Alice 131

By Mollycoddles

Alice Grobauch was in a real quandary. Ever since she had appeared on television, a live taping of trashy daytime talk show the Nikki Lake Show, everyone in town knew exactly who she was. She was famous! Alie was one of the famous Cheerleader Chunkers, three local high school girls whose outrageous appetites had caused them to balloon to over a quarter ton each and who had performed a defiant fat-friendly cheer routine at the end-of-the school-year big game that had gone viral online. Alice hadn’t counted on fame being such a double-edged sword, though!

The problem was that Alice was trying to lose weight. “Trying” being the operative word. Because she wasn’t very good at it! Alice weighed approximately 600 pounds, making her a wide-load butterball who could barely waddle a few feet without becoming completely winded. More and more, she relied on her mobility scooter to get around, but the lack of even the rudimentary exercise of walking was only making her problem worse. She was so big in the belly that Alice was forced to wear maternity clothes because nothing else fit her, but on her last visit to the maternity store she had received a nasty shock – she was now officially too big for even the largest size in stock! She literally had to special order her clothes from the tailor now! And if she didn’t get her weight under control, that was only going to get worse.

But getting your weight under control is not easy matter when you’re famous for being fat – and everyone in town wanted a chance to pamper their favorite local celebrity! Every day, Alice received letters in the mail from local restaurants, each one offering her bigger and better deals in the hopes that they could entice her to visit. A sign in the door that said “The famous Cheerlead Chunkers ate here!” would be a real boost for business!

It also meant that, if Alice took up the restaurants on their offers, that she would probably never have to pay for food again in her life. Unfortunately, money was the only thing that kept Alice’s eating in check – she rarely had enough funds to buy all the food that she needed to satisfy her yawning pit of a stomach! But now that money was no object… there was nothing to stop her from just eating and eating and eating! And that did not bode well for her already enormous waistline.

In fact, Alice was literally eating her way across the city! All morning, the fat little hoggette had been scooting her chubby ass from restaurant to restaurant, cashing on all those offers! After all, a girl has to eat, right? This morning, Alice enjoyed a free breakfast at Nancy’s Café, a free brunch at Casa Hermanos, a free lunch at the Grand Buffet, and now she was about to enjoy a free… well, it wasn’t quite dinner. Alice had discovered a new meal between lunch and dinner. No, make that “a new meal between lunch and her usual pre-dinner snack.” But that was splitting hairs, because it wasn’t like Alice really even ate distinct meals. She simply ate constantly!

But the important thing was that she was about to enjoy a free MEAL at Cowboy Bob’s Big Bold Bar-Be-Que Bonanza.

The waiter’s eyes nearly popped out of head as the doors parted and Alice maneuvered her scooter inside.

“A-Alice Grobauch! Wow! I can’t believe it’s really you!”

“Hi, I received an offer in the mail for a free meal?” said Alice shyly, holding out the coupon. The fat girl didn’t expect that it would amount to much. Most restaurants were so stingy when they gave you free things! Luckily, Alice had already eaten several lunches before arriving, so all that free food was adding up to at least one proper meal. She wasn’t even all that hungry right, but, well, how could she turn down free food?

“Please walk… I mean, um, please follow me this way!” The waiter blushed, aware of his faux pas given that Alice wasn’t walking so much as riding. Alice pushed the joystick on her scooter and puttered after the waiter as led her to a table.

“We’re so excited that you’re here!” he said, grinning widely. “Wow! I can’t believe it! One of the famous Cheerleader Chunkers! Gosh, when you’re done… I don’t suppose we could get a picture of you for our wall of fame? You know, so we can say that a celebrity ate here?”

“Um, sure?”

“And, of course, we want to make sure that you really enjoy your experience here, so that you can tell everyone that Cowboy Bob’s Big Bold Bar-Be-Que Bonanza is the best BBQ in town! That’s why we’d like to treat you to a helping of our bottomless pork rib special!”

Alice’s jaw dropped, squishing her double chin into her chest. “Did you say ‘bottomless?’”

“That’s right! As long as you keep eating, we’ll keep bringing them! We won’t stop until you say when!”

A tiny rational portion of Alice’s brain said: oh no!

But a much louder, greedier portion of her brain said: oh yes!

And her stomach rumbled hungrily, in loud agreement with her brain’s pleasure center.

This was going to be yet another stumbling block on her increasingly pathetic attempts to curb her rampant balloonage, but Alice was helpless to say no. She nodded eagerly, her eyes lighting up. Bottomless pork ribs! The very idea made her almost light-headed.

The first platter came out, piled high with sweet smoky BBQ ribs, surrounded by baked beans, cole slaw, and potato salad. This was a meal fit for a queen. Alice licked her lips in anticipation. She would have to be sure to leave this place a good review, if only for their portion sizes!

Without another word, she started to eat.

It wasn’t like a 600 pound girl could ever avoid public scrutiny. People would turn and stare at her no matter how she behaved, mesmerized by the sheer poundage on display as they marveled at how a girl so huge could even still move around under her own power. But she certainly attracted even more attention when she ate, because when Alice ate… she went into her own world.

Waiters and waitresses paused in their rounds to stare, nudging one another in ribs and pointing out Alice as one of the famed Cheerleader Chunkers. Even other diners were whispering about the local celebrity in their midst. Everyone was naturally impressed with Alice’s ability to enjoy a good meal!

She polished off the first tray of ribs in minutes, sucking the sauce from her chubby little fingers when the waiter approached her.

“This is delicious!” said Alice. “I don’t suppose… you have any more?”

“Of course, miss! We’ll bring out another round.

By the second course, Alice was completely in the zone and oblivious to anything outside of her binge. She was eating faster and faster, ignoring the fact that her stomach was already dangerously bloated before she even set foot in Cowboy Bob’s Big Bold Bar-Be-Que Bonanza. The only thing that mattered was satisfying her eternal hunger!

“Mmmfff…. More… more…” muttered Alice through bulging cheeks, her mind reeling with the sinful glee of indulging her gluttony to its fullest. Gawd, Alice just could not stop eating… she loved to eat and eat and eat, filling her belly to its very limit and beyond… if there was food around, she literally could not control herself. She had to eat until everything was gone! This endless selection of ribs and porkchops was simply heaven for the blonde butterball.

“Mmmff…more…more….more…”

Alice slurped the soft pork off the bone, sugar-thick molasses bar-be0que sauce dribbling from her lips. She dropped the clean bone to the floor and reached for another, never breaking stride. Her shirt slid up her middle, revealing the open fly of her mega-sized shorts. After all, Alice was simply too fat for her shorts, but she had to wear them until the new, bigger size arrived from the tailor. Between her wide open shorts and her shirt riding up, you could see that Alice was also wearing a maternity belt around her lower paunch. It was designed for heavily pregnant women, to give them a little additional support, but Alice needed to wear one simply because she was so outlandishly fat, her unrestrained belly nearly flopping over her fat-swaddled knees.

The blonde blimpette was attracting an audience as other diners paused to watch her make a complete and utter pig of herself. Alice didn’t pay them any mind. The only thing that mattered to her was eating… eating to her heart’s content… eating her fill… eating until she was finally full. Alice was never full, not really. Certainly, even a girl of her prodigious appetite and immense size would eventually reach the point where she simply could not eat another bite without bursting apart at the seams. But even at that point, Alice would never be satisfied. The poor little glutton had indulged too much, for too long, to the point that she was now always hungry even when she was so full that she couldn’t stand to even look at food without wanting to vomit. She was addicted, a slave to food. It was everything to her… like a secret lover. Gawd, Alice loved to eat. She couldn’t blame Laurie. She couldn’t blame Jen. No, the only person who she should blame was herself. She could have stopped eating at any point. Even when she started to gain weight at the sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, she could have stopped going. She could have stopped eating. But she didn’t. She made the choice to keep eating, to keep gorging herself, to keep indulging in her addiction to food, even as she ballooned to the quarter ton range and beyond. And when her mother had tried to help her come to terms with her addiction, she had chosen to cheat. She cheated on her diet, she tinkered with the scale. She would do anything except eat less!

And this was the result! Alice was a massive bloated blob, too fat to even waddle, almost entirely confined to her increasingly-snug mobility scooter… too fat for off-the-rack clothes! So fat that she was famous for her weight! She was on TV because of her weight!

“Mmm…more….more…MORE!”

Alice was surprised by the demand coming out of her mouth – it was so loud and so forceful that the crowd, so familiar with Alice’s shy and demure personality from her appearance on the Nikki Lake Show, was taken aback.

“Oops! Sorry,” said Alice bashfully blushing as she came back to reality. Oh my Gawd, she thought, I need to get this under control! I feel like I’m turning into a rude pig! “I mean, could I have some more, please?” She looked up at the nearest waiter pleadingly, her big blue eyes sparkling. Who could resist that?

She ate and ate, plates of pork chops and bar-be-que ribs vanishing without a trace into her growing belly, which pushed harder and harder against her straining maternity belt. She was so invested in her own gluttony that Alice didn’t even flinch when the maternity belt finally snapped with a loud RIIIIP and Alice’s belly exploded out to its true full size.

“Mmmore… more… I need more…”

The only thing that roused her from her fugue was when she finally ran out of food. The audience clapped and hooted, stamping their feet in enthusiasm to see such an incredible show. Alice blinked like she had just woken up from some kind of lovely dream.

“Oh Gawd, I’m so stuffed. Oink!” Alice jiggled as a sudden hiccup wracked her body. She put a chubby hand to her mouth to hide her embarrassment. Did that sound just come out of her? What was wrong with her lately that all her hiccups sounded like oinks? It was like she was literally turning into a pig! And with all the pork that she’d consumed tonight, that possibility didn’t seem so farfetched! She was so insanely filled up with pork that she wouldn’t even be surprised if suddenly a curly little corkscrew tail popped out of the small of her back ride above her titanic bottom!

“Is that – oink! – all?”

“Would you like some more, Alice? We could bring you another plate of ribs? Or maybe a brisket? Or just some cornbread for dessert?” asked the waiter, holding said cornbread out.

“Oink! Oof. Please. No more. I think I’m gonna explode.”

If Alice was really on the verge of popping, as she so often complained when she was obscenely full, then she continued to display an almost reckless disregard for the possibility as she grabbed the cornbread and popped it into her mouth, a dopey expression of pure hedonistic bliss crossing her plump, barbeque sauce splattered face. Alice was covered in barbeque sauce like a pig covered in mud! It was all over her cheeks and the front of her shirt, her hands positively sticky with it!

The waiter was ecstatic, posing next to the poor bloated blonde as they snapped a photo for the wall of fame. Everyone was congratulating Alice, thanking her for visiting, clapping her on the back and pumping her hand. The poor girl was too stuffed to think, so all she could do was nod along.

“As a token of our appreciation, we’d like to give you a free shirt!”

“Huh?” Alice stared, bleary-eyed, as the waiter unfurled a massive pink T-shirt. It was as big as a circus tent, so Alice could only surmise that they must have purposely ordered the biggest size available knowing that it needed to fit one of the infamous Cheerleader Chunkers! There was a picture of a pig on the front above the words “I Oink For Food!”

“Oh,” said Alice, “Thank you.”

There’s no way I’m ever wearing that, she thought.

“Here, we’ll help you put it on!” crowed the waiter.

“Oh, no, please, that’s not necessary!”

But her protests were in vain as the waiters worked together to pull the tent-sized shirt over her head.

Alice was shocked! The shirt actually fit her! Granted, her gut still poked out under the hem and it was snug enough that it showed off her flabby side rolls… but it fit way better than any other shirt that she had bought in months! And after the debacle at the maternity store, where Alice had learned that she was officially “too plump for pants” and that she had simply outgrown all the available sizes, this was actually something of a relief. If she couldn’t fit into off the rack clothes anymore, she could at least wear novelty clothes from restaurants.

Her shorts were unbuttoned and unzipped, her bloated belly spilling over the waistband and out from the defeated fly, the blue denim material stretched tightly around her massive girth. On the rare occasions that she waddled around rather than use her scooter, her shorts were gradually riding up her ass, wedging between the ample cheeks of her plush bottom, so that everyone could see the white material of her inner pockets slipping below the hem. The pink shirt clung to her plump frame, stretched tightly but not so tight that the words “I OINK FOR FOOD” weren’t legible.

On the back, stretched across Alice’s plump back rolls, the shirt said “PRIME PORKER.”

How appropriate!

Alice, her plump cheeks going red, imagined what would happen if she actually wore this shirt to school. Laurie and Jen would both probably pitch a fit, laughing at her predicament, and Alice would be forced to admit that she was wearing it because it was the only thing that would fit her.

Even so, she didn’t turn down a free dessert when they offered her a slice of mud cake.

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“Ooofff… too much… too much pork… oink!... gotta… get… to bed… gotta sleep it off.. oink!”

Alice struggled to heave her vast bulk through the front door, across the living room and then up the stairs, so that she could collapse into her bed. She was so stuffed and exhausted that she didn’t have the energy to clean herself up first, sinking into a fitful slumber with her face, fingers, and front still slathered with sticky bar-be-que sauce. She was snoring in minutes, her sleep apnea making her wheeze like a buzzsaw.

Unfortunately, too much food in the tummy meant that she was destined to have bad dreams!

In her dreams, Alice and Tyler were in a doctor’s office. Alice was sitting on the examination table in her underwear, her bra band hidden within her back rolls and her panties nearly obscured by the swell of her gut. The doctor was not pleased!

“Tyler, I’m speaking to you because I don’t think there’s much point in speaking to your girlfriend here,” said Dr. Barbara Richards, turning to Alice’s boyfriend. “She simply will not listen to reality. So I hope I’ll have more luck with you.”

“What’s the problem, doctor?”

“I’ve done a thorough examination and I’m afraid that your girlfriend is severely overweight. In fact, she’s not just dangerously overweight, she’s in what we medically call the burst zone. That means that she’s so big that she could burst at any time. You need to get her weight down and quickly.”

Alice’s round face went white. “B-burst?!”

“I’m afraid so, Alice. I recommend an extreme exercise routine.”

“But you can’t just burst from being too fat, can you? That doesn’t make sense!”

“Not normally. But you’re a special condition, Alice. You’ve been gaining weight much faster than is normal, too fast for your body to keep up. I’m not sure how that’s medically possible. Have you been eating a lot, Alice?”

“Um… n-no?”

Barbara examined Alice’s chart with a frown on her face. “Hmm… that’s not what these tests indicate. These tests tell me, Alice, that you’re an extreme glutton. Too extreme for your own good. So you have a choice now: You either lose some weight fast or you pop.”

“Do I have to? Surely, there must be another way!” Alice hated exercise and she had no self-control when it came to food, so nothing about losing weight actually appealed to her.

“See what I mean?” snorted Dr. Richards. “She’s hopeless. Tyler, I’m leaving it up to you. You’d better make sure that your pet porker here drops a few pounds or you’re gonna have a busted balloon on your hands.”

“Don’t worry, Dr. Richards! I’ll make sure we fix the problem.”

After the visit to the doctor, Tyler brought Alice to the local gym. The fat little butterball was despondent! She couldn’t believe that Tyler was actually going to listen to the doctor and make her work out! This was terrible!

“Tyler, this is too hard! I don’t wanna do this!” she whined. It was practically a work-out just to corral her massive belly and thunder thighs into her work-out clothes. The only thing that fit her was an overmatched sports bra and a pair of titanic spandex booty shorts that still wedged up her ass. She looked ridiculous! Everyone else in the gym could sense it and they were all keeping their distance, almost as if they realized that Alice was little more than an overfed time bomb.

“C’mon, Alice, just a few steps? Just for me?”

“But, Tyler, I’m sooo tired! And you know I don’t have the energy like I used to!” Alice huffed.

“Please, Alice, just try! The doctor said that if we didn’t get some pounds off of you that you might explode! I don’t want you to explode, Alice!”

“People don’t just explode, Tyler!” huffed Alice again. “I don’t even think that doctor knew what she was talking about!”

“Please. For me!”

Alice sighed. “Okay, but only for you, Tyler.”

Alice managed to run a few laps on the treadmill, puffing like a locomotive, every footfall causing the machine to wobble and the whole building to shake. She didn’t last long, before Tyler had to insist that she stop. Her face was so red that he was afraid she might over-exert herself into a heart attack!

“That was a good start, Alice. I think you might have lost a few ounces maybe. Remember, we don’t have to lose everything, just enough to get you out of the bursting zone.”

Alice nodded, still gasping. “Could we… stop by the gym snack bar before we leave? I could really use a snack after that big work out.”

Tyler shook his head. “Sorry, honey. I think maybe we should skip the snacks for once.”

Alice was even more despondent as Tyler drove her home. She couldn’t believe that he had forced her to skip a snack! That had never happened before! This whole situation must be way more serious than she thought. All night, Alice stewed in her room. She was starving, but her mother wouldn’t give her anything to eat either. Apparently her stupid doctor had managed to convince everyone in her life that Alice was on the verge of explosion!

In the middle of the night, Alice suddenly woke up. Something was calling her. She quickly struggled out of bed and waddled downstairs, following the strange feeling, and wobbled out the front door still in her over-filled pajamas.

Just down the street, Alice saw a strange building that she had never seen before. It looked like a diner with a big neon sign out front. It said “Devil’s Diner” in big red letters.

Alice waddled toward it as if hypnotized.

“Welcome to Devil’s Diner: Tempting Treats for Porky Princesses,” said the woman behind the counter as Alice pushed through the door. Alice fleetingly thought that the woman bore a striking resemblance to a slimmer Laurie, as she had appeared toward the beginning of the school year – a voluptuous raven-haired beauty with thick curves and an ample bosom packed into a waitress uniform. But how could that be? “What can we get for you? Oo, you must be hungry, sweetie.”

Alice nodded.

“I know you are! Only the hungriest girls can see our diner.” Laurie grinned evilly. “And here at Devil’s Diner, we always want to make sure that our hungriest girls get to eat their fill!”

“I don’t know if I should,” said Alice, wringing her chubby hands nervously. The ominous words of her doctor were coming back to her. “My doctor says I need to stop eating so much or I’m going to pop!”

“Don’t worry about that, honey. We have a special ‘No Pop’ guarantee here! You can eat as much as you want and we’ll make sure to stop you before you pop.” Lauri motioned for Alice to sit down on a specially widened bench and Alice, relieved to see a single bench that could support her full weight for once, plopped down. She startled as she felt the seat settle and the subtle hiss of hydraulics.

“This chair will measure your weight as you eat,” said Laurie. “It’s got a special detection built in, so it’ll warn you before you pop. Ingenious, isn’t it?”

Alice nodded dumbly. She wasn’t sure how that made sense, but the important thing was it meant that she could safely eat. What a relief! Her belly was grumbling and she was absolutely famished! Between Tyler and her mom, she hadn’t been allowed to eat anything in hours.

“So tuck in, sweetie! We have everything that you could possibly want right here!”

Then the endless cavalcade of food began! Alice stared in shock as Frank and Abida burst out of the kitchen, carrying massive trays of chicken-fried steak, mashed potatoes, pastrami on rye, egg salad, pork chops, ham and eggs… there were too many delicious dishes to choose from! Luckily, Alice didn’t have to choose. She simply wolfed down everything as they brought it to her, driven to a frenzy by an abstinence that only lasted a couple hours at most. Alice needed food! She couldn’t live without it! She just wanted to eat and eat and eat… who cares if she exploded? The only thing that mattered was that she got to eat her fill. Besides, no one lives forever, she thought, you might as well enjoy yourself while you can! After her gigantic meal at the BBW joint, it was almost unfathomable that Alice was still able to eat more, yet here she was. To think that she tried to blame Tyler’s experiments with the vibrating egg for her increasing gluttony… the only thing pushing Alice to eat was her own extreme piggishness!

BRRRRRINNNNG!

Alice startled as a loud alarm went off, filling the room. Abida immediately slapped the sandwich out of Alice’s pudgy hands.

“That’s all for you, porky! That’s our pop alarm; it goes off right before you do. So I can now say with 100% certainty that you’ve had enough.”

“B-but I wasn’t done!” whined Alice, a frown marring her plump face. How long had she been eating? It felt like mere minutes, but the heaviness in her belly didn’t lie – she was crammed to her limit! “Couldn’t I just have one more dessert before I go?”

“Girl, you’re round enough to roll home. You don’t need any more dessert!”

“B-but…”

“Alice, didn’t I explain what that alarm means? It means that you’ve had enough. We installed it because we don’t want our best customers exploding!” Grinning, Abida poked Alice in her tubby middle. “Yeah, just as I thought… you’ve got no give! We gotta get you home before you blow.”

“J-just one more dessert, please? I promise I won’t explode… honest, I do!”

“Nope! You’re as round as a balloon. We can’t risk it. C’mon, boys, let’s roll this fatso outa here!”

Abida and Frank suddenly stood to either side of Alice and worked together to lift the vast, swollen blimpette to her feet. Alice moaned. She was so obscenely full that she couldn’t move at all on her own and the idea of walking home made her want to cry!

“P-please… I’m too full… I can’t walk…”

“Weren’t you paying attention, porky? We said we were going to roll you!”

“You—you have to be joking! Whoaaa!” She yelped as her classmates tipped her over and started to roll her on the floor. Alice couldn’t believe that she was actually so rotund now that they could roll her like a ball! How much had she eaten tonight? Maybe she really WAS in danger of bursting?

Eventually, Frank, Abida and Laurie had her back in her bed.

“There you go, chubby,” said Laurie, giggling to herself as she slipped out the door. “We fulfilled our end of the bargain – we fed you everything that you could hold until you were primed right on the precipice of explosion. Now let’s hope that you have just a modicum of self-control. We wouldn’t let you pop as long as you were in our diner. But now you’re home. And we can’t stop you from eating here. Hope you make some good choices, tubbs!”

“Mmm… nighty night!” mumbled Alice happily, too sleepy to catch the ominous tone to Laurie’s last words. Alice was too busy feeling pleased with herself for having cheated once again on her diet! No one would suspect a thing! She fantasized about just what this might mean for her—anytime that Tyler forced her to work out at the gym, she could always sneak away that night to reward herself with another meal at the Devil’s Diner! What a great deal!

Or was it???

Alice dreamt that, In the morning, she awoke to the delicious smell of bacon sizzling and eggs frying. She waddled downstairs as fast as her plump trotters could carry her.

“W-what’s all this?” asked Alice, her eyes wide as she stared at the vast spread of food.

“Well, you did SO good at the gym yesterday that we thought you could use a little reward. So we made you your favorite breakfast!”

Alice gulped nervously. She was still obscenely stuffed from last night and, what was worse, she was sure that she hadn’t lost a pound… she was as fat as ever, if not fatter. But what could she do? She didn’t dare confess the truth to Tyler, that she was cheating on her diet. He would be so disappointed!

Alice, indeed, looked bigger than ever. She was as round as a dumpling, her pajamas unbuttoned except for the single button straining in the dip between her boobs and belly, the only thing holding her pajama top together. Her pajama pants looked painted on; the useless drawstring had long since receded into the stretched-to-the-max waistband and the threads in her seat were all ripped to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of the fat girl’s plump pink behind.

Alice took one bite. She didn’t even have time to react. Just as Dr. Richards had warned, Alice was still in constant danger of explosion. Her pathetic attempts at diet and exercise did nothing to mitigate that, especially not when she sneaked off in the middle of the night to gorge herself like an absolute hog. Alice swallowed and immediately exploded into dust with a thunderous KABOOOOM!!! that shook the house to its foundations. Apparently, cheating on her diet DID come with consequences!

In real life, Alice grunted in her sleep and smacked her lips, her tongue searching for the last remnants of delicious bar-be-que sauce.

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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