Alice 128

By Mollycoddles

“Come on! This is ridiculous! You can’t just allow this to go on!” cried Nurse Hopkins. “They’re an embarrassment to the whole school!”

The principal looked at her levelly over the frames of his glasses and folded his hands on his desk calmly. “I wouldn’t say that, Nurse Hopkins. In fact, it seems like most of the student body is actually proud to have them attending our school. Why, these local celebrities are doing wonders for student morale—”

“Don’t give me that bullshit! It’s not healthy!” Nurse Hopkins was furious! As the school nurse, she took the health of her students very seriously. For months, she had been trying to reach three particular students—Laurie, Alice, and Jen, the infamous Cheerleader Chunkers, who each weighed over a quarter ton. She winced whenever she heard one them thundering down the hallway or, more common now, the agonized whirring of one of their overburdened mobility scooters. Everyone else in town was only too happy to enable their unhealthy lifestyles by plying them with free food and catering to their every whim, just because they were on television once and brought some attention to the town! Nurse Hopkins seemed to be the sole person actually concerned about their health!

Not that her concerns were solely altruistic. A school nurse is judged by the health of her students and it looked terrible to the board of the regional nursing association that these three young women had been allowed to blimp into extreme obesity under Nurse Hopkins’ watch. Even worse, the condition seemed to be spreading! Other students were becoming more lax in their eating and exercise habits when they had the Cheerleader Chunkers to model bad behavior for them! Kayla, Jody, Gloria… it definitely seemed like there were way more fat kids in this school than there used to be! Nurse Hopkins needed to do something fast or she might just be facing the end of her career!

“Well, just what do you expect me to do?” asked the principal. “It’s not like being fat is against school regulations. Besides, don’t you think it would look like targeted harassment if we started going after just these three girls?”

“But surely you can do SOMETHING! What if…” Nurse Hopkins screwed up her face in thought. “What if we started a campaign for better health? You know what I mean, posters on the wall, fliers on students’ desks, health tips in the daily PA announcements? That way it wouldn’t just be targeted to the three fatties, it would go out to the whole student body! No one could accuse us of singling them out, but no one could miss the real meaning!”

The principal sighed. He knew this was useless but he was tired of arguing. “Sure. Fine. We can do that. But Nurse Hopkins, I really hope this is going to be the end of it.”

“We’ll see,” said Nurse Hopkins. “We’ll see.”

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Laurie was in a foul mood. Everything was going wrong for her! First of all, everyone in school seemed to be mad at her! How could things take such a turn for the head cheerleader of Los Hermanos High? Only a few weeks ago, she was on top of the world – a beloved icon all through the school and beyond thanks to a viral video of one of her cheer routines. Laurie weighed over 600 pounds, a monstrously huge teenager so vast and blubbery that she could barely walk anymore and instead liked to rely on a motorized scooter to putter through the halls of school. Her two best friends, Jen and Alice, were also both over 500 pounds. How had these three girls managed to eat themselves round in less than a year? The answer was nothing short of absolute, unrestrained, unrepentant gluttony. Well, mostly. The truth was that Laurie had been secretly fattening up her friend Alice in hopes that Alice’s size would make Laurie look slim by comparison. That really backfired, though, when Jen blurted out the truth to a national audience when the three had appeared on live TV on the Nikki Lake show! Now everyone was mad at Laurie!

Well, almost everyone. She had managed to win the forgiveness of her bestie Jen and her lovers Frank and Abida… but Alice was still super pissed at her. Laurie felt an unfamiliar ache in her chest when she thought about that—and, for once, it wasn’t indigestion! The truth was that Laurie had majorly fucked up, betraying the trust of a girl who had, over the course of the last year, become her best friend other than Jen. She wondered if Alice would ever forgive her. Did she even deserve forgiveness? Ugh! This sucked!

There was a more immediate thing that was pissing her off too. Her mobility scooter was broken! For weeks, the scooter had been struggling under Laurie’s ever escalating weight and just the other day it finally gave up the ghost. Most girls would be beyond mortified to learn that they had ballooned to such a size that not even a mobility scooter designed for jumbo heavyweights was strong enough to support their fat ass anymore. But Laurie was elated! She loved being fat and she loved growing fatter and nothing made her more excited that new proof that she was still packing on the poundage. At her current rate of growth, there was no telling when (or if) she would ever stop growing.

“Fucking hell, I’m too gorgeous for this time of exercise!” muttered Laurie under her breath as she blundered her way through the library, every footfall making the floor shudder and the walls shake with the full force of her 600 plus pounds of wobbling lard. Laurie was as big as a house, most of her weight carried up front in a massive sloping belly that slapped against her tree trunk legs as she shuffled and a pair of gargantuan breasts that draped over her gut nearly to her bottomless cavern of a navel. It was nearly impossible to find clothes to fit her blimping form, but she was packed into a jumbo-sized shift dress that nevertheless kept wriggling up her thighs as she jiggled, to expose the lowest quarter of her wobbling, cellulite-plumped ass. She wore flip-flops on her chubby little trotters – partly because she was too fat to reach down to tie shoelaces and partly because she was too fat to wear anything with heels. Her face, buried under pale chub until it was as round as a moon, had completely subsumed her neck into a blubbery second chin. She wore a leather choker around her neck, digging into her chin fat, with a cowbell ornament that jingled loudly with her every step. The other students were wondering about that, but no one yet had the courage to ask what it meant. The bell combined with the dairy print pattern of her shift dress – not to mention her beyond-the-alphabet udders – gave Laurie a distinctly cow-like appearance that could only be enhanced at the point if she suddenly happened to grow a cow tail from her fat bottom or a pair of horns on her forehead.

But now Laurie saw something that got her even more pissed.

“What the hell?”

Students turned away, pretending not to look, as Laurie waddled over to the poster, wheezing so heavily from the short trek that her massive milkers heaved in her overstretched dress. She squinted, her little piggy eyes squished behind her chubby cheeks, not believing what she was seeing.

“A healthy mind in a healthy body!” said the poster. “Good nutrition and good exercise are vital for maintaining a healthy weight.”

Laurie quickly scanned the rest of the poster. “’Obesity has been linked to heart disease, colon cancer, and diabetes.’ I can’t believe this bullshit!” This poster was obviously put up to target her specifically! Although… if it was actually tailored to target her, it probably should have been altered to include another warning for her case: explosion! Laurie was bloating and blimping so fast, splitting out of new dresses so quickly, that sometimes she seemed to be inflating rather than gaining! If ever a fat girl simply exploded from her own indulgence, Laurie Belmontes would be the first!

Laurie snorted in derision. This was obviously yet another attempt by Nurse Hopkins to turn the tide of public opinion against the Cheerleader Chunkers. What a laugh! That bitch had tried every trick in the book to motivate Laurie and her cohorts into dropping some poundage, but the three girls simply could not be dissuaded from a love of eternal indulgence and constant growth. Little did she know that Laurie actually got off on gaining and that every acknowledgement of her size only got her more excited, firing her resolve to get even bigger! Gawd, Nurse Hopkins was probably fuming right at this very moment! Laurie laughed under her breath. Hmm, the idea of Nurse Hopkins starting this entire propaganda campaign just to reach her specifically was a major turn-on and Laurie could feel a growing moisture between her massive thighs. This fat girl was almost always in a state of semi-arousal, unable to resist the delicious feel of her mammoth thighs shaking, her gargantuan belly wobbling, her ginormous breasts tugging at her shoulders and threatening to spill from the out-stretched neckline of her tent-sized shift dress. Laurie imagined that she would be the first of the trio to eventually outgrow clothing completely, becoming so fat that she would have to remain confined to her home or risk public indecency. They’d have to just cover her with a tarp if they wanted to wheel her somewhere! Laurie shivered with pride and arousal at the thought. That day would come for her soon, but logic told her that Jen and Alice wouldn’t be far behind. Why, she could help ease them through the change when it happened, easing them into a life as a compulsory nudist just like a good big sister!

She was going to have an orgasm right here in the library, without even touching herself, If she wasn’t careful!

“No, no, don’t lose it,” she mumbled to herself, pushing herself away from the wall. Laurie’s loins were on fire with desire, but she was far too fat to take care of this issue herself. She needed to find Frank and Abida. Her loyal lovers were always ready to help their lard-laden princess find relief! But first things first. She was utterly exhausted from having been on her feet for the last fifteen minutes! She needed to find someplace to sit down. Laurie had grown so huge that, at home, she no longer fit into any chairs; her bedroom was filled with a pile of pillows and Laurie would just collapse into them. But at school she was forced to still deal with benches and chairs. What a hassle! Grunting under her breath, the behemoth beauty wobbled away, her pillowy arms held out to her sides for balance, in search of rest.

She wondered how Jen and Alice would respond when they saw the posters. As far as she knew, neither of them had yet reached the point where they took pride in their elephantine proportions like Laurie did.

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Jen blinked at the poster in stupefied confusion, popsicle in her mouth. Her lips and double chin were stained blue from popsicle dye, but Jen didn’t notice.

Jen lurched to her feet, raising her enormous butt from the cushioned seat of her scooter for the first time today. Anyone could see that the seat was bent and battered, bleeding stuffing, and squashed with two very obvious divots where Jen’s cheeks found purchase – it was obvious it wasn’t long for this world! But even more noticeable when Jen stood up was the large tear running down the back of her stretch pants and exposing the vast white expanse of Jen’s XXXXL granny panties. It was apparent that Jen had obliviously burst her seat at some point earlier today, possibly when she squirmed to reach forward to put the change in the vending machine so she could get this popsicle!

“Huh! Like, I wonder why they’re putting all these posters up all over school? Like, who’s this even more?” She obliviously scratched at her broad backside, not even noticing as her nail snagged the thin material and inadvertently ripped the hole in her seat even wider. A few passing students paused to snicker at the sight, but Jen was too lost in thought to even notice. She scanned the list of dire health warnings, her brow furrowed and her lips moving silently with the strain of understanding some really big words. Finally, Jen just sighed and shook her head. How was she supposed to remember all these dumb Latin words!Gawd, did they really expect her to be able to remember the word “Cardiopulmonary?” As if!

Jen gnawed on her popsicle, dribbling blue water down her chubby double chin and shivering slightly as a few cold drops dropped from her chin to land in the deep well of her cleavage visible through the straining neckline of her cow-print tube top. No one had yet commented on the fact that both Jen and Laurie had, by total coincidence, happened to wear cow-themed outfits today. While Laurie’s choice was very much on purpose as she slowly turned into a human dairy cow at the behest of her lovers (The cowbell she wore on her choker was another aspect of that!), Jen didn’t have the brainpower to make that kind of connection. It was ironic, because Jen was such a bimbo that she was probably the most cow-like of the three Cheerleader Chunkers in terms of both intelligence and temperament. The brunette blimpette was shaped like an overly ripe pear, the vat majority of her excess poundage plumping out her thighs and booty until she could barely waddle without her legs rubbing together all the way down to the knee. Luckily, she didn’t have to waddle much at all since she could use her scooter to get around.

Jen shook her head, dropping her fat ass back into her scooter without even a thought for how much the poor vehicle groaned under her weight. Even knowing that Laurie had recently outgrown her scooter and that Jen wasn’t that much lighter than her raven-haired friend, Jen was completely unconcerned for what that sound boded for the future!

“Like, I don’t know why they put these posters up all over school! It’s such a waste! Like, I don’t even think all that stuff they say is true. ‘Obesity can lead to cardiopulmonary disease?’ Like, what does that even mean? They’re always exaggerating stuff like that, I bet it’s not even really a problem!”

Nodding to herself, Jen gripped the scooter’s joystick in the palm of one chubby hand and pushed it forward. The scooter lurched and carried her on down the hallway, the poster’s dire warnings immediately forgotten. What did Jen care about that? It was almost lunchtime, after all, and her tummy was growling at her, demanding to be filled. And that, to Jen, was always a higher priority!

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Alice stared at the poster, her blue eyes wide. The blonde blimpette was just as heavy as Jen, although she mostly carried her weight in her belly and thighs so much that her polo shirt bunched up under her boobs and left most of her swollen pink belly bare. When she forced herself to stand up, her belly flopped forward, covering the crotch of her shorts and hiding the fact that Alice could no longer button them around her voluminous waist. At over 500 pounds, Alice had no illusions about herself. She knew that she was fat. She knew that she was in the running for the fattest girl in school, dwarfed only by her friends Jen and Laurie. She had no doubt that Nurse Hopkins put these posters up as the latest salvo in her continuing campaign to try to shame the girls into losing some weight!

Poor Alice! She felt like everyone was starig at her, knowing that the posters were meant for her. She was only gradually coming to terms with her size, realizing that not only did her boyfriend like her big but that she felt more comfortable as a big girl too… but this still made her feel so embarrassed! It wasn’t fair! Alice tried her best to control herself, but she simply couldn’t! Everything in her life seemed to conspire against her to make her gain weight!

She pulled one poster from the wall so that she could show Tyler later. That evening, when they were alone at Alice’s home, she pulled it out to show him.

“What’s that?” asked Tyler, pointing to the massive tupperware tub in Alice’s hands.

“It’s leftover lasagna from Jen’s mom. I was just over there for lunch and she insisted that I take leftovers.”

“I thought you were mad at Jen.”

Alice shrugged. “I am. Kinda. But I don’t think Jen meant badly. You know how she is! She just goes along with anything Laurie says. She feels really bad about the whole thing. I think maybe I could forgive her. But Laurie! Ooo, I’m still so mad at her! But that’s not what I wanted to show you. Look at this!”

She handed him the poster that she had pulled from the school bulletin board.

“Oh, you’re worried about this? That’s just Nurse Hopkins trying to scare you. You know this is all just a lot of fatphobic baloney.”

“Is it? Tyler, I’m seriously getting so big lately. And look at this list of problems! ‘Shortness of breath!’ I have that all the time! I can barely walk two steps without feeling totally winded! And cardiac disease?” Alice gulped. Sometimes, when she got too excited, she felt a giddy lightness and a thumping in her chest that she worried might actually be the start of heart disease! Was it normal for a teenage girl to get so monstrously fat that she had to worry about having a heart attack before she even graduated high school?

“I don’t think you need to worry about that, Alice, that’s for way older people.”

“I guess. But still! I need to stop getting bigger. I don’t like everyone at school seeing these posters and then looking at me! I just feel like a hippopotamus on public display and it’s not fun! Really, I think we both know the thing that needs to stop.”

“What’s that?”

Alice glared at her boyfriend. “I’m talking about the egg. Tyler, this has been fun and all, but I really think we need to end this. Or at least, you need to stop turning it on while I’m eating! It’s way too distracting!” As she talked, Alice wobbled her way into the kitchen and threw the leftover lasagna into the microwave. Tyler followed, marveling at the fact that even as she was complaining about her incessant appetite she was still preparing to eat more.

“Are you sure the egg is really the issue?”

“What? Oh, come on! It’s almost dinner time and I haven’t eaten in nearly an hour!” huffed Alice. “I think just a little snack would be okay! Besides, Tyler, looking at that poster got me all upset and you know how eating helps to calm me down!” She grimaced, suddenly aware of what she was saying. Gawd, was she for real? She really was just an absolute pig, wasn’t she?

The truth was that the egg wasn’t distracting at all; nothing could actually be distracting while Alice was eating! For several weeks, Alice and her boyfriend had been playing a little sex game – Alice carried a vibrating egg slipped into her pussy throughout the day and Tyler controlled the vibration via remote control. It was a fun little experiment in exhibitionism and Alice could suddenly expect to find herself getting aroused by a sudden throbbing in her pussy at any time… forcing her to struggle to keep calm and normal in social situations! By some strange coincidence (yeah, right!), Tyler often chose to activate the egg while Alice was eating. Not that Alice needed much encouragement to eat, but… this was definitely encouraging her! The two were playing a dangerous game. Tyler was slowly reprogramming his already way-too-greedy-for-her-own-good girlfriend to associate food with sex. And if she started to get sexually aroused just by eating, she was definitely going to be eating even more in the future! Her friend Laurie had already hopelessly confused food and sex, to the point that she had eaten herself into the 600 pound range. If they didn’t slow down, Alice would soon follow.

“Okay, I’ll make a bet with you!” said Tyler. He grinned, remembering a little trick that Frank had told him to help him spice up his love life with his corpulent cutie of a girlfriend. “Those shorts you’re wearing look kinda tight. If you can leave the table with at least one button intact, then I’ll be stop using the egg. But if you can’t, then I get to use the egg whenever I want! But here’s the catch—you can leave the table whenever you want. Whenever you decide dinner is done, dinner is done.”  
  
Alice was already far too plump for her shorts, which visibly pinched her around the crotch and legs and stretched tightly across the chubby cheeks of her bottom. The top three buttons on Alice’s XXXL button-fly denim shorts were fastened snugly, but the bottom three were wide open, revealing a fleshy bubble of Alice’s lower pot belly. The only reason Alice was still even wearing them now was that she was reluctant to return to the maternity store to buy a bigger pair, another admission of her failure to curb her gains even slightly.

“That’s silly!” huffed Alice but smiling despite herself. She knew that Tyler would never ask her to do anything that she didn’t already want to do, so it wasn’t like she was worried! But more to the point… this was a totally easy bet to win! “Tyler, if I get to decide when to stop eating, of course I’m just gonna stop before I lose my buttons! I mean, I know I’ve got a big appetite and these shorts are really snug, but… give me some credit! I think I can do this pretty easily!”

Tyler laughed. “You seem pretty confident about that, Alice. Well, why don’t we test that, huh?”

“Okay, but I have a condition too! You can’t use the egg at all while I’m eating! That wouldn’t be fair!”

“Okay, I promise.”

Alice grinned. This bet was as good as won! Tyler, meanwhile, thought that it was hilarious that Alice truly believed that the vibrating egg was the only thing pushing her to overeat. He knew her well enough to know that she had no self-control even in the best of times!

The microwave dinged and Alice carried the steaming pile of lasagna to the table, where she plopped her fat ass across two chairs and prepared to dig in. Jen’s mom didn’t just send Alice home with leftovers… it looked like she had baked an entire new tray of lasagna for Alice to bring home! And like the famous fat cat Garfield, Alice was completely incapable of resisting this treat! She scooped a helping onto her plate, popped the first bite into her mouth, and swallowed… and immediately felt the fourth button around her middle (the lowest one that she had actually managed to button) pop loose and bounce across the room to hit the floor with a clatter.

“That’s not fair!” said Alice. “I’ve barely even started!” She reached under the table, pushing her pudgy sausage fingers under the bulge of her gut to feel for the remaining buttons. Good, she had two left. This whole bet was going to be a piece of cake!

“Already lost a button, huh?” said Tyler in a teasing voice. “Well, that’s not a problem. You could just quit now.”

“Not so fast, mister!” said Alice. “I haven’t even started dinner yet! I think I deserve to at least taste my supper, right? Besides, I’ve got plenty of give to these shorts! There’s two buttons left, I’ll be fine!”

“Okay, Alice. If you say so.”

“I am totally going to stop before I pop my buttons! Just watch!”

Tyler smirked. Alice was being so oblivious to her own reality right now that she might as well be Jen!

Alice started to eat. And eat. And eat. Tyler watched in stupefied fascination as Alice mowed her way through her first helping of lasagna and then, the bet apparently forgotten, helped herself to a second. With red sauce smearing her lips and chin, Alice was in hog heaven! She gorged herself with abandon, not even pausing to wonder about the increasing tightness of her shorts as her relentlessly bloating belly put more and more pressure on the two remaining buttons. She was already on her fourth helping when suddenly… POP!!! She felt another button bust free and her snug shorts felt suddenly just slightly more comfortable.

“Oh my Gawd!” gasped Alice, putting her chubby hands to her face as she suddenly remembered the bet and what she was doing. She had gotten so lost in her own pleasure that she had completely forgotten to pay attention to how very obviously her shorts were losing the battle of the bulge! She was down to just one last button, her last line of defense, the lone warrior standing between Alice and her own complete ruin. She needed to be more careful!

“Uh oh! Looks like you’re down to one. Maybe you ought to quit while you’re ahead, Alice. You can still win this.”

“Yes, right...” Alice bit her lip. Tyler was right. The smart thing to do was to quit right now, push herself away from the table, and declare herself the winner of the bet with one button remaining. But, on the other hand, Alice was so used to popping buttons and splitting seams that she had an almost preternatural sense for when she was about to experience a wardrobe malfunction. And she was pretty confident that she still had a little bit of leeway with this button. Her shorts were tight, sure, and yes they were definitely tighter than they’d been before dinner. But she was pretty sure she could at least finish this helping before the button popped. Oh, definitely. She would just finish up what was on her plate and then she would declare herself full and dinner over. There was no way that this could go wrong! “Then again, I am still pretty hungry right now… and I don’t think I’m anywhere near the limit. I think I’ll just finish this plate.”

“It’s your choice, Alice. If you think that’s a good idea…”

“Of course! I know what I’m doing.” Alice put on a show of trying to sound confident, but her voice wavered. Deep down in her fat-clogged heart, she worried that she might actually be setting herself up for disaster! But how could she resist? Surely just a little more couldn’t hurt…

Alice slurped her way through yet another plate of lasagna, savoring the fatty cheese and the tangy sauce, her eyes nearly rolling back in her head with the ecstasy of Jen’s mother’s secret recipe. Heavenly! Alice hiccupped loudly – “OINK!!” – so loudly that it seemed like the chandelier was going to fall!

Tyler couldn’t believe that Alice fell for his dare! She might think that she had some self-control, but Tyler knew the truth. Betting on Alice to be a total greedy guts was always a winning bet!

Alice didn’t realize she was grunting softly as she ate, making little piggish noises of contentment.

“Oink!” A sudden hiccup wracked Alice’s tubby body, making the poor little porker bounce in her seat. Her face went red as she realized the sound that had come from her. She was so round and tubby that now even her hiccups sounded like piggish little squeals.

“Oink! Oink!” hiccupped Alice.

Just one more oink and she was going to blow her last button clear across the room! Just one more oink, that’s all he needed!

Alice kept eating, round after round, gobbling delicious pasta between only-too-appropriate “oinks!” until finally everything was gone. Her plate was clean, the tray was empty, and Alice leaned back in her seat with a contented sigh.

“I win!” announced Alice, beaming. She stifled another hiccup. “Oink!”

“Sorry, Alice. You didn’t notice? You lost your last button, like, five minutes ago!”

“What?!” Alice’s eyes went wide. She looked down but couldn’t see anything over her tits and tummy. She struggled to reach under her belly, a vast avalanche of flesh like cookie dough…. Mmmm… cookie dough… the thought of a yummy dessert of cookie dough was almost enough to distract Alice from her task! But not enough. Her hands slid around her middle and found that Alice was right. Her shorts were wide open and her doughy belly plopped on her lap. She had been so intent on her meal that she hadn’t even noticed!

“How did that happen!? I was so sure I could know… I would know before… oh poo!” Alice sighed loudly. It looked like she had totally lost the bet! Despite her best (ha!) intentions, she simply couldn’t pass up food and just ate and ate and ate like the greedy piggy she was until she completely blew every button off of her straining shorts and let her vast doughy belly hang free. It looked like she was going to have to take that trip to the maternity store that she had been putting off for far too long. More annoying, though, was that Tyler had won the bet! That meant he could still keep using the egg whenever he wanted – which meant using it to encourage her to eat!

Then again, if anything, this experiment had proven that she didn’t need any encouragement for that.

“Guess I still get to use the egg, huh?” said Tyler, smiling.

Alice smiled back. This wasn’t a total loss. After all, if losing a bet meant you still got a vibrator to tickle your clit randomly throughout the day… that wasn’t so bad!

Alice had something else on her mind right now though. “Hey,” she said before another “Oink!” popped from her mouth. “Do we have any cookie dough around?”

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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