Alice 97
By Mollycoddles

Alice groaned as the morning sunlight shining through the window hit her face and flopped over in bed. Everything hurt! Her arms ached, her legs ached, her back ached…. She felt like every muscle in her body was on fire! For a moment, as she blinked the sleep from her eyes, she wondered what could possibly be the cause of this terrible pain…. And then she remembered. Oh right. Last night, Alice had cheered for the first time in months. No wonder she was hurting all over now! She was majorly out of shape.

She rolled over and struggled to sit up in bed. Alice weighed in excess of 500 pounds, a quivering mountain of lard packed into pajamas that were barely decent over 200 pounds ago. She was a fat round ball of dough, her gargantuan beachball-sized belly settling in her lap and reaching to her fat-swaddled knees when she sat up. Her weight was evident in her thick thighs, her elephantine legs, her plump arms, her ample breasts, her rounded face ringed with a chubby second chin… but most of her extra poundage settled in that enormous belly that made Alice look 9 months pregnant. Indeed, Alice was such an extreme “belly gainer” that she now bought most of her clothes at the mall’s maternity shop, since the extra room in the gut afforded by maternity outfits helped to disguise Alice’s monumental size. Her jammies were a joke; she had long since blown off all of her buttons but for the one right below her breasts and above her gut. That left her fat round belly completely bare. Her stretchy pajama pants were pushed to their absolute limits, fraying at the seams, so much material consumed by her vast backside and monstrous thighs that the pants only came down to her knees.

It was hard to believe that Alice was STILL a cheerleader at her high school, Los Hermanos High. Under normal circumstances, any cheer squad would have long ago kicked Alice to the curb for failing the most basic physical requirements of the job. But instead now Alice was co-captain. All because the team captain Laurie wanted to keep her around, in an abortive attempt to make Laurie look thin in comparison. And it was abortive because there was no way that Alice could make Laurie look thin. Laurie had allowed herself to balloon to over 600 pounds, after all.

“Oh man, the cheer,” muttered Alice, memories flooding back to her of the night before. Alice, Laurie and their third co-captain Jen had finally taken to the field to cheer at the big game, after months of avoiding any sort of physical activity. All three girls were massively overweight and probably no one in school expected them to actually attempt a cheer routine… but it wasn’t like the head cheerleaders could just…. Sit out the big game, could they? They had to do something! It was Laurie who had hit on the perfect plan, to turn the cheer routine into a celebration of their obvious fatness. If they showed how proud and confidant they were as big girls, then no one could possibly look down on them!

Alice gulped. She wondered if the plan had worked. The crowd last night had certainly been… excited? They seemed to like the show that the three cheer chubbies had put on. But after the excitement of the moment had worn off, what would Alice’s fellow students think about what had happened?

She heard voices in the next room that she recognized as Laurie and Jen. They sounded agitated. Alice stretched, yawning, then suddenly cut her stretch short as she felt several threads in her overburdened jammies snap. Oops! She had to be careful. These jammies were already on their last legs and she didn’t want to have a wardrobe malfunction. She’d already had too many of those!

After the game, the three girls had returned to Jen’s house for their usual weekly sleepover and, as usual, had gorged themselves on snacks and junk food until they passed out. But it sounded like Jen and Laurie had both woken up before her. That was unusual! They usually slept at least until noon, lazy fatso that they were, only rousing when Jen’s mother insisted that they come upstairs for late breakfast.

Alice lurched to her feet and wobbled her way to the other room, turning sideways and sucking in her gut to squeeze through the doorway. Her extra 500 pounds made doorways increasingly difficult for Alice.

“Hello? What’s going on?”

Jen and Laurie were seated in front of an old desktop computer, peering at the screen. Jen was a pear-shaped ditz with her mousy brown hair pulled back into a long ponytail, but that only helped to emphasize how round and chubby her face had become. She was also still in her pajamas, wearing a green and red striped onesie that hugged her explosive curves tightly; those horizonal stripes were NOT doing her only favors and only served to make her heavy hips and enormous ass more striking. The snaps holding together the backflap of Jen’s onesie were clearly under a lot of pressure from the fat-bottomed beauty’s tremendously fat bottom, straining hard to keep closed but failing to hide flashes of pink flesh through the gaps. The top of Jen’s butt crack was also visible between the straining snaps and if Jen bent forward TOO quickly she was going to completely pop her snaps… and then her WHOLE butt crack would be visible.

Laurie was a buxom vixen with long dark raven-colored hair that fell over her shoulders. At least, she used to be buxom. Her breasts were still absolutely enormous, probably too vast to fit in any standard-sized bra, but the rest of Laurie had grown as well, to the point that her breasts were becoming less noticeable. Her belly and ass had finally caught up! Laurie was an enormous doughy ball of lard, so fat that she barely seemed to have any human shape anymore, just a wheezing sweating blimp. She still tried to present a perfectly made-up, perfectly coifed example to the world in the rare instances that she left the house, but that charade was increasingly hard to maintain as Laurie ballooned bigger and bigger. She usually slept in the nude simply because nothing could stretch enough to accommodate her 600 pound plus body, but today Laurie had wriggled her way into an enormous empire-sized shift night gown so as to be decent around her friends. The night gown looked like it was designed for an elephant but it was still snug on Laurie, tight enough that Alice could see the fat nipples topping Laurie’s sloping breasts.

Both girls were so wide that they required two chairs each to hold up their weight as they sat in front of the computer.

Laurie craned her neck to see Alice behind them and then waved for Alice to also pull up a seat… or seats, as it were.

“We’re looking at the fallout from last night. Looks like we made quite a splash.”

Laurie pointed at the screen. Someone had posted cellphone footage of last night’s game to Youtube. The handheld device was shaky and the audio wasn’t clear, but you could still catch enough of the action to know what was going on: It was Alice, Jen, and Laurie on the field, the three hefty hotties grinding and bouncing and sweating, their cheer outfits splitting at the seams, as they wheezed their way through the routine.

“Oh my,” said Alice. Seeing video footage of herself really drove home how big she was. She was huge! She looked like an elephant seal flopping around on the beach. The audience must be laughing at them for daring to even think about trying to cheer! No one could possibly find those three whales anything other than hilarious. Gawd, Alice couldn’t even believe that she had let Laurie talk her into this ludicrous idea!

Suddenly a clear voice cut through the static crackle of background crowd noise. “Damn, look at those thicc chicks go!”

“Haha, someone thinks we’re thicc,” said Jen.

“Hell yeah! Hell yeah! You go, girls!” rang out another voice.

“Move that ass! Shake it! Yeah Yeah!”

“Wooooooo!”

Alice blinked. Those didn’t sound like the noises of a crowd making fun of them at all! It sounded like… people liked them!?

“People… liked us?” said Alice.

“People loved us,” said Laurie. “Look at the likes.”

Alice’s jaw dropped. The video had only been up a day, but it had over 200,000 likes. Alice could see the counter rising before her very eyes.

“That’s not the only one,” said Jen. “There are hundreds of these!

The sidebar was full of similar videos, all shot at last night’s game, with titles like “CheerLARDers!!” and “Fat Girls Try to Cheerlead” and “The Los Hermanos Blimp Squad (Funny).”

“Oh, those titles sound… mean,” said Alice.

Laurie snorted. They did. Maybe Alice didn’t like that. The poor girl WAS very sensitive. But Laurie was loving the attention. She had come to the point where she was absolutely obsessed with her own immense body, turned on not just by eating, not just by being stuffed, not just by growing… but also by having other people notice her size. She wanted people to see her, she wanted people to be in absolute stunned fucking awe of her immensity. She closed her eyes and bit her lip as a sudden wave of erotic thoughts crashed over her, her fat pussy swelling and dripping under the vast boulder of her belly. Gawd, she couldn’t start thinking like this… not when Jen and Alice were here! But it was hard not to. She was an Internet sensation! All around the country – all around the world! – people were clicking on these videos and watching HER! People were watching in stunned silence, mouth agape, as Laurie strutted her massive body around the football field, busting out of a cheer outfit designed for a girl not even half her size. All those people so mesmerized by her size, stunned, confused, disgusted… Gawd, she relished EVERY reaction!

“Mmm… but look at the comments…”

The comments were a surprisingly mixed bag. There were definitely some trollish insults – “LOL FATTIES” and “these disgusting pigs need to stop eating and losing some weight!” – but far more comments were… appreciative.

DAMN THAT BLONDE IS HOT
LOVE THOSE FAT TITS <3 <3
DOES ANYONE KNOW THE NAME OF THE ONE WITH THE BIG BUTT???
NEED ME A BIG ASS WOMAN LIKE THAT!!
I’D LIKE TO CUDDLE UP AGAINST THAT ASS

“OMG everyone loves my butt!” said Jen happily.

“Why are they all talking about your ass?” snarled Laurie. “Your ass isn’t even that big!”

Jen raised an eyebrow. “Ummm, like, are you on crack, Laurie? Like, what do you even mean?” Jen’s wide load rear was plumped to bursting with more than its fair share of her 500 plus pounds of soft, jiggling blubber, so much so that she needed to spread her chubby cheeks across two chairs to get enough support every time that she sat down. “Like, maybe you haven’t noticed?”

“I mean, compared to me. No offense, Jen.”

Jen held back a giggle. Laurie was bigger than Jen by a good hundred pounds, so everything about her was technically bigger. But while Laurie’s ass was huge, she didn’t have Jen’s phenomenal butt genes, which made sure that Jen’s bottom stayed round and firm. Laurie’s vast hindquarters weren’t nearly as impressive.

Jen felt a little spark of pride that the video showcasing her massive booty had received substantially more views that either the Alice or Laurie videos. She scrolled down to read some of the comments:

DAT ASS!

MY ANACONDA
WIDE LOAD
LOVE ME SOME BBW
MAN THE HARPOONS~!

“ ’Man, the harpoons?’ Like, what does that even mean?” Jen shrugged. She didn’t recognize that phrase but she was pleased that most of the comments were praising her.

“They’re calling you a whale, dumbass,” said Laurie. “Scroll down! I want to see them talk about me.”

“Laurie, I am totally a BBW!” said Jen, puffing out her chest.

Laurie stared at her. “Do you even know what that means, dumbass?”

“Yeah, it means a big booty woman!”

“No, it doesn’t! It means…it means you’re fat!”

“But fat doesn’t start with a B…”

“It stands for ‘Big Beautiful Woman.’ It’s what weirdos who like fat chicks call them.”

“Big beautiful woman?” said Jen, rolling the phrase around on her tongue. “That sounds awesome! I am totally a BBW!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. On the one hand, she was glad to see that all three of them were getting positive responses to their show last night. But she had… well, she had expected that the bulk of the responses would be about HER. Back when they had all been slimmer, Laurie had always attracted the most attention with her voluptuous curves and pneumatic bust. But now Jen and Alice were getting lots of comments too! Laurie was actually a little jealous.

“Keep scrolling,” snapped Laurie, her eyes scanning the comments for any mention of her. “Why aren’t more of them talking about me? I’m bigger than either of you, I should be getting the most attention!”

“Are they really talking about me?” asked Alice.

“Um, like, yeah? I mean, you can see for yourself! Like, all these comments are about you!” said Jen.

Despite all the support that Alice received these days – from her boyfriend Tyler, from the girls in her Overeaters Anonymous group, from Jen and Laurie – Alice still found it hard to believe that people could find her attractive at her size. Sure, Jen and Laurie were just as big if not bigger. But a lot of guys like a big booty or giant hooters. But Alice was extremely apple-shaped, so her belly was her most prominent feature. How could anyone think that looked good? Then again, it was hard to discount the comments…

THAT BLONDE IS A REAL CUTIE
NICE ROUND BELLY, I’D HIT IT <3
LOVE THAT BBBW WITH THE BELLY
WHO’S THE BLONDE ONE AT THE END? SHE’S MY FAVE!
POST MORE VIDS OF THE BLONDE WITH THE BELLY!!!

“Wow,” said Alice. “Maybe this really DID go well!”

“See?” said Laurie. “I told you to trust me.”

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Alice was still thinking about the comments later in the day as she pulled her mobility scooter up in front of the mall’s maternity store and lumbered inside. It seemed beyond belief to think that Laurie’s plan had worked so well! Yet every time she checked her social media, Alice only saw more and more positive comments about their performance last night! Well, that wasn’t exactly true… it was definitely a mixed bag of reactions but the positive ones so far outweighed the negative ones that even Alice had to take notice. It was extraordinary!

It was also just the sort of confidence boost that Alice needed as she browsed through the racks. Alice carried so much of her extra weight in her belly that people often mistook her for being heavily pregnant rather than just fat. Unfortunately, that meant it was often hard for Alice to find clothes that fit her properly and – as embarrassing as it was to admit – she had as of late taken to shopping in the maternity section when it came time to update to a bigger wardrobe size. She hadn’t been to this particular store yet, though, which was good. Alice was wary of visiting the same maternity store too often lest the clerks start to recognize her and wonder why Alice seemed to be perpetually pregnant.

Sheila the clerk spied Alice thumbing through a rack of baggy, loose-fitting maternity gowns and quickly sized her up. Hmm. There was something familiar about this enormous young woman. You would think that a girl like Alice would be instantly recognizable -- how many 500 pound teenage hippo could there be in this town? It was obvious why she was here, though. Alice’s monster gut sagged out from under the hem of her fraying polo short, overlapping the waist of her clearly inadequate cargo pants. In fact, those pants looked painted on her!

Sheila was a 30 year old black woman with stylish dreadlocks and, it had to be admitted, a definite pear-shaped figure. She’d always struggled with her weight, ever since she was young, but age had only added to her already overly voluptuous curves. She was a little sensitive about the extra pounds that had settled on her hips and ass, as well as the consistent muffintop that oozed over the waistbands of her yoga pants. She was always happy to see a woman even bigger than she was, it was a nice reminder that she shouldn’t let her own weight make her feel down when women so much larger than her were able to enjoy life out and about. But this! She’d never seen a girl THIS big before. And certainly not one so young! Alice was so huge and round that she looked like you could tip her over and roll her out the door like an over pumped soccer ball!

“Hi there, hun,” said Sheila. “Wow, you look ready to pop, huh?”

“What?” Alice’s eyes bulged.

“I mean, you must be pretty far along.”

“Oh! Oh, right…” Alice’s round face flushed. Of course, the clerk thought she was pregnant! That was the obvious conclusion. For a split second, Alice had thought she was making a crack about her weight before she remembered where she was. Alice didn’t feel comfortable disabusing the clerk of the notion.

Sheila stroked her chin. She was certain that she knew this girl from somewhere. “Hmm, ya know, hun, you look really familiar. Have we met before?”

“I…I don’t think so.”

“Well, no worries, guess you just look like someone I know,” said Sheila. “Anyway, Is there anything I can do for you?”

“I’m, uh, looking for some new clothes,” said Alice. She gulped nervously. “My old ones are a bit…” She gestured at her midsection helplessly.

“Sure, of course! So, let’s see…. I think you might need a size…uh…” Sheila bit her lip. Jeez. She was usually pretty good at guessing the size needs of her customers with just a glance, but she had never seen a preggo as big as Alice before. She was way out of her element. But she could always guess. “I think you might need a size 36, am I right, hun?”

Sheila desperately hoped she was right. If not, she might have just insulted her customer by saying that she looked way fatter than she really was!

“I’m actually already wearing Size 36,” said Alice. “They’re a little snug these days.”

That was putting it mildly. Alice could no longer do up her fly, so she had to leave the front button and zipper undone to give her belly enough room. Luckily, her gut sagged over her crotch enough to hide the open gap of her unzippered slacks or else everyone would know the color of Alice’s overstretched knickers.

“Oh! Then let’s get you into a Size 38, okay?” Sheila was a consummate professional, so she didn’t let her surprise show. This girl was big, huge even, but even Sheila’s expert eye hadn’t pegged her for a size 38. She didn’t think that she had actually ever met a size 38 in all her years of working in maternity wear. It was the sort of gigantic size that the store mostly carried only as a joke, never expecting that anyone would actually need it. But that day had finally come!

Sheila grubbed around on the shelf until she found a pair of gigantic slacks. She pulled them from their slot and held them up. They were so big that they looked like a circus tent, so wide that Sheila had to spread her arms as far as she could to stretch them to their full expansion. “This is the next size up from what you’re wearing, but the same style. Is this what you’re looking for, hun?”

Alice’s face lit up. “Oh yes! Yes, that’s perfect!”

“Great! Let me know if there’s anything else you need.”

Sheila saw Alice’s face fall as she handed over the slacks and pointed to the dressing room.

“What’s the problem, hun?”

“I…nothing. I…I’ll just go try these on.”

“C’mon, hun, you’re not much of an actress. I can tell something’s bothering you. What’s up?”

“I… I can’t…” Alice muttered, straining to see over her colossal boobs and massive belly. She waved her fat stubby arms futilely, flexing her pudgy little sausage fingers as if she was trying to grab something. She couldn’t get the words out, but her body language clearly communicated the problem. She was too fat to effectively undress herself without help.

“How do you usually get dressed?” asked Sheila. It was a ridiculously personal question, but she couldn’t stop herself from blurting it out. She really was curious to know! Alice was so rotund that she had to be as helpless as a baby, just a big soft ball of fat too heavy and awkward to do anything by herself. How could a girl like that function?

“Usually my boyfriend helps me,” said Alice.

“Well, aren’t you a lucky gal? Here, I’ll give you a hand.”

“You’re sure?” asked Alice dubiously. “You don’t mind?”

“It comes with the territory,” said Sheila. Indeed, it wasn’t all that unusual that some preggo found that the gravity of her bulging baby bump put her so off-kilter that she required help with changing her clothes. Not that any of them had even been half as big as Alice, but still….!

“Just head into the stall and I’ll be there to help.”

“Oh.” Alice paused, staring at the stall with a miserable look on her face. “That’s kind of… small.”

Sheila realized as she looked from Alice to the stall and back again that Alice was right. She had spoken without thinking, because Alice was very obviously way too big to squeeze her bulk through that narrow doorway! She would probably wedge her hips solidly between the doorframes if she tried!

 “Ah, well, okay, that might not be an option,” said Sheila, coughing diplomatically. She craned her neck to look around the store. It looked like it was just the two of them.

“Well, it’s just us two in here right now,” she said. “We can get you changed quick right here if you don’t mind.”

“R-right here? What if someone sees us?”

“Well, if you’re not comfortable with that…”

“No, no, that’s fine,” said Alice. She knew she had to test these pants before she bought anything. She had been burned way too often to just trust that she would actually fit in these. She had to be sure before she blew her money!

“Alright. Just lean against the wall and we’ll get these off you.”

Alice leaned forward, placing her hands in front of the wall in front of her to brace herself, as the saleswoman struggled to pull Alice’s pants down her elephantine thighs. It was slow going, since the garment was so tight that it kept sticking. After several minutes of tugging and yanking, Sheila finally had Alice’s pants around her ankles. Damn, these slacks really WERE too small for her! Sheila could see that the seams were fraying, the stitching loose and flabby now that the pants were no longer filled to their limit with Alice’s prodigious bulk. The front fly as open and the button dangled loosely from a fraying thread; if Alice hadn’t simply given up on trying to button her pants, this button would have busted loose long ago!

Alice looked even bigger in just her underwear and shirt, her vast gut sagging out from under the hem of her polo shirt and over the front of her panties. Her belly was pure jelly, a massive wobbling boulder of blubber, soft as cream cheese, so soft it was almost velvety, streaked with alternating thick pink and silvery stretchmarks like the geological striations of a desert mesa. This girl was growing so fast that her skin couldn’t keep up!

“Alright, let’s get you into your 38s. Lift your left leg please.”

Alice lifted her left leg to allow Sheila to start pulling the new pants up. They repeated the process with her right. Now came the hard part! Tugging these bigger pants up Alice’s thighs was certainly easier than pulling her old pants down, but it was obvious that Alice was not going to be able to fit into these new pants for long. She was already well on her way to a size 40… enough so that Sheila had half a mind to suggest that Alice instead try on a 40, but she suspected that might embarrass the girl too much and Sheila didn’t want to put her on the spot.

The clerk tugged the waistband over Alice’s wide butt and then pulled the flaps of the fly together, shoving the button into its hole and then yanking the zipper upwards. Alice squeaked.

“How’s that feel?”

“Um… good?” Alice straightened up, feeling her gut heaving over the waistband. In reality, the pants were slightly snug. She could feel the fabric binding tightly around her thighs and bottom, the cold metal of the button pressing into the underside of her monster gut.

Suddenly, something clicked in Sheila’s head. She knew EXACTLY who this girl was! It was so obvious! How could she have been so blind?

“Wait a minute, aren’t you the girl from the video?”

“What? Me? Oh, maybe.” Alice had a sinking suspicion that she knew exactly what video Sheila was referring to.

“Yeah! You are! You’re one of the Cheerleader Chunkers!”

Alice grimaced. She was not happy that this name seemed to be sticking to the trio, but there wasn’t really anything that she could do about it. At least, most of the responses that used this moniker seemed to mean it positively.

“Yeah, I THOUGHT it was you!” said the girl. “I didn’t want to say anything, but, I mean, how could it NOT be you? There aren’t a lot of girls your size in this town… if you know what I mean.”

Alice blushed.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you! I just meant… I think it’s great that you’re so confident that you can go out there and cheerlead at your weight. I think it’s really empowering!”

“You do?” Alice perked up.

“Yeah, my friend showed me your video. We all thought it was totally inspiring. You know, I kind of wanted to be a cheerleader myself back when I was in high school. But I never had the confidence because of this fat butt!” She patted her protruding posterior. “But when I saw you and your friends on the field? It made me regret missing my chance! I mean, if you three can do it with confidence, then why couldn’t I?”

“I’m glad to hear that,” said Alice. She was blushing furiously from the praise, but she genuinely was happy to hear it. This was great! It wasn’t just that people liked her cheering; she was helping people! She was doing good in the world by cheering at 500 plus pounds! Who would have thought that this quarter ton cutie could have such a positive impact?

“Oh, um, just one more thing?”

“Yeah?”

“So those pants are a size 38, but, um, just FYI, if you gain a little more, like another 10 or 15 pounds, you’ll probably need a 40 and that’s the largest size we carry.”

That revelation suddenly brought Alice back down to earth. Alice started to mumble that she wasn’t planning to gain another 10 to 15 pounds but the words wouldn’t come out. How could she honestly pretend that she wasn’t just going to keep getting fatter and fatter?

“So if you need anything bigger than that, we’ll have to special order it. It’s not a big deal, we can do it, but I just thought you should know. In case you need to… er… plan things out.”

“Heh, ok. Thanks!” Alice wondered if maybe it was finally time for her to just give up on pants altogether. Jen only wore leggings and stretch pants on account of her overloaded blubber buns and Laurie was so big these days that she was forced by necessity to rely more and more on muumuus and shift dresses… and the rare times that Laurie still tried to stuff herself into her spandex-blend jeans or even her sweatpants were becoming even more rare as of late.

But that wasn’t something she needed to worry about YET. Alice hadn’t ballooned to this gargantuan size by worrying about the future. She was always one to ignore consequences until they were too late, putting off worries until a later date. She never worried that eating an extra slice of cake or a second helping at dinner would eventually add too many inches to her already vast waistline to fit into her clothes. She just kept eating and eating and eating, living her greedy gluttonous lifestyle, until one day her pants surprised her by splitting up the rear when she bent over… or her button surprised her by popping from the crotch of her pants when she took a deep breath… or her zipper surprised her by tearing when she took one bite too many at dinner. These shouldn’t have been surprises. They were the obvious consequences that came from overeating. Alice should have expected them. But she was too dedicated to consciously ignoring the warning signs because she didn’t want to have to face the simple truth, that she needed to eat less and exercise more if she ever hoped to stop blowing up bigger and bigger like a hot air balloon.

At the moment, though, Alice felt too good to worry about that. She was a celebrity now! She couldn’t believe that people were recognizing her from the videos posted online… normally, she would be embarrassed by the attention, but Sheila’s praise had filled her with new confidence!

The confidence added a certain swagger to Alice’s waddle as she left the maternity store that day… and her growling belly unconsciously led her toward the food court. It was, after all, almost lunch and a famous celebrity like Alice needed to keep her strength up!

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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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