Fatty Feud 2  
By Mollycoddles

Alice promised herself that she was going to put a stop to Jen and Laurie’s constant feedings. Of course, Alice did no such thing. Instead, she continued to visit Laurie’s house on Friday and Jen’s house on Saturday, accepting any food that was put in front of her and constantly agreeing with whomever was offering her that food. And, of course, she continued to grow.

That night, Alice’s weekly visit to Jen went much the same as usual. First, Jen plied her with all sorts of chips and cookies and popcorn, and Alice ate and ate and ate. But eventually, even Alice had to stop.

“Jen, I think we need to talk… I’m starting to get too big,” said Alice, her bulk settled deep into the recesses of the battered old couch in Jen’s basement. Alice knew she had to weigh over 500 pounds by now; she was so wide and fat and round that she nearly filled the entire couch by herself and she could feel the springs tense and groan whenever she swallowed another bite. “Jen, today I split the seat of my spanky pants during practice! I won’t be able to cheer much longer if I can’t even find a uniform that fits!”

“Like, you worry too much, Alice!” said Jen. The bottom-heavy bimbo was barely listening to Alice’s complaints, she was too busy stewing about her continuing feud with Laurie. Like, who did Laurie think she was? Jen knew that Laurie was trying to sway Alice over to her side and Jen was not going to stand for it! Laurie thought that Jen was some stupid ditz who was too dim to see what Laurie was trying to do? Well, Jen would show her! She would make sure that Alice stayed loyal to her no matter what!

Jen stroked Alice’s gut, kneading the blimpish blonde’s big soft belly with her fingers. She marveled at how her fingers sank into that soft blubber all the way up to her knuckles; Alice was as soft and squishy as a big sponge! Even when she was stuffed to her absolute limits, Alice was so fat now that she always had a thick layer of soft, pliable lard over her tightly full stomach.

Alice burped softly, her eyes starting to glaze over as the delectable sensations of Jen’s belly rub washed over her. “Hmmm, that feels so good… I mean, Jen, this is serious! I really need you to… listen… ooof, thanks, my tummy was really starting to hurt… but that’s good…”

“Like, are you gonna stay for dinner? My mom is totally making a brisket tonight…”

“Dinner? I thought we already had dinner…” mumbled Alice dreamily. She was so confused. Her mind was wandering, her brain in a pleasant dreamy haze from the effects of her latest binge and Jen’s belly rub. “Didn’t we already –” She stifled another sudden burp – “eat?”

“No, like, that was just a pre-dinner snack!”

“Oh. I… I really shouldn’t…” Alice inhaled. Already, she could smell the delicious, mouth-watering aroma of rich, savory brisket in the air. Oh no. Jen’s mother was an incredible cook and a relentless feeder! In fact, knowing Jen’s mother made Alice wonder whether Jen was walking in her mother’s footsteps now. “But… oh wow… it does smell good…”

“Like, it IS good! Way better than anything you get at Laurie’s house, right?”

Alice nodded dumbly. Her mouth was watering, drool dribbling down her double chin despite herself. She wiped roughly at her wet chin. Damnit! She needed to focus! But it was so hard… to think about anything other than eating… even now, when her belly was full, Alice’s natural gluttony was leading her to eat more, indulge more… what was the harm? It’s not like just a little bit of brisket could hurt. There was plenty of room in her big big belly, right?

“Like, I think you’ve got some room in here!” said Jen, echoing Alice’s thoughts as she lay her head against the dome of Alice’s middle. Jen could hear her fat friend’s guts churning and burbling with the effort of digesting all the food that she’d already eaten tonight. What an incredible gutload! It was amazing to think that one girl could fit so much food inside her! And yet Alice was powerless to resist! Anything that you put in front of her she would eat, no matter how much she protested. That was good for Jen. It made her job just that much easier! All she had to do was make sure that Alice kept eating and Alice would definitely take her side against Laurie! Jen cooed softly to herself, the pops and bubbles of Alice’s gurgling tummy lulling her into complacency. The fat ass bimbo giggled to herself! Alice’s belly was like a big soft pillow and all those steady tummy bubbles were like her own version of a lullaby!

“How are my hungry hungry girls doing?” called out Mrs. Sarovy as she descended the stairs, a glass casserole dish full of oven-fresh brisket clutched between two oven mitts. “I thought you two might be ready for dinner and I didn’t want you to have to wait!”

“Like, thanks, Mom! You’re the best!” chirped Jen.

“Oh, Mrs. Sarovy… um… you shouldn’t have,” mumbled Alice, her round face going pale and sweat breaking out on her forehead. Oh no. If she thought that Jen was being overly forceful, she hadn’t seen the half of it! Mrs. Sarovy was an old world mother who took it as a personal slight if guests didn’t clean their plates and, worse yet, took it as a personal failure if she didn’t make enough food to give every guest third or fourth helpings. If Mrs. Sarovy got involved… Alice didn’t stand a chance!

“Nonsense! I can’t have my girls starve. What kind of a mother would I be?” The matrony woman plopped herself down on an ottoman, pulling herself up close to Alice as she set the casserole dish on her knees.

“No really, Mrs. Sarovy… I appreciate it, but… I’m already too full… I’ve been eating all night…”

“So you’ve been practicing! That’s so clever of you, but now you’re ready for the main event! Come on, sweetie, you need a real meal. You can’t just live on junk food! Both of you, really, that’s just not healthy!”

“Yeah, but…”

“No buts about it! Come on! Open up! I know you’re going to just die when you try this! It’s an old family recipe.”

Just die is right, thought Alice. I’m so full I feel like I could die and I don’t think even Jen’s belly rubs will be enough to save me!

“But Mrs. Sarovy…!”

“Open wide, sweetie!”

Alice wanted to protest some more, but her belly betrayed her by gurgling loudly. There was no denying the truth. Alice was hooked. She was already full, but she still wanted more. Jen and her mother were too crafty, working on Alice to quickly break down the greedy fat girl’s token resistance.

Alice opened her mouth. Her tongue lolled eagerly, anticipating the food to come.

“There you go! Yum yum, isn’t that good?” said Mrs. Sarovy, cutting off a chunk of brisket with her form and pushing it into Alice’s open maw. “I knew that you’d change your mind as soon as you tried a bite! No one can resist this old family recipe!”

“Yeah, like, my mom makes the best brisket! Isn’t it, like, soooo good?” gushed Jen, still rubbing Alice’s overfilled middle. Alice nodded. That belly rub did feel good! And it was helping her to forget just how obscenely full that she was, making room for even more food to go down…

Alice chewed and swallowed. Her bulging double chin, so thick that she looked like a bullfrog puffing out its throat, wobbled. But unbeknownst to Alice, that one bite was one bite too many. The proverbial straw that broke the camel’s back, that teeny tiny itsy bitsy little bite was just enough to push up Alice’s already substantial weight just the tiniest little tic, just the barest fraction of a ounce, to the point that she was too big for the suffering couch to support.

CRACCCCCK!!!

“Oh no! Help!! I’m falling!” yelped Alice as the couch suddenly buckled, falling in on itself. Alice kicked her legs and waved her arms. She tumbled backwards and hit the ground with a thunderous CRASH that shook the foundations of the house and forced an enormous belch from her mouth.

“Oh no! Alice! Sweetie! Are you okay? Oh no, oh no!” cried Mrs. Sarovy.

“I’m… fine… hic! I just… hic!” Alice gasped, a sudden bout of hiccups wracking her body. Oof! All that excitement had jostled her poor poor overfilled belly and now she was feeling urpier than ever. She lay on the floor, atop the shattered couch, her thick legs and flabby arms splayed, her momentous paunch reaching for the heavens… She was so fat and stuffed that she didn’t think she could even more now.

Alice couldn’t believe it. She had actually broken a couch! How fat was she now? She didn’t even want to think about it! She was so big that she basically filled a whole couch by herself, a whole couch intended for three people, and yet she was such a fat ass that her hips pushed against the armrests and her bulging bottom covered the cushions.

“It’s, like, okay, that was an old couch,” said Jen. “We were totally gonna replace it anyway, right, mom?”

“Oh, of course, honey!”

On the floor, Alice nodded silently. Deep in her fat-clogged heart, she doubted that was true. She had probably just ruined a perfectly good couch because she was too damn fat! But she was desperate to believe any excuse that would absolve her of having to think about her weight… and she was gonna grasp for this straw!

“An old couch? Oh… okay… I guess then it’s okay…”

“Of course it is, honey! Now then, let’s get the rest of this brisket into you…”

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“You know that I’m right,” said Laurie, “Jen is just being totally unreasonable. Here, Alice, have some ice cream.”

“Mfff,” Alice burbled, her chipmunk cheeks stuffed with sweet cold fudge ripple ice cream. She couldn’t talk, so she just nodded.

“Like, that Laurie is suuuch a drama queen!” said Jen. “She’s always gotta be right about everything! But, like, she’s just a big titted bitch! Here, like, have some cake!”

“Mmmmff!”

“Have some pie!”

“mmff!”

“Have some cookies!”

Alice’s mind was spinning. She couldn’t keep track of where she was from day to day – was she at Jen’s house? Or at Laurie’s house? Who was shoving nachos into her hands? Who was folding pizza into her mouth? All she could do was nod and smile and mumble her agreement… She wasn’t even sure what they were saying half the time or who was saying it! Alice was in a stuffed stupor, an over-fed fugue state, wandering half-dazed from one gargantuan meal to the next! Occasionally, she remembered her vow to put a stop to all this, to bring Jen and Laurie back together, but soon her resolve was buried under a fresh avalanche of food! And how could Alice ever say no to that? Food was her constant weakness and she just wanted to eat, eat, eat until she was so obscenely full that she was bursting out of her clothes and splitting at her seams.

“Here, have some pudding!” said Jen, spooning gooey dollops of chocolate pudding into her mouth while rubbing Alice’s belly with her free hand. “Like, isn’t that good? Like, you know your bestest pal Jen just wants you to be happy, right?”

“Shut up, Jen, I know that Alice would prefer some delicious jello! Isn’t that right? You know Laurie’s always looking out for you, right, Alice?” cooed Laurie, appearing at her side with a large mould of jiggling red gelatin. Alice stared at the wobbling red mass as Laurie plunged a spoon into its heart and then brought a gooey chunk to Alice’s mouth. “Yum yum! Isn’t that good!”

“Please… it’s too much… I can’t… I can’t take it all…”

Laurie and Jen ignored her complaints as they shoveled more and more food into her face and Alice was powerless to resist. All she could do was to gulp it down as fast as she could in a futile bid to keep pace. She could feel her full belly aching, so crammed full of goodies that even constant belly rubs from her friends weren’t enough to distract her. She was eating anything that they gave her, powerless to stop herself, and she could feel her body inflating like a balloon as she ate. Her belly plumped out in front of her, rising higher and higher, a vast tight pink dome that pressed against the waist of her mega-sized cargo shorts until the fly couldn’t take it anymore – the button popped, the zipper flew down, and Alice’s enormous tummy plopped out in an avalanche of jiggling blubber. Her breasts plumped and swelled, her flanks rose, her arms billowed, her legs thickened… all over her was plumping into a big bloated mess! The seams of her baby doll T-shirt split under the force, ripping under her armpits and down her side and allowing the new flab of her love handles to bubble through. Behind her, Alice’s butt puffed out into two perfect spheres of spongy flesh, splitting the seat of her cargo shorts with such force that the RIP echoed through the room. Her clothes were tearing apart, unable to withstand the constant expansion of Alice’s growing body. The body band of her bra sank between new rolls of back fat as her ballooning boobs overflowed the cups, putting more pressure on her shoulder straps until they were as tight as violin strings and then – pop! Pop! One snapped, then the other, and Alice’s tits tumbled free. Jen and Laurie barely noticed, never pausing in their feeding.

“Come on, sweetie, have some croissants! Hmm, they’ve got chocolate filling! Isn’t that delicious?” said Laurie, whispering in Alice’s ear as she waved a flaky breakfast pastry under Alice’s little upturned nose. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes… I mean no… I mean.. yes… please…”

“And, like, how about some strudel? Like, it’s got frosting!” said Jen in her sing—song voice, one hand tickling Alice’s monstrous belly, one hand dangling a toaster pastry in front of her. Alice nodded, her body jiggling so vigorously that her panties – the last of her clothes – ripped to shreds from the ripples cascading through her flab.

“I’m blowing up like a human balloon!” thought Alice incredulously. “No, scratch that. I’m too big to be a human balloon anymore! I’m more like a human blimp! I need to stop… I need to get them to stop… but I can’t… can’t resist… it’s all so good…”

“Come on, sweetie, one more bite!” gushed Laurie. “Do it for Laurie, hmm? You like me better, right? Come on, show me that you like me better!”

“No, take one more bit for me!” cried Jen. “You like me better!”

“Me!”

“No, me!”

“Can’t… can’t take… one more bite… for anyone,” gasped Alice. She was absolutely stuffed to her max, so completely bloated that she was as tight as a drum and as round as a balloon! Her belly was as big as a hot air balloon, her skin stretched so tight that it was flushed red. A hiccup caused her whole body to shake violently, then a belch burst from her mouth. But Alice was still feeling absolutely crammed to the limit, stuffed to the gills, filled to the point of rupture, and no amount of burping would relieve that pressure. Her eyes widened in fear as she suddenly realized that she was feeling tighter… and tighter… and tighter!!!

“Oh noo,” she moaned. “Jen! Laurie! You fed me too much!”

“Oh course we didn’t, sweetie, we’ve got plenty more for you.”

“No! I.. can’t! I’m… too full!” Alice leaned back as her belly swelled bigger and bigger, finally pushed past the limit. She’d eaten too much and now she was… no… was it possible? Was she really going to…? She couldn’t believe it! But there was no stopping it now! Alice braced herself, squeezing her eyes shut, gritting her teeth, plugging her ears with her pudgy fingers so that she wouldn’t have to hear herself when finally—

“I’m… this is it! Oh why didn’t I stop eating… I knew I should have said no… but… I just couldn’t… I didn’t want to disappoint you guys… and now… I’m gonna burst!”

Saying the word seemed to finally give it power over her and Alice suddenly exploded into ribbons with a thunderous KABOOOM!!!

Alice jolted away, her heart pounding, her face red. What a nightmare! She lay in bed, gasping. Her pajamas were soaked with sweat! Phew! It was all just a dream… but what a dream! Alice was relieved to know that, of course, in real life people didn’t just burst from overeating.

But still, it felt like her subconscious was trying to tell her something. Yeah, she knew exactly what it was trying to tell her. It was trying to tell her that she needed to get her eating under control and the only way to do that was to get Laurie and Jen back together.

Her belly, still stuffed from a night at – was it Jen’s house? Or Laurie’s? – rose above her like a mountain, so huge that the blankets barely covered her and left her little piggy feet uncovered and ice-cold in the morning. Brrr!! Alice shifted in bed, trying to tuck her frozen little trotter back under sheets that were clearly inadequate to cover a girl of Alice’s substantial girth. She sat up in bed, her boobs and belly slopping into her lap and putting extra pressure on the few remaining buttons of her cotton jammies. It was a miracle that she could even squeeze into her pajamas anymore.

“Ohhh boy,” muttered Alice, rubbing her sleepy eyes. God, she was huge! She was bigger now than she’d ever been before in her life and she honestly couldn’t begin to guess how much she weighed now – she was afraid to step on the bathroom scale, half afraid that it would show her some absurdly high number and half afraid that she was actually so big now that the scale wouldn’t even go up that high! She could feel her sides oozing over the sides of the bed. How was it possible that she was TOO BIG for her bed now? Alice reminded herself that she must be under 700 pounds at least. She remembered that, when her aggravated mother had taken her shopping for a new bed capable of supporting her massive and ever escalating weight, they had specifically purchased this model because it had a weight capacity of 700 pounds. At the time, that number had seemed so far away! There was no way that Alice could actually ever grow fat enough that she would need a bed capable of carrying more than 700 pounds, right? Now that possibility didn’t seem so far away….

The large diamond-shaped gaps between the buttons on her top widened as she stretched. Alice froze as she felt threads pop in the shoulders of her pajamas. Oh poo! She had to be more careful. She pulled in her arms. Looking down, she saw how tight her pajama top was across her chest. Deep pucker creases radiated outward from every straining button. “I’m about ready to pop my last button! And I have another sleepover tonight with… oh, I think tonight is Laurie’s night.”

She rocked in her bed, but she was too heavy and her bum sunken too deep into her mattress to easily get to her feet. Oh great! This was going to be another repeat of the locker room incident! Grunting like a winded hog, she pumped her flabby arms and once again attempted to throw herself into a seating position. The bed groaned loudly under her colossal bulk, Alice’s wide bottom sinking deep into the sagging mattress. The posts creaked and the springs squeaked and then suddenly… crack!!! Alice’s eyes bulged as suddenly she felt herself falling! It had finally happened! The box spring was collapsing in on itself under the pressure of her gargantuan ass, the corner posts bending and warping! The whole bed fell to the floor with a massive CRASH, Alice falling with it! She rolled over backwards, her massive belly jiggling like a mountain of gelatin from the force of the impact. When the dust settled, Alice was left with the very real knowledge that she had actually outgrown her bed….

This was even worse than the time when Alice had broken the couch in Jen’s basement! At least that was an old beat-up sofa on its last legs… Alice could still lie to herself and pretend that the couch was destined to break sometime and that the real problem wasn’t her continuously ballooning waistline! But this bed? This bed was almost brand new! There was no way to interpret this other than an indictment of Alice’s very real weight problem!

“Oh no,” gasped Alice. Her pajamas were in ruins, the last button blown off during the excitement, and her big pink gut bulged out, even more overwhelming when uncovered.

She had exceeded her bed’s weight limit.

That meant… she was 700 pounds!

She really needed to get these feedings under control.   
  
Alice promised herself that she would say something at school this morning! This had to stop. Alice’s mother glared at her across the breakfast table as Alice strategically settled her 700 pound butt across two chairs, slowly lowering her enormity in hopes that the chairs wouldn’t immediately splinter beneath her. Alice’s mother frowned deeply. Ms. Grobauch had always been very critical of her daughter’s expanding size and her recent gains, kicked into overdrive by Jen and Laurie’s constant feeding, were making her even crankier. Alice gulped down her morning cereal, her vast belly grumbling loudly for more, but Alice was too embarrassed to ask for seconds with her mother there. She would just have to get an early lunch. Mmm, lunch. Already the thoughts of her next meal were sending her into a near frenzy. Was this normal? No, no, she needed to get things back under control. She would put her foot down today. Jen and Laurie had to stop this.

All morning, though, Alice put off the inevitable. She paused at the snack machine in the hallway between classes to buy candy bars, she took an early stop at the cafeteria… After all, it was hard for a girl of Alice’s size to get around, she needed to keep up her strength!

Lunch. Lunch was the natural time to talk about this, right? She would finally put her foot down at lunch.

Unfortunately, lunch was no less of an ordeal due to her growing girth.

She was way too big to fit between the bench and table anymore. Normally, she would simply scoot the seat away from the table, but this bench was bolted down. The only way that she could fit was if she picked up her belly with her hands and lifted it so that, when she sat down, it would plop onto the table itself. Alice blushed furiously. Gawd, it was so embarrassing to be so incredibly fat that she had to let the table support her extraordinary gut… but what else could she do. Alice gripped her belly with two chubby hands and grunted with the effort as she struggled to lift it. It was heavy and Alice’s fleshy arms were practically useless – months of doing no exercise more strenuous than lifting her fork to her mouth had let her muscles wither to nothing. Still hoisting her gut, Alice carefully stepped over the bench. It wasn’t easy with her enormous belly blocking her view of anything below her waist; she just had to hope that she was judging the distances correctly! Once she was in position, she dropped her gut, letting it flop onto the table in front of her.

Her soft warm blubber hit the cold countertop with a loud, wet slap. The stretchmarks streaking across her bare gut and flanks sagging out of her polo shirt were testament to her greed.

Alice dumped her fat ass on the bench, gasping in relief to be off of her feet. Her breath caught in her throat as she suddenly realized her mistake – she was over 700 pounds, there was no way that the bench could withstand the impact! She’d destroyed Jen’s couch, her own bed… it was inevitable that she would destroy this bench too! Miraculously, though, it didn’t break -- the metal bench bent, groaning, sagging beneath the heavy load that was Alice’s full poundage, but it didn’t break. Alice breathed a sigh of relief. Thank Gawd! She would have to be more careful, though. She couldn’t continue to rely on good luck, not when the force of gravity was against her!

But the worst thing? Alice could feel her belly pressing against the cold metal surface of the table… and she could feel the very apex of her gut spilling over the far end of the table, hanging free into space to jiggle at Alice’s every breath. Gawd, how could she be this fat? How could her belly be this big? She was carrying so much blubber in her belly now that Alice was having trouble breathing; her lard-laden middle was pushed up and against her lungs by the table and Alice felt like all her organs were struggling to find room in a body filled to the brim with fat! She reminded herself again… she needed to be firm. She needed to make Jen and Laurie stop. And, more than anything, she needed to show some willpower… and refuse food!

“Hey, Alice, how ya doing? You hungry? You want my brownie?” said Laurie, sliding onto the bench across from Alice.

“Yeah, thanks!” piped up Alice, all her stern warnings to herself suddenly evaporating. Alice grabbed for the brownie, but she couldn’t bend forward enough to reach across the table with her bloated belly in the way. “Ooops! I can’t quite reach…”

“Oh, like, sorry!” Jen leaned over to place the brownie in the palm of Alice’s pudgy hand. Alice immediately shoved the sweet treat into her mouth and gulped it down without chewing.

“Hmmm! Tha’s good!” mumbled Alice, licking the chocolate off her lips. Then suddenly she jolted. Whoops! She shouldn’t be eating more! That was literally the last thing that she should be doing!

“Alice, why are you accepting food from this slut?” snarled Laurie, suddenly appearing at Alice’s side. The busty raven-haired diva scowled at Jen, who responded with her meanest resting bitch face.

“Alice was just saying that she liked my brownie best,” said Jen.

“Mmf!” said Alice in surprise. She gulped. She didn’t want her two besties to feel like she was taking sides between them in this argument, but it was getting harder and harder to stay neutral!

“Alice, would you like MY brownie?” said Laurie, plucking the brownie from her lunch tray and holding it up to show her fatass friend.

Alice nodded. “Er… sure!” She was well aware that she HAD to eat that brownie; if she didn’t, then Laurie would think that Alice was taking Jen’s side! She had to eat it just to keep the peace… right? That was what Alice told herself, at least. The reality was that, well, she just wanted to eat the brownie! What, was she supposed to say no? It was right there! Alice was like a cat suddenly confronted by a mice, all predatory instincts triggered… with the key difference being that seeing any food instantly triggered Alice’s gluttonous instincts to the point that she could barely control herself!

Laurie smiled smugly, her devilish grin twisting her full lips. Perfect! Alice was such a greedy piglet that she could never stop herself, no matter how plump and round she grew. Laurie tossed her long hair and sidled up next to Alice, positioning her bottom on what little bit of bench wasn’t buried under the avalanche of Alice’s flesh, and patted Alice’s monumental middle with satisfaction. She poked out her tongue at Jen.

“I just… think I’ll finish my lunch,” said Alice, struggling to reach her own tray. It was on the table next to her, but Alice suddenly realized that she couldn’t bend far enough. There was too much blubber in her middle, acting like a cushioning spring that prevented her from leaning over. “Ooof… oh no, I can’t reach…”

Alice never should have said that!

“Oh, Alice, let me help!” cried Laurie, grabbing the brownie from Alice’s tray and pushing it into Alice’s chubby cheeks.

“No, Alice, let ME help!” cried Jen. She grabbed a fork and scooped up a big dollop of gravy-drenched mashed potatoes from Alice’s tray. She shoved it into Alice’s face.

“Fuck off, Jen! She doesn’t need your help!” snapped Laurie. She grabbed her own fork and started attacking Alice’s tray as well.

“Like, I don’t hear Alice saying no!”

“No… no…” mumbled Alice, her face going so white that she looked like a marshmallow. This was terrible! It was almost like she was watching her own dream come true right before her eyes! Jen and Laurie were both trying to feed her! These two stubborn beauties were each determined to win this battle for Alice’s affection, even if Alice burst!

“Here, Alice! Have some mashed potatoes!”

“Now, try this Salisbury steak!”

Jen and Laurie were both shouting, but Alice was so desperate trying to keep up with her two feuding feeders that she couldn’t stop to think! She wasn’t sure who was feeding her at any moment, all she knew is that food was coming at her fast and furious and she was destined to eat it all! More, more, more… Her enormous belly began to swell, pushing out even further across the table so that more and more of her gut drooped over the opposite side. Alice could feel her polo shirt rolling up over the arc of her gut, bunching into a tight roll right below her boobs. She could feel her cargo shorts tightening across the cheeks of her butt, her button at her waistband pressing tighter and tighter into her crotch her belly expanded. Her waistband was digging into her middle so tightly that Alice wasn’t sure what would happen first… would her shorts explode? Or would they cut her in half?

“Here, try this!”

“Here, try that!”

Alice shook her head vigorously, even as she continued to accept everything offered her. Were Jen and Laurie just feeding her her own lunch? Or were they slipping her treats from their lunches as well? Alice couldn’t be sure! She was dizzy with indulgence, her head swimming both from the speed of their feeding and the simple delicious ecstasy of a belly filling up with food, delicious food! Alice remembered a television PSA that she had seen once as a small child, where a bored schoolkid was menaced by a group of short blobby creatures called “munchies” who convinced kids to eat out of boredom until they grew chubby. Jen and Laurie were being just as insistent in their feeding as the munchies in that commercial!

“There! Wasn’t that good?” said Laurie, dabbing Alice’s sauce-splattered lips with a napkin. “I know how much you appreciate a good lunch, especially when it comes from a good friend, hmm?”

“I help too!” piped up Jen. “You remember that, right, Alice?”

Alice couldn’t think straight. “I gotta… I gotta get to my locker…”

She pressed her hands against the table and tried to push herself to her feet, but, just like her experience in the locker room, Alice couldn’t do it. She was too heavy to stand up unassisted, but Alice was too stuffed and dazed to process what that meant.

“Ooff… I can’t get up…”

“Like, I’ll help!”

“No! I will!”

Still bickering, Laurie and Jen helped lift Alice to her feet. Alice whimpered as she felt the bare skin of her belly peel off the cold table. Gawd, she couldn’t believe how big she’d grown! This was really it! She could not go on like this. This was her last chance! If she didn’t get Jen and Laurie to understand what they were doing to her, she was certain she was going to explode just like in her dream… possibly even before the end of the day!

To be Continued…

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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