Alice 133

By Mollycoddles

Laurie’s mind was racing wildly as the ice cream continued to flow down her gullet, one brain-freezing gulp at a time, every pump causing her already enormous belly to swell to even greater proportions. How had it come to this?? The answer was obvious. Over the past year, Laurie had used all her deviousness and cunning to trick her cheer squad teammate Alice into overeating, all in hopes that if Alice stayed fat while Laurie slimmed down that no one would notice that Laurie herself was carrying around a little extra poundage. But she had been too greedy, expanding her plan to try and trick the rest of the cheer squad into also fattening up with a steady supply of protein bars. The whole plan had completely backfired! Sure, Alice had gained weight – Alice was almost 600 pounds at this point – but Laurie had gained even more! By the time the truth about her plan became public knowledge, Laurie herself had blimped to almost 700 pounds!

And it was all because she couldn’t control herself! The truth was that Laurie had always loved to eat. She had been pudgy as a girl, but she worked hard to drop the extra weight and re-invent herself as a buxom slender bombshell when she started cheerleading. Her moxie had earned her the coveted captain’s position, but unfortunately Laurie never lost her taste for good food. She had tried hard for years to control her appetite and mostly succeeded, at least until this year. Maybe it was something about Alice’s influence, about being around another girl whose appetite was just as insatiable, because over the course of this last year Laurie had completely lost control of herself. Now she was 700 pounds of pure waddling blubber, a sloshing blimp of a girl so huge that she could barely walk and instead relied almost entirely on a mobility scooter, so huge that she could only wear oversized muumuus and empire waist shift dresses, so huge that the cow bell choker she wore around her neck – as part of a secret submissive sex game she played with her lovers Frank and Abida – seemed more to be a declaration of her increasingly bovine size.

It didn’t help that her attempt to fatten up the other cheerleaders had pretty much failed. Sure, Kristine, Lizzie and Denise might have gained the odd pound or two, but since they were none of them were gluttons to nearly the same extent. But when they found out what Laurie was trying to do to them, they were all livid!

And now they were getting their revenge.

They had lured Laurie to the locker room, where they held her down (not exactly hard to do when Laurie was basically too fat to resist!) and forced entire tanks of soft serve ice cream stolen from the school cafeteria down her throat! The cheerleaders thought it was a fitting punishment for Laurie after what she had tried to do to them, but they had no clue that Laurie LOVED it. There was nothing she liked more than eating except perhaps the over-filled, over-stretched feeling of eating TOO much. Now she was lying on the floor, trapped on her back like an overturned turtle and pinned beneath her own monumental belly and boobs as they emptied tank after tank down her throat… Laurie was in hog heaven, but eventually the pain of her filled-to-bursting gut was beginning to overshadow the sexual tingle the whole experience gave her between her tree-trunk legs. Not that it mattered, there was nothing that she could do to stop it!

Laurie couldn’t think straight. Her thoughts were racing, her brain was disassociating from reality under the combined might of her eternal stuffing. She wondered how long this could go on… how much could her stomach take…

Her brain ricocheted from scene to scene, unable to grab hold of anything… she felt like she was out of time, beyond the universe…

Even though she was fully awake, her brain bounced between fevered dreams, looping past and present into a mobius strip of stuffing insanity.

“What the? Who are you, sweetie?” asked a haughty sounding voice. It was Laurie, Laurie as she had been years ago, before she launched her cheerleading the career. In a featureless void, Laurie as she was now – a quarter ton behemoth, heaving with indulgence, her monstrous breasts so humungous that the only reason her nipples didn’t hit the floor was because her equally gargantuan belly helped to prop them up – was standing before Laurie as she was then – a chubby little flat-chested brat. Younger Laurie grimaced, her plump face smeared with chocolate stains – that was the way she always was when she was younger, before she started taking pride in her appearance as a cheerleader. Back then, Laurie didn’t live to show off her looks, she lived to eat. That much was apparent, as the younger Laurie’s chubby tummy spilled over the top of her open shorts. The top button was missing and the shorts had given up the top inch of zipper.

“Um, wow, you’re fat! How does a girl get THAT big?” asked younger Laurie.

“You know how,” said older Laurie. “Don’t act all coy with me, sweetie, I’m you. I know all your tricks.”

Younger Laurie’s jaw dropped as recognition dawned. It was hard to believe, but she recognized that long raven hair, that haughty expression… even buried under all that lard, she knew that face!

“What!? But you’re… I’m… we’re fat! We’re huge!”

“Yeah, sweetie, that’s what happens when you eat like we do. I know how much you love your treats, believe me. We still love them.”

Younger Laurie looked her inflated doppelganger up and down. She placed her hands on her hips and nodded, a pleased smile spreading across her face.

“So I finally got boobs, huh? Dang! And look at the size of them! Wow! I’m gonna be even bigger than Mom!”

“Oh, yeah…” Laurie felt a sudden swell of pride within her chest. Even now, she was still extremely proud of her pneumatic bust, which she continued to regard as her best figure. She remembered what it was like as a kid, all those years waiting for puberty to hit so that she could finally get a decent pair of knockers. She used to be so embarrassed back in middle school when it felt like she was the only girl in her class who didn’t develop early! What a relief it would have been to know that she was always destined to be big in the bust!

“Yeah… um, is that the only thing you care about, sweetie?” said Laurie, raising an eyebrow.

“Of course! So we’re fat! Who cares? I’m already fat! I can’t wait to grow some big ol’ knockers! When does it happen? This summer? I’m going to start work at cheer camp this summer and I’ll just die if I can’t at least compete with the other girls in the shower.”

Laurie remembered that summer well: The year that her cheer career really began, the year that she lost all that baby fat, the year that she met Jen at cheer camp, and – finally! – the year that she finally started to develop. She grinned widely.

“Oh, you got one crazy summer ahead of you, kid,” she said.

But the scene quickly changed as another scenario took center stage. Laurie was too confused to fight it, anything to keep her brain from acknowledging the reality of her dire situation and the fact that she MUST be drawing closer and closer to detonation by the second…

The next thing that Laurie knew, she was back at school. She was on the sidelines of the football field, the football players running and tackling in the field as the big game played out. The stands were full of clearing fans. Laurie wasn’t fat anymore – she looked down at her toned abs and flat tummy as if she was seeing a stranger’s body. Her fellow cheerleaders Alice and Jen stood to her left and right, both of them as slim as they had been at the start of the year. It was as if they three girls had never even started on their weight gain journey! They were all wearing their official cheer uniforms in the school colors – green and white – shorts skirts and shorter sweaters, gripping pom poms in their hands.

“Laurie, the crowd needs a big cheer to get them pumped!” said Gloria. “Don’t worry, though, us gals have come up with just the thing! But we need your help!”

“Of course,” said Laurie. “Anything for a big cheer!” As team captain, it was her responsibility to make sure that the fans got excited before the game no matter what it took. And Laurie took that responsibility extremely seriously!

“Excellent!” said Gloria. The bottom-heavy Latina girl wheeled in a large metal cannister, as big as Laurie’s body. The raven-haired diva raised an eyebrow in confusion.

“What’s this?”

“We need to put on a really spectacular fireworks show!” said Gloria. “That means we need three volunteers to take one for the team. We’ve got about fifty tanks of grape juice here and we need to blow you up!”

“What the hell? Are you out of your mind, Gloria? There’s no way I can drink all that!”

“It’s the only way to end the night with a bang! If not, everyone’s gonna go home disappointed!”

Laurie rolled her eyes. “Well, we can’t have that! Okay, fine! Come on, ladies, let’s do this!”

“B-but Laurie…” stammered Alice.

“you heard what Gloria said! We need to put on a show! We’re cheerleaders, damnit! We are not going to let our fans down, isn’t that right, girls?”

Jen and Alice groaned in unison. “Right, Laurie!”

Gloria attached a hose to each tank and handed the other end to the different girls. Jen and Alice put the hoses in their mouths and waited as Gloria turned the valves to start the flow of juice.

“We’re gonna blow you up til you blow up!” said Gloria, popping the end of the tube into Laurie’s mouth. From the sidelines, the rest of the cheer squad shook their pom poms and chanted in unison: “Sis boom bah! Sis BOOM bah! Give us a b! Give us an O! Give us another O! Give us an M! What’s that spell? Boom!”

Laurie slurped the sugary juice, her cheeks bulging with the effort of sucking it down. Almost immediately, her flat tummy started to bulge over the waistband of her cheer skirt.

Alice and Jen looked over to their captain, their faces beseeching her for instructions. Laurie motioned with her hand to indicate that they should keep drinking. They were cheerleaders, after all, and cheerleaders were dedicated to the big show. This crowd wanted a spectacle and they were not going to disappoint no matter what!

The other cheerleaders continued chanting, stomping their feet and shaking their pom poms:

“Boom! Boom! We want a boom!
Drink that juice til you fill up the room!
Laurie, our captain, our biggest balloon!
Jen, so wide, as big as the moon!
Alice, get ready, here comes the kaboom!”

The three girls drank and drank and drank, their bellies visibly swelling bigger and rounder until each cheer babe sported a distended “beer belly” as big as a six month pregnancy bump. Laurie jolted as the waistband of her cheer skirt burst and the defeated garment fluttered to the ground, leaving the swelling captain clad in only her sweater and her spanky pants. Moments later another loud RIIIP indicated that Jen’s skirt had also failed and a third RIIIIP signaled the end to Alice’s skirt. Again, Jen and Alice looked to Laurie, but their captain only signaled them to keep drinking.

“Wow, Laurie! You’re looking good and round!” said Gloria, patting her captain’s globe of a middle.

As the bustiest of the trio, it was no surprise that Laurie was the first to split her sweater. The crowd went wild at every snapping stitch and splitting seam, eager for more proof of the cheerleaders’ growth. In moments, the three ballooning babes were wearing nothing but their underwear and there was no telling how long even that would last.

Gloria motioned for the team to position lawn chairs behind each of the three co-captains. It was a smart move. Eventually, Laurie’s belly grew too heavy for her to hold anymore and she lost her balance, her thickening arms flailing, as she fell backwards onto the lawn chair, bouncing slightly as her bottom hid the seat. The other cheerleaders helped to ease her into a reclining position, where Laurie could lie comfortably as her belly continued to rise above her. She could feel herself growing, her body stretching as it filled with more liquid like a water balloon hooked up to a spigot… that’s all she was now, wasn’t she? She literally was hooked up to a spigot, inflating bigger and bigger. There was literally no difference between her and a water balloon at this point, she might as well embrace that truth.

Jen bounced in her seat as her panties split up the side. Alice almost spit out her hose from the surprise when her brassiere finally buckled under the strain of her growing chest. Pretty soon, even the girls’ stretchy underwear gave up the fight, tearing to shreds under the onslaught of their eternal growth and leaving all three girls completely naked.

Bang! Jen’s belly button popped, her navel poking up from her bloated stomach like a turkey thermometer. Jen winced, but she was a trooper and did not spit out her hose. Laurie nodded in approval. They were going to make sure that they saw this all the way to the end!

Bang! Alice jolted as her navel burst as well. Laurie waited impatiently, gulping as fast as she could while the pressure behind her belly button built higher and higher until… bang! Laurie was almost relieved when it happened. She didn’t like the idea that she was trailing behind Alice and Jen. She was captain, after all, she should be leading the charge!

“Wow, Laurie, you’re as big as a blimp! Just try not to explode yet. We really want to see how big we can get you!” said Gloria.

The pillowy slab of her blimping double chin was slowly forcing Laurie’s head back, forcing her to tilt her neck so that she was facing straight up, but that was barely a reprieve from the relentless growth of her blimping body. Her arms and legs were thickened into uselessness, so turgid with fluid that she could barely even wiggle her fingers or clench her toes. And yet she was still drinking, still suckling like a baby at the teat.

Laurie’s cheeks swelled, pinching her mouth into a permanent pout so tightly around the hose that she realized she could no longer spit it out even if she wanted to… lucky for her, she was determined to see this venture to the end. The fans wanted to see a fire works show and Laurie was determined to give it to them! Her blubbery cheeks pushed her eyes into a squint and then forced them closed. But it didn’t matter, there was not much that she could see anyway! With her head tiled up to accommodate the excess padding of her bullfrog-sized double chin, all she could see was Gloria behind her, working the valve on the pump. Her body was billowing up around her, her head sinking into her ballooning girth until her face disappeared from view. Her useless hands and feet soon followed, swallowed up by her sheer immensity.

“Don’t worry, ladies, we got you covered!” said Gloria cheerily, unspooling more tubing and feeding it into the dark divot into which Laurie’s head had disappeared. By now, each of the three girls was literally nothing but a massive sloshing orb, all their limbs and extremities vanished into their roundness. You could hear the oceans of liquid inside them, sloshing and bubbling, held in check only by the thin membrane of their increasingly stretched skin. The purple juice flushed their skin, making each of them turn from pink to violet – the only way to describe the three girls was that they looked like three enormous grapes, bigger than three Volkswagens, their billowing bellies taller than the surrounding buildings. If they kept going, they would soon completely fill the stadium! But none of them showing any signs of stopping. There was nothing to indicate anymore that these three colossal blimps were even human, every discernable feature had completely vanished into their sheer roundness. They literally were just three grapes now – although no grapes were ever THAT big!

Laurie was under ridiculous pressure. It wasn’t just that she was so obscenely full of juice, it was also that her face, buried deep within her burgeoning body, was being squashed on all sides by her own over-bloated bulk, the pulse of her own heartbeat reverberating like a drum through her tense form, the body heat of her own immensity making sweat pour from her cheeks and forehead. She couldn’t hear anything anymore, all noises outside her own labored breathing and thumping heart beat were completely muffled by her own body. Yet she kept drinking. She was not going to give up! She could imagine the crowd still cheering, cheering for HER. They wanted to see what happened when three cheerleaders pushed themselves to the absolute edge? They were going to get a hell of a show!

Laurie was pleased to know that her co-captains Alice and Jen were also equally dedicated to the cheer lifestyle, so that they wouldn’t dream of defying her orders. As long as Laurie instructed them to keep drinking, they would keep drinking. Jen’s face had also disappeared into her bulk and Alice was nothing but a round ball of juice, but Gloria kept feeding more tube into the dents where their heads had vanished. The divots were so deep now that not even the tips of Laurie’s raven locks or Jen’s auburn hair still protruded from the holes. Their towering bulk quivered with the tension. How much more could they hold?

In the bleachers, several students stood up and walked briskly for the exits as they realized that they were sitting directly in the splash zone. But the majority of the crowd remained in their seats, chanting and hollering. “Sis Boom Bah! Sis Boom Bah! Give us a Boom!”

Bigger, bigger, bigger… the growth of the cheer blimps was visibly slowing, as if they were approaching the absolute limits of their give. The crowd slowed its chanting, the cheerleaders slowed their cheer… everyone was tensed, waiting, anticipating the release that was sure to come any moment as the three cheer blimps throbbed and pulsed with absolute fullness. They were so big that each girl looked like she could be her own planet, but so volatile that even the merest pinprick might be enough to shatter these bulging behemoths. Yet they continued to grow. Laurie was so outrageously bloated that she could barely force herself to swallow; it felt like she was backed up into her gullet. Her face was smooshed by her own cheeks, she had to fight to even breathe, but she was not going to stop. Every moment was an agony drawing closer to the inevitable. She knew she could stop at any time, but she refused. The crowd needed their spectacle! It was her duty as a cheerleader! She would not let them down!

“Boom… boom… boom!” the crowd chanted in slow whispers, as if they were afraid that raising their voices too loud might be enough to finally trigger the ultimate detonation. They wanted to draw out this moment as long as possible, to savor the build-up as the gargantuan purple globes that had once been a trio of cheerleaders teetered on the final brink.

In her own mind, Laurie couldn’t help but recite the same chant to herself: boom… boom… boom…

And then…

BOOM!!!

The three explosions happened so simultaneously that you couldn’t tell them apart – it was as if they all went in one HUGE climax, spraying he crowds with an ocean’s worth of grape juice. It looked like the harvest had finally come!

“What the hell is going on in here?”

The familiar voice cut through the fog of Laurie’s dreams. It was Frank. Laurie’s boyfriend stood in the locker room doorway, hands on his hips, glowering at the cheerleaders. Laurie’s girlfriend Abida stood next to him.

Lizzie, Denise, and Kristine stared back, suddenly cowed now that they’d been caught red-handed in the middle of their revenge scheme. The three girls had been just as eager to punish Jen for her part in Laurie’s scheme, so while they left Laurie to chug ice cream, they were all busy smacking Jen’s tender, bruised ass with a paddle.

“This is none of your business, Frank!” said Kristine. “Laurie violated the scared cheerleader oath that every captain takes to protect and lead their team! She was trying to fatten us all up. You heard what Jen said when they were on Nikki Lake! We’re only giving Laurie what she deserves!”

“Yeah, I think she’s had just about enough!” said Frank. He sauntered over to Laurie and pulled the funnel from her mouth. Laurie belched in surprise and moaned. “I thought you guys were up to something in here. That’s why Alice told me you were punishing Laurie!”

“Alice told you?!” Kristine and Lizzie looked at one another in confusion. It was true, they had told Alice earlier that they were going to finally give Laurie a taste of her own medicine… but they had expected that Alice would be pleased with that! They hadn’t counted on the blonde blimpette being such a tender-hearted good-two-shoes that she would actually feel sorry for Laurie and give the whole plan away!

“I think she’s learned her lesson,” said Frank. “Haven’t you, Laurie?”

“N-n-n…” Laurie wanted to say ‘no,’ in the hopes that maybe someone would stick the tube back into her mouth. She didn’t care if she really did burst, she was certain she would, she welcomed it… anything to get more food in her, anything to feel more of that delicious filled-up feeling… she didn’t care about anything else!

“Yeah, you did,” said Frank, finishing her sentence for her. He was always the logical one, more cognizant of Laurie’s limits than the haughty hottie herself ever was. Out loud, he said: “And let Jen go too. You’ve had your fun and I’m sure she’s very sorry, right?”

Jen sniffled, wiping away a tear. “Y-yes…” Her poor, poor butt, spanked dozens of times by all the cheerleaders, was aching!

The cheerleaders watched as Frank and Abida helped the hefty hoggette to her feet, her outrageously overfilled belly plopping nearly to the floor, the weight of the ice cream inside her so heavy that her belly felt ready to tear apart.

“Wow, Laurie, you’re heavy, we might just have to roll you home…” Abida lowered her voice and whispered into Laurie’s ear: “Just like your parents used to threaten.”

Laurie’s jaw dropped and her eyes bulged in shock. At her other shoulder, Frank chuckled.

“Oh, don’t act so scandalized, Laurie. We know your fat little secret. We all know. To think, Laurie used to be a fat girl! It looks like you’re really falling back into your old habits, aren’t you?”

“How… how did you know!?” gasped Laurie. It was true. When she was younger, before she hit puberty and briefly transformed into a slender but voluptuous vixen, Laurie had been quite plump. But she worked hard to drop the extra weight, using the constant stress of a cheerleader’s life to help keep her natural weight in check, and she did everything that she could to hide evidence that she had ever been heavy. How was it possible that Frank and Abida had uncovered the one thing that she worked so hard to hide?

“We talked to Jen,” said Frank. “Looks like she’s been talking with your parents.”

Ugh, of course, thought Laurie. Her stupid hippie parents! They had always been so stupidly body positive, refusing to condemn Laurie’s escalating weight when she was younger and failing to understand why Laurie was so desperate to keep the truth hidden. And now they’d gone and blabbed!

“It’s hard to believe that Laurie Belmontes, the oh-so-feared captain of the cheerleaders, used to eat so much every night that her parents said they’d have to roll you away from the table,” continued Abida. She chuckled. “And it looks like we might just have to do that now!”

“You’ve been very naughty, Laurie, hiding this from us,” said Frank. “It looks like we might have to punish you even more.”

“N-no…” Laurie moaned, her cow bell choker clinking loudly as her lovers heaved her toward the door. But secretly, deep down, there was nothing that she wanted more. The other cheerleaders watched as Frank and Abida maneuvered their obscenely fat lover through the door and out of the room, Laurie belching and burping loudly the entire way, Jen waddling behind while rubbing her poor abused bottom the whole time.

All things considered, the revenge had been remarkably successful.

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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