Alice 98
By Mollycoddles

“And a triple scoop for our local celebrity!”

“Thanks, but I only ordered a double…”

“Oh don’t worry about it,” said the cashier, holding out the overloaded ice cream cone with a sly wink. “It’s on the house!”

Alice stared at the cone, a complex series of conflicted feelings running through her mind. This was the third time this week that she’d been offered free food at a local restaurant and she was starting to feel… well, she wasn’t sure HOW she was feeling! Alice was beginning to get used to being a local celebrity. She had expected that the fervor would die down quickly, but instead people just kept sharing the infamous viral video that had propelled Alice and her friends to super stardom. And fame seemed to now come with certain benefits!

Alice Grobauch was, improbably, a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High School; at over 500 pounds, she was one of the fattest girls in school and definitely one of the fattest cheerleaders worldwide. It was absolutely ridiculous to think that a blubbery blonde butterball like Alice, a rotund chubbette with an enormous sagging belly, thick thunder thighs, fluffy arms, and a plump round face, could pass muster as a cheerleader. Indeed, Alice was far too fat and out-of-shape to do most of the required routines of her position. Luckily she was in good company. Her fellow cheerleader Jen was equally hefty and the cheer captain Laurie outweighed her by a good 100 pounds.

In fact, it was Laurie’s idea that had made Alice – as well as Jen and Laurie herself – so famous. At last week’s big football game, the three had performed a new cheer that intentionally flaunted their outrageously fat bodies, falling attention to their biggest assets and taking pride in their status as true fat girls. Naturally, the students had captured the routine on their cell phones and posted it online. Alice had dreaded an outpouring of mockery and taunting, and, well, she had definitely received a lot of that. She tried her hardest to ignore the trolls, as difficult as that was for a girl as sweet as Alice. But surprisingly, there had been a lot of support as well! A lot of people had contacted Alice to thank her for taking a stand for fat acceptance, though Alice wasn’t sure she had done all that much. She had also received quite a few lewd messages as well! Now THAT was surprising! She knew that some boys liked fat girls – her boyfriend Tyler was one of them, for example – but she hadn’t realized just how MANY boys liked fat girls! And judging by the letters, even some girls like fat girls!

People were recognizing Alice where ever she went. That was… not entirely new. When you weigh over a quarter ton, you get used to people staring and point at you when you leave the house. But people were recognizing her as more than just another fat girl. She was THE fat girl.

“Are you sure I couldn’t pay for the extra scoop?” asked Alice, jamming her pudgy hand into the tight pocket of her overstretched cargo pants as she groped for her wallet.

“No, no, I insist,” said the cashier. “Your money is no good here! Besides, it wouldn’t do to have our famous hometown girl wasting away!”

He chuckled as if he had just told an especially saucy joke, as his eyes trailed down to take in the sag of Alice’s tremendous tummy, hanging out from under the hem of her threadbare polo shirt and overlapping the crotch of her pants – so that no one could see that her pants were actually unbuttoned and unzippered.

“Thanks,” mumbled Alice again as she accepted the ice cream cone. It was against her better judgement, but it would have been rude to refuse! Besides… it DID look good!

Alice waddled over to the table in the center of the mall food court where her friend Jen was already seated. Also a massive overfed brunette porker, Jen was an overplumped pear who stored most of her 500 plus pounds of excess lard in her ridiculously fat ass and hefty hips. She was perched with her weight distributed across two chairs, one for each enormously chubby butt cheek, those plump buttocks positively bursting out of her fraying spandex stretch pants. Jen only wore stretch pants because nothing else could accommodate her extreme curves.

“Did he give you a free cone too?” asked Jen as Alice plopped into the seat across from her. “Like, he gave me this for free!” Jen held up her own ice cream cone, three bulbous scoops of rocky road already starting to dribble down Jen’s fingers. Her chubby cheeks were slathered with melted ice cream as she grinned. “This totally rules! People have been, like, giving me free stuff all week!”

“Yeah, me too,” said Alice. She shifted her weight in her chair, but there was no way for her to get comfortable with just one seat. She wasn’t nearly as big in the booty as her friend Jen was, but Alice still needed two chairs to get comfortable. At least she could comfortably fit across two; Jen was getting to the point where she desperately needed to add a third chair.

“I just don’t know if this is such a good thing,” said Alice, eying her bulging ice cream cone longingly. Mmmm. Three scoops of mint chocolate chip! “I mean, that guy at the counter said ‘we can’t have our local celebrity wasting away.’ That’s kind of… weird.”

Jen paused from chomping on her own cone. “Like, what do you mean?”

“I mean…well, look, Jen, we’re already way too fat. And if people keep giving us free food, we’re just gonna get fatter.”

Jen shrugged. “Yeah, but like… it’s free food!”

Alice sighed. She should have known better than to expect Jen to see the issue. Jen was way too much of an empty-headed ditz to understand the concept of long term consequences, but also, from their past conversations, Alice already knew that Jen had long since made peace with her own gluttony. Let Alice worry about her weight, Jen was content to stuff her face for the pleasure of eating, consequences be damned!

Alice was still reluctant to admit the truth to herself – that she, like Jen, was a hopeless glutton. She always held out some tiny hope that maybe, despite her complete lack of willpower, she might somehow, someday drop some pounds. Or at least stop gaining. But she didn’t have much hope of that happening if people started just GIVING her food! It was almost as if people wanted her to get fatter. Now that she was famous around town, the townsfolk wanted their favorite celebrity to stay recognizable.

“I dunno why you’re always so worried about that,” said Jen. She bit the point off of her cone, shoved it in her mouth and sucked, pulling out ice cream through the bottom of the cone. It didn’t take long for her to demolish her ice cream; Jen was an expert when it came to sucking. “Like, it’s n big deal. SO, like, we got a few extra pounds. Like, so what? You gotta live, girl. Besides, like, I know you’ve been getting those messages too. You know some guys like it.”

Jen grinned deviously as she tugged at the hem of her cow-print baby doll T-shirt, trying t pull it down to cover her soft, gelatinous gut. It was no good, there was simply too much flesh spilling out between her leggings and top to cover. Her shirt might not have been designed as a belly shirt, but it certainly was one now.

“That’s easy for you,” said Alice. “Your mom isn’t always riding your back!”

It was true. Jen’s parents were old world types who completely accepted their gargantuan daughter’s size; Jen’s mother, in fact, was convinced that a few extra pounds were a sign of health and vitality and was constantly trying to get Jen – and in fact anyone else – to eat. Alice’s mother, meanwhile, was always harping on her daughter to lose weight. Alice’s mother had mostly made good on her promise to stop criticizing Alice to her face, but it was very clear from the way that she acted that she still very much disapproved of her daughter’s ballooning waistline. Alice dreaded how her mother would react if she ever found the viral video of her daughter and her fellow cheerleaders performing their fat-positive cheer routine.

“Um, like, you worry too much,” repeated Jen. “But, like, you know what you should do? If you’re so worried about what your mom thinks, you should just get a girdle and wear it when she’s around. Like, Laurie did that on her first date with Frank and, like, I don’t think he had any idea how much of a fat ass she really was!”

“A girdle? That would never work.”

“Why not?”

Alice thought about it. Would it work? Her mother definitely expected that Alice’s weekly attendance at Dr. Shaw’s Overeaters Support Group SHOULD eventually bring about some weight loss results. But between Alice’s natural gluttony, her feeder boyfriend, her job at a pizza place, her weekly binges at her sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, her recent sneaky extra meals with Kayla and Jody AND now all this free food from local restaurants… that was definitely a pipe dream. But if she could trick her mom into thinking she was losing weight…

She didn’t just need to convince her mother that she had lost weight, she needed her mother to think that she was actively losing weight… that meant that she would have to cinch a girdle slightly tighter every week. That would be a hard enough problem if Alice’s weigh had plateaued, BUT since Alice was still actively gaining that meant that she would have to continuously cinch her girdle even tighter every week just to make up for that. She doubted that this was even possible.

Still, it was something to think about. Alice was currently wearing size 38 maternity pants, the only size with enough extra room in the waist to accommodate the greedy porker’s mammoth paunch. The girl had the maternity store had warned her that their clothes were only sized up to 40. That meant that Alice was getting dangerously close to the point that she wouldn’t even be able to wear maternity clothes. Maybe a girdle would at least help to delay the inevitable day when her belly finally grew too vast to tuck into her preggo pants?

She bit into her ice cream cone and chewed thoughtfully. Mmmm… It was good. She really DID need to start being more careful about accepting free food. Who knew how much damage all these empty calories were doing to her already enormous waistline?

Jen, meanwhile, was completely untroubled by any such problems. The bottom-heavy brunette licked her ice cream cone vigorously, so intent on gobbling her sweet treat that she barely seemed to notice the melted ice cream dripping down her chubby, sausage fingers. Alice sometimes envied Jen. She was such a bubbly bimbo that a worry seldom entered her empty head about anything!

“Um… excuse me?”

“Hmm?” Jen turned to look at the person who’d just addressed her. It was a young mother, balancing a tray of cinnamon buns in one hand and holding her preteen son next to her with the other.

“I hate to bother you… but are you the Cheerleader Chunkers?”

“What,” said Jen, blinking her big dumb cow eyes in confusion.

“That’s what they’re calling us online,” said Alice.

“Oh! Like, yes. Yes, we are!”

“Oh my Gawd!” the woman squealed, nearly dropping her tray. “I can’t believe it! My son totally recognized you, but I didn’t think it could really be you. Wow! I can’t believe the famous Cheerleader Chunkers are right here in Los Hermanos!”

“Yeah, like, we live here,” said Jen. This woman didn’t seem to realize that the viral video was locally filmed.

“That’s so cool! Could I get a picture of you with my son? He’s a huge fan!”

“Like, totally!”

The woman dropped the tray onto an adjacent table and shoved the boy forward. He seemed substantially less enthusiastic, enough so that Alice suspected he wasn’t a fan at all and the woman had concocted the story as an excuse to get a photo of them. Jen, however, didn’t notice his hesitance. She grabbed the boy in a bear hug with one arm and pulled him close to her side, squishing him against her fleshy flank, as she flashed a big grin and held up two fingers in a peace sign. The woman squealed in delight as she snapped a photograph with her cell phone.

“Thank you so much! Could I… could I get your autographs?”

“Uh… like, sure!”

She patted down the pockets of her coat until she found a scrap of paper and a pen. Jen signed with a flourish before passing them to Alice, who also signed. The woman looked like she was about to faint she was so delighted.

“I can’t believe I actually met the Cheerleader Chunkers!” gasped the woman as she snatched back the paper, inspecting the signatures as if they were precious gemstones. “This is just beyond!”

“Yeah…er, well, thanks,” said Alice. She winced every time that the woman called them the “cheerleader chunkers.” What an awful nickname! Of all the things that people had called them online since this whole thing began, Alice had to admit that was one of her least favorites. She desperately wished THAT hadn’t been the name to stick! Even “cheerLARDERS” was better!

“Do you want our cinnamon buns?” asked the woman suddenly.

“Mom! Those are for us-“ whined the boy but his mother shushed hi quickly.

“Billy! Don’t talk back! It’s a privilege to help these girls! You know how much they’ve done for our town!”

Neither Alice nor Jen had the slightest inkling that they’d done anything for the town. But apparently people felt that they were putting Los Hermanos on the map!

“Oh no, we’re fine,” said Alice. It took a tremendous strength of willpower to refuse the gift because, honestly, those cinnamon buns DID look good! Despite herself, Alice could feel her titanic tummy grumbling at the sight of those delicious sweet treats!

“No please, I insist!” said the woman, shoving the tray onto the table between the two girls. “We can get some new ones. I think you girls really ought to keep up your strength!”

“Um, like, thanks!” said Jen. “Like, I guess you’re right!”

She upended her ice cream cone to dump the remainder of her Rocky Road onto the hot cinnamon bun as the woman scurried off. Alice stared at her own bun, a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. She knew she shouldn’t eat it. She had already eaten far too much today, not even counting the extra ice cream that the ice cream vendor had practically forced on her! But how could she possibly resist? This sticky sweet hot bun was just too alluring!

Jen shoved her face into her ice cream-soaked bun, gobbling it down like a pig at the trough. “This is so good,” she mumbled through her full cheeks. “Like, I think I could get used to being a celebrity! These perks are totally awesome!”

“I hope this doesn’t keep up,” said Alice, tearing off a hunk of bun and popping the iced pastry into her mouth. “Or we’re both gonna end up as big as houses!”

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Laurie grunted. At first, she was jealous that so much of the public’s admiration had gone to Alice and Jen, but she was finding now that more and more people were starting to recognize her as the real star of the trio. That was only right and proper! After all, she was the biggest of the three. Jen and Alice were only about, what, 500 pounds? Laurie was over 600. That extra 100 made a huge difference. Jen and Alice were still relatively mobile, though they moved at a slow shuffling pace that left them winded and sweaty. Laurie was barely mobile at all, so big and blubbery now that she relied almost entirely on her scooter if she wanted to leave the house. Not that she did much. Jen and Alice could still barely find clothes that fit them. Laurie was a complete blob, too bloated to fit into the biggest off-the-rack sizes. She relied on her lover Abida, an expert seamstress, to alter clothes to fit her massive girth but even so Laurie could barely wear anything except baggy fat girl muumuus and relaxed fit track suits. She was so enormously fat now that she barely looked human anymore, she was just a massive bloated blimp. Her arms and legs looked like a series of tires, she looked like the Michelin woman. Her neck had disappeared under her thick blubbery double chin. Her chubby cheeks forced her lips into a permanent pout and her eyes into a permanent squint. She barely moved from bed if she didn’t have to. Other than school and cheerleading, Laurie lived a life of sedentary indulgence, lazing in bed and waiting for her obedient lovers Frank and Abida to feed and fuck her.

Right now, Laurie lay in bed, staring at her phone. She was obsessively checking the feed, reading new comments as they appeared under the video. She loved it! People were all talking about her and how big she was. She loved the comments that drooled over her enormously fat body, smirking as she thought of all the poor sexless losers who were getting boners from looking at her gloriously globular body. She was even more pleased by the comments about her breasts. Laurie was especially proud of her vast bustline. Even before she had started to balloon, she had sported a large and impressive chest. But at her new weight, her tits were literally off the charts. She was so buxom that she couldn’t find bras in her size anymore, so she usually let her monster teats hang free, swinging like fleshy weights in the rare instances that she left bed for a waddle.

There were, of course, also a lot of comments expressing disgust. A lot of trolls talking about “the fat hog with the tits” or “the big titty fatso whale.” Laurie didn’t care. She loved those comments too. The attention was delicious and even negative attention made her moist between the thighs. She just looooved when people called her fat, when people saw what a fat fat helpless greedy pig she was. Gawd, she was getting hot and bothered just thinking about it.

The latest comment was a short doggerel poem written by some anonymous troll:

“Big-titty cheerleader with milkers like a cow!
But her ass is so fat she’s really a sow!
She’s a blimp, she’s a blob, she’s a big fat ripe oinker!
But those tits are so massive, I STILL wanna boink her!”

Laurie snorted. The writer was obviously no poet. There was barely any meter! But still, she liked that it praised her bosom. Laurie inhaled deeply, thoughtfully, feeling her enormous, watermelon-sized breasts shift within the confines of her stretched out muumuu. She could feel her nipples tingle as they stiffened in response to her thoughts, tenting the fabric of her dress. She wasn’t wearing any bra now to dampen their enthusiasm. Gawd, Laurie couldn’t ever get enough praise for her fat titties!

Another comment popped up on the video. WHATS YOUR ONLYFANS it said.

Laurie smirked. She knew that site. It was a site where adult models would post nudes for money. This was the fifth Onlyfans request that Laurie had received today. Ha! That was a funny idea. Imagine her, Laurie Belmontes, exposing her sexy sexy body for money. Imagine all those people paying her to gawk at her amazing huge, blubbery body. So many people staring and staring, unable to comprehend just how outrageously huge Laurie was, becoming more confused and outraged with every update she made as they watched her literally balloon in front of their eyes. What a ridiculous idea!

Or was it?

Laurie shifted in bed. She had to admit… it held a certain appeal! She would need help, though. She was too lazy and fat to take photos of herself; she’d have to get Frank or Abida to handle that part. But they were indulgent lovers, it shouldn’t be too hard for them.

There were more comments:

PLEASE SAY THAT THE GIRL WITH THE BIG TITS HAS A WEBSITE!
WHAT BBW MODEL IS THAT?? SOMEONE PLEASE RESPOND!! I NEED MORE OF HER!!
GOD I NEED TO MOTORBOAT THOSE TITS!!! PLEASE RESPOND!!!
I WOULD PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE THE BIG ONE NAKED

“These simps are so thirsty,” snickered Laurie, scrolling through the comments with a swipe of her thumb. “They’re all so horny for my little girls… or rather, my big girls. Well, nice to see that some people still have good taste. Good money, huh?”

Laurie paused. Well… there was no denying that she was fat. Absurdly fat. She was a complete blob, a 600 pound elephant growing bigger everyday because she couldn’t resist stuffing her face. Laurie loved the feeling of being stuffed. She loved to fill her gargantuan belly with too much food, loved to eat eat eat until she was absolutely bursting, so glutted that she couldn’t even loo at another morsel, so bloated that she couldn’t move… it made her so absurdly horny! And even more, she loved being fat. She loved to caress all her excess flesh, fondling her soft flabby rolls, running her stubby fingers between the thick blubbery folds of her sides and the crease of her double belly…. THAT made her even more absurdly horny. And most of all, she loved when people noticed. She loved when people whispered behind her back, when people pointed and stared, when people were awestruck by what a colossal unbelievable out of control hog she had become. All those factors together ensured that Laurie would never be thin again. It was doubtful that she would ever be able to stop gaining. And to be quite honest what future was there for a girl like her? What could she do with her life if she just kept getting bigger? Maybe she should seriously think about becoming an adult model? How hard could it be? If people really wanted to admire her beautiful body, who was she to stop them?

Laurie heard noise downstairs that alerted her that Jen and Alice had arrived. Laurie glanced up at the clock on the wall. Yeah, it was about time. Their weekly sleepover was about to begin. Laurie shoved herself into a sitting position, her belly and boobs slopping into her lap as she struggled, and then gradually, laboriously rose to her feet. She groaned. Standing was SUCH a bother. Placing her chubby hands along the wall to help steady herself, the gargantuan behemoth wobbled her way out of her bedroom and squeezed down the hallway, making her slow ponderous way to the staircase. Every step felt like an eternity, the full gravity of her quarter ton of blubber bearing down with every footfall. She was huffing loudly by the time she reached the ground floor, her colossal chest rising and falling rapidly with her breath.

“Laurie! Your friends are here!”

“I know, Mom! I – puff puff – heard them!” shouted Laurie as she started her way down the basement stairs to the cellar rec room.

Alice and Jen were already in the basement, moaning loudly as they sprawled out on the sofa. The two girls were clearly suffering from having overeaten massively; as fat as they were, one could see that their stomachs were visibly distended.

“What’s wrong with you two?” asked Laurie.

“People kept… buying us… food…” gasped Alice. “We…couldn’t…stop…” Her face was red and slick with sweat. She clutched at her swollen middle, leaning back in her seat so that her bloated gut stuck out even further, pushing the open zipper of her pants down the last few notches until her fly was completely undone. Alice’s gut was streaked with stretch marks, undeniable evidence of her recent growth and rapid expansion, a visual record of her own gluttony, but her tummy was also flushed a bright pink… she was so full that her skin was flushing with the strain of holding her together!

“Our adoring fans… how could we… disappoint them?” gawped Jen. The spandex fabric of her stretch pants was stretched as thin as tissue paper over the billowing corpulent curves of her curvy caboose, the pink of her flesh faintly visible through the transluscent material. The tenuous material was so close to tearing apart that it barely gave any support to Jen’s plump posterior, so that you could see every jiggle moving like a tremor across the vast doughy surface of those two planetoid spheres.

“What are you two talking about?” snapped Laurie. She was vaguely annoyed at these two heifers for showing up like this! She wanted to talk about the latest comments on their video, but neither of these two fatties seemed to be in any mood to talk.

“People… recognized us…. From the video…. And they kept… giving us… food…. Oh Gawd…” Jen hiccupped loudly, her soft flesh quivering in response. “Oh Gawd, Alice, like, I think you were right… oh Gawd, I’m gonna burst…”

“I warned you… we were…. Eating too much…” puffed Alice, stifling a belch.

“But… it was… too good… how could we not…”

“So many cinnamon buns… so much ice cream…”

“We just… indulged too much…”

“Ohhhh for real… oh Gawd, Laurie, we’re gonna pop!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “So you two have been strolling around town, basking in the adoration of your new fans? Without me? Can’t say I’m very sympathetic. As far as I’m concerned, it serves you two right.”

Even in their overstuffed misery, Jen and Alice were actually a little surprised at Laurie’s appearance. Laurie was always so carefully made up with her stylish clothes and perfectly coifed hair. Today, though, Laurie was obviously slumming it. The massively rotund teen was only wearing a large shapeless muumuu that would have been baggy on much slimmer woman, but stretched tightly around Laurie’s enormous belly and breasts. Her long black hair was ragged and uncombed, trailing behind her in a dark tangle, and her round, blubbery face was completely devoid of make-up. She looked like a completely different person!

“Sorry…we… didn’t expect to get… so many freebies…”

“Freebies? So people were just… giving you food?”

“Yeah… everyone wanted to give food… and get autographs…. And take pictures with us….”

Laurie dropped herself into an oversized armchair with a loud porcine grunt, her soft fleshy love handles spilling over the armrests. Laurie was so fat that she was nearly spherical and her fat-swaddled arms stuck out to her sides as if she was inflated.

She stroked her double chin as she regarded her overstuffed friends. Jen and Alice were so full, even for them, that they really did seem to think they were going to explode. They certainly were making enough noise about it, in any case!

Laurie was intrigued. Apparently, their cheer stunt at the big game was having an even bigger impact that she had expected! People were recognizing them in real life? She never would have dreamed that so many people would react so… positively!

She thought again to all the requests that she had received for nudes in the last few days. Jen and Alice were getting requests for photos and autographs… and they weren’t nearly as fat as Laurie! She flushed red with sudden jealousy. People should be paying MORE attention to her! She was the biggest of the three, after all. She felt her heart beating faster in her fat-clogged chest and she had to will herself back to calm; her heart couldn’t take that kind of stress! But she was still miffed. Then again, if those two beanpoles could get people around town to give them free food just for existing, just imagine what Laurie could accomplish if she really put her mind to it! With a few sexy outfits and a few seductive poses, she could probably build an entire porn empire!

After all, was it fair that so few people really got to enjoy the bounty that was her magnificent body? Why shouldn’t everyone get to enjoy it?

Laurie cleared her throat. “Well, girls, I think we can safely say… our routine was a success.”

“Too… successful,” whined Alice.

“If we were any more successful, I’d bust like a balloon,” whimpered Jen.

“That’s because you two pigs can’t control your appetites,” said Laurie, wagging a plump finger. The accusation was especially ironic coming from Laurie, the biggest blimp of the trio who had lost control of her eating far worse than either of her compatriots. “But events have brought certain… truths to light.”

“Like… what do you… mean?”

“Well, ladies, as you might have noticed, we’re fat.”

Alice and Jen were too bloated and uncomfortable to even try to argue with such an obvious point.

“And it seems that SOME people really appreciate that. You might have noticed that we’ve been getting some very interesting comments.”

Alice and Jen exchanged confused glances. They clearly hadn’t been monitoring the comments nearly as closely as Laurie had.

“People… appreciate that?”

Laurie nodded, her double chin wobbling. “People are asking for more pictures. More video.”

Alice and Jen looked confused.

“Oh Gawd,” said Jen, hiccupping again. “We can’t make any more videos! If we make any more videos, people are gonna give us even MORE food! Like, I totally can’t handle that! It’s bad enough that, like, my mom is always trying to feed me… I can’t take it if the entire town is doing that!”

“Oof! Yeah… we need to get this under control,” agreed Alice. “We can’t go on like this. I just hope it all dies down. I can barely fit into my clothes as is. If I get any bigger, I’ll be too heavy for my scooter! You’ll have to roll me around town!”

Laurie frowned. “Hmm.” She felt like Alice and Jen weren’t ready for what she was thinking. No worries. Let Alice and Jen live their boring, buttoned-down lives. Maybe they weren’t ready to hear what Laurie was planning to do next. She was going to be huge. Pretty soon NO ONE would be talking about Jen or Alice. People would be too but talking about the REAL heavyweight of the trio, the biggest bustiest bitch on the block, Buxom Busty Big Boobed Laurie Belmontes. If she went through with this plan, soon everyone would be drooling over her and her alone.

Laurie couldn’t wait to tell Frank and Abida about her new idea.

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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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