Alice 122
By Mollycoddles

“You’ve been very, very bad, Laurie. We’re both very disappointed in you.”

Frank and Abida stood over Laurie, hands on their hips, disapproval written across their faces. Laurie sat on the bed in front of them, her bulk spilling over the sides, the mattress nearly sagging to the floor under her excessive weight.

“Yeah, all those secrets? All those schemes? You’ve been very naughty. Especially what you did to Alice. That was fucked up, Laurie.”

“I know, I know… I’m sorry,” said Laurie, hanging her head.

“You have apologized to Alice, haven’t you?”

“Er… yeah?” The truth was that Laurie had been avoiding Alice ever since their appearance together on the Nikki Lake Show, where their mutual teammate Jen had revealed the startling truth: That Laurie, with help from Jen, had been secretly fattening Alice all year long in an effort to make themselves look thinner in comparison. In truth, Laurie felt like she was getting unfairly blamed. After all, she had practically abandoned the plan months ago as she grew to like Alice as a genuine friend and also care less about her own weight. She didn’t have much incentive to fatten Alice, after all, after Laurie started to enjoy her own status as the fattest girl in school. Now that Laurie reveled in her vast size, she had come to see Alice as almost a rival. How dare Alice be bigger than her!

But… well… that still didn’t change the fact that she HAD lied to Alice. She had plied her with high-calorie fatty snack foods and told her that they were diet. She had sabotaged all Alice’s attempts at dieting and exercise.

As much as Laurie wanted to let herself off the hook, she couldn’t. She knew she had fucked up. She knew she had done Alice wrong.

But she still needed to make it right.

Soon. Soon, she promised herself. As soon as I make things right with Frank and Abida. First things first.

Because Frank and Abida weren’t happy either now that the true extent of Laurie’s lies was out in the open. They were horrified to hear how Laurie had manipulated her friend Alice into gaining weight, how she had manipulated her friend Jen into keeping quiet about it… and how she had lied to everyone about her own relationship with Frank and Abida. It was going to take some time to repair things.

“Well, if you want our forgiveness… you’re gonna have to earn it,” said Abida.

“Of course,” said Laurie. What was she saying? Laurie was always the one who made the rules, the one who told Frank and Abida what to do. Even when she let them dom her in the bedroom, she was always technically topping from the bottom. All her life, Laurie had maintained complete control over everything. That’s how she became known as the fiercest, baddest bitch in Los Hermanos High, the slave-driver cheer captain who led the cheer squad to victory and ran a tight ship. But things were changing. These days Laurie was now longer the knock-out buxom beauty who commanded easy respect from the girls and horny obedience from the boys. It all started at the beginning of the year… how did it begin? She could barely remember. She must have slacked on her diet a bit, noticed an extra pound or two. And then? And then things just started to spiral. Laurie found herself slacking more and more, spending more time at the dinner table and less time on the cheer field. The pounds kept piling on. She could feel her cheer uniforms straining more, her skirt binding around her hips, her spanky pants riding up her rear, her sweater pulling at the seams. Naturally busty, Laurie was pleased that so much of her new weight went to her chest… but she could only ignore her other gains for so long. Especially when they kept coming. The problem was that she loved to eat and, once she fell into this new world of indulgence, she couldn’t stop herself. Her natural greed, suppressed for far too long, came roaring back with a vengeance… and soon she was stuffing her face 24/7! All her plans, all her schemes.. she tried so hard to distract people, to trick people, all to keep anyone from seeing the full truth, that she was a helpless pig in thrall to her own extreme, out-of-control gluttony! And it only got worse as Laurie realized that she was sexually excited by eating… and by gaining! She loved watching her body blimp and bloat, fantasizing about the day when she finally grew too huge to even waddle. That day wasn’t far off now! She had eaten herself round, to over 630 pounds. Gawd, she was over half way to the half ton mark. What a rush! Laurie couldn’t believe it. She was outgrowing clothes, outgrowing her car, outgrowing her house… and Frank and Abida were helping her every step of the way, pushing her closer and closer to the day when she just… was too fat for anything!

Already, she could feel every ounce of that 630 pounds. She was so fat that her soft, supple flesh, white as a full moon, soft as butter, pooled around her like pudding. Her chubby face sank between her padded shoulders, her neck completely subsumed into her bloated double chin. Her eyes always squinted because of her plump chipmunk cheeks, her mouth always pursed. Only the other day, her cousin – her own cousin!!! – couldn’t recognize Laurie when she saw her because Laurie had grown so outrageously huge! It made her woozy to even think about.

“You’re going to have to do everything we say,” said Frank.

“Anything.” Laurie couldn’t believe she was saying this. She was always in charge…. Even when she was being submissive to her lovers, she was still technically topping from the bottom. For the first time, she felt totally helpless and totally exposed… She was agreeing to be totally at their mercy. Was this the right choice? What were they going to do to her? Laurie gulped nervously. She’d never given up control to another person, not like this. But she wanted more than anything for Frank and Abida to forgive her, for them to look at her the way that they always had in the past.

“You mean that? You promise?”

Laurie lowered her eyes. “I promise,” she said quietly.

Frank and Abida looked at one another.

“I don’t know if I believe her,” said Abida, stroking her chin. “Maybe we should test her?”

“And how do you propose we do that?”

“Oh, I have some ideas.” Abida squatted down, so that she was level with Laurie and looked directly into the fat girl’s eyes. “You know, Laurie, I used to dream about getting together with you. Whenever you came into the lingerie shop, oh man, it was always a dream come true! I couldn’t stop thinking about you.. or about these…”

Abida tweaked Laurie’s left nipple and chuckled as Laurie gasped in response.

“And I always thought, ‘Wow, those massive milk tanks just keep getting bigger and bigger. Seems like every time I see Laurie, she’s gone up another cup size.’”

“Yes,” breathed Laurie. She was starting to get moist between her enormous thighs, subtly grinding her hips against the bed until it creaked. Laurie was absurdly proud of her pneumatic curves. When she was thinner, she thought she just wanted to be busty. Now that she was fat, she realized that she wanted so much more. But, even so, she was still ravenously hungry for praise about her monster mammaries.

“I thought, ‘The way she’s growing, she must be on some bovine hormones or something. There’s no way that a girl could get that big that fast, otherwise.’”

“Yes….”

“Well,” said Abida, “I think today we’re going to test and see just how much of a cow you really are.”

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“All of it!?”

“That’s right. Every last drop. What’s the matter, Laurie? You don’t think you can do it? Not enough room in that big big tummy of yours?”

Laurie stared at the five gallon jugs of full milk arranged on the floor in front of her. Chugging just one gallon would be an ordeal, even for a girl of her prodigious girth… but five? She vaguely remembered reading somewhere that it was actually not possible to chug milk without vomiting. But if anyone could do it, surely that someone would be Laurie Belmontes?

“You did always say you had some cow genes in you, hmm? Why don’t you show us?” Abida purred, stroking her fingers lightly along the nape of Laurie’s neck.

“Yeah,” said Laurie. “Yeah, I will! Gimmie a jug. I’ll show you!”

“That’s the spirit, bossy,” laughed Abida. Frank hefted the first jug and handed it to Laurie. She had to use both hands to hoist it, it was so heavy! But she was determined to see this through. She had promised to do anything that Frank and Abida asked, after all. If this is what it took for them to forgive her… then so be it!

It didn’t hurt that Laurie was sopping wet just thinking about how tight and full and sloshy her belly would be with five gallons of rich, creamy whole milk inside her. Hmmm. She wanted to purr as she thought about all those hundreds and hundreds of calories adding inches to her waistline, to her bustline, blowing her up even bigger.

She licked her lips, unscrewed the cap, and held it to her lips.

Frank rubbed her belly to help her digest as Abida squealed with delight. Laurie furrowed her brow in concentration. It was hard work gulping all this milk, but she was determined! She drank and drank and drank, slurping and burping, until the jug was empty. She tossed it aside with a hiccup.

“Gimmie jug number two!” she huffed.

Working through the second jug was harder. Her belly pushed out further with every gulp, spilling past her fat-swaddled knees and dangling closer to the floor. Gulp, gulp, gulp… her gut was growing fuller, tighter, her alabaster skin stretching to reveal a new universe of silvery stretchmarks all up and down her flanks. But Laurie would not stop drinking. She was going to finish every drop like the good little cow that she was… or she was going to burst trying!

“More, more,” gasped Laurie. “Gawd, I love milk… I don’t know what’s come over me… I can’t get enough…”

Laurie awkwardly pawed at the third milk jug, curling her pudgy fingers around the handle and raising it to her lips. She tilted the it back, slurping the thick creamy liquid in long luxurious glugs. Laurie vaguely recalled having read somewhere that the human body simply couldn’t chug milk. There was something about the way that the body process lactose or something that would make it reject milk in such huge quantities – it would just make you puke. Yet Laurie couldn’t explain her sudden craving for dairy – she was an absolute slut for yogurt, for ice cream, for milk. The sweet creamy texture just filled some primal need that had recently surfaced in her.

“Careful, you’re gonna make yourself sick,” cautioned Abida. “Pace yourself!”

Laurie pulled the empty plastic jug from her lips with a wet pop. She sighed and smacked her lips in satisfaction.

“You worry too much, Abida,” said Laurie, patting her sloshy milk-swollen tummy. “My belly can handle anything. Besides, sweetie, I’m practically part dairy cow myself, remember?” She smirked as she hefted her monumentally massive mammaries. Her breasts had bloated and billowed along with the rest of her, ballooning to such absurd sizes that she had outpaced the alphabet. Even with Abida’s expertise, it was nearly impossible to track down brassieres to fit her colossal chest.

“That you are,” agreed Frank. “You really are our fat little dairy cow, aren’t you? They did have to bring out a livestock scale to weigh you on Nikki Lake, didn’t they?”

Laurie narrowed her eyes. “They didn’t HAVE to. They were exaggerating. For effect. You know how trash TV is.”

“Well, Laurie, I think it was only appropriate. You’ve been a very naughty girl recently, with all your lies. But don’t worry, we’ll make sure to keep you on the straight and narrow.”

“Yeah,” said Abida. “We don’t want any more deceptions. We want to make sure we always know where you are.”

Laurie gawked at them, uncomprehending. She opened her mouth to ask what the heck they were talking about and a soft milky burp escaped, creamy milk dribbling from her lips.

Frank pulled out a leather collar with a big cow bell.

Abida grinned like a cat. “Time to bell our cow.”

“You can’t be serious!” said Laurie, but secretly she felt a sick little thrill in the pit of her belly. The idea that her lovers were going to turn her into their own personal property… brr, delicious! She imagined what it would be like to be a real dairy cow, to live a sedentary easy life in a stall… never wanting for anything… getting milked and fucked, milked and fucked.

“Oh, we’re very serious, Laurie.” Frank fastened the soft leather collar around her neck; it fit as snug as a choker around the fat girl’s thick neck. The cowbell bounced against her chest, jangling loudly.

“Now we’ll always hear you coming. This way we’ll be ready for you.”

“Have you seen those cow-print tops that Jen wears? I think that look would be more appropriate for you, Laurie. After all, you’re more of a cow than she’ll ever be. She just doesn’t have udders like you.” Abida chuckled as she reached under Laurie’s bust and attempted to heft her titanic tits; each mammoth mammary was far more than a handful, so Abida’s hands looked tiny in comparison. They sank into Laurie’s tender flesh, the chubby cheer captain’s enormous breasts wobbling like massive sacks of gelatin from even this slight handling. Laurie sucked in her breath between her teeth. Her breasts tingled at Abida’s touch, her fat nipples stiffening almost painfully in arousal. Gawd, poor Laurie! Her body was only getting more sensitive as she grew – every inch of her acres and acres of overstretched skin only seemed to react more to touch as her body ballooned. It was becoming absolutely ridiculous – to the point that holstering her gigantic jugs in her oversized brassiere was enough to nearly make her cum in her queen-sized panties as she felt the lacy material graze against her swollen nips. Her breasts were her most sensitive area, but her belly, her butt, her thighs… everything was becoming more sensitive, more vital, more alive. Was it any wonder that Laurie was gradually turning into a complete hedonist, a sexually voracious hog as she expanded?

Abida pulled her hands away and laughed as Laurie’s gargantuan boobs dropped heavily against her belly with a resounding smack. They hit Laurie with such force that they literally knocked the wind from her lungs and sent shockwaves through her bloated belly, prompting the fat girl to gasp. “Ooff!”

“What’s the matter, my fat little heifer? Too heavy for you?”

“N-no,” gasped Laurie, her plump cheeks going pink despite herself. “It’s just that… OMG, you two are gonna turn me into a REAL dairy cow!”

“What’s that, bossy?” said Abida, slapping Laurie lightly across the belly. The slap reverberated through her gut and then through her boobs, eventually causing the bell around her neck to jingle. “You know cows can’t talk. Give me a moo.”

“Moo,” said Laurie.

“You call that a moo? Louder, bossy! Let’s hear what a real dairy cow sounds like!”

“Moooooooo!”

“That’s better.”

“I think our little cow needs another jug of milk, don’t you agree, Abida?”

“Oh definitely. She’s still got two jugs left!”

“I got two jugs right here,” mumbled Laurie, eying her own chest. Unfettered by any bra, her colossal breasts nearly reached to the deep, dark slit of her fat-sandwiched belly button. Considering the size of her belly, the fact that they could still reach that far was astounding!

But Laurie was beginning to falter. She could feel all those gallons of milk swirling inside her, her belly so full that it felt stretched as thin and delicate as an over-pumped water balloon. She eyed the fourth jug with bleary, crossed eyes.

She belched. “Gimmie,” she said huskily. Despite her misgivings, she was not about to admit defeat.

“Abida, give her a hand. She’s starting to get really sloshy. We don’t want our milk tank to slip off the bed and go pop.”

Laurie was so full of milk now that the weight of her drooping belly was more than enough to pull her to the floor if her feet lost their grip. Worse, she was so full that she might literallt rupture if she hit the floor with enough force.

Laurie mumbled in annoyance as Abida put her hands behind her head and Frank put his hands under her belly and together they gently tilted her back to lie on the bed. Her belly sloshed and quivered above her like a water bed or a gelatin mold, completely covering her. She was annoyed! She actually wanted to see if she could drink enough that her belly would actually sag all the way down to the floor. But there was no time to worry about that anymore. Abida was tilting the milk jug to her mouth and all she could do was drink. She closed her eyes and swallowed, losing herself in the orgasmic bliss of filling herself to the very brink. Mmm… How often did she do this? Was it safe for a human to spend so much time absolutely glutted to her furthest limits? To be so insanely full that the merest scratch along her tummy might be enough to tear her open? Laurie didn’t care. All she wanted was to consume and grow…

“Ready for your last jug, bossy?”

“Mooo,” breathed Laurie, fluttering her eyelashes. She was stuffed up to her eyeballs, so bloated that she felt like a literal milk bomb about to explode… but she was powerless to resist. Abida held the last jug to her mouth and she drank. This was what she was now. A helpless fat glutton, a literal cow. She could hear the low-pitched jangle of the cow bell around her neck and she wondered: what would the kids at school think when they saw her come to class like that? What kind of rumors would start swirling around school when queen bee Laurie Belmontes started wearing a literal cow bell around her neck? She was a cow, really. She was as fat as one, weighing so much that Nikki Lake DID have to use a cattle scale for her. As much as she wanted to claim it was just a trashy TV stunt, what normal school could possibly have borne her weight? They should change the name of the website from Big Busty Babe Laurie to Big Busty Bovine Laurie!

“There ya go! Good girl!” said Frank, patting the summit of Laurie’s ginormous gut as Abida dropped the last empty jug. “We knew you could do it.”

Laurie belched loudly.

Abida cuddled up against her lardy lover, smiling as her head sank against the rolling, quivering flesh. Laurie was like her personal water bed. “I knew our favorite fat girl wouldn’t let us down! She really wanted to show us how sorry she was.”

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Laurie lay sprawled on her back, her mouth hanging open, snoring like a buzzsaw. Her gargantuan milk-bloated belly wobbled in her sleep and milk still dribbled from her slack lips. Frank and Abida lay on either side of her, spooning the bloated blob as they slept in one big sweaty sex pile.

No surprise after that huge milky meal, Laurie’s mind was plagued by strange dreams…

In her dream, the raven-haired beauty had transformed into a genuine, corn-fed cowgirl – her skin was a milky white with grey splotches like a guernsey cow, long floppy ears and nubbly little horns poked our from her raven hair, and a long tail swished behind her. Of course, her breasts were enormous as always – huge, heavy, and full of milk. Under her belly, a swollen pink udder nestled between her thighs. Laurie was such a complete cow that she had TWO ways of giving milk!

Farmhands Frank and Abida watched their prize heifer from the stall doorway, skeptical looks on their faces.

“I dunno, Frank,” said Abida. “You really think THIS scrawny little thing has the potential to be a prize milker? She’s so thin!”

“Well, she may be small, but I think we can really make something of her. Trust me, she just needs a little pump up. We’ll get a little air into her and she’ll be perfect.”

“Moo!” said Laurie. “What are you two talking about? I’m already the best milker on the farm! I couldn’t possibly be any better!”

“Oh we’ll see about that. Let’s get you tied off,” said Abida, chuckling as squatted down to tie ribbons around the thick teats of Laurie’s udder.

“Mooo!” said Laurie. “What’s that for?”

“Oh, we don’t want you to lose any of your precious cargo while we’re getting you all nice and filled up!” said Abida brightly. She stood up and quickly tied additional ribbons around Laurie’s nipples, cinching them so tightly that they forced a last pearl of milk to pop from each nip. “You wouldn’t want to have any shrinkage, would you?”

“Moo! No, of course not!”

“Good!” Abida pushed the nozzle of the hose into Laurie’s cavernous belly button and called out to Frank: “She’s all tied off, Frank! Start pumping!”

Frank grinned as he leaned on the plunger of his air pump. Up and down, up and down. Laurie let out a short “Moo!” or surprise as she felt the air start to rush into her. Within minutes, her breasts had filled into two perfect spheres, full and tight on her chest. Laurie was delighted with the change, mooing in excitement.

“More! More air! Make me the biggest bovine ever!” crowed Laurie.

“That’s the attitude I like to hear,” said Frank and he pumped harder, putting his whole back into it.

“Moooo! I’m getting bigger! I’m getting bigger!” cried Laurie, waving her arms in excitement. She really didn’t think that Frank and Abida would have been able to make good on their promises, but she was indeed growing! Her tits ballooned out in front of her, visibly growing with every pump from the pump, so much that Laurie was thankful that Abida had tied the ribbons so tightly. She wouldn’t want to lose a single ounce of gas to leakage… not when it was making her so big and bouncy! Between her legs, her udder was growing as well, inflating like a raft and pushing apart her also rapidly thickening legs. Her arms pirouted to her sides, becoming turgid with gas, and her stomach puffed up as well. She was gradually filling out into a series of swollen sphere – boobs, belly, ass cheeks – as she grew bigger and bigger and bigger…

The air inside her somehow tickled her glands, stimulating milk production, and Laurie could feel something inside her unfold and her tits start to fill with milk. She grinned at the image, imagining her massive jugs filling with carbonated milk as the air and milk combined. What a silly thought! But there was no denying that she was getting ridiculously huge. At this rate, if they kept going, she was going to burst out of her stall before this was all over! She felt so light and bouncy, even with her big milky teats, that she was glad they were inside the barn… otherwise, she might just float away!

“What do you think, Frank? Is Bossy here big enough? Or should we pump her up a little more?”

“Mooooo… moo… moooore!” gasped Laurie. Abida’s words jogged a buried memory in her head … She thought about Jen’s ridiculous Youtube channel and her stupid videos where she promised to help bottomheavy girls improve their figures with her silly “Pump that rump!” slogan. Well, she was about to see what it REALLY meant to pump that rump! She could feel the straining orbs of her overinflated buns squeaking behind her. Eat your heart out, Jen! She was going to have the most luscious, shapely, gigantic ass in the world… to match her incredible, beautiful blimp-sized tits and her lovely swollen udder! She was going to be the biggest, most amazing cow girl that the world had ever seen!

“You heard the lady, Frank,” said Abida. “Keep pumping!”

Already the cow girl was massively swollen, her plumped up belly bulging tightly with an ever-increasing burden of air. Her breasts were two bloated orbs the size of beanbag chairs, perfectly round and quivering with an explosive load of milk; the ribbons tied around her nipples helped to keep the creamy cargo contained but the pressure was so high that a constant dribble still leaked out as her breasts grew bigger and bigger. Between her enormous thighs, Laurie’s udder bloated bigger and bigger as well, filling up with more milk. Again, the tightly tied ribbons on her teats were the only things keeping back an absolute torrent. And while Laurie was ecstatic to feel herself swell with every dip of the plunger, every delicious gust of air pumped into her overloaded body, her body could only hold so much before it couldn’t hold anymore. They would either have to let off some of the pressure – if they untied the ribbons, her breasts and udder would immediately release enough milk in firehouse streams that she could be saved – or she would explode. It was an open question, though, how she would burst. Would her breasts be the first to surpass their limits? Her belly? Her udder? She was ballooning faster than ever and Laurie didn’t seem to understand or care about the danger that she was in.

Bang! Laurie’s belly button popped under the pressure, nearly causing the hose to fly from her tum.

“I’m gonna be the biggest cow ever!” shouted Laurie, her breasts nearly smothering her. She struggled to push her tightly quivering hooters out of her face.

“More like biggest cow-boom,” said Frank smugly as he pushed the plunger down once again, watching Laurie’s sloshing milk tanks billow out even more.

“What was that?”

“Nothing, babe! Just thinkin’ out loud.”

Behind her, Laurie’s tail began to inflate – just a little, at the base. It looked like when you started to inflate a long balloon to make balloon animals, before the air managed to travel down the full length of the balloon. Watching her tail slowly bloat and stiffen down its length was fascinating. It was almost like a lit fuse tracking her inflation and once her tail was fully inflated all the way to its tip – that’s when the cow-girl would give way to the cow-boom that was surely her destiny.

Her belly swelled out in front of her like a beach ball, bigger and bigger, tighter and tighter, her splotchy white skin squeaking like the rubber of an overinflated balloon… but Laurie didn’t care. The only thing that mattered was this ecstatic tingle running all through her body, filling her expanding tummy with a warm sense of well-being and then running down her bloated arms and turgid legs to pool in her chubby little fingers and toes. This was heaven! Up and down, up and down, Frank kept pumping… and the cow girl kept ballooning!

“Don’t stop! I want… I need to be the biggest bovine you’ve ever seen! This feels so good, I hope it never stops. Honey, I want you to keep pumping me…and pumping me… and pumping me… give me all you’ve got!” She was so bloated with air now that she looked like she might just rise into the air and float away. If she’d been filled with helium, she surely would be skybound by now! As it was, she was light enough that a strong gust of wind might blow her away.

“I think you’ve had enough, Laurie. You’re lookin’ mighty full!”

“Aw, c’mon, hon, you gotta be kidding me! There’s plenty of room! I tell ya, I ain’t anywhere near full! C’mon, just a little more. I promise I won’t pop, okay?”

“Moooo! Make me bigger! Make me the biggest! Mooo, I’m gonna be the biggest bovine blimp you ever saw! Bigger than Goodyear! Bigger than the hindenberg! Bigger than the moooooooon!”

At that moment, Laurie’s tail achieved full turgidity, being fully inflated from base to tip. It stuck out behind her, tall and erect, like a flag proudly planted between the full plump spheres of her rotund butt cheeks.

“Moooo! We did it!” lowed Laurie. “I’m the biggest! I’m the biggest!”

Her victory was short-lived, though! She had just enough time to pump her turgid arms in elated triumph before – KA BOOOOOM!!!!

Back in reality, Laurie snorted in her sleep and then belched a loud, milky belch – loud enough that the walls shook but not so loud that she roused herself. She was dead to the world right now, too stuffed to wake for hours.

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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