Alice 137

By Mollycoddles

“Hello? Principal Philips wanted to see me?”

The secretary nodded, smiling. “Oh, yes, right, right, you’re Alice Grobauch, of course. Please just have a seat, the principal will call you in shortly.”

“Okay, I – URRRP!” Alice’s words were cut off as a massive belch erupted from her mouth with such force that the enormous heft of her gut that sagged below the hem of her shirt and nearly reached her fat-swaddled knees jiggled wildly. Her cheeks flushed deep red beneath the sauce and chocolate smears.

“Oh, excuse me! I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it, dear,” said the secretary kindly. “We certainly wouldn’t hold it against one of our favorite cheerleader chunkers.”

“Right, right,” said Alice uncertainly. She flushed as she saw the secretary peering at her shirt, struggling to read the words that were now disappearing into the fold between her breasts and belly as her shirt rode up higher with every jiggle. Alice was at least relieved that the older woman seemed to be unable to parse what it said – this shirt was getting her into way too much trouble lately and she hoped that she would soon have a whole new wardrobe to replace it.

Ignoring the secretary’s gaze, Alice nodded, her thick double chin squishing against her padded sternum. Slowly, laboriously, she turned her bulk and wobbled her way toward the chairs lined up against the wall. Alice had no idea why she was being summoned to the principal’s office, but the sinking feeling in the pit of her massive stomach told her that it couldn’t be good. It was no surprise that the secretary had instantly recognized her. Alice was famous around school and around town as one of the three Cheerleader Chunkers, three massively overweight teens who had become local celebrities after appearing on the national Nikki Lake talk show. Alice herself weighed over 600 pounds, most of her poundage concentrated in a round belly so huge that it entered rooms a good 10 seconds before she did. Unfortunately, Alice’s celebrity status carried with it a heavy price. Everyone was so excited to pamper their star student that everywhere she went, people were giving her free food. And Alice was absolutely incapable of ever saying no! In fact, she had gained so much weight recently that she literally could no longer buy clothes big enough to fit her, and was forced to rely on a single pair of oversized pink sweat pants (left at her house by her bottom-heavy friend Jen, but Alice’s own bottom had finally reached the point where even these were snug on her) and a gigantic pink novelty T-shirt that said “I Oink for Food.” There was an added wrinkle too – Alice always hiccupped when she ate too much and, for whatever reason, her hiccups recently had begun to sound like piggy little “oinks!” So naturally that just made people give her MORE food, assuming by her shirt that was what she wanted.

Luckily, the secretary hadn’t been able to make out the words – or else Alice had no doubt she would have received yet more food! The secretary had a bowl of candy on her desk and Alice was certain that she would have been offered some. Actually, some candy sounded pretty good. Alice kind of regretted not noticing the candy bowl until now… She kind of wanted to grab some, but waddling back over to grab a handful would require soooo much work!

But about the wardrobe problem… Thankfully, Alice had received a phone call the other day from her old friend Amber, asking her to work as a model for Amber’s new plus-size fashion company. Now she just had to hold out until that job started… and she would finally have some decent clothes to wear!

Because her current wardrobe limitations were getting ridiculous! Alice didn’t care for the pink color of her sweats and T-shirt; it made her feel like her clothing was trying to out her as a literal pig! Not to mention that even a novelty shirt intended to be comically huge wasn’t big enough to cover her belly, letting the lower half of her titanic tummy swing free, and the seat of her enormous sweat pants was already showing signs of failure, Alice’s jumbo sized panties flashing from the growing split between the letters “U” and “I” in the world “JUICY” emblazoned across her rump. These were definitely Jen’s old pants. Alice wouldn’t be caught dead advertising her ass as “JUICY” if she could avoid it!

Speaking of Jen…

Alice was shocked to see Jen was already seated, apparently also having been summoned to the principal’s office. Unlike Alice, though, the reason she was being called in was super obvious!

“Jen? What are you wearing?”

“Um, like, hi Alice! What do you think? You like it? It’s my new work uniform!”

Jen was wearing a pair of super high-cut black spandex booty shorts that barely covered anything, riding up between the chubby cheeks of the pear-shaped brunette’s backside so deep that they vanished into nothingness, and a tight cow-print crop top tied into a knot right under the bulk of her heavy boobs. The words “MAKE MOO GROW” were stretched into near-illegibility across her top by the weight of her hefty hooters and Alice couldn’t help but notice that her friend’s hard puffy nips were tenting the fabric. She wore a hairband with a little pair of ersatz cow horns, completing her bizarre bovine cosplay. Everything was on display, even the faint wispy hairs of a light happy trail leading down from her deep navel toward her crotch. Her chubby cheeks and glossy lips were slathered with sauce, but Jen seemed oblivious to the mess – although it was obvious that she had been eating all morning! It reminded Alice to check her own appearance, and she wiped a thick arm across her mouth in hopes that she wasn’t equally sloppy right now!

“You can’t dress like that in school Jen! You’re gonna get in trouble!”

“Like, why? Like, I gotta go straight to work after school, it’s so stupid that I gotta bring two sets of clothes! Like, I didn’t hear any of the boys complaining about this. Besides, like, everything’s covered.” Jen hefted the fleshy apron of her flabby belly, revealing that the fly of her shorts was wide open… but apparently Jen wasn’t worried about that since her gut hid it from view. She belched suddenly, her own gut wobbling.

“Like, the best part though is, like, people are feeding me now! I mean, they were giving me free food before, but now they’re REALLY giving me free food! Like, I was jealous that you were getting so much free stuff cuz of your shirt, so I thought I would try it! And, like, it really works!” Jen proudly threw back her shoulders and thrust out her chest, the “MAKE MOO GROW” flashing proudly across her tits.

“But… Jen! I don’t LIKE people feeding me all the time! It’s a real problem!”

“What? Like, whatever! You’re so full of it, Alice!” Jen giggled, poking a stubby finger into her friend’s ample gut and feeling how tightly packed so was under her layers of blubber. “Like, literally you’re SO FULL of it! Like, if you didn’t want it, you could always just, like, not eat it! No one’s forcing you! Just admit it, you’re a fat girl just like me.”

“I can’t help it!” moaned Alice, slowly lowering her bottom across several seats and spreading her thick legs so that her enormous boulder of a belly could have some room. She winced as she heard a few more threads pop in her sweat pants and she prayed that they would at least hold out until Amber could gift her a few outfits in her size. “Everywhere I go, people keep offering me free food!” She placed her plump hands against the rounded surface of her belly, feeling high tightly she was packed under her thick layer of insulating blubber. “I’m totally stuffed to the gills, but I just can’t stop eating! I’m so full that I’m miserable… I feel like I might blow!”

“Yeah, but, like, that can’t happen,” said Jen, waving dismissively. She patted her own belly, revealing that she was probably just as overstuffed as her blonde blimpette bestie. It looked like the student body was taking Jen’s “Make Moo Grow” just as seriously as they took Alice’s “I Oink for Food.” “Like, you can’t actually eat so much that you explode. We’ve been over this before! Like, if we were gonna explode, it woulda already happened, right?”

Alice nodded. That sounded logical to her. At this point, if Jen was correct – that meant that there was literally no reason to ever stop eating. It wasn’t like they would ever be able to recover their lost figures, they were doomed to lives as eternal fat girls. Not to mention the fact that everything in their lives was currently rewarding them for their weight – besides bringing them some measure of local fame and deference (and free goodies!), both girls had recently acquired new jobs that explicitly rewarded them for being huge fat asses!

The sad reality was that both girls were burping up a storm because they couldn’t contain their gas; their guts were so packed with food that their bodies were desperately trying to free up enough room that they didn’t just explode like a pair of hydrogen bombs. They had both reached a new stage of gluttony. For a long time now, Alice and Jen never experienced actual hunger, because they never stopped eating long enough for their stomachs to completely empty. But now that everyone was following the dictates of their shirts and plying them with constant food, they were eating even more. They had reached the stage where not only were they never actually hungry, they were never actually full – they were always over full, teetering on the very verge of bursting, their bellies constantly packed to the brim and the moment that even the barest, smallest amount of room opened up in their stomach, so that their satiety level dropped from “overly, painfully full beyond belief” to just “overly, painfully full,” they were already stuffing more food into their mouths. Despite the aches in their tummies, it did not occur to them to ever cut back!

“I’m so full that just swallowing is hard,” moaned Alice. “My belly is SO packed with food. Ooohhh, I really feel like I’m gonna blow now… I know if I keep eating, I might explode but I’m such a glutton I can’t help myself! That’s how serious my addiction to food is! In fact, I wish I had something to eat right now…” She licked her lips, her mind drifting to thoughts of sweet treats and ice cream sundaes. Even now, in the depths of her glutted misery, Alice’s one-track mind never veered far from thoughts of delicious indulgence.

Jen opened her mouth to respond, but instead all that came out was a loud, juicy belch. “Like, sorry! Gawd, I’m so burpy today, like, I can’t help it. I had to film, like, 100 takes for a new Udders commercial yesterday and I’m, like, still bloated from all that!” She patted her middle and released another bassy burp. She paused. “And, like, everyone feeding me because of my shirt. That too.”

The secretary cleared her throat to get their attention. “Jen? Alice? Principal Philips will see you now.”

“What? Like, both of us?” said Jen, surprised.

“Yes. He says that he wants to talk to you about the same issue.”

“That can’t be,” muttered Alice under her breath. Jen was clearly here because she was dressed like a total slut, but Alice was dressed… well, maybe not decently but she was at least dressed modestly! She was covering as much of her body as she possibly could considering how utterly gargantuan her belly had grown in recent weeks.

The secretary watched with a grimace of second-hand embarrassment as the two girls struggled to hoist themselves out of their chairs and onto their fat little feet. Alice waved her arms, bingo wings flapping, and kicked her legs. Jen rocked in place, the weight of her titanic tushie keeping her firmly rooted in the bucket seat of her chair. Both girls were more accustomed to rolling around everywhere on their mobility scooters, so they were really out of shape… to the point that just standing up was giving them each a major work-out! After a few minutes, the principal’s voice came over the intercom: “Miss Johnson? Did you hear me? I said you could send them in.”

“I told them,” said the secretary. “They’re… um… well, they’re on their way.”

“This is useless!” moaned Jen, her chubby face beet red, sweat dribbling down her cheeks. “Gimmie a hand, Alice!”

“I think you should give ME a hand!” groaned Alice, who was also red-faced and sweating.

Miss Johnson watched in horrified fascination. Both girls seemed ready to completely abandon all hope of ever standing up again!

“Ugh! Okay! One last try! Let’s do it together!” said Alice.

“No way! There’s no way we’re ever gonna stand up! It’s, like, waaaay too much work!”

“No! We can do it! We have to do it! Just try, Jen! I think we can do it! On three! One! Two Three!”

Together, the girls grunted and groaned and, miraculously, hefted themselves to their feet. They nearly collapsed immediately, but instead they managed to grab on to one another. Supporting each other with their arms around each other’s back, the two girls were able to stay on their feet.

“We did it! We did it!” crowed Jen, wheezing so hard that it was miracle that the knot in her shirt remained tied.

“Now we just have to… get through the door…”

Jen moaned. “Ugh! This, like, is impossible!”

“No, we can do it! We’ll just do it… one at a time…”

Miss Johnson could not believe the amount of coordination it took to pilot these two teenage blimps through the doorway. Jen went first and almost got her hips stuck between the sides of the door, so that Alice had to press against her tubby tush to force her through. Alice followed and suffered a similar fate.

“Jen! Jen! I’m wedged in tight!” the fat blonde bellowed like a stuck pig.

“Don’t worry, I’ll help you!” Jen grabbed at her thick wrists and pulled. Alice yelped. It felt like Jen was about to pull her arms right out of their sockets!

Principal Philps watched this entire spectacle with confusion. Like everyone else at school, he was well aware of the Cheerleader Chunkers and quite pleased with the publicity that they brough to the school and to the town. But the reality was that he was too busy with the daily operations of running a school to give much though to the trio or to monitor just how fat they were getting. But this… ! He was stunned to see that Jen and Alice had each gained a substantial amount of weight since their appearance on the Nikki Lake Show, to the point that they looked like a pair of butterball turkeys stuffed to their absolute limits. He wasn’t sure how these girls had managed to get THIS fat! It didn’t seem possible, even if they really were gorging themselves 24/7. Nurse Hopkins had often complained to him about the bad example the three bloated babes were setting for the rest of the student body, but Principal Philips hadn’t thought much about that… until now! If ever there was a poster child for the teenage obesity epidemic, it would be Alice Grobach… or Jen Sarovy! He had heard that Laurie Belmontes was even bigger, so he shuddered to think of how inhumanly massive she must be compared to these two fatties!

Finally, Jen jerked hard enough that Alice dislodged and tumbled into the room.

“Girls, please take a seat,” said the principal finally as the two blobbish beauties struggled to maintain their balance.

The two girls gratefully collapsed into chairs, completely winded after the short waddle from the front office. They were wheezing so hard that they couldn’t respond, only sitting down with their head tossed back and their chests heaving.

“So,” said Principal Philips, folding his hands on his desk. “I suppose you’re wondering why I’ve called you in here.”

The two girls didn’t respond. In fact, they were gasping so hard that it wasn’t clear that they had even heard him. For the first time, Principal Philips wondered if Nurse Hopkins was right to worry that these hefty hoggettes might actually be a real liability for the school. If one of them suddenly had a heart attack while on school property, that might open them up to all sorts of law suits! Well, he would deal with that later. For now, he had something more immediate he had to discuss.

“Ahem!” he repeated. “I suppose you’re wondering why I’ve called you in here.”

That got their attention. Jen looked over at him, her double chin quivering like jello.

“Yeah, exactly!” she said, unable to hide the roll of her eyes. After weeks of the royal treatment as a Cheerleader Chunker, she was not used to being called to task for anything! “Like, it better be important! Do you, like, know who we are?”

“Jen!” gasped Alice, scandalized. “You can’t talk to the principal like that!”

“Why not? We’re the Cheerleader Chunkers! We deserve respect! That’s what Laurie always says.”

The principal cleared his throat for attention, trying to keep this bimbo on track. “You know that the Cheerleader Chunkers have brought our school and our town a lot of great publicity, so of course the last thing that we want to do is… well… that is to say… Look, girls, we’ve had some complaints…”

“Complaints? Like, about what?”

“Well, that outfit for starters. Miss Sarovy, you cannot believe that’s appropriate for school!”

Jen sat upright, her breasts nearly spilling from the skimpy top and her belly slopping into her lap. “Like, it’s a work outfit! I’m totally working at Udders now! Like, you wouldn’t want to discourage me from gainful employment, would you?”

Gainful employment indeed, thought Principal Philips as he struggled not to stare at Jen’s massive and growing spare tire.

“B-but what about me?” squealed Alice, shifting her bulk uncertainly across her two chairs. She was wide enough that she really needed three chairs to be comfortable these days, but she was too embarrassed to request a third. “I’m dressed as… modestly as I can! Please, I’m about to get some new clothes, then everything will be fine!”

“The complaints aren’t about that. It’s about… the smell.”

“The smell?” Alice’s plump cheeks went bright red. Because she was restricted to a single outfit these days, she had been wearing her T-shirt/sweat pants combo every day for over a week… and she hadn’t had the chance to wash it! There were visible sweat stains under her pillowy armpits and between the thick flabby folds at her sides. The poor girl was becoming positively musky, but there was nothing she could do about it! “I… I promise I’ll fix that too! It’s just that I haven’t been able to wash these clothes cuz they’re the only thing I have that fits!”

Principal Philips waved dismissively. “Ladies, I don’t want to hear your excuses. Because you’ve done so much for the school, I’m not going to send you home to change. You can wait out the rest of the day, but I expect that you’ll be back at school tomorrow wearing some decent clothes. Do I make myself clear?”

“This is totally unfair!” huffed Jen. “This is, like, a work uniform! I shouldn’t be in trouble!”

“Do I make myself clear?” repeated the principal with a dangerous edge in his voice.

“Yes, sir,” mumbled Jen, but the sulky expression on her plump face revealed her true feelings.

“Yes, sir,” agreed Alice. Alice was mortified beyond belief. She was in a desperate situation! It was bad enough that everyone saw her wearing the same clothes everyday, but now people were noticing that she was starting to smell too! How long could this go on? Alice had an awful mental image of herself a week from now, two weeks from now, her clothes stained with sweat and spatter, waddling through school in a cloud of her own musk fumes. No, no, she couldn’t let that happen… it was way too embarrassing! That would represent yet another humiliation due to her massive size. She needed to talk to Amber and get some new clothes quickly before people started to talk even more than they already were!

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“What the… You gotta be kidding me!”

“Um, Maggie? Could you, um, help me?”

Maggie arrived for her shift at Pizza-by-the-Pound prepared for yet another boring day in the kitchen. What she did not expect to find was her co-worker Alice stuck in the door. Alice was so wide that she had somehow managed to wedge her colossal caboose into the door so tightly that she couldn’t move. When Maggie showed up, she found herself face-to-face with a big fat ass clad in a rapidly disintegrating pair of sweat pants. Maggie read the word across Alice’s quivering rump – “JUICY” – and groaned inwardly.

“Juicy? What the hell is this?”

“They’re the only thing I have that fit!” whined Alice. “I’m sorry, I tried to get started but I got stuck in the door and… c’mon, can’t you just give me a push, please?”

“You actually got stuck in the door? How did you manage to do that?” Maggie bit her tongue, remembering her promise to Laurie that she wouldn’t harp on Alice’s weight. But this was ridiculous! Ever since Alice had started work at Pizza-by-the-Pound, the chubby blonde had started gaining weight… and gaining… and gaining! Now she was the size of a hot air balloon, a bloated piglet so rotund that she could barely even do any of the work behind the register without her belly bumping into everything. Keeping Alice clothed was eating up so much money that they restaurant was practically going out of business, since she was constantly splitting her work pants or ripping her shirts – and that was to say nothing of all the profits that Alice ate up with her constant snacking!

“Hold still,” snapped Maggie, placing her hands firmly against Alice’s buttocks and shoving. Alice didn’t budge an inch.

“Did it work? Did you push?”

“It didn’t work, cuz you’re too fat,” said Maggie matter of factly. “Hold still, I’ll just open the other door, I have a master key.”

Luckily, the backdoor to the pizza joint was a double door; Alice had stupidly only opened one half and tried to shove her way through. She should have known that there was no way she could get her fat ass through a single door, but this blonde butterball didn’t strike Maggie as the sharpest tool in the shed. She unlocked the door and swung it open, freely Alice instantly.

“Oh, thank you, Maggie! I was afraid that I’d be stuck there all night!”

“Whatever,” sighed Maggie. “Just go put on your uniform and get to work.”

Alice wrung her hands nervously. “Um, about that? I think I might need to, um, go up a size?”

“Are you kidding me?! Alice, we just bought you a new uniform! How is it possible that you’re even bigger now? Are you just literally blowing up like a balloon?”

“No! I just.. um…”

“Well, we don’t have anything else right now, so I guess just… I guess you’ll just have to wear THAT!” Maggie cringed as she looked Alice up and down; her pink T-Shirt and sweats were hardly work appropriate. But what else could they do?

The rest of the shift was an absolute mess. Maggie cringed as Alice blundered around the kitchen, constantly knocking cans off shelves and bumping things with her gut. The girl was so fat that she could barely reach the counter in front of her to roll out the pizza dough and the extremely elementary step of tossing the dough in the air left her winded and gasping.

“Ughh, this is so hard! I can’t believe I have to lift my arms over my head!” she whined. “Nobody can do that!”

“ANYONE can do that!” snarled Maggie. She was at the end of her rope dealing with this bullshit! She had half a mind to fire Alice on the spot, the sight of Alice’s wobbling bingo wings as the fat girl desperately struggled to lift her flabby arms in the air filled Maggie with incandescent rage. How was she supposed to run a pizza restaurant when her sole employee was a useless blob like Alice? Alice was good at precisely one thing and that was eating the merchandize… something that would probably get her into even more trouble soon, when the visible rip in the seat of her sweats finally grew wide enough to tear the pants apart and leave Alice with nothing to wear but her underwear!

“Get on register, okay? You can still do that at least, right? Don’t tell me your fingers are too fat to press the keys!” snapped Maggie. She would absolutely punt Alice to the curb, if she hadn’t promised Laurie to be nice to Alice in exchange for Laurie allowing Maggie’s little sister to join the cheer squad. Maggie was having definite second thoughts about that arrangement, though, as lately her sister Gloria had started to really pudge up as well under the influence of cheer co-captain Jen. As she looked at Alice struggling to work the register (the blonde tub could barely read the display over the curve of her boobs and belly), Maggie worried that she was also looking at Gloria’s future. Now there was a scary thought!

“Ugh, why do they make the display so hard to read?” whined Alice, sucking in her gut with all her might as she craned her neck to read the display. It was an attempt doomed to failure.

“Forget it, just go on break!” growled Maggie. “I’ve had enough of you helping me!”

Alice quietly waddled into the back kitchen, where Maggie was certain that she would spend the rest of her break gorging herself on leftover pizza. Maggie was livid with rage. How was she supposed to work under these conditions?

“Pizza-by-the-Pound, what can I get you?” growled Maggie to the next customer in line.

“Hey, I heard that one of the cheerleader chunkers works here?” said the boy, craning his neck as if he was trying to see behind Maggie, trying to confirm that in fact his info was correct.

“Yeah, unfortunately.”

“Which one? Is it Alice Grobauch? God, please say it’s Alice.”

“Yes, unfortunately.” Maggie could feel her temperature rising.

“Could I order a slice of pepperoni and a slice of cheese? Um, but could I give my order to Alice?”

“What? Kid, you have to be joking.”

The boy blushed and stuttered, shuffling his feet. “Um, I’ll pay extra? Like, I’ll give you a tip.”

“You have to be—wait, a tip? How much?”

“How about $5?”

Maggie stroked her chin. “Are you telling me that you’re gonna give ME $5 to give your pizza to Alice?”

“Yeah, I just think… I just think she needs to eat more. She’s always wearing that shirt at school, you know, that ‘I oink for food’ shirt. I think she must be hungry. She’s probably not eating enough!”

“Sure, whatever. Let’s see the cash.”

The boy handed over the money, including the extra $5. Maggie promptly shoved it in her pocket, then pulled two slices of pizza from the display, dropped them on a paper plate, and ferried them into the back room. Alice was sitting, her broad ass spread over two chairs, her head back, gasping and panting from all the hard work of standing for her shift.

“Hey Alice, here’s some pizza,” said Maggie. “A guy bought it for you.”

“For me? B-but I’m not hungry…” Alice’s tubby belly growled loudly at the sight of the pizza, instantly revealing her lie. In fact, Maggie was pretty sure that she could see grease around Alice’s lips… the feminine fatso was probably already sneaking pizza back here when Maggie’s back was turned!

“Whatever!” Maggie shoved the plate into Alice’s hands and stomped back to the register without a second glance. She could hear Alice tear into the pizza without even pausing, without even taking a moment to reflect on the embarrassment of being caught in a lie. The girl was insatiable! Maggie was fairly certain that Alice would eat until she had to be rolled home if you let her. She would probably eat until she burst like an overinflated balloon. It was maddening to watch her pretend that she could just stuff her face like that without any consequences! Maggie tried to clear her mind. She needed to concentrate on work. Unlike Alice and the other Cheerleader Chunkers, Maggie couldn’t just coast on any celebrity status – she had to work for a living! As she approached the front counter, she saw that there was another customer already waiting.

“Hey, can I get a slice of mushroom?” he asked. “And I saw what that guy before me did – could I pay extra to give it to Alice?”

Maggie paused. Now this was interesting. This was very interesting. One time was a fluke, but twice was a trend. If people wanted to pay extra to give their food to Alice, Maggie could make a tidy sum fast. Perhaps, she mused, perhaps Alice wasn’t so useless around here after all…

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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