Alice 104  
By Mollycoddles

“Welcome to another video with BigBustyBabeLaurie!”

Abida grinned widely at the camera, which she had propped up on a rather rickety tripod. Laurie grunted. She, Frank, and Abida had been hard at work setting up a website to sell photos and videos capitalizing on Laurie’s incredible size and greed. Ever since a video of Laurie performing a fat-positive cheer routine had gone viral on the Internet, people had been begging for more Laurie content… and now they were finally delivering! It wasn’t just the usual porn videos that people wanted, though. While Laurie had already received dozens of requests for videos of her shaking her tits or fingering her pussy, other people wanted to see more… fat-related videos. And that was something that Laurie was only too happy to provide!

“Our girl Laurie is going to chug this very special shake that we’ve made for her,” said Abida, hefting a large glass blender jar full of thick creamy sludge. “We’ve made our prize piggy a delicious chocolate shake full of melted rocky road ice cream, chocolate syrup, malt, and heavy cream. By my estimates, it’s only about 15,000 calories, so I don’t think a hefty hog like Laurie’s gonna have any trouble with this, huh?”

“Stop gabbing and gimmie,” snapped Laurie, reaching out to grab the blender.

Laurie’s website had been an instant hit with fans of big girls, no surprise. After all, at 600 pounds, who was bigger than Laurie? She sat in her mobility scooter, a massive fleshy behemoth, her flabby love handles oozing over the hand rests, her belly settling between her tree trunk legs. Over the past year, Laurie had utterly transformed from a voluptuous cheerleader to a complete blob, a tub of quivering lard, a human balloon so pumped with blubber that she looked ready to explode. Tonight, she was dressed in nothing but her bikini, a new one but already stretched to its limits, the teaspoon-sized cups of the top barely cradling the fat girl’s oversized nipples let alone restraining her explosive tits. Eagle-eyed viewers might have even seen hints of burgundy areola peeking out. Her bikini bottoms were completely hidden beneath the avalanche of wobbling blubber that was her gut.

“Careful there, piggy, we know you’re hungry, but don’t get too excited!” laughed Abida as Laurie tipped the blender jar back and began to chug.

“Mmmf. Mmm.” Laurie gulped and slurped, sucking the rich creamy mixture into herself as fast as she could. The truth was, though, that it was so absurdly rich and so decadently creamy that even a girl as greedy as Laurie was having trouble slurping it down. It was slow. Laurie could feel her belly, as big as it was, expanding outward as she drank. She could feel her growing gut pressing against her legs, pushing them further apart, as she slowly but surely ballooned fatter. Gawd, it was an exhilarating feeling! She knew that all these thousands of calories would eventually add inches to her ass, her thighs, her bustline… but she wished that she could feel those parts grow in realtime the same way that she could feel her belly swell! That would be real trip!

She was so lost in the ecstasy of that fantasy that she misjudged how much shake was in her mouth and she suddenly coughed and sputtered, burping up chocolate, as too much shake slid down the wrong pipe.

“Whoa, whoa, slow down there, chubby!” said Frank. “You don’t want to choke! Here, let us help you.”

“Mmf.” Laurie didn’t respond other than to make piggish noises of satisfaction while her lovers took charge of the operation. Frank held the blender jar, carefully tilting it so that Laurie received a constant flow of shake into her mouth. Rivets of melted ice cream spilled from the sides of Laurie’s mouth, dribbling down her chubby cheeks to drip into her cleavage. Abida constantly wiped Laurie’s chubby cheeks with a tissue to clean up the stray dribbles before they pooled in the folds between her multiple chins, while holding her long raven locks away from her face so that she didn’t get ice cream in her hair.

“Mmmf!” Laurie sighed heavily as she sucked up the last of the shake, dropping the empty blender to the ground. “Oh Jeez… ooof… that’s…that’s a lot of shake… ohhhh Jeez…” She winced, burping softly, as she kneaded her upper belly with her cold hands.

The change was obvious. Previously, Laurie’s flabby flanks rested heavily on the scooter’s hand rests, forming major folds and rolls at her sides. But gradually, as she filled up with shake, her stomach expanded outwards, forcing those creases to fill in. When her stomach was empty, Laurie seemed to have the start of a “double belly” with a crease running across her middle. But when she was full, her belly swelled out into a single perfect, tight, globular sphere.

“I think that’s enough for today,” said Frank. “Good girl, Laurie, you drank it all up!”

“Is it enough, though, Frank?” asked Abida. She patted Laurie’s tremendous tummy, smiling as it jiggled in time with Laurie’s labored breathing. “Is one shake enough for our growing girl? Especially when we’ve got sooo many interesting flavors to choose from!” Abida held a second blender jar, this one filled with orange sludge, in frame, grinning widely. “This one is orange creamsicle! Orange soda syrup, orange juice concentrate, and melted vanilla ice cream. I bet you’d LOVE a taste, hmm, Laurie?”

Laurie belched again. She reached out, grasping.

“Feed me,” gasped Laurie, her eyes glassy with gluttonous desire. “Feed me more.”

“You sure about that, babe?” said Frank. He ran his hands over the vast expanse of Laurie’s doughy middle, her fingers pinching into her soft adipose. “You’re looking fit to bust already.”

“Oh, I think there’s plenty of room inside that great big tummy,” said Abida. “You can’t tell us that you’re gonna give up already, are you, Laurie? You don’t want to disappoint all your new fans, do you?”

“Feed me,” repeated Laurie thickly. “Feed me til I bust.”

“Ooo, the lady commands!”

Once again, Laurie held the blender jar to her lips and slurp slurp sluuurped like a greedy pig, her tongue lolling, as Frank steadied the jar and Abida played clean up. There was SO MUCH shake. Laurie was a big girl but… this shake was SO thick and SO rich… Gawd! She kept drinking, her eyes squeezed shut with intense concentration as she powered her way through a shake so thick it was practically a solid. She could feel her belly bloating as the cold mixture filled her up, easily pouring into any vacant nook or cranny inside her gargantuan, already stuffed stomach.

“Look at her go!” squealed Abida. “Wow, I think she’s gonna do it… she’s gonna drink it all!”

“Careful, careful,” said Frank. “Pace yourself. Don’t choke, babe. You can do it. You can do it!”

Frank’s encouragement and Abida’s enthusiasm helped see her through. Slowly, slowly, the shake started to disappear as Laurie’s enormous paunch bulged more and more with every labored swallow.

“Wait… stop…ugh!” Laurie wheezed, pushing the jar away from her face. “I need to… I need to catch my breath…”

Laurie gasped and coughed, spewing orange syrup all over her cleavage. She pounded at her chest with one balled fist, hacking and grimacing, until she’d caught her breath. It wasn’t easy!

“Okay…okay…I’m ready…”

Back to the grind. What had started as pleasurable had long since passed into pure pain. Laurie wasn’t drinking out of hunger or need or even desire… she was so full and the shake so incredibly dense that more than anything she just wanted to give up and admit defeat. But how could she do that when there was almost half the shake left? A girl of her tremendous girth should be able to handle it all! She was determined to finish, no matter what the consequences…

“Keep it up, Laurie! You’re almost done!” said Abida.

“Damn, babe, you’re really putting it away! You’re amazing!” said Frank.

“Fuck… no… I can’t,” Laurie sputtered, belching and drooling orange syrup. “Shit… it’s to much… I’m gonna fuckin’ pop or be sick…”

“But you’re so close, Laurie! Just a couple more gulps!”

“Shit! I’m too full… I’m gonna blow…” Laurie whined, her eyes wet with tears as the pain roared in her massively overstuffed belly. She was stretched way past her limit and her skin felt tight and shiny over the planet-sized orb of her middle. But Frank was right… she was SO close!

The second shake was a mistake. By the time she was done, Laurie was painfully bloated. She was so round and tight that she legit looked like she would pop if someone stuck her with so much as a pin. She was so full that she could barely talk, barely breathe, all she could do was moan and burp as she struggled to rub as much of her belly as she could reach with her fat little sausage fingers.

“Shit….oh Gawd… that was… that was too much… shit, Frank, why did you let me do that??”

“Babe, you wanted to…”

“Abida, why did you tell me to do that!?”

“Haha! Don’t blame me that your fat ass doesn’t have any willpower!”

“C’mon, babe, we’re not done yet,” said Frank. “You know your fans want to know how much you weigh.”

“Fuuuck… burp! I’m too full… I can’t get up…”

“Don’t worry, babe, we’ll help you.”

“No, I can’t do it… I’m too big… too full… shit, Frank, I really… burp!... I really overdid it this time… oh fuck…”

“Stop whining, fatso!” said Abida, playfully swatting at Laurie’s padded shoulder. “You got exactly what you wanted. Now it’s time to give your fans what they want.”

Frank and Abida had to work together to hoist Laurie to her feet; the fat diva complained the whole time.

“Gawd! You two, you’re doing it – burp! – wrong! Ugh, my belly is hanging so – burp! – low, I’m gonna kick it with my knees! Burp! Abida! Get down there and help lift! Burp!”

Laurie wasn’t used to so much physical exertion, especially not after such a massive meal! She could feel the shake sloshing thickly inside her, making her so gassy that she couldn’t stop burping as her two lovers gently led her to the scales. Of course, Laurie had long since outgrown any bathroom scale that could be bought on the market, so instead now she had to straddle two scales and add up the results to know the full extent of her colossal poundage.

Laurie couldn’t see over her boobs and belly to know where she was going, so she had to rely on Frank, holding her plump hand in his, his other arm around the wideness of her back, whispering encouragement and directions as she wobbled forward. Abida was in front of her, walks backwards, lifting Laurie’s colossal belly with both hands. It was slow going. Laurie was, after all, effectively immobile. Sure, she could, with enough effort, still stand on her feet and waddle a little bit… but in less than five minutes she would be sweaty and winded and desperate to sit down again. She was effectively confined to her scooter to get around, yet she barely noticed.

Finally, she was on the scales.

“C’mon, hurry it up! Burp!” whined Laurie, stifling yet another chocolatey belch. “How much do I – burp!—weigh?”

“Okay, this scale says… 310lbs. And this scale ALSO says 310 lbs. Shit! Laurie! You weigh… 620 pounds!”

“Oh fuuuck,” moaned Laurie, her eyes rolling back into her head at the sound of that obscenely high number. Her fat-swaddled knees nearly buckled beneath her, so Frank had to quickly guide her back to her chair.

Laurie collapsed her full weight – all 620 pounds – into the bucket seat of her mobility scooter and it was just too fucking much. Immediately, the whole vehicle started to crumple beneath her. The tire blew out loudly, the axel bent, the seat tipped backwards, and Laurie nearly toppled, yelling, to the floor. It was only because of Frank’s quick reflexes that Laurie didn’t completely fall on her ass.

“Ugh! What the fuuuck!” shouted Laurie. “Uuuughhh! My belly!” She was so bloated that the sudden movement was upsetting her stomach and she had to concentrate to keep from puking. It was a good thing Frank was so quick! She was so obscenely swollen with shake that she probably would have popped like a water balloon if she had hit the floor!

“Um, whoops, looks like that’s all the time we have today with BigBustyBabeLaurie!” said Abida quickly as she switched off the camera. “Be sure to subscribe to our higher tiers for more fabulous content!”

“You okay, babe?” said Frank. “Jeez, you’re heavy… Abida, give me a hand, let’s get her on the bed.”

Between them, they managed to drag the obese Laurie over to bed and lay her out. Her belly rose above her like a mountain.

“That was a great performance, babe,” said Frank, “But I’m afraid you might have completely busted your scooter. That’s gonna be a real problem; how’s she gonna do the Nikki Lake show if she can’t get to the stage?” He eyed the collapsed vehicle with worry.

Abida giggled. “Don’t worry about that. With the way this website is going, we’ll have the cash to buy a replacement in no time.”

Laurie clearly wasn’t worrying. She was already asleep, snoring loudly and drifting into turbulent, overstuffed dreams.

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In her dream, Laurie looked like she was back down to a mere 200 pounds, her figure plump and curvy with flaring hips and a rounded bottom encased in tight denim hip-huggers. Of course, the real attraction was her chest – Laurie’s ample double Ds filled out her fuzzy angora sweater, swaying in time to her sultry walk and putting just the right amount of subtle strain on her little pearl buttons to turn heads. Laurie’s sweater bulged nicely, the outline of her extra duty bra visible through the fabric as her bustline pushed the row of buttons down her front out by a good few inches.

She was on stage at the Nikki Lake Show, but the audience seemed… super disappointed! Probably because Laurie wasn’t nearly big enough. She looked so much bigger in that viral video!

“You guys want a show? I’ll give you a show,” said Laurie, placing her hands on her hips and thrusting her chest out. “I know everyone came to see the cheerleader chunkers, huh? You must all be disappointed that I’m so small…. Well, I’m not going to stay small for long.”

She snapped her fingers and Jen came running up, wheeling a large cannister of compressed helium.

“Like, are you sure about this, Laurie? There’s, like, a lot of gas in here…. Like, are you sure you can handle it all?”

Laurie scowled, her eyes flashing at Jen’s insinuation, as she grabbed the hose from her doubtful friend’s hands. “Shut up, Jen, you’re not here to think. You’re here to work the knob on that cannister. Surely even you can manage something that simple, right?”

“Uhhh… right!”

“Good. Cuz I don’t want anything to mess up my big debut! I want everyone to know that I’m the biggest thing they’ve ever seen!”

Laurie nodded, a sly smirk across her plump glossy lips. She tossed her long black hair, her ample breasts bobbing within the snug confines of her fuzzy angora sweater, and popped the business end of the hose into her mouth. She motioned at Jen with her long, manicured nails to indicate that she was ready.

“Like, okay! Here we go!”

Jen twisted the knob on the cannister to begin the flow of air. Laurie’s eyes bulged at the immediate effects as her already ample chest began to rise inside the confines of her snug sweater. Her hands shot to her bosom, hefting her bulbous new assets to gauge their reality. They were light and bouncy, far too light and bouncy considering that they were so big they were already pushing apart the white pearl buttons on Laurie’s tastefully tight angora sweater… but then she had to remind herself that they weren’t flesh, they were filled with lighter-than-air helium. Laurie smirked to herself, almost dropping the hose from her lips in her satisfaction. She quickly grabbed it with her long, manicured fingers to make sure it stayed in place. Wouldn’t want to lose that! Laurie was always proud of her full bosom and voluptuous figure and now she was even MORE voluptuous! Her breasts quickly expanded past DD, squeaking as the cantelope-sized spheres bloated up to approach watermelon size. Her heavy-duty brassiere wasn’t built to withstand this sort of abuse and Laurie grimaced as she could feel the struggling body band pull tight against her back. It was built to last, sure, but how long could it last before the sheer mass of her new boobs forced the hooks of her bra clasp to bend enough to blow right out of their sockets? Her buttons quivered with every breath as her inflating jugs swelled bigger and bigger and-

Bang! The first button blasted from her sweater, launching in an arc across the room as the force of her blimping tits overcame it. Laurie was expecting it, anticipating it, yet somehow it still caught her unaware so that she yelped out loud when it happened. She bit down, terrified for a brief moment that she would drop the hose into her burgeoning cleavage. She didn’t want to miss a single second of this delightful sensation… Gawd, it felt so good… Laurie braced herself as she felt her sweater tense and strain. She sensed that the next button was about to let go. She could feel it. She almost felt like she could will it to happen as soon as she was ready… but she wanted to savor this feeling, the feeling of fabric tightening across her advancing chest, feeling the pearl button pinch against her tender, sensitive flesh as she pushed it closer and closer to defeat. That was the most delicious feeling! To know that she was the one doing it, the one growing so round and ripe and tight that she was simply too much for her clothing… oh, it was a heavenly feeling!

“You’ve got some mammoth mammaries, Laurie,” giggled Jen. “But, like, I don’t think that’s the only place that you’re growing!”

Laurie couldn’t see anything beyond her titanic tits; even if she could, she was too mesmerized by the growing gaps between her buttons to care. How much longer until she completely blew the buttons off this sweater? She was eager to find out. Every additional centimeter of dialation added to her excitement as she watched her sweater fight a losing battle with her growth. But she could sense that she was growing all over. Her belly was puffing out, pushing against the waistband of her painted-on jeans with growing urgency, while her expanding buttocks pulled the rear seam of her denim dungerees into the beginnings of a wedgie between her plumping buns. She could feel her legs growing thicker, her arms becoming turgid, her whole body steadily bloating with gas. She was feeling so light! So light and bubbly! She idly wondered how much helium it would take to counteract her natural weight, how bloated with gas would she need to be before she would achieve lift-off? That was a danger. If she took flight there was no telling where she could end up. Laurie was vaguely aware of the danger that, if she rose into the air, she might keep rising until her internal pressure overwhelmed the external pressure. And when that happened, the gas inside her would start to expand, blowing her EVEN bigger… and bigger… and BIGGER… until…

She was pretty sure that could happen. She thought she might have read something about that in a science book or something, somewhere. But , at the same time, the sensations coursing through her body made it hard to care too much. She felt so relaxed, so at peace… but also… so incredibly horny! The bigger she grew, the more intense the sensations… it was like being lightly tickled over every inch of your body, lightly caressed by an attentive lover… Laurie felt like she was gradually building toward the world’s most intense orgasm and she did not. Want this. To stop.

Jen giggled. “You’re floating, Laurie!”

Laurie murmured in surprise. She was! She kicked her swollen legs feebly, realizing that her feet were no longer touching the ground. How did that happen without her realizing? Okay. That was fine. That just meant that she should stop inflating… soon. In a moment. Or two. After all, she was only floating about a foot or two off the ground. That wasn’t so bad, right? She could definitely afford to balloon for a little while longer before the situation became dire. But she was sure that she could stop before that. But not just yet.

She had to restrain herself from sighing wistfully as she felt her swollen tummy bust open the crotch of her jeans, popping the metal snap open and instantly pushing her zipper down so that her inflating paunch could spill out. Without her jeans holding her in, she could feel her round little tummy putting extra strain on the fabric of her stretchy cotton panties. It wouldn’t be long before she just snapped the waistband on those too! Laurie clenched her hands. She had to fight the natural urge to move her hands to her crotch to refasten her pants. It was only natural! Whenever your pants were unzipped in public, you, of course, wanted to do them back up as soon as possible, right? But not this time. First of all, it would be futile to even try. She was outgrowing her jeans as she ballooned and she knew it. There was no hope that she could force them snapped again, not with that new tummy in the way! But even if she could… why would she want to? Her blown out jeans were just more proof of her growth… Laurie was proud to show off. She wanted everyone to know just how big she was, how big she was getting, how big she was going to get. Yeah, I popped my jeans, she thought proudly, take a look! She inhaled deeply, subconsciously sucking in an extra large lungful of helium, and thrust out her belly and chest proudly. Her zipper, already halfway down, clicked down another tooth. For now, her open jeans were still comfortable but Laurie could feel the material binding her around her hips, thighs, calves, ad buttocks. If she kept growing, she was going to completely split out of her jeans in minutes…. The very idea filled her with the same giddy thrill that she felt when she blew the buttons off her sweater…. Speaking of which…

Pop! A second button flew from her sweater, opening a bigger gap over Laurie’s expanding bustline. Her tits were rising over the cups of her failing brassiere and Laurie was morbidly curious about what would last longer, her bra or her sweater? She didn’t have to wait long as a sudden tearing sound alerted her that the shoulder straps were ripping apart as her boobs achieved beach ball size. Her brassiere exploded apart, tearing the remnants of her sweater to ribbons and showering her audience with a barrage of pearl buttons. Her fat boobs burst out triumphant, bouncing only slightly as they puffed out into perfect firm, tight globes topped with plump burgundy nipples. Gawd, her teats were absolutely tingling with the pressure! They were so bloated with gas that Laurie almost felt like she might even release helium through her nips if she touched herself, like a pair of emergency relief pressure valves. Not that she wanted to do that. Nope. She wanted to hold every puff of air inside her, as much as she could stand, as long as she could stand it for. She was only disappointed that her failing bra had destroyed her sweater before its time; she was rather looking forward to watching it die a slow, lingering death, button by delicious button, savoring the tension and release as every quivering pearl met its sexy, sexy demise.

I’ll stop when I feel like I’m about to leave the ground, thought Laurie dreamily to herself. Yes. That was reasonable. She was certain that, when that moment came, she would definitely have the willpower to stop. She would definitely be able to tell Jen to turn off the air flow, definitely be able to overcome the incredible euphoria that was flooding the pleasure circuits of her brain and say: No more. Stop. That’s enough. I’m full.

Riiiip! Her in-seam blew out with a jagged tearing sound, stitches splitting down her legs. Her jeans fell away in tatters only moments before Laurie felt the elastic in her knickers burst like an overstretched rubberband. The cotton fabric tore apart as Laurie blew up bigger and bigger, her belly ballooning in front of her, her ass rounding out behind her, her arms and legs transforming into stiff, bloated cones of air. Her entire body was changing as she grew, slowly morphing from a dangerously overfilled hourglass into one large sphere. She rose in the air, slowly spinning head over heels in slow, languid circles as she bloated up like a pool toy.

Laurie sucked at the hose with all her might, hoping to speed up the process and grow larger even faster. Nothing was ever fast enough for her! She was already huge, the size of a big pink Volkswagon bus, but this was only the start. She still felt… way too small! She wanted to be big! Huge! She wanted to be the biggest thing that anyone had ever seen! She wanted to be so big that people would be astounded to look at her and think that she hadn’t exploded.

Bigger…. Bigger… BIGGER… Laurie was entirely round, her body swelling outwards in every direction. She had to be as big as a house now, as big as a whale, as big as a hot air balloon…

“Wow, Laurie, you’re as big as a blimp!” giggled Jen as she wiggled the knob on the helium cannister, increasing the air flow so suddenly that Laurie’s cheeks bulged and her eyelids fluttered. She was absolutely colossal now, so incredibly vast that she couldn’t even believe it herself. Her enormous spherical mass blotted out the sun, hovering in the air like an overblown balloon. That was really all that she was now – a massive, overblown balloon, so pumped up with gas that she looked like a tight, quivering orb. She was so absolutely, obscenely, burstingly full that she couldn’t think straight; every inch of her body was alive with electric sensations, she could feel the breeze against her astoundingly enormous bulk, raising goosebumps on her stretched-to-the-max skin. Gawd, this was amazing! Her mind was swimming with the intensity of the pleasure, so much that she could barely hear Jen’s words over the rush of blood in her own ears.

“Hmm,” mumbled Laurie, her lips still clamped around the hose. She sucked at the hose like it was a baby bottle, desperate to pull more, more, MORE air into her ever growing body. She was so big now that it was unreal! Below her, Alice and Jen watched in amazement, standing in the dark of the vast shadow cast by the slowly rotating globe of Laurie’s overinflated form. She was way bigger than a blimp now, bigger than a hot air balloon, bigger than a zeppelin.

“We’re almost done,” said Jen, “Just a little more! Like, try not to explode, okay?”

Laurie tried to nod dumbly, but her head had sunken so far into her overinflated bulk that she could barely move her neck. Likewise, her arms and legs had long since receded into the perfect sphere of her ballooning body, so that only her useless hands and feet were still visible. Laurie was so absolutely enormous by now that she couldn’t see her hands or feet over the arc of her planet-sized middle; she could only imagine that she must be filling up who knows how many square miles of sky! And to think that she was so filled with air that she might even outgrow the planet if this kept going…

Suspended in mid-air, the trembling blimp of Laurie’s mass creaked with every new gust of helium into her eager mouth. But she wanted more! She could feel herself growing dangerously tight, her skin squeaking as it struggled to contain more and more gas, her entire body tingling and throbbing with the insane pressure. A cheerleader wasn’t designed to withstand his kind of pressure! She should have burst long ago, yet she just kept growing. She wanted… no, she needed! She needed to see how far she could go. She wanted to keep growing and growing and growing until she was so big that she wasn’t even real. She imagined what she must look like to the people on the ground, now that she was so obscenely bloated that she filled the entire sky. All those people could see was a massive swathe of billowing pink flesh, flushing rosy red with fullness as she gulped more and more helium into herself, so all-consuming that they couldn’t even process it as anything human anymore.

In the real world, Laurie continued to snore loudly, pausing every so often to belch loudly as her titanic belly rumbled and burbled with the sounds of digestion. Whether in dreams or in reality, one thing was true… Laurie was only destined to get bigger!

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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