Alice 88  
By Mollycoddles

Alice’s mother watched as her daughter flopped down upon the couch, the force of her impact against the sofa cushions forcing a loud belch from Alice’s overstuffed gut and out through her mouth. Alice had her striped polo shirt – ugh, horizontal stripes! So unflattering on a girl THAT wide! – tucked into the waistband of her cargo pants, so that Alice’s mother could spy every fold and roll of her daughter’s vast belly in stark relief through the fabric. Alice’s dark navel made a visible cavern in the thin material.

Lilith grimaced. She had promised not to hassle Alice about her weight and she was working hard to live up to the promise; she recognized now how her incessant sniping about Alice’s waistline only drove her daughter away. Worse, no matter what she said she just couldn’t dissuade Alice from eating! Every sarcastic comment or nasty remark only made Alice seek more solace in food! Lilith was trying to restrain her sharp tongue but it wasn’t easy when Alice made such an easy target… and she was becoming an easier target every day as her waistline expanded and her belly ballooned!

“Oops! Excuse me!” muttered Alice. She shifted her weight, trying to get comfortable on the low-slung sofa, but found it difficult. Alice’s belly was so big these days that sitting was difficult for her. She had to lean back to give her lungs enough room to breathe; if she tried to sit upright, her belly filled all the space between her lap and her chest, pressing hard on her lungs and restricting her breathing. It was just yet another problem with being so remarkably fat, yet Alice regarded her breathing problems as little more than an annoyance rather than yet another warning sign that she needed to do something about her escalating weight!

“Haven’t seen you in a while,” said Alice’s mother. “We live in the same house yet we’re almost strangers.”

“Uhhh… sorry, Mom, I’ve just been spending a lot of time over at Jen’s house lately,” said Alice. Unable to find a comfortable sitting position, the fat blond butterball threw her chubby legs up onto the couch and lay down, filling the whole seat. In this position, Ms. Grobauch could see her daughter’s doughy belly rising like a mountain summit above her. As she moved, the hem of her polo shirt popped out of her pants and slipped up the arc of her tremendous belly, revealing her flabby paunch and sagging love handles. Sometimes Ms. Grobauch though that Alice might be taller lying down than standing up!

Lilith needed a new tactic. And she thought she might have finally found something that would work.

She cleared her throat. “You know, Alice, I just ran into the most interesting woman at the grocery store today…”

“Hey, Mom, sorry to interrupt, do you think you could grab me the box of Oreos from the cabinet?”

Lilith stiffened. She didn’t keep any junk food in this house anymore, since she just knew that Alice would gobble it all up.

“There aren’t any Oreos in the cabinet.”

“Oh, yes there are, I bought them yesterday.”

Lilith grit her teeth. Being nicer to Alice was definitely NOT working! If being a snippy bitch only drove to make Alice eat more out of depression, being nice to her only seemed to give her permission to indulge her worst impulses out of comfort and laziness. Nevertheless, this wasn’t the time to make a fuss. Lilith silently retrieved the box of Oreos and handed them to her daughter.

“Anyway, I met this woman at the store today and we started talking. She’s a behavioral therapist, do you know what that is, Alice?”

“Nuh uh,” mumbled Alice through cheeks stuffed with greasy cookies. The half-empty Oreo box was balanced on the summit of her swollen gut.

“She’s someone who works with girls who need to, uh, change their behaviors. And apparently she specializes in weight problems…”

“Mooom,” whined Alice. “I thought you promised you weren’t gonna hassle me about my weight anymore!” She popped another cookie into her mouth, oblivious to the irony. Lilith frowned. She couldn’t fathom how Alice could eat that much! Another Oreo went into her mouth and Lilith grimaced again. God, what a greedy little fatty! The way that Alice stuffed her pudgy face with complete abandon, Lilith sometimes felt like she could see her daughter getting fatter by the minute. Sometimes she felt like she could hear her stitches squealing under the pressure of Alice’s growing gut or hearing the imperceptible hiss of Alice’s body inflating with fresh new blubber…. But of course that was ridiculous. That wasn’t real! Right?

“Oh of course, sweetie,” said Lilith. She had promised that, true. And, ever since her dream in which she imagined herself as big as her daughter, Lilith had tried her best to sympathize with her monstrously obese daughter and not give her any guff about her continuously increasing size. But this was different.

“I’ve been to dieticians before,” said Alice. “None of them work.” She waved her hands in front of her body as if to draw her mother’s attention to the evidence of all those dieticians’ failures: her own corpulence.

“This is a counselor,” said Lilith. “It’s different. I met her when I was at the grocery store and she… specializes in cases like you. She isn’t going to give you a big lecture about nutrition, she looks more at the… psychological issues with weight. Sweetie, she seems really smart. I just thought that maybe she might be someone who could help you… Could you just see her once? For me? If you don’t like it, I promise I won’t make you ever go back.”

Alice rolled over on the couch, grunting with the effort.

Lilith sighed. “Okay Alice… so I know that your grandmother told you that I… used to be chubby myself.”

Alice froze. That was true; on her last visit, Alice’s grandmother had revealed that Lilith was also quite hefty when she was a teen. It was something that Lilith had never admitted herself to her daughter.

“Yeah…” said Alice. “Why… why didn’t you ever tell me that, Mom?”

Lilith grimaced. “I don’t know, sweetie… maybe I was afraid that if you knew I used to be fat it would encourage you to… indulge in bad habits. Maybe I thought that you would just assume you were destined to be fat because it was in your genes. But sweetie, I want you to know… it’s NOT your destiny. I was pudgy but I worked hard to slim down and I know you can too if you just put your mind to it.”

Ugh, hard work. That was the LAST thing that Alice wanted to hear! She was almost as naturally lazy as she was gluttonous, so the idea that she should have to work hard to slim down through diet and exercise was hardly enticing to her. She thought back to her conversation with Jen the other day, wherein her pear-shaped friend had admonished her to stop caring about her weight and instead surrender herself entirely to the joys of eating.

Jen already clearly didn’t care about her weight. She never saw Jen without some item of fattening food in her hands and Jen absolutely reveled in her decision to eat whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. She recalled Jen’s words after Jen’s little sister Jesse had criticized her growing appetite: “I, like, love to eat and, like, why should I deny myself? Like, I’m gonna live how I wanna. Jesse can, like, go screw herself! Like, think about it: She says that I’m gonna explode someday from eating too much. Like, so what? If that’s true, like, so… I’m gonna explode anyway, so, like, I might as well enjoy the trip, ya know?”

Lilith touched Alice on the shoulder. “You know, part of my work to slim down was actually behavior therapy…”

Alice looked up. “What?”

“I had some trouble with… eating,” said Lilith. “Sometimes I felt like I just couldn’t stop and that, if they let me, I might just eat the whole world.”

Alice struggled to sit up, her blue eyes wide, her gut bunching into several thick jelly rolls. “What?! OMG me too! That’s exactly how I feel, Mom!”

“Well, behavior therapy helped me to get over that,” said Lilith. “It helped me to recognize my bad eating habits and understand why I did them. Along with diet and exercise, it helped me a lot.”

Alice sighed wearily. “Ugh! Well… I guess I could do it ONE time…”

Lilith gave her daughter a reassuring kiss on the forehead. “That’s my girl. And remember what I said. Just one time. I promise I won’t make you go a second time if you don’t want to.”

“Yeah yeah, ok Mom.” Alice grumbled. She was highly suspicious, but… well, what harm could one time do? Maybe this therapist could actually help Alice. If Lilith had gone through a similar experience, then who knows? Maybe it could help Alice too! She doubted it but… well…. Hope springs eternal.

Alice popped another Oreo into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully.

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The sign on the door read “Dr. Janet Shaw, Behavioral Therapist.”

Alice sighed wearily. She couldn’t believe her mother was really gonna make her go through with this. She inhaled deeply. Just remember. It’s only one time. Then she’d never have to do it again.

Alice knocked on the door timidly.

“Come in!” came a sing-songy voice from within.

Alice cracked open the door and poked her head in. “Hello? Dr. Shaw?”

Dr. Shaw was a plump woman in her late 30s with a short blonde bob haircut and professional-looking half-moon spectacles. Alice couldn’t help but think that Dr. Shaw looked a little bit like her, just older and slimmer. Still, the fact that Dr. Shaw was rather chubby herself made Alice instantly feel that the doctor was trustworthy.

Dr. Shaw smiled. “Ah, you must be Alice Grobauch. Please, Alice, take a seat. And you don’t need to call me Dr. Shaw. That’s so formal! You can call me Janet.”

Across the small clean office from Dr. Shaw’s desk and chair was a wide, low fainting couch. Alice plopped into the couch across from the doctor with a heavy sigh.

“Now what can I do for you today, Alice?”

“Ummmm…. My mom said I should come because, um, I kinda have… a little problem with my… weight.”

“Hmm,” said Dr. Shaw. “And why do you think that is?”

Alice squirmed in her seat. Her pudgy fingers played with the hem of her frayed polo shirt and Dr. Shaw could see the intent of the blubbery blonde’s belly button through the tightly stretched material. This girl was BIG.

“Well, I just…. I…” On the spot, Alice struggled to find the words to explain that it was entirely because she ate like a greedy pig without admitting that it was because she ate like a greedy pig.

“How often do you think about food, Alice?”

“Um… the normal amount?” Alice gulped. How could she admit the embarrassing truth? That she thought about food constantly? Even now, Alice was mentally counting down the seconds to the minute and the minutes to the hour… dreaming about the moment that this therapy session would be over and she could waddle her fat ass out the door and down to the nearest bakery or fast food restaurant to get herself a much-needed snack.

She must have been dreaming of food a little too intently, though, because her stomach suddenly growled loudly. Her eyes flicked down to her middle and Alice suddenly realized that her flabby gut was hanging out of her shirt. She quickly grabbed the hem of her polo and pulled it back down, desperately trying to tuck it under her belly and into the waistband of her pants.

“It sounds like you’re thinking about food right now,” said Dr. Shaw. “Is that the case, Alice?”

“I…I…I… yes, ma’am.” Alice gulped. “It’s not my fault, though! It’s just that, well, I get so hungry! I mean, I need to eat. Is that so weird? I just…. I just… you know…”

Alice sagged down into her seat. “Oh my gosh, Dr. Shaw, I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I’m just hungry all the time and I can never stop eating! If there’s food around, I just HAVE to eat and eat and eat until I’m ready to burst… Sometimes I feel like, if no one was around to stop me, I’d just keep eating until I ate the whole world! What’s wrong with me?”

“I think, Alice, that you might have a problem with compulsive eating,” said Dr. Shaw. “Do you think that might be an issue for you?”

“Uhhh…” Alice stammered. She had all but confessed that, in fact, compulsive overeating was EXACTLY her problem… but she was reluctant to say the words out loud as if that would give them power over her. “I dunno… I read once that weight could be a gland problem? I mean, maybe I have a problem with my glands?”

Dr. Shaw put a sympathetic hand on Alice’s knee. “Now, Alice, you didn’t get to be over 500 pounds because of your glands, did you?”

Alice could feel her plump cheeks going pink. “I… No, I guess not…”

Alice nodded dumbly. She felt so conflicted. Only the other day her conversation with Jen, during which her fat pear-shaped friend had encouraged Alice to join her in losing herself to complete gluttony, had seemed so right. She knew that she could never fight her own ravenous appetite, so why shouldn’t she stop worrying and learn to enjoy herself? But now her mother and Dr. Shaw were showing her that maybe, just maybe there was an alternative. Which way should she choose?

“Hmm.. do you have any close friends, Alice?”

“Y-yes. Jen and Laurie, they’re on the cheer squad with me.”

Dr. Shaw tried to contain her surprise. “The cheer squad?”

“Oh yeah… I’m a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High.”

Dr. Shaw could barely believe that a 500 pound girl who could barely walk without breaking a sweat would be a cheerleader. She doubted that Alice could do much cheering at all; any physical exertion was enough to knock this tubby glutton on her ass for the rest of the day!

“Now these friends of yours… Laurie? Jen? You say that they’re also pretty big?”

Alice nodded.

“As big as you?”

“Uhhhh… about? Well… Laurie’s actually about… 600 pounds now.”

Dr. Shaw nearly fell out of her chair in shock. 600 pounds!? Jesus Christ! What was going on at that school?

“Alice, I think that we can help you. I run a support group for girls with…well, your problem. We meet every week to talk about our struggles and give each other support in trying to deal with food. I think that could do you some good. Is that something you might like to join?”

“Oh I dunno… I don’t think that’s really for me.” Alice placed her hands against the couch cushions and struggled to heave herself back to her feet with a loud grunt. “I have to be honest, I don’t think that there’s anything you can do to help me. I’ve tried everything already and I just keep getting fatter…”

Alice remembered her conversation with Jen, about Jen’s invitation to stop worrying about her waistline and join her in endless happy gluttony. It did sound tempting! With a boyfriend who enjoyed Alice’s larger size and friends who accepted her expansion, Alice was finding it harder to worry about the consequences of her greed.

Dr. Shaw nodded. “I understand, Alice. But, before you leave, could I show you something? Something that might affect your decision?”

Alice hesitated. “What is it?”

Dr. Shaw reached into her purse and pulled out a small 2 x 2 photograph, and handed it over to Alice. Alice squinted at the image. It was a portrait photo of a girl, a hugely fat girl, with a round face ringed by chubby cheeks and a thick double chin. Her face was so fat that it melded into her body, enveloping her neck. Her arms were thick and her large breasts rested atop the shelf of a protruding gut. But there was something about that shy smile and that blonde bob haircut that looked familiar…

“Dr. Shaw? This is you? You used to be fat?”

Dr. Shaw nodded. “Yes, Alice. I wasn’t that different from you when I was your age. I just couldn’t stop eating and sometimes it seemed like eating was the only pleasure in life. You can see where that got me. I was probably topping 500 pounds by the time I was in college.”

“Oh my gosh! That’s almost as big as me!”

“Yes. It took a long time and a lot of work, but eventually I was able to get my eating and my weight under control. Of course, I’ll never be thin. I can’t promise you that you’ll ever be thin either, Alice. Some of us just weren’t built to be thin. But I think that maybe you’ll be able to get some control back in your life. What do you say, Alice? Do you still think that our support group isn’t for you?”

“Okay… I guess I could give it a try.”

Dr. Shaw smiled. “I’m glad you decided to join us, Alice. I think you’ll get what you need.”

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“C’mon, Gloria! Work those buns! Keep it up!” cried Jen. Gloria had asked her for help in sculpting her chunky butt into a masterpiece of ass like Jen’s, and Jen wasn’t wasting any time in getting to work!

“I…I didn’t think it would take this much work!” wheezed Gloria as she bent her knees for yet another squat.

“Anyone can have a big ass,” said Jen sagely, “But it takes a lot of hard work to keep an ass this big looking this good!”

“I’ve been doing squats for hours,” whined Gloria, “Can’t I stop?”

“Alright, that’s, like, enough for now,” said Jen. “Just remember: I want you to do at least a dozen squats every evening! And, like, a dozen in the morning!” She suddenly grabbed at Gloria’s ass, her fingers squeezing into Gloria’s soft flesh so deeply that Gloria yelped at the sharp, hard sensation of her fatter teammate’s long manicured nails pressing into her fat. “Like, this is a good start, but you’re gonna have to work hard if you want to get, like, anywhere near my level. Have you been following my meal plan?”

“Uhhh… sure.” In reality, Gloria wasn’t STRICTLY following Jen’s meal instructions because, while Jen was certainly enthusiastic about her plan, she was still a mega-dimbulb and Gloria strongly suspected that Jen had just googled “diet for weight gain” on the web and printed out random results without checking them first. Her instructions wanted Gloria to guzzle cooking oil, for goodness sake! Gloria felt free to ignore that particular dictate, though she didn’t mind following Jen’s instructions to gorge on pizza and burgers. That was EXACTLY what she was doing, having eaten a big meal of leftover pizza from her sister’s work before she came over to see Jen. Gloria could feel the big meal sitting in her stomach like a lead weight, bouncing with every practiced squat and making her tummy bulge through the fabric of her cheer uniform. Right now, Gloria suspected that her tummy was more prominent than her bottom! But she hoped that Jen’s training would soon rectify that.

Still, she didn’t like all this attention to butt-enhancing exercises! In fact, Gloria had hoped that overeating would really be the extent of the training needed… she was kind of disappointed to realize that she’d also have to work out! Squats were hard.

“Let’s measure you,” said Jen, snapping the tape measure between her hands and grinning wickedly at Gloria. “And then, like, we’ll be able to chart your progress. “Okay, girl! Stand up straight and stick out those buns!”

Gloria did as she commanded, straightening her spine, throwing back her shoulders, and puffing out her chest. In this position, her ample rear naturally bulged out behind her, forming a modest but noticeable shelf. She held still as she felt Jen loop the tape measure around her thighs and backside, pulling it tight so that she could get an accurate reading.

“Hmm, 20 inches? Like, that’s not even half as big around as me!”

“Oh come on!” snapped Gloria. “You gotta admit that’s pretty big!” She felt like an idiot the moment that the words were out of her mouth. No matter how big she felt like her butt was, it was downright flat compared to Jen’s massive monster of a prodigiously porky posterior.

That was just it… Gloria always thought that her butt was, well, a little heavy. She was always aware of how it tested the seat on her pants when she sat down, how the bulge behind her made it harder to zipper her jeans, how it tugged at her panties. But Gloria’s backside only seemed to loom large in her own mind! She always hoped that it would get boys to whistle at her when she walked by, but they never noticed. Then again, if they did whistle, Gloria was certain that they would only laugh when she turned around and they saw her coke-bottle glasses, frizzy hair, and pimple-studded face. Poor Gloria! Everything about Jen, from her perfect skin to her lustrous hair to her ample curves, was so desirable, so plush, so girly and sexy and feminine! It was EXACTLY what Gloria wanted in her own life. She was so excited to think that Jen was going to share her secrets with her! Jen had already promised to help fix Gloria’s hair and complexion, but her butt… that would be the biggest challenge of all! If Gloria could have an ass even approaching Jen’s in thickness, then people would REALLY pay attention to her!

“So uhhh how big are, uh, you?” asked Gloria. She couldn’t help but stare as Jen folded up the tape measure and bent over to stash it in a drawer; Jen’s obscenely humongous rump billowed behind her like two inflated weather balloons jostling for room within the confines of her spandex spanky pants. Her ass crack was swallowing up her shorts, which slipped further between her boulder-sized cheeks every time that she shifted her weight. A whole lot of ass was on display now, since her short pleated cheer skirt was doing a really pathetic job of providing coverage. More and more material was clenched between those greedy cheeks, so that both her spandex shorts and the cotton panties beneath them were turning into thong undies. It was a huge contrast to Gloria, whose admittedly thick bottom could at least comfortably fit into her skirt and spanky pants so that she wasn’t constantly giving the world a free peep show!

“Uhhh… I better, like, not say,” said Jen, straightening up and adjusting her skirt. It didn’t do much good, the lower three quarters of her big pink derriere was still on display. “Like, you might get jealous.”

“What? C’mon, like, you gotta tell me now!” Jen’s ass was way bigger than any ass Gloria had ever seen! She couldn’t even hazard a guess as to how big it could be!

“Okay… like, last time I measured I was, like, 70 inches?”

“70 inches?! No way!” Gloria’s jaw dropped. Could Jen really be 70 inches around? That would give her one of the single most gigantic asses in… in the world!? It was unbelievable! Then again, just looking at Jen, Gloria could tell that her rear was so wide and deep that she must have trouble squeezing through most doorways. Was it really so unbelievable to think that she had a full 70 inches of wobbling, shifting blubber behind her?

“Like, that was a little while ago though,” said Jen thoughtfully. “And, like, I haven’t reeeeally been watching my waistline like I should. I guess I might have gained a little since then, though.”

Gloria was flabbergasted. She tried to imagine herself with an ass that big! Could Jen’s training actually pump up her butt until she was as bountifully bootilicious as Jen with a full 70 inches of soft, creamy flab jiggling around behind her?

“Now, like, I’m gonna show you my secret weapon,” said Jen. She pulled open a drawer under the sink and rummaged through it until she found what she needed: a jar of anti-cellulite cream.

“Anti-cellulite cream?” said Gloria in disbelief. “But, Jen, you don’t have cellulite! Your butt is amazingly smooth!” Gloria blushed as soon as the words were out of her mouth.

Jen tapped her nose conspiratorially. “Like, duh! Of course I don’t have cellulite! Cuz this stuff works! Like, I may have the best butt in school, but it’s always good to have a little help!” She grinned and patted her swollen tush affectionately, watching as the soft blubber wobbled in response.

“Okay, Gloria, like, as long as you’re here, you can help me out. Like, a girl as thick as me sometimes has, uh, like trouble reaching?”

“You want me to put this cream on your butt?”

“Yeah, like nothing weird or anything! Just like, rub it in! It’ll be good practice, so, like, you can see what you need to do to make it work for you when you do it.”

Jen tugged at the vast waistband of her stretch pants, pulling them down and over her globular butt cheeks. Gloria was amazed. First, she couldn’t believe that Jen was basically mooning her! Second, she couldn’t believe that Jen’s rump looked even BIGGER when it was naked!

Jen grunted as she lowered herself to the floor, her overloaded limbs creaking with the movement. When she was facedown on the floor, Gloria noted that Jen’s mountainous rear towered above the prone fatso so high that Gloria didn’t even need to bend down to reach it. She scooped a handful of cream out of her jar with one hand and tentatively let it fall on the summit of Jen’s left butt cheek.

“’s cold,” mumbled Jen. “Like, don’t just leave it like that, Gloria! You gotta really massage it into the flesh for it to work!”

“Um… okay.” Gloria nervously placed her hands on Jen’s rear and started to massage the cream into Jen’s skin. It was hard work! There was so much butt that it took both hands just to work one cheek!

“C’mon, butter those buns,” commanded Jen.

“I’m trying my best!” said Gloria as she slapped another handful of cream down. Jen’s boulder-sized buttock was just too big! There was barely enough cream for one cheek, let alone her whole ass!

Jen seemed to anticipate the problem. “Like, that’s not gonna be enough to do my whole butt, though. Like, I always use one jar per cheek, so, like, you can find another jar in the cabinet for the right side.”

“You use… two jars of anti-cellulite cream… everyday?” Gloria was shocked. That had to get expensive fast! But Jen’s massively outsized booty required a lot of maintenance!

“Mmm,” Jen sighed in contentment as her pudgy protege slowly kneaded the cool anti-cellulite cream into the soft flesh of her giant rear. Jen made sure to slather her big fat behind with anti-cellulite cream every morning – in fact, her butt was so big these days that she went through two jars a day, one for each cheek! But there was something sooooo relaxing about letting someone else do all the hard work of massaging her plump rump while she lay in bed like a lazy blob. A girl could get used to this treatment! Sometimes she had Craig do this for her, but her boyfriend couldn’t ALWAYS be around. But if she could convince Gloria that this was a vital part of her training, then Jen could live in butt massage city! And that sounded pretty sweet to her. She smiled as she closed her eyes, lulled into a pleasant trance by the feeling of strong hands kneading her soft, pliable butt blubber. Once she got that blubber moving, it was like an ocean! It rippled and quivered under her fingers like a massive balloon filled with gelatin… or rather TWO massive balloons filled with gelatin! Gloria bit her lip as she thought about a future where her own backside could be this big and soft and squishy, where she was the one who needed to use two jars of anti-cellulite cream every day! Damn, why stop there? What if she got so thick and bountiful and bootilicious that her ponderously pudgy pear needed THREE jars of cream? Or four?? Eventually she would be using so much cream that the company should just hire her as a spokeswoman! What a delightful dream!

Gloria didn’t know how long she could keep this up! Her arms were already cramping from the strain of pushing into all that soft, squishy fat and it seemed like there was no end! She hadn’t even finished one cheek! She grimaced as she slapped more cream down, marveling at the oily greasy sheen left behind as she massaged the cream into Jen’s bottom… it made Jen’s fat cheeks as shiny and reflective as two massive glass globes! Gloria, however, was determined not to give up. If this is what she needed to do to stay on Jen’s good side and keep up with the rump-plumpin’ training that Jen promised… well, then that was just what she would have to do!

Jen smirked again, sighing happily. Everything was going just exactly according to plan for her! What a way to live!

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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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