Alice 144

By Mollycoddles

Alice stared at her mobility scooter, fear writ large across her face. For weeks, she had been dreading this eventuality. Just recently, while doing another photoshoot for Amber’s plus size fashion line, Alice had become trapped on her scooter, her enormous belly squished so tightly against the handlebars that the camera crew had to lather her up with butter just to pop her free. It was totally embarrassing! Yet it was also completely expected. She knew that was coming, since she found that, everyday, her growing tummy bulged closer and closer to the handlebars and the seat settled lower and lower under her fat ass. Yet she had done absolutely nothing to avoid it. Instead, she had gorged herself the same as always. Now what was she supposed to do?

It didn’t help that every aspect of Alice’s life now seemed dead set on conspiring to add yet more inches to her waistline and pounds to her frame. Her boyfriend loved her growing size and did nothing to discourage Alice’s constant snacking. If anything, he was too eager to shower Alice with tasty treats whenever she showed even the slightest sign of hunger. Her job at the mall pizza place didn’t help, especially not since her co-worker Maggie realized that she could make some extra scratch by allowing customers to buy Alice pizza! And everyone in town was constantly giving her food, ever since she appeared on Nikki Lake! Alice was Bonafide local celebrity and the whole town seemed to regard her as their own personal potbelly of gold – the bigger Alice grew, the more attention it brought to Los Hermanos! Her friends Laurie and Jen were in a similar boat and they had both been packing on the pounds faster than their wardrobes could accommodate. But of the three, only Alice seemed to have any misgivings!

At least, she had some misgivings. But increasingly, Alice found that the pleasures of a full belly and an attentive boyfriend lulled her into blissful complacency, so that she could more easily ignore the mounting problems of her size. It wasn’t just the fact that she was so tubby that she could barely squeeze her ass through her own front door or that she was so heavy that her car’s muffler scraped against the asphalt every time that she went for a ride. There was also the fact that her belly was so huge now that it completely covered her lap when she sat down and sagged over her chubby knees – meaning that it was hard for her to reach the steering wheel over her own gut if she wanted to drive! She was relying more on Tyler to drive her around simply out of convenience, but it wouldn’t be long before she would have to rely on him completely because she would be too fat to drive at all! And what was next after that? How much was she willing to give up just to satisfy her never-ending hunger?

As if on cue, her belly rumbled loudly. Alice patted her protruding middle, her plump fingers sinking deep into her blubber. The blonde cheerleader was a true butterball now, so round that she looked like a ripe pumpkin. Amber had graciously given her more free clothing after yesterday’s photo shoot, but Alice was dismayed to find that the wardrobe department had once again underestimated her size. She wore a giant pink T-shirt, emblazoned with the words “Proud Porker” across her ample boobage. The shirt fit her (thank goodness!) but it was snug enough that it showed off every bulge and roll and failed to cover the lowest quarter of her hanging gut. She had reached the point that her belly always hung out of her shirts, but at least that helped hide the fact that she was forced to leave the top button of her mega-sized denim shorts open. She sighed. At the very least, these new clothes meant that Alice was saved from having to wear the same musky old tracksuit to school every day. Other students had begun to complain about the smell, so Alice was relieved to finally have some clean clothes for once!

The buzzing of her cellphone startled Alice from her thoughts, and she struggled to pull it from the pocket of her overly snug shorts. She checked the caller ID and saw that it was her friend Jen calling. She held it to her ear.

“Hi Jen, what’s up?”

“Hey, Alice, like, how’re you doing? You wanna come over for lunch today? I got the day off work and, like, my mom is gonna make one of her famous casseroles.”

“Jen, are you joking? The last thing that I need is more food!” Alice sighed, watching her rotund reflection in the mirror. Alice weighed over 600 pounds, so big that simply shuffling from her bed to her mobility scooter was enough to leave her puffed and gasping for breath. Yet, true as she might, it seemed like Alice was only destined to keep getting bigger. Food had always been her biggest weakness. Ever since she was a little kid, she loved to eat!

“Like, c’mon! Are you seriously still worried about that? Everyone else thinks we look great!”

“I know what everyone else thinks, Jen, but don’t you worry what’s going to happen if we don’t cut back? I’m so fat now that I won’t be able to drive for much longer… And frankly, I’m kind of afraid that if I don’t stop gaining soon I won’t be able to walk either!”

“Like, so? That’s why we got scooters!”

“We can’t just use our scooters for everything, Jen!”

“Like, of course we can! That’s the whole point!”

There was no arguing with Jen. Jen loved to eat even more than Alice, relishing any opportunity to stuff her face and never fretting about the inevitable consequences as the number on her bathroom scale climbed higher and higher… Sometimes Alice envied the brunette bimbo’s preternatural ability to put aside her worries. Jen seemed perfectly happy to gobble her way into immobility! Her new job at Udders restaurant only added to her already sky-rocketing weight.

Besides, it wasn’t like Alice really wanted to argue with Jen. The simple reality was that, as soon as Jen mentioned her mother’s cooking, Alice’s fat tummy began growling even more urgently. Who could blame her? Jen’s mother was a dynamite cook who lived to see that her daughter and all her daughter’s friends got enough to eat.

“Okay, I’ll be right over.”

“Awesome! Like, see ya soon!”

Alice sighed as she shoved the phone back into her pocket. She wondered briefly whether she would be able to squeeze her bulk back into her car. Maybe if she pushed the seat all the way back and sucked in her gut AND didn’t mind that the horn would probably still be constantly blaring the entire trip… then again, did she really need to drive? She could just use her scooter to get there. That was just as good. Sure, it was getting a little tight and the incident at Amber’s photo shoot was still haunting her, but maybe, just maybe, if she balanced herself just right on the seat and held her breath, then maybe she could still get a little more use out of the scooter before she completely outgrew it. It was worth a shot!

Steeling her resolve, Alice plodded to the garage and settled her fat ass onto the scooter seat, holding her breath in fear as she waited for the whole vehicle to buckle under her weight. It groaned loudly and she could feel the scooter settle as her weight pushed down on the tires, but it didn’t completely shatter. That was a positive development! Alice hit button to open the garage door. As the door opened, she idly pondered the fact that she was fast growing too wide for regular doors, but it would definitely be a while before she was too fat to use the garage door. The very idea was absurd, right? Then again, only a few short months ago, Alice would have scoffed at the idea that she might become too plump to squeeze through a doorway. This was what a life of constant indulgence got you!

She pressed the joystick on her armrest to move the scooter forward and the vehicle lurched to life, wheezing and sputtering under the immense weight of the titanic teen. What a sight she was! Even if she wasn’t a local celebrity, people would still have stopped to gawk at her, aghast that this 600 pound blimpette dared to show her fat face in public. People had to step aside as Alice trundled by, since she was so wide that she filled the entire sidewalk, and she was so heavy that the city might even start having to charge her for the damage that her weight was doing to the pavement.

There was also the added embarrassment of her outfit. She wished that she had asked Amber for a more modest ensemble, because this “Proud Porker” T-shirt and fraying denim shorts combo was barely any better than the “I Oink for Food” novelty shirt that Alice had been forced to wear for weeks simply because it was the only thing in her closet that came close to fitting. The shirt was more like a crop top, barely coming down to her navel and allowing her lower pot belly to hang free and wobble wildly every time that Alice’s scooter hit a bump in the road. It was a brisk day today and Alice was definitely dressed for summer, but she was so fat that all her extra padding made her sweat like a hog anytime that even the barest amount of sunshine hit her skin. Dark wet patches of damp sweat were already appearing under her armpits and between the rolls at her sides. Sweat beaded on her brow and dribbled down her chubby cheeks, pooling in the folds under her quivering double chin.

“Gawd,” she muttered. “I don’t know how this could get much worse. It’s so hot out and I’m totally drenched with sweat! But it’ll all be worth it once I get to Jen’s place…”

Thoughts of Mrs. Sarovy’s incredible cooking filled the blonde butterball’s head, distracting her from her predicament. But a sudden POP!!! that caused the scooter to tilt drunkenly and grind to a stop jolted Alice from her daydreams.

“What? What just happened?” Alice leaned over, struggling to peer over her own inflated flanks so that she could see the problem. Alice’s weight had long been putting way too much strain on the scooter’s tires and the inevitable had finally happened: one of the threadbare tires had blown on!

“Oh no!” she cried, slapping a pudgy hand to her forehead, her blue eyes wide with disbelief. “What am I going to do now?!”

This was the worst possible thing. Alice was stranded. She knew that she definitely couldn’t walk the rest of the way. It was only a couple more blocks, but Alice was way too fat and lazy to manage that. She would probably give herself a heart attack if she even tried, and the thought of collapsing into a sweaty, gasping heap on the sidewalk terrified her enough that she didn’t dare risk walking.

Worse, the scooter had popped its tire just as Alice reached the edge of the residential neighborhood she lived, so that she was now on a busy commercial street, lined with stores and restaurants. Her humiliation would be in complete view of the public!

But then, a miracle!

“Alice! Are you okay?”

Alice shifted her bulk to look over her shoulder and saw her friends Jody and Kayla behind her, watching her with surprised looks on their faces. The three girls had attended a diet therapy group together for a while. Jody and Kayla had both successfully shed some pounds under Dr. Shaw’s watchful eyes, but that was before Alice joined. Alice was so much bigger than either of the other two girls that they almost took her presence as permission to fall back into their old habits. After all, as long as Alice was in the room to play the role of the “fat friend,” Kayla and Jody would always look thin in comparison. From the looks of things, neither girl had returned to their old diet-conscious lifestyles. Jody looked like a plump little dumpling, clutching a half-eaten burrito in her hands, while curvy, bootilicious Kayla was carrying a tray of cheese-drenched nachos. A blob of orange cheese lingered, unnoticed, at the corner of her mouth.

“Hey, girls,” said Alice weakly. “I’m so glad to see you. Could you give me a hand? My scooter broke down and I’m a little… stuck.”

Alice was ashamed to admit that her scooter had broken down. She wanted to protest that the scooter was supposed to be able to carry up to 800 pounds and obviously there was no way that she could weigh THAT much, but she worried that would only raise more questions about her actual weight. Better to just assume that she had bought a lemon!

Jody grunted as she lowered into a squat to inspect the busted tire, her tight shorts slipping down to reveal an inch of plump butt cleavage. “This looks really bad! Do you have a spare?”

Alice shook her head miserably.

“Do you want us to call someone?” asked Jody. “Maybe Tyler could come help…”

“Jody, be serious,” said Kayla. “You know it would take forever for anyone to show up. We gotta help her ourselves. C’mon, show some fat girl solidarity.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, we gotta push Alice!”

“Us?!” Jody gulped. She wasn’t much slimmer than Alice herself and she hated exercise just as much. The truth was that she was kind of jealous that Alice got to ride around on a scooter all day while she was forced to use her own two stubby legs! Pushing 600 pounds of lard was not her idea of a good time!

“Oh please,” begged Alice. “I don’t need to go far! I’m just trying to get to Jen’s place for lunch.” She perked up as a sudden thought occurred to her. “Have you two met Jen? You should come with me! Her mother always makes too much food and I bet she would just love to have extra guests! She’s very old world, she’s always forcing food on people!”

Kayla and Jody exchanged glances. Now Alice was totally speaking their language!

“Okay, let’s get to work! Here, Alice, hold this.” Jody handed her burrito to Alice and stationed herself behind the scooter to start pushing.

“What should I do with this?”

“You can have it if you want!” said Jody, gritting her teeth and throwing her shoulder against Alice’s flabby back.

“Here, take mine too,” said Kayla, handing off the remains of her nachos and taking a position next to Jody. Jody and Kayla were hardly in peak physical condition themselves – they were both naturally lazy girls who had only become lazier once Alice’s indulgence came them tacit permission to lean into their worst vices. So it was hardly surprising that all their pushing and straining and grunting and heaving accomplished literally nothing; the scooter stayed exactly where it was. Alice, however, couldn’t help but look at the Mexican delicacies in her hands and lick her lips. Sure, she was on her way to lunch with Jen and she knew that Mrs. Sarovy was going to stuff her silly… but Alice was hungry NOW! And, of course, she hadn’t grown to this titanic size by ever thinking long term. If there was food available in front of her right this second, then she was going to eat it!

“Mmmf this is good!’ mumbled Alice, biting into the burrito and tearing off a big chunk, rice and beans falling into her cleavage. The burrito was gone in two bites and Alice turned her attention to the nachos, shoving chips into her mouth so fast that her chubby fingers and eager lips were soon coated in molten cheese.

“Hey! What’re you all doing over there!?” A young man came out of a Greek restaurant across the street, curiosity compelling him to watch this strange procession. He blinked and looked again. “Wait… is that Alice Grobauch? Alice Grobauch of the cheerleader chunkers?”

“Um.. yeah?” Alice blushed, her cheeks going red under the coating of orange cheese. She hiccupped suddenly, bouncing in her seat so heavily that a second tire popped. Kayla and Jody both groaned out loud.

“Ugh! This is gonna be impossible if you keep popping tires, Alice!”

“I didn’t do it on purpose!” protested Alice before another hiccup made her jolt again. POP! A third tire blew out.

The young man was crossing the street. “You got some car trouble there?”

“Yeah, the tires blew and now the scooter won’t work, so we have to push her!”

“You’re not gonna get anywhere with just the two of you. Stand aside, I’ll give you a hand!”

“Thank you so much!” gasped Alice. “I can’t tell you how much this means…”

“Hey, don’t think nothing of it. Anything for the cheerleader chunkers, you gals put this town on the map! Hey, have you ever eaten at my restaurant? I tell you, we make the best gyros. It sure would help business if maybe we could get a photo of you with one of our gyros, ya know, maybe talkin’ bout how good it is?”

“Um.. sure, I would be happy to help out!”

The words had no sooner left her mouth than the young man was yelling back across the street to another guy coming out of the shop. “Hey! You heard the lady, go get her a gyro! And don’t skimp on the lamb! This is Alice Grobauch! We gotta treat our local celeb right!”

His voice carried and a woman stepped out from the front door of the neighboring café. “Alice Grobauch? Here, let me give you a hand! By the way, Alice, would you like to try one of our homemade cookies? They’re gluten free!”

“Um.. sure?”

Poor Alice! This wasn’t at all what she had bargained for, but there was no way out of this situation. As the scooter gradually started to move, a growing number of local shopowners were rushing up to her and offering her free food. Alice smiled and nodded, her brow furrowed with worry as she thought about the inevitable consequences, but she was also far too greedy to refuse such generous offers. It was like something out of a bad dream… or possibly a good dream! They piled food in her lap as best they could considering that her lap was buried under the bulk of her boulder-sized belly, and Alice was compelled to scarf it down as fast as she could for fear that the pile would grow too large and food would start falling to the ground… and there was nothing that Alice hated more than wasting food! To her, that was an absolute sin!

Of course, the more Alice ate, the heavier she grew. And the heavier she grew, the slower the progress of her scooter. Which only meant there was more time for people to offer her even more food! The crowd behind her was growing as more people joined in to help push this growing burden and the procession made slow, slow, laborious progress down the street.

“Ummf… thank you… it’s very good… delicious… yes, it’s good…” mumbled Alice, barely able to keep up with the deluge of gifts and the barrage of questions. Everyone was filming her with their camera phones, all trying to goad her into saying something positive about their food, their menu, their restaurant. Alice was doing her best to oblige, but her already enormous belly grew bigger and rounder and tighter with every bite until she was so spherical that the crowd might have actually made better time by dumping Alice out of her scooter and just rolling her down the street like a moaning, groaning, burping, hiccupping bowling ball.

“How do you like our sandwiches? Best in Los Hermanos, eh? Can I get you to say that on camera?” said a man, shoving a meatball hoagie into Alice’s face.

“How about our hummus? 100% locally sourced ingredients!” crowed a woman, scooping a big dollop of hummus and pushing it between Alice’s slack lips.

“You gotta try our pie! Cherry pie, fresh from the oven, just like mom used to make!” announced another man, sliding a big plate of pie into Alice’s chubby hands.

“It’s all so good, I’m sure. Thank you, you’re too kind. Um, I really don’t think I could eat anymore, though!” protested Alice. Her eyes betrayed the fear that her mouth was afraid to articulate. She was gonna burst like an overfilled balloon before they even got to Jen’s house if this kept up!

“Oh Gawd…I’m so stuffed… I don’t think I could even eat one more bite!” moaned Alice, her eyes bleary and unfocused, her fluffy double chin pressed tightly against her sternum. She could barely breathe she was so full, her entire body quivered with every strangled inhale. She could feel the stitches under her armpits strain, threads popping, when she inhaled, and the no longer over-sized shirt slipped higher over the boulder of her belly to reveal her navel. She leaned back in her chair, praying that the seat wouldn’t collapse and drop to the pavement. The last button on her shorts was hanging on for dear life and if she fell the impact of her butt against the sidewalk would no doubt launch that final valiant button into the stratosphere.

“Don’t worry, Alice, you’re almost at the end!” said Jody, handing her friend yet another calzone. Alice nodded dumbly, taking the hot pastry with her pudgy hand and putting it to her lips without a thought. Her tummy, tight as it was, continued to cry out for more food, even as hot tears squeezed from the corners of her eyes and poured down her chubby cheeks. Poor Alice was in a real bind! She had allowed her appetite to completely control her life, to the point that she was no longer physically capable of satisfying her outrageous hunger. Even when she was so full that she couldn’t think straight, she still craved more. For weeks, Jen’s little sister Jesse had ominously warned the three chunkers that they might just explode one of these days if they didn’t rein in their appetites. Jen dismissed that as idle hyperbole, but Alice was beginning to feel like that was a very real possibility.

“Please… Jody… Kayla… I need your help… I’m so full but I can’t stop eating!” Alice huffed as she bit into the calzone, her eyes rolling back as the taste of hot cheese and tomato sauce hit her tongue. “Mmmmff… this is good… who made this?”

“It’s Gino’s Pizzaria, best in the city!” called a middle-aged man from the crowd. “Yo Alice, can I quote you on that!”

“Uh.. .sure?” Alice hiccupped loudly, nearly dropping her calzone. “Kayla, I’m being serious! I think I’m gonna explode!”

“Yeah, I know that feeling!” giggled Kayla, taking a bite of her own calzone. The curvy Black girl was not above using Alice’s celebrity to score some free food of her own. Her wide hips and prominent bubble butt filled out the seams of her pink track pants and her sweat top was unzipped to give her full chest a little extra breathing room. Alice peered at her friend’s round face. Had Kayla’s double chin always been so prominent?

“It’s not funny, Kayla! It’s a real problem! I need you guys to help me. Please don’t give me any more food. No matter how much I beg or plead, I need you guys to stand firm! Just no more or I am seriously going to burst!”

“What’s that? You want more?”

“No! I mean… I mean maybe…? Just a little more, I need to still have room for lunch?”

What a joke! Alice didn’t possess even the tiniest modicum of restraint, which was precisely why Jen and Laurie had so easily been able to manipulate her into packing on the pounds like a prize heifer. Unfortunately, no one would ever take Alice’s protestations that she was ready to burst seriously, simply because Alice was so huge and so hungry that no one could conceive of a way that this yawning belly could ever actually be satisfied let alone too full.

The odd precision continued through the streets as an increasing number of well-wishers joined to help push everyone’s favorite blonde blimp to her final destination. Local merchants, so sympathetic to Alice’s plight and also eager to get a photo of their favorite local celebrity endorsing their product, continuously offered Alice snacks as the busted scooter rolled past their stores and restaurants. Unfortunately, the more Alice ate, the heavier she grew and the slower the progress of the whole train. And the slower the progress of the train, the more opportunities arose for people to gift her yet more food. It was a vicious cycle that showed no signs of slowing! Alice vaguely wondered, when she could pull her mind away from the siren call of food for long enough to wonder anything, whether all these kind people would expect to be invited in for lunch at Mrs. Sarovy’s house at the end of their journey too. Knowing Mrs. Sarovy, Alice had no doubt that she had made more than enough food to feed this multitude if that was the case.

Luckily, by the time that they reached Jen’s house, most of the people had peeled away, finding it necessary to return to their stores and restaurants and to post the footage of Alice endorsing their products. Alice was too drunk and bloated now to even wonder what this would do for her reputation, or whether it would only encourage people to feed her even more.

“Here we are, Alice!” said Kayla.

“Thanks for your – buuurrp – help,” gasped Alice. She raised her flabby arms and wiggled her stubby fingers to signal to Kayla and Jody that they should help her rise to her feet. The two girls ran to help, but Alice was too much weight for them alone. It took several more pairs of hands pushing from below against the broad expanse of Alice’s titanic tush to finally get her up from her scooter. The scooter wheezed in relief as she dismounted. “I really couldn’t have – buuuurpp – made it without you!”

Jody and Kayla helped Alice to climb the two steps that led to the Sarovy porch, even though she was so drunk on food that she weaved from side to side.

“Careful!” warned Jody. She could tell that Alice was so full that a fall would be disastrous; even if the fat blonde didn’t burst on impact, she would definitely not be able to get up again!

Kayla rang the doorbell. A moment later, Jen opened the door.

“Whoa! Like, what happened to you?”

“Alice had a little accident along the way,” said Kayla. “But don’t worry, we were there to help! We couldn’t leave a fellow fat girl high and dry!”

Jen grinned. “Like, totally! That’s the sort of thing I like to hear! Like, us big gals gotta stick together. Hey, do you two wanna join us for lunch? My mom’s making casserole.”

Kayla licked her lips. “We wouldn’t want to intrude… but if your mom made enough…?”

“Oh yeah, totally! She made plenty! C’mon in!”

Jen stepped aside so that Jody and Kayla could help to pilot the groaning, moaning blimp that was Alice through the door.

Alice was so absurdly full that the sheer weight of her packed belly was forcing gas out of her, so that every lumbering step pushed another thundering belch from her lips. She was convinced that her constant burping was the only thing preventing her from going up in an explosion of half-digested food!

Alice collapsed on the couch, moaning, as her friends made a beeline for the table. She looked like a globe, so wide that she filled the couch with her titanic ass, her tightly packed belly balanced between her wide-spread tree-trunk legs. Alice’s face was red just from the strain of breathing and she was so obscenely overstuffed that her belly button was nearly flush with the surface of her rotund gut. It looked like a few more bites and it might pop out like a turkey thermometer. Even so, Alice’s real problem was that she was still hungry! She just could not get full, so all her complaints that she needed to stop eating just rang hollow. Everyone could tell that she was ready to keep gorging until she passed out.

“I… couldn’t eat… one…single… more… bite… burrrrrrp… please… I’m begging… don’t ask me to eat… I can’t…”

Jen raised a skeptical eyebrow. “Like, are you sure? I thought you wanted to have lunch with us! Like, that’s the whole reason I invited you over! You’re gonna make me eat my mom’s cooking all by myself?”

“Kayla and Jody can help you!”

Jen sighed, casting a sideways glance at these two new girls. They were big, sure, but they were still little wisps of nothing compared to Jen and Alice. Jen and Alice each clocked in at over a quarter ton each, true fat girls who ate constantly and without regard for the future. Kayla and Jody were pretty chunky, but Jen was skeptical that they could eat all THAT much.

“Really? Those two bean poles?”

“They’re not bean poles! They’re both pretty big! I was in a diet group with them and I saw how they could eat!”

“Like, a diet group? They were trying to lose weight? Gawd, there’s no way that they’re gonna be any help!”

Alice moaned. “Fine! I guess you twisted my arm… Okay…maybe just a little bit more… But if I explode, it’s your fault! You’re almost as bad as your mom with forcing food on people!”

“What? Like, I didn’t force anything! You said it was okay!”

Alice groaned. She was done with talking, she wanted to eat! “Fine, fine, just bring me some food…”

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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