Alice 138

By Mollycoddles

“C’mon, Alice, just one more. This is the last one, I promise!”

Alice looked up, her eyes glazed, her mouth slack, her chubby cheeks slathered with pizza sauce. A look that could almost be terror crossed her face.

“Please, Maggie, no more. I can’t. I’ve been eating for hours.”

“Oh, come on now, you really can’t disappoint your fans, can you? Not you – Alice Grobauch! Your fans really want to know that they helped their favorite Cheerleader Chunker grow!”

Maggie chuckled as she slid yet another paper plate with a big thick slice of pizza – this one was pineapple and ham – onto the table in front of Alice. Maggie was Alice’s supervisor at Pizza-by-the-Pound, the mall pizza joint where the two girls worked, so Alice was loathe to disobey a direct order… but she really was obscenely full! And at over 600 pounds, Alice was a girl with a healthy appetite. But she was also a local celebrity, famous for her girth, and once people realized that she worked here, they started buying pizza for her. All through Alice’s shift today, customers purchased pizza slices – sometimes even paying extra, a tip that Maggie happily pocketed – under the stipulation that Maggie would pass them on to Alice.

But there was a limit to how much pizza even a greedy hog like Alice could eat! Maggie stepped back to survey her handiwork. After hours of gorging, Alice looked round. She was always round, of course, she was an apple-shaped blonde blimp with an enormous sagging belly that filled her lap when she sat down. But now she looked literally round, stuffed so full that she was spherical. She looked like the two chairs supporting her, one for each massive butt cheek, might buckle at any moment and Alice might just roll around like a beach ball when she hit the floor. She was too fat to even wear her work uniform, instead still clad in her pink sweat pants and an over-sized novelty T-shirt that wasn’t oversized enough to contain her gut anymore. Her plump hands rested atop the shelf of her ginormous gut, her flabby bingo wings stretching the cuffs of her sleeves to the point that they were starting to fray.

Maggie grinned, patting Alice’s doughy middle. For a long time, Maggie had been pretty hard on Alice. She didn’t think Alice was a good worker – she ate too much of the merchandize and her jumbo size made her slow and clumsy in the kitchen. But now Maggie was rethinking her stance. The extra cash she’d earned today was at least twice her usual paycheck and all she had to do was feed Alice pizza. It was practically free money!

“C’mon, Alice, you can do it! What’s the matter, too full? Is mama’s little money maker all filled up?”

“Um, my eyes are up here!” said Alice, perhaps a little too hotly. She wasn’t particularly happy about the way that Maggie was suddenly gushing and cooing over her belly. The reality was that everything and everyone in Alice’s life was pushing her to gain – from her boyfriend, to her friends, to the whole town – and she was just a tad worried that the one person who still gave her guff about her weight was starting to change her tune as well. How big would she get if Maggie started feeding her at work as well? Alice was so big that she could barely waddle these days without breaking a sweat, so lazy and out-of-shape that she relied almost exclusively on her mobility scooter to get around, and the only real exercise that she got anymore was chewing.

Recently, she had received a job offer from an old friend. Amber, her old roommate from fat camp (a very unsuccessful fat camp, if you judged it by Alice’s current state), had started a plus-size clothing line and contacted Alice to work for her as a model. Alice wasn’t sure what that job would entail, but she had a sneaking suspicion that it wouldn’t involve her reducing in size any time soon.

“Come on, Alice, this is the last one. I promise! Scout’s honor! I won’t accept any more money… I mean, I won’t let any more customers buy you any more slices this shift!”

Alice groaned, a groan that suddenly turned into a loud, juicy belch. Gawd, she was unbelievably full. Her gut was so packed with dough and cheese that it felt rock hard to the touch, her belly swollen and round like she had swallowed a medicine ball.

“You know, Alice, I didn’t want to say anything.. but your work has been pretty subpar here, you know? Let’s be honest, you can barely get around the kitchen at your size. How can I trust you to finish the job if you can’t even stand on your own two trotters… I mean feet! Your own two feet!”

“W-what are you saying?”

“I’m just saying that, if you want to keep your job here, you really need to make yourself useful. And don’t you think that eating this pizza is a much easier way to make yourself useful than actually working?”

“I..I guess so…”

“Atta, girl!” said Maggie brightly, shoving the final slice of pizza into Alice’s face without hesitation. Alice’s eyes bulged but she didn’t resist, opening the black hole of her mouth to accept this final gift from her overly devoted fans. Her thick double chin made it difficult for Alice to open her mouth all the way anymore, her neck wattle squishing against her sternum and acting like a spring. But she would do it if it meant she could eat!

“Mfffph!” muttered Alice through a mouthful of pizza, her words muffled.

“Don’t talk, just eat,” said Maggie gently as she slowly pushed the slice into her co-worker’s mouth, ignoring how Alice flailed her thick arms in discomfort. RIIIIIP! The movement was too much and the stitches up Alice’s sleeves split apart in a zipper tear, freeing the doughy blobs of her upper arms. RIIIIP! Almost simultaneously, the seat of Alice’s sweats burst open, her rotund rump quivering from the release.

“Mmff…my pants…!”

Alice swallowed, sputtering, her already enormous belly sliding forward just a fraction of an inch more to fall over the cliff of her fat-swaddled knees, her shirt scooching up just slightly more. The fat girl groaned, panting because she was too full to breathe. It seemed like Alice could never actually get full, but it also seemed like, every meal, she discovered a new level of beyond full that she never before dreamed possible. No wonder Jesse kept darkly implying that Alice was going to explode one of these days… it seemed a miracle that, with her out of control eating habits, Alice had managed to bloat her way to over a quarter ton without bursting yet!

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” said Maggie, patting Alice’s dome of a belly as affectionately as a mother hen. Maggie smiled broadly. For too long, she had resented Alice as a drain on the restaurant, but now… well, now everything was different! She was filled with a new appreciation for this insatiable hog, who was now going to be her ticket to free money! It was so simple. The more Alice ate, the more money lined Maggie’s pockets. Chuckling ruefully to herself, Maggie slid yet another slice toward her prize piggy.

“I knew you could do it, Alice. Now let’s get one more in…”

“B-but Maggie! You said that was the last one!”

“Did I? Oops, I guess I misspoke. Well, trust me, Alice, this one here is DEFINITELY the last one.”

Alice sighed and she asked a question that she never thought she would ever ask: “Do I have to eat it? I mean, I know that someone paid for me to eat it… but they’re not actually here to watch, right? So I mean, they won’t really know if I don’t actually eat it?”

Maggie waggled a finger in the blonde butterball’s face. “Now, now, Alice, that would be dishonest! You know that we’re all about customer service here at Pizza-by-the-Pound. What would Mr. Jenkins say if he heard we were cheating customers? They paid for you to eat ALL the slices, so you’re gonna eat all the slices, okay?”

Alice nodded, defeated. Of course, she could refuse. It wasn’t like there was any way that Maggie could REALLY make her eat. But deep down, Alice would never actually refuse food, not even when she was about to blow. She just loved to eat too much!

As Alice ate, Maggie slid around behind her and pulled out her cellphone, snapping a quick pic of the fat blonde’s decimated sweat pants.

“Huh? What are you doing back there?” asked Alice in confusion.

“Nothing, don’t you worry about it, hun. Just keep eating, you need to feed that healthy appetite of yours!”

“Uh… I guess so?”

Oh well, Alice thought, at least my shift is almost over… Then she could finally go home and stop eating.

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“Oh Gawd, Tyler, please be careful! I’m SO full… I didn’t think I could even eat that much!”

“It’s okay, Alice, you’re almost there! Just a couple more steps.”

Alice moaned like a banshee as her boyfriend Tyler helped her hobble to bed, supporting her massive weight as best he could while keeping one hand against the vast pale globe of her belly to keep it jostling too much. Alice had lost track of how much pizza she ate today, but the results of this latest stuffing were evident in her ill-fitting clothes. The only outfit in her closet that currently fit her was a giant pair of pink sweatpants and a gargantuan T-shirt, but both of those were nearing their limits as Alice’s gluttony continued unabated. The overweight blonde was literally inflating like a balloon lately, her seams slowly splitting apart under the onslaught of new blubber being added to her titanic tummy, hefty hips, and thunder thighs! She dopped into bed heavily, the impact forcing a fresh belch to rip from her mouth.

“Ughhh Gawd… I don’t know what I’m gonna do, Tyler,” whined Alice, her belly towering above her like a heaving pink mountain. “Now Maggie’s feeding me at work! I can’t avoid food. It seems like no matter where I go, everyone’s just trying to make me fatter! I know you like me big, but, oof, I think I’m getting too big even for you!”

Tyler pet his girlfriend’s exposed tummy, running his fingers over the warm mountain of flesh. “You couldn’t be too big for me, Alice!”

“That’s sweet of you to say, Tyler, but I’m being serious! I’m so big that I can barely even walk these days! If I get much bigger, I’m gonna have to use my scooter full time! And who knows how big I’ll get then! And what happens then? Nurse Hopkins at school is always warning about the dangers of extreme obesity and my mom was worried about that… and Jen’s sister Jesse, Gawd, she’s ALWAYS giving me guff about that, acting like I’m going to get so fat that I just explode. How will I even be able to take care of myself if I get any bigger?”

“That’s all nonsense, Alice,” said Tyler soothingly, still rubbing her fat belly with both hands. “You don’t have to worry about anything, Alice, you know I’ll always be here to take care of you.”

Alice sighed. As much as she worried, she always did feel better when Tyler rubbed her bloated tummy. It felt so good, it made her want to close her eyes and drift off into a content slumber. How could anything bad happen when she felt this good?

As Tyler rubbed her belly, he couldn’t help but imagine… what did the future hold for Alice? If it was true that she couldn’t stop eating and couldn’t stop gaining, there was no telling how massive she might grow. He thought of a future was Alice was 800 pounds, 900 pounds, a full half a ton… a future where his girlfriend was a massive blob of flesh, so big that her arms and legs were nearly swallowed up her body, buried under pillows of soft new flab until she could barely move them. A future was Alice was so huge that she literally could no longer walk, confined to a bed nearly invisible under the mountainous expanse of her lard-packed body. He would push her around in a wheelchair, Alice’s flanks spilling over the armrests, her belly stretching past her knees and nearly spilling to the floor. She was too fat to wear clothes, so they had to drape a bedspread over her to cover her nudity if they wanted to take her outside.

“H-hungry,” muttered this vision of future Alice, drool dribbling from the corners of her mouth and pooling in the folds of her blubbery double chin. “Gawd, I haven’t eaten since breakfast… push harder, Tyler, we’re barely moving!”

“I’m… pushing as hard as a I can!” grunted Tyler, shoving his full weight against the wheelchair in a desperate bid to get it to move even an inch. Alice was so obscenely heavy that the wheels were bending.

“Ughh, at least turn up the air!” whined Alice. She was so huge that she required an oxygen tank or else even the slightest exertion might cause her to collapse into an out-of-breath heap and tubes ran under her nose. Tyler obediently turned up the air and Alice sighed with relief as her lungs received a renewed blast of fresh air. “Phew, that’s better! I just need a breath of fresh air to keep my energy up!”

Even at her gargantuan size, so big that she was reaching the very limits of human corpulence, Alice remained actively in denial of her girth. She had grown so vast that she required help from both Tyler and her mother to raise her flabby ass from her mattress, and then not even their combined strength could help her hobble to the bathroom. They needed to deposit her immediately into her wheelchair and push her the short trek, because a solid ton of dead weight was just too much for them to handle. It was a miracle that they could even get her out of her room, since she was so wide and round that they were no angle she could find that allowed her to easily squeeze through the door. She had grown bigger than Jen, bigger than Laurie, taking the trophy for the fattest of the Cheerleader Chunkers… possibly the fattest girl in the state, maybe the country. Her room was filled with medical devices and monitoring equipment, all set up to keep an eye on the blonde blimpettes’ tenuous health. Her heart struggled under the pressure of all her flab, her fingers and toes were swollen from her escalating diabetes, and her round moon-like face, nearly buried in chub, was marred with oily acne. She was entirely dependent on Tyler for everything; he had to dress her, clean her, wash her down with a rag on a stick, push her wheelchair around. It seemed that every ominous prediction, every dire warning, was finally coming true as Alice’s weight blasted into the stratosphere and out of the solar system; at her rate of gain, it seemed inevitable that she would eventually grow to the size of a planet. Because even now, she was a complete slave to her own gluttony, goading Tyler to hurry up and shove her fat ass up this wheelchair ramp and through the double door of another restaurant so that she could gorge herself yet again, shocking everyone as her body bloated into a perfect sphere of gluttony, too vast for even her stained bed sheet to cover, her sagging breasts barely distinguishable from just another fat roll that slopped against her titanic tummy, and eventually Tyler would be forced to wheel her home again as she belched and moaned and hiccupped. The only prediction that had not yet come true for Alice was Jesse’s dire warning that she would one day explode if she didn’t mend her eating habits… but there was no guarantee that wouldn’t still yet come to pass in Alice’s ballooning future.

The idea was distressing, but also… undeniably hot. Tyler had drifted off to sleep himself, curled around his giant girlfriend, his arms struggling to encircle her bulk, his turgid boner poking her voluminous rump. He said that he was dedicated to taking care of Alice and he meant it. He wanted to do everything that he could to serve her, she was his glorious gaining goddess, the perfect woman that he had always desired. No matter what her size, she would always be the woman he wanted. But there was something so intoxicating about Alice’ increasing helplessness, the way that her body encumbered her more and more as she grew bigger and her muscles, buried under soft new flesh, grew weaker. Even in his dreams, he felt a twinge of guilt for thinking of Alice this way…. But how could he help himself? If Alice was going to grow, he was going to be there for her every step of the way.

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Meanwhile, there was some major drama going down on the forums of CHEERLEADER CHUNKER WATCH. The website billed itself as “the one-stop destination for all information about your favorite hometown BBWs, those tubby cheerbabes we all know and love --- the Cheerleader Chunkers!” and the site manager said “We all remember the day that we first saw Laurie Belmontes, Jen Sarovy, and Alice Grobauch bounce their delectable booties onto the sports field, but what are they doing now? Like and subscribe for the latest updates!”

A growing number of fans were using the website to keep tabs on Alice, Jen, and Laurie, reporting public sightings of the three tubs and speculating about their escalating poundage. On the sub-forum dedicated to Alice, the users were all talking about the fact that Alice had been wearing the same sweatpants for over a week and the consensus was that she had grown so fat now that they were the only things that still fit her. Posters were driving themselves insane waiting for the day that Alice’s widening ass finally proved too wide for the sweatpants and split them right up the rump. Of course, most of Alice’s fans were her fans because they appreciated her belly, so a few bitter complainers had to keep moaning:

> I love when alice used to wear those cargo shorts… mmm you could really see them getting tight on her belly… loved thinking about the day that she would bust that button

>Agreed! Nothing’s hotter than seeing a hottie like alice pop her buttons

>sweat pants are lame!!! Too stretchy >:C

> YES!! I am dying to see alice just blow some buttons across the room again. So hot XD

>you guys are stupid… the sweatpants are totally great, they don’t leave anything to the imagination… you can totally even see her panty lines… mm and they’re getting so tight on her!!

>whatever! Go post in the jen sarovy subforum if you like that kind of thing! This forum is for alice lovers only!!!

> how long do you think the sweatpants will last? They’re already starting to tear

Naturally, that innocent comment about the fraying seat of Alice’s sweats had led to an all-out posting war, everyone desperate to get their opinion in, and it culminated in a betting pool where everyone wagered on what day Alice’s sweats would finally give up the ghost. Today, a poster named PIZZA\_GAL420 had posted a cell phone photograph of Alice from the back, the seat of her pants split wide open so that you could see her oversized panties wedging between her chubby cheeks.

>Pay up! I guessed right, today’s the day that alice split her sweats

>no that doesn’t count! They didn’t COMPLETELY split

>give it up, that totally counts. They’re split enough that there’s no way she can keep wearing them. That’s good enough. Pizza\_gal420 won fair and square

>are you sure? They were already starting to rip, so that should count

>we don’t care about the start, we care about the finish. Pizza\_gal420 wins. Good on you. congrats

>who is pizza\_gal420 that she could get such a great pic? Wish I was there to see it. Mmm what a sight!

In her basement, Maggie grinned to herself. When she first discovered this ridiculous website, she almost couldn’t believe that it existed. Who were these weirdos who were so obsessed with the cheerleader chunkers that they spent their entire lives stalking them? She was ready to dismiss them as a bunch of internet losers until she noticed that they had a betting pool. In fact, they had lots of betting pools, on everything from the girls’ weights to what day the expected to see Alice break the chair of her desk at school, what day they expected to see her use three chairs to support her wideload rear, what day they thought she was finally going to split her sweat pants… Reading that made her pause. Hmm.

But it wasn’t until Alice actually split her pants while she was at work that suddenly Maggie saw the potential. She snapped a quick pic and later that night she posted it on CHEERLEADER CHUNKER WATCH, winning herself a cool hundred dollars from the betting pool. My Gawd, thought Maggie, I thought that taking bribes to feed Alice pizza was easy money! This is even easier!

She scrolled through the forum, reading all the posts where people were betting on Alice’s weight. This was perfect! Maggie had an inside track, she worked with Alice nearly every day. If she kept her eyes open, she could probably win most of these bets! And, if she helped Alice along, the chances of her winning were even better!

She was so excited at the prospect that she practically had dollar signs in her eyes. She wondered now why she ever resented Alice’s weight, because that fat little hog was her ticket to big bucks! The more Alice ate, the fatter Alice grew, the more money would end up in Maggie’s pockets! It was a win/win situation!

She tapped a finger against her chin as she thought about the possibilities. It wouldn’t be hard to encourage Alice to eat more, the girl was a non-stop eating machine already. Maggie had already promised Laurie that she wouldn’t give Alice guff about her weight; in exchange, Laurie had pulled some strings to make sure that Maggie’s little sister Gloria got selected for the cheer squad. Being a cheerleader had always been Gloria’s dream and Maggie, dedicated older sister that she was, wanted to do everything to help Gloria accomplish that goal… although Maggie was having second thoughts about that whole situation when she realized that hanging around Laurie and Jen was starting to have an effect on Gloria’s size too. Gloria was turning into an overripe pear, her plump rump ballooning out behind her until her cheer skirts couldn’t completely cover her cheeks. But Maggie wasn’t worried about that anymore. She was already trying to stay neutral on Alice’s gains, switching to encouragement wouldn’t be that much of a change! It probably wouldn’t even arouse Alice’s suspicions at all.

Besides, thought Maggie, she’s such a ditz that she didn’t realize what Laurie and Jen were doing to her until they confessed it on live TV. I’m way smarter than Jen and Laurie. If those dumb bimbos could pull off a scam like this and help Alice balloon to 600 pounds without her catching on, I’m sure I could get away with… much more.

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“Great job, Jen! We really got some good takes this session! We’re so glad to have you on board here at Udders; you’re a natural!”

“Like, thanks,” said Jen woozily. She could barely gets the words out, her speech slurred and her chubby face flushed a pale shade of green. She weaved drunkenly, her enormous bloated belly swinging like a pendulum with her uncertain footing. Poor Jen! She was filming yet another commercial for Gary Morrison’s Udders restaurant franchise and she loved the fact that Mr. Morrison – or Gary as he insisted Jen call him – had personally selected her to be the face for the franchise… but these commercials were hard work! In theory, it was a pretty easy shoot. All she had to do was sensuously eat a burger and say a few corny lines. It was really the perfect gig for someone like Jen, who naturally liked eating and naturally loved flaunting her curves! But Jen was also terrible at memorizing her lines, constantly screwing up and forcing them to shoot retake after retake. And, of course, that meant that she had to eat more burgers for every retake…

Jen was a massive greedy glutton, so it seemed impossible that you could ever fill her belly to capacity… much less overfill it! And sure, at first, maybe she had screwed around a little on purpose just so that she had an excuse to get a few extra bites of Big Bacon bliss Burger into her belly. But eventually, even Jen started to get full. Unfortunately, she got loopier and more distracted the more her overstuffed tummy started to ache, so she started to flub her lines even more! It didn’t help that Gary kept changing the script on the fly. It was almost like he wanted her to mess up!

“Like, thanks, Gary! Ooohh, but I think I, like, ate too much. Gawd, I’m gonna blow chunks.” Jen grimaced, putting a chubby hand against the surface of her swollen middle. Jen was wearing a pair of super high-cut black spandex booty shorts that barely covered anything, riding up between the cheeks of the fat ass brunette’s rotund rump, the front fly wide open but luckily hidden under the sag of her bloated belly, and a tight cow-print crop top tied into a knot right under the bulk of her heavy boobs. The words “MAKE MOO GROW” were stretched into near-illegibility across her top by the weight of her hefty hooters. She wore a hairband with a little pair of ersatz cow horns, completing her bovine cosplay.

She shifted in place, rubbing her long flabby legs together. Jen was strangely antsy, though she hoped that no one else could tell. A mix of conflicting emotions were awash inside her empty head. For once thing, she was so obscenely stuffed full of bread and cheese and meat that she felt absolutely sick; she had a bad case of the meat sweats and she could feel all that grease roiling around in her gut, promising her a night of awful gas. But there was something else too. Despite her discomfort, Jen was SUPER horny. These skimpy shorts were so tight that they were practically flossing her pussy, stimulating her whenever she shifted her weight… And then there was the fact that Jen was a natural exhibitionist. She loved to show off her fat booty at school, convinced that it was her best asset, and she couldn’t soak up enough compliments about her wide load bottom-heavy figure. The idea that the whole town would be watching her strut her stuff on television gave her a sick little thrill in the pit of her stomach that made her wet between the thighs despite her throbbing tummy.

“Why don’t you go get changed and take a break, Jen?” said Gary, ignoring the fat girl’s complaints. “You’ve earned yourself a rest! These commercials are gonna be a smash, I just know it!”

Jen nodded but didn’t say anything. She was afraid that she might throw up if she opened her mouth. She wobbled her way toward the back of the studio, and shoved her way through the door into the shower area. She desperately needed to get out of this silly cow costume… But for more reasons that anyone might guess!

“Gawwwd, I don’t think I’ve, like, ever eaten so much before in my life,” whined Jen, wiggling her fat ass as she worked the shorts down her monster thighs and dropped them to the floor in a sweaty heap. She was so hot and sweaty after a full day of working under the studio lights that you could practically see the steam rise off of her as she released her fat ass from its cloth confines. She pulled her crop top over her head, her big boobs flopping free. She turned the shower knob and sighed with relief as the cool water hit her body, an instant gout of fresh steam billowing off of her overheated skin as the water touched her. Gawd, that felt good! The cool water was a boon to her seriously overstretched belly. Jen looked down at herself, marveling at how much real estate her belly now occupied. She looked like she was as big in the belly as Alice right now! Jen’s little sister Jesse was always teasing Jen for her big appetite, warning her big sister that she was destined to one day explode if she didn’t get her eating under control. Jen would just roll her eyes when Jesse started to lecture her. Of course, that wasn’t true! People didn’t just explode from overeating. But now, staring at a belly stretched so far past its limits that new red stretchmarks were visible all around her ready-to-pop navel, Jen wasn’t so sure…

“Gawd, those shorts were, like, way too much for my pussy,” moaned Jen under her breath as she let the shower water wash over her. “Like, I think if I had to do one more take, my pussy was gonna pop… and, like, my tummy was gonna pop too!”

She was still super horny, her clit throbbing with arousal and juices dribbled down her tree-trunk legs, mingled with shower water. Biting her lip, she quickly scanned the room. There was no one back here, right? She was all alone. No one would ever know.

“Like, fuck it,” said Jen. Grunting, she struggling to snake her thick arm under the heft of her gargantuan stuffed belly to finger her pussy. It was a futile attempt. Jen was way too fat to touch herself these days; she could only get off with the help of a toy or her boyfriend. And, truth be told, she was getting so hefty at over 600 pounds, that even extended-reach vibrators weren’t enough to make contact with her clit anymore. She was fast getting to the point where she wouldn’t be able to masturbate at all without help. But she was so hot and bothered right now that she at least had to try. She huffed and puffed, her face going red with exertion, but her chubby fingers just couldn’t reach. She wished that this shower had a detachable shower head… that would solve the problem nicely! But as it was, she was going to have to wait until she could get home and call Craig to actually get off!

“At least Craig should be proud of me for getting a real job!” sighed Jen to herself.

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles