Alice 89
By Mollycoddles

“Hello? Is this the overeaters support group?” asked Alice as she timidly knocked on the open door. She didn’t know why she needed to ask. It was obviously the right place, because every girl in the room was substantially overweight! The slimmest person here was Dr. Shaw herself, seated across the room at the far end from the door.

Alice gulped nervously. She half-regretted agreeing to come to this meeting. But her mother had insisted that she attend at least one therapy session with Dr. Shaw, in hopes that the therapist would be able to help Alice understand her compulsive need to overeat. And Dr. Shaw had sold her on the idea of coming to a group therapy session. Alice truly didn’t relish the idea of hanging out with a bunch of self-loathing fat girls to talk about how unhappy they were with their bodies. While Alice herself certainly had her hang-ups about her size, she was gradually coming to accept herself as she crested over 500 pounds. Her boyfriend Tyler liked her extra fluff and her friend Jen, who was also over 500 pounds and probably the most comfortable she ever was in her body, encouraged Alice to stop worrying about her waistline and just start enjoying herself. Still, Alice couldn’t quite get over the nagging feeling that maybe she should be concerned about her constant expansion. And if Dr. Shaw’s group could at least help her to stop ballooning… well, that would be good!

“Of course, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw. “Please, come in and take a seat!”

The other girls stared in awe as Alice maneuvered her wide, blubbery hips through the doorframe. Each one of them had to deal with self-esteem issues regarding her weight, but all of them felt positively svelte at this moment as they watched this absolute behemoth enter the room, pausing slightly at the threshold of the door to maneuver her wide hips through the entryway. Alice was positively ginormous, so vast that every thudding step made her entire body jiggle and shift like a blubber-filled balloon.

“Phew!” Alice couldn’t help but sigh in relief as she dropped onto the couch, her vast bottom nearly filling the entire space. She was sweating heavily from her walk, her chest heaving with her heavy breathing so that the hem of her polo shirt popped out of her pants and slid up over her bulging belly.

“Welcome to our support group, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw. “I’d like to introduce you to the other girls. This is Jody over here.”

A short tubby brunette with her long hair pulled back into a ponytail, dressed in a white button-down blouse and a stylish miniskirt cinched at the waist by a leather belt, sat in the corner. She was big with a prominent gut, but looked positively wispy next to Alice.

“Hi, Alice,” said Jody.

“And this is Kayla,” continued Dr. Shaw.

Kayla nodded. She was a thick-set black girl with an overfilled hourglass figure – large breasts, hefty thighs, thick legs – crammed into a baby blue track suit.

Dr. Shaw went around the circle, introducing each girl in turn. Alice barely heard a word, though, because, as she looked around the room, her mind was filled by one terrible, undeniable fact.

“Oh no,” mumbled Alice. “I’m the fattest girl here.”

It was absurd that she thought it would be any other way; at over 500 pounds – more than a quarter ton of blubber – Alice was almost always the heaviest girl anywhere she went. But she was so used to hanging out with her equally porky pals Jen and Laurie that she had somehow managed to deceive herself into thinking… maybe she wouldn’t be the biggest one in the support group.

“Jody was just telling us about how she was dealing with temptation. Why don’t you finish, Jody?” said Dr. Shaw.

“R-right,” muttered Jody. She was so completely shocked at Alice’s size that she had completely lost her train of thought! “Well, I, uh, my family threw a party this weekend for my little brother’s birthday. So, of course, there was…uh… cake. And I knew that I shouldn’t eat any, but… um…” She trailed off, her plump cheeks going red.

Dr. Shaw patted her hand reassuringly. “There, there, Jody, don’t be ashamed. We’re not here to judge, remember? We’re here to be supportive.”

“Well… I had a couple slices. I thought maybe one would be okay… but then I had to have another… I mean, two slices isn’t that bad, right?”

A sudden loud gurgling sound made all heads turn to Alice. Alice blushed furiously.

“S-sorry! It’s just all this talk of cake… I mean, I haven’t eaten since lunch so I’m a little puckish.”

Jody blinked. “But it’s… 1:00 pm?”

“Oh, right,” said Alice.

Jody blinked again. Was she hearing right? Surely Alice couldn’t just be saying that she wasn’t able to go for a full hour without food? Jody often thought that she had trouble resisting her own appetite, but at least she could wait more than an hour if she really put her mind to it!

“Er, just out of morbid curiosity, what kind of cake was it?”

“What? Oh, chocolate fudge.”

“OMG I loooove chocolate fudge!” squealed Alice, licking her lips in anticipation. Her belly growled again, making her blush even deeper. “Oops! Sorry, haha. I forgot myself.”

“You don’t have to apologize, Alice,” repeated Dr. Shaw. “Remember, we’re not here to shame anyone. We’re here to help each other with our addictions to food.”

“Hmm.” Alice wasn’t paying attention at all; her imagination was drifting, focused on Dr. Shaw’s mention of food.

Jody stared at Alice. At 200 pounds, Jody was the biggest girl in the group and she was always acutely aware of her size. The shortstack brunette was, like Alice, a belly gainer; her modest breasts and wide hips received their share of her weight but most of her extra poundage concentrated into a pudgy paunch that sagged over her belt and the waistband of her denim shorts. For once, though, Jody actually felt…. Thin! It was nearly impossible to be in the same room with Alice and NOT feel thin! Jody couldn’t help but feel that her own extra weight was completely insignificant when there were people as big as Alice in the world. In fact, she almost felt like she might as well give up on trying to lose weight. She was just fine the way she was, right? I mean, it’s not like she was SUPER OBESE like some people she could name…

“Since you’re our newest member, maybe you’d like to tell us about yourself, Alice?” said Dr. Shaw.

“Huh? What? Me? Oh…er…” Alice snapped out of her daydream. “Um, there’s not too much to tell. I’ve always been a little, uh, chunky, but just this last year I really started to just… blow up. I don’t know what’s come over me. I mean, it’s like I’ve just lost complete control over my appetite. I eat everything in sight!”

Jody and Kayla nodded. They knew that feeling well!

“Has anything changed in the last year that might explain this?” asked Dr. Shaw.

“Um…. I don’t think so? My mom has always been on my back about my weight, but she’s really giving me grief now. Well, not anymore, she promised to lay off and she mostly has…” Alice gulped. Deep down, she knew that there were LOTS of reasons for her sudden gain: Tyler’s encouragement, the free food at her afterschool job at Pizza-by-the-Pound, her weekly gorging sessions at the sleepovers with Jen and Laurie, her decreasing activity on the cheer squad…

“I don’t know why I keep gaining!” said Alice. She hoped that no one guessed she was lying. “I mean, I don’t eat that much and I get plenty of exercise… well, some exercise. I’m a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High so I think I get enough!”

Jody exchanged glances with Kayla.

“You’re a… cheerleader?” said Kayla dubiously. “Really, honey?”

“Yeah, I am!” said Alice.

“No offense, sweetie, but aren’t you a little… big to do cartwheels?”

Alice was at a loss for words. “I…I…”

“Do they make cheer uniforms big enough for you?” continued Kayla.

“That’s enough, Kayla!” snapped Dr. Shaw.

“No, she’s right,” sighed Alice. “The truth is, I haven’t done any real cheering in, like, at least a year. My captain Laurie benched me and I’ve just… been on the bench ever since.”

“Well, that might be part of the puzzle,” said Dr. Shaw. “But surely that’s not the only issue. Is there anything else that you can think of that might help explain your situation?”

“I guess also… well, my boyfriend also likes me big… so maybe that’s part of it too?”

Jody’s jaw dropped. “You have a boyfriend?”

“Yeah, Tyler and I have been dating for a while. He’s always been really supportive about my weight. At first I thought that he was just tolerating me being so big, but, well, now I know that he actually likes me being so big.”

“You’re kidding!” Jody’s eyes bugged out of her head. She was absolutely flabbergasted!

“Damn,” said Kayla. “Wish I could find me a man like that!” She looked down at her own ample figure testing the bounds of her blue track suit.

“I…I guess I’m kinda lucky that way,” said Alice. She paused. She really was lucky! She had been with Tyler for almost a year and she sometimes forgot that they hadn’t always been together. She remembered her former boyfriend Chris and how much he had negged her for her size, how on her recent meeting with him he had suddenly tried to hit on her. That was a man who had no respect for women! But Tyler was different and Alice felt so lucky to be with him. She reminded herself that she shouldn’t take that for granted. She smiled. She already felt like being in this group was doing her some good!

Jody and Kayla exchanged glances. Both girls felt suddenly svelte now that they had Alice to compare themselves to. And while that made them both feel a new confidence in themselves, it was also a dangerous thing for two girls so easily given to overeating to suddenly feel like they weren’t actually that fat.

In short, Dr. Shaw’s therapy group looked like it was about to get a whole lot more interesting.

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“Okay, so, like, Gloria, here’s the plan: I need you to order 5 extra large pizzas. 2 with pepperoni, 2 with Canadian bacon, 1 with mushrooms…”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa! What’s going on here, Jen?” Gloria raised a quizzical eyebrow. “How is this part of my training?”

“What? Um… well, as a cheerleader, it’s really important that you… uh…. Know how to order pizza? Like, you know, after a game, we’ll sometimes celebrate, right? So, like, you gotta know how to do that.”

Gloria made a skeptical face. She didn’t believe Jen for a second. It didn’t help that Jen was a terrible liar, but even a good liar would have a hard time making this ridiculous story sound plausible.

Gloria was finding that her “training” wasn’t anything like she had expected. Not that she was complaining! For years, Gloria had dreamed of being a cheerleader. Not, thanks to a Faustian bargain between her big sister Maggie and the cheer captain Laurie, Gloria was actually on the squad as a cheerleader-in-training. Of course, since her official mentor on the squad was none other than team co-captain Jen Sarovy, a dumb fat bottom-heavy bimbo whose ditziness was matched only by the width of her colossally chubby caboose, her training regimen was extremely irregular. Jen had made it her mission to turn ultra-nerd Gloria, with her thick glasses, frizzy hair and bad acne, into a stunning cheer goddess. That meant a whole new skin care regime, it meant contacts, and, above all, it meant a lot of special attention to that one body part that both Jen and Gloria luckily agreed was the most important aspect of a cheerleader’s look: The butt. Gloria already had a hefty badonk of her own, but it was nothing compared to Jen’s door-plugging derriere. Jen was so wide that she could fill a whole couch all by herself! But Gloria was determined that she was going to match her mentor by the end of her training…

“Okay, so, like, the truth is… Alice told me that, at Pizza-by-the-Pound, if someone orders a pizza and then they don’t come in to pick it up…? That then they’ll actually just let the employees have it!”

Gloria nodded, instantly understanding Jen’s reasoning. It wasn’t hard to figure out. Gloria had watched Jen eat and she knew that her fat mentor had a bottomless appetite for salty, greasy treats.

“Ohhh… so I think I see the plan,” said Gloria. “I call in the order, we don’t pick it up, then Alice puts it aside and you pick it up on the sly?”

Jen nodded enthusiastically, her chubby double chin wobbling. “Yeah! Like, you got it!”

“And Alice is okay with this?”

“Ummm…. Well, I haven’t actually told Alice. Like, you know how she is. She’s, like, too honest. She’d probably spill the beans to your sister! No offense. But I figure, we just conveniently show up and, oh look! There’s all these extra pizzas! Like, I know Alice will be happy to share.”

Gloria grinned. Honestly, she kind of liked this plan. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her sister’s face when Maggie found the restaurant out five whole pizzas! Sure, maybe Gloria owed her sister some gratitude for getting her on the cheer squad… but that didn’t change the fact that her sister was a huge bitch who nagged her way too much!

“Okay, okay, I’ll make the call… on one condition.”

“Um, like, what’s that?”

Gloria smirked. “You have to share some of that pizza with me.” She absently rubbed her palms against her backside, squeezing her fingers lightly into the spongy flesh and smiling to herself at the sensation. Yup, she was definitely a little rounder back there; she could feel the new chub through the spandex fabric of her spanky pants. Jen’s training – constant squats, constant applications of anti-cellulite cream, and most importantly constant snacking – was starting to show results. But there was still a long way to go! And a big cheesy, greasy pizza would definitely help her along.

Jen grinned widely. “Like, you’re a girl after my own heart. It’s a deal! So, like, pick up the phone and let’s get started!

At work, Alice was lost in thought when Maggie put in the order for 5 extra large pizzas.

“This is a big order,” said Maggie, “And they’re gonna pick it up in an hour so we have to be ready. Can I count on you, Alice?”

“Oh, um, sure! Of course!” Alice snapped to attention, her protruding gut slapping against the counter. Maggie grimaced. What she was really asking was: Can I count on you NOT to eat the pizzas that you’re supposed to be preparing for these customers? But she didn’t say it out loud.

“Okay, time to work! No snacking now!” Alice mumbled to herself as she set to work rolling the dough for the pizza crust. It was hard work for a girl as flabby as Alice; she had to be careful not to get flour all over her arm fat and the constant rhythmic motion of flattening the dough was extremely tiring for the feminine fatso. She was breaking a sweat and she was barely even moving!

All the while, Alice’s thoughts strayed back to her meeting with the overeaters support group. Her mind was ablaze with all sorts of contrary thoughts. Could they help her stop gaining? What would Tyler think of that? She knew that he liked her bigger body, but would he be upset if Alice stopped getting bigger? Surely he would support her, right? After all, if she kept growing at this rate… by the end of the year, they’d have to roll her to school! Then again, she couldn’t help thinking about what Jen had said to her on their last meeting. Jen had given up worrying about her weight and had decided to dedicate herself to pure hedonism, sating her appetite without any thought for the inevitable consequences! That sounded inviting… but could Alice ever do that? She was just so confused!

Her thoughts were interrupted by her titanic tummy growing. The blonde blimpette paused, wiping her sweaty forehead with one thick arm. God, being around pizza all day just made her so hungry! But one thing was for sure… her one visit to Dr. Shaw’s support group had taught her some simple techniques for practicing willpower around food. Now was the perfect time to try them out!

“I’m not hungry,” Alice told herself, steadfastly ignoring the fact that her mouth was watering. “I don’t need to eat. I just need to finish this job. Besides… I’m sure they’ll notice if I eat any of their pizza…”

Little did Alice know that the person who had called in for the pizzas was Gloria, disguising her voice on the phone. And she had no clue at all that Gloria had done it at the behest of Alice’s good friend Jen!

Unfortunately, brilliant Jen’s plan quickly ran into several snags.

The first of which was that she had to make a stop along her way to pick up the pizza. Who could blame her? The thought of all that tasty pizza was making her ravenously hungry, so she just had to pull into a drive-thru to get herself a snack. She picked up a monster chimichanga at The Taco Shack (To Jen, this counted as just a snack.) and was happily munching away, chimichanga in one hand, steering wheel in the other, beans and cheese falling down her cleavage, as she drove. The next issue was parking. There was plenty of parking in the mall parking lot, of course, but most of it required walking a short distance and Jen was far too lazy to do that. Even knowing that she could just park her colossal butt on her scooter and ride the whole journey into the mall, Jen was reluctant to park too far away from the entrance. So she ended up driving in circles for twenty minutes, wasting time and gas because she was far too ditzy to realize that indulging her laziest impulses was pointless. Eventually, Jen found a spot to her liking, but then it took her another ten minutes to exit her car because her low center of gravity made it difficult to rock herself to her feet and her wide hips kept bumping into the door frame of her car. And then, FINALLY, she was out and ready to enter the mall! Well, almost. She also had to pull her scooter out of the back of her hatchback – wasting more time! But finally she was ready. She plopped her massive ass onto the scooter, her boulder-sized butt cheeks sagging so far down on either side of the seat that it looked like the scooter might simply disappear up her cavernous ass crack! But she didn’t get far before that chimichanga started roiling around in her guts… and Jen was forced to steer her scooter straight toward the mall bathroom.

That all added up. And during this time, Maggie was becoming more and more nervous as the clock ticked away. Those 5 pizzas should have been picked up long ago! Maggie was starting to get a sneaking suspicion that she’d been played!

“Ugh, don’t tell me someone ditched us,” sniped Maggie. “What are we going to do with 5 whole pizzas? This is ridiculous!”

“Um…” Alice licked her lips as she stared down at the piping hot pies, oozing with delicious sauce and melted cheese. She could sure think of something to do! Her belly growled in anticipation.

Maggie heard it. “Oh no!” said Maggie, “No way! You already eat up way too many of the profits, you really think I’m just gonna let you eat up these pizzas?”

“I…I didn’t say…”

“Yeah, but you were thinking it!” Maggie caught herself. Damnit, she needed to calm down. She had promised Laurie that she wasn’t going to be mean to Alice; in payment, Laurie had promised to let Maggie’s little sister Gloria fulfill her dream of joining the cheer squad. Maggie might have been a crabby bitch, but she did have some family loyalty and she couldn’t risk ruining Gloria’s fun.

Maggie’s thoughts were interrupted by the restaurant phone suddenly ringing.

“This better be them explaining why they haven’t picked up their pizzas yet,” muttered Maggie as she picked up the receiver. “Pizza-By-The-Pound, Maggie speaking, how can I help you?” Maggie’s face suddenly went pale. “Oh hi, Ben. Uhh… sure, it’s going fine. No, no, there’s no reason for that… I mean, no, there’s no reason not to. Uh, sure. Okay, we’ll see you soon. Okay bye.”

Maggie hung up the phone. “Shit. Alice, that was Ben Jenkins.”

“Ben Jenkins? You mean… the owner?” Alice hadn’t seen Ben since she had interviewed to work here. That was a while ago. He seemed like a nice enough guy, but Maggie’s reaction made Alice worry.

“Goddamn it! Ben is coming in to do an inspection! If he finds out that we’ve got FIVE whole pizzas unpaid for… he’s gonna have my ass!” Maggie’s eyes fell upon Alice’s prodigious potbelly. A lightbulb went off in her head! She’d always thought of Alice’s appetite and belly as a much hassle, but now she was seeing it as her potential savior. That belly would make the perfect pizza storage space!

“Alice! You’ve got to eat these pizzas!”

“M-me? But I couldn’t possibly…!”

“You can do it, Alice! I believe in you! I need you to do this!” Maggie patted Alice’s protruding paunch.

Alice started to sweat. Her eyes fell on the pizzas, all hot and cheesy and ready to go. She simply couldn’t… could she? She had exercised such enormous willpower NOT to eat any of the pizza as she was preparing it, yet now all that restraint would be for naught if she just gobbled them down at Maggie’s insistence. Then again… Maggie was her boss, after all. So… it was kind of her job to eat pizza now? With that rationale, Alice didn’t need any more prodding. She was already ravenously hungry just thinking about all that pizza… so it wouldn’t take much convincing at all!

Alice nodded. “Okay, I’ll do it!”

“Excellent!” said Maggie. “C’mon, let’s get you situated!” Maggie quickly hustled Alice away from the counter and into the backroom. Maggie placed her hands on Alice’s shoulders and pushed the fat girl down into a chair before shoving the stack of pizzas in front of her. “C’mon, Alice, I need you to chow down on these fast!”

“I…I’ll do my best,” said Alice. She couldn’t believe that she was actually being asked to binge on pizza at work! Alice nervously opened the first box and pulled out a slice of pepperoni. Why was she nervous? Alice frequently ate way more than that at her weekly sleepovers with Jen and Laurie. The only difference was that now the pressure was on!

Even so, Alice quickly hit her stride as she gobbled slice after slice. Her worries dissipated as she lost herself in the bliss of filling her hungry hungry belly! Every bite was a delicious explosion of cheesy goodness in her mouth and Alice was never one to resist the lure of food! She ate in silence, so deeply involved in the rthyms of eating that the only sounds in the back room were the steady chew chew chew of Alice’s constantly moving gums, the occasional gurgle of her swelling belly as it worked to digest the sudden onslaught of calories, and the quiet contented murmurs of a girl who loved to eat with all her heart.

A thinner girl would have started to show the effects of this extended pizza binge quickly, but Alice was so monumentally fat that any extra belly bulge was hidden under pounds and pounds of jiggling pudge. Alice easily mowed through the first two pizzas, but she finally started to falter as she reached the end of the third.

Alice winced in pain, rubbing her middle. Under the thick layer of blubber that spilled over the waistband of her pants and pressed tightly against her tense leather belt, Alice could feel that her stomach was hard and full. It whined and bubbled, sending waves of pain through her body. Oof. She didn’t think it was possible… but had she actually eaten too much? The real reason, of course, was that Alice was not usually a pizza binge girl. While Jen loved to load her gut with greasy, oily, salty fast food, Alice had always gravitated more toward sweets and pastries. All that cheese was wrecking havoc with her insides! Hoping to ease the gas in her guts, Alice lied down on the floor.

“You almost done?” asked Maggie, poking her head into the room. Her eyes fell on the remaining pizzas, then moved to Alice’s prone form. Maggie noticed that Alice’s belly was so mountainous that she was taller lying down than she was standing up! Still, Maggie didn’t have time to worry about that. “Hurry it up, will ya? Ben will be here any minute!”

“B-b-b..” mumbled Alice, her chubby cheeks streaked with grease and red sauce.

“What’s going on, Alice?” asked Maggie. “You okay? What’s going on?”

“B-b-belt,” gasped Alice, weakly gesturing toward her middle. Her belt was cutting into her gut. Alice’s work shirt was tucked into her belt and, if it weren’t for the belt tightly holding it in place, her shirt would have popped up over her belly long ago. Maggie was shocked that Alice had been able to find a belt long enough to circle her waist; it had to be, like, six feet long!

Maggie grabbed at Alice’s belt and struggled to unbuckle it; Alice’s stuffed belly was pressing against the creaking leather band with such force that it seemed it would snap… but it also made it hard for Maggie to get enough slack to undo the buckle.

Alice sighed in relief, her gut surging forward and her shirt slipping up the curve of her middle to expose a big doughy slab of quivering pink flesh. A band of red welts circled her waist, indicating where her belt had until just a few seconds before been pressing into her flesh.

“C’mon, Alice, don’t stop! We need to get rid of all this pizza!” hissed Maggie, leaning over her prone, gasping co-worker. She grabbed another slice and dangled it over Alice’s face. “Here you go! Down the hatch!”

“Oof… I can’t… it’s too much…” Alice moaned but she didn’t object as Maggie lowered the slice into her mouth. She just started chewing.

“That’s right, yum yum,” said Maggie. “Tasty, isn’t it?” Don’t stop now, you greedy guts! Thought Maggie. You spend all day stuffing your fat face, so this should be no problem for you! How can it be hat the one time I actually need you to eat suddenly you’re having trouble?

Bite after bite after bite disappeared down Alice’s gullet, the fat girl whining the whole time but never refusing a treat. Maggie was right about one thing. Despite everything, Alice was far too addicted to food to ever pass up a tempting treat… and her belly’s infinite capacity could be counted on to hold anything!

Alice’s belly might have had a limitless capacity, but her pants sure didn’t! As Maggie pushed the final bites into Alice’s slack mouth, the quivering button on her slacks finally succumbed to the pressure of her overloaded abdomen. Pop! Alice grunted as her pants burst open, the button flying straight up in the air to hit the ceiling before falling back to earth and bouncing across the room.

“Oof,” said Alice blearily, “My button… my pants…”

“I’ll buy you new ones,” said Maggie quickly. For all the guff that Maggie gave her chubby co-worker about constantly outgrowing her uniform, it was ironic that now she was promising to buy Alice a new one… and in a larger size! “C’mon, get up before Ben sees you!”

“Oooof… can’t…. too full,” belched Alice. She was so full of pizza that she felt like a solid block of cheese. She felt like she was more pizza than girl at this point. Maggie had to grab onto her arms and try desperately to hoist her to her feet, but Alice was too heavy. Instead, Maggie had to stand behind her, place her hands against Alice’s wide bottom, and shove the fat girl to her feet. Since Alice was over 500 pounds of pure quivering lard, it was a fair bet that she couldn’t be moved if she didn’t want to move.

“Alice! This is serious! At least get off the floor!”

“Knock knock, how you girls doing?” An older man appeared at the doorway, knocking politely against the doorjam. Ben Jenkins was a friendly-looking man in his late 50s, his thinning hair already turned white. Unusually for a franchise owner, he took a hands-off approach with his restaurant as he seemed to have complete faith in Maggie’s abilities. Alice wondered if part of the reason that he thought Maggie was so competent was because she often hid incidents like this one – the ditching of 5 extra large pizzas – from him. Ben raised an eyebrow in confusion as he spied Alice sitting on the floor, her gargantuan belly in her lap, her shirt sliding up to reveal way too much pink flesh, and Maggie shoving her from behind. “Uhhhh… what’s going on here?”

“Nothing!” said Maggie quickly, jumping to her feet. “Just… uhhhh… some on the job yoga, right, Alice? It’s a little work place routine we have. Ya know, to help keep all the employees limber to… uhhhh… help us make pizza better?” She elbowed Alice, who burped loudly in response to the jab. Maggie grimaced.

“Oh that makes sense,” said Ben. “Anyway, Maggie, I just wanted to check in and make sure everything was going okay.”

He looked down at Alice.

“Oh… hi Alice.” Ben hadn’t seen Alice in months and… he was shocked to see how much the girl had grown in that time! He remembered Alice as being quite fat, but the girl standing before him was downright morbidly obese, so round and full that she was literally bursting out of her uniform.

“Hi Mr. Jenkins,” said Alice brightly as she struggled to her feet. Her face was bright red and she was sweating; Alice hoped that Ben would chalk her frazzled appearance up to nerves and not realize the truth that Alice was actually sweating because she was so obscenely full that she felt ready to pop. Her swollen gut gurgled loudly, the pizza roiling and bubbling inside her. Her sagging middle helped to hide her freshly-popped pants, but Ben was so intent on inspecting the pizza ovens and quizzing Maggie about sales that he hardly seemed to notice that his elephantine employee was busting out all over.

Alice hiccupped loudly. Maggie shot her a poisonous look, but if Ben heard it he didn’t react.

“Everything going fine here?” said Ben, absently wandering through the kitchen. He didn’t seem to suspect a thing! Alice almost relaxed, but she was afraid that she might just pop if she did. She was so full that it almost felt she was keeping herself in one piece by sheer force of willpower!

“Absolutely, Mr. Jenkins!” chirped Maggie. Alice had never heard her crabby co-worker so chipper before!

“Yeah, it’s all – hic! – fine!” agreed Alice. She hiccuped again, her entire body bouncing in response and her shirt sliding even higher up the arc of her gut. Alice could feel the zipper on her pants slide down slightly as her swollen gut bounced against it with her latest hiccup and she prayed that it would stay up high enough to at least let her avoid embarrassing herself too much! The last thing she needed was for Maggie and Ben to see her over-stretched underwear through the gap in her split crotch!

“You sound like you got a little case of the hiccups,” said Ben. He frowned. “You know, girls, you’ve been doing a really good job here. I know that. But that’s not the reason that I came down.”

“No?”

“No.” Ben crossed his arms, suddenly serious. He gazed at the to girls, his eyes moving from one to the other and back again. “I’m afraid that, as I was going over last month’s receipts, I discovered some… irregularities.”

Alice’s heart jumped into her throat. “Irregularities? What – hic – what do you mean? Hic!”

“Missing inventory,” said Ben. “Way more than usual. Now I’m not accusing anyone of anything. But I need you all to be more on the look-out.” His eyes traveled up and down Alice, lingering on her massive, beachball-size belly. Alice felt the sweat trickle down her flabby back. Oh no! He had to know that Alice had been eating all his profits! There was simply no way that he could look at this tubby blonde blimpette and NOT realize that all that missing inventory was due entirely to Alice’s insatiable appetite! To Alice’s relief and astonishment, though, he turned to Maggie.

“I’m counting on you to be my eyes and ears here, Maggie,” he said. “As assistant manager, I need you to tell me about anything weird you find here.”

“S-sure, Mr. Jenkins, I will!” She gulped. “You can count on me!”

Ben smiled. “That’s my girls!”

Alice blanched. She was certain that Maggie was about to rat her out, but Maggie remained silent. She thought that Maggie was probably reluctant to tell Ben that Alice had been eating the profits because Alice now had some dirt on Maggie. If Maggie said anything, Alice could always tell Ben that Maggie had told her to just eat up 5 whole pizzas so she could avoid having Ben find out about them! Alice didn’t know about Maggie’s deal with Laurie, so she didn’t suspect that the head cheerleader had bought Maggie’s silence.

Even so… Alice suspected that her work at Pizza-by-the-Pound was going to get way more perilous really fast! She was going to have to be very careful with Maggie watching her like a hawk now…

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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,

Mollycoddles