Alice 127

By Mollycoddles

Mrs. Sarovy’s plan had worked too well. She was determined to help her daughter Jen mend her friendship with her long-time bestie Alice, even though Mrs. Sarovy wasn’t entirely clear on why the two girls were fighting. The reality is that Jen, together with their mutual friend Laurie, had been secretly fattening Alice for the past year in the hopes that eventually a fatter Alice would make both Laurie and Jen look slimmer in comparison. It was a crazy, hare-brained scheme that was destined to fail – not the least because both Jen and Laurie couldn’t help but gain in tandem with Alice as she ballooned. Now all three girls had blimped into jumbo heavyweights, three ponderous porkers clocking in at over a quarter ton of soft wobbling lard each! Their weights had attracted the attention of trashy daytime TV host Nikki Lake and it was on a taping of the Nikki Lake show that Jen and Laurie’s sinister plot had finally been revealed.

Well, it wasn’t really Jen’s plot. It was Laurie’s idea, Jen was just along for the ride. Everyone knew that Jen was too much of a dimbulb to come up with a plan like that by herself and that she just went along with anything that Laurie said because she didn’t have a single independent thought inside her empty head. Even so, Alice didn’t think that she should let Jen entirely off the hook!

Mrs. Sarovy thought that the way to solve every problem was a good meal, so it was no surprise that her plan to force a reconciliation mostly consisted of getting Jen and Alice to meet around the family dinner table and then stuffing them to the point that they were both too dazed and bloated to be mad at each other. The plan seemed to have worked because, while the two girls were initially arguing between big gluttonous bites of lasagna, they quickly forgot their animosity and concentrated entirely on stuffing their plump cheeks as fast as possible. Mrs. Sarovy was obsessed with feeding anyone who came into her house until they were literally ready to burst, but she might have finally met her match – Alice and Jen were a pair of bottomless pits, greedy gluttons so absolutely given to their own indulgence that they would simply eat and eat and eat as long as food was available.

It was a dangerous situation. What would happen when an irresistible force meets an immovable object? Alice and Jen would never stop eating and Mrs. Sarovy would never stop cooking. It was an open question what would happen first: Would Mrs. Sarovy collapse from exhaustion? Or would Jen and Alice finally surpass even their astronomical limits and explode like a pair of neutron bombs? Luckily, today was not the day to find out. Eventually, after hours of mindless eating, even Jen and Alice hit their walls. Now the two monster tubbies were in the Sarovy household living room, sprawled out on two couches (They needed a couch each to accommodate their enormous rears), moaning and groaning and burping and hiccupping, absolutely stuffed to the gills, so full that they could barely breathe, barely talk, barely think.

Alice lay on her back, gasping like a fish. The blonde blimpette was as round as a pumpkin, her enormously stuffed belly rising above her like a mountain and pushing her breasts up against her thick double chin. Her polo shirt was pushed up to form a tight roll across her boobs, revealing the lower quarter of Alice’s snug white brassiere, while her over-sized jumbo maternity cargo pants were unbuttoned and unzipped to give her gargantuan gut extra breathing room. She could feel her skin stretch with every labored breath and she could almost imagine the new stretchmarks that must be appearing in real time all over the surface of her globular belly, swirling around her belly button, which, if it hadn’t been so sandwiched between gelatinous rolls of flab, should surely pop out from the pressure of her own gluttony. Alice felt like a vast, creaking hot air balloon, a zeppelin, a blimp – she felt like an overblown balloon pumped way past capacity, so obscenely full that even thinking about more food would probably be enough to blow her to pieces. And yet… even now… she couldn’t help herself! She was still thinking about Mrs. Sarovy’s delicious lasagna, her overstuffed tummy gurgling quiet demands for more, more, more… Poor Alice! Her greedy belly was in absolute control of her life and it simply did not know its own limits! It wanted to force Alice to eat and eat and eat until she literally split at the seams and it was an open question how long Alice would be able to resist its exhortations. Everyone at school pretty much took it as a given that the Cheerleader chunkers were all living on borrowed time and that surely those three girls were destined to explode sooner or later.

Jen was equally overstuffed. The pear-shaped brunette lay on her back, her head thrown back, her rounded face slathered in sweat from the strain of eating. Her cow-print crop top barely stretched across her chest, revealing a deep well of plump tender cleavage, and her gigantic belly bulged out below that, so swollen that you could only tell by looking down at Jen’s shins that she was wearing pants – her belly filled her lap and hid everything below the waist from view! Jen had long since been relegated entirely to stretch pants and leggings because she gained so much weight in her hindquarters. It was ridiculous to think that a girl so monumentally fat that she could no longer even wear pants thought that she could fatten Alice enough that she would look slim in comparison! Jen’s leggings were fraying at the seams, already busting apart around her plump calves and hefty haunches, but the real point of contention was her seat. The seat of her leggings was always threatening to quit on her as it struggled to contain Jen’s mammoth rear – the twin orbs of Jen’s chubby cheeks were always wearing out her stitches!

“Can’t… eat… any more,” huffed Jen. “But… Gawd… so good…”

Jen didn’t have to say any more because a loud gurgle from her massively overstretched belly said it all. Like Alice, she was still dreaming of yet more food. It was a good thing that she was too full to move, otherwise she might have waddled right to the kitchen and eaten a final bite that would prove her undoing.

“Mfff… same,” huffed Alice. The fat blonde belched loudly and then moaned in relief. She was miserably full, but at least burping helped to alleviate a little bit of the insane pressure inside her! “Gawd… I’m so full… I don’t know what’s wrong with me these days… I just can’t stop eating… I’m not even hungry! I’m so full I feel like I couldn’t possibly even fit one more bite… but I just want more…” Moaning, she carefully rubbed what she could reach of her belly with her plump hands, gingerly massaging the taut flesh with her stubby sausage fingers.

“OMG, like, I’m… totally the same way!” said Jen, stifling a belch of her own. “I, like, just can’t stop! Like, that’s the problem… food just tastes too good to ever stop eating, like, even when I really gotta! Gawd, like, this is why we’re getting so fat…”

“We’re not getting so fat, Jen! We ARE so fat.”

Jen shrugged her padded shoulders as best she could while she was pinned under her own massive middle. “Like, I guess? We’re still getting fatter so…”

“Gawd! Don’t say that, Jen!” Alice blanched.

“Like, why not? It’s true!”

Jen was surprisingly nonchalant about her size, having long since come to terms with life as a near 600 pound heavyweight. Alice still worried about her future and what extra pounds it would bring, but she could never bring herself to worry so much that she would make any effort to curb her appetite.

“Like, it’s not so bad, Alice… you’re always worrying about your size, but, like, I think we look good! You know, like, everyone else thinks so too. That’s why everyone’s so excited to see the Cheerleader Chunkers. Like, I’m still getting totally swamped with DMs every day!”

Alice nodded. The same was true for her. It was a weird situation! Alice’s boyfriend Tyler was an FA who was absolutely mad about his growing girlfriend and, ever since her appearance on the Nikki Lake show, Alice had learned that his preferences weren’t so unusual. Guys were always hitting on her, trying to buy her affection with candy and treats, and she was getting proposals all the time from random strangers on social media. There was more to it, though. Alice still fretted about her size whenever a button popped or she found herself wedged into another doorway or she felt her car sink down toward the pavement when she plopped her ass into the driver seat… but somehow this felt right? It was like she was meant to be fat and she was finally growing into the body that she was always meant to have. It was actually kind of comfortable, in a weird way! Like being wrapped up in a big warm comforting hug.

“Like, I used to worry about how Craig would feel about all this. But like, he just says I keep getting more bootilicious the wider I am! So like, why worry?” She paused. “Like, Alice, I’m really sorry about what we did to you. It was totally not cool! And, like, it was Laurie’s idea, but… like, I went along with it? I shouldn’t have done that. It’s weird, cuz like at first we were doing it to, like, mess with you? But the more we hung out, the more we liked it. It was, like, we became real friends!”

“I thought that too,” said Alice.

“So like, it’s so bogus that we threw that all out! Like, we ruined our friendship over this stupid plan! It makes me so mad to think about that. I wish I’d, like, thought about it sooner. Now it’s all fucked up!”

Alice nodded thickly. It was hard to think with her achingly overfull belly twinging every time that she inhaled, but she was impressed that Jen was able to understand what she’d done wrong. Maybe Jen wasn’t as dumb as she acted!

“Like, I guess the plan didn’t really work, huh?” Jen grinned, her chubby cheeks squishing up to make her eyes squint. Jen’s face was so round and plump these days that her eyes were always squinting. “Like, we did it cuz we thought we’d look thinner but, like, look at what happened! Like, me and Laurie totally got fat too!” She grunted as she shifted on the couch, patting her swollen tum for emphasis. “Like, we just got too lazy and greedy! We didn’t even realize what was happening but, like, we just kept getting bigger and bigger! Like, I think Laurie’s even bigger than either of us now!”

Nikki Lake had used a cattle scale to weigh each of the three fatties on her show, revealing that Jen weighed 550 pounds, Alice weighed 545 pounds, and Laurie weighed at astounding 630 pounds. But that was a long time ago at this point and the three girls had not slowed their eating one iota – it was obvious that they must each weigh even more by now! Alice and Jen had probably finally surpassed 600 and Laurie… well! Who could say how big Laurie was at this point? Laurie was so gargantuan that she was barely even mobile. Only a few days ago, Laurie had actually busted her mobility scooter because she exceeded the weight limit by so much! It was ironic that the girl who had started this whole scheme was in fact now the biggest of them all!

“I just wish we could be besties again!” said Jen. “Like, I know what I did was wrong…. And, like, I know that maybe we can’t go back, maybe we can’t even be friends again. I dunno. I just wish I’d done things different.”

Alice sighed. “Well, I’m still kinda mad about the whole situation. But I do miss you, Jen. I wish we could go back too. You and Laurie were my best friends. Maybe I can forgive you, Jen.”

Jen’s plump face brightened up. “Really!? Like, you mean it?”

“Maybe. But don’t tell Laurie. I’m not forgiving her. I’m forgiving you, Jen, because I believe you that it wasn’t your fault. You should have known better, but I know how Laurie is and I know that you two were friends since elementary school. So maybe it’s unfair to say you should have stood up to her sooner. But still, it took guts to reveal the truth like you did – on the Nikki Lake Show, in front of a national audience!”

“Yeah! Totally! OMG, Alice! I’m so glad! OMG we can totally be friends again!” Jen laughed, a sudden hiccupping laugh, tears of joy squeezing from the corners of her squinty, fat-squished eyes.

“I’d like that, Jen.” Alice grunted as she tried to get as comfortable as possible when she was weighed down by ten pounds of heavy lasagna in her gut. “Ugh! You’re right about being fat, it’s not that bad… not usually! I kind of feel right like this, but sometimes it’s still hard to carry this heavy gut around.”

Jen laughed. “You should try waddling around with an ass like this! Gawd, we really are just a pair of huge hogs, aren’t we? Like, oink oink!” She laughed again, her laugh suddenly turning into a loud belch halfway through. Alice had to chuckle in response.

“Like, you know Laurie totally likes it, though?” said Jen.

“What?”

“Yeah, like, she’s into being fat. I, like, overheard her and Frank and Abida talking dirty the other day. It’s all fat talk! Like, Laurie’s intentionally gaining weight!”

“She… she likes it?”

“Yeah, like, I can kinda get it, you know? I mean, we are damn sexy! And, like, the bigger I get, the sexier I feel! And, like, all the boys agree, ya know?” She grinned lasciviously.

“Yeah, you’re right. I do feel that way, too, Jen. But I’m still worried. You know that I’m wearing size 40 maternity pants now because of this jumbo preggo-looking belly? That’s the biggest size that they carry at the maternity store! Last time I was in, they warned me that if I got any bigger, I’d have to special order a bigger size!”

“Like, so?”

“So?! Look at me!’ Alice struggled to sit up, but ultimately gave up and flopped back down like a beached whale. She gestured helplessly at her open fly. “After this last meal, I might not be able to fit back into these! And then what am I going to wear?”

“Like, you should just wear stretch pants like me? They still make pants big enough for me and my booty!”

“That’s only a temporary solution!” moaned Alice. “If I keep getting bigger, not even stretch pants are going to fit me!”

Jen rolled her eyes and grimaced suddenly as another belch suddenly exploded out of her with such force that her double chin rippled.

“OMG, Alice, like, all you ever do is worry! Like, listen to yourself! ‘OMG what if I get too fat for clothes!’ Like, so what? You said it yourself, it’s not so bad being big, right? Like, I think we look good at our sizes and I bet Tyler thinks so too!”

Alice blushed. “Yeah. He does. He really likes me big, actually.”

“Like, that’s perfect! A girl should have a loyal boyfriend like that. I mean, especially girls our size. You know what it’s like when you’re a big girl, Alice, sometimes you need a little extra help from your man to get moving in the morning. But if you got a loyal man, why are you so worried about being too fat?”

“I can’t just get so big that I rely on Tyler for everything! I mean, if I do outgrow clothes entirely, what am I supposed to do? Just lounge around at home in the nude and let Tyler do everything for me?”

“Like, yeah? That doesn’t sound so bad to me! Like, I’d love that! Gawd, just think about it! Nothing to do, just lie at home and take it easy and let your man take care of you! I bet my Craig would jump at the chance to do everything for me, and I bet your Tyler would too!”

Alice shook her head. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing! Jen might be okay with blimping into a completely helpless blob too fat to walk, too fat for clothes, just a roly poly ball of lard confined to her house, possibly too big to even fit through the door, but Alice was… well… actually… Jen had a point! That didn’t sound bad at all! No, what was she saying? Be reasonable, Alice told herself. You can’t actually be excited about the prospect of being that fat!

Then again, if it happened, if it ever truly came to pass… it was reassuring to know that Tyler would always stay at her side. She could at least count on that!

“Are you girls sure you don’t want any more?” asked Mrs. Sarovy, poking her head into the room. There was a faint note of fear in her voice. The poor woman hated the idea of anyone in her household ever going hungry, it was anathema to her! She prided herself on making sure that everyone always got enough to eat! But Alice and Jen were simply too much! For years, she had stuffed them at every chance she could, never dreaming that someday the two girls would balloon into such extreme gluttons that not even her cooking could satiate them! Now they were sitting on the living room couch, two billowing butterballs filled to their absolute limits, so swollen and bloated that even Mrs. Sarovy couldn’t help but notice how the stretched tight skin of the two girls’ overfull bellies gleamed in the light. They were so full and tight that they looked shiny, the skin flushed red and laced with new stretchmarks. They were so absolutely overstuffed that there was no possible way that they could want to eat anymore, right? But Mrs. Sarovy was compelled to ask, just in case, hoping against hope that they would say “No, thank you, we’re completely stuffed, we couldn’t eat another mouthful!” Normally, Mrs. Sarovy wouldn’t take no for an answer. If a guest protested that they were too full to eat anymore, she would simply say “Nonsense! A little more couldn’t hurt any! You need to put some meat on your bones!” and pile another helping onto their plate. But now? Now she was completely exhausted from hours of cooking and she was genuinely prepared to take her guests’ word for it if they said they didn’t want anymore. Gawd, she really hoped that they didn’t want anymore! Please, for the love of God, let them say that they didn’t want anymore!

Jen belched loudly, her overstuffed gut rumbling ominously. The bottom-heavy bimbo didn’t even seem to register that her belly was trying to warn her. “Like, I think I could eat a little more?”

Across the room, Alice found herself nodding. The two girls were so full that they were in pain, so full that they were miserable, but they were still powerless to stop themselves.

“O-okay,” said Mrs. Sarovy. “I’ll just… get started on some… dinner…” The older woman sighed heavily. Oh well. No rest for the weary!

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The second round of their endless feast went on for hours, Alice and Jen eating and eating and eating… It seemed like the two girls were bottomless pits, completely incapable of ever filling up! They had reached a frightening new stage of gluttony, one in which it seemed it was no impossible for them to ever truly feel satisfied no matter how much they ate! Mrs. Sarovy had nightmare visions running through her head of Jen and Alice eating forever, gobbling and gorging until they filled the room, until they burst out of the house, until they grew so big that they covered the whole city with their flab, growing, growing, growing… She could imagine them eating until they devoured the entire planet, until they were each bigger than the entire world, just two colossal spheres of lard, huge beyond all belief or sanity! These girls were literally incapable of stopping… it was as if their greedy bellies had completely taken over their minds and now refused to let them stop eating! Mrs. Sarovy felt like she was going to collapse in her kitchen from the strain of cooking!

Luckily, Jen and Alice were the first to collapse. After hours of gorging, the two girls finally passed out into overstuffed stupors… Mrs. Sarovy could barely contain her relief when she emerged from the kitchen with yet another tray of pasta only to discover that Alice and Jen were both snoring like buzzsaws, their colossal bellies towering over them, rising and falling in time to their labored breathing. They were so full that they could barely breathe and you could see their bellies strain with every breath, as if they literally were moments away from bursting like a pair of overinflated balloons. Alice’s shirt was bunched around her boobs, her fly was wide open, and her belly was bloated to the point that she looked like a hot air balloon. It looked like she passed out just in time! One more bite and she really might have just popped! Jen was in a similar state, the elastic waistband on her tights finally having burst under the onslaught of her massive gut. The two girls were so round that you could probably roll them around like beach balls! But the important thing was that before they finally passed out, they were talking! Mrs. Sarovy was glad to see that her plan had worked. Now she never wanted to cook for these two pigs ever again!

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It’s inevitable that, when you stuff yourself as much as Alice did, you’re going to have bad dreams! So it should be no surprise that’s exactly what happened!

In her dream, Alice found herself seated at a massive table, covered in tea pots of varying shapes and sizes. She was wearing a blue dress and a white pinafore; when she looked at herself, the blonde blimp couldn’t help but think that she was dressed rather like Alice in Wonderland!

“Oh my goodness gracious!” said Alice. “Where am I?”

“Oh you don’t remember?” said a voice. “You’ve come to join us for tea!”

Alice looked up and saw a motley group of characters seated across the table from her. She recognized them as characters from Alice in Wonderland, but they looked strangely different! The mad hatter was a busty raven-haired girl, so buxom that the buttons of her waistcoat strained. The march hare was just a bottom-heavy brunette girl with buck teeth and long rabbit ears! And between them sat the Queen of Hearts… although Alice couldn’t help but think that she looked a lot like Nikki Lake!

“Just sit your plump little bottom down there, my fat little guest, and tuck in! We have plenty of jam tarts here. Perhaps you’d care for a taste?”

“Oh! Yes, please!” Alice licked her lips, feeling her big belly grumble hungrily as it settled onto her upper thighs. She vaguely recalled just having eaten a huge meal at the Sarovy household, but…well, how could she resist more food?

“You heard the lady! Let’s eat!”

With a nasty laugh, the Queen of Hearts approached Alice, balancing a tray loaded with jam tarts on one hand. Alice barely had time to open her mouth before the Queen shoved in the first tart. The fat blonde chewed it up quickly, savoring the flaky buttery poundcake and the sweet strawberry jelly. Mmmm, so good!

“Mmm, that’s very goo—”

“Silence! Don’t speak while your queen is working!” shouted the Queen of Hearts, cutting off Alice’s words with another jam tart. And another and another and another! The mad hatter and the march hare fell into hysterical giggles at the sight as they watched the queen shove tart after tart into Alice’s mouth, the billowing blonde’s chubby cheeks bulging as she struggled to gulp them down as fast as she could. Alice wanted to protest, to complain that they were feeding her too fast, that she couldn’t keep up, but she couldn’t talk when her mouth was so full of cake! All she could do was chew and swallow, chew and swallow, gulping down tarts as fast as she could, even after her fat little tummy started to bloat outwards onto her thighs, the seams of her dress protesting, her hemline rising up up up, to reveal the white garters on her thighs and then the bare roundness of her ballooning tummy.

“What a greedy little girl you are!” teased the Queen. “Hardly any manners at all! All you want to do is eat, isn’t that right? My goodness, you really are quite the glutton! I wonder if we could even fill you up at all!”

Alice ate and ate and ate, her head swimming, her belly aching. Her dress ripped apart as she grew bigger and bigger, her tummy billowing outwards until it touched the table in front of her and then started to push it away. Her gartered strained and snapped. And yet Alice kept eating and growing!

“You won’t need to eat part of a mushroom to get bigger here, my dear,” said the Queen. “Why, you’re doing just fine on that account all by yourself! Open wide, we’ve got plenty more tarts for you!”

Alice burped loudly and winced at the stinging pain of her swollen gut. “P-please… I’m starting to get… so full… I don’t think I can—”

“Nonsense! You wouldn’t defy your queen! Open up and eat! The Queen commands it!”

*Well, if the Queen commands it, I really can’t say no!* thought Alice. And with that rationalization, she continued to eat. Tray after tray of tarts disappeared into Alice’s cavernous gut, the poor girl swelling up like a balloon as she gorged herself into oblivion. Her dress was in tatters and yet Alice was still eating. The chair was pinching into her sides, her love handles spilling over the arm rests, and it was only a matter of time before her ballooning ass busted the chair completely into splinters.

“A very happy unbirthday to you, my dear!” laughed the Queen. “Isn’t this the best way to celebrate? Had enough to eat yet?”

“Y-yes, ma’am,” gasped Alice, sputtering through a mouthful of crumbs. “I’m… I’m so full… Oh Gawd, I think I might just burst if I ate anymore… p-please…”

“My goodness,” said the Queen of Hearts, suddenly looking down at her handiwork as if seeing what she’d done for the very first time. “You really have made quite the piggy of yourself, haven’t you, my dear? What do you have to say for yourself?”

Alice opened her mouth to speak in her defense but all that came out was a loud hiccup. She was too bloated to even think right now. She just hoped that there weren’t any more tarts… well, honestly, she kind of hoped that there were! She knew she was powerless in the face of her own greed, that if there were more tarts that she would HAVE to eat them. Her only hope, the only thing that would stop her from binging until she burst at the seams, was that the Queen was out of tarts. Maybe then, if there was nothing left to eat, she would be saved!

“You’ve really put on a lot of weight, haven’t you? My goodness, look at this belly! You’re as round as a pumpkin!” The Queen poked Alice in the center of her round tummy with her scepter, pushing hard enough that it forced another belch from Alice’s lips. “All those treats really add up, don’t they, sweetie? My goodness, you would think that a young girl like you would care just a little about her figure! But look at what you’ve done to your waistline!”

“I-it wasn’t my fault!” whined Alice. “You fed me!”

The Queen clucked her tongue and stroked Alice under her chubby double chin. “I didn’t hear you say no. Well, Alice, I suppose if I’m responsible for your weight, then I should help you lose it. Luckily, I know one guaranteed weight loss method. Off with her head!”

Alice gasped in shock, the surprise jolting her awake. Alice blinked in stupefied confusion, staring up at the towering mountain of her own belly. Thank goodness it was all a dream! Although considering how much her tummy hurt right now, she would rather still be asleep!

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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