfriend. Chris had never treated her well, even when they were dating, always criticizing Alice’s eating habits and harping on her weight. As a popular jock, Chris seemed to believe that he was entitled to have a picture-perfect thin trim cheerleader girlfriend... and chubby Alice had never fit his ideal. She was sometimes angry with herself for all the time that she had wasted on that jerk! But she was much happier now with Tyler. That was why it was so strange when she ran into Chris and... he actually seemed to want her back! He was definitely hitting on her, but Alice could tell he didn’t really love her. He was just horny and wanted an easy lay, thinking that a fatso like Alice must be equally desperate. Boy, was he

shocked when Alice refused his advances! And he was even more shocked when he realized that Alice had a new boyfriend, one who loved her larger body. And Alice thought Chris was about to have a heart attack when he realized that Alice and Tyler were intimate. She smiled to herself. It gave her just a little bit of satisfaction to see Chris so humbled. Serves him right!

Alice wanted to tell Tyler about the incident, but she was, well, just a little embarrassed. She had stayed loyal to her boyfriend, shoving Chris on his ass and waddling away when he tried to put the moves on her, but she was just a little worried that people might think that she somehow invited Chris' attention. Tyler wouldn't think that... would he? No, of course not! That was ridiculous! Tyler loved her! Still... she felt that maybe she should keep this to herself for now.

Grunting, she reached under her belly and grabbed onto the tab of her zipper. She tugged hard and was rewarded with clicking sound of her zipper rising a single notch. At the exact same time, she heard another sound, a sudden soft pop from behind her, and felt a small but perceptible loosening of her pants in the seat. She knew exactly what that meant. She'd popped a thread in the seat of her pants. Alice paused, her breath in her throat. She was no stranger to wardrobe malfunctions and she was deathly afraid that her ass might have finally outgrown her pants. But after a moment, she relaxed. It seemed like the seam would hold. She gave her zipper another pull and it clicked up another notch... but she heard another pop behind her. Oh no!

Another pull, another click, another pop. No doubt about it. She popped a thread everytime that she managed to pull her zipper up another notch. If she actually managed to get her fly zippered up, she was absolutely going to split her seat.

"I... I don't think I can do it," said Alice miserably. She let go of her zipper tab and it immediately raced back down to its starting point, the flaps of her pants parting and her fat belly sagging out through the open V of her undone pants. The time had finally come. For weeks, she knew it was coming. She had tried to put it off, but she couldn't deny it anymore. She needed new pants. She would have to talk to Maggie.

Maggie was Tyler and Alice's manager at Pizza-by-the-Pound. She didn't make any secret of the fact that she did NOT like Alice. It had less to do with anything personal than it did with business matters. Maggie was absolutely convinced that Alice was gobbling calzones and cannolis whenever she turned her back. And truthfully? Maggie wasn't wrong.

"I have to talk to Maggie," sighed Alice. She looked at Tyler, her big blue eyes wet and worried. She looked like she might cry.

Tyler squeezed her pudgy hand. "It's okay," he said, "I'll take care of it. Do you want me to talk to Maggie?"

"That's so sweet of you," said Alice. "But no, I think I need to do this. But... I'd like it if

you could come with me? Ya know, for moral support?”

Tyler nodded. “Sure, thing. Of course.”

Heaving a heavy sigh, Alice lumbered out of the back room and toward the front counter, Tyler at her side. Tyler could feel Alice’s soft, warm flank brushing against him as they walked. He loved it. He was absolutely enamored with his bloated blonde balloon of a girlfriend, reveling in her extra poundage, ecstatic that she was always hungry, always eating and eating and eating, always growing rounder and plumper.

Alice smiled. She could feel Tyler at her side, his hand in hers. She was usually so shy, but... with Tyler at her side? She honestly felt a lot more confident! She felt like she could take on the world. She wouldn’t be afraid of Maggie’s sharp tongue when Tyler was with her!

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Maggie was standing at the register, her usual grumpy expression plastered across her face. She raised an eyebrow as she saw Alice and Tyler approaching. Oh Gawd, what was it this time?

“Yes? What do you want?” she said.

“I’m too fat to zip up my pants,” said Alice, the words coming out in a rush. Her chubby cheeks went pink, but deep down she was... almost proud of herself. She knew that Tyler didn’t just like her in spite of her size; he actually liked her FOR her size! And the knowledge that her enormous body turned Tyler on was giving her a confidence that she had never known before. There was a time that she would have tried to dance around the issue, instead saying “I can’t zip my pants” or “My pants won’t zip.” But no. She just went out and said it. She said the reason that she couldn’t zip up her pants was explicitly because she was too fat.

Maggie raised an eyebrow and looked down at her chubby co-worker’s overhanging gut. As if in response, Alice grabbed the soft flab of her sagging belly and lifted it up so that Maggie could get a clearer view of Alice’s unzipped fly. Take a good look, thought Alice.

Maggie wanted to say something, but she couldn’t. She had promised Laurie that she wouldn’t say anything mean about Alice. Maggie’s little sister Gloria was trying out for the cheer squad and, while Maggie thought that cheerleading was a big waste of time, Gloria was super into it. And Maggie didn’t have the heart to ruin her little sister’s chances. Laurie had promised that she would treat Alice kindly in exchange for Laurie making sure that Gloria got onto the cheer squad no questions asked.

“We don’t carry any sizes bigger than that,” said Maggie, “So we’re going to have to

special order you a larger size. It's gonna take at least two weeks if I put in the order today, so you're just gonna have to pull your shirt down to hide the gap in the meantime. Can you do that?"

"Uhhhh..." Alice tugged on the hem of her red work shirt, struggling to pull it over her beachball-sized tummy. It didn't fit. And when she let go, it popped right up again.

"Good enough," said Maggie. "And look, next time you outgrow your uniform, just tell me BEFORE it's a crisis, okay?"

"Next time?" said Alice, "I...I'm not planning on this happening again..."

"Sure," said Maggie, barely bothering to hide the skepticism in her voice. She knew full well that Alice was not going to stop inflating anytime soon. She was resigned to that future. "Just... look, we have to be professional here, so just try to warn me ahead of time, okay?"

"Okay," said Alice, nodding.

She turned to Tyler, beaming, as they left the room.

"I can't believe that went so well!" she whispered. "I was totally afraid that Maggie was going to really chew me out, but she really didn't seem to be that upset!"

She grabbed her boyfriend in her meaty arms and gave him a squeeze, pulling him close so that he pressed into her ample boobs and belly. Tyler couldn't help but react as he felt his fat girlfriend's soft flesh all around him.

"Thanks for being there for me, Tyler! I don't think I would have been able to face Maggie alone."

Tyler leaned over and gave his girlfriend a quick peck on the cheek. "Hey, no problem!" he said. "That's what I'm here for!"

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Laurie perched on the seat of her scooter, shoving cookies into her mouth from an open box of Oreos while her friend Jen attempted to help her get dressed after an exhausting hour of cheer practice. Well, exhausting for everyone other than Laurie. Laurie had spent the hour sitting on her scooter, yelling at the other girls and eating cookies.

Afterwards, while the other girls were wheezing on the field, Laurie simply gripped the handle of her scooter to power it on. The cheerleaders had watched in stunned disbelief as

their obese captain pattered away to the locker room, leaving them in the dust.

All day long, Laurie had turned heads wherever she went. It was to be expected that people would stare. The arrogant cheer captain had doubtless crested 600 pounds by now, so it was a wonder that Laurie could still fit her gargantuan body through the double doors that led into the school. But it was even more startling to see Laurie Belmontes, once the bombshell queen bee of the entire school who refused to ever hear any criticisms of her weight, now so massively fat that she was willing to use a mobility scooter to roll between classes. Could it be that Laurie no longer cared about her weight? Students whispered behind her back, but no one dared to snicker as Laurie's creaking scooter moved past. Her dark scowl and flashing eyes still commanded respect, even if she no longer had the knock-out figure that once turned heads.

"Ugh, c'mon, Jen, Jesus! It's not that hard!" Laurie snapped. She was super annoyed that Jen wasn't able to fasten the necklace around her neck. It was one of Laurie's favorite accessories! "Maybe if your fingers weren't so darn fat you wouldn't have this trouble!"

"Like, it's not my fingers that are the problem," whined Jen. Truthfully, that wasn't actually accurate. Jen's stubby sausage fingers were indeed far too plump for a delicate operation like connecting the chain on Laurie's necklace. But the real problem was that Laurie's neck was too fat. Or rather, what used to be Laurie's neck was too fat. At over 600 pounds of billowing, buttery blubber, Laurie was so massively obese that her neck had long since disappeared beneath excessive folds of pillowy fat. Her double chin puffed out from her face enough that older necklaces could no longer fasten around without cutting into her flesh.

"Like, your neck is too fat for this necklace," said Jen. She swore under her breath as her pudgy fingers again lost their grip on the metal chain. "There's, like, no way that I'm gonna be able to get this to fit."

Laurie's brow furrowed and her eyes flashed. The morbidly obese cheer captain was a study in contrasts. On the one hand, she had finally come to the point where she didn't just accept her size – she reveled in it. She secretly loved everything about her growing body – from her titanic tits to her gargantuan gut to her tree-trunk legs to her bloated face – and she loved everything about growing bigger. She was addicted to eating, addicted to the pleasure of being stuffed to her absolute limit, addicted to having her two lovers Frank and Abida cram food into her until she was ready to explode. And it made her sooo wet between the thighs when Frank or Abida teased her about her growing helplessness. But she was still an arrogant queen bee at heart and she still felt a momentary flash of anger when someone outside her small circle of lovers and worshippers criticized her size. Sometimes Jen's oblivious comments only served to get Laurie hot and bothered, but other times they annoyed her when she sensed that Jen might be complaining.

"Shut up, Jen," snapped Laurie, pulling away. "I don't even like that necklace all that much anyway. It's so gauche."

“Um, like, you just said it was your favorite-“

“Jen! I said shut up!” Laurie huffed, again shifting her weight.

Jen rolled her eyes. It didn't matter to her whether Laurie wore the necklace or not. Either way, the massively overweight teen looked ridiculous. Laurie's reckless eating had caused her to balloon to over a quarter ton, so big that she looked more like an elephant seal than a girl. The raven-haired beauty queen was busting out of a cheer uniform clearly designed for a much slimmer girl, the sweater barely holding in her beach ball-sized tits and leaving most her sloping belly exposed. Laurie's paunch filled her lap, pushing apart her thick, tree-trunk sized legs and bumping into the scooter's front stem that held the handlebars. Her skirt was stretched tightly around her waist, covered completely in front by the apron of her flabby gut and pulled snug in back across the cheeks of her monstrously wide ass.

Jen couldn't keep a sour expression off her face as she watched Laurie roll her weight back and forth in the inadequate seat. The seat was barely wide enough to comfortably accommodate one of Laurie's bloated butt cheeks, so the poor girl had to constantly squirm back and forth in an effort to find a position where the edges of the seat didn't cut into her butter soft blubber. It's not fair, thought Jen. Laurie already has the biggest tits, why should she get the biggest ass too? Jen had always been the school's booty queen, ever since she first hit puberty and started developing her womanly figure. Everyone in school knew Jen's famously pear-shaped silhouette by sight. And now Laurie was just going to totally porn out and steal her thunder? Ugh, this suuuucked!

Laurie snarled as she again shifted her colossal ass in the scooter seat. She just couldn't get comfortable! Okay, so she had finally come to accept the gift that Jen and Alice gave her. When they first presented her with a mobility scooter, Laurie was too shocked to react. She felt that she SHOULD be furious. How dare those two hogs imply that she, Laurie Belmontes, was so fat and lazy that she would need a mobility scooter to get around? At the same time, it gave her a sick thrill in the pit of her ever-expanding stomach to know that her inflation was being recognized. And, well, to be honest... it sure was easier to get around when you didn't need to walk anywhere!

The only problem was that clearly the scooter was not designed for someone of Laurie's extra generous proportions. Her colossal ass slopped over the sides of the seat, so that she always had one chubby cheek unsupported no matter how she moved her weight. Not to mention that the scooter moved SOOOO slowly, almost as if it wasn't built to ferry THIS much fat girl around. That was annoying! Still, it did beat the alternative.

“Look, let's just finish getting changed. Get me out of this sweaty top, okay, sweetie?” Laurie raised her thick arms as high as she could, so that Jen could pull the fat cheer captain's sweater off. The green sweater barely contained her monstrous melons, which stretched the garment to the point that Laurie's fat nipples were easily visible through both the taut, tearing fabric of her sweater and the bulging cups of her bra. Laurie's tits were so big that, when she

went without a bra, her nipples would graze the floor. Jen yanked the sweater over Laurie's head and Laurie's boobs popped out, jiggling wildly. Unconstrained by her top, Laurie's breasts looked even bigger than ever. Laurie had to special order her bras these days and this gargantuan undergarment squished her bulging boobs together to create a tantalizing swell of bulging cleavage.

"Get my skirt off," snapped Laurie, leaning her full weight against the handle bars of the scooter to help lever herself to her feet. Jen watched as Laurie grunted and groaned and huffed and puffed to slowly rise to her feet. It was like watching an elephant awaken from a long sleep. When she stood, the skirt barely covered Laurie's backside. There was a lot of under-butt on display.

"Chop chop," said Laurie, snapping her sausage-like fingers. "We don't have all day!"

Jen crouched down, her own fat knees creaking as she moved, grabbed hold of Laurie's cheer skirt and tugged it down. With Laurie's panty-clad ass in her face, Jen could only stare. Goddamnit. Why was it so big??

Once she was free of her clothes, Laurie collapsed again onto the scooter. The entire vehicle creaked and groaned under her immense weight. Jen silently collected Laurie's clothes and dumped them into the hamper.

Laurie stripped the remaining Oreos from the sleeve and popped them, all at once, into her eager mouth. She surveyed Jen's retreating form as she chewed vigorously.

"Jen," she said suddenly, spitting chewed cookie all over her double chin. "What's the matter with you?"

Jen froze. "What's the matter with me? Like, nothing is the matter with me? Like, everything is fine."

"Bullshit." Laurie swallowed hard and fixed Jen with a steely gaze. "How long have we been friends? Since middle school, right? I can tell when something's bothering you. You're never quiet unless you're upset. So what's your problem?"

Jen slowly turned to face her friend. In only her underwear, Laurie looked even bigger. So many acres of naked pink sweaty skin made her look like a fattened pig on a farm.

"Um.... Well, like... okay...I'll tell you. It's like... like, this is gonna sound dumb..."

Laurie rolled her eyes. Everything that came out of Jen's bimbo mouth sounded dumb. Why should this be any different?

"It's just that, like, your butt is... bigger than mine..."

Laurie laughed harshly. "That's what's got your jumbo-sized panties in a twist? So my butt's bigger. Big deal!"

Jen couldn't believe her ears! Laurie didn't care that she had a bigger ass than Jen? Only a year ago, Laurie would have absolutely flipped out at the very implication that she was wider than her bottom-heavy bestie. And now she was just casually accepting it!?

"Well, like, maybe it's not a big deal to you!" snapped Jen hotly. "But, like, that's, like, what if you found out that someone in school had bigger tits than you?"

"That'll never happen," said Laurie defensively. "But, okay, I see your point. You've always been our squad's ass girl and now you're jealous that you're second best?"

"I'm, like, not second best!" cried Jen.

"That's right, so stop worrying," said Laurie. She smirked. She was secretly delighted to hear these words coming out of Jen's mouth. Laurie absolutely looooooved hearing anyone talk about how massively fat she was growing, so Jen's jealousy was simply more fuel for Laurie's own arrogance. But still...she didn't want her bestie to feel bad about herself!

Laurie leaned forward in her seat, her giant boobs dangling in front of her as she rested her fat arm against the scooter's handlebars.

"Let me ask you this, Jen: Have you talked to Craig?"

"Ummmm... yeah?"

"Yeah, I bet you have. He's the biggest ass man in school. And what did he tell you? Whose ass does he prefer?"

"Um....he said mine."

"Right. So shut up."

"But, like, he's my boyfriend! He, like, has to say that!"

Laurie lowered her head skeptically, her double chin squishing against her chest. "Oh really? You really think that Craig would be able to lie about something like that?"

Jen thought it over. Booty was definitely the one thing about which Craig could never hide his feelings.

"Um, like, I guess you're right?"



“Of course I’m right, you dumb slut,” said Laurie affectionately. “When have I ever been wrong?”

Jen did have to admit that, while Laurie’s ass was far bigger than hers now, it still didn’t have the same... well, the same certain something as Jen’s did? Jen put a lot of effort into maintaining her fabulous booty – doing daily squats, slathering her deliciously round lobes with anti-cellulite cream every night – so that her rotund rump stayed full, plump, and delectably squeezable. Laurie had clearly gone to sloppy fat and her wide ass didn’t have the same heft and firmness as Jen’s did. Jen couldn’t help but feel proud that, even now, no one could compete with her ass.

“Aww... like, thanks, Laurie.”

The two girls were interrupted by a sudden knock at the door. They both turned in time to see an underclassman pop her face through the door.

“Hello? Is anyone in here? I’m supposed to meet with Laurie Belmontes...”

Laurie raised an eyebrow in annoyance. Ugh! She could already guess what this new kid wanted. As captain, Laurie had to deal with a steady stream of freshman and sophomore girls who all wanted to join the cheer squad. It was Laurie’s job to determine who had what it took to make it as one of her underlings. And Laurie was extremely picky about who she let wear the cheerleading uniform. It was kind of ironic considering that Laurie herself was now far too chunky to wear the uniform herself.

Laurie swallowed a mouthful of cookie and quickly brushed the crumbs from her cleavage.

“Oh I’m sorry, I didn’t realize you were getting changed,” said the girl, turning away as soon as she saw Laurie clad only in her bra and undies.

“Pfft whatever, just tell me what you want, kid,” said Laurie.

“Um, my sister said that Laurie Belmontes could get me on the cheer squad? My name is Gloria Espinosa.”

“Oh, you’re Maggie’s little sister, eh?” snorted Laurie. She stifled a soft burp with the back of her hand. “Come on in and let me get a look at you.”

Laurie brushed her long raven hair away from her face, so that Gloria had a full view of the head cheerleader’s chubby cheeks and plump double chin. Laurie struggled to her feet with a loud, wheezing gasp and stood in front of Gloria, her bulging chest heaving with the effort. Laurie Belmontes was absolutely enormous, so big that her cheer uniform was a joke. Her bare

belly sloshed over the waistband of her cheer skirt, hanging so low that it obscured nearly everything below the waist. Her legs looked like they belonged to an elephant, so swaddled with adipose that they met all the way down to the knee.

Gloria looked a little like her older sister, a Latina girl with dark caramel skin and long black wavy hair. But whereas Maggie was a slender girl with classic Latin beauty, Gloria was... well... there was no nice way to put it: She was a nerd. Her long black hair was frizzy and unmanageable, her eyes were hidden behind big round glasses, her buck-toothed smile was marred by big metal braces, and her chubby face was studded with acne. Not to mention that, while Maggie was svelte, Gloria was definitely chubby. She had a slightly pear-shaped build with a noticeably heavy ass. Still, she looked like she might be a natural athlete, which would be helpful in this business. But still... training a newbie? What a bother!

Laurie remembered her promise to Maggie. Maggie worked at a restaurant at the food court in the mall, Pizza-By-the-Pound, where she also happened to be the manager for Laurie's teammate Alice. Maggie used to bully poor Alice because of Alice's weight, but Laurie had made a deal with Maggie. Maggie promised to lay off of Alice in exchange for Laurie allowing Maggie's little sister Gloria to join the cheer squad.

Laurie rolled her eyes. This girl did NOT look at all like cheerleading material. But then, it wasn't like Laurie had any choice in the matter. Gloria was going to be a cheerleader like it or not.

"Right, right," she muttered, "I did promise Maggie that you could... join the squad."

Laurie plopped down again, grunted, and shifted her weight in her scooter seat. This was such a hassle! The last thing that she wanted to do was waste her time playing nursemaid for some dorky underclassman! Luckily, that's why she had an assistant captain.

"Jen, I don't have time to train some new kid," said Laurie, "I want you to take Gloria under your wing. Show her the ropes."

Jen's eyes bulged. "Like, me? What am I going to do?"

"Jesus, Jen, I don't know. Show her how to do a cartwheel or a jump or something. Whatever you can still do with that fat ass of yours. Just get her out of my hair!"

Jen looked at Gloria, who was already blushing deep red at Laurie's dismissive words. Aw, the poor kid! Jen had to feel a little sorry for her. It wasn't easy to deal with Laurie when you weren't used to her brusque attitude. Also... Jen couldn't help but think it would be good to have some new blood on the team, someone with a little more... flexibility and stamina. It was no secret that certain members of the cheer squad were doing a lot less cheering these days, so maybe she could get Gloria to make up for that.

“Alright... So, like, Gloria, why don't you, like, come with me? Let's, like, talk. And we can let Laurie, like, finish her cookies.”

Laurie grunted, acknowledging Jen's plan. Jen motioned for Gloria to follow her into the next room and Gloria followed Jen's retreating ass at a respectable distance.

Gloria was mesmerized by Jen. The older cheerleader was over 500 pounds of butter-soft blubber, a whale of a girl packed into a fraying cheer uniform that was barely modest a few hundred pounds ago and now was so tight that it was obscene. Her skirt was little more than a frill around her elephantine waist at this point, doing nothing to hide Jen's enormously round derriere. Even as her legs, gut, and chest had grown, Jen's butt was still her most prominent feature: two pumpkin-sized lobes that stuck out proudly behind her, shifting and swaying with the fat girl's every movement. Jen's black spandex spanky pants were stretched so tightly over her apple-round ass cheeks that they were a light gray and looked ready to burst. The outline of Jen's skimpy thong panties could be seen clearly though the thin material.

Alone in another section of the lockerroom, Jen plopped her enormous ass onto a bench and motioned for Gloria to take a seat.

“So, like, do you have any experience, like, cheerleading before?” asked Jen.

Gloria wasn't listening. Laurie just looked like a blob to Gloria, a gigantic bloated butterball. But Jen... Jen looked sexy! Her weight went to all the right places, giving her a plush, inflated look with deliciously rounded curves. Gloria couldn't help but, well, feel just a tiny bit jealous. No one ever told Gloria that her pudge looked good on her, yet here was a girl FAR pudgier than she was who was also undeniably gorgeous.

“Hey! Hey Gloria! Earth to Gloria!” Jen snapped her fingers in front of Gloria's face. “You there?”

“What? Oh sorry, I was, uh, distracted...” Gloria's eyes again went to Jen's enormous bottom, so wide that you could see it splaying to her sides even from the front.

Jen grinned. It wasn't hard to guess what Gloria was looking at. “Haha oh my Gawd, Gloria, are you looking at my butt? You little perv!”

“What?! No! I wasn't looking at it like that! I just meant... it's... uh... I...”

Jen laughed. “Like, I'm just teasing you! I know my butt is, like, huge. I mean, like, take a look at all this! You ever seen a phat ass white girl like this?”

Jen turned around and thrust out her voluminous ass, her spanky pants creaking at the outrageous load they were forced to contain.

“You’ve got the biggest butt I’ve ever seen” said Gloria without thinking. She quickly clapped her hand over her mouth when she realized what she had said. “Oh no! I didn’t mean —“

Jen giggled. “Like, what are you so upset about? You, like, think I don’t know I’ve got a big butt? Of course I know! I’m, like, not some dumb bimbo or something! Everyone knows I’ve got the best booty in school.”

“Certainly the biggest,” said Gloria.

“Yeah, well, biggest, best, that’s like the same thing, right? Like, every cheer squad’s gotta have the booty, right? That’s how we roll here. Laurie’s got the tits, I’ve got the ass.”

Jen was beaming. Gloria thought that SHE, Jen Sarovy, had the biggest butt? She must not have noticed how wide in the seat Laurie had become... or maybe she had but she genuinely thought Jen was still wider? Either way, Jen was in seventh heaven!

Gloria nodded, too awed to speak.

“Jen, you’re... a senior, right?”

“Yup!”

“So... when you graduate... uh... how do I say this... who’s going to bring the booty when you’re not here anymore?”

Jen paused. She’d never thought about that before. Who could possibly measure up to her impossible curves? Kristine, Lizzie, and Denise were definitely not up to her standards. When Jen left, the squad would definitely lose a lot of its appeal.

“Like, I don’t know... Jeez, I never thought about that.”

Gloria tapped her teeth. She couldn’t stop staring at that ass! She knew, logically, that Jen was way too fat. Of course, Jen was way too fat. There was no way to deny that! The girl was over 500 pounds! But still... there was something about the way that Jen carried all that excess weight, all concentrated in that ripe round rump that swayed so seductively when Jen made the slightest movement, that Gloria couldn’t help but envy. Without thinking, she slid her hands over her own backside, testing its curves and softness with her fingers. If she could grow an ass like Jen’s... well! People wouldn’t just look at her as some asexual nerd anymore. They would have to see her as a real woman.

It was... something to think about, at least.

# 85. Laurie

It was after hours at Los Hermanos High School, and most of the students had already gone home for the night. A few teachers still lingered in their classrooms, working on grading or organizing schedules, and a few students still waited in the library, chatting or getting a head start on homework, but the hallways were mostly deserted. There was no one to see Frank and Laurie as they made their way slowly toward the parking lot, where Laurie had her gas-guzzling SUV parked.

Ever since she got her license, Laurie had driven the most impractical, space-hogging of vehicles. At one point, it was just a status thing for her. But lately, as her weight continued to rise and she crested over 600 pounds of pure lard, it had come to the point that she genuinely needed a larger vehicle to haul her fat ass around.

Together, Frank and Laurie were so wide that they filled the entire hallway. Laurie was riding in her mobility scooter; only too recently, Laurie would have had too much pride to ever admit that she was too out of shape to waddle the hallways under her own power. But now she had completely given up on ever losing all this weight, so she couldn't bring herself to care anymore. Frank walked next to her, slowing his pace so that he could walk alongside Laurie's pattering scooter.

"I can't frickin' believe those lard asses call themselves cheerleaders," muttered Laurie. "Frank, you just don't know the problems I have to deal with as cheer captain! I'm pretty sure that Kristine has been snacking between meals."

"What makes you say that, babe?"

Laurie tapped a finger aside her nose. "A captain can tell. I mean, take one look at that ass and tell me that she hasn't been porking out on the sly!"

"Really, babe? You really think you're one to talk?"

Laurie growled. "What the hell does THAT mean?"

It was SO obvious what he meant. Laurie was so fat now that she weighed more than all the other cheerleaders combined. Well, almost all of them. All of them not including Alice or Jen, those two heavyweights were in a league of their own. But Laurie was absolutely massive, a big sloppy behemoth that could barely fit into her mega-sized cheer uniform without busting the stitches on her sweater and bending the hooks on her skirt. Her bloated bulk nearly hid her scooter from view, her fat ass oozing over both sides of her bucket seat and her belly and breasts sagging over the scooter's handlebars. She looked like a big pink Christmas pudding

rolling down the hallway.

Frank chuckled and rubbed Laurie's shoulder, his hand sinking into her soft backfat. "C'mon, babe, you know you aren't exactly light these days..."

Laurie tried to scowl but she couldn't muster up the enthusiasm. Frank was absolutely right. Laurie still liked to pretend that she wasn't absolutely the fattest girl in school, but the truth was that it gave her a giddy thrill when anyone – but especially her boyfriend Frank – acknowledged how massively obese she had grown.

"That's different," huffed Laurie. "I've.... Worked hard to get where I am today. And besides, don't forget who helped me get here, huh, fat boy?" Laurie reached over and pinched at Frank's gut, which strained against the fabric of his football jersey.

"Yeah, well, touche."

Laurie muttered something under her breath as they moved past the school nurse's office.

"Fuckin' nurse Hopkins," snapped Laurie, her eyes narrowing. Well, her eyes were ALWAYS narrowed. Laurie's cheeks were so chubby these days that she was always squinting, but Frank could still tell from looking at her face that she was pissed.

"Who the fuck does that skinny bitch think she is?" said Laurie. She floored the gas on her scooter and grunted as the reluctant vehicle lurched forward.

"Aw, c'mon, Laurie, not so fast! We don't ALL get our own personal scooter." Frank waddled along beside his whale-sized girlfriend, his own growing size making it harder for him to keep pace when she sped up. Unlike Laurie, Frank's escalating poundage hid a firm layer of muscle beneath all his flab – but it was still hard keeping up when Laurie decided to kick her scooter into high gear!

Frank wondered what Nurse Hopkins might have said to earn his girlfriend's ire. It wasn't hard to guess. It was no secret that Laurie was monumentally obese. At over 600 pounds, Laurie was so fat now that she could barely walk anymore... and her reliance on her scooter meant that he was only going to get bigger and lazier and more out of shape! Nurse Hopkins was always coming into classrooms to explain the basics of nutrition and healthy eating... Frank assumed that she must have recently made a surprise visit to Laurie's class! Perhaps Nurse Hopkins tried to make an example of Laurie, pointing out how Laurie's recent explosion could only be the result of extremely poor lifestyle choices. And while Laurie was strangely proud of her growing bulk, she still got extremely mad when someone of whom she didn't approve commented on her size.... Or failed to show her expanding corpulence the proper deference!

Laurie suddenly pulled the brake on the scooter's handle. "That bitch think she could stop me? What the fuck. I'll show her!"

"Jesus, Laurie, what's got into you? What's going on?" Frank watched in stunned fascination as Laurie suddenly swerved sharply to drive right up to the nurse's office, rose from her seat with a sputtering gasping wheeze and grabbed the doorknob. She twisted it sharply and snorted in derisive laughter as the door swung open.

"Ha! I shoulda known. That dumb bitch NEVER remembers to lock up! Well, she's gonna get hers... C'mon, Frank, hurry up and get inside before someone sees us!"

Laurie had to struggle to maneuver the scooter through the doorway without her vasy fleshy sides brushing the sides of the doorframe. Frank followed and pulled the door closed behind him.

"Laurie, what are you doing?" said Frank, his voice serious. He knew that his girlfriend was ruled by her emotions and her vanity and, when she got into one of her moods, there was very little that he could do to pull her back from the brink. He was worried that Laurie might have some sinister plan to get back at Nurse Hopkins that might get them both into serious trouble! "Are you planning something naughty?"

"No," said Laurie, "It's just that..." She scanned the nurse's outer office, her gaze falling onto the scale in the corner, the butcher-paper-covered examination table, the desk, the wastepaper basket... Honestly, she hadn't expected to actually get this far, so she really didn't know what she was planning to do! "Can you believe that Nurse Hopkins actually made a visit to my classroom the other day? Apparently some sort of random "health check." What fuckin' bullshit! As if I didn't immediately see right through that! She's been trying to catch me for, like, a whole year now, just so that she can humiliate me in front of everyone!"

"Why would she want to do that?"

Laurie rolled her eyes. "I don't know, Frank, why do you THINK she'd want to do that? It's cuz I'm fuckin' fat, Frank, and that stupid bitch wants to make an example of me! She thinks she can just, like, roll in and do a blood pressure test and tell everyone that my blood pressure is 'dangerously high!' What the fuck does that even mean?"

"Babe, calm down."

"I AM CALM," snapped Laurie, although in reality her round face was started to blush red with agitation as she recalled the nurse's words. Laurie's colossal bust rose and fell with her agitated words, the stitches of her cheer sweater squeaking, the fat girl's thick double chin pressing against her chest with every sputtering inhale. "Don't you tell me how to behave, fat boy. Like, she says I need to get my weight under control or I'm going to have 'issues.' What the fuck does that mean?!"

Laurie grinned widely. "But I know EXACTLY how I'm going to get back at that bitch..."

"Laurie, I hope you're not planning anything rash."

Laurie waved one chubby hand dismissively. "You worry too much, Frank. I have the perfect revenge planned. You'll love it, I guarantee. And the best part? That stupid nurse won't even know about it. Wait right here, fat boy."

Laurie grunted as she hoisted herself to her feet and moaned loudly as her tree-trunk legs were forced to actually support her full weight for the first time all day. Gawd, she was soooo heavy! Laurie's breathing quickened, but she refused to show her discomfort.

"Wait right here, Frank," said Laurie. "I got something to show you."

Frank waited obediently as Laurie wobbled away into the back office, her wide rotund butt sloshing from side to side as she waddled. It was sometimes hard to believe that Laurie's backside was now almost as big as her frontside. Laurie had always been famously busty, her enormous breasts keeping pace with the rest of her as she grew fatter and fatter. But Laurie was so obese now that her ass was almost as impressive as her chest. For years, Laurie's friend Jen was famous for having the biggest ass in school, but Laurie had obviously outpaced her old friend. You could make a strong argument that Jen, despite being smaller, still looked bigger because her ass remained preternaturally tight and round for her size whereas Laurie's ass was growing wider and slushier by the day. But still. For sheer scale, no one could compare to Laurie and Frank couldn't help but watch Laurie's retreating rear bulging out from beneath her tight cheer skirt.

Frank waited as Laurie grunted and groaned in the next room, shuddering at the occasional crash and clatter. What was Laurie doing in there? He hoped that she really meant it when she said that Nurse Hopkins wouldn't know what was going on... The last thing he wanted was to have to deal with some new headache!

Eventually, the door opened and Laurie appeared, lounging against the frame as seductively as a girl of her elephantine girth could lounge.

"Hey there, fat boy," said Laurie. The term of endearment was ironic coming from Laurie, seeing as she was even fatter than Frank. The obese cheerbabe had stolen some of the nurse's scrubs from the hall closet and somehow, defying all logic, had managed to cram her enormous body into the normally loose-fitting garment. It wasn't at all loose on Laurie. Her wide thighs and thick legs filled out the teal pants to the point that there were no creases in the material; they looked like overstuffed sausage casings. Laurie's gigantic breasts, always her most prominent asset, stretched the top of her scrubs to the point that the material looked like it might just give and used so much of the fabric's slack that the hem of her shirt raised enough to reveal the lowest quarter of her hanging gut. Laurie's heaving belly slopped over the over-stretched elastic waistband of the scrubs, hanging so low that it obscured her crotch.



“Uh oh,” said Frank, “You better be careful Laurie. Those scrubs weren’t designed for a sexy fat kitty like you. If you move too fast, you’re gonna bust right out of them. And Nurse Hopkins is gonna be pissed.”

“Oh, what she doesn’t know won’t hurt her,” huffed Laurie as she sauntered over to her boyfriend, pressing her boobs and belly against him. “Why don’t you stop worrying about that old bat and start thinking about what Nurse Laurie can do for your health? I think this little boy needs his annual check-up.”

Laurie grinned lasciviously as she reached down and squeezed her boyfriend’s dick through his pants. “Uh oh, what have we got here? Is everything in working order.”

Laurie clucked her tongue. “Hard to believe that anything down here could work at all, buried as it is under all this flab. You’re so very fat, baby. How could you let yourself get all flabby like this? Tell me, Frank, how much do you weigh?”

“Uh…” Frank paused. He honestly had no idea how much he weighed. It had been so long since he’d weighed himself, but he knew that he had grown substantially since then. How could it be any other way? Ever since he had started dating Laurie, his gluttonous girlfriend’s love of food was rubbing off on him as well.

Laurie swatted Frank across his gut, chuckling grimly as she watched his sagging abdomen shake in response. “Get up on that scale, fat boy. Let’s check the damage.”

Laurie pointed to the upright scale standing in the corner of the office.

“Yes, nurse.” Frank obediently followed Laurie’s command and stepped onto the scale. He felt his gut bump into the upright shaft and watched as the weight bar slid all the way to one side.

“Oh yes, you really are a big fatty, aren’t you?” teased Laurie, sidling up beside her boyfriend. She tapped the scale weight along the shaft with one pudgy, manicured finger, while her free hand groped Frank’s ass.

“Wow, Frank, 601 pounds!” Laurie clicked her tongue in disapproval, although Frank could see from the way that her suddenly erect nipples tented the fabric of her scrubs that it was all an act. Laurie’s new kink was definitely growing more depraved by the day, to the point that now she was getting aroused not just by her own gain but also by Frank’s as well. She patted Frank’s drooping gut. “Looks like you’ve been eating too much lately, hmm, baby? You’ve broken 600, fat boy.” She cupped her own massive breasts and then ran her pudgy hands over her swollen belly and thick thighs. “Joining the club, huh, sweetie? Can’t believe you’re actually even bigger than me now…”

Frank stepped back. "Okay, babe, you've had your fun. Now it's time for mine. Get up on the scale."

Laurie demurred. "Uhhhh... oh come on, Frank, you don't need to know..."

"Oh, I think I do. Turn about is fair play. Get on the scale, Laurie. Frank wants to know just how fat his sexy fat kitty has become."

"You already know I'm 600 pounds," said Laurie.

"Correction. You WERE 600 pounds. You don't honestly think that you're still 600 pounds, do you, babe? Not with the way that you've been eating, the way you've been stuffing your fat face all day, every day. You know you've grown soooo much."

Laurie bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud. Frank's forceful act always helped to get her in the mood... "Oh shit, babe, you always know what to say."

With a loud grunt, Laurie lumbered forward and planted her feet on the scale, the overly tight scrubs creaking with her every movement. The scale weight slid all the way to the side even faster than when Frank had stood on the scale.

"Hmm, it's hard to get in position when you've got all this in the way," said Frank, grabbing Laurie's pannus and jiggling it thickly with both hands.

"Shit, don't jiggle me like that," whined Laurie, "You're gonna make me tear these scrubs."

"Oh no, is Laurie worried? Does my sexy fat kitty think that she's... TOO fat and sexy for her scrubs? Looks like Nurse Laurie's just packed too much in there."

"Shiiit, Frank, stop talking like that... I'm the one who's supposed to be talking..."

Frank ignored her, humming to himself as he adjusted the scale. "Oh my, Nurse Laurie, it looks like you've really made quite the pig of yourself lately. Why, would you look at how much you weigh now!"

Laurie's breathing quickened, her chest heaving. "Stop teasing me, Frank. What's it say?"

"605 pounds, Laurie. You're still in first place."

"Oh shiiit..." mumbled Laurie. "OH MY GAWD.... Frank... oh Frank, we're huge... we're fucking huge..."

Laurie's breathing quickened as she pulled Frank close, her breasts rapidly rising and falling in response to her sudden arousal. She could feel Frank's shaft through her scrubs, slowly rising and poking into the soft, tender flesh of her exposed underbelly.

"But what if.... What if we were bigger..." whispered Laurie. "Can you imagine, Frank? Just the two of us, a couple of absolute whales... We'd be the biggest couple in school... the biggest couple in town..."

"Shit, Laurie, we're already the biggest couple in school. But we could be... so much bigger..."

Laurie's eyes fluttered. "Frank, say it. Say it out loud. Say you'll grow huge with me." She clawed at the fly on his hands, her pudgy fingers sliding under his gut to unfasten his hands and slide into his underwear. Her breathing quickened.

"How huge, Laurie? Where do you want this to end?" he whispered into her ear.

Laurie was absolutely vibrating with excitement. She was so horny that she couldn't control herself, her breathing was so fast and shallow that she felt like her heart couldn't take the excitement for one millisecond more or it would simply explode in her well-padded chest. Her fat pussy was so drenched that she was sure she must be soaking through the material of her scrubs, a big wet spot spreading out from her crotch. Frank's dick was fully at attention, his cock purple and throbbing and ready to explode; she could feel him against her and she loved it.

"I don't... I don't ever want this to end..." moaned Laurie, her tremendous bosom heaving. "Put me up on the examination table, Frank."

"Baby, I don't think it's gonna support you..."

"Shit, shut up, Frank," huffed Laurie. "Just do it..."

Laurie wobbled over to the examination table, raising one leg to rest on a convenient step stool. She was already out of breath and gasping for air. Frank stood behind her, his strong hands against her flabby flanks, and, with a mighty heave, he helped to lift Laurie up onto the table. It took all of his strength, especially since Laurie wasn't doing much to even try to lift herself!

"Oooof!" Laurie flopped against the examination table like a whale beaching itself on the shore. Her blubber squished against the table, filling the slack in her scrubs. The table trembled under her bulk but it miraculously held.

"Flip me over," whined Laurie. "I can't do anything on my stomach like this!"

Frank groaned but he obeyed. He grabbed Laurie's side and slowly, laboriously,

struggled to flip her around so that she was lying on her back. It wasn't easy! Laurie was so thick and blubbery that it was nearly impossible to get a good grip on her, her squishy blubber slipping between Frank's fat fingers.

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Frank froze, his eyes bulging from their sockets. "Shit. Shit shit shit!"

Laurie chuckled, her body rippling. "What's the matter, babe? Afraid we've been caught?"

The door creaked open and Abida poked her nose inside. "Frank? Laurie? You two in here?"

Now Frank laughed. "Laurie, you minx. You planned this all out, didn't you? I can't believe you."

"You mad, babe?"

"He's not mad," said Abida, stepping inside the office and closing the door behind her. She was carrying several Styrofoam boxes of take-out, wrapped inside a plastic bag. "How could he be mad, knowing this perfect night you've planned for us all."

"You brought dinner like I asked? Good girl." Laurie leaned back on the table. "I'm absolutely starving."

"Well, well, well, look at you just lying there on the slab like that," said Abida, clucking her tongue. "You look like a beached manatee. I bet you weigh as much as one too."

"We just weighed her," said Frank. "Would you believe she weighs 605 now?"

"Oh delicious," said Abida, placing the Styrofoam boxes on the nurse's desk and turning her full attention to the towering bulk of Laurie's gargantuan belly. "I can't believe we've grown you so big. Look at you, Laurie, you're so fat that you barely fit on that table! Why, you barely fit into those scrubs...."

"Not for much longer," said Frank. "I bet we could make her outgrow them tonight."

"Hmm, it wouldn't take much."

"Just one good meal might be enough to do it..."

"Hey! I'm right here," snapped Laurie. She was simultaneously excited but also worried by the situation. Of course, she had engineered the entire thing herself... tricking Frank into

coming into the office with her, dressing in the nurse's scrubs, telling Abida to meet them here... she had planned it all just so that Frank and Abida would have to spend the night feeding her as she wanted. But, at the same time, she felt like, in some strange ineffable way, this entire scheme was getting out of her control! The way that Frank and Abida were talking about her as if she wasn't even here.... It made her strangely nervous!

She was lying on the examination table, a huge heaving doughball of fat, so swaddled with blubber that she could barely even move, and Frank and Abida were standing on opposite sides of the table, discussing her fate as if she wasn't even awake. Talking about all the work that they had done to bring her to this state, all the food they'd brought her, all the feedings they had subjected her to... They were talking like a pair of scientists dispassionately discussing some experiment. And that made it sound like they planned so much more for her!

But Frank and Abida must know that Laurie had plans too. Laurie wasn't joking when she talked about her vision of herself and Frank as the biggest couple in school, the biggest couple in town. She wanted to see herself and Frank as big as prize-winning hogs, two absolutely glutted blobs, and Abida was going to be the caretaker who would make sure that her prize heifers got everything that their greedy hearts desired.

"Open wide, piggy," said Abida, "I brought you some delicious curry. I know how much you like that. I know how much you just love to eat, anything and everything."

Laurie opened her mouth and lolled her tongue, obediently accepting as Abida shoveled rice and hot curry between her lips.

"This comes from my uncle's restaurant," explained Abida patiently as Laurie chewed and swallowed. "I think it's so nice that you've chosen to support a family business. I know how much he appreciates the patronage of a young woman who just looooooves to eat. I really must thank you for giving me cart blanc to use your credit card; I just hope I didn't abuse your trust by ordering too much food."

"Oh I don't think it could ever be too much food, could it?" said Frank.

Laurie nodded and opened her mouth to say something, but she couldn't get a word out before more food was shoved in. Laurie wasn't really hungry... she rarely was, since she almost never stopped eating long enough to feel genuine hunger gnaw at her insides these days. She'd been snacking all through cheer practice, but that hardly counted. Not like this! This was a REAL meal! And when Laurie had a real meal, everything else faded into the background. Chew and swallow, chew and swallow. Nothing else mattered other than the pure visceral thrill of consumption, the slow but steady feeling of well-being that came with a pleasantly full and then an unpleasantly overfilled stomach. She could already feel herself filling up... Laurie's enormous appetite required a lot of food to be satisfied, so this was just a drop in the bucket so far. But she knew that Abida had ordered way too much food and she also knew that she would keep eating until it was gone. Even if she wanted to stop, she didn't have the

willpower. She was too greedy to ever stop herself as long as food was available! And even if, by some miracle, she somehow was able to stop herself? If some long dormant sensible part of her brain actually snapped itself out of its food-induced reverie and sent the signal to her mouth to stop chewing, to her stomach to stop gorging, to her body to stop swelling with food... then Frank and Abida wouldn't let her. They were dead set on watching their prize hoggette grow into the biggest, fattest, laziest blob of a girl that she could be. And honestly? Laurie didn't have any desire to stop them. She wanted to see what they could do. Could they make her as big as possible? Her fat-clogged heart was racing inside her chest and the food was coming so fast now that Laurie barely had time to register flavors... here came Frank with some tandoori chicken, here came Abida with some garlic naan, here came some raita, now some rice rice pudding, now a big gulp of mango lassi, now basmati rice...it was an endless feast for the senses and Laurie could feel every bite adding inches to her waistline, to her bustline, to her ass, to her chins.... She didn't want it to stop!

"More... more..." she mumbled through lips covered with curry and chutney. Her lovers heard her and responded.

"More for Nurse Laurie? Sure, we've got soooo much more for you," said Abida, shoving yet more naan into Laurie's eager mouth and pulling back her fingers just quickly enough to avoid being bitten. "Not a good look for a nurse, is it, to be so fat? Why, don't you think you're setting a bad example for the kids?"

"Drink it down, sexy fat kitty," said Frank, holding a large plastic cup of mango lassi to her lips and tilting it back until Laurie was forced to drink or drown. "I know you're just soooo hungry and we've got sooo much here for you..."

RIIIIIPP!! Laurie was so horny now that she didn't even flinch as the scrubs finally gave up the ghost, ripping along the side seam under her arm and allowing the soft, squishy blubber of her side to bubble out. Seconds later, she felt a sudden release around her middle as the elastic waistband on her pants finally snapped under the pressure of her burgeoning gut. It was all TOO MUCH.

Frank reached into the folds at Laurie's side, pulling away the torn fabric of the now useless scrubs and leaving Laurie's nudity completely exposed. He smiled to see that, as he had already suspected, Laurie was wearing nothing beneath. No bra. No panties.

"How are you feeling, Laurie?" asked Abida. "Looks like you're not much of a nurse anymore."

"Fuck... I'm so full..." Laurie gasped. Her forehead was hot and beaded with sweat from the effort of eating and her towering belly was warm to the touch. She felt like she was surely about to explode. After nearly every meal, Laurie wondered if she had actually outdone herself... Was it possible that she's actually eaten more this meal than she'd ever eaten before? It was hard to know. She entered into such a fugue state when she ate that she was

hardly aware of how much she was gobbling. And Frank and Abida were so intent on making sure that she got enough to eat that they couldn't be expected to count calories on top of that.

"Ready for dessert?" said Frank.

"Fuck off, Frank.... I'm too full... I'll bust if you get inside me..."

"Shhh, Laurie... don't worry about that... we'll make sure you don't bust." Abida grinned. Laurie stared at the slender girl, bleary-eyed, and suddenly realized that Abida was naked. Sometime during the insane feast, Abida had stripped down. Laurie wondered if Frank was naked too. Did these two actually think that she was in any condition for sex, right now?!

The idea was intriguing. Laurie wondered if she could take it. If her blood pressure was actually as high as Nurse Hopkins claimed that it was, sex would be a dangerous prospect for her. She was liable to blow a gasket during their intense love-making. But Laurie was just as greedy for sex as she was for food... and the idea of turning down a roll in the hay ( though she was literally too big to do anything other than roll these days!) was absolutely unthinkable.

"Shit... I can't say no... come on... give it to me. Fucknin' make love to me til I bust," muttered Laurie.

Frank chuckled. Abida grinned.

"Anything you say, sweetie."

Abida climbed onto the slab, positioning her crotch right over Laurie's chubby face. Laurie didn't need an invitation. She opened her mouth and started to eat, Abida's delicate pubic hair tickling Laurie's nose, Laurie's eager tongue snaking into Abida's hidden spaces. The slender Indian girl immediately gasped as she felt Laurie's expert tongue teasing her clit. Gawd, how was it possible that Laurie was so good at this?

Meanwhile, Frank lifted up Laurie's hanging belly and searched for the fat girl's pussy hidden under so many pounds of excess flab. It was getting harder and harder to find Laurie's wet spot these days as she grew ever larger and heavier, but Frank enjoyed the hunt. He smirked to himself, remembering the vulgar locker room job that so many of the jocks used to tell about dating a fat girl: how you would have to roll her in flour just to find her wet spot. That jest was coming closer and closer to reality in Laurie's case. Frank could feel his dick springing to attention, although he certainly couldn't see anything over the swell of his own gut. It was no easy task to position himself to enter Laurie; both of the lovers had grown so vast and fleshy that making contact was becoming more of a chore. Watching Frank and Laurie make love was like watching too blimps attempt to dock in midair for refueling. Nevertheless, Frank persisted... and the reward was well worth it. He could feel Laurie tense up with pleasure as he entered her, a convulsion that traveled through her entire corpulent body and caused her to involuntarily speed up her tongue movements inside Abida. Abida groaned in response.

The three lovers were an exquisite ouroboros of pleasure, as every thrust that Frank pumped into Laurie was transferred to Abida via the fat cheer captain's mouth. Their moans were almost in sync.

Laurie lay sprawled on the examination table, her enormous belly rising and falling laboriously as her lovers worked her from both ends. Was there anything better in the whole world?? She could barely even think she was so blasted out of her mind with squirming excitement. Once again, Laurie's uncontrollable lust and gluttony were getting her into a real jam.

Even in this state, though, Laurie couldn't help but wonder.... What typhoon would Nurse Hopkins think hit her office when she arrived tomorrow morning?



## 86. Gloria, Jen & Jesse

“Thanks for meeting with me, Jen,” said Gloria. “I’m really excited to get started on training to be a cheerleader.”

Gloria and Jen were meeting in the mall food court. Gloria thought it was kind of strange; when he asked if she could meet with Jen to discuss her new role on the team, Gloria assumed that Jen would just ask to meet her in the school locker room after hours. When Jen suggested the mall... well, that wasn’t totally outlandish, just unexpected. A Saturday lunch meeting was fine. Now that she was actually meeting Jen at the food court, Gloria was beginning to understand why Jen had chosen this location. When she approached Jen’s table from across the court, she saw that Jen already had a box of pizza open on the table and was chowing down.

“Sure! I hope you, like, don’t mind meeting here. My little sister Jesse needed to do some shopping and, like, my mom made me take her, so I thought I could totally kill two birds with one stone. Like, we could meet and talk here while Jesse is shopping!” She bit off another hunk of pizza. “Like, it’s totally cool that you’re so eager. I’m, like, sure you’ll be a great addition to the team...” Jen picked up a slice of pepperoni pizza and bit off a huge chunk, red sauce and cheese bursting around the impact of her bite and dripping onto the paper plate below.

“Um, like, you want any pizza? I can, like, get you your own slice. You know my friend Alice works over there at Pizza-by-the-pound, so I got the hook-up!”

Gloria smiled weakly. Was Jen implying that this entire pizza was all for her and that Gloria would have to get her own slice if she wanted to eat anything? Actually... considering Jen’s size, that wasn’t an altogether outrageous assumption.

Jen was a big girl, way too big to be a cheerleader. Yet here she was! Her large breasts sloped against the swell of her ample gut which spilled out from under the hem of her clearly inadequate t-shirt. Her visible stomach filled her lap, her navel sandwiched between fat rolls to the point that it had turned into a line bisecting her paunch into a double-belly. Below her waist, Jen exploded into massive curves that defied belief. Jen was literally as big as a full-grown pig, as fat as a baby hippo, as blubbery as a sea elephant, and an unbelievable portion of her excess weight was stored in her hefty hips, thick thighs, and gloriously bulbous bubble butt. When she was out of uniform ( which barely fit her, truth be told), Jen could only wear spandex leggings and stretchpants because she couldn’t find non-stretch garments that could cover her grandiloquent backside. Even now, her leggings didn’t come up all the way and left the top portion of her butt cheeks bare; they peeked out from over the fraying waistband like a pair of waxing moons. Jen was so overweight that she didn’t walk; she moved with a thick rolling waddle like a penguin and the constant jiggle of her titanically tubby tush meant that her pants were always sliding down to reveal more and more butt crack if she wasn’t careful.

“Er... thanks but... I’ll pass.” She glanced over at the Pizza-by-the-Pound counter, noticing that there was blonde girl about Jen’s size working the cash register. Gloria didn’t see her sister Maggie back there. Was she working today? Maybe not? Gloria hesitated to order any pizza in the off-chance that Maggie was working today. Almost every nice, Gloria had to listen to her sister complain about having to work with a fatass like Alice... as well as having to see Laurie and Jen at school. She knew that Maggie would not approve of her modeling her own

eating habits after Jen's.

"I really shouldn't eat something so greasy," said Gloria. She put her hand to the side of her face, running her fingers over the bulbous zits that studded her face. "It kinda messes with my complexion..."

"What?" Jen blinked stupidly before swallowing another mouthful of pizza. "Like, is that the only problem? Like, that's nothing! I used to have sooo much acne, but, like, then I found a beauty regimen that works so good that I, like, never get zits any more. I'll totally show you and then you can enjoy pizza too!"

Gloria was aghast. Considering Jen's awful greasy fatty diet, it was a miracle that her skin was so smooth! This beauty regimen must be something incredible!

"Heh... well, gee... I guess you'll have to show me sometime."

"Yeah, like, don't you worry at all, Gloria. We'll definitely make sure that you're presenting the right face for the cheer squad. Like, when you're out on the field, you're not just cheering for, like, yourself. You represent the whole school! So, like, it's really important that you put your best face on!" Jen crammed the rest of her slice between her lips and reached for a second.

"Like, we'll have to do something about that hair too... and those glasses..."

Gloria immediately felt self-conscious about her frizzy hair and coke-bottle glasses, but, at the same time, it gave her sudden dizzy thrill to hear Jen's promise that she was going to get a total make-over. Gloria had never felt pretty before – she knew that she looked like a nerd and didn't have any illusions that her pimple puss would attract any attention – but maybe... maybe Jen could help become pretty? Or at least presentable?

Gloria cleared her throat. As much as she wanted to talk about that, there was something else that was weighing even more heavily on her mind. "So.... Jen, last time we talked, you said that, well, Laurie was the, ahem, boobs of the squad and you were the, ahem, butt... I was thinking.... Um... maybe...like.... Do you think you could use a back-up butt?"

Jen swallowed her pizza and blinked dumbly.

"I mean, I'd never be able to measure up to you, of course," said Gloria quickly. She could feel her cheeks blushing. What a stupid thing to say! Damn, she had probably just insulted Jen and blown her whole cheer squad career! Stupid, stupid, stupid!!

"Like, that's a great idea!" blurted Jen.

"It is?"

"Um, yeah, of course! Like, the butt is the most important position on the squad... she needs to be, like, ballast for cheer pyramids and stuff! But, like, what if I'm totally sick one day or something? Like, there's no one who can take my place! But, like, if YOU think you could.... Um..."

Gloria nodded. She suspected that Jen was exaggerating the importance of a bottom-

heavy bottom for a cheer pyramid because of her own biases. Jen WOULD think that a big behind would be really important simply because of her OWN big behind. Jen was still talking, but Gloria was too mesmerized by the width of Jen's hips to pay much attention to anything that she said.

Jen's enormous rear was spread across two chairs yet there was still ample booty blubber spilling over the sides. Gloria could tell by the way that Jen squirmed in her seat as she talked that she couldn't be comfortable. Jen really shouldn't be sitting like that, thought Gloria as she suddenly noticed that Jen had one chair beneath each cheek but nothing in between. Gloria was suddenly worried that, with all that massive weight of her giant blubbery body bearing down with nothing to support her asshole, Jen could very well suffer a sudden prolapse! Gloria jumped to her feet, grabbed a chair, and silently shoved it toward Jen.

"Oh, like, thanks," said Jen, rising slightly and sliding her rear over so that she was balanced across all three chairs. Gloria nodded, her eyes still glued to the pear-shaped porker's prodigiously plump posterior.

Jen craned her neck to catch a glimpse of Gloria's backside as Gloria returned to her seat. Jen frowned. Gloria definitely had a little bit of meat in her seat; even sitting down, Jen could see how the Latina girl's hips and thighs spread out across her seat to fill the stitches of her white jeans. But Gloria's rear was downright flat compared to Jen's!

"Like, you're not nearly as plump in the rump as I am," said Jen, a sudden confidence swelling in her breast as she said it. "But, like, I guess you could still fill that role..."

"I know I'm not as... bootilicious as you, Jen," said Gloria, lowering her voice for fear that someone else in this foot court might hear her utter the embarrassingly basic word "bootilicious." "But I could... I could change. I'm... eager to learn!"

Jen scratched her head. "Like, Gloria, are you saying what I think you're saying? Like, you want to grow an ass like mine?"

"Ummmm... maybe? I mean... it's not... uncomfortable being so, uh, thick?" asked Gloria.

"Thick? Like, no way! I do what I wanna do and, like, if I like to eat, then I eat! It's, like, great. I mean, everyone knows me. I'm famous for being super thick and, like, it's good to always be in the spotlight! Besides, like my boyfriend really loves it. He is a total butt man. You know he calls me his "big booty cutie" on account of all this fluff?" Jen arched her back and smacked her triumphant rear for emphasis.

"Um, like, don't ever tell anyone that it's not good to be thick." Jen winked conspiratorially.

"Like, for one thing, it totally makes sex sooo much better. Like, when you're this big, sometimes it's hard to move enough during sex, so your man has to give you a hand. I just love it when Craig puts his hands under my butt and gives it a lift!"

Gloria blushed at Jen's TMI confession. But she couldn't deny that it really gave her something to think about.

“Your boyfriend... likes it?”

Jen giggled. “Like, ALL boys like it! Don’t let them tell you otherwise, hun.”

“They do?” Gloria was surprised. Her own ample derriere had never netted her that kind of attention.

“Well, like, it’s one thing to have a big ass,” said Jen. “It’s another thing to be bootilicious. Like, it’s all about attitude and style. But, like, don’t worry... it’s my job to train you and, like, that’s what I’m gonna do! When I’m done with you, you’re gonna be a total knockout bombshell!”

“Um... and my...?” Gloria gulped nervously, unable to say the word but she motioned to her butt and pantomimed expansion with her hands.

“Like, of course! That’s the most important part! Like, I’ll show you exactly how to get some curves to die for. And, like, that reminds me: Next time I see you, I’ll bring you some of the special anti-cellulite cream I use. It’s totally a life-saver!”

“Oh, I’ve never had to worry about cellulite before....”

Jen laughed. “Gloria, sweetie, you’re in a whole new world now... welcome to Jen’s butt-building workout!”

Jen leaned back in her chair and tapped her pearly white teeth thoughtfully with a manicured finger. “Like, I don’t know if you could, like, get as big as me,” said Jen, shifting her weight across her multiple chairs and pausing as they creaked loudly. “Like, what can I say? I’ve just, like, got good genes. Not everyone is as lucky as me!”

“But... it’s not all genes, is it?” piped up Gloria, pointedly watching Jen scarf yet another pizza slice.

“What? Like, no, I work hard at it too... And, like, I bet, with some training, we could really, like, pump up your rump too. Maybe not as much as mine, but enough that you’ll REALLY turn the boys’ heads.”

For a glorious moment, Gloria was lost in thought. She imagined herself swelling up with fat until she was as big as Jen... her breasts inflating in front of her until her shoulder straps dug into her flesh, until her back clasp broke under the strain, until the seams of her top split and her newly plumpened tits burst out free, jiggling in the open air. She imagined her belly suddenly bloating forward, busting the button on her jeans and forcing her zipper to slide down, rolling over the waistband of her panties and spilling into her lap like a great blubbery avalanche. She imagined her face, round and full like a majestic full moon, her chin doubled, her cheeks puffy and feminine. And most of all, she imagined her butt ballooning into two round, chubby hemispheres of soft feminine flesh, tearing the seat of her pants and overflowing the confines of her chair. The overall image was surprisingly vivid; in her mind’s eye, Gloria was as plush and plump as a fertility goddess, a big buxom bloated bootilicious Venus of Willendorf heifer. She had never felt so beautiful or so feminine! No one would ever ignore her again if she looked like that.

“Damn,” whispered Gloria under her breath.

“Hmm? What’s that?” Jen looked up.

“Um nothing! I was just saying... uh... it’s been great,” said Gloria. “Good talking to you, Jen.” Her mind was made up. How could she be expected to spend time with Jen and NOT be insanely jealous of that luscious bottom? It was unfair! Gloria would have to be careful to hide her plan from her disapproving older sister, but she was determined that, by the time that Jen graduated, she would be wide enough in the hips and round enough in the rump to replace Jen as the squad’s most prominent backside.

“Thanks for meeting with me, Jen,” said Gloria, standing up and pushing her chair in. “I really need to be going but... you’ve given me a lot to think about.”

Jen nodded and swallowed a mouthful of pizza. “Like, totally! Let’s get together before next practice... I’ll show you my hair and skin care routine. Oh! And we should totally go shopping to get you some contacts so you don’t have to worry about losing your glasses when you’re doing, like cartwheels or whatever.”

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Jen watched Gloria leave, a faint smile on her dimbulb face. She was excited to get started! She couldn’t believe that she had a real live protegee! For two long, Laurie had made it her business to train every new recruit to the squad, but now Jen finally had the chance to mold the next generation of cheerleader! Even better, Gloria seemed really eager to follow in Jen’s footsteps. She was stoked to think that Gloria might someday actually take over her spot on the squad after Jen had graduated and left high school cheerleading far behind. Hmm... speaking of behinds, though, she was going to have to actually think of a real routine to help Gloria build up that itty bitty booty of hers. Jen was naturally inclined to be bottom-heavy and her hearty appetite and Sarovy genes meant that she never had to worry about her butt not being big enough... it just grew on its own whether she intended for it to or not! But Gloria might not be so lucky; the poor girl would probably have to work much harder than Jen ever did. Jen would need to come up with a real patented Jen Sarovy rump-plumpin’ routine if she was going to help Gloria achieve the dream of the perfect pear shape!

Jen looked down at her empty plate. She frowned. She had just eaten basically an entire large pizza all by herself, but that was hardly enough to satisfy Jen’s increasingly ravenous appetite. Jen had transformed into such a greedy fatso that she basically had to eat constantly to keep her belly satisfied. She ran a pudgy hand over the arc of her bulging gut, tight and swollen with her large meal under a thick layer of blubber. She could go for a little more... Maybe just one more slice... Or two... or three...

“Um, like, maybe Alice will let me have another for free? I should totally ask...” Jen muttered as she heaved herself to her feet and then plopped her ass down hard onto the seat of her mobility scooter. It was only a couple hundred feet over to the Pizza-by-the-Pound kiosk, but, now that Jen actually HAD a mobility scooter, she intended to make full use of it. She nearly squealed out loud – a high-pitched noise that sounded as piggish as the girl who made it – as she contemplated a life where she never needed to walk again. How delightful! She shifted her ass in the seat, frowning as she found that she couldn’t adjust herself into any position where at

least half of her fat butt wasn't hanging over the edge. Oh well, what could ya do? Ignoring the lack of booty support, Jen grabbed the handle of the scooter to give it some gas and the vehicle sputtered to life. Jen slowly maneuvered it around and pattered it over to the Pizza-by-the-Pound counter, where Alice was waiting.

"Heeeey Alice!" gushed Jen as she approached the counter, pulling on the brake to her scooter and making the vehicle stop short. Her whole body sloshed as she gradually came to a stop.

Alice smiled. She was just as fat as Jen, although far less bottom-heavy. Alice was a belly gainer, which put a lot of strain on the seams of her work shirt and pants.

"I was wondering, like, do you think you could do me a solid? Like, I just had a pizza BUT I am, like, soooo hungry. Like, one pizza? I mean, for real? Is that really enough for a growing girl?" Jen grinned and patted her distended gut for emphasis; she really didn't care at all that she was growing so round and fat from overindulgence. She just loved eating too much to care! She was utterly shameless in her gluttony.

"Um, I'm afraid I can't spot you any more free pizza today, Jen," said Alice. "My manager's gonna start to notice and she's... kind of a bitch, ya know?"

Jen nodded. "Oh yeah, totally, I gotcha. I'll just, lie, buy another slice then." Jen reached into her top, fishing between her boobs until she found what she was looking for: her sweat-stained wallet. She quickly counted out some cash and slapped it on the counter.

"Like, gimmie another slice of pepperoni. No, make that two. Yeah, that's good."

As Alice cut some pizza, Jen continued to talk: "Like, your manager is Maggie, right?"

"Yup."

"Um, yeah, I was meeting here with Gloria, you know the new member of the cheer squad? Ya know he's Maggie's little sister!"

"Really? Ha, that's funny!"

"Laurie told me to train her and, like, I think she's got some real potential. She's really eager to get started!"

Alice smiled. "That's great, Jen."

"The meeting didn't go as long as I thought it would.... My mom made me bring my little sister Jesse along cuz she needed to do some shopping. Now I just gotta kill some time til Jesse finishes and gets back..."

"Hmm," said Alice.

"Are you okay, Alice? You're acting, like, weird..."

"Oh, nothing. It's nothing."

Jen crossed her arms across her chest. "Um, like, Alice, you are totally my bestie and I

can tell when something is bothering you. Like, I'm not dumb, ya know? Are you still worrying about that thing Jesse said?"

Alice bit her lip. "Um, maybe? I know it's dumb... but... I dunno why it just keeps playing in my head when I think of her..."

"Oh that thing that Jesse said about how, if you keep eating like this, one day you're gonna burst? That's so dumb. Like, I probably eat even more than you and, like, I'm still here!"

"Ummmm..."

"But, like, even if Jesse is right, so what?" Jen shrugged. "I, like, love to eat and, like, why should I deny myself? Like, I'm gonna live how I wanna. Jesse can, like, go screw herself! Like, think about it: She says that I'm gonna explode someday from eating too much. Like, so what? If that's true, like, so... I'm gonna explode anyway, so, like, I might as well enjoy the trip, ya know?"

Alice stared at the pizza slices on the counter in front of her, her eyes next flicking down at the grand, beachball-sized belly resting in her plush lap. Did she dare join Jen on this journey into absolute gluttony? Just give up all pretense of restraint and live life in complete surrender to constant, sinful indulgence? She was already way bigger than she had any right to be – over 500 pounds of pure, soft, heavy blubber insulating her teenage frame – but if she really let herself go... there was no telling how big she would get before the end. Was it really inevitable that she would just get bigger and bigger until she finally ate one bite too many and just burst?

"Like, c'mon, Alice, you should stop worrying so much," said Jen, a big grin on her wide round face. "Like, if I'm gonna bust, I wanna do it with my bestie!"

"I'm your bestie?"

"Sure! I mean, you and Laurie are my best friends... but, like, you're my less bitchy friend." Jen giggled and winked, squeezing Alice's hand in her own.

"Well...in that case..."

"Like, c'mon, Alice, enjoy yourself! Live a little! We totally deserve to have a little fun before we, like, ya know... totally burst."

Alice didn't honestly believe it was possible to explode from overeating, though, if that were going to happen to anyone, Alice and Jen were definitely prime candidates. Jen was such a total bimbo, though, that she seemed to believe it was something that could actually happen... and she was still totally unconcerned! She couldn't think about anything other than her immediate pleasure and, as long as the threat of detonation was somewhere in the nebulous distant future, she was happy to keep stuffing her fat face for as long as she could!

"Anyway, like, something to think about," said Jen as she plucked the pepperoni slice off the counter. "Thanks for the pizza!"

"Yeah... thanks, Jen."

"Like, besides, you know there are advantages to being big, right, Alice? I was just, like,

telling Gloria about how much Craig enjoys all these curves. Like, I gotta beat him with a stick or he'd, like, wanna make love allll day long! I mean, of course, he's always been horny for me, but, like, I swear our sex life just keeps getting' better the more this booty grows!"

She shifted her ass in the seat of her scooter, the small vehicle groaning under Jen's prodigious bulk. She wasn't anywhere near the scooter's official carrying capacity, but she was really putting it through its paces! The problem was that Jen wasn't just fat, she was also extraordinarily lazy... so she was using her scooter for much more than it was intended... She loved to plop her ever-expanding melon-sized cheeks onto the scooter for even a short trip to the bathroom or the refridgerator! The other two cheer blimps were slightly less prone to use their scooters for such minor treks, Alice because she was still slightly embarrassed to be seen on hers and Laurie because she was way too haughty to be caught slumming it like that!

"Like ohhh my Gawd, let me tell you," bubbled Jen, oblivious to Alice's discomfort as she chatted away about her supersized sex life. "After Craig comes over, he fucks me so hard that, like, I can barely walk! That boy is, like, an animal. It's a good thing I, like, just wear stretch pants these days cuz my fat pussy is so raw and tender afterwards that, like, I wouldn't be able to zip any pants! But, like, not like I'm complaining! Cuz damn, it's so good to get fucked good and hard, like, ya know?"

"Um... yeah. I kinda know what you mean. Tyler is the same way. He really likes me big and I've noticed that he definitely gets excited the bigger I am. You and Laurie are lucky, you store all your fat in the right places. I just keep everything here." Alice grabbed her sagging gut with both hands and shook the heavy load of blubber for emphasis. It was hanging out of her work shirt and, for once, she was glad that Maggie wasn't around. Her supervisor definitely would have read her the riot act if she had seen Alice busting out of her work uniform like this!

"Like, so what? You still look good. Everyone likes a big girl. Doesn't matter where she stores it, that just adds variety," said Jen, biting into her pizza and chewing vigorously. "Like Craig always says: It's just more cushion for the pushin'!"

"Yeah, I used to worry," said Alice, "But Tyler really seems to... like it? And... and..." Alice cleared her throat, a little embarrassed to say it out loud but emboldened by Jen's over-willingness to share. "When we have sex, Tyler has to help me move... I mean, I'm just too fat and heavy to do it on my own these days? But honestly... I kind of like it? I mean, I love when he has to lift my belly to enter me... It just feels so good to have his hands all over my body like that..."

Alice blushed at the memory of her last love making, remembering the sensation of Tyler's busy hands pressing into the butter-soft blubber of her big squishy belly, feeling her wobbling flesh ooze tightly between his fingers. She shook her head. Damn it, Alice! Focus! Don't think about that, not while you've got an audience! Alice's memory was starting to make her horny and she could feel herself starting to get wet inside her tight workpants. How embarrassing! She made a mental note, though, that she ought to call Tyler and invite him over when they were both off work... She wouldn't mind a little rendezvous!

"Yeah! Same!" squealed Jen. "Like I was telling Gloria, it totally drives me wild when Craig lifts up my ass during sex! Oh man, it just, like, makes me want to melt when my man shows some TLC to this big ol' booty."

As Jen bit into the slice again, dribbling molten cheese down her pudgy double chin,



Alice noticed a short plump figure carrying a plastic bag full of clothes walking toward them. It was Jen's little sister Jesse! Apparently, she was finally done with her clothes shopping... and by the disgusted look on her face, she was NOT happy to catch Jen stuffing her face like that!

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Jesse frowned as she caught sight of her older sister, hanging out by the counter of Pizza-by-the-Pound. Of course! Even though they lived together and Jesse had watched her sister slowly balloon over the course of the last year until she tipped the scales at over 500 pounds, Jesse sometimes still couldn't believe just how big Jen had grown! And, what was worse, Jen simply didn't seem to care! Right now, Jen was perched atop her scooter, her enormous rear spilling over the sides of the seat and over the hem of her over-burdened spandex leggings. How had Jen actually finagled her way into getting a mobility scooter? Wondered Jesse. It was absurd! Sure, Jen was definitely fat enough to qualify for a scooter, but really was it the wisest thing? What doctor would agree that Jen should be allowed to ride around and actually get less exercise? The small amount of waddling that Jen did around the house was probably the only exercise that she got at all and now she wouldn't even be getting that! Yet she was still gobbling calories just as fast as ever... Jesse shuddered to think about where this would all lead. She could only imagine a future where Jen's out-of-control appetite finally caught up with her and she blimped into a helpless, bed-bound blob! Jesse was not looking forward to that, especially because she had an awful feeling that her parents would press her into helping take care of her sister then... and probably help feed her too! Was there any doubt now as to why Jesse felt the need to constantly remind her sister of her burgeoning waistline with cutting remarks and sarcastic comments?

"Okay, fatso, I'm done," said Jesse, "Jeez, are you still eating? I thought you just said you were gonna meet with your friend Gloria..."

Jen hiccupped loudly, her bloated paunch bouncing in her lap. "Oh, yeah, we, like, finished early... so I was just having, like, a second lunch with Alice..."

"A second lunch?!" Jesse slapped her forehead. "You gotta be kidding me! You two never stop eating!"

Jen shrugged.

"I swear to God, one of these days you two are just gonna..."

"Like, what? Pop?" Jen chuckled at Jesse's stunned expression. "Like, so what? We're gonna enjoy ourselves while we can. And, like, if you don't like it, you can just keep your nasty opinions to yourself. Like, you need to stop bringing us down, Jesse!"

"Jen! I'm just saying it for your own good!"

"Well, like, you can just wait, Jesse. I'm busy with Alice right now."

“But...but...but...!”

“Not buts about it!” said Jen. Jesse couldn’t help but think how ironic it was to hear that phrase come out of Jen’s mouth. There was more than enough butt about her!.

## 87. Laurie & Jen

It was the aftermath 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-suppressed inner glutton. She didn't need to restrain herself! She could just stuff her greedy gullet to her heart's content. Her belly grew 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 seams 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 you'd like one more..."

The final chocolate proved to be the straw that broke the camel'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...

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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 jeeez, I can't hold back," wailed Jen. "Brace yourselves, girls! This blimp's gonna blow!"

"Ooooooh 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.

## 88. Lilith, Alice & Jen

Alice's mother watched as her daughter flopped down upon the couch, the force of her impact against the sofa cushions forcing a loud belch from Alice's overstuffed gut and out through her mouth. Alice had her striped polo shirt – ugh, horizontal stripes! So unflattering on a girl THAT wide! – tucked into the waistband of her cargo pants, so that Alice's mother could spy every fold and roll of her daughter's vast belly in stark relief through the fabric. Alice's dark navel made a visible cavern in the thin material.

Lilith grimaced. She had promised not to hassle Alice about her weight and she was working hard to live up to the promise; she recognized now how her incessant sniping about Alice's waistline only drove her daughter away. Worse, no matter what she said she just couldn't dissuade Alice from eating! Every sarcastic comment or nasty remark only made Alice seek more solace in food! Lilith was trying to restrain her sharp tongue but it wasn't easy when Alice made such an easy target... and she was becoming an easier target every day as her waistline expanded and her belly ballooned!

"Oops! Excuse me!" muttered Alice. She shifted her weight, trying to get comfortable on the low-slung sofa, but found it difficult. Alice's belly was so big these days that sitting was difficult for her. She had to lean back to give her lungs enough room to breathe; if she tried to sit upright, her belly filled all the space between her lap and her chest, pressing hard on her lungs and restricting her breathing. It was just yet another problem with being so remarkably fat, yet Alice regarded her breathing problems as little more than an annoyance rather than yet another warning sign that she needed to do something about her escalating weight!

"Haven't seen you in a while," said Alice's mother. "We live in the same house yet we're almost strangers."

"Uhhh... sorry, Mom, I've just been spending a lot of time over at Jen's house lately," said Alice. Unable to find a comfortable sitting position, the fat blond butterball threw her chubby legs up onto the couch and lay down, filling the whole seat. In this position, Ms. Grobauch could see her daughter's doughy belly rising like a mountain summit above her. As she moved, the hem of her polo shirt popped out of her pants and slipped up the arc of her tremendous belly, revealing her flabby paunch and sagging love handles. Sometimes Ms. Grobauch thought that Alice might be taller lying down than standing up!

Lilith needed a new tactic. And she thought she might have finally found something that would work.

She cleared her throat. "You know, Alice, I just ran into the most interesting woman at the grocery store today..."

"Hey, Mom, sorry to interrupt, do you think you could grab me the box of Oreos from the cabinet?"

Lilith stiffened. She didn't keep any junk food in this house anymore, since she just knew that Alice would gobble it all up.

"There aren't any Oreos in the cabinet."

"Oh, yes there are, I bought them yesterday."

Lilith grit her teeth. Being nicer to Alice was definitely NOT working! If being a snippy bitch only drove to make Alice eat more out of depression, being nice to her only seemed to give her permission to indulge her worst impulses out of comfort and laziness. Nevertheless, this wasn't the time to make a fuss. Lilith silently retrieved the box of Oreos and handed them to her daughter.

"Anyway, I met this woman at the store today and we started talking. She's a behavioral therapist, do you know what that is, Alice?"

"Nuh uh," mumbled Alice through cheeks stuffed with greasy cookies. The half-empty Oreo box was balanced on the summit of her swollen gut.

"She's someone who works with girls who need to, uh, change their behaviors. And apparently she specializes in weight problems..."

"Mooom," whined Alice. "I thought you promised you weren't gonna hassle me about my weight anymore!" She popped another cookie into her mouth, oblivious to the irony. Lilith frowned. She couldn't fathom how Alice could eat that much! Another Oreo went into her mouth and Lilith grimaced again. God, what a greedy little fatty! The way that Alice stuffed her pudgy face with complete abandon, Lilith sometimes felt like she could see her daughter getting fatter by the minute. Sometimes she felt like she could hear her stitches squealing under the pressure of Alice's growing gut or hearing the imperceptible hiss of Alice's body inflating with fresh new blubber.... But of course that was ridiculous. That wasn't real! Right?

"Oh of course, sweetie," said Lilith. She had promised that, true. And, ever since her dream in which she imagined herself as big as her daughter, Lilith had tried her best to sympathize with her monstrously obese daughter and not give her any guff about her continuously increasing size. But this was different.

"I've been to dieticians before," said Alice. "None of them work." She waved her hands in front of her body as if to draw her mother's attention to the evidence of all those dieticians' failures: her own corpulence.

"This is a counselor," said Lilith. "It's different. I met her when I was at the grocery store and she... specializes in cases like you. She isn't going to give you a big lecture about nutrition, she looks more at the... psychological issues with weight. Sweetie, she seems really smart. I just thought that maybe she might be someone who could help you... Could you just see her once? For me? If you don't like it, I promise I won't make you ever go back."

Alice rolled over on the couch, grunting with the effort.

Lilith sighed. "Okay Alice... so I know that your grandmother told you that I... used to be chubby myself."

Alice froze. That was true; on her last visit, Alice's grandmother had revealed that Lilith was also quite hefty when she was a teen. It was something that Lilith had never admitted herself to her daughter.

"Yeah..." said Alice. "Why... why didn't you ever tell me that, Mom?"

Lilith grimaced. "I don't know, sweetie... maybe I was afraid that if you knew I used to be fat it would encourage you to... indulge in bad habits. Maybe I thought that you would just assume you were destined to be fat because it was in your genes. But sweetie, I want you to know... it's NOT your destiny. I was pudgy but I worked hard to slim down and I know you can too if you just put your mind to it."

Ugh, hard work. That was the LAST thing that Alice wanted to hear! She was almost as naturally lazy as she was gluttonous, so the idea that she should have to work hard to slim down through diet and exercise was hardly enticing to her. She thought back to her conversation with Jen the other day, wherein her pear-shaped friend had admonished her to stop caring about her weight and instead surrender herself entirely to the joys of eating.

Jen already clearly didn't care about her weight. She never saw Jen without some item of fattening food in her hands and Jen absolutely reveled in her decision to eat whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. She recalled Jen's words after Jen's little sister Jesse had criticized her growing appetite: "I, like, love to eat and, like, why should I deny myself? Like, I'm gonna live how I wanna. Jesse can, like, go screw herself! Like, think about it: She says that I'm gonna explode someday from eating too much. Like, so what? If that's true, like, so... I'm gonna explode anyway, so, like, I might as well enjoy the trip, ya know?"

Lilith touched Alice on the shoulder. "You know, part of my work to slim down was actually behavior therapy..."

Alice looked up. "What?"

"I had some trouble with... eating," said Lilith. "Sometimes I felt like I just couldn't stop and that, if they let me, I might just eat the whole world."

Alice struggled to sit up, her blue eyes wide, her gut bunching into several thick jelly rolls.

"What?! OMG me too! That's exactly how I feel, Mom!"

"Well, behavior therapy helped me to get over that," said Lilith. "It helped me to recognize my bad eating habits and understand why I did them. Along with diet and exercise, it helped me a lot."

Alice sighed wearily. "Ugh! Well... I guess I could do it ONE time..."

Lilith gave her daughter a reassuring kiss on the forehead. "That's my girl. And remember what I said. Just one time. I promise I won't make you go a second time if you don't want to."

"Yeah yeah, ok Mom." Alice grumbled. She was highly suspicious, but... well, what harm could one time do? Maybe this therapist could actually help Alice. If Lilith had gone through a



similar experience, then who knows? Maybe it could help Alice too! She doubted it but... well.... Hope springs eternal.

Alice popped another Oreo into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully.

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The sign on the door read “Dr. Janet Shaw, Behavioral Therapist.”

Alice sighed wearily. She couldn’t believe her mother was really gonna make her go through with this. She inhaled deeply. Just remember. It’s only one time. Then she’d never have to do it again.

Alice knocked on the door timidly.

“Come in!” came a sing-songy voice from within.

Alice cracked open the door and poked her head in. “Hello? Dr. Shaw?”

Dr. Shaw was a plump woman in her late 30s with a short blonde bob haircut and professional-looking half-moon spectacles. Alice couldn’t help but think that Dr. Shaw looked a little bit like her, just older and slimmer. Still, the fact that Dr. Shaw was rather chubby herself made Alice instantly feel that the doctor was trustworthy.

Dr. Shaw smiled. “Ah, you must be Alice Grobauch. Please, Alice, take a seat. And you don’t need to call me Dr. Shaw. That’s so formal! You can call me Janet.”

Across the small clean office from Dr. Shaw’s desk and chair was a wide, low fainting couch. Alice plopped into the couch across from the doctor with a heavy sigh.

“Now what can I do for you today, Alice?”

“Ummmm.... My mom said I should come because, um, I kinda have... a little problem with my... weight.”

“Hmm,” said Dr. Shaw. “And why do you think that is?”

Alice squirmed in her seat. Her pudgy fingers played with the hem of her frayed polo shirt and Dr. Shaw could see the intent of the blubbery blonde’s belly button through the tightly stretched material. This girl was BIG.

“Well, I just.... I...” On the spot, Alice struggled to find the words to explain that it was entirely because she ate like a greedy pig without admitting that it was because she ate like a greedy pig.

“How often do you think about food, Alice?”

“Um... the normal amount?” Alice gulped. How could she admit the embarrassing truth?

That she thought about food constantly? Even now, Alice was mentally counting down the seconds to the minute and the minutes to the hour... dreaming about the moment that this therapy session would be over and she could waddle her fat ass out the door and down to the nearest bakery or fast food restaurant to get herself a much-needed snack.

She must have been dreaming of food a little too intently, though, because her stomach suddenly growled loudly. Her eyes flicked down to her middle and Alice suddenly realized that her flabby gut was hanging out of her shirt. She quickly grabbed the hem of her polo and pulled it back down, desperately trying to tuck it under her belly and into the waistband of her pants.

"It sounds like you're thinking about food right now," said Dr. Shaw. "Is that the case, Alice?"

"I...I...I... yes, ma'am." Alice gulped. "It's not my fault, though! It's just that, well, I get so hungry! I mean, I need to eat. Is that so weird? I just.... I just... you know..."

Alice sagged down into her seat. "Oh my gosh, Dr. Shaw, I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm just hungry all the time and I can never stop eating! If there's food around, I just HAVE to eat and eat and eat until I'm ready to burst... Sometimes I feel like, if no one was around to stop me, I'd just keep eating until I ate the whole world! What's wrong with me?"

"I think, Alice, that you might have a problem with compulsive eating," said Dr. Shaw. "Do you think that might be an issue for you?"

"Uhhh..." Alice stammered. She had all but confessed that, in fact, compulsive overeating was EXACTLY her problem... but she was reluctant to say the words out loud as if that would give them power over her. "I dunno... I read once that weight could be a gland problem? I mean, maybe I have a problem with my glands?"

Dr. Shaw put a sympathetic hand on Alice's knee. "Now, Alice, you didn't get to be over 500 pounds because of your glands, did you?"

Alice could feel her plump cheeks going pink. "I... No, I guess not..."

Alice nodded dumbly. She felt so conflicted. Only the other day her conversation with Jen, during which her fat pear-shaped friend had encouraged Alice to join her in losing herself to complete gluttony, had seemed so right. She knew that she could never fight her own ravenous appetite, so why shouldn't she stop worrying and learn to enjoy herself? But now her mother and Dr. Shaw were showing her that maybe, just maybe there was an alternative. Which way should she choose?

"Hmm.. do you have any close friends, Alice?"

"Y-yes. Jen and Laurie, they're on the cheer squad with me."

Dr. Shaw tried to contain her surprise. "The cheer squad?"

"Oh yeah... I'm a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High."

Dr. Shaw could barely believe that a 500 pound girl who could barely walk without breaking a sweat would be a cheerleader. She doubted that Alice could do much cheering at all;

any physical exertion was enough to knock this tubby glutton on her ass for the rest of the day!

“Now these friends of yours... Laurie? Jen? You say that they’re also pretty big?”

Alice nodded.

“As big as you?”

“Uhhhh... about? Well... Laurie’s actually about... 600 pounds now.”

Dr. Shaw nearly fell out of her chair in shock. 600 pounds!?! Jesus Christ! What was going on at that school?

“Alice, I think that we can help you. I run a support group for girls with...well, your problem. We meet every week to talk about our struggles and give each other support in trying to deal with food. I think that could do you some good. Is that something you might like to join?”

“Oh I dunno... I don’t think that’s really for me.” Alice placed her hands against the couch cushions and struggled to heave herself back to her feet with a loud grunt. “I have to be honest, I don’t think that there’s anything you can do to help me. I’ve tried everything already and I just keep getting fatter...”

Alice remembered her conversation with Jen, about Jen’s invitation to stop worrying about her waistline and join her in endless happy gluttony. It did sound tempting! With a boyfriend who enjoyed Alice’s larger size and friends who accepted her expansion, Alice was finding it harder to worry about the consequences of her greed.

Dr. Shaw nodded. “I understand, Alice. But, before you leave, could I show you something? Something that might affect your decision?”

Alice hesitated. “What is it?”

Dr. Shaw reached into her purse and pulled out a small 2 x 2 photograph, and handed it over to Alice. Alice squinted at the image. It was a portrait photo of a girl, a hugely fat girl, with a round face ringed by chubby cheeks and a thick double chin. Her face was so fat that it melded into her body, enveloping her neck. Her arms were thick and her large breasts rested atop the shelf of a protruding gut. But there was something about that shy smile and that blonde bob haircut that looked familiar...

“Dr. Shaw? This is you? You used to be fat?”

Dr. Shaw nodded. “Yes, Alice. I wasn’t that different from you when I was your age. I just couldn’t stop eating and sometimes it seemed like eating was the only pleasure in life. You can see where that got me. I was probably topping 500 pounds by the time I was in college.”

“Oh my gosh! That’s almost as big as me!”

“Yes. It took a long time and a lot of work, but eventually I was able to get my eating and my weight under control. Of course, I’ll never be thin. I can’t promise you that you’ll ever be thin either, Alice. Some of us just weren’t built to be thin. But I think that maybe you’ll be able to get some control back in your life. What do you say, Alice? Do you still think that our support group

isn't for you?"

"Okay... I guess I could give it a try."

Dr. Shaw smiled. "I'm glad you decided to join us, Alice. I think you'll get what you need."

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"C'mon, Gloria! Work those buns! Keep it up!" cried Jen. Gloria had asked her for help in sculpting her chunky butt into a masterpiece of ass like Jen's, and Jen wasn't wasting any time in getting to work!

"I...I didn't think it would take this much work!" wheezed Gloria as she bent her knees for yet another squat.

"Anyone can have a big ass," said Jen sagely, "But it takes a lot of hard work to keep an ass this big looking this good!"

"I've been doing squats for hours," whined Gloria, "Can't I stop?"

"Alright, that's, like, enough for now," said Jen. "Just remember: I want you to do at least a dozen squats every evening! And, like, a dozen in the morning!" She suddenly grabbed at Gloria's ass, her fingers squeezing into Gloria's soft flesh so deeply that Gloria yelped at the sharp, hard sensation of her fatter teammate's long manicured nails pressing into her fat.

"Like, this is a good start, but you're gonna have to work hard if you want to get, like, anywhere near my level. Have you been following my meal plan?"

"Uhhh... sure." In reality, Gloria wasn't STRICTLY following Jen's meal instructions because, while Jen was certainly enthusiastic about her plan, she was still a mega-dimbulb and Gloria strongly suspected that Jen had just googled "diet for weight gain" on the web and printed out random results without checking them first. Her instructions wanted Gloria to guzzle cooking oil, for goodness sake! Gloria felt free to ignore that particular dictate, though she didn't mind following Jen's instructions to gorge on pizza and burgers. That was EXACTLY what she was doing, having eaten a big meal of leftover pizza from her sister's work before she came over to see Jen. Gloria could feel the big meal sitting in her stomach like a lead weight, bouncing with every practiced squat and making her tummy bulge through the fabric of her cheer uniform. Right now, Gloria suspected that her tummy was more prominent than her bottom! But she hoped that Jen's training would soon rectify that.

Still, she didn't like all this attention to butt-enhancing exercises! In fact, Gloria had hoped that overeating would really be the extent of the training needed... she was kind of disappointed to realize that she'd also have to work out! Squats were hard.

"Let's measure you," said Jen, snapping the tape measure between her hands and

grinning wickedly at Gloria. “And then, like, we’ll be able to chart your progress. “Okay, girl! Stand up straight and stick out those buns!”

Gloria did as she commanded, straightening her spine, throwing back her shoulders, and puffing out her chest. In this position, her ample rear naturally bulged out behind her, forming a modest but noticeable shelf. She held still as she felt Jen loop the tape measure around her thighs and backside, pulling it tight so that she could get an accurate reading.

“Hmm, 20 inches? Like, that’s not even half as big around as me!”

“Oh come on!” snapped Gloria. “You gotta admit that’s pretty big!” She felt like an idiot the moment that the words were out of her mouth. No matter how big she felt like her butt was, it was downright flat compared to Jen’s massive monster of a prodigiously porky posterior.

That was just it... Gloria always thought that her butt was, well, a little heavy. She was always aware of how it tested the seat on her pants when she sat down, how the bulge behind her made it harder to zipper her jeans, how it tugged at her panties. But Gloria’s backside only seemed to loom large in her own mind! She always hoped that it would get boys to whistle at her when she walked by, but they never noticed. Then again, if they did whistle, Gloria was certain that they would only laugh when she turned around and they saw her coke-bottle glasses, frizzy hair, and pimple-studded face. Poor Gloria! Everything about Jen, from her perfect skin to her lustrous hair to her ample curves, was so desirable, so plush, so girly and sexy and feminine! It was EXACTLY what Gloria wanted in her own life. She was so excited to think that Jen was going to share her secrets with her! Jen had already promised to help fix Gloria’s hair and complexion, but her butt... that would be the biggest challenge of all! If Gloria could have an ass even approaching Jen’s in thickness, then people would REALLY pay attention to her!

“So uh... how big are, uh, you?” asked Gloria. She couldn’t help but stare as Jen folded up the tape measure and bent over to stash it in a drawer; Jen’s obscenely humongous rump billowed behind her like two inflated weather balloons jostling for room within the confines of her spandex spanky pants. Her ass crack was swallowing up her shorts, which slipped further between her boulder-sized cheeks every time that she shifted her weight. A whole lot of ass was on display now, since her short pleated cheer skirt was doing a really pathetic job of providing coverage. More and more material was clenched between those greedy cheeks, so that both her spandex shorts and the cotton panties beneath them were turning into thong undies. It was a huge contrast to Gloria, whose admittedly thick bottom could at least comfortably fit into her skirt and spanky pants so that she wasn’t constantly giving the world a free peep show!

“Uhhh... I better, like, not say,” said Jen, straightening up and adjusting her skirt. It didn’t do much good, the lower three quarters of her big pink derriere was still on display. “Like, you might get jealous.”

“What? C’mon, like, you gotta tell me now!” Jen’s ass was way bigger than any ass Gloria had ever seen! She couldn’t even hazard a guess as to how big it could be!

“Okay... like, last time I measured I was, like, 70 inches?”

“70 inches?! No way!” Gloria’s jaw dropped. Could Jen really be 70 inches around? That would give her one of the single most gigantic asses in... in the world!? It was unbelievable! Then again, just looking at Jen, Gloria could tell that her rear was so wide and deep that she

must have trouble squeezing through most doorways. Was it really so unbelievable to think that she had a full 70 inches of wobbling, shifting blubber behind her?

“Like, that was a little while ago though,” said Jen thoughtfully. “And, like, I haven’t reeeeeeally been watching my waistline like I should. I guess I might have gained a little since then, though.”

Gloria was flabbergasted. She tried to imagine herself with an ass that big! Could Jen’s training actually pump up her butt until she was as bountifully bootilicious as Jen with a full 70 inches of soft, creamy flab jiggling around behind her?

“Now, like, I’m gonna show you my secret weapon,” said Jen. She pulled open a drawer under the sink and rummaged through it until she found what she needed: a jar of anti-cellulite cream.

“Anti-cellulite cream?” said Gloria in disbelief. “But, Jen, you don’t have cellulite! Your butt is amazingly smooth!” Gloria blushed as soon as the words were out of her mouth.

Jen tapped her nose conspiratorially. “Like, duh! Of course I don’t have cellulite! Cuz this stuff works! Like, I may have the best butt in school, but it’s always good to have a little help!” She grinned and patted her swollen tush affectionately, watching as the soft blubber wobbled in response.

“Okay, Gloria, like, as long as you’re here, you can help me out. Like, a girl as thick as me sometimes has, uh, like trouble reaching?”

“You want me to put this cream on your butt?”

“Yeah, like nothing weird or anything! Just like, rub it in! It’ll be good practice, so, like, you can see what you need to do to make it work for you when you do it.”

Jen tugged at the vast waistband of her stretch pants, pulling them down and over her globular butt cheeks. Gloria was amazed. First, she couldn’t believe that Jen was basically mooning her! Second, she couldn’t believe that Jen’s rump looked even BIGGER when it was naked!

Jen grunted as she lowered herself to the floor, her overloaded limbs creaking with the movement. When she was facedown on the floor, Gloria noted that Jen’s mountainous rear towered above the prone fatso so high that Gloria didn’t even need to bend down to reach it. She scooped a handful of cream out of her jar with one hand and tentatively let it fall on the summit of Jen’s left butt cheek.

“’s cold,” mumbled Jen. “Like, don’t just leave it like that, Gloria! You gotta really massage it into the flesh for it to work!”

“Um... okay.” Gloria nervously placed her hands on Jen’s rear and started to massage the cream into Jen’s skin. It was hard work! There was so much butt that it took both hands just to work one cheek!

“C’mon, butter those buns,” commanded Jen.

“I’m trying my best!” said Gloria as she slapped another handful of cream down. Jen’s boulder-sized buttock was just too big! There was barely enough cream for one cheek, let alone her whole ass!

Jen seemed to anticipate the problem. “Like, that’s not gonna be enough to do my whole butt, though. Like, I always use one jar per cheek, so, like, you can find another jar in the cabinet for the right side.”

“You use... two jars of anti-cellulite cream... everyday?” Gloria was shocked. That had to get expensive fast! But Jen’s massively outsized booty required a lot of maintenance!

“Mmm,” Jen sighed in contentment as her pudgy protege slowly kneaded the cool anti-cellulite cream into the soft flesh of her giant rear. Jen made sure to slather her big fat behind with anti-cellulite cream every morning – in fact, her butt was so big these days that she went through two jars a day, one for each cheek! But there was something soooooo relaxing about letting someone else do all the hard work of massaging her plump rump while she lay in bed like a lazy blob. A girl could get used to this treatment! Sometimes she had Craig do this for her, but her boyfriend couldn’t ALWAYS be around. But if she could convince Gloria that this was a vital part of her training, then Jen could live in butt massage city! And that sounded pretty sweet to her. She smiled as she closed her eyes, lulled into a pleasant trance by the feeling of strong hands kneading her soft, pliable butt blubber. Once she got that blubber moving, it was like an ocean! It rippled and quivered under her fingers like a massive balloon filled with gelatin... or rather TWO massive balloons filled with gelatin! Gloria bit her lip as she thought about a future where her own backside could be this big and soft and squishy, where she was the one who needed to use two jars of anti-cellulite cream every day! Damn, why stop there? What if she got so thick and bountiful and bootilicious that her ponderously pudgy pear needed THREE jars of cream? Or four?? Eventually she would be using so much cream that the company should just hire her as a spokeswoman! What a delightful dream!

Gloria didn’t know how long she could keep this up! Her arms were already cramping from the strain of pushing into all that soft, squishy fat and it seemed like there was no end! She hadn’t even finished one cheek! She grimaced as she slapped more cream down, marveling at the oily greasy sheen left behind as she massaged the cream into Jen’s bottom... it made Jen’s fat cheeks as shiny and reflective as two massive glass globes! Gloria, however, was determined not to give up. If this is what she needed to do to stay on Jen’s good side and keep up with the rump-plumpin’ training that Jen promised... well, then that was just what she would have to do!

Jen smirked again, sighing happily. Everything was going just exactly according to plan for her! What a way to live!

## 89. Alice & Jen

“Hello? Is this the overeaters support group?” asked Alice as she timidly knocked on the open door. She didn’t know why she needed to ask. It was obviously the right place, because every girl in the room was substantially overweight! The slimmest person here was Dr. Shaw herself, seated across the room at the far end from the door.

Alice gulped nervously. She half-regretted agreeing to come to this meeting. But her mother had insisted that she attend at least one therapy session with Dr. Shaw, in hopes that the therapist would be able to help Alice understand her compulsive need to overeat. And Dr. Shaw had sold her on the idea of coming to a group therapy session. Alice truly didn’t relish the idea of hanging out with a bunch of self-loathing fat girls to talk about how unhappy they were with their bodies. While Alice herself certainly had her hang-ups about her size, she was gradually coming to accept herself as she crested over 500 pounds. Her boyfriend Tyler liked her extra fluff and her friend Jen, who was also over 500 pounds and probably the most comfortable she ever was in her body, encouraged Alice to stop worrying about her waistline and just start enjoying herself. Still, Alice couldn’t quite get over the nagging feeling that maybe she should be concerned about her constant expansion. And if Dr. Shaw’s group could at least help her to stop ballooning... well, that would be good!

“Of course, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw. “Please, come in and take a seat!”

The other girls stared in awe as Alice maneuvered her wide, blubbery hips through the doorway. Each one of them had to deal with self-esteem issues regarding her weight, but all of them felt positively svelte at this moment as they watched this absolute behemoth enter the room, pausing slightly at the threshold of the door to maneuver her wide hips through the entryway. Alice was positively ginormous, so vast that every thudding step made her entire body jiggle and shift like a blubber-filled balloon.

“Phew!” Alice couldn’t help but sigh in relief as she dropped onto the couch, her vast bottom nearly filling the entire space. She was sweating heavily from her walk, her chest heaving with her heavy breathing so that the hem of her polo shirt popped out of her pants and slid up over her bulging belly.

“Welcome to our support group, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw. “I’d like to introduce you to the other girls. This is Jody over here.”

A short tubby brunette with her long hair pulled back into a ponytail, dressed in a white button-down blouse and a stylish miniskirt cinched at the waist by a leather belt, sat in the corner. She was big with a prominent gut, but looked positively wispy next to Alice.

“Hi, Alice,” said Jody.

“And this is Kayla,” continued Dr. Shaw.



Kayla nodded. She was a thick-set black girl with an overfilled hourglass figure – large breasts, hefty thighs, thick legs – crammed into a baby blue track suit.

Dr. Shaw went around the circle, introducing each girl in turn. Alice barely heard a word, though, because, as she looked around the room, her mind was filled by one terrible, undeniable fact.

“Oh no,” mumbled Alice. “I’m the fattest girl here.”

It was absurd that she thought it would be any other way; at over 500 pounds – more than a quarter ton of blubber – Alice was almost always the heaviest girl anywhere she went. But she was so used to hanging out with her equally porky pals Jen and Laurie that she had somehow managed to deceive herself into thinking... maybe she wouldn’t be the biggest one in the support group.

“Jody was just telling us about how she was dealing with temptation. Why don’t you finish, Jody?” said Dr. Shaw.

“R-right,” muttered Jody. She was so completely shocked at Alice’s size that she had completely lost her train of thought! “Well, I, uh, my family threw a party this weekend for my little brother’s birthday. So, of course, there was...uh... cake. And I knew that I shouldn’t eat any, but... um...” She trailed off, her plump cheeks going red.

Dr. Shaw patted her hand reassuringly. “There, there, Jody, don’t be ashamed. We’re not here to judge, remember? We’re here to be supportive.”

“Well... I had a couple slices. I thought maybe one would be okay... but then I had to have another... I mean, two slices isn’t that bad, right?”

A sudden loud gurgling sound made all heads turn to Alice. Alice blushed furiously.

“S-sorry! It’s just all this talk of cake... I mean, I haven’t eaten since lunch so I’m a little puckish.”

Jody blinked. “But it’s... 1:00 pm?”

“Oh, right,” said Alice.

Jody blinked again. Was she hearing right? Surely Alice couldn’t just be saying that she wasn’t able to go for a full hour without food? Jody often thought that she had trouble resisting her own appetite, but at least she could wait more than an hour if she really put her mind to it!

“Er, just out of morbid curiosity, what kind of cake was it?”

“What? Oh, chocolate fudge.”

“OMG I looove chocolate fudge!” squealed Alice, licking her lips in anticipation. Her belly growled again, making her blush even deeper. “Oops! Sorry, haha. I forgot myself.”

“You don’t have to apologize, Alice,” repeated Dr. Shaw. “Remember, we’re not here to shame anyone. We’re here to help each other with our addictions to food.”

“Hmm.” Alice wasn’t paying attention at all; her imagination was drifting, focused on Dr. Shaw’s mention of food.

Jody stared at Alice. At 200 pounds, Jody was the biggest girl in the group and she was always acutely aware of her size. The shortstack brunette was, like Alice, a belly gainer; her modest breasts and wide hips received their share of her weight but most of her extra poundage concentrated into a pudgy paunch that sagged over her belt and the waistband of her denim shorts. For once, though, Jody actually felt.... Thin! It was nearly impossible to be in the same room with Alice and NOT feel thin! Jody couldn’t help but feel that her own extra weight was completely insignificant when there were people as big as Alice in the world. In fact, she almost felt like she might as well give up on trying to lose weight. She was just fine the way she was, right? I mean, it’s not like she was SUPER OBESE like some people she could name...

“Since you’re our newest member, maybe you’d like to tell us about yourself, Alice?” said Dr. Shaw.

“Huh? What? Me? Oh...er...” Alice snapped out of her daydream. “Um, there’s not too much to tell. I’ve always been a little, uh, chunky, but just this last year I really started to just... blow up. I don’t know what’s come over me. I mean, it’s like I’ve just lost complete control over my appetite. I eat everything in sight!”

Jody and Kayla nodded. They knew that feeling well!

“Has anything changed in the last year that might explain this?” asked Dr. Shaw.

“Um.... I don’t think so? My mom has always been on my back about my weight, but she’s really giving me grief now. Well, not anymore, she promised to lay off and she mostly has...”

Alice gulped. Deep down, she knew that there were LOTS of reasons for her sudden gain: Tyler’s encouragement, the free food at her afterschool job at Pizza-by-the-Pound, her weekly gorging sessions at the sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, her decreasing activity on the cheer squad...

“I don’t know why I keep gaining!” said Alice. She hoped that no one guessed she was lying. “I mean, I don’t eat that much and I get plenty of exercise... well, some exercise. I’m a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High so I think I get enough!”

Jody exchanged glances with Kayla.

“You’re a... cheerleader?” said Kayla dubiously. “Really, honey?”

“Yeah, I am!” said Alice.

“No offense, sweetie, but aren’t you a little... big to do cartwheels?”

Alice was at a loss for words. “I...I...”

“Do they make cheer uniforms big enough for you?” continued Kayla.

“That’s enough, Kayla!” snapped Dr. Shaw.

"No, she's right," sighed Alice. "The truth is, I haven't done any real cheering in, like, at least a year. My captain Laurie benched me and I've just... been on the bench ever since."

"Well, that might be part of the puzzle," said Dr. Shaw. "But surely that's not the only issue. Is there anything else that you can think of that might help explain your situation?"

"I guess also... well, my boyfriend also likes me big... so maybe that's part of it too?"

Jody's jaw dropped. "You have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah, Tyler and I have been dating for a while. He's always been really supportive about my weight. At first I thought that he was just tolerating me being so big, but, well, now I know that he actually likes me being so big."

"You're kidding!" Jody's eyes bugged out of her head. She was absolutely flabbergasted!

"Damn," said Kayla. "Wish I could find me a man like that!" She looked down at her own ample figure testing the bounds of her blue track suit.

"I...I guess I'm kinda lucky that way," said Alice. She paused. She really was lucky! She had been with Tyler for almost a year and she sometimes forgot that they hadn't always been together. She remembered her former boyfriend Chris and how much he had negged her for her size, how on her recent meeting with him he had suddenly tried to hit on her. That was a man who had no respect for women! But Tyler was different and Alice felt so lucky to be with him. She reminded herself that she shouldn't take that for granted. She smiled. She already felt like being in this group was doing her some good!

Jody and Kayla exchanged glances. Both girls felt suddenly svelte now that they had Alice to compare themselves to. And while that made them both feel a new confidence in themselves, it was also a dangerous thing for two girls so easily given to overeating to suddenly feel like they weren't actually that fat.

In short, Dr. Shaw's therapy group looked like it was about to get a whole lot more interesting.

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"Okay, so, like, Gloria, here's the plan: I need you to order 5 extra large pizzas. 2 with pepperoni, 2 with Canadian bacon, 1 with mushrooms..."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's going on here, Jen?" Gloria raised a quizzical eyebrow. "How is this part of my training?"

"What? Um... well, as a cheerleader, it's really important that you... uh.... Know how to order pizza? Like, you know, after a game, we'll sometimes celebrate, right? So, like, you gotta know how to do that."

Gloria made a skeptical face. She didn't believe Jen for a second. It didn't help that Jen

was a terrible liar, but even a good liar would have a hard time making this ridiculous story sound plausible.

Gloria was finding that her “training” wasn’t anything like she had expected. Not that she was complaining! For years, Gloria had dreamed of being a cheerleader. Not, thanks to a Faustian bargain between her big sister Maggie and the cheer captain Laurie, Gloria was actually on the squad as a cheerleader-in-training. Of course, since her official mentor on the squad was none other than team co-captain Jen Sarovy, a dumb fat bottom-heavy bimbo whose ditziness was matched only by the width of her colossally chubby caboose, her training regimen was extremely irregular. Jen had made it her mission to turn ultra-nerd Gloria, with her thick glasses, frizzy hair and bad acne, into a stunning cheer goddess. That meant a whole new skin care regime, it meant contacts, and, above all, it meant a lot of special attention to that one body part that both Jen and Gloria luckily agreed was the most important aspect of a cheerleader’s look: The butt. Gloria already had a hefty badonk of her own, but it was nothing compared to Jen’s door-plugging derriere. Jen was so wide that she could fill a whole couch all by herself! But Gloria was determined that she was going to match her mentor by the end of her training...

“Okay, so, like, the truth is... Alice told me that, at Pizza-by-the-Pound, if someone orders a pizza and then they don’t come in to pick it up...? That then they’ll actually just let the employees have it!”

Gloria nodded, instantly understanding Jen’s reasoning. It wasn’t hard to figure out. Gloria had watched Jen eat and she knew that her fat mentor had a bottomless appetite for salty, greasy treats.

“Ohhh... so I think I see the plan,” said Gloria. “I call in the order, we don’t pick it up, then Alice puts it aside and you pick it up on the sly?”

Jen nodded enthusiastically, her chubby double chin wobbling. “Yeah! Like, you got it!”

“And Alice is okay with this?”

“Ummm.... Well, I haven’t actually told Alice. Like, you know how she is. She’s, like, too honest. She’d probably spill the beans to your sister! No offense. But I figure, we just conveniently show up and, oh look! There’s all these extra pizzas! Like, I know Alice will be happy to share.”

Gloria grinned. Honestly, she kind of liked this plan. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her sister’s face when Maggie found the restaurant out five whole pizzas! Sure, maybe Gloria owed her sister some gratitude for getting her on the cheer squad... but that didn’t change the fact that her sister was a huge bitch who nagged her way too much!

“Okay, okay, I’ll make the call... on one condition.”

“Um, like, what’s that?”

Gloria smirked. “You have to share some of that pizza with me.” She absently rubbed her palms against her backside, squeezing her fingers lightly into the spongy flesh and smiling to herself at the sensation. Yup, she was definitely a little rounder back there; she could feel the new chub through the spandex fabric of her spanky pants. Jen’s training – constant squats, constant applications of anti-cellulite cream, and most importantly constant snacking – was

starting to show results. But there was still a long way to go! And a big cheesy, greasy pizza would definitely help her along.

Jen grinned widely. "Like, you're a girl after my own heart. It's a deal! So, like, pick up the phone and let's get started!"

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At work, Alice was lost in thought when Maggie put in the order for 5 extra large pizzas.

"This is a big order," said Maggie, "And they're gonna pick it up in an hour so we have to be ready. Can I count on you, Alice?"

"Oh, um, sure! Of course!" Alice snapped to attention, her protruding gut slapping against the counter. Maggie grimaced. What she was really asking was: Can I count on you NOT to eat the pizzas that you're supposed to be preparing for these customers? But she didn't say it out loud.

"Okay, time to work! No snacking now!" Alice mumbled to herself as she set to work rolling the dough for the pizza crust. It was hard work for a girl as flabby as Alice; she had to be careful not to get flour all over her arm fat and the constant rhythmic motion of flattening the dough was extremely tiring for the feminine fatso. She was breaking a sweat and she was barely even moving!

All the while, Alice's thoughts strayed back to her meeting with the overeaters support group. Her mind was ablaze with all sorts of contrary thoughts. Could they help her stop gaining? What would Tyler think of that? She knew that he liked her bigger body, but would he be upset if Alice stopped getting bigger? Surely he would support her, right? After all, if she kept growing at this rate... by the end of the year, they'd have to roll her to school! Then again, she couldn't help thinking about what Jen had said to her on their last meeting. Jen had given up worrying about her weight and had decided to dedicate herself to pure hedonism, sating her appetite without any thought for the inevitable consequences! That sounded inviting... but could Alice ever do that? She was just so confused!

Her thoughts were interrupted by her titanic tummy growling. The blonde blimpette paused, wiping her sweaty forehead with one thick arm. God, being around pizza all day just made her so hungry! But one thing was for sure... her one visit to Dr. Shaw's support group had taught her some simple techniques for practicing willpower around food. Now was the perfect time to try them out!

"I'm not hungry," Alice told herself, steadfastly ignoring the fact that her mouth was watering. "I don't need to eat. I just need to finish this job. Besides... I'm sure they'll notice if I eat any of their pizza..."

Little did Alice know that the person who had called in for the pizzas was Gloria, disguising her voice on the phone. And she had no clue at all that Gloria had done it at the behest of Alice's good friend Jen!

Unfortunately, brilliant Jen's plan quickly ran into several snags.

The first of which was that she had to make a stop along her way to pick up the pizza. Who could blame her? The thought of all that tasty pizza was making her ravenously hungry, so she just had to pull into a drive-thru to get herself a snack. She picked up a monster chimichanga at The Taco Shack (To Jen, this counted as just a snack.) and was happily munching away, chimichanga in one hand, steering wheel in the other, beans and cheese falling down her cleavage, as she drove. The next issue was parking. There was plenty of parking in the mall parking lot, of course, but most of it required walking a short distance and Jen was far too lazy to do that. Even knowing that she could just park her colossal butt on her scooter and ride the whole journey into the mall, Jen was reluctant to park too far away from the entrance. So she ended up driving in circles for twenty minutes, wasting time and gas because she was far too ditzy to realize that indulging her laziest impulses was pointless. Eventually, Jen found a spot to her liking, but then it took her another ten minutes to exit her car because her low center of gravity made it difficult to rock herself to her feet and her wide hips kept bumping into the door frame of her car. And then, FINALLY, she was out and ready to enter the mall! Well, almost. She also had to pull her scooter out of the back of her hatchback – wasting more time! But finally she was ready. She plopped her massive ass onto the scooter, her boulder-sized butt cheeks sagging so far down on either side of the seat that it looked like the scooter might simply disappear up her cavernous ass crack! But she didn't get far before that chimichanga started roiling around in her guts... and Jen was forced to steer her scooter straight toward the mall bathroom.

That all added up. And during this time, Maggie was becoming more and more nervous as the clock ticked away. Those 5 pizzas should have been picked up long ago! Maggie was starting to get a sneaking suspicion that she'd been played!

"Ugh, don't tell me someone ditched us," sniped Maggie. "What are we going to do with 5 whole pizzas? This is ridiculous!"

"Um..." Alice licked her lips as she stared down at the piping hot pies, oozing with delicious sauce and melted cheese. She could sure think of something to do! Her belly growled in anticipation.

Maggie heard it. "Oh no!" said Maggie, "No way! You already eat up way too many of the profits, you really think I'm just gonna let you eat up these pizzas?"

"I...I didn't say..."

"Yeah, but you were thinking it!" Maggie caught herself. Damn it, she needed to calm down. She had promised Laurie that she wasn't going to be mean to Alice; in payment, Laurie had promised to let Maggie's little sister Gloria fulfill her dream of joining the cheer squad. Maggie might have been a crabby bitch, but she did have some family loyalty and she couldn't risk ruining Gloria's fun.

Maggie's thoughts were interrupted by the restaurant phone suddenly ringing.

"This better be them explaining why they haven't picked up their pizzas yet," muttered Maggie as she picked up the receiver. "Pizza-By-The-Pound, Maggie speaking, how can I help you?" Maggie's face suddenly went pale. "Oh hi, Ben. Uhh... sure, it's going fine. No, no, there's no reason for that... I mean, no, there's no reason not to. Uh, sure. Okay, we'll see you soon.

Okay bye.”

Maggie hung up the phone. “Shit. Alice, that was Ben Jenkins.”

“Ben Jenkins? You mean... the owner?” Alice hadn’t seen Ben since she had interviewed to work here. That was a while ago. He seemed like a nice enough guy, but Maggie’s reaction made Alice worry.

“Goddamn it! Ben is coming in to do an inspection! If he finds out that we’ve got FIVE whole pizzas unpaid for... he’s gonna have my ass!” Maggie’s eyes fell upon Alice’s prodigious potbelly. A lightbulb went off in her head! She’d always thought of Alice’s appetite and belly as a much hassle, but now she was seeing it as her potential savior. That belly would make the perfect pizza storage space!

“Alice! You’ve got to eat these pizzas!”

“M-me? But I couldn’t possibly...!”

“You can do it, Alice! I believe in you! I need you to do this!” Maggie patted Alice’s protruding paunch.

Alice started to sweat. Her eyes fell on the pizzas, all hot and cheesy and ready to go. She simply couldn’t... could she? She had exercised such enormous willpower NOT to eat any of the pizza as she was preparing it, yet now all that restraint would be for naught if she just gobbled them down at Maggie’s insistence. Then again... Maggie was her boss, after all. So... it was kind of her job to eat pizza now? With that rationale, Alice didn’t need any more prodding. She was already ravenously hungry just thinking about all that pizza... so it wouldn’t take much convincing at all!

Alice nodded. “Okay, I’ll do it!”

“Excellent!” said Maggie. “C’mon, let’s get you situated!” Maggie quickly hustled Alice away from the counter and into the backroom. Maggie placed her hands on Alice’s shoulders and pushed the fat girl down into a chair before shoving the stack of pizzas in front of her.

“C’mon, Alice, I need you to chow down on these fast!”

“I...I’ll do my best,” said Alice. She couldn’t believe that she was actually being asked to binge on pizza at work! Alice nervously opened the first box and pulled out a slice of pepperoni. Why was she nervous? Alice frequently ate way more than that at her weekly sleepovers with Jen and Laurie. The only difference was that now the pressure was on!

Even so, Alice quickly hit her stride as she gobbled slice after slice. Her worries dissipated as she lost herself in the bliss of filling her hungry hungry belly! Every bite was a delicious explosion of cheesy goodness in her mouth and Alice was never one to resist the lure of food! She ate in silence, so deeply involved in the rhythms of eating that the only sounds in the back room were the steady chew chew chew of Alice’s constantly moving gums, the occasional gurgle of her swelling belly as it worked to digest the sudden onslaught of calories, and the quiet contented murmurs of a girl who loved to eat with all her heart.

A thinner girl would have started to show the effects of this extended pizza binge quickly, but Alice was so monumentally fat that any extra belly bulge was hidden under pounds and pounds of jiggling pudg. Alice easily mowed through the first two pizzas, but she finally started to falter as she reached the end of the third.

Alice winced in pain, rubbing her middle. Under the thick layer of blubber that spilled over the waistband of her pants and pressed tightly against her tense leather belt, Alice could feel that her stomach was hard and full. It whined and bubbled, sending waves of pain through her body. Oof. She didn't think it was possible... but had she actually eaten too much? The real reason, of course, was that Alice was not usually a pizza binge girl. While Jen loved to load her gut with greasy, oily, salty fast food, Alice had always gravitated more toward sweets and pastries. All that cheese was wrecking havoc with her insides! Hoping to ease the gas in her guts, Alice lied down on the floor.

"You almost done?" asked Maggie, poking her head into the room. Her eyes fell on the remaining pizzas, then moved to Alice's prone form. Maggie noticed that Alice's belly was so mountainous that she was taller lying down than she was standing up! Still, Maggie didn't have time to worry about that. "Hurry it up, will ya? Ben will be here any minute!"

"B-b-b.." mumbled Alice, her chubby cheeks streaked with grease and red sauce.

"What's going on, Alice?" asked Maggie. "You okay? What's going on?"

"B-b-belt," gasped Alice, weakly gesturing toward her middle. Her belt was cutting into her gut. Alice's work shirt was tucked into her belt and, if it weren't for the belt tightly holding it in place, her shirt would have popped up over her belly long ago. Maggie was shocked that Alice had been able to find a belt long enough to circle her waist; it had to be, like, six feet long!

Maggie grabbed at Alice's belt and struggled to unbuckle it; Alice's stuffed belly was pressing against the creaking leather band with such force that it seemed it would snap... but it also made it hard for Maggie to get enough slack to undo the buckle.

Alice sighed in relief, her gut surging forward and her shirt slipping up the curve of her middle to expose a big doughy slab of quivering pink flesh. A band of red welts circled her waist, indicating where her belt had until just a few seconds before been pressing into her flesh.

"C'mon, Alice, don't stop! We need to get rid of all this pizza!" hissed Maggie, leaning over her prone, gasping co-worker. She grabbed another slice and dangled it over Alice's face. "Here you go! Down the hatch!"

"Oof... I can't... it's too much..." Alice moaned but she didn't object as Maggie lowered the slice into her mouth. She just started chewing.

"That's right, yum yum," said Maggie. "Tasty, isn't it?" Don't stop now, you greedy guts! Thought Maggie. You spend all day stuffing your fat face, so this should be no problem for you! How can it be hat the one time I actually need you to eat suddenly you're having trouble?

Bite after bite after bite disappeared down Alice's gullet, the fat girl whining the whole time but never refusing a treat. Maggie was right about one thing. Despite everything, Alice was far too addicted to food to ever pass up a tempting treat... and her belly's infinite capacity could be counted on to hold anything!



Alice's belly might have had a limitless capacity, but her pants sure didn't! As Maggie pushed the final bites into Alice's slack mouth, the quivering button on her slacks finally succumbed to the pressure of her overloaded abdomen. Pop! Alice grunted as her pants burst open, the button flying straight up in the air to hit the ceiling before falling back to earth and bouncing across the room.

"Oof," said Alice blearily, "My button... my pants..."

"I'll buy you new ones," said Maggie quickly. For all the guff that Maggie gave her chubby co-worker about constantly outgrowing her uniform, it was ironic that now she was promising to buy Alice a new one... and in a larger size! "C'mon, get up before Ben sees you!"

"Oooof... can't... too full," belched Alice. She was so full of pizza that she felt like a solid block of cheese. She felt like she was more pizza than girl at this point. Maggie had to grab onto her arms and try desperately to hoist her to her feet, but Alice was too heavy. Instead, Maggie had to stand behind her, place her hands against Alice's wide bottom, and shove the fat girl to her feet. Since Alice was over 500 pounds of pure quivering lard, it was a fair bet that she couldn't be moved if she didn't want to move.

"Alice! This is serious! At least get off the floor!"

"Knock knock, how you girls doing?" An older man appeared at the doorway, knocking politely against the doorjam. Ben Jenkins was a friendly-looking man in his late 50s, his thinning hair already turned white. Unusually for a franchise owner, he took a hands-off approach with his restaurant as he seemed to have complete faith in Maggie's abilities. Alice wondered if part of the reason that he thought Maggie was so competent was because she often hid incidents like this one – the ditching of 5 extra large pizzas – from him. Ben raised an eyebrow in confusion as he spied Alice sitting on the floor, her gargantuan belly in her lap, her shirt sliding up to reveal way too much pink flesh, and Maggie shoving her from behind.

"Uhhhh... what's going on here?"

"Nothing!" said Maggie quickly, jumping to her feet. "Just... uhhhh... some on the job yoga, right, Alice? It's a little work place routine we have. Ya know, to help keep all the employees limber to... uhhhh... help us make pizza better?" She elbowed Alice, who burped loudly in response to the jab. Maggie grimaced.

"Oh that makes sense," said Ben. "Anyway, Maggie, I just wanted to check in and make sure everything was going okay."

He looked down at Alice.

"Oh... hi Alice." Ben hadn't seen Alice in months and... he was shocked to see how much the girl had grown in that time! He remembered Alice as being quite fat, but the girl standing before him was downright morbidly obese, so round and full that she was literally bursting out of her uniform.

"Hi Mr. Jenkins," said Alice brightly as she struggled to her feet. Her face was bright red and she was sweating; Alice hoped that Ben would chalk her frazzled appearance up to nerves and not realize the truth that Alice was actually sweating because she was so obscenely full that she felt ready to pop. Her swollen gut gurgled loudly, the pizza roiling and bubbling inside her.

Her sagging middle helped to hide her freshly-popped pants, but Ben was so intent on inspecting the pizza ovens and quizzing Maggie about sales that he hardly seemed to notice that his elephantine employee was busting out all over.

Alice hiccupped loudly. Maggie shot her a poisonous look, but if Ben heard it he didn't react.

"Everything going fine here?" said Ben, absently wandering through the kitchen. He didn't seem to suspect a thing! Alice almost relaxed, but she was afraid that she might just pop if she did. She was so full that it almost felt she was keeping herself in one piece by sheer force of willpower!

"Absolutely, Mr. Jenkins!" chirped Maggie. Alice had never heard her crabby co-worker so chipper before!

"Yeah, it's all – hic! – fine!" agreed Alice. She hiccupped again, her entire body bouncing in response and her shirt sliding even higher up the arc of her gut. Alice could feel the zipper on her pants slide down slightly as her swollen gut bounced against it with her latest hiccup and she prayed that it would stay up high enough to at least let her avoid embarrassing herself too much! The last thing she needed was for Maggie and Ben to see her over-stretched underwear through the gap in her split crotch!

"You sound like you got a little case of the hiccups," said Ben. He frowned. "You know, girls, you've been doing a really good job here. I know that. But that's not the reason that I came down."

"No?"

"No." Ben crossed his arms, suddenly serious. He gazed at the two girls, his eyes moving from one to the other and back again. "I'm afraid that, as I was going over last month's receipts, I discovered some... irregularities."

Alice's heart jumped into her throat. "Irregularities? What – hic – what do you mean? Hic!"

"Missing inventory," said Ben. "Way more than usual. Now I'm not accusing anyone of anything. But I need you all to be more on the look-out." His eyes traveled up and down Alice, lingering on her massive, beachball-size belly. Alice felt the sweat trickle down her flabby back. Oh no! He had to know that Alice had been eating all his profits! There was simply no way that he could look at this tubby blonde blimpette and NOT realize that all that missing inventory was due entirely to Alice's insatiable appetite! To Alice's relief and astonishment, though, he turned to Maggie.

"I'm counting on you to be my eyes and ears here, Maggie," he said. "As assistant manager, I need you to tell me about anything weird you find here."

"S-sure, Mr. Jenkins, I will!" She gulped. "You can count on me!"

Ben smiled. "That's my girls!"

Alice blanched. She was certain that Maggie was about to rat her out, but Maggie

remained silent. She thought that Maggie was probably reluctant to tell Ben that Alice had been eating the profits because Alice now had some dirt on Maggie. If Maggie said anything, Alice could always tell Ben that Maggie had told her to just eat up 5 whole pizzas so she could avoid having Ben find out about them! Alice didn't know about Maggie's deal with Laurie, so she didn't suspect that the head cheerleader had bought Maggie's silence.

Even so... Alice suspected that her work at Pizza-by-the-Pound was going to get way more perilous really fast! She was going to have to be very careful with Maggie watching her like a hawk now...

# 90. Laurie

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 unzipped 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 jeeeee, 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 McTaggart!”

Laurie flinched at the name. She knew it well. Natalie McTaggart 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 McTaggart!

“As big as Natalie McTaggart?” 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 at 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 of 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 fattsos, 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...

# 91. Dr. Shaw

Dr. Shaw looked up as Kayla sauntered into the room.

“Sorry I’m late,” Kayla huffed as she padded to her seat and plopped her ass down. “I, uh, lost track of time. I was...uh.... Jogging.” Kayla stifled a burp that gave away the lie. Kayla was a heavy-set black girl with long braided cornrows and a pastel pink track suit. She was overweight, yes, but her weight was evenly distributed into an overfull hourglass figure with ample breasts, wide hips, and a big booty... oh and, of course, a sizeable tummy too. That tummy was more sizeable these last few meetings. It pressed tightly against the fabric of Kayla’s white undershirt, visible beneath her unzipper track top, a narrow wedge of brown flesh visible where the shirt no longer quite met the waistband of her track pants. Kayla was spending more of her time eating and less of her time worrying about her weight. And it was starting to show.

“Kayla... You know there’s no judgements here, but we have a rule about honesty.”

Kayla blinked. “What? What are you talking about, Dr. Shaw? I really WAS jogging!”

Sitting across from Dr. Shaw, Jody snickered. “Yeah, jogging down to McDonalds to buy yourself a Big Mac. Don’t act like we can’t smell the fries on your breath.”

Jody might have been teasing her friend, but the shortstack brunette hardly had any room to judge. She was also noticeably wider these days. Jody had traded her button-up jeans for a pair of elastic waisted sweatpants today, and Dr. Shaw suspected that she knew the reason why. Jody’s gut was definitely rounder, swollen enough now that you could see the indent of the girl’s belly button through the fabric.

“Aw, shut up, Jody,” said Kayla, “Like you ain’t also enjoyin’ a few extra rolls these days.” Kayla reached over and poked her friend in the gut, chuckling as her finger sank into Jody’s new flesh up to the first joint. “Look at this new starter belly! You been working hard on this, huh, girl?”

“Girls, please!” said Dr. Shaw. “We’re not here to tease one another, we’re here to be supportive! But seriously, what’s gotten into you two? Why this sudden change of attitude?”

Kayla shrugged. Jody looked away. Dr. Shaw knew the answer, of course, but she hesitated to say it out loud. It was Alice. Ever since Alice had joined the group, none of the other girls could take their weight loss goals seriously anymore. Part of it was that Alice was just so huge. It was impossible to feel fat when you sat next to a girl who was over 500 pounds. But it was also Alice’s attitude. The girl loved food and she had a bottomless pit for a stomach. At every meeting, Alice would talk about the food that she’d gobbled that week in such loving and exquisite detail... that now ALL the girls were openly fantasizing about food! And worse, they were all falling off the wagon!

How could Dr. Shaw call herself a proper diet therapist if all her patients started to balloon?

“Aw, I was just thinkin’.... Why am I busting my ass all day, working out, avoiding food?” said Kayla. “I never get to enjoy life now. Like, what’s even the point of that? I ain’t even that big.” She shifted in her seat, acutely aware of her wide hips bumping into the arm rests.

“I see,” said Dr. Shaw. “And how, um, big are you right now, Kayla?”

Kayla hemmed and hawed. “Oh, I dunno. Not as big as Alice, though, that’s for sure.”

“So you’re saying that as long as you’re smaller than Alice, you think you’re fine?”

“Yeah, totally. I mean, c’mon.”

“And how much do you think Alice weighs?”

Kayla shrugged again. “I dunno. Like, 500 pounds?”

“Well... let’s find out, why don’t we?”

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of loud panting and wheezing at the door as Alice – finally! – waddled her fat ass into the room.

“Hey everyone,” she puffed. “I’m sorry I’m late. I was just...um...uh... I was just jogging!” She burped and blushed.

Alice was enormous. Her round face with fleshy chipmunk cheeks and a thick double chin --that rested on her chest to give her head the appearance of a big gumdrop – was framed by her blonde bangs that did nothing to disguise her chubbiness. Her ample breasts rested against the shelf of a monumental gut that protruded at least four feet in front of her, a monster belly so big and round that Alice looked like a walking—er, waddling – pumpkin. She was so big that her striped polo shirt, stripes which only made her look wider, couldn’t reach over the arc of her vast tummy, leaving the lower half of her middle and her deep wide belly button totally visible. Her cargo pants creaked as she walked as if every seam, every thread was under way too much pressure from the size of her hamhock thighs and flaring hips. The fabric between her legs was worn and threadbare from her thighs rubbing together constantly. Dr. Shaw wasn’t sure that it was possible but she felt like Alice was bigger every time that she saw her.

“Welcome, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw. Alice nodded in recognition, but she was too puffed to respond.

Alice wriggled her fat bottom into a chair, squeezing her hips between the constricting arm rests. “You don’t have any chairs without arm rests, do ya?” she asked, wincing as she felt the arm rests press tightly into her flabby flanks. Her pale white love handles spilled over the sides of the chair, resting uncomfortably atop the arm rests.

“We were just thinking of doing a weigh-in,” said Dr. Shaw. “It’s something that we do sometimes to help us all keep to our goals. What do you think, Alice?”

“Uhhhhh...” Alice mumbled. She was NOT happy about that at all! While Alice had come to some form of acceptance with her ballooning body, she was still shy about other people knowing exactly how much she weighed. Besides that... the truth was that Alice had been avoiding scales as much as possible because even SHE didn’t want to face the truth of her

expanding size in terms of raw poundage. But there wasn't any graceful way to avoid it now. "I guess... that's fine..."

"Don't be so nervous, Alice. There's no judgement here. We're all going to do it."

Sure, thought Alice miserably. No judgement. That was easy for Dr. Shaw to say. Maybe she had been fat once, maybe even as fat as Alice... but Alice felt like, for all her good intentions, Dr. Shaw no longer remembered what it was like to truly be fat. The daily humiliations – clothes that wouldn't fit, buttons that popped, chairs that creaked, people staring on the street, all those relatives with all their "concerned" advice that never worked and, when Alice inevitably failed to drop pounds, always turned to jagged barbs. Alice knew there was no such thing as no judgement when thin people were involved. The only times that she truly felt free from judgement were when she was alone with her FA boyfriend Tyler or she was glutting herself at sleepovers with her equally fat friends Jen and Laurie. They were the only people who really knew what it was like to go through life THIS fat.

Grunting, Alice placed her chubby hands against the arm rests of her chair and shoved herself back to her feet.

"C'mon, let's go," said Dr. Shaw. Alice huffed. Dr. Shaw seemed to be trying to coax Alice to the scale, like a farmer would try to coax a reluctant cow to the slaughter. Alice didn't like it. She grabbed at the hem of her polo shirt and gave it a futile tug, hoping that she might be able to hide some of this belly. No dice. Everyone in the room had a full, uninterrupted view of Alice's amazing girth. Kayla and Jody watched in amazement as Alice waddled past them. When she was in profile, Alice's belly stuck out SO far ahead of her! She had to walk at an angle, leaning backwards like a pregnant woman so that the weight of her colossal belly and boobs didn't cause her tip over and fall to the floor.

Alice, of course, remembered the last time that she stepped onto a scale. She weighed 510 pounds. Before that, she had been 505. That was the thing. Alice knew that every time she stepped on a scale, that number would be higher. She tried her best... sort of... not to overeat, not to stuff herself like a pig at every opportunity and what good did it do her? None! No matter what she did, she always seemed to just... blow up more and more! Alice remembered Jen's words. Jen had given up on fighting against her own expansion, instead deciding that she was going to enjoy herself. She was going to eat what she wanted to eat and live how she wanted to live, the number on the scale be damned! Alice wished that she could free herself from weight worries as easily as Jen had.

Then again, what was stopping her?

Dr. Shaw's scale was big. It was bigger and wider than a normal bathroom scale; it more resembled the sort of speciality heavy-duty scale you might find in a bariatrics ward in a hospital and Alice suspected Dr. Shaw used it because so many of her clients, like Alice, were just so enormously fat.

Alice felt her foot bump against the scale. Since she couldn't see it over her own gut, that was her only way of knowing she had finally arrived at her destination. Alice stepped onto the scale and pretended not to care as she listened to the dial spin. He couldn't see the scale over the swell of her boobs and belly anyway, so she would have to rely on Dr. Shaw to tell her the number.

Kayla and Jody crowded in close, eager to know exactly how much this behemoth weighed. The dial spun and spun and spun. Alice grimaced, her round face already turning red from embarrassment as she felt the other girls press in close beside her. Finally, she heard the dial slow and then stop.

“Dang!” said Kayla.

“What’s the number?” asked Alice.

“No way can that be right!” said Jody.

“What’s the number?” asked Alice again.

“What? Can’t you see?” asked Jody in genuine surprise.

“I haven’t been able to see the number in months,” huffed Alice, suddenly annoyed. “How can I see anything with this giant belly in the way? So if you would be so kind to tell me the number, then maybe I can go and sit down again!”

“It’s... uh.... 520,” said Jody.

Alice blinked in surprise. Damnit! Of course, she had gained MORE weight! Why did this keep happening to her? The reason was obvious; it was because Alice ate way too much. She loved to eat. It was the one thing that she did constantly. But Alice continued to tell herself that she really was TRYING to reduce, even though her efforts were in reality quite pathetic. Maybe if she gave up her weekly sleepovers with Jen and Laurie. Maybe if she occasionally told Tyler “no” when he offered to take her out to dinner. Maybe if she actually monitored her between-meal snacking. But those were all things that Alice would never do, because, quite simply, she loved food way too much. And yet.... Alice bit her lip. 520 pounds? That was only a gain of 10 pounds. That wasn’t all that much, all things considered. When you already weighed over 500 pounds, it was hard to get all that upset over a mere 10 pound gain.

“Oh, that’s only 10 pounds more than last time,” said Alice, “That’s really not that bad. I was expecting a lot worse, honestly!”

“Only 10 pounds?!” Jody’s jaw dropped. She could not believe what she was hearing. She freaked out over a gain of 1 or 2 pounds, yet Alice was so nonchalant about 10 pounds! It really put everything in perspective. It really made Jody wonder.... Why WAS she so concerned with her own weight? It seemed silly. And yet...

Kayla nodded. SHE understood. Kayla was already relaxing her own weight loss routine, finding it hard to care about her 200 pounds when Alice was here flaunting her 500. Kayla knew that she too was already putting on a couple extra pounds. She could feel how her track suit strained around her flaring hips and her waistband snagged at the overhang of her tummy. But... when she stepped on the scale, what would it say? One pound, maybe two... maybe three? Would she be able to take it in as much stride as Alice could take 10? Yes. She would. Kayla stuck out her lip defiantly. She resolved that, no matter what that number was, she was not going to worry. She was going to accept it, just as Alice had. It was no big deal.

“Okay, Kayla, would you like to check your progress?”

“Yeah, sure,” mumbled Kayla. It was the moment of truth. On her last weigh-in, Kayla had clocked in at 210 pounds. Not huge but definitely getting chunky. She knew from the way her clothes fit now that she had definitely gained. But again, the question was how much? And would she be able to take it in stride like Alice? Could she avoid freaking out?

Alice stepped aside. Kayla took a deep breath and stepped onto the scale. The dial spun. And spun and finally stopped. Kayla opened her eyes and looked.

212 pounds.

“Oh, 2 pounds?” said Kayla. She could feel the panic rising in her gut, the sudden light-headed sensation of fear overwhelming her. No. NO. She was NOT going to freak out! It was only 2 pounds. Just a lousy 2 pounds! Of course, she had gained 2 pounds. What did she expect? She was being lax about her diet, there was no other result that she could have reasonably anticipated. She was not going to let herself get upset!

“That’s nothing,” said Kayla, feigning indifference. Jody and Dr. Shaw both goggled in surprise. Kayla was usually so weight conscious... they had both expected that the number on the scale would jolt her out of this sudden apathy! But Kayla seemed committed.

She stepped off the scale. “A couple pounds is no big deal,” repeated Kayla. “I mean, let’s keep everything in perspective, right?” She glanced over at Alice, who was once again struggling to squeeze her massive bulk between the arm rests of her undersized chair.

“Um...” said Dr. Shaw.

“Oh! Let’s do me now!” said Jody, clapping her hands eagerly. “I want to see what... I mean, IF I gained anything!”

Dr. Shaw gulped. This plan was backfiring on her! She’d hoped to get the girls back on track, but they were only getting more and more nonchalant about their sizes!

Jody hopped onto the scale as Kayla stepped aside. She was so excited that she almost seemed to be hopping up and down! Was Jody excited to know her weight? Or was she just excited for the opportunity to pretend to be indifferent to it?

“203,” said Jody. “That’s only.... 3 pounds higher than last time! LOL I guess I beat you, Kayla.”

Jody grinned. Sure, she had gained MORE than Kayla. That was a surprise. But it was still hard to care because she had gained so much less than Alice had!

Dr. Shaw frowned. She was worried. She was very worried indeed.

This did not bode well for the future weight loss success of her girls.

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“Um, sooooo, like, Craig, you know what happened to me this morning?”

Jen sat on a bench on the locker room, nonchalantly twirling a strand of her long brown hair around her finger as she gabbed on the phone with her boyfriend. She absently plucked at the hem of her cheer skirt, smiling to herself as she thought about what the thin fabric was hiding from sight. Jen had a secret today, a sexy little secret that she had been guarding all day long.

“What is it, babe?” Craig’s voice was exasperated but patient. He was used to getting phone calls from his ditzy girlfriend whenever she was bored, and Jen had a tendency to just... talk. For hours. About nothing. Craig was used to just going on autopilot when Jen started to blather.

“Soooo, like, this morning, I went to get dressed and, like, I guess I musta, like, gained a little bit of weight recently, ya know? Cuz I was having trouble finding clothes that, like, fit me.”

“Uh huh.” Craig was used to that. Jen was, after all, 508 pounds on her last weigh-in and he didn’t expect that she would plateau at that weight. With Jen’s insatiable appetite and lazy lifestyle, she was destined to keep inflating.

“And, like, I couldn’t find any underwear to fit me. Like, none of my panties would even pull up over my butt. Guess I’m just, like, way to bootilicious now. Isn’t that, like, funny, Craig? I’m, like, soooo bootilicious that I can’t even wear panties anymore.”

“Sure, babe, real funny.”

“So, anyway.” Jen was getting annoyed that Craig wasn’t paying attention... or taking the hint! “Also, like, you know I can’t find pants to fit these curves anymore, right? Like, not for a while?”

That was also true. Some specialty stores did carry pants big enough to fit most normal 500 pound girls, but Jen’s build was too unusual. She was so ridiculously pear-shaped that it was impossible for her to find pants that had enough room in the seat without also having way too much give in the waist. As a result, Jen had relegated herself to wearing nothing but leggings and stretchpants for months now.

“Soooo I’m wearing my cheer uniform today. With my skirt.”

“Oh!” A light clicked on in Craig’s head. Suddenly he understood.

“Like, I’ve been sooooo naughty all day. Craig,” giggled Jen. “I’ve been walking around in my skirt and, like, nothing underneath. Ooo but don’t worry, babe, I’ve been super careful. I made sure that I was really careful when I bent over so no one would get a free show of my bottom. But now I’m sooo bored and I’m just, like, sitting here an’ thinking: Like, what if my super sexy boyfriend was here? Like, I wouldn’t even have to take off my underwear....”

Jen stood up and adjusted her skirt. Goose bumps popped out on her flabby butt as she felt the breeze blow between her legs. She giggled, knowing that her big bulbous badonkadonk and plump little pussy were both in danger of being exposed, nothing was protecting them other than a single thin layer of fabric. Any errant breeze might blow up Jen’s skirt and expose her to all the world. Gawd, it was so hot to think that no one knew that she was sans panties! She



couldn't wait for Craig to get here, to bend her over the bench, pull up her skirt to expose her big pink rump, and fuck her SO HARD. Jen was already super wet just thinking about it, to the point that she was almost afraid her juices were going to start dripping down her legs.

The door opened and it rolled... Laurie.

"What the fuck?" snapped Jen, quickly rearranging her skirt to hide her honey pot.

"Oh good, you're here," said Laurie. The enormously fat cheer captain was perched upon her mobility scooter. No surprise. Laurie was over 600 pounds and extraordinarily lazy on top of being extraordinarily fat. She used her scooter to get around everywhere now, preferring to ride around instead of walking. Walking was such a hassle and, as Laurie grew fatter and fatter, just standing up for extended periods let alone walking was getting more and more difficult for her. As big and bloated as a hippopotamus lazing in a river, Laurie barely fit in her cheer uniform – the sweater was torn down the sides due to her colossally out-sized boobs and air mattress of a belly. Her face had lost all definition, so slathered with blubber that her plump chipmunk cheeks merged into a blubbery double chin that had swallowed up her neck. A true clothes horse, Laurie was slightly annoyed that her monumental size meant she could no longer shop for cute clothes... and she was even more annoyed to find that rings would no longer fit onto her pudgy sausage fingers and necklaces would no longer fasten around her bullfrog wattle neck. She was simply too fat. But she didn't care.

"Shit, what do you want?" asked Jen crossly. Laurie raised an eyebrow. It was extremely out of character for Jen to ever talk back to Laurie. They were besties, after all, and as assistant captain of the cheer squad Jen usually saw to it that she was a total lapdog for team captain Laurie.

"What's with the language?" said Laurie archly.

"Sorry... I'm... uh.... I think I'm PMSing," said Jen. She sat her fat ass back down on the bench, hoping that Laurie hadn't gotten a glimpse of Jen's chubby little shaved snatch when she moved.

"Well, don't blame me," said Laurie. "I'm glad I caught you here. I have something very important I need to talk to you about. Where's Alice? This concerns her too."

"Oh shit," muttered Jen under her breath. Laurie was bringing Alice in for this too? She'd hoped that Laurie wouldn't stay here long, so that she could get ready for Craig. But apparently this was gonna be a thing.

Jen grunted in annoyance. She sat with her legs clamped shut for fear that, if she relaxed, her friends might notice that she was naked under her skirt. The worst part was that Jen's cheer skirt was too small for her. The danger that she might split her skirt and expose herself was part of the voyeuristic thrill she got from parading through school commando... but now that she was stuck here with Laurie and Alice, that thrill was substantially reduced.

Not like she had anything that they hadn't seen before. As fellow cheerleaders, they had seen Jen naked hundreds of times before while they were all getting changed before and after practice.

But still... this was SUPER annoying!

Jen was trying to hide how cross she was when Alice wobbled into the room, huffing.

“Hi Laurie, hi Jen,” she said as she plopped down next to Jen. “What’s up? You said you wanted to meet.”

“That’s right.” Laurie leaned back in her seat, too lazy to bother standing from her scooter to address her cohorts. “Girls, I’ve been thinking about something for a long time and I think it’s finally time I told you. You’re fat.”

Jen and Alice exchanged glances.

“You’re both really, really fat. As your captain, it’s my duty to tell you that you’ve both ballooned up into total super chunkers. I mean, Alice, your belly covers your knees! And Jen, your ass is so wide that you could fill that whole bench just by yourself!”

“Um... Laurie... that’s not nice,” mumbled Alice, her cheeks going pink to have Laurie insult her weight to her face.

“Um, like, yeah! What the fuck, Laurie?” said Jen. She was ordinarily indifferent to her weight and proud of her blimped-out booty, but to hear Laurie just go off like this? It pissed her off!

“Of course,” continued Laurie, “Neither of you can hold a candle to me. I’m the fattest of all.”

Alice and Jen were speechless. Had they heard right? Was Laurie admitting that he was fat? Well, of course she was fat! That was totally obvious! You would have to be blind to not realize that Laurie was absolutely enormous!

“Just look at me,” said Laurie, her pudgy hands stroking her sides lovingly and pinching at the flab of her overhanging love handles. “Look at this giant tubby gut. Look at these fat love handles. And, of course, look at these massive tits.” Laurie grinned widely as she hefted her billowing bazookas, which rippled and sloshed when she dropped them against her belly with a loud PLOP. “Let’s face it, girls, I put you two porkers to shame. Do you know that I’m the fattest girl in school history? Yeah, that’s right. I weigh more now than Natalie McTaggart did at her heaviest.”

Alice and Jen stared. Natalie McTaggart was famous for having been the fattest girl in the history of Los Hermanos High. But now Laurie had outgrown that old record!

Laurie was loving this. Watching her friends’ stunned expressions was giving her a sick thrill in the pit of her bottomless stomach; it was almost as exciting as when her lovers Frank and Abida teased her about what a fat gluttonous piggy she had become!

“Do you... do you want to work out... do you want us...” Alice stuttered. She was so confused! He was used to Laurie berating her for her weight. What was her corpulent captain getting at now?

“No, of course not, Alice. Calm down. Look. Let’s face facts. We’re all.... Chubby. Beyond chubby. We’re fat. And we’re just getting fatter. When was the last time that you stepped on a scale? How much did you weigh?”

“Um.. 520?”

“Ha! Pathetic!” laughed Laurie, her chins jiggling. “I’m like a hundred pounds heavier than you!” She slapped her protruding potbelly for emphasis. “And you, Jen, what’s your poundage?”

“Um... I dunno?”

“Well, I can tell at a glance, you ain’t got nothing on me, you bubble-butt bimbo. You’re practically a twig compared to me!”

Jen was stunned. It was almost like Laurie was proud to be the biggest of three. What was going on?

“We’re not gonna lose weight anytime soon,” said Laurie. “Face it, we love to eat too much to stop!”

Jen and Alice nodded. That much was true! All three girls were positively addicted to food!

“But that brings up a problem,” said Laurie, steeping her pudgy sausage fingers. “Girls, we may be fat and getting fatter... but we still need to cheer.”

“Um...” Alice’s face went white. “But we haven’t been practicing at all! I mean, like I’ve been benched al season!”

“Me too!” wailed Jen.

“Yeah, well, the school’s gonna expect us to do a big show at the Big Game, anyway,” said Laurie. “Kristine, Lizzie, and Denise can’t do it alone. The kids are gonna want to see the captain and co-captains perform. Ugh, what is it, Jen?”

Jen was raising her hand. “Like, co-captains? Like, both of us you mean? Me and Alice?”

Laurie smiled. “Of course. You’re my two besties. Why shouldn’t I have two co-captains?”

“Really?!” Alice sat up straight, her eyes wide, her gut slapping against her tree-trunk legs.

“You’re making ME a co-captain?? OMG! I... I can’t believe this! Oh thank you, Laurie, thank you!”

Laurie chuckled. “Calm down, sweetie, it’s no big deal. Let’s just say that you earned it with your dedication to the cheer lifestyle.”

What a difference a year made! Only a year ago, Laurie and Jen were Alice’s sworn enemies, scheming behind the scenes to humiliate Alice at every turn. But slowly, ever so slowly, the three girls had bonded to become fast friends. Now they were inseparable! Unbeknownst to Alice, her earlier attempts at dieting had been completely sabotaged by Laurie. Back when they were both thinner, Laurie couldn’t abide the idea that she herself was gaining a

little pudge. So she hit on the idea of secretly fattening up Alice, so that Laurie and Jen would look thinner in comparison. They started inviting Alice to weekly slumber parties where they plied her with fattening treats, lying to her that they were diet snacks. That hadn't worked out exactly as planned, since all three girls had ended up indulging way too much and eventually bloating up to their current spectacular sizes. Alice still didn't know what Laurie and Jen had done, though, and Laurie hoped that she never found out. It might really jeopardize their friendship! And besides... Laurie hated to ever admit that she was wrong, but the truth was that she actually felt a little bad about how she and Jen had tricked Alice for so long.

"But that still leaves a big problem. How are three blimps like us gonna cheer? Well, I think I have the solution right here!" Laurie held up a stack of papers.

"What's that?" asked Jen.

"Girls, from now on, we're going to be rehearsing a very special cheer," said Laurie as she handed out papers to Jen and Laurie. "Just the three of us."

Alice quickly scanned the paper. "Uhhh.... Are you sure about this, Laurie? This seems a little... radical."

Jen read the notes, her brow furrowed briefly and her lips moved as she tried to comprehend the larger words. Then a big grin broke out across her face. "Like.... OH MY GAWD! Laurie! This is, like, genius! This is gonna totally kill! Like, I can't wait to see everyone's faces when we do this!"

Laurie beamed. Alice bit her lip, still unsure.

"I mean... I like the idea? I'm just worried..."

"Like, Alice, don't you worry! This is totally a killer idea! I can't remember the last time that I was excited to practice a routine but.... OMG we should get started right away!"

"Well, soon," said Laurie, patting her stomach. It growled urgently. "C'mon, girls, let's have dinner first. Then we can talk more about this new routine... Oh any one more thing. Jen?"

"Um... like, yeah?"

"Put on some goddamn underwear before we go out. Everyone can see you fat ass!"

## 92. Alice & Kayla

Alice turned to look at herself from another angle. There was no way to deny that she was fat. At her last weigh-in, she had discovered that she had ballooned to 520 pounds, another all-time high! The blonde butterball was bursting out of her inadequate cheer uniform. No surprise, it hadn't fit for months. And Alice was only getting bigger, which meant that her uniform progressively covered less and less of her burgeoning body. They didn't make uniforms in her size. Who would expect that they'd need to design a cheer uniform to fit a girl who weighed a full quarter ton? It was ridiculous! Yet Alice was still technically a cheerleader despite her size. In fact, she was more than a cheerleader. She was cheer co-captain!

Alice was almost as round as a pumpkin, her enormous bare belly popping out from under the hem of her straining cheer sweater and overlapping her overtaxed skirt. Her skirt was stretched tightly around her hips and bottom, so tight that all the pleats were stretched out and the hook was ready to snap. Her sweater was more of a crop top, covering only her ample boobs and leaving her gigantic tubby middle exposed. Alice's face had been growing rounder along with her body, so that her thick double chin enveloped her neck and touched her sternum and her chubby chipmunk cheeks gave her a youthful cherubic look. She brushed her blonde bangs out of her eyes, now starting to permanently squint from her fat cheeks, and took another look at herself in the mirror. She looked ridiculous! But at the same time... Alice felt a certain stirring of pride in her chest. She was still a cheerleader! And co-captain too! She had come so far!

She was feeling the same sense of elation that Laurie must surely have felt when she came up with the plans for the secret cheer that the squad would perform at the big game. Alice was still a little nervous... but the more she thought about it, the more right it seemed. Laurie's idea was going to pay off bigtime for the three bulging beauties!

"Heeeeeeey, like, there's my co-captain!" squealed Jen as she caught sight of her fat friend.

"Hi Jen," said Alice. "Yeah... I can barely believe it myself. I never thought that I would get to be co-captain."

"Well, like, you've been cheering longer than, like, anyone on the squad," said Jen. "Except me and Laurie, I mean. So, like, no one deserves it more!"

It was bending the truth to say that Alice had been cheering more than anyone else on the squad, because she hadn't done much cheering at all this year. As her waistline expanded, she spent more and more time just sitting on the bench and watching the other fitter cheerleaders continue their routines. At first, Laurie had encouraged Alice to sit out practice as part of her scheme to fatten Alice up, in hopes that Laurie would look thinner in comparison. But as Laurie herself grew fatter and stopped caring about how she looked to the rest of the world, the cheer captain herself joined Alice on the bench. Along with Jen, they comprised a trio of gorging, growing gorditas who spent more time snacking than actually cheering.

“C’mon, like, gimmie a hug, co-captain!” said Jen, extended her thick flabby arms. Alice grinned and moved toward her friend, but was startled when their bellies collided – keeping them so far apart that their arms couldn’t reach each other.

“Oof! Sorry Jen, no way are we gonna be able to hug,” said Alice, “We’re both... uh... too big in the belly.”

Jen was much more pear-shaped than her friend, so that most of her extra poundage found its way to the looming badonkadonk jutting out behind her, but Jen was still no slouch in the belly department.

“LOL okay, I guess, like, we’ll just have to find different solution,” said Jen. “C’mon! Gimme a belly bump!”

Alice chuckled. “Well, I guess I could do that!”

Laughing, the two fat girls bumped their bare guts together. But when they moved to pull apart, they found a strange resistance! They blinked stupidly at one another before realizing what had happened. By sheer coincidence, they had positioned their navels exactly right so that, when they squished their titanic tummies together, their deep dark belly buttons acted as suction cups sticking them together.

“Like, that is too funny,” said Jen, pulling herself away with a sharp POP! as their belly buttons separated.

Laurie grunted as she powered her mobility scooter through the double doors of the gym; she was so wide these days that she really needed those double doors! While Jen and Alice still only used their scooters for longer distances, Laurie had all but given up the pretense that she ever intended to walk again. She used her scooter every day, pattering down the hallways of the school, finagling her vehicle into classrooms and between desks. A few teachers had made snarky remarks about Laurie’s unwieldy scooter bumping desks or running over other students’ feet, but Laurie didn’t care. She simply flashed her usual furious glare and they shut up. Even with an extra 600 plus pounds of soft, sweaty blubber insulating her once svelte teenage frame and busting out of her oversized girly pink sweat suits, Laurie’s rage gaze hadn’t lost any of its power to intimidate.

“If anyone gives me shit, I’ll tell them that it’s a handicap accessibility issue,” said Laurie smugly. “I have to be honest, you girls just aren’t milking the situation.”

“Like, you would be the one to know all about milking,” giggled Jen as she watched Laurie’s massive mammores heave with Laurie’s ragged breathing. “Like, you’re more dairy queen than beauty queen these days!”

Laurie grinned. She was absurdly proud of her mammoth melons and loved anytime that her friends paid her chest a compliment like that.

“You two been memorizing the new routine?”

“Ooo, yeah! Like, this is good, Laurie,” said Jen, “But, like, could I edit my part? I have

some ideas that I think will really make it pop!"

Laurie nodded. "Absolutely. Make it your own, Jen."

Alice was shocked to hear Laurie say something like that! The arrogant queen bee was a notorious micromanager who wanted, no, NEEDED to be in control of everything. At the beginning of this school year, Laurie would have interpreted Jen's request as insubordination. But now... well, it almost seemed that Laurie was changing in more ways than just physically. While she was still every bit as haughty and snobby, she was also less... well, she was less bitchy. She almost seemed to actually care about other people a little bit now. Alice wondered if it wasn't Frank's mellowing influence; Laurie definitely seemed a lot happier ever since she started dating him.

Jen wondered if it wasn't more than that. She knew that Laurie was in a threesome with Frank and some mystery girl. She still wasn't sure who that mystery girl was, even though she had effectively eliminated almost every name she could think of as suspects. Jen wondered if that mystery girl might also be having an effect on Laurie's disposition.

"Could I... do some editing too?" asked Alice. "Nothing major, I just think there are a few bits I could improve."

Laurie nodded. "Sounds good, Alice. With all our input, I know this cheer is going to just rule. You two make the changes you need to, I'm gonna roll on out."

Laurie gripped the handle of her scooter, her whole body wobbling as her vehicle lurched to life, struggling under her vast bulk.

"Shouldn't we practice the routine?" said Alice. She was vaguely worried about the fact that she – in fact, none of them! – had even tried to do a handstand or a cartwheel in months. It was absurd to think that they would be capable of doing anything even approaching athletic in their current physical condition! Alice noted that Laurie's plan for a new cheer routine called for most of the squad to do athletic backflips and towering pyramids, but only required Alice, Laurie, and Jen to do the absolute bare minimum of standing up for a few minutes. Even so, Alice wasn't entirely confident that would be within their abilities if they didn't at least tone up a little before their debut.

Laurie chuckled. "Sweetie, please. This is no big deal. I'm the cheer captain, don't you think I've already got this down?"

Alice nodded, her thick double chin squishing against her chest. "Y-yeah...but I was just thinking... maybe Jen and I...?"

"Please, girl, I've got total confidence in my two co-captains," said Laurie. "You know that I don't tolerate anything less than perfection. Do you think I would have promoted you if I didn't have absolute certainty that you've got this?"

Alice blushed at the compliment, but felt herself swell with pride despite her natural modesty. She couldn't believe the praise she was hearing!

"Okay... but, uh, what about our uniforms? They're... not exactly the right size! And I don't think they make cheer skirts in... XXXL!"

That much was true! The three feminine fatsos were far too big for their britches and, since they were each way too greedy to ever stop eating, they were each growing visibly rounder and plumper with every gargantuan, gut-bloating meal that they stuffed into their fat faces. The more they ate, the fatter they grew. The fatter they grew, the hungrier they became. And the hungrier they became, the more they ate. It was an unending cycle of hedonistic gluttony that had Alice vaguely worried... even if she didn't have the foresight or willpower to ever break out of it!

Laurie frowned. She too had realized long ago the issue presented by the girls' shrinking cheer uniforms. They didn't make cheer uniforms big enough for them anymore and it looked like the needs of their vast waistlines had finally outmatched Abida's skill as a seamstress. There wasn't much that they could do but hope that their straining stitchery could at least last until the big game... or else they would be bursting out of their clothes in front of the whole school. This was a conundrum.

"Well, this is all we have, honey," said Laurie, "So I'm afraid it'll just have to do. I know it's hard but just... Alice, sweetie, we'll just have to control our appetites a little until the game, hmm? Now I don't think that's too hard, is it?"

Laurie knew she was the world's biggest hypocrite as soon as the words left her mouth. She was the biggest glutton of all and she certainly knew that she wasn't going to be able to keep her appetite in check. She could barely go an hour without gorging herself, there was no way that she would last a week! But then again... what other advice could she possibly offer her friends other than that they should try their best to control themselves? Maybe if they were careful... they wouldn't put on TOO much extra weight before the big game.... Sure, it was inevitable that their uniforms would be way too snug, that bellies would be flopping over waistbands and butts sticking out from under skirts... but if they tried reaaaaally hard maybe they'd make it through the game without a major wardrobe malfunction. At least not one bad enough to get them in trouble with the principal for indecent exposure.

"Um, I've got some other important cheer business too!" piped up Jen. "Like, do you guys remember Gloria?"

"Oh, yeah, sure," said Laurie. Laurie rolled her eyes. As part of a secret agreement that Laurie had made with Alice's boss Maggie at Alice's afterschool job at the mall pizza joint, so that Maggie would stop picking on Alice so much, Laurie had agreed to accept Maggie's younger sister Gloria as the newest addition to the cheer squad. Laurie was not particularly impressed when she first saw Gloria; the pudgy Latina had frizzy hair, coke-bottle glasses, a bad complexion and a big dopey metal-mouth smile through her braces. She didn't seem at all like cheerleader material! But she was stuck with this new recruit whether she liked it or not! So she had put Jen in charge of Gloria's training while Laurie dedicated herself to more important cheer business.

"Well, like, we've been training her up just like you wanted. And I think she's ready to join up with us big girls!"

"Like, you guys are gonna be so impressed when you see the progress that Gloria has made," gushed Jen. "She is, like, totally cheer squad material now."

"Hey," said Gloria. Both Alice and Laurie stared in shock. Gloria looked completely different. Her coke-bottle glasses were gone, replaced with contact lenses, and her normally



uncontrollably frizzy hair was straightened and teased. Under Jen's skincare regiment, Gloria's acne had mostly cleared up. But the most startling change was in her weight. All those extra calories had finally begun to pay off, because Gloria had absolutely ballooned. Her pudgy tummy had started to develop into a genuine gut roll faintly visible through the fabric of her cheer sweater and her breasts had plumped up an extra cup size, but in general she had exploded into the over ripe pear that Jen had predicted. Her extra weight settled mainly in her hips, thighs and buttocks, so much that her cheer skirt didn't cover the lowest quarter of her backside, revealing just the barest flash of her blue and white striped panties when she took a step. Gloria still looked positively svelte next to Jen; Laurie guessed that Gloria couldn't possibly have even broken 200 pounds compared to Jen's over 500. But the main difference was that Gloria had blossomed far more quickly than her mentor had. It had taken Jen so long to blow up because the bottom-heavy bimbo had early on resisted her own fate. Gloria, on the other hand, seemed to positively revel in her size and shape, flashing the other cheerleaders with a gleeful grin as she noticed them staring in rapt fascination at her bulbous badonk.

"Well? What do you guys think? Coming along pretty nicely don't you think?" said Gloria.

"Like, I am soooo proud of you, Gloria," blubbered Jen. "You have worked, like, so hard and it totally shows! Don't you guys think? I mean, like, look at her butt! It's gotten, like huge!"

"Yeah," said Laurie. "Um, Jen, when I told you to get Gloria in shape... I didn't mean... I didn't mean get her into YOUR shape." Laurie had given up all hope that she or her two besties would ever be anything smaller than massive again, but it was worrying if the other cheerleaders started to blow up too.

"No, no, like, it's a great idea!" said Jen. "Like, you know how the squad needs a big booty girl to really help anchor it? Like, ya know, to be the base of pyramids an' stuff?"

Laurie raised an eyebrow.

"And, like, I know what you're thinking! *Jen, YOU'RE the squad's big booty girl! Like, how could anyone else ever compete with your perfect butt?* And, like, first of all, THANK YOU! That is, like, so sweet of you to say! Or, like, think. But I'm nt gonna be a cheerleader forever. What's gonna happen when I graduate high school? Like, who's gonna take my place as the squad's big booty girl? Denise? Kristine? Lizzie? Like, none of those skinny minis have the booty to compete! So, like, I decided I needed to train my own replacement! And, like, I know, I know, this backside is still, like, not much to look at..."

"Hey!" snapped Gloria, stamping her foot and placing her hands angrily on her wide hips. "What do you mean 'not much to look at?!"

"Um... I mean, like, you know! Relatively speaking!" Jen gestured at her own ginormous rear, so vast that it was spilling out of the largest available cheer uniform. "But, like, don't be sad, Gloria! You're just getting started. I know you're gonna grow! Like, by the time you're done, you might even be bigger than me!"

Alice and Laurie exchanged surprised glances, both unable to envision a butt bigger than Jen's.

“Jen, you dumb bimbo, when I said to train her, I meant, teach her to do a cartwheel or a handstand!” said Laurie, her plump jowls wobbling. “We’ve already got enough fatsos on this team! We need more cheerleaders who can actually DO the cheering!”

Alice snickered behind her hands. It was actually a little nice to see Laurie get mad; it was like old times again! This new more mellow version of Laurie was definitely nice... but it was could to see that, deep down, Laurie was still the same domineering bitch that she always had been. Some things just don't change!

“Oh, like, she can do the cheers!” said Jen, her chipper demeanor unphased by Laurie’s sudden outburst. “I made sure to build up some good strength in these thunder thighs and this monster ass!” Jen smacked Gloria’s protruding shelf of a bottom with her hand for emphasis, causing Gloria to stiffen in shock. “C’mon, Gloria, show ‘em your stuff! Do a handstand!”

“Jen, you ditz! You don’t use your thigh muscles when you do a handstand,” snapped Laurie.

But Gloria was already in action. Despite her newly widened physique, she easily flipped herself onto her hands and held herself in position, her legs in the air. Gloria’s skirt fell over her front as she upended herself, exposing bare thighs so thick that they touched halfway to the knee and a bulbous balloon of a butt packed into her snug panties. But she was doing it!

Alice and Laurie were both impressed. Neither they nor Jen had retained any muscle mass as they grew, so that each of the three cheer blimps were big and blubbery and butter soft... but also incredibly weak. They could barely walk a few feet without getting winded and their fat-swaddled arms were so weak that they could each barely hoist their book bags over their shoulder in the morning when they prepared to come to school. They had ignored all physical training as their lives become more and more and MORE consumed with consuming, so that they were all completely useless as cheerleaders now. But Jen had instituted a definite ‘do as I say, not as I do’ approach to Gloria’s training, one that emphasized working out almost as much as it emphasized overeating. As a result, Gloria was big and bountiful and bloated... but she was also buff! Her stocky arms bulged with muscles and when she clenched her buttocks you could see the strength hiding just under that thick layer of blubber.

“Okay, okay, you’ve made your point,” said Laurie, “Now get down!”

Gloria dropped back to her feet, her breathing slightly quickened from the exertion of her hand stand.

“Good job, Gloria,” said Laurie, “I can see that Jen’s trained you well. Glad to have you on the team, sweetie. And Jen?”

“Like, yeah?”

“Good job to you too.”

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Alice was glad for an outside perspective. As much as she enjoyed spending time with Jen and Laurie, both girls were... well, somewhat insulated inside their cheerleading bubble. Before their recent gains, both girls had been relatively slender. Sure, Jen always had her famously big butt and Laurie's buxom figure had always suggested that she would gain easily if she really let herself go... but among the three only Alice was a life-long chubbette. She worried that Laurie and Jen might not have an accurate feel for how cruelly the world could treat a fat girl.

And Laurie's brilliant new cheer plan? Well... it was bold, Alice would give it that! She was excited despite herself... if they managed to pull it off, this would be a stellar achievement. They would be the talk of the town! But Alice was also, deep down, kind of nervous. There was a lot of potential for something to go wrong. And if something went wrong... it was going to go REALLY wrong!

"What do you think?" she asked nervously.

Kayla put down the piece of paper. "So you really ARE a cheerleader?" The heavy-set black girl fixed Alice with a skeptical look. Alice had claimed in their weekly group therapy meetings that she cheered on the Los Hermanos High cheer squad, but it was... well, it was hard to see how a girl weighing in at over 500 pounds and so out of shape that the walk to their table had winded her could be at all effective at cheering.

"Yeah," said Alice. "In fact, I'm co-captain now," she added proudly.

Kayla looked at Jody. The three girls were all members of the same overeaters anonymous diet therapy group, but they had quickly bonded over their size and become friends outside of group too. They were meeting at one of their favorite spots, the mall food court. Of course, they all loved it, because where else could you get such a variety of food?

None of them dared to say it out loud, but Alice's mere presence in the group had completely derailed all their attempts at diet. How could any of them honestly concentrate on denying themselves the pleasures of food when Alice was there? Kayla's new high weight of 212 pounds seemed paltry when you considered that Alice weighed nearly twice that. In fact, Kayla found it difficult to care at all about her weight as long as Alice was around. As long as Alice was around, Kayla would always look slim!

That was a dangerous attitude, but one that Kayla couldn't resist. Kayla's plump hourglass figure filled out her stretchy pink pastel track suit, her wide bottom providing the perfect counterweight to her ample chest. Already the effects of her recent slips were showing on her expanding curves and Kayla had to leave the front zipper tab of her track suit at the halfway point, just below her large heaving breasts. The partially unzipped sweatsuit gave the appearance of a plunging neckline, even though Kayla's white tank top prevented anyone from glimpsing anything scandalous beneath. She reached for another slice of pizza as she pondered Alice's response.

"I think it's great," said Jody through a mouthful of stringy greasy cheese and fried dough. "I think it's really a good thing to be proud of you who you. People are going to go wild when they see this in action!"

Kayla nodded. "Girl, I don't think you realize how revolutionary this is. You're gonna strike a blow for big gals everywhere. I can't wait to see this in action!"

Alice blushed and shifted her immense weight in her seat. Alice was too wide to fit her entire rear into a single chair, so she was spread across two flimsy metal chairs. Together, they were just able to support her bloated bulk. Kayla couldn't be sure but she would swear that Alice had already gained more weight since their last therapy session, that she was visibly fatter. That would be silly, though, right? How could Alice possibly have gained enough new extra weight that she would actually appear fatter to the naked eye in just a few days? It wasn't as if Alice was literally a balloon being inflated..... right?

Of course, Alice wasn't the only one. Kayla was well aware that she was also expanding, the seams in her sweats pulled tight against her protruding shelf of a booty when she leaned over the table to grab more pizza, the rear seam slipping ever so subtly between those two chubby cheeks, just enough that she could feel the start to a fresh wedgie. Damn it. She had worked so hard to keep her weight in check and now... well, what did she care? She stared longingly at the pizza slice that she now held in her hand, thinking about how delicious it was. And how much she had denied herself this simple pleasure! As she watched Alice scarf down yet another slice, the greasy pizza disappearing between the greedy blonde's plump lips in just two quick, hungry bites, she couldn't help but think... why? Alice is enjoying herself, why shouldn't I?

The straining seams of her tracksuit told her why. But she was finding them easy to ignore.

Alice was as big as a whale, as round as a pumpkin. Her blonde bangs framed a face so round that she looked like a full moon. Her fraying polo shirt was coming apart at the seams under the force of her enormous gut that flopped into her lap and reached nearly to her knees. It constantly slipped up the arc of Alice's gut as she ate and the poor girl had to keep wiping her greasy palm against the vast seat of her cargo pants before grabbing the hem of her shirt to once again tug it down... not that it would last.

"I really need to get some new clothes," mumbled Alice to herself. At her size and shape, Alice was forced to almost exclusively wear maternity clothes. Nothing else these days could adequately cover her gargantuan belly! She was always embarrassed to confront the clerks in the store, who always looked at her with such sad, sweet eyes, as if they could tell from a glance that Alice wasn't actually pregnant... she was just fat!

As if on cue, Alice felt and heard a sudden release. Pop! The button at the waist of her cargo pants suddenly snapped, the zipper sliding down as her gut plopped forward.

"Oh no, not now!" muttered Alice. How embarrassing! She hoped that Kayla and Jody hadn't heard the sound of her pants popping! But how could anyone NOT have heard that noise? It was so loud that it echoed around the food court.

"Eh, too much pizza, huh?" chuckled Kayla. She patted her own rotund gut. "We've all been there. That why I only wear track suits. Honestly, surprised that you haven't discovered that trick, Alice."

It WAS surprising. How could a girl who weighed a quarter ton and was quickly inflating bigger by the day not realize that buttons were always bad news?

“Yeah...um... I guess that’s just not my style,” said Alice. Jen, who now exclusively wore stretch pants, had given her the same advice, yet Alice was loathe to give up normal clothes. Somehow it seemed an admission that she was fat, that she would always be fat, that Alice didn’t want to make. “I’ll just... hit the stores when we’re done here.”

Kayla nodded, hiccupping slightly as she patted her greasy, oily lips with a napkin. Jody was also enthused.

“Hey, me too! Maybe you could show me where you shop? We’re kinda built the same way!”

Jody was a shortstack brunette shaped like a fat little bowling ball; she gained primarily in her belly, making her a front-loaded feminine fatso in the same definite mold as Alice.

“Um..... I guess,” mumbled Alice, her chubby cheeks blushing. “It’s just that I sorta.... Shop at the maternity store.”

Gawd, that was embarrassing to admit out loud! She expected that Jody would laugh at her, but instead the short chunky girl clapped her hands in delight.

“OMG! That’s brilliant, Alice! I can’t believe I never thought of that!” She grabbed a handful of thick blubber from her middle and gave it a rough jiggle, watching as the spongy flesh continued to wobble and shake after she released it. “I should totally do that too! Then maybe I could finally find something to cover this fat gut properly!”

“Sure...” said Alice, a weak smile playing on her face. She was relieved at Jody’s response! Deep down, she thought it might be a bad idea for Jody to also start wearing maternity clothes. She shouldn’t give up on the idea that she might someday fit into normal size clothing, right? Then again... why not? If she was destined to be fat... why not embrace it?

“We can go shopping together... I mean, just as soon as we’re done with this pizza...”

The other two girls nodded eagerly. When they finally finished their meal and started off for the clothing store, you might be forgiven for thinking that they looked like three balloons bobbling along. They were very big girls, after all. Before Alice had come to join Dr. Shaw’s therapy group, neither Kayla nor Jody would have ever dreamed of eating pizza ever again. It was too fatty, too greasy, too sure to foul up their weight loss progress. But already after only knowing Alice this short amount of time, both girls had all but lost any interest in adhering to their diets. They kept telling themselves that it didn’t matter how big they were as long as they were still smaller than Alice. It was funny to think that they had come to same conclusion that Laurie and Jen had earlier this year; the only difference was that while Laurie and Jen thought they should constantly fatten up Alice to make sure she was bigger, Kayla and Jody were content to fatten themselves up. They were certain that Alice had far too big a head start, they would never catch up to her.

But, at this rate, that might not be true for long...