Alice 111
By Mollycoddles

Left to themselves in the hotel room, Jen and Laurie continued to drain the bottle, growing rowdier and drunker by the minute.

“C’mon, Laurie… Hic! You gotta tell me who this other gal is… like, I’m your bestie!” whined Jen, stomping her foot so petulantly that she nearly tipped over. Jen was absolutely wasted, her head swimming, and she was so dizzy that she was constantly in danger of tipping over backwards under the weight of her massive backside. The bottom-heavy brunette bimbo had long since figured out that her friend Laurie was involved in a threesome with Laurie’s boyfriend Frank and a mystery girl. And while Jen had spent way too much time trying to figure out the identity of the mystery girl, she still hadn’t figured it out!

“Hic! It’s none of your business, fat ass!” snapped Laurie. Gawd, Jen was being sooo annoying! Worse, her insistence was just reminding Laurie of how lonely she was without Frank and Abida here. Gawd, she REALLY needed them now! At over 600 pounds, Laurie was far too fat and unwieldy to actually pleasure herself; her boulder-sized belly and colossal boobs blocked her access whenever she tried to stretch her thick arms enough to tickle her plump pussy with her chubby sausage fingers. She relied entirely on her lovers to help her get off! But without them? She was helpless! She hadn’t orgasmed in over a day! Laurie’s constant indulgence had slowly transformed her into such an absolute glutton for pleasure that she could barely stand the thought of going a day without cumming. But what was she supposed to do without Frank and Abida?

She looked Jen up and down. Maybe it was the booze… but an idea started to form in the back of Laurie’s mind…

Did she dare?

Laurie was intrigued. Her sessions with Frank and Abida were fulfilling, of course, but… Abida was so slim. Frank was a big guy, yes, but Laurie had never done it with a fat girl. Looking Jen up and down, Laurie could plainly see that the rumpy bimbo fit the bill. Jen was over 500 pounds, most of that monstrous poundage concentrated in a billowing badonk and flaring hips that strained against the stitchery of Jen’s XXX-sized panties. Jen’s full figure was on display in her underwear, from her ample boobs busting out of her bra to her flabby gut sagging over the waistband of her undies, but nothing was as impressive as her insanely plumped and pumped to the max derriere. Boys often said that they preferred a sassy lass with a curvy ass, simply because it gave them something to hold on to while they were in the throes of passion. Laurie wondered: Could there be something to that? Was she missing out? Laurie was already an explorer on the furthest shores of hedonism when it came to Frank and Abida, why stop there?

“Jen, you remember – hic – the last time we were this drunk?”

“Ummm… yeah…?” Jen’s head felt like it was stuffed with cotton candy, her reason dulled by an alcohol haze, but she remembered that night vividly. That was the night that Laurie, drunk and angry that Frank wasn’t jumping to answer her call to immediately come over, had kissed Jen. Laurie had never mentioned the incident again. Jen wasn’t even sure if Laurie remembered it, but Jen remembered it. It made her cheeks flush to think about it.

“Haha, remember I was so mad at Frank that I kissed you? Wasn’t that funny?”

Jen froze. Oh shit, Laurie DID remember!

Laurie held out her blubbery arms, so swaddled in soft adipose that they resembled the arms of the Michelin man. “C’mon, sweetie – hic! – Give mama a hand! You know it’s – hic – too hard to get out of bed on my own at my size.”

Jen rolled her eyes, annoyed that Laurie seemed to be trying to change the subject. She gripped Laurie’s thick wrists, her hands barely about to close around them, and tugged with all her might. Laurie yelped loudly as it felt like her arms were being pulled from their sockets; she was so heavy that it was no easy feat to get her on her feet!

“Like, c’mon, Laurie! If you want help, you’re gonna have to at least try to stand up when I pull! Like, you can’t make me do all the work! You’re too heavy! Like, oops, sorry!”

Laurie bit her lip, a familiar warmth building between her legs. Gawd, Jen really did have no idea that any reference to Laurie’s gargantuan size was enough to set her off now! And after a few days away from Frank and Abida, Laurie was hornier than ever!

“Try again, honey, I think I’m almost up!”

“Ugh! Fine! Hic!”

Jen tugged again, the vein in her forehead bulging with the effort, but this time she was successful. Laurie lurched out of bed and to her feet.

Standing up, Laurie was slightly taller than her friend. But the real difference was in width. Jen was massively obese, it was true, but Laurie still had an extra 100 pounds on her friend and those 100 pounds made a big difference. Laurie’s gigantic breasts, spilling from the confines of her absurdly oversized bra, and belly, sagging over her waistband and hanging nearly to her blubber-smothered knees, always threatened to pull her forward. She weaved uncertainly, her balance inhibited by drink and the enormous gravity of her own over-ripe body.

“Gawd.. shit… standing up is hard work… oh I’m so dizzy from all the wine… here, sweetie, give me a hand.”

Laurie leaned against Jen, her titanic tits pressing against Jen’s chest as her hands reached around to find purchase on the shelf of Jen’s pudgy protruding posterior.

“How often does Craig fuck you, Jen?”

“Um, like, I dunno? I guess we’ve been doing it a lot lately…” It was true, Jen and Craig had been fucking like rabbits lately. Almost every meeting between the couple ended up in bed. Jen wasn’t sure exactly why, but she had just been… RAVENOUS lately…

“I bet,” said Laurie. “Hic! You really ARE a horny porker now, aren’t you?”

“Um, like, I guess…” Jen could feel the warmth of her friend’s body pressing against and was suddenly all too aware of the rise and fall of Laurie’s phenomenal bustline as she inhaled and exhaled.

“And the bigger you get, the hornier you get, hmm? Hic!”

Jen giggled nervously, a sound punctuated with a loud hiccup. Both the girls were SUPER drunk, but, at the same time…. Jen felt like she knew exactly what was happening…

Laurie pulled Jen close, her chubby hands slapped to Jen’s backside and squeezing deep into the bottom-heavy beauty’s plush tush. Laurie couldn’t hold off any longer. She leaned in close. Jen’s jaw was slack from surprise and Laurie grabbed the opportunity, shoving her lips against Jen’s and her tongue into Jen’s open mouth. Jen’s eyes nearly popped from her head in surprise before drifting closed.

“Gawd, Jen, I can’t believe how fat you are,” whispered Laurie as she pulled away. Her fingers continued to squeeze, sending electric sensations through Jen’s body. “I worked so hard to keep you from blowing up like this, but you just couldn’t control yourself, could you? You’re just a big, bloated, bootilicious blimp, aren’t you? Gawd, you’re so soft. You’re as soft as butter!”

“Uh huh,” mumbled Jen. “Yeah…”

One hand still on Jen’s ass, Laurie slid her other around to Jen’s front and slipped her fingers under the straining elastic of Jen’s knickers. Jen gasped out loud as Laurie’s knuckles found her clit, hidden between the plump folds of her chubby labia. Sure, the two girls had kissed the last time that they were drunk, but… this was something else entirely!

“Oh Gawd… Laurie! Oh my Gawd, Laurie… oh…oh…!”

“Gawd, Jen, you whore,” chuckled Laurie. “Your pussy is SO wet. I had no idea what a big fat lesbo you were!”

“Oh! Oh Jeez, Laurie…”

“Oh sorry, do you not like this, fatso? You want me to stop?”

“No… no… keep going,” muttered Jen dreamily. Her mind was swimming. Laurie’s fingers felt so good as they probed her, exploring inside her panties and gently massaging her between her tree-trunk legs, so that she just wanted to collapse into a fat, sweaty heap. She didn’t have the wherewithal to respond intelligently.

“Yeah, a fat girl like you needs a lot of attention, huh? Gawd, Jen, I cannot believe that you’ve just porked out SO much. To think what the girls at cheer camp would say about you now! They used to make fun of your big butt before, but, wow, they wouldn’t even know what to say about that wide load now!”

Jen was comfortable with her size, so Laurie’s insults meant nothing to her. Jen was totally fine with ballooning into a big ripe pear as long as it meant that she could indulge her love for food, but she was gradually figuring out that Laurie… Laurie liked fat talk?

“Like, you should talk, fatty,” said Jen suddenly, her voice still distant but growing sharper. “You’re fatter than any of us. Like, I bet that pretty soon you’ll weigh more than Alice and me put together!”

“I…I… Jen!”

“Yeah, like, I figured it out! I know what you like, Laurie. You love fat talk, huh? Like, I bet you just looove it when people see what a huge fat ass you are! Like, you totally don’t need to worry about that, Laurie – cuz EVERYONE can totally see what a huge fat ass you are! You’d have to be blind to not notice! You’re, like, too big for that bed! Like, you get any bigger and the whole frame would probably, like, just collapse under you!”

Laurie’s eyes bulged from their sockets. She froze, her fingers still inside her bubbly bestie. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing! Jen was sexy teasing her!

“OMG, Jen! How… how… did you know?!”

Jen rolled her eyes. “Duh! It’s not hard to figure out! I’m not, like, dumb, you know! Like, I overheard you talking dirty with Frank and your mystery gal a little while ago… and I could hear how huffy you got when Frank talked about this giant belly of yours!”

Without warning, Jen reached down, grabbed Laurie’s hanging gut with both hands, and lifted it with a labored grunt. Laurie’s heavy blubber almost immediately slipped out of Jen’s weak grasp (the muscles in her flabby arms had mostly atrophied!) and slapped against her thighs. Laurie staggered backwards, losing her balance.

“Oh shit! Oh shit! I’m falling! Jen, I’m falling!” cried Laurie, her arms windmilling as she crashed back down onto the bed. The whole frame shook at the impact and Laurie flopped over onto her back, her belly shaking like a mountain in an earthquake.

“Like, and this whole time I thought you were just so proud of your tits! Turns out you’re proud of, like, everything! Like, you loooove being so big and blubbery!” continued Jen. “Like, I bet you can’t get back out of bed without my help… and I bet you totally love it!”

“Yes… yes… it’s true! Oh Gawd, Jen, it’s all true! Gawd, Jen, now you know my secret… I love it. Oh Gawd, I can’t help it, I get sooo turned on my big blubbery body. Look at me, I’m like a giant plush goddess! And I just keep… getting… bigger… Gawd, I don’t know when I’ll be able to stop! I don’t know IF I’ll be able to stop…”

“I knew it! Like, you’ve been gaining weight on purpose this whole time!” said Jen. The bootilicious beauty clamored into bed and sat back on her haunches, towering over her prone friend. “Like, you really did a number on yourself! Like, you used to be the cheer captain… and then you ate yourself round!”

“I’m still… cheer captain!”

“Yeah, but, like, none of us do much cheering now, huh? Except, I mean, for that one big routine at the game… ya know, the reason that Nikki Lake brought us here…”

Laurie could feel her pussy growing squishier by the second; if she didn’t get some relief fast, her panties were going to be completely soaked!

“Jesus christ, Jen, shut up! Hic! I can’t take this anymore… Gawd, how can you just talk dirty like that and not do anything? You’re getting me so fuckin’ hot and bothered that I’m gonna cream in my fuckin’ panties if you don’t do something!”

“Like, what do you want me to do? Hic!”

“Come on, my plump little piggy, I know what you want.” Laurie spread her tree-trunk legs as far as she could. “Come show me the love that only a fellow fat girl could.” She paused. “Not that this means anything, mind you. This is just… this is just because Frank and… Frank and my other lover aren’t here. So don’t get any ideas about this, Jen!”

“Like, okay!” said Jen cheerfully. Her brain was still buzzing with liquor, to the point that she was barely aware of what she was doing.

“I just need some relief,” muttered Laurie. “I’m too fat to do it myself and Frank’s not here, so that’s the only reason I need you! Hic!”

Laurie fumbled at her undies, but she was so rotund that she couldn’t undress by herself.

“Like, let me help,” said Jen. Gingerly, she plucked at the shredded, overstretched fabric of her underwear, slowly working it down Laurie’s meaty legs and exposing her hungry pussy. Laurie was so eager that Jen could feel the heat rising off her crotch.

“Lick my honey pot, lick it up,” commanded Laurie, squeezing her thick elephantine legs together around Jen’s throat and grabbing the back of Jen’s head to shove the pear-shaped princess deeper into her crotch. “Shiiiiit, yes! I know a fat girl like you loves to eat, so don’t stop, sweetie! Oh Gawd, yes, mama like!”

“Hmmmpff,” mumbled Jen, her voice muffled by Laurie’s crotch.

Neither Jen nor Laurie felt any guilt about the encounter. Even if their inhibitions hadn’t been lowered by alcohol, neither one considered trysts with girls to be “serious.” Fucking around with another boy? Now THAT would be bad! But a girl? That was a big fat whatever in their minds. Laurie didn’t think Frank or Abida would care and Jen couldn’t imagine that Craig would even lift an eyebrow at the thought. That was their “get out of jail free” card.

Laurie lay back in bed, bucking and moaning, and tweaking her nipples between her fingers. She was so busty now that even that much was difficult. She was so fat and round and heavy that everything was becoming more difficult for her. She was so heavy that she didn’t want to do anything anymore other than to lie around and be pampered like the queen-sized queen that she was. All she wanted was to be fed and fucked, fed and fucked, her life one non-stop orgy of indulgence until she was too massive to do anything. She felt light-headed at the prospect, the whole world was reeling. Frank and Abida were so good at meeting her demands that she was gradually outgrowing the world. It was just like Jen said: She was eating herself round! But she didn’t care, she loved every moment of her wanton, hedonistic life!

Jen was too buzzed on alcohol to give much thought to what she was doing. Her face buried in Laurie’s crotch, the enormous queen bee’s heavy fupa resting on her head, Jen ate and ate and ate. Her tongue eagerly darted between the slick folds of Laurie’s plump engorged pussy with the expertise of, it had to be said, a fat girl who loved to eat. In the back of her head, questions swirled. Laurie still hadn’t answered her most pressing question. Who WAS the mystery girl in her threesome???

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Alice lay in bed, storing loudly. Her pajamas were in tatters, her bloated belly and bare boobs hanging out of her top. Laurie had given her a vibrating wand to help keep her satisfied while she was away from her boyfriend and Alice had spent the rest of the evening pleasuring herself. It was her first time with a toy and… it was good! But exhausting! After cumming, she’d collapsed on bed and fallen instantly into fitful sleep.

But even in dreams, Alice still couldn’t entirely escape her own anxiety. Jen and Laurie seemed pretty secure that their appearance on the Nikki Lake Show would go well, but Alice couldn’t help but worry that something was going to go wrong. The big question, though, was what?

“Now I want you all to welcome to the stage: Alice Grobauch!”

In her dream, Alice waddled onto stage. The audience hooted and hollered as they watched this 500 plus pound porker wobble and jiggle into view. Nikki Lake stood in the crowd, perfectly coifed, her microphone and cue cards at the ready. She shook her head ruefully at the sight of the rotund blonde.

“C’mon, hold up your arms and let’s get a look at you,” said Nikki.

Alice obediently raised her flabby arms, holding them up at her sides so that she stood in a T-pose. She was a sorry example of physical fitness. The tubby blonde weighed in at over 500 pounds, most of it packed into a massive sagging gut and wide thick thunder thighs, with smaller gains in her billowing boobs, fat ass, and stubby legs. Her round face was framed by blonde bangs that did little to disguise her chubby cheeks and double chin. Her white T-shirt could barely contain her, stretched tightly across her plump jugs and swollen upper belly, leaving the lower three quarters of her bloated belly completely bare. Her red shorts were cinched under her gut, so that her belly overlapped them and nearly hid them from view. She had to walk around to Alice’s side to confirm that the apple-shaped cutie was, in fact, actually wearing anything below the waist. The rerd shorts looked painted on, hugging Alice’s ample curves tightly.

“And how much do you weigh again, sweetie?”

“540 pounds, ma’am,” squeaked Alice shyly, barely able to keep the embarrassed crack of anguish out of her voice.

“Hmm, my my my, you are a plump one, aren’t you?” Nikki walked up and placed her hands under the hang of Alice’s belly and gave it an experimental heft as if testing how heavy all that blubber really was. “You’ve certainly got yourself a fat little belly there, don’t you, sweetie? But I guess that’s what comes from eating too much, huh?”

Alice gulped. “I guess so.”

“Do you now? How many meals do you eat in a day, Alice?” She shoved her microphone into Alice’s face. Alice tried to smile but she could feel a cold nervous sweat breaking out on her forehead.

“Uh… three? I mean…. Maybe four…” Alice blushed furiously, embarrassed to admit that, in fact, she really didn’t eat distinct “meals.” She was such a greedy little glutton, such a helpless slave to her own appetite, that she basically just ate constantly. She couldn’t stop herself!

“I bet you love to eat now, don’t you, Alice? Don’t deny it! A girl doesn’t grow this big and plump without loving to eat, right? But don’t worry. I know the perfect way to get your weight down. That’s why we have you on our show today, right? To help you lose weight!”

“Really? I… I’m not very good with dieting,” mumbled Alice. “Or exercise.”

“Oh no no no, our method doesn’t involve diet or exercise. In fact, you’ll still be able to enjoy as much food as you’d like and you’ll still feel lighter than ever!”

Alice perked up. “Really? How does it work?”

“Simple!” Nikki gestured and a pair of stagehands wheeled out an air tank; another couple came forward carrying a scale. Nikki grinned and held an attached hose out to Alice. “Well, you know how helium is lighter than air, right? We’re just gonna fill you up with helium to counteract all those extra pounds. You’ll be able to watch that number on the scale drop in real time!”

“That’s… that’s silly!” said Alice. “That’s not gonna help me lose weight! I’ll just be bigger than ever!”

“Well, you’ll be bigger… but you’ll also be lighter. Don’t you want to be able to tell your mother that you weigh a mere 400 pounds? Or 300? Why, we could even get you down to 120 pounds… or even lower!”

Alice pondered the thought. How much helium would they have to pump into her before she was 120 pounds? And… well, sure, she could CLAIM to be lighter… but in any way that mattered she would still be bigger! The question was, what was more important!

“I.. okay, I guess that makes sense…”

With a chuckle, Nikki slipped the hose into Alice’s deep dark navel. “Okay, let’s get this girl filled up! Step onto the scale, chubby!”

Alice stepped onto the scale. She naturally wanted to know what the number was, but she knew that there was no way that she would be able to see over the arc of her tremendous gut. She gasped as she felt the helium start to flow into her, her belly instantly starting to puff out even further.

“Oh my gosh! I’m growing! I’m getting bigger! Ms Lake, I don’t think it’s working!”

“It’s working exactly as intended, Alice! Look at the screen behind you!”

The audience cheered and hollered as Alice started to inflate, her round body growing rounder. They could see Alice’s weight projected onto a screen behind the stage and the number was already dropping: 540. 530. 520…

“Oh my gosh!” cried Alice, clapping her hands to her chubby cheeks in surprise and excitement. “You’re right! I… I’m losing weight!”

Alice was thrilled. She’d never experienced anything like this! For years, the scale had been a source of dread for her. Every time she stepped onto one, she knew that the number would be higher. No matter what she did, no matter how hard she tried, it felt like her weight was always relentlessly rising. It was like a cruel joke! In reality, of course, the reason for Alice’s gains was obvious. She never exercised as much as she thought she did nor dieted as effectively as she thought she did… so naturally she was always growing plumper! But this… this was incredible! Her mind was reeling as she watched the numbers tick down, her weight dropping instantly as she ballooned. Sure, she was technically still getting bigger… but those falling numbers were so beautiful, so seductive, that Alice could easily ignore her tightening clothes and swelling body.

At least, she could ignore them for a while. Eventually, her bloated belly began to creak and squeak like an overinflated balloon. Alice gulped in alarm. That didn’t seem good! Her paunch hung out of her shirt, big and round and tight, and Alice wasn’t sure how much give was still left in her.

“Ohhh,” moaned Alice. “I think I’m starting to feel full… I think that’s enough…”

Her turgid legs and swollen arms now stuck out from her pumpkin-round body at straight angles and her head was slowly being swallowed up by her burgeoning body. She was getting too big and she could feel it!

“Nonsense, Alice! You’re barely anywhere near your goal! By my calculations, to reach your goal of 120 pounds, we need at least 51,975 cubic feet of helium inside you!”

Alice’s eyes bulged even more than her rapidly swelling body. “51,975 cubic feet?! Oh no, no, no! There’s no way! I could never hold that much helium! I’d burst!”

“Don’t worry there, chubby, you’re perfectly safe! We’ve never had a patient burst on us yet. Of course, we’ve never had a patient quite as fat as you either now that I think about it… But I’m sure you’ll be fine! Besides, we have safety protocols in place… I’m behind this blast shield so I’ll be fine!”

“You’ll be fine?! What about me!” squeaked Alice, her voice rising an octave both from sudden fear and also from the effects of the helium. Even as she spoke, her burgeoning belly proved too much for the overmatched shorts and her fly suddenly burst open from the pressure of her expanding waistline. Her bloated gut bounce out free as her button shot across the room and her zipper slipped down quickly to reveal the waistband of Alice’s overburdened panties. “You have to stop blowing me up! I can’t hold that much air! I’m gonna explode!”

The audience hooted and hollered in excitement, as if there was nothing more exciting than seeing a fat girl blow like a megaton bomb.

“The pressure’s rising pretty high,” said Nikki nonchalantly as she watched the monitors. “But you gotta expect that with a girl your size. Guess that’s why you oughta watch your weight, huh, chubby? The fatter you get, the more extreme we have to blow you outta shape to get your weight down. But don’t worry, I’m pretty confident we can still get you the results you want.”

“Noooo… it’s too much…” Alice was swelling rapidly, her enormously bloated body creaking with fullness, but the helium tank was relentless: more and more air was continuously being pumped into her!

Bigger and bigger and bigger… Alice squeeze her eyes shut and braced herself for the worst. She felt so incredibly tight… and she just kept getting tighter… and tighter… and tighter!! She was fast approaching her limits.

“Steady… steady…” said Nikki, narrowing her eyes as she watched the gauge intently. “You’re not quite full… you’ve still got a little room left in ya… c’mon… just a little more…”

“There! All full!” Nikki laughed, patting Alice’s bloated flank and watching the over-inflated blimpette’s spongy flesh wobble in response. “We managed to get you down to 120 pounds. I’ll tell you, it took A LOT of helium to counteract your 420 pounds. I’m impressed that you could stretch that much! Boy, look at you! You’re literally just a human balloon now, ain’t ya?”

“Mmfff!” grunted Alice, furrowing her brow with the effort of holding herself together. Her achingly bloated body creaked like a ship on a stormy sea. “I’m…so… full…”

Alice was as round as a balloon… which made sense, since, as Nikki said, she basically was nothing more than a balloon now. She was WAY more helium than flesh. Alice was massive, a gigantic quivering pink sphere clad in the tattered remains of her shredded, over-stretched clothing. Her turgid legs and bloated arms were so puffed up with air that she couldn’t bend her joints at all; she could barely even flap her hands. Her neck had disappeared into the orb of her body, her body puffed up around her head so that she could barely see over herself. Her entire body was stretched to its absolute limit, so absolutely blimped beyond all believe that Alice could barely even breathe for fear of blowing apart like an atomic bomb. She was as big as the Hindenburg! She couldn’t even see all of herself, she was so big!

“I…can’t…move…. Can’t… breathe…”

“That’s it for our episode today, folks! Join us next time when we help another fat girl lose some weight!”

“I’m…so…big…” Alice took a tentative step and was surprised to find that, despite her enormous girth, she could still waddle about a bit.

“Try not to gain too much extra blubber or we’ll have to fill you up some more to keep your weight down,” said Nikki as Alice shuffled past, her entire body vibrating with fullness. “And I don’t know how much stretch you’ve still got in ya. You look pretty maxed out to me!”

“How… long will… this last…”

“Oh, permanently,” said Nikki brightly. “But I’m sure you’ll get used to it. I know it’s distracting being so tight and tingly for now, but eventually it’ll start to feel more normal to you as your skin stretched out. Just be careful! Stay away from sharp objects and try not to overeat; you’re in a fragile state and we wouldn’t want you to go pop now, would we?”

“Go pop!? Oh… no…”

“Easy, girl! Don’t get too agitated! A little too much excitement and you’ll blow!”

“I… will!?” Alice grimaced. This was terrible! How could she live like this, so tight and full that she was constantly in danger of detonation?

“Yeah, but, on the bright side, you’ve never been lighter! What do you think of that, Alice?”

Genuinely? Alice was ecstatic. She hadn’t weighed 120 pounds in years! She could barely believe it! She wanted to jump for joy except that she was so full and tight that she would probably bounce like a basketball if she did.

“I…I… T-thank you, Nikki,” wheezed Alice. She was so round now that she could barely speak, her chubby cheeks pressing her mouth into a bow. But the small amount of air that she had to suck into her lungs to speak proved to be too much… and Alice exploded with a thunderous KABOOOM!

In the real world, Alice continued to snore loudly, a pained expression occasionally crossing her chubby face as she slumbered. She was still deeply worried about her appearance on the Nikki Lake Show. But realistically, her dream was probably just stress, right? It’s not like Nikki Lake was really going to blow her up like a balloon or anything. Right?

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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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