Alice 136

By Mollycoddles

“Heeeey, fam, it’s me – your gal, Jen! Welcome back to Proud-to-be-a-Pear.com, the channel where you can see me – Perfect Pear Jen – give all sorts of tips and advice for my fellow big booty queens! Like, you might have noticed that I haven’t updated in a few days… like, I’ve been kinda busy…”

Jen was being coy, but there was no reason – everyone at school already knew the truth. Gossip was thick that the cheer squad had taken their revenge on Jen after she had revealed a long-term plan by herself and Laurie (thought mostly Laurie, admittedly) to fatten up the squad with weight-gain protein bars to make themselves look thinner by comparison. The plan had been a dismal failure, since both Laurie and Jen now weighed over a quarter ton each. In this video, Jen was sitting on her bed, leaning back against the backboard. But even in this position the blubbery apron of her flabby gut spilled over her lap and slapped against her tree-trunk thighs to make it appear as if she wasn’t wearing anything below the waist. There was no disguising her immensity and she had her legs spread apart as far as she could because her thighs were so fat that they still met nearly down to the knee. She wore a snug spandex-blend crop top, little more than a sports bra now, to restrain her full bosom and squish it back into place. The words “Always Hungry” were written across her chest, stretched out by the pressure of her bound boobs. She was snacking from a paper tray of chili cheese fries that she had balanced precariously on the table of her belly.

And the squad’s revenge? Well, that varied depending on who you asked. It was well known that the squad had force fed Laurie gallons of soft serve ice cream until she nearly died, but the gossip mongers couldn’t agree on how Jen had suffered. She looked completely recovered when she appeared in her latest video, although eagle eye observers might have noticed that she was just a tad fatter now. But that was to be expected, because Jen never stopped eating.

In reality, the cheer squad had paddled Jen’s broad bottom until her ass was as red as a babboon’s. A couple days of bed rest, though, and Jen’s swollen backside was almost as good as new.

“Anyway, I just wanted to put this video out there, cuz I notice that some of the local restaurants are giving free stuff to my friend Alice to advertise! And, like, I think it’s totally not fair that no one’s doing that for me! So I am officially putting this out there: I’m, like, totally available to advertise your restaurant! Like, if you want an official cheerleader chunker to rep your restaurant, just, like, gimmie a call!” She gestured at her chest. “As you can see, I’m always hungry!”

At that cue, she plucked up a soggy fry and popped it between her lips, chewing vigorously. She shifted her weight, the bed springs groaning ominously beneath her near 700 pound bulk, and the noise distracted her enough that she forgot herself – and let a loud fart explode out of her titanic rear.

“Oh, poo! Crap!” swore Jen. “I’m live! Um…. Like, just ignore that, ‘kay, guys?” Jen grunted as she struggled to prop herself up so that she could reach the camera, but her belly was too big to allow her to move. All she could do was paw uselessly at the air, the hanging blubber of her bingo wings jiggling. After a few minutes, she was forced to beg for help. “Craiiiig! Craig, like, come in here and help me, please!!! I need someone to turn off the camera! Craiggg!”

Laurie, watching the video in her own bedroom, rolled her eyes. Typical Jen! She could not believe that both Alice and Jen were so eager to leverage their Internet fame like this – Alice was seen at school stuffed into a complimentary “I’ll Oink for Food” T-shirt advertising Cowboy Bob’s Big Bold Bar-Be-Que Bonanza, and now Jen was actively trying to get a job as… what? A spokesmodel? A mascot? This was ridiculous!

More ridiculous, though, was the fact that Jen and Alice were getting recognition that Laurie felt was better suited to her. After all, she was still the hottest of the trio even if she outweighed her two friends by a good hundred pounds each. And she was the star of the Cheerleader Chunkers! The whole thing was originally her idea, she should be getting more credit! And Laurie was at least pleased to find that a good percentage of the online simps, tracking the continued inflation of the three gluttonous cheerleaders on a dedicated website, agreed with her on that count. Clicking over to the website, she consoled herself by reading some of the latest comments. Too many people were clamoring for more images of Alice and Jen, but a clear majority of simps were still thirsty for Laurie above all else. That was just the balm that her wounded ego needed after her latest trial.

>Did you hear what happened to Laurie? The cheer squad literally just force fed her 20 gallons of soft serve ice cream

>Bullshit. There’s no way.

>No, it’s true! I saw it.

> Pics of GTFO

>I wish they DID force feed her that much ice cream. That would be so hot.

>How has Laurie still not exploded yet? That girl is an eating machine!

>She was so stuffed that they had to wheel her out of the gym afterwards.

>Love Laurie <3 <3 <3 She’s still the biggest of the three

Laurie minimized the window with a tap of her sausage finger against the mouse button. She had been lying low since her ordeal, not because she was ashamed but because she simply needed time to digest her massive feast before she could be (relatively) mobile again. When Laurie returned to school, people would notice that she was fatter than ever. She could already feel all those gallons of high calorie full-fat ice cream settling around her hips and belly as new fat, pushing her to ever more dizzying heights of obesity. She imagined herself incapacitated by more pounds of blubber, until she was buried under her own flesh, until she was literally nothing but a room-filling blob. The day was coming.

But for now there was still work to be done. Let Jen have her silly little fantasy about becoming a restaurant spokeswoman. Laurie had more important things to worry about. For example, she still hadn’t patched up her relationship with Alice. It was hard for the raven-haired queen bee to ever admit that she was wrong, but she needed to do that… and she needed to find a way to make Alice forgive her.

Or did she? Technically, she really didn’t. They were both seniors. In a few short months, they would all graduate and go their separate ways. They might never seen each other again. In that case, was it really that important for Alice to forgive her?

Yes, it was. Laurie genuinely had counted Alice as a friend. And she was ashamed now of what she had done. It was so strange to think that her, Laurie Belmontes, would ever feel bad about anything that she’d done, but she did. And she needed to put it right.

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Alice’s cellphone buzzed insistently, but Alice didn’t recognize the number. Had some rando found her phone number? That was a constant worry when you became a celebrity these days. Against her better instincts, Alice clicked the button to answer and lifted the phone to her ear.

“Hello?”

“Hello, I’m calling for Alice Grobauch?”

“This is her.”

“Heh, sorry, almost didn’t recognize you, you sound, uh, huskier than I remember.”

Alice grimaced. She was well aware that her ballooning weight was finally affecting her voice – making it deeper, bassier, though undeniably still feminine. It was just another reminder of her out-of-control size.

“Hi, this is Amber Devough. I used to be the head cheerleader at your school, before your time. But you probably remember me… from fat camp?”

“Oh my Gawd! Amber!” Alice gasped. It seemed like a million years ago that Alice’s mother had sent her for an abortive session at a weight loss camp. Alice had completely failed to shed a single pound, but she had made a couple of friends: Heather, another classmate from Los Hermanos High, and Amber, a former Los Hermanos cheerleader who had seriously blimped out post graduation. “It’s been so long! How are you?”

“I’m good, Alice. I’m sorry I haven’t kept in touch better, but I’ve been really busy. You see, I started my own fashion line – clothing especially made for BBWs like us. That’s the reason I’m calling you now. I saw your appearance on Nikki Lake.”

“Oh.” Alice blushed. She was way fatter now than she was when Amber had last seen her. At fat camp, Alice had marveled at how big Amber was, thinking that Amber must have weighed at least 300 pounds! Alice was over twice that size now. But, knowing Amber’s eating habits, she suspected that Amber must have gained weight too since then… It would be a miracle if Amber was still mobile at this point.

“I want you to model some of our clothes, Alice. I think you would be perfect. You have the look we need!”

“The look? OMG, really?!”

“Absolutely. Of course, we would pay you generously for your time. And you’d get to take home any clothing that you model for free.”

“Oh, thank Gawd!” muttered Alice. She was embarrassed to admit it, but she was so fat now that she could no longer fit into off-the-rack clothing. For months, she had managed to get around this issue by shopping at the mall maternity store and hiding her colossal belly under muumuus and sun dresses designed for monstrously huge preggos. But she was far too fat now to squeeze herself into even the biggest maternity sizes and she had been forced to special-order a tailored bigger size. While she waited for the order to arrive, she was relegated to wearing the jumbo sized novelty T-shirt from the BBQ joint and an old pair of Jen’s sweatpants. Unfortunately, the pink colors and the fact that the shirt had the words “I Oink for Food” written across the chest made Alice feel like she looked like a human pig. Worse, she’d been wearing them for almost a week as she waited for her new clothes to arrive and they were beginning to smell, especially the growing sweat stains under the pits of her pillowy arms. She was eager to get something better! Maybe Amber’s phone call was the godsend that would solve that problem!

“What’s the name of your brand, Amber?”

“Piggy Princess.”

Alice paused. Well, beggars can’t be choosers. “Are you sure that you want me? I’m not exactly model material. There’s some pictures of my online that are… um… not flattering. Would that be a problem?”

Alice knew that everyone at Big Bob’s BBQ Bonanza had taken cell phone photos of her as she had left the restaurant, sweet tangy BBQ sauce slathered across her cheeks and her double chin and the novelty over-sized “I Oink for Food” shirt, the shirt that barely fit her, belching and farting, too dumb and bloated to properly steer her scooter… and they had posted them online.

“Oh, you mean the BBQ photos?”

Alice blushed. She had hoped that the photos wouldn’t have spread into general knowledge yet.

“Yes, those photos.”

“Why would that be a problem? You’re wearing one of our shirts!”

“One of your…”

“I Oink for Food! That was one of my designs, actually.”

Alice felt like she was about to faint.

“Um… that’s.. great? It’s very…”

“Yes, very empowering, don’t you think? It’s one of our best sellers.”

Alice didn’t know what to say and she wasn’t sure if she should tell Amber that her design was being used by a BBQ as a novelty give-away.

“Anyway, Alice, we contract with a photo studio in town and I’ll be in Los Hermanos on business this weekend. We should meet up and discuss the details of your contract.”

“Sure. That sounds lovely. I’m looking forward to it!”

After Alice got off the phone, she paused to reflect on her situation. She couldn’t believe that now, in addition to everything else, she might actually be getting a modeling contract… and all because she was so tremendously fat! All her life, Alice had been rewarded for overeating and getting fat – she got to go on national TV, she got to be a celebrity, and now she got to have a job! It seemed like the universe was doing everything that it could to push Alice to grow fatter and fatter forever. My belly is my meal ticket, thought Alice. It seems the only thing that I have to do to keep things good, thought Alice, is keep feeding this belly.

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Jen had not actually expected to get a response to her call so quickly. But there it was, in her inbox:

*Hi Jen, my name is Gary Morrison and I’m the CEO of Udders restaurants. We’re a premiere casual family dining experience with three current locations and actively looking for franchise opportunities. My son told me about your work and I think that you would make the perfect spokesperson to spread the word about our high quality burgers and steaks. I’d love to arrange a meeting in person so you can see what our establishment is all about. I look forward to speaking with you, so please respond at your convenience! Sincerely, Gary Morrison, CEO.*

Needless to say, Jen was thrilled! The blubbery brunette nearly clapped her hands in excitement, knowing that Alice wasn’t going to be the only one getting free food from this point on… in fact, Jen was going to be getting a lot more than just free food! She was going to get money! She was going to be paid to advertise this restaurant… Jen had never heard of Udders before, but, with three locations, it must be big! Besides, she was getting a personal letter from the CEO himself! Now THAT was a big deal! Jen immediately wrote back and agreed: *Heeey this is Jen Sarovy! Totally, I’d love that!* Mr. Morrison’s next letter contained an address and a time. Jen knew she had a date!

Now that she was struggling to unload her fat ass from the front seat of her car in the Udders parking lot in downtown Los Hermanos, she suddenly recognized this place.

“Ohhh,” she said, staring up at the sign above the front door. “Udders! Like, yeah, now I get it!”

The hostess at the front podium looked up at Jen and her eyes went wide with shock. “OMG! Jen Sarovy! You’re one of the cheerleader chunkers!”

“Like, yeah, guilty as charged!” giggled Jen. The hostess was a young blonde girl in her early 20s, wearing a tight cow-print croptop, cut low to show off her cleavage, and snug black spanky pants pulled so high that they nearly gave her a wedgie. Jen scanned the restaurant. Every waitress was dressed in that same standard uniform. “Ummm, so I’m supposed to meet with, like, Mr. Morrison here?”

“Right, right, he’s expecting you now! Come on, I’ll take you to his office.”

The hostess led Jen to a door in the back and ushered her inside. A middle-aged man with graying hair and a neatly trimmed beard sat behind a desk, poring over papers.

“Mr. Morrison? Jen Sarovy is here to see you.”

“That’s perfect, Tina, send her in!” said the man, beaming widely as he stood up and offered his hand. Jen took it and Mr. Morrison shook it firmly before pointing to a chair. “Please take a seat!”

“Um… okay?” Jen glanced skeptically at the chair, which was far too narrow for her enormous backside. Jen always used two, sometimes even three chairs, when she sat down. “Like, this is kinda small for me, ya know? I usually use more chairs for, like, all this good stuff, ya know?” Jen patted her backside – partly to make a point but also partly just to show off the goods. After all, she was the proprietor of Proud-to-be-a-Pear.com! If Mr. Morrison was interested in hiring her, he must be interested in her booty, right? That was why Jen had purposely dressed in one of her most provocative outfits for this meeting – tight denim short shorts cut so high that the plump hemispheres of Jen’s massive full moon were almost entirely on display and a spandex crop top that revealed a deep chasm of cleavage. It was hardly appropriate for a professional business meeting, but Jen felt like she knew her audience. It was a miracle that she was able to squeeze her fat ass into these shorts, since she almost exclusively wore sweats and leggings due to her pronounced pear shape…. She had only managed to yank these over her curves by leaving the front button and zipper undone, but luckily Jen’s hanging gut helped to hide that fact.

“Um… like… do you have another chair? Like, I usually use two?”

Mr. Morrison acted as though he didn’t hear Jen’s request, instead folding his hands together and leaning forward. “Listen, Jen, I have to tell you – big fan of your work. We all are. What you’ve done, just incredible. And that’s why we think that you would be the perfect spokesmodel for Udders restaurant. I founded this restaurant myself because I believe in it. I think it has the juice to be big! Of course, you’ve heard of us before – you know our brand?”

“Um… like, I’ve heard of you,” said Jen, absently twirling a strand of brown hair around a pudgy finger as she struggled to perch her gargantuan rump atop a single chair. The flimsy wood creaked with her every movement. “Like, my friend Laurie says that you’re, like, really sexist and, like, denigrating to women?”

“Hmm, and do you always do everything that your friend says?”

Jen twitched. That was why she was in trouble lately: Because she had spent too much of her life following Laurie without question, doing whatever her bossy bitch of a cheer captain wanted her to do. Maybe it was time for her to think for herself. She didn’t just want to be in Laurie’s shadow forever! She was her own woman, right?

“Um, like, no, of course not…”

“Good! That’s exactly the independent, free-thinking attitude that we need to connect with today’s youth. Kids today are tired of the same old – broken corporate promises, companies that only care about money. But, see, Udders is different. See, there’s lots of restaurants that center breasts, that cater to breast men. But I wanted to explore a new niche, a restaurant that looks at the complete woman. Udders was founded on a dream. And an intelligent young woman like you is exactly what we need to make that dream come true!”

“Um, yeah!” said Jen brightly. She was very pleased to be described as “intelligent.” No one had ever done that before! Jen looked Mr. Morrison over. Gawd, she thought, this guy is kinda hot for an old guy! He’s, like, got it going on. Like, it wouldn’t be so hard to work for a guy who’s easy on the eyes like that!

“See, kids think that a restaurant like Udders is just old-fashioned and sexist. But we want to show that we’re hip and with-it, part if the 21st century, ya know? We embrace all body types here! When they see you in our commercials, they’ll know that we don’t just talk the talk… we walk the walk. What do you say?”

“Huh?” The question startled Jen out of her thoughts, and she quickly had to pretend that she was paying attention the whole time. “Like, yeah, totally! That would be great!”

“Picture this.” Mr. Morrison held up his hands to pantomime a large theatrical screen. “I want you, Jen Sarovy, to be… the new Udders booty babe.”

“OMG, yes! Like, I could totally do that!” Jen bounced in place, clapping her plump hands in excitement. Unfortunately, she forgot her own weight and suddenly there was a loud CRUNCH… as the chair rapidly buckled under her gross poundage, sending Jen tumbling to the floor with her thick legs kicking in the air. “Aiee! OMG! Mr. Morrison, I’m so sorry! Like, I don’t know what happened!”

“Think nothing of it, Jen,” said Mr. Morrison, rising from his desk and walking around to offer Jen his hand. Jen was over 500 pounds, so she was no light weight – but Mr. Morrison easily pulled her back to her feet, although the muscles in his neck bulged and the veins in his forehead throbbed with the effort. Jen didn’t notice that, though. She only noticed how easily he was able to lift her. *Dang, this guy must work out!* She thought.

“And please, don’t call me Mr. Morrison,” he said. “That was my father’s name. Just call me Gary.”

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“Hey, like, it’s me, Jen Sarovy! You might know me as one of the cheerleader chunkers… but now I’ve got a new gig! I’m the Udders booty babe! That’s right, and you can see me this weekend at the Los Hermanos downtown Udders restaurant, home of the big bacon bliss burger! Like, I totally love these delicious burgers, can’t get enough of ‘em… and you know I’m always hungry! And, like, you know I know big beefy burgers… like, I’ve sure got the buns for it!” Jen giggled coquettishly and wiggled her bottom, the spanky pants creaking ominously. “Moooo!”

She grabbed a burger from a nearby tray and tore off a chunk with her teeth, winking at the camera as she dribbled ketchup and mustard down her cow-print halter top.

“That’s perfect,” said the director. “Thank God! That’s a wrap.”

The director was thankful that the commercial shoot had gone as smoothly as it had – it had taken the entire wardrobe department a good half hour to wrestle Jen’s massive blubbery curves into an Udders uniform, the black spandex spanky pants popping and snapping as they yanked them over her colossal caboose, Jen complaining and whining the entire time. Luckily, she had managed to get through the take without splitting her seat. That in itself was a miracle! Jen’s cow print crop top barely covered her ample chest, and her vast gut wobbled freely. This uniform had clearly been designed for a much svelter girl! But there was the added problem that Jen was, well, to put it nicely… as dumb as a pile of rocks. She simply could not memorize her lines, tripped over big words like “bacon,” and constantly got distracted by the presence of food. The first few takes were completely ruined when Jen trailed off in the middle of her monologue, her eyes drawn to the plate of burgers, a thick stream of drool suddenly dribbling from her slack lips. It had taken all day to finally get a decent take!

“What are you talking about?” said Gary sharply. “Are you blind? That was terrible! Just look! She dribbled on her top!”

The director followed Gary’s finger. “Oh, come on! Look, man, we’ve been here all day… this dim bulb can barely even say her lines, you’re not gonna get anything better than that! I don’t know why you think this ditz is gonna be the future of your restaurant, but she’s awful!”

Not to mention, thought the director, she’s as big as a house! Every time that Jen turned around on set, her gigantic protruding posterior threatened to knock over equipment… and Jen was so oblivious to her own size that she could do some real damage! They had to re-adjust the cameras constantly because every thundering footstep by this overblown bimbo caused the ground to shake. He wasn’t getting paid enough to deal with this!

Gary threw up his hands. “What am I paying you for? This commercial has to be perfect! This is the grand debut of the new Udders booty babe. I want to show Jen off in her best light! This girl deserves it!”

“Um.. like, yeah! That’s right! I DO deserve it!” agreed Jen.

“We want her to be a star! She wants to be a star! You do want to be a star, don’t you, Jen?”

Jen nodded so vigorously that her boobs nearly bounced from her top. “Um, yeah, totally!”

“Then it’s settled. Another take.”

“Okay,” said the director. “If you insist. We’ll shoot it again, from the top. Action!”

“Heeey, it’s me, Jen Sarovy!” Jen read through her lines again, grabbing another burger and taking another gratuitously huge bite to really drive home just how much she enjoyed the restaurant’s selection. Not that she really had to act! The reality was that Jen loved to eat, she loved to eat ANYTHING… Like she said, she was always hungry… but getting paid to stuff her face with burgers was an absolute dream come true!

“Like, how was that? Better?” said Jen, chewing a mouthful of beef and spitting crumbs down her cleavage as she spoke.

“Better… but still not quite right, I’m afraid. Let’s do it again.”

“Again!?” The director grimaced. He was a busy man and he was already beyond frustrated with this shoot. But it was Gary’s money. Unfortunately, the longer the shoot went on, the worse it went. Jen was getting tired, flubbing her lines more and more. But even worse, she was gobbling down so many burgers that her tummy was growing visibly more bloated every time that the director yelled “Action!”

“Heeey, I’m Jen Sarovy, the new Udders Booty Babe! I’m, like, your favorite burger… no wait… like, that’s not right? Um, line?” Jen was interrupted by a loud gurgle from her swollen middle.

“Oh my God, kid, can you control you gut for just a minute? It’s so loud that we’re picking it up on audio!”

“Like, sorry, I’m kinda feeling, ya know, full?” whined Jen, cradling her middle. It didn’t occur to Jen that she could just pantomime eating the burgers. After all, what was the fun in that? Part of the deal in being a spokesmodel was that she got unlimited free food and she was determined to take advantage of that! The next take was miraculously almost right… the director was on the edge of his seat as he listened to Jen flawlessly recite the Udders slogan all the way to the end. It seemed like finally the end was within reach and then--

“Moooo---URRRP!” Jen’s moo was suddenly interrupted mid-way by a juicy belch, causing Jen to cross her eyes.

“Ugh! Goddamnit!” The director threw his megaphone to the floor in frustration. “We were so close! You gotta be kidding me!”

“Like, hey it’s me, Jen Sarovy, the Udders Booty Babe!” cooed Jen, still talking, oblivious that to the director’s despair, shaking her hips. Her spandex daisy dukes were cut so high that there was little left besides waistband and her creamy white thighs showed up really well on camera! Unfortunately, all that beef in her belly was really playing havoc with her digestion… she had managed to gain her gas for long enough but no more…

“Come on down and – URRP!! – feed me! You know I’m always – URRRP!!! – hungry and I just can’t get enough of those – URRRP!!!! – Big Bacon Bliss Burgers!” Jen couldn’t even get through a line without multiple belches, each louder and bassier and juicier than the last. Now she was trapped in a vicious circle. Every take required Jen to eat yet more burgers, which only made her gassier, which only made her ruin yet more takes. She was growing more visibly bloated every take as well, Jen’s fat tummy gradually filling up with both burgers and gas, and more visibly disheveled as the ketchup and mustard stains spread across her top. Gary had insisted on multiple takes, finding some invisible problem with every performance, because he was a perfectionist… at least, at first. But by now, Jen was stuffed that she was ruining every take with her constant belches.

“Like, how much – UUUUURP!!! – longer is this gonna take?” whined Jen, fidgeting in her seat. “I’m, like, starting to – UUUURRRRP!!!—get kinda gassy.”

“We can tell!” snapped the director. “Can’t you just hold in your burps for just one minute?!”

“No I mean—URRRPP!!! – I’m getting kinda… you know.. gassy! And, like, if we don’t finish this soon, I’m gonna get kinda farty! Ughhh… I’m so – UUURRRP – full. Like, I think I’m gonna explode if I have to do one more take!”

“Sorry, Jen,” said Gary. “I know it’s hard work, but we all believe in you. We think you can do it!”

“Um, okay, but for real… I’m totally getting farty, Mr. Morrison… I mean, Gary! I don’t think I can hold it.”

Gary nodded, more convinced than ever that Jen was definitely the girl he needed for his commercial. She was so honest, so natural! What other girl would so blithely announce that she about to fart up a storm? He was certain that honesty would come across on screen and really speak to this new generation! “Just do your best, okay, Jen? You can do it.”

“Okay… I’ll try!”

Jen struck a pose and prepared to begin another take. “Hey, like – URRRP!! -- it’s me, Jen Sarovy! You might know me as – URRRPPP!!!! -- one of the cheerleader – URRRP!!! -- chunkers… but now I’ve got a new gig! I’m the Udders booty babe!” Almost on cue, Jen scrunched up her face as a sudden pain shot through her bloated gut, her intestines cramping with gas. Suddenly, a loud sqeuling fart blasted from Jen’s backside, so loud that it reverberated throughout the room and caused Jen’s plump cheeks to clap in response. The bloated bimbo continued talking, ignoring her butt’s outburst. “That’s right --- URRRP!!! --- and you can – PHHBBTTT!!! -- see me this weekend – PHHBBT!! -- at the Los Hermanos – URRRP!!! --- downtown Udders – PHHBTT!! -- restaurant, home of the – UURRP!! -- big bacon – PPHBBTT!! -- bliss burger! Moooo!”

Jen was a gaseous cacophony, belches and farts exploding out of her in a new constant stream of gas that made everyone on set pause and stare in awe, even as the rank odor made their eyes water.

“Really? You think this is your girl?” asked the director.

Gary shrugged. “Okay, maybe not that take. We’ll use the first one, that was pretty good.”

The director had to restrain himself from crying.

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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