Fatty Feud 1
By Mollycoddles

“Can you believe that Jen? She’s so ridiculous! Talk back to me, will she? Just the nerve of her!” Laurie Belmontes snarled, crossing her arms underneath her generous bosom and staring out the window into the night. She was talking to her good friend Alice, but mostly she was talking to herself – stewing over the recent fight that she’d just had with her other friend Jen.

“Er… what was this argument about again?” asked Alice.

“Never you mind,” said Laurie quickly.

Laurie was a buxom raven-haired beauty famous around school for her sharp tongue, short temper… and pneumatic bosom. Alice was a chubby blonde butterball known for her shy demeanor. Both girls were cheerleaders for their high school, Los Hermanos High, but they also had one other thing in common: They were both about 300 pounds. Like their mutual friend Jen, Alice and Laurie were hopeless gluttons who couldn’t control their appetites, a fact that had caused them both to rapidly balloon up this school year. But Laurie had devised an evil plan to distract the student body from noticing that her own waistline was rapidly catching up with her bustline: Laurie surmised that as long as Alice was gaining weight faster than she was, she would always look svelte in comparison. She’d convinced Jen to go along with this scheme for months, and the two girls invited Alice to weekly sleepovers where they would ply her with sweet treats until she was stuffed to bursting. The plan was working (relatively) well, since Alice was definitely rounder these days. Of course, so were Jen and Laurie… but that was just a minor kink in the plan! A much bigger kink was Jen suddenly finding her conscience.

Of all the ridiculous things! Jen suddenly feeling bad about the plan! Jen and Laurie had gotten into a huge argument about it and now they weren’t speaking. Luckily, Jen was still morally culpable for tricking Alice, so, even though she was mad at Laurie and totally ghosting her, Jen hadn’t yet dared to spill the beans to Alice. That was good at least. Things weren’t completely fucked.

But Laurie missed her friend. Sure, she’d slowly come to have a grudging respect, maybe even the start of a friendship with Alice (No! Laurie reminded herself. Don’t get soft! You have to see the plan through!) but Jen had been her constant companion since middle school. She felt adrift without Jen at her side. And, yeah, Jen was a total bimbo… but Jen was her bimbo! It was hard to go a day without hearing that auburn-haired ditz make some airheaded comment or other.

“You want some pie, Alice? My mom made it. It’s organic or something,” said Laurie, picking up a half-eaten pie from the coffee table. Sleepovers with Laurie always involved massive amounts of food, not just because Laurie was still trying to secretly fatten Alice up but also because Laurie had discovered that Alice tended to… agree with anything that she said when she offered food as an incentive.

“Oh yes, please,” bubbled Alice, holding out her plate. Alice was a round-faced chubbette with thick arms, stubby legs, and hefty thighs – but she carried the bulk of her 300 pounds in a bloated blubbery belly that sagged into her lap when she sat down. Her gut looked even more swollen than usual after a night of gorging. Laurie noticed with a smirk that her fat friend had a ring of pie filling slathered around her mouth.

“Here you go, sweetie, eat up,” said Laurie sweetly, as she scooped another slice of lemon meringue pie onto Alice’s plate. “Have all you want! That’s why it’s here after all.”

“Mmm,” mumbled Alice through cheeks full of pie. Good, the porker was already stuffing her face again. That meant she would have to be quiet as Laurie vented.

“Now where was I? Oh right… can you believe that bitch Jen was talking back to me? Like, she thought she knew what was best for ME? The nerve! Maybe if she had as much fat in her head as in her behind, she’d be a genius… but as it is, she’s just a regular dim bulb!”

“Mffph.” Alice didn’t much care for the trash talk, but her mouth was full so she couldn’t protest much. Not that she was really listening that much. She tended to lose track of things when she was eating. She loved to eat after all!

Alice swallowed and shoved the last of her pie into her mouth. “That’s not really fair, though—”

“Have some more pie, Alice,” said Laurie, shoving the pie tin into Alice’s chubby hands. “There’s only a little left. C’mon, couldn’t you just finish it up?”

“Well… okay… I guess…”

It didn’t take much convincing. Alice raised the tin to her lips and starting snorfling the pie directly from the tin, grunting like a pig at the trough as she ate.

“That’s right, go ahead. Eat up! Don’t leave anything behind!” Laurie cooed, rubbing Alice’s bloated tummy. Alice gurgled. She was pretty full – she’d been eating allll night, after all – but Laurie’s hands massaging her belly felt so good. It helped to soothe the overfull pain and give Alice the strength that she needed to finish the rest of the pie. She dropped the cleaned tin with a contented sigh and soft, lady-like burp.

“Oh my Gawd,” she huffed. “That was so good…”

“Now wasn’t it, sweetie? Oops, you’ve got some meringue on your nose right there.”

“Oh whoops!” Alice blushed. “Sorry…”

Laurie wetted her thumb and rubbed it off Alice’s nose. They were friends, after all, no reason to worry about personal boundaries like that. After all, Laurie was already rubbing Alice’s belly, it wasn’t like her nose was any more intimate.

“I’m so glad that we could have this talk, Alice. And I’m so glad that you agree with me!”

Alice nodded. Poor Alice! She was completely oblivious to Laurie’s scheme. She genuinely liked both Jen and Laurie and hated to see them fight. That’s why now she was going to TWO weekly sleepovers, one on Friday with Laurie and one on Saturday with Jen. She hoped that her two friends wouldn’t figure out what she was doing, but how could she be expected to choose between her two besties? That was totally unfair!

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“C’mon, Alice, like, you agree with me, right? You totally think I’m right, don’t you?”

Jen’s hand hovered in midair. Alice couldn’t take her eyes off the chunk of sweet creamy dessert kugel sitting at the edge of the fork. It looked delicious! Her mouth was watering at the sight of it. Alice nodded dumbly.

“Yes… yes, of course, Jen! You’re totally right.”

“Yeah! Like, I thought so! C’mon, Alice, open up.” Jen smiled widely as Alice opened her mouth wide so that her bottom-heavy friend could slide the fork right in. Alice chewed and swallowed and opened up for more.

Like her friend Laurie, Jen knew that the way to a girl’s heart was through her stomach. That was no surprise. Both Jen and Laurie were obsessed with eating, two greedy gluttons who could be swayed to anything by the simple promise of food, and so both had gambled that Alice would naturally be the same. The problem, though, was that they were right. Alice loved to eat as much as her two fat friends did, so she was the perfect victim for their schemes. She would agree with anything that Laurie said if Laurie dangled the promise of food over her head, but then she would agree with anything that Jen said for the same deal. Poor Alice! It wasn’t that she was fickle, it was just that… how was she supposed to resist? She was helplessly addicted to eating and the two feuding fatsos unfortunately knew her biggest weakness.

“Oof… Jen, I’m getting really full…” Alice heaved a sigh that midway turned into a hiccup, her whole overstuffed body jiggling in response. She winced at the pain of her overfilled belly jostling against her flabby lap. “But listen… I don’t know why you and Laurie are fighting, but I can’t imagine that it’s anything too bad…”

“Like, are you sure you’re full?” interrupted Jen. She did not want to hear Alice give any defense of that bitch Laurie! Ugh! Sometimes it seemed like the only way to keep Alice was trying to solve their argument was to keep her mouth full of food. "Like, you sure you don’t want any more? We’ve still got some more of my mom’s kugel here!”

“No… really… I’m stuffed…”

“Like, let’s see if we can make some room, huh?” said Jen, rubbing her hands over the arc of Alice’s bloated belly. Jen marveled at how marvelously, velvety soft she was! Alice was such a fat, fat hog that her flesh was as soft as marshmallow fluff and smooth as butter. As Jen caressed her, Alice’s words trailed off. Gawd, that felt good! And it really did help to settle her upset tummy. Alice sighed, closed her eyes, and leaned back, lost in bliss. “C’mon, I think we can!”

“Ooo… oof… that feels good… gawd, Jen, my belly is so full, I swear I can’t eat another bite… but listen… I really think that you and Laurie should talk about what’s so upsetting to you guys…”

“Ugh, like, we are not gonna talk! Like, if that bitch wants to apologize that’s, like, one thing… but I’m not gonna be the first!” snapped Jen angrily, a cross expression on her usually placid face. Her hands continued to smooth over the endless expanse of Alice’s overloaded tummy, slowly lulling Alice into complacency. It felt so good to have her poor stuffed stomach massaged like that! Alice knew that she’d overindulged – no surprise there – but nothing made her feel better after she’d eaten beyond her limits than a nice belly rub. She usually preferred her boyfriend Tyler to be the one giving her a massage, but she wasn’t picky. She sighed in bliss. All thoughts evaporated from her head as she succumbed to the euphoria coursing through her body. She didn’t care about Laurie and Jen’s argument, she didn’t care about anything… all that mattered was this wonderful feeling of wellbeing!

Alice opened her mouth to sigh again, but a sudden belch escaped. The noise startled Alice back to reality. Oops! Seemed that all that caressing and fondling had knocked some gas loose in her belly, allowing it to escape unexpectantly. Alice slapped a pudgy hand to her mouth in embarrassment, but Jen just giggled.

“Like, it sounds like that tummy rub really did the job!” she gushed. “Now that you’ve got that gas out, like, I bet you totally have room for more kugel! You know my mom is, like, gonna totally freak if we don’t finish it!”

Alice nodded. Deep down, she felt like she really didn’t need any more. She’d been eating all night and this kugel was SUPER rich, full of sweet sugar and heavy cream, but it did look delicious. And Jen was right, that belch had freed up a little more room in her gut. Alice pondered the situation. Did she need more kugel? Definitely not! But did she want more? That was a different story. And Jen was just being so insistent!

“Well, I guess I could eat a little more,” said Alice, patting her stomach thoughtfully. “After all, we shouldn’t waste food…”

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As the weeks rolled by and Jen and Laurie showed no signs of settling their argument, both girls ramped up their attempts to permanently assure Alice’s loyalty in the feud. Alice was in hog heaven, gorging herself on cookies and tarts and other sweet treats every time that she came over to one of her friends’ houses, but even she was beginning to have second thoughts. Alice was already plenty plump before this petty feud began, but this entire affair was adding inches to her waistline dangerously fast. She was blowing up like a balloon before her very eyes!

The rotund blonde was growing, insidiously swelling under the constant deluge of fattening foods. Her belly pushed out in front of her, billowing bigger and rounder after every visit to either of her two friends’ houses. Her ass widened, her legs thickened. The pounds were piling on faster and faster. Her clothes were getting snugger. She was having more trouble pulling her cargo pants over her thunder thighs and wide ass and then she had to suck in her gut to get the waistband buttoned around her middle. Her stomach hung over her waistband, nearly obscuring her crotch. Alice’s weight crept up to 350 pounds and then steadily to 400 pounds. As much as she tried to ignore her increasing blimpage, Alice was having a harder time. And people were beginning to notice!

The other cheerleaders were beginning to gossip. Of course, Alice had long been the biggest girl on the team. But she’d been holding steady at 300 pounds for a while, now she was suddenly gaining.

“Gawd, you guys, have you seen Alice lately? She’s really getting big,” said Kristine as she stepped under the shower head and let the warm water flow over her body. Kristine was a curvaceous black girl with wide hips and a full bosom. She used to be the squad’s second chestiest girl after Laurie, although both Alice and Jen had since surpassed her. Though that wasn’t really fair. Jen and Alice were so fat that it was inevitable that they would be bigger in the chest.

“Yeah, she’s REALLY been gaining a lot of weight, I noticed it too,” said Lizzie. Lizzie was a short stocky Asian girl with powerful thighs and a modest chest. She dropped her clothes to the floor and stepped into the shower stall next to Kristine, sighing as the nourishing water flowed over her. “Do you think something’s wrong? I know Alice has always been a big girl, but her weight’s really gotten out of control lately. If she gets any bigger, I don’t think she’s going to be able to do any of the cheer routines. And then what? Laurie will kick her off the team for sure!”

“I don’t know about that,” muttered Kristine. Kristine had noticed that Laurie wasn’t all that far behind Alice in terms of weight. Sure, Alice was the heavyweight of the squad, but Laurie seemed to be going super easy on her lately. Kristine wasn’t sure what was going on, but it sure seemed sus. “But we can’t just let this go on without saying something. I think we need to check in on Alice and make sure that she’s okay. We’re a team, remember? We stick together.”

“You’re right,” said Lizzie, “But how do we say anything without hurting her feelings? You know how sensitive Alice is about her size.”

The two girls turned to look at Denise. She was a small, skinny brunette with glasses, the most unlikely cheerleader on the squad. She was standing at her locker, changing into her uniform, pulling her spanky pants over her slim hips and buckling up her unnecessary bra.

“Denise, you’re closest with Alice, right?”

“Hmm? Oh yeah, I guess.”

“Listen, we’re both worried about her putting on so much weight lately. You’ve noticed, right?”

Denise nodded. Of course she had noticed. There was no way to ignore Alice when she took up THAT much space!

“You think you could ask her what’s going on? Just make sure that she’s… not having trouble?”

The rest of the cheer squad was in the showers when they heard the doors of the locker room swung open. The girls exchanged glances as they heard the tell-tale huffing and puffing that signaled the arrival of their fattest teammate – though if Alice’s panting breaths hadn’t announced her, then her thundering footsteps would have.

“Hey girls,” said Alice, plopping her fat ass onto a bench. It creaked and groaned under her bulk.

“Hey,” said Denise. Denise was a short, scrawny cheerleader with glasses; she was the smallest girl on the squad, downright petite next to curvy Kristine and tall Lizzie and absolutely emaciated next to behemoth Alice. Denise could see that the metal bench was visibly bending under the pressure of Alice’s monumental rear and she wondered how much longer it would last.

Alice was rounder than ever. She looked like a full ripe apple, a blubbery seal, a fat pig packed into a cheer outfit that would have looked ridiculous on a slimmer girl but was hanging on for dear life as it tried to encircle Alice’s incredible girth. The sweater was splitting at the seams, stretched so tight that the varsity letters across her chest looked like they were tearing out of the fabric. Alice was so fat now that the sweater had transformed into more of a fuzzy croptop, pulled tight across her boobs but leaving most of her belly bare. Alice’s belly flopped into her lap, pushed nearly to her knees. Her cheer skirt was hidden between her blubber folds, her bloated belly and meaty flanks nearly hiding it from view so that you would be excused for thinking that she wasn’t wearing anything below the waist! Her butt was too wide and too deep for the cheer skirt to offer any coverage; luckily, the tubby blonde’s spanky pants were able to stretch enough to keep her decent. Alice’s round face was swaddled with chub, her plump cheeks quivering as she shoved coconut-frosted snack cakes into her mouth from the plastic package she clutched in her fleshy hands.

Kristine elbowed Denise in the ribs and gave her a knowing look. The cheerleaders had been talking about Alice’s weight. And they’d decided… that they needed to say something.

“Hey, Alice, I can’t help but notice…” Denise cleared her throat. “It looks like you’ve put on a few pounds lately?”

Alice looked up from her snack.

“Oh Gawd, is it that obvious?”

The cheerleaders looked at each other. Was Alice joking? Of course it was obvious! From the looks of her, Alice had already left 400 pounds fat behind. She looked like she was on her way to a hefty 450 pounds. When she shifted her weight, you could hear the bench creak and the stitches of her cheer uniform groan. No doubt about it, this girl was rapidly outgrowing her environment!

“It’s cuz of Jen and Laurie,” said Alice, shoving a snack cake into her mouth and chewing vigorously. “They won’t stop feeding me! See, Jen and Laurie had this big argument and now they won’t speak to each other. We used to have a weekly sleepover, just the three of us. But now that they’re fighting, they each want me to come over for sleepovers! So I have to go to two sleepovers every week. And all they do is stuff me with food! I’m eating twice as much as usual, cuz I can’t disappoint them! But I’m just getting fatter and fatter and I can’t stop!”

“Can’t you just say that you’re not hungry if you don’t want to eat?”

“Huh?” Alice stared dumbly at Denise as if she didn’t understand the question. Without thinking, she shoved another whole snack cake into her eager maw and gulped it down, wiping her lips with her pudgy hand. Not be hungry? What a weird concept! The truth was that Alice was always hungry. Well, that wasn’t exactly true. She was usually stuffed, sometimes painfully stuffed, but she always desired food. And wanting food was basically the same thing as being hungry, right? Alice was a ravenous glutton who could never turn down food, so the idea that she would refuse to let Jen and Laurie keep feeding her and feeding her until she was ready to pop? That wasn’t an option.

“I can’t do that!” wailed Alice. “They’re really in a bad state, see? You should see them! They’re both so upset about this argument. Jen is totally lost without Laurie around to tell her what to do; I don’t think the poor girl has ever had to think for herself before! And I can tell that Laurie’s just miserable without Jen around. I mean, Jen’s been her best friend since middle school! I’ve never seen them apart, have you?”

“No, that’s true,” said Denise. “Those two are inseparable.”

“Exactly!” sputtered Alice, spraying coconut flakes into her cleavage. “It’s just awful! I’m trying my best to be a good friend to each of them in this time of need. I can’t just tell them no! It’s already too hard for them! But they just keep feeding me and I can’t catch a break!”

Kristine leaned over the divider of her shower. “THEY keep feeding you, huh?”

“Yeah, exactly!” said Alice, oblivious to the unwrapped package of snack cakes in her hands. “They’re both really insistent and.. oh, these? Heh. Um.” Alice grinned sheepishly as she followed Kristine’s line of vision to realize that the voluptuous black girl was staring right at her snack cakes. “Well… I guess… um… well, this is different… I…I… I only had a really small breakfast today and a girl has to keep up her strength, right? I mean, I couldn't do my cheers if I was ready to faint, right?”

The other cheerleaders politely refrained from saying anything. At over 400 pounds, there was little chance that Alice could do any cheers at all now, so any talk about “keeping up her strength” was really a moot point.

“I just don’t know what to do,” continued Alice. She obliviously popped another cake into her eager mouth and gulped it down. The truth was, Alice was just too used to eating to stop. She’d always had a healthy appetite, even before Laurie and Jen started inviting her to sleepovers, but this recent deluge of treats had opened the floodgates. At any waking moment, either Jen or Laurie was hovering over her, offering her some tempting treat that she just simply could not refuse! Now, in the rare moments that she was alone, Alice was so accustomed to always having food in her mouth that she didn’t feel right unless she had some snack clutched in her pudgy little hands! “I really don’t want to hurt either of their feelings, but they’re killing me with kindness. I guess… I guess I just gotta wait it out until they make up again!”

“But Alice… you can’t keep eating forever! You’ll get huge!”

Alice shrugged, a sheepish look on her round face. “Yeah, but that’s all I can do, ya know?”

Of course, it wasn’t all that she could do at all. She could easily refuse to eat or at least she could display some tiny modicum of self-restraint. But why should she? Alice was a natural glutton and this on-going feud between Jen and Laurie was indulging the greedy blonde’s secret sinful vice: her love for food. As much as Alice fretted about her weight, on one level, she was happy for any excuse to stuff her belly. She would feign helplessness in this situation if it gave her an excuse to keep eating.

“Speaking of practice, we should really get out on the field,” said Kristine, twisting the shower knob to OFF and grabbing a towel off the rack. “C’mon, girls, Jen and Laurie might not be here, but that doesn’t mean that we should slack off!”

“Oh! Just one second, let me get ready!” said Alice. She shoved the final cake into her mouth, dropped the empty bag onto the bench next to her, and wiped her stubby hand on her sweaty. Cheeks bulging, she attempted to stand. She kicked her legs feebly and pumped her arms in a futile attempt to generate enough force to rock herself up from her seated position. She barely budged; the gravity of her massive belly and the counterweight of her voluminous rear kept her firmly pinned in her seat on the creaking bench.

Denise, Kristine, and Lizzie paused in their changing to turn and stare. This was unbelievable. Alice was fat, sure, that much was obvious… but she was too fat to get up from the bench!

“Ohhh, help! I’m too fat to get up by myself!” whined Alice. “Please… could you help me?”

“Uh… sure…” Kristine sat at Alice’s left, Lizzie at her right. The two each girls took one of Alice’s thick arms and draped it over their shoulders. “Okay, on three, we stand together, okay? One, two, three!”

All at once, the three girls tried to stand. Alice pushed her tree-trunk legs against the ground, hoping against hope that she could generate enough power to lift her voluminous rear from the bench. Lizzie strained, Kristine struggled. The two girls heaved with all their might, muscles quivering, veins popping, sweat dripping down their foreheads. This was hard work! Alice’s 400 plus pound bulk resisted with all the force of its immense gravity, but… gradually… she started to rise! After a few minutes, they got her to her feet. As she shifted her immense body, the creaks and groans coming from the straining stitchery of her obscenely tight uniform grew louder and louder.

“Alice, careful… I don’t think your stitches can take more more of this!” said Kristine.

“Oh, but I’ve got to get up!” cried Alice. “You can’t just leave me here, please!”

“Don’t panic, we’ll get you up…”

They heaved again and Alice lurched forward and up. The sudden movement was too much for her overloaded outfit, though, and all three girls simultaneously heard the loud, tell-tale RIIIIP as the seat of Alice’s spanky pants split open, revealing her gargantuan rump with her over-sized granny panties wedged up her crack. At the same time, the hook on her skirt tore from its socket and her cheer skirt exploded open.

“Oh no! My uniform!” gasped Alice. Her chubby hands shot to her rear, causing at instant foot-long tear in the side of her cheer sweater.

“Alice, you’re busting out all over!” said Lizzie.

“Oh this is awful!” whined Alice. “It’s all because of Jen and Laurie! I need to get them to stop feeding me!”

“Right.” Kristine sympathetically patted Alice’s padded shoulder. “Let’s see about getting you out of that ruined outfit first.”

“O-okay.”

“Hold up your arms, hun.”

Alice raised her arms, her drooping flab flapping like wings, and Kristine pulled off the tattered sweater. Meanwhile, Lizzie worked Alice’s split spandex spanky pants down over her protruding posterior, fat legs, and chubby ankles. By the end, Alice was left in just her underwear… and the other girls couldn’t help but notice how she was spilling out of it! Her boobs were bulging out of her bra cups, the body band hidden between thick rolls of flab, and her white knickers were nearly transparent they were stretched so thin around the curves of her butt and lower belly.

“Oh boy… thank you,” gasped Alice. “Phew… that was really a work out!”

“Yeah… for real,” said Kristine, mopping her brow. She was exhausted!

Alice looked like she had just run a marathon. Her round face was red, her bosom heaved as she panted to catch her breath from this tiny bit of exertion, and her underwear was drenched with sweat.

“Alice… I hate to say it, but… I don’t think it should be this hard for you to stand up.”

“I…I…I…” Alice stuttered as she searched her brain for an excuse. “I just… you know, I said I didn’t have much breakfast, so you know my energy was low and…”

“No, Alice,” said Kristine severely. “I’m serious. We all know why you’re having trouble. But I don’t think the issue is even really your weight. You shouldn’t be having that kind of trouble even at your size. I think the real problem is that you’re just gaining way too fast! Your body doesn’t have the time to adjust! Alice, you really need to slow down… for your own good!”

Alice nodded miserably, her double chin wobbling. She knew it was true! This was simply too much! It was ridiculous that a cheerleader should get so big that she couldn’t even rise from the bench under her own power! Alice needed to put a stop to this whole affair and go on a major diet, pronto! It was her only hope to avoid growing bigger and bigger indefinitely! She was lucky that she could at least still waddle around at this point. If she waited much longer, she’d be practically immobile!

“I don’t know what to do,” cried Alice miserably. “I’m gonna be as big as a house if this continues! I’ve got to get them to make up… or I’ll end up weight a literal ton… or worse!” Alice grabbed the overhang of her belly with her hands and gave it an experimental jiggle, watching in shocked fascination as a thick ripple spread through her soft blubber. “This is too much! I might even get so big that I just explode.”

She knew that she had to do something… and she had to do something very soon! Alice resolved that she was going to have a long discussion with Laurie and Jen the very next time that she saw them.

To be continued…

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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