

There are rumors that circulate in different regions and groups, rumors that expand and contort until they barely resemble the story that even started the chain. So when a rumor reaches the ears of the higher up officials, it is often misrepresented, except when that rumor remains unchanged. If one researches a rumor and finds that different groups say the same thing, without err, then there is a grain of truth to that rumor. Such rumors surrounded the history of Shou, a village so secluded that it barely registered in the government records. It was located deep in the Qinghai province, tucked in a forest at the base of a mountain, but that was the extent of public records. This village existed; it had a location, but nothing was officially written about culture or population. Which is why these rumors started to gain momentum throughout the country. The rumors had gained such a widespread footing that the government decided to take action and start an official census. The task wasn't high on the country's priorities, so it was given to one of the low girls on the totem pole, Hua Yu.

Hua Yu was a military girl from a military family, born as the only child to a high-ranking official, she was often torn between duties. Struggling with the pressures of feminine roles compared to her family's military tradition, ultimately she leaned towards the latter. Working her way up the ranks of Chinese bureaucracy until she was finally given more responsibility. She wasn't exactly suited for direct combat, being of lithe build and sometimes inattentive demeanor. This never really stopped her from working to fulfill her duties with her whole heart, so when given this rare field opportunity, she leapt on it. Which is where we find her now.

Hua chugged along the countryside, moving through the province border towards the capital. Her black sedan was struggling to move through uneven roads; the paved roads gave way to dirt paths the further she got from the capital city. Soon she was going to have to abandon it altogether, but she was hesitant; she didn't want to leave it just anywhere. It was a car her father had scrimped and saved to get her as a reward for her new position; it was the only thing he had ever really given her. She followed the roads until she reached the city of Haidong, the last large city between her and Shou. She came upon a long-term garage she could stash the car in; she flashed her badge and paid the fee, stowing her car in some corner away from public view. She was ready to dart into the city and grab a ferry across the lake, only stopping when she saw the garage attendant. He was an old man, weathered from a hard life, he looked like he had seen more things than most. His skin was dark and tough, forged from a life in the sunlight; he wasn't the kind who lived a cushy office job. All of those facts meant that he was a man who heard rumors, a man with his ear to the ground.

"Excuse me. Sir? I was wondering if you had time to answer a question or two?" Hua was stiff as a board, conducting herself with all the charm of a government suit.

"Sorry, already had my lunch today, and boss has a sharp eye on those timesheets. Can't sneak another break." The man was clearly working as hard as he could, what with the newspaper he was flipping through.

"It's pretty important and will only take a moment of your time." Hua insisted on the question again, flashing her party badge from her breast pocket.

"You're not going to get far throwing your weight around here, even less so in the country. Some things mean more than badges and titles." The man turned back to his paper.

"I see. Maybe this will loosen your lips." Hua produced a small handful of yuan from her clutch.

"I think I could find some time to answer some questions then. What information you hunting?" The man set aside his newspaper, giving Hua his attention.

"What do you know about the city of Shou?" Hua passed the bill over to the man.

"That's a pretty lengthy question, Miss. Not sure if I can answer it all before the boss arrives." The man pocketed the cash without looking.

"Please. It's really important." Hua passed another bill over.

"Okay. Well, I'll tell you what I've heard." The man slipped the money in his breast pocket.

The sun was rising on another new year, and preparations were already being made for the next festivities. Preparations required a huge amount of labor and logistics, at least to make a proper festival. You see, the village of Shou were the keepers of prosperity; since time immemorial they were tasked with ensuring this next year was as prosperous as the last. During ancient times this was done with offerings and sacrifice, a pagan tradition that had been carried through the ages, facilitated by the village's seclusion. At some point during their long history, those sacrifices changed; at first it was simple animal sacrifice, but then during a particularly harsh year, a measure was taken. A person was sacrificed, and with that offering came better fortune than the last. The good fortune persisted, unwaveringly, until they noticed a change. One year, they had incredible fortune; crops grew larger, rains fell in steady flows, and children were born without illness. They tried to figure out the difference, what changed from the last year; the only different aspect was the person sacrificed. Before, they had been sacrificing the most virile beauties of the village, those deemed as the most glamorous in the village. That year of good fortune, though, someone changed a sacrifice at the last moment.

The village chief was wed to one of the offerings, a woman so beautiful and petite that she looked like a doll. The chief couldn't bear to part with her and made a swap; he disguised one of the village's heftier women as his wife. Unlike similar acts of hubris in myth, the village was rewarded for this action, and when people learned, they celebrated the chief. From that day forward they would only sacrifice the heaviest women of the village. As time went on, they

gained an inherent greed in their veins. The larger the woman, the better their prosperity, so gradually they made it a contest. Every year, the women picked for sacrifice would be fattened and stuffed like prized sows. Soon the fattening would be part of the sacrifice; women would be stuffed until they exploded on the new year. Like all traditions, this warped to the point where people forgot the reason for the tradition. Instead, the tradition came from the ritual itself, seeing whose daughter could reach the largest size. Which is where they were today, turning women into blubbery food bombs.

“Good morning, Yang.” Guo, the village chief, had come to visit Yang on this idyllic morning with some great news.

“Did I win? Do I get to be fat?” Yang clapped her hands in excitement.

Yang’s family was one of higher standing in the village, being part of the longest-lived farm in the village. The cattle they supplied were fatter than any others and were crucial in ringing in the new year. Despite this, they had never been given the honor of having their daughter as part of the stuffing. This year was different; the fates had chosen their family and blessed their eldest daughter, Yang, with the honor of becoming a fat hog. Yang was always a bit of a tomboy when compared to her siblings; she worked the fields, played ball with the boys, and wrestled bulls to the ground. Her raven hair was cut short, wild, and unkempt, the kind of cut you’d see on a woman who cared more for factor over form. She was tall and well built; one could see the outlines of tough muscle under the piles of blubber on her body.

“You do. The lottery has deemed you the first of this year’s hogs.” Guo handed the gold slip of paper over to Yang.

“I’m so happy, I could bust.” Yang held the ticket with glee.

“You’ll need to be a lot bigger before I’ll let you bust.” Guo chuckled as he watched the girl get up from her chair.

“Hey, I’ve been practicing. I can get plenty big.” Yang motioned to her wobbling gut.

Yang was sporting a gut so stuffed that it made her look pregnant; the fabric of her gown stretched around it like a balloon. The girl was fairly hefty on top of just her gut; she had fat in all the right places. Plush hips, and an ass that flowed over her chair: she was trying her best to chub as a daily habit. It was hard to get fat when you worked dusk ‘til dawn out in the fields.

“It’ll help you for sure. Keep practicing: come week end we’ll be housing you and the other winners in the villa.” Guo gave Yang’s stomach a pat before leaving to inform the other winners.

The village itself was a mixture of quaint and exotic; the buildings were traditional, resembling the dynasties of old. Yellow tiled roofs dotted the village proper, buildings composed of green and red painted wood. The buildings were two stories at the highest, just barely concealed by the surrounding treeline. The number of people coming in and out of the village was scarce, just a few local traders at most, but you could tell a local apart from a traveler at a glance. The villagers had a certain heft to them, at least the women did; almost every woman you saw would take up a two-person length on a sidewalk. By contrast, most of the men in the village were stick thin, absolute beanpoles when compared to the women. Very few ruminated on it or even noticed the difference. To the more introspective, it seemed like a natural evolution of village tradition.

Guo traveled across the village, maneuvering past the gaggles of women gathering their meals from the food stalls. He ducked through the increasingly crowded roads to a small shop tucked between the village weaver. The outside was fairly plain, unremarkable, and a bit worn; the indicator of its purpose was a small lotus flower. Guo walked his way in, pushing the door open. The inside was filled with various tinctures and mixtures, dry roots and flowers stacked high on the stalls inside. Guo didn't see the shopkeeper, but he could hear shuffling from the darkened room in the back. He hated to be rude, but he had business to attend to; he pushed back towards the dark room. The backroom had a single occupant, a very corpulent woman who went by Bo.

"Sorry to disturb you, but the door was open." Guo knocked on the wall.

"Eep! Oh my, I'm sorry, Guo. It's just really busy outside and I..." Bo's words trailed off as her anxiety took hold.

Bo was fairly short, only coming up to Guo's midriff, but her width made up for her lack of height. Her inky black hair was done in a small bun; it made her chubby face all the more standout. Bo was pretty fat, like she'd been practicing for the New Year since childhood. Her blubbery flanks flowed out so wide that it made it hard for her to move her arms at times. Her belly hung on top of her lap like a lump, just barely concealed by her medicinal robe. She had wide hips and thighs that could be called child-bearing in a generous term. This made it fairly difficult to stay balanced on her stool; her perch wobbled when she hunched over to work on her medicine.

"It's alright. I should have sent a letter, but I thought the surprise would make things a bit more fun." Guo removed the gold lottery ticket from his pocket.

"What? I won? This isn't a trick, is it? Why would I say it's a trick? You're the chief. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to insult you." Bo was tripping over her words, bowing profusely as she took the ticket.

"Really. It's alright. I'm not mad or anything." Guo put a hand on Bo's flabby shoulder.

"I just. I just didn't think I was worthy. There're so many prettier girls out there to earn the gods' favor." Bo turned away from Guo.

"I don't think that's true. Pretty sure plenty of girls would kill to look like you. Make sure to keep up the good work; you'll be moved to the Villa on the weekend." Guo released his hand before making for the door.

"Thanks. I'll make sure to get everything ready." Bo gave another bow before awkwardly hobbling onto her stool.

Guo gave her a wave, leaving her shop and heading to his next stop. His next stop was one of the few seedy spots in town, but it was seedy by design, not by neglect. It was the red-light district, the place where people of all walks could come and indulge pleasures of the flesh. Guo was familiar with the district; having not taken a wife meant that pleasures of the flesh were a thing sorely lacking in his daily life. When he walked through the main thoroughfare, he could see the most beautiful women the town had to offer. Women so large you could mistake them for cows; shapely bodies molded into all sorts of sizes and shapes. You had tall women, short women, women with asses large enough to block a door, women with guts so large they needed wheels. Guo couldn't help but smile at the skinnier women employed as well; seeing a woman with such a barebones frame was a rarity, but he appreciated their work. Being a skinny woman in this village was not an easy task; the gods themselves often fought against you. Guo passed by many red-tiled buildings before approaching the most ornate building.

"Hey, Chief, you looking for some fun?" A laboriously rotund woman pushed her gut into Guo's flank.

"Not this time. I'm here on some more official business... Maybe next time." Guo brushed the woman's mammoth gut away as he continued walking.

Ahead of Guo was the Dragon's Den, the centerpiece of the red-light district; it was a towering building, three stories tall and gilded with accents. Guo hadn't often visited the Den; it was for people with more money than sense, a place the farmers usually hung out after a long day. Sometimes wives would come for pointers or to get a little confidence boost; it was an impressive monument. Guo pushed past the towering doors and into the Den's foyer; the room smelled heavily of lotus and perfume.

"Good evening, master. What pleasures do you desire tonight?" One of the workers greeted Guo with a bow.

"Tonight I'm here on business. Could you summon the mistress for me?" Guo returned the bow as the woman looked in shock.

Guo didn't have to wait long; only a few moments after the worker left the foyer, The double doors at the top of the stairs opened. Jiggling her way down the steps was a woman that brought a sensual air with her. Her black and red qipao hugged her heavy curves tightly, the gown was shortened enough to show off the woman's thick thighs. Each massive trunk brushed against itself with her steps, her hips bulged out into a curved pear. Her stomach hung over the taut fabric, the dress altered enough to make her belly look like a tight balloon. With a bust generous enough to make a cow blush, she demanded attention with her presence. She may not have been the largest woman in the district, but she was often regarded as the most beautiful.

"It is not often that you call upon me Guo. Have you finally come to your senses and ditched the skinny women?" The mistress took a long puff of her elongated pipe, blowing a pink smoke into the air with her exhale.

"You always like to tease Ai, but fortunately I'm here for something a bit more prestigious." Guo walked to greet Ai at the steps.

Ai Chun, the woman who was born into the red-light district; sex work was in her blood, part of her lineage. Every member of her family had run the Dragon's den until their inevitable detonation. It was almost a rite of passage for the Chun women; they would manage the Den and the entire district the moment they hit adulthood. After that, it was a matter of time before they became an offering. If a Chun woman worked the Den long enough to retire, it was considered a mark of shame, a wound to their family pride. There were some worries about Ai; as a woman in her late thirties, she was getting close to aging out of the lottery.

"I only tease because you are so teasing. You wear the target on your face every day." Ai played with her long raven hair, pushing out her chest so it strained her dress.

"Guess I was just born with an invisible target, but let's get down to business." Guo held out his hands, trying to clear the air.

"If we're getting into business, then I should be a little closer." Ai took hold of Guo's hand, placing the palm firmly on her breast.

"Not that kind of business. I've got something for you." Guo took his free hand, pulling the ticket from his breast pocket.

"You're serious? This isn't a joke?" Ai's voice had lost the seductive tone, replacing it with a hushed softness as she took the ticket.

"No joke, this is the real deal." Guo gave her an assuring pat.

"I've waited so long; I thought it would never come." Ai's eyes began to glisten, a small tear forming at the corner of her eye.

“I think we all have. Now you have to find someone to take over for you at the den.” Guo brushed the forming tear away with his thumb.

“My younger sister has been in the waiting for a while; I’ve had her as an apprentice for a decade at this point. She’s got kids of her own as well, so the tradition does not end with me. Oh, I’m just so happy.” Ai pulled herself away, holding the ticket close to her chest.

“I’m sure you need to prepare for all this. I’ll be stopping by at the end of the week, so be ready to eat.” Guo gave Ai a pat on the stomach before leaving the building.

Guo’s exit was followed by uproarious cheers as Ai shared the news with everyone. Guo worked hard to maintain his stoic demeanor, but if he were in any other role, he would be celebrating with them. Guo left the red-light district in no hurry, his job was done for the day, and he was ready to focus on New Year’s preparations. The logistics of such excess were always a headache.

He retired to the executive estate, a name he liked to call his home. It was a small home at the center of town, just large enough for a single person. It was a humble place, a far cry from the gaudy palaces of yore, but that was by design. The success of the village had little to do with the chief or his actions, so it was decided that the village chief didn’t need a large estate. It was an act to remind the chief of the real backbone of the community. Guo spent his night mulling over a mountain of papers, looking at the incoming shipments and comparing them to the hand-scrawled notes.

“If things are correct, we should have more than enough food and lotions to meet demand. Assuming the estimations from last year are correct.” Guo scratched his head, writing out the math from his handbook.

Every woman had a specific caloric need to reach the desired size, so the estimates were kept loose. If he was too off, though, then the village could run into supply issues. Little did Guo know that his estimates were about to be tested.

It had been a couple days since Hua had gotten her information. The young government official had wasted a good few days trying to find transport to Shou. Nobody seemed to have the means or the desire which, given their customs, made sense. The village was so isolated that reaching it by car was a moot point; the only way in was by boat or an exhaustive horse ride. Both options were available, but no amount of money seemed enough to secure her passage. Not in official channels, but with a few back alley deals and her entire monthly salary, she was able to find passage. Which is where she found herself now.

“Is there any chance we could take this trip a bit smoother? I’ve already lost two bags.” Hua was staggering to keep her balance on the rickety wooden boat.

Her heels and black suit left little in terms of traction when it came to oiled wood. The only boat that would take her was a beaten-up smuggling vessel. The wood was soft, and the paint had seen better days, while the captain wasn’t the most jovial of women.

“The Jinsha River isn’t a kind one; I do my best with what I have. If you had heeded my warnings and worn something sensible, you’d not be stumbling around.” The captain growled her response, struggling against the mighty river.

“I can’t just discard my uniform; it would be a poor image for my station.” Huo’s protests were punctuated by a knock that nearly sent her overboard.

“You’ve been warned. If image is more important than your life, then so be it.” The captain grunted as she pressed on.

The trip took a few more hours, the river passing them far into the dense forest. The mountains loomed tall enough to cast a shadow over the ship as the duo reached the landing point. The ship pulled over on a well-worn riverbank, a spot where grass and moss had stopped growing. Planks of wood were buried deep inside of the muck; this place had been built with purpose.

“This is where you get off; follow the planks, and you should be at Shuo before nightfall.” The captain motioned deep into the woods.

“You’re not escorting me?” Hua looked back with genuine shock.

“If I stepped foot in Shuo, I fear I’d never leave.” The captain tossed a bag over to Hua.

“Is it really that dangerous?” Hua stumbled forward, the weight of her own bag nearly toppling her.

“If it were danger, I wouldn’t be worrying. It’s the temptation of it all.” The captain tossed Hua her last bag before firing up the engine.

Hua wasn’t given a chance to ask for elaboration; the boat’s wake was already sending waves up the shore. Hua was stranded; the only path left was forward. She trudged her way through the dense forest, the half-buried planks her only guide. The planks were so buried that she had to find them by feel, the extra resistance denoting her path. The captain wasn’t wrong; sunset was rapidly approaching, and the sounds of the forest were getting louder. Shadows loomed in the trees, eyes shone in the underbrush; Hua felt fear. Her pace quickened, abandoning her heavy bags to the trees so she could walk that little bit quicker. As the sun fell, she saw lights, lantern light.

Ahead of Hua was the destination she had fought so hard to find, Shuo. The village was magnificent, pulled from storybooks she'd never read. She rushed into the village, her brush-scraped face making her look like a wild woman. She needed to find a place to stay, to find the village chief.

"Is something the matter, miss? You look troubled." A portly woman called out from Hua's right.

Portly was a bit of a misnomer; this woman was fat, fatter than anyone Hua had ever met. She was large enough that if she sat on Hua, nobody would ever find her.

"Yes. I'm here...to speak with the head of the village." Hua's voice was trembling as she spoke.

"Oh? Well, he's fairly busy. New Year's preparations and all, how about we get you a place to stay and..." the woman didn't get a chance to finish.

"Take me to the village head! Now!" Hua had managed to collect enough of her voice to get authoritative.

"Okay. I'll take you to him. Just don't raise your voice too loud; people are settling in for the night." The woman motioned for Hua to keep quiet as the two ventured forth.

Hua tried to maintain her business demeanor as she ventured towards the chief's home. It was a difficult task; every sight she saw was more perplexing than the last and warranted a second look. The village was surprisingly large for something off of the map; things got even odder when they reached the chief's home. Such a small shack wasn't something that befitted a high-ranking official.

"Here's his home just let...." The woman was cut off before she could finish.

"Open up! I'm here with the state!" Hua had pulled out her badge, knocking hard against the door.

She rapped louder, her knuckles turning white as she demanded attention. The movement inside did little to stay her hand; she needed this. Hua only stopped when the door opened; a beleaguered-looking man in a gray shirt greeted her. His eyes looked half-cocked, barely opening as he adjusted.

"I'm sorry, Guo. She showed up on the edge of town." The heavy woman looked beside herself with guilt.

"It's alright, Lihua. I can handle this." Guo reassured Lihua with a gesture. "Now please, come in. You look to be important."

Guo opened his door wide, inviting Hua into his rather confined homestead.

"I am here on official state business, and I'd like to verify some rumors about your village." Hua put her badge away as she stepped inside.

The chief's left much to be desired; she'd seen public housing more glamorous. The walls were plain, with only some barebones shelving and a bed that could maybe fit two. There was a living room with a seating mat and small table in front of it.

"Please, have a seat. What would you like to discuss?" Guo waves food to Lihua before closing the door behind him. "Do you need new clothes? You look worse for wear?"

"I can change after we talk. I'm here about some rumors concerning your town." Hua took her seat, unconsciously hiding the tears in her suit. "I hear you are forcing virgins to sacrifice themselves to the gods."

"What?! That's...barbaric." Guo couldn't hide his distaste at the notion; nobody was being forced.

"Then what's happening? Why do all these rumors keep spreading?" Hua tried to put pressure on, borrow tactics from her father's interrogations.

"I cannot say why or how these rumors spread. We have so few visitors from the rest of the country that it must be fairytale. You see an isolated place like this, and you think up some wild stories about them." Guo was still grappling with the perception of his little village.

"Then what exactly is this?" Hua had come prepared; she had snatched an old news article from the Haidong archives.

The newspaper Hua produced was old and mottled, a snatched headline and picture dating back twenty years prior, before Guo's time. Its red heading and greyed paper had an off-color photo below a headline. *MISSING REPORTER FOUND! Last seen exploding over Qinghai.* Guo looked at the paper with confusion, reading over the article and looking at the before and after pictures displayed. There was a picture of a woman garbed in a tan pantsuit, wide-shouldered jacket, and a cocked press hat. Her features were fair, and her gaze filled with fire; she looked familiar, but Guo couldn't place her. His eyes shifted over to the second picture, it was one of their New Year's tributes; the likeness to the original photo was impossible to pick out. It wasn't hard to see why; the photo was far away and of a large balloon-like woman, bloated so large that she was a blimp in the distance.

“This is very curious. I’ve not seen this woman before in my time. If you would allow me, I will get to the bottom of this. I’ll find out what happened to your lost reporter.” Guo handed the paper back over.

“Good, but this still doesn’t answer my question. Are you sacrificing people?” Hua folded the paper, not breaking contact with Guo.

“We are not sacrificing anyone; that is such an outdated practice that accusing is a bit insulting. I invite you to the village, as my guest, spend time here and see what we have to offer. You’ll see we are nothing as barbarous as what you’ve heard.” Guo produced a small golden ticket from his pocket, handing it over. “This will get you into the palatial estate; we are about to begin celebrating honored citizens, and I’d be pleased if you’d consider.

Hua took the ticket in her hands, looking over the surface; the flickering candlelight danced across its reflective surface. The characters on it were old, not faded, but old language; it was in a dialect she barely recognized. She didn’t want to admit it, but she could barely read these characters, even if she had a dictionary at hand. The way the hanzi curled into itself, how the letters blended together in a haze, it was too much. Though she struggled, Hua couldn’t help but admire the craft in the lettering. The words composed a remarkable landscape on the ticket, little starbursts on a night sky; it was a work of art.

“I’ll accept your invitation.” Hua couldn’t read the letters, but she was too proud to admit it.

“Perfect. You can stay here if you’d like, or I can escort you to the inn.” Guo motioned towards the bedroll in the corner.

“What about you?” Hua cocked her eye at the chief’s offer.

“I’ll sleep under the stars; wouldn’t be the first time.” Guo chuckled at his own remark, remembering some memory from days long past.

“I think I can accept that arrangement. Now vamoose, I’m sleepy.” Hua yawned in an exaggerated fashion.

“Very well, I’ll fetch you at daybreak. I am sure you’ll be amazed.” Guo smiled, pulling a pillow from his closet.

Hua waited for Guo to leave, listening intently for his crunching footsteps to fade; she had her ear to the door, listening to be sure. When he was gone, she pulled off her torn jacket and threw it to the bedroll; she wasn’t planning to sleep. She had seen all the books the man had; all of them had to be records or something similar. There was no way a village chief wouldn’t keep important documents in his house. She perused through the books, looking for any familiar characters, focusing on the one that caught her eye. It was a book of the village’s

history; at least that's the best guess she could make. Hanzi may be different, but numbers didn't really change; the book spines had years written on them. The numbers were handwritten, making them hard to make out, but Hua could see some from the modern era. She grabbed the smallest one she could see and rolled it in her jacket. She took her other clothes with it, rolling them into a small pack. She wanted to keep this hidden and look at it during her downtime, try and see if she could make anything out.

"Oh. I'm naked." Hua's espionage was distracting enough to make her forget that she was in the buff.

She looked around the small shack, rifling through Guo's clothes for anything that could fit her. The best she could find was an oversized tunic that felt like a cloak on her tiny frame; it was odd that he had something like this. Despite their height difference, Guo was no bulkier than she was, both tiny sticks of people. She wasn't sure where it came from, but it would suffice for now, maybe the palace would have something better. Hua let the long green tunic drape over her as she hid her pack behind the pillow, settling in for a well-deserved rest. She had been through the wringer today.

Knock

Knock

Knockknock

Guo gave the door a light series of knocks before entering; it was his own home, but it felt improper to not announce his presence. The sight inside was about what he expected, but he didn't predict Hua would have changed her clothes. She had somehow managed to find the raiment his mother had worn the days before tribute. Seeing Hua wearing it filled him with a smoldering fury that he just barely kept under wraps. He knew it was his own fault; he didn't offer her any clothes and the woman was in rags by the time she got to his doorstep. He unclenched his fists and let the stress exit his body.

"Good morning. I see you've found something to wear." Guo put on a fake smile as he walked towards the table.

"It is pretty spacious, kind of like a tarp; it covers my feet." Hua kicked her legs up, letting the fabric drape over her feet.

"Yeah, it is a bit big. We can get something more fitting for you at the estate if you're ready." Guo outstretched his hand to help her up, but Hua didn't take it.

“I’ll go, but I need something to eat first. I’m starving.” Hua rubbed her stomach expectantly.

“Believe me, there will be plenty of food at the estate, more than you can imagine.” Guo retracted his hand as Hua got up on her own.

“Fine. I’ll go, but it better be good.” Hua went and grabbed her clothes roll before following Guo out the door.

The duo walked down the village path side by side, an odd sight among the village denizens. Their skinny frames stuck out among all of the bloated and corpulent women that swarmed the village. The only thing that gave the pair space to walk was Guo’s station as the village chief; people parted for his stride. Hua watched with curiosity as the rotund women of all shapes and sizes smushed into each other, their bodies colliding with each other like blobs. She was fascinated by the state of things; these women were not unhealthy like someone of that size would be in the capital. They seemed to be in better health than she was; they were all treated without stigma as well; Hua wondered how those women would fare under the withering gazes of the city.

While Hua was entranced by the sights and the increasing opulence, Guo was trying to contain his anger. He watched Hua pulling his mother’s raiment through the mud; her unconcerned strides tracked dirt and muck on the tails. Her disrespect taxed his will, but he couldn’t let it show, he needed to maintain his decorum. They moved on to the brick of the roadways, walking across cobbled tile towards the palatial estate.

“This. I don’t have words.” Hua looked up at a building grander than any she’d seen.

It was covered in red tiled roofing; large gold dragons came off the spouting so the draining water would come from their mouths. The greenery around the estate was dense, filled with exotic plants and multicolored birds only seen in picture books. She couldn’t believe it was real, a scene pulled from her dreams and placed into reality.

“Welcome to the honored estate. A place for those who are celebrated.” Guo smiled happily, he couldn’t hide his genuine pride in the place.

The doors were grand, wide, and towering double doors that dwarfed them both twice over. Their red surfaces looked slick, like it had just rained, but it was just the sheen of the paint. They were as vast as the estate itself, so large that Guo struggled to open them. The heavy slats swung open, and with that opening came the flooding scent of food. A rich and wonderful aroma, it screamed of festival; there were stalls lining the courtyard. All manner of food was being prepared: sweets, savory meats, grilled skewers; all in quantities that defied belief.

“Is this breakfast?” Hua looked on with a mix of wonder and awe.

“Oh no, this is for afternoon snacking. Your housemates have quite the appetite. If you come with me, breakfast is just this way.” Guo had a bit of skip in his step as he led Hua further into the facility.

His earlier anger had faded away, being overwhelmed by his pride in the estate and his village. He couldn't help it; the wonder that was captured in Hua's expression compelled him. He flung the doors open with dramatic flare, another set of double doors. Hua was starting to notice something about these doors; all of them were large enough to easily fit an elephant. They were wide enough that she'd need to sprint to get from one side to the other. They stood so tall that looking for the top of their frame made her eyes hurt. What was beyond those doors stole her focus; the golden light of the palace washed over her.

She could barely keep track of where she was being led; the halls were so immense that you could drive a truck through them. The traversal through those gilded halls was exhausting, more exercise than she got in even basic training. She could see halls stretching off from the straightaway, but Guo didn't deviate. He kept walking forward with purpose, approaching his destination, which greeted them with new sounds and scents. The smell of rich food wafted through the air, dissimilar from the fried food in the courtyard; they were prepared. Aromatic spices wafted in the air, along with the scents of butter and starch; the scents were accompanied by sounds. It was the clanking of silverware, the sound of loud chewing, and the pittering chatter of young women. Guo stopped, staying at the precipice, presenting the room like a showman unveiling a prize.

“I present to you, breakfast.” Guo smiled, allowing Hua to take the first step into the room.

Crossing the threshold seemed to clear her vision, the lingering steam and glowing lights having cleared. Sat in the center of the room was a grand banquet table, long enough to seat the entire party, but it only had four seats. There was one open chair, likely for Hua, but the other three were occupied by women of prodigious size. Their girth seemed legendary among even the women in the village. There was a tall woman, towering over the rest of them by a few heads; she was poured into an ill-fitting tunic whose front had blown open. From the opening in her shirt leapt a belly that looked heavy with child, if that child was food. Her large wobbling gut flopped out onto her lap like a teardrop, the surface tanned, smooth, and still growing. She was occupied with shoveling a bowl of congee into her mouth, a bowl that Hua thought she could sit in if she tried.

“A newcomer?! Awesome.” The rotund woman leapt from her chair, holding the bowl in an offhand as she rushed to Hua. “I'm Yang! Nice to meet ya!”

“Hello. I am...” Hua didn't get a chance to answer, as her face was immediately filled with Yang gut.

The bloated woman had indulged her first instinct and wrapped her arms around Hua in a bear hug, pushing her enormous body into Hua. The unfortunate part came in their height difference; Yang was so much taller than Hua that she was at belly height. Which meant a hug from Yang was instead just a smothering from her rotund belly. Hua could feel the breath leaving her body, the hard cover of the book she pilfered pressing into Yang's gut.

"I think you're crushing the girl, Yang. Not everyone is as sturdy as you." A sultry voice called out from the table.

"Oh , you're right. Good call, Ai." Yang released Hua from her grasp, causing the girl to almost collapse.

Hua steadied her vision, looking woozily towards her savior; her eyes fell over towards the woman she believed to be Ai. Hua didn't know why she was expecting something different, but Ai met her expectations of one of the villagers. Despite her heart, she was an ephemeral beauty; she carried herself with a certain elegance. She had a hefty bosom that just barely spilled over the top of her dress, draped in a black and gold dress that looked to be made of fine silk. It stretched over her blimp of a stomach like it was fitted for it; her rotund body shook slightly with her movements. She was eating a pile of persimmons yet you never saw her jiggle, like she was aware of her body's wobbling movements. Hua looked at her like she was a mark of sorts, a more experienced woman she could dig information out of. Hua took a step down into the pit where the table was housed, only to trip over some butterball.

"OWOWOW!" A tiny voice cried out as Hua's body fell onto her, spilling porridge on the both of them.

"Careful of Bo." Yang sprang into action, lifting Hua up by the waist of her dress and removing her from the woman Hua had landed on. "You alright there?"

"....Yeah." Bo gingerly rubbed her front, trying to clean off the spilled pork that had stained her gown.

From her current perch, Hua got a very good view of Bo; she was a tiny thing, just up to Hua's chest. What she lacked in height, she made up for in girth; her waist and hips came together in such a curve that she looked like a berry. Her rotund form was barely kept inside of her tight medicine smock. Every move she made strained the bindings and made it look like the garb was about to explode off of her. Hua couldn't believe how tightly these women were dressed until she saw the empty dishes piled on the table; that wreckage told her all she needed. A feast fit for the high court sat inside the stomachs of three lone women. They had eaten so much that their clothes were ready to explode off of them, and it didn't look like they were done.

"You can feel free to finish your introduction, my dear; I don't think there will be any more surprise bearhugs." Ai chuckled, pointing towards a Yang that was thoroughly invested in her rice bao.

"My name is Hua..." Hua paused, eyeing the room for any surprise interruptions. "I work for the ministry, and I'm here to investigate the village."

"Really? What for?" Yang looked over to Guo for answers.

"There have been some rumors spreading about our little village. The wider world thinks we're..." Guo was cut off by Hua.

"I would like to keep the details of my investigation secret. That isn't to say I'm solely here on business. Guo invited me to live with all of you. So just, treat me like another guest." Hua's smile was rehearsed, as stiff as her words.

All eyes fell on her before looking back to Guo; he simply gave them a nod of reassurance before they all got back to eating. Hua hadn't really tried such a rich breakfast before; everything in front of her was so extravagant, yet retained a rustic charm. Local dishes didn't seem too weird, but pulling the oversized bowl still made her shudder. It was almost as big as her torso, filled to the brim with steaming hot congee. Rice, some pork, and an egg topped it; the scent coming off of the dish was heavenly, almost intoxicating. With a bit of trepidation, she plunged her spoon in, lifting a heaping pile to her mouth. She couldn't help but feel self-conscious; looking around, she saw the other girls were plowing through plates like they were nothing. Was she really expected to eat at the same rate? Hua shook her head, setting her mind to the food, the steam wafting against her lips as she took the first bite.

It was amazing; it was the best food she'd tasted in her life, the only thing able to compete was the minister's feast. She couldn't help but take another bite, and then another, and another. Rice stuck to her cheeks as she dove into the bowl, shoveling porridge down her throat with haste. Steam shot from her mouth between bites; she breathed rapidly, trying to cool off the searing spoonfuls. It was just so good that she couldn't resist eating before it had cooled. There was nothing in the world outside of this delicious food: her goals, her ambitions, they all melted under the savory goodness. Before she knew it the bowl was empty, an entire enormous porridge devoured in a few minutes. Impulsively, she lunged for a dumpling, only to be met with a sharp pang.

Grlll

Hua looked down at the source of pain and noise, realizing they were one and the same. Bulging against her torso was a stomach bigger than she could imagine. Tight curves had replaced what had once been a moderately fit torso. It was only natural that she'd be sporting a balloon of a gut after eating so much, but it was still a surprise. She placed a hand on it to confirm that it was in fact part of her and not a hallucination. Feeling beneath her green gown,

hand met tight flesh and gave her confirmation. Touching it felt kind of nice, like playing with a large balloon; it was also helping with her digestion a bit. Leaning back in her seat, she took a second to observe her dining partners.

Yang was feasting away at handfuls of bao, shoving those meaty dumplings in her mouth like they were candy. Cheeks stuffed like chipmunks, she crammed food in until no more could possibly fit. With mighty effort she chewed the massive mound and swallowed it; Hua's eyes widened when she saw the load hit Yang's stomach. Yang's exposed stomach shot out like it had been pumped full of air. Pudge around her midriff gradually parting against the bloating balloon underneath. Seeing her stomach seemed unreal; no person could possibly get that large. Yet there she was, an enormously bloated monument to gluttony, one that was still going. Hua diverted her attention over to Ai; surely a woman so elegant wouldn't debase herself as such.

Omph

Nomph

Uurp

Ai was eating more sloppily than Yang was, her tits practically falling out of her gown with how ferocious her eating got. Bits of noodles and meat found home inside her exposed cleavage, not that it was hard to miss. With breasts that luscious, Hua was having trouble taking her eyes off of them. Watching them heave with Ai's heavy breaths between spurts of gluttony. Hua couldn't believe a woman such as her would ever be able to eat so feverishly. She averted her eyes after Ai swallowed that last bite. The sudden growth in her stomach had popped her belt, letting her flab hang freely and her breasts swing out. Hua swapped her gaze over to Bo, watching the diminutive butterball eat.

She was definitely more belly than girl, her bloated stomach pushing up into her diminutive torso. Folds of fat flowed out from her plain gown, packed tightly against her frame as she moved on to her fruit course. She was wide in really unflattering ways, bulbous and fat on her flanks. No ass or hips to speak of; if her thighs weren't so plush, she'd be a ball on sticks. Yet, she ate with happiness in her eyes; these women weren't eating out of some compulsion or delusion. No, they were genuinely happy, something that Hua still couldn't get over.

"Full already?" Ai's voice chimed up from her refilled plate of fruit.

"It's just so much. Another bite and I'd bust." Hua wasn't sure how much of her comment was small talk or genuine worry.

“You’d need a lot more pop, if that’s what you mean. Looking at your height and build...oh, um. Sorry. I got caught up in numbers.” Bo blushed after snapping out of some sort of trance; the statements she made were done very matter-of-factly.

“Yeah, live a little, Hua. Here, I’ll even feed you.” Yang was all smiles and cheers as she carried the plate of dumplings over.

Holding them temptingly under Hua’s nose, letting their rich aroma wrap around her senses. What harm could one little bite do? Hua relented, taking a bite of the closest one, the soft dough tearing under her teeth. It was amazing, soft, and savory, with the right hint of spice. In a flash, Hua had already downed it, shoving as many of those dumplings into her craw as she could. A little breakfast indulgence never hurt anyone.

Hurf

“Why did I do this to myself? I should have known.” Hua cradled her overstuffed stomach as she snuck through the halls.

Night had fallen on the palatial compound, and she was doing some sleuthing of her own. Draped in a new robe that barely fit, she walked barefoot through the warmed halls. Searching for any bit of writing she could gather: loose papers, history books, news clippings, whatever. A task made far more difficult with the current size of her gut. She had listened to Yang and Bo’s encouragement a few too many times and ate herself stupid.

Hua’s gut was positively massive, impossibly large for a person to be sporting. She was swollen, gut so large she looked pregnant with triplets and hard as a rock to boot. So tight that she was taking extra care to avoid sharp objects, painting the room wasn’t exactly her idea of a good time. Clumsy steps took her to a room filled with books, old leather-bound tomes in scripts she couldn’t decipher. Tucked under her gut was the records book she had swiped from Guo’s home. Hopefully pictures inside would make it easy enough to transcribe, but her difficulty with determining the character differences told her otherwise. Differences were just subtle enough that it took her an hour to determine the meaning of one of them; this wouldn’t be a task she could get done any time soon.

Grglglg!

Urp

Hua grabbed at her overstuffed stomach, gas bubbling under the surface as a small belch escaped her lips. Another shift made her stomach growl louder as it tried to process the immense amount of food inside of her.

“Better wrap this up before this thing wakes up the whole house.” Hua rested a hand on her tight stomach.

Oouuuurrrrrrrpp

Hua blushed at the ferocity of her own gas, letting loose a belch that shook the lantern light and made candles flicker. By her counts, it had been a month since her investigation first started, and she had made little to no progress. Not through any fault that she would admit, all the food in this place was so good that she couldn't help but eat it when presented. With how often food was given, Hua had very little time for anything other than eating. Breakfasts blurred into lunches into dinners, with a few afternoon snacks in between. She felt like royalty with how much rich and glorious food she was being presented, but such gluttony had dramatic effects on her physique. Case in point, the replete sphere on her torso; once moderately fit and trim, Hua was anything but after weeks of gluttony.

Her rotund stomach sat on her expanded lap, layers of blubber covering the packed orb, adding a rubbery sheen to its jiggle. There was a special quality to her gut, how it sloped down from her breasts in a hill of flesh, her slope softening as one traveled down the hill. Blubber gathered around her flanks, hanging down on her generously plump hips and ass. Folds grand enough that you could grab a handful of them, something that Yang did regularly. In contrast, the apex of her stomach was tight and round, packed so full of treats that she couldn't even pinch for flab. Perfectly smooth and continuously growing, white stretch marks marred the perfect surface. Countless meals strained against her belly as she shoveled more food down her craw, the surface only loosening with the occasional gas. It sat on her lap like a balloon, so large that she couldn't reach her navel. Combined with her extra-wide hips, Hua had become a blimp of a woman in her own terms, but she was so small compared to the others.

“Nice one, Hua, but if you think that was some gas, check this one out.” Yang cheered out across the table, clumsily hiking up her leg and lifting a mammoth cheek from the seat.

Ppbbbbbbfffttttt

Yang, true to form, wasn't one for pomp and modesty when trying to show off; it was likely a trait from her farm life. So to see her vent a torrent of gas powerful enough to blow Hua's hair back wasn't out of character. If Hua was a blimp, then Yang was a cloud, a massive fluffy blob of fat and food that seemed like it couldn't exist. Even with her constant outfit readjustments, she couldn't help but outgrow them at each meal. Sporting a gut so bulbous and huge that it dragged across the floor when she was seated, Yang truly embodied the town. Her massive hindquarters rose up from behind her like two inflated balloons, wobbling mounds of pure adipose. Each one took its own chair and still seeped over the edges like an ooze, with hips wider than her shoulders. Yang was an exaggerated blob of a woman, but that didn't really

perturb her; in fact, her growth only made her redouble her feasting. Every morning the halls would echo with Yang's uproarious cheers as she took stock of her bloated body.

"How ferocious, but did you have to aim it right at us?" Ai had a look of annoyance, picking displaced noodles from her face.

The weeks had been as kind to Ai as they had been to Yang, at least in their own terms of kindness; she was about as big as they came. Ai still had the same level of care in her appearance as she had before; small changes to her hair and makeup were still paramount with her growing body. Her new look had a single bang of ebony hair hanging over her eyes, the rest tied up in a bun at the back of her head. All this did was accentuate the blubber on her face; maybe that was the reason she did it? With round wobbling cheeks and an extra set of bulbous chins, Ai had more bullfrog than courtesan in her looks. Light rouge and darkened makeup had mixed with the grease of her meals and bled down her into her cleavage. Rivers of black crept their way down her expansive bust, dotted with the discarded bites of her meals. Ai's bust was absolutely massive, larger than her head and sloshing when she breathed. Rippling oceans of supple fat that she didn't even bother to properly contain in her gown, at least not during meals. The black garments hung loosely off her wobbling breasts, slipping from them during her bouts of more energized movement. Propped up atop her blimped stomach, they were the center of attention when one talked to her; you couldn't make eye contact without taking a peek at her bust.

Biblblbl

uurrp

Said gut was absolutely massive, propped up on her lap by her luscious thighs; fat poured over her body like an avalanche. Rolls upon rolls flopped out from her shrinking dress as she shoveled another bowl of noodles in her mouth. Occasionally undulating with some shifting gas that sought an exit in some way, her belly was a mound of blubber wrapped around an inflating balloon. Even at table height, you could see the small crease of fat that led up to her shallowing navel. Her long, slender arms just barely able to reach around it for her next dish, attendants swarming around it to massage oils and lotions on its surface. Giving it a rubbery sheen and filling the room with the scent of honeyed lavender, enough to counteract the methane all three had been pumping out.

Ppbbbfrrrrrr

Oouurrrpp

Another loud explosion came from a fairly diminutive source; that tiny butterball named Bo had really come into her own during this feasting. Once a shrinking violet that retreated when Guo or Ai was present, now she ate and belched with the best of them. Her meekness hadn't really left her, but she at least wasn't afraid to be in a room with Hua in Yang. When the whole

gang was together is when she really cut loose, both metaphorically and gastronomically. She lacked the forceful nature of Yang's expulsions, but she made up for it in the thundering loudness of it all. Watching it was like watching a living paradox, for such raucous noises to come from a body so comparatively small. Her butterball description wasn't getting any less apt as time went by; the mountains of food she ate only seemed to congregate on her midriff.

Muffintop obliques circled around her back like a tire of fat, connecting above her flabby buttocks and pushing her away from the chair. Layers of fat accumulated on her back and under her arms, making it difficult to fully lower her arms. Her breasts were larger, but not nearly as remarkable as the other girls'; more wide than round, they blended into the rolls of fat on her stomach. Down below her waist, her hips hadn't really changed that much, no more accentuated than the others, just flabby and bulky. Thick thighs pushed together in a dense canyon of flab that rolled over itself, acting as the perfect support for her enormous stomach. With the size of Bo's stomach, you could barely see the woman behind it, so bulbous and bloated that it jutted into her sightline. An enormous orb of fat that brushed against the table, too round for her diminutive arms to reach around. She needed assistance to get dishes off the table, hands brushing against the overpacked orb. Her modesty often got the better of her; each alteration of her dress was oversized so she could keep her gut concealed. Ultimately these attempts would fail, as by day's end, she had outgrown them. Currently her gut looked like it would be more suitable on an elephant than a chest-height woman.

"Oh...excuse me." Bo blushed at the sound of her own gas, not realizing just how loud she had gotten.

"No need to apologize, dearie; it's just part of the process." Ai smiled, grabbing a dumpling off the plate in front of her.

"Yeah, seriously. I keep telling you that your gas rocks, wish I could get that loud." Yang shouted some encouragement Bo's way between mutton ribs.

Bo blushed as a pair of handmaidens came by, bringing another dish close to her before rubbing some lotion on her expanding stomach. Reaching under the fold of her gown to respect her wishes for decency. The four of them had become a little family over the weeks; the atmosphere was certainly cozier than anything Hua had experienced at home. It felt inviting enough that it almost made her forget her mission...almost. When she looked at the quartet around her, with Guo at the head, it seemed impossible that they could be performing sacrifices. Maybe the party was wrong? Maybe all of the rumours swarming around the town were simply misunderstood? Hua would find out the answer when she finished translating the book, but for now, she had food to attend to.

Ouuurrrrrppp

Yang's mouth erupted in another forceful belch that pushed napkins from the table, a reminder that there was still a table's worth of food left. Somehow, the portions the girls were

being served had managed to increase over the past few weeks. Even with their eating increasing threefold, they had barely enough time to finish one meal before the next was at hand. It made Hua feel self-conscious, like she wasn't doing her part to help the other girls shoulder the burden of food. While Yang, Hua, and Bo ate like locusts, Hua was still trying to force down an extra dumpling here and there. Each doughy morsel was as tough as swallowing concrete, like she was absolutely packed to the rafters and she was only compacting the food in her gullet. She needed to persist, to keep eating, shoveling ribs into her craw, chasing them with noodles and swigs of warm tea. Each bite pushed her stomach out a few more inches, the stretch marks on her stomach becoming more prominent as she crammed it all down. Tearing into the last dumpling filled the room with an odd sound.

Grrnnn

crkkk

Hua looked around for the source of the odd groans and creaks, unsure of what was howling so angrily, until she looked down at her own stomach. That mammoth orb was crawling forward across her lap, having finally snapped the bands of her gown and set itself free. Fat that hung off its edges was tightening, spreading thin around her mammoth orb as the surface shook. Vibrating like she had swallowed a phone, her stomach wobbled on her lap, giving her legs a comforting massage, but the sensation was concerning. She looked worriedly at the girls, specifically towards Bo; they all had stopped eating, giving her curious looks. Was this it? had she finally pushed herself too far? Arcs of pain danced across her tightening tum as she felt their eyes dig into her. Out of pressure, Hua grabbed another rib, cleaning meat from the bone in a swift bite. Noises from her stomach only got louder, more concerning as her belly kept growing; taking a swig of tea only served to increase her pain. Pressure mounted at the apex of her stomach as she felt her skin stretching.

“Is it finally happening?” Yang looked on at Hua with excitement.

“It might be. How's that belly feeling, girl?” Ai smiled a mocking smile as she focused on Hua's bloating stomach.

“***Urrp***” Despite the growing pressure in her stomach, a small belch was the only answer she could muster.

“Careful, Yang, you're at ground zero.” Bo made a joke; nobody could believe she actually had the ability.

Grglgglgl

Grllllll

“Here it comes.” Yang shouted, pumping her fists.

Instinctively, Hua hiked up her leg, tilting her body to the side.

Grglglglg

Ppbbbbfffffffffftttttt

The tightness in Hua's stomach lessened as she let the longest fart she'd ever managed escape her cheeks. Lasting minutes on end, the whipping gale cut across the table, flicking lanterns and moving Yang's teacup. Sweat formed on Hua's forehead as her pent-up gas forced itself out her tight gut loosening under the continuous gale. When all was said and done, she sat in her chair, haggard and exhausted, but surprisingly hungry.

"What a ripper. Great one!" Yang clapped her hands enthusiastically as Hua panted in her chair.

"Wondered how long it would take you to pop that particular cherry." Ai chuckled as she returned to her food.

"Nice, now you can keep eating." Bo gave a warm smile as she returned to her fruit.

She wasn't wrong; Hua felt a surprising amount of relief after that expulsion; all her feelings of fullness had vanished. Maybe this was the way forward? The trick that all the others had mastered in their decades of gorging. Hua realized that she'd need to work to play catch-up, abandon her manners, and become a true hog. Steeling her brow, she pulled another bowl of noodles close, hoisting the monstrous porcelain with both hands as she readied to dig in.

Steam filtered up from the massive lake as hot water met cool night air, the natural hot spring filling the small lake with a steady flow of heated air. A flow that was necessary, as the lake's four rowdy occupants were knocking water away with every movement. Yang, Bo, Ai, and Hua were enjoying the relaxing bath of the spring, enjoying the new treats of locally brewed ale. Currently, Yang was hefting an enormous cask over Bo's head, fitting a spigot in her mouth as she went for a new record.

"Chug. Chug. Chug." Yang chanted enthusiastically as she held a cask up to Bo's mouth.

The small girl's rotund stomach was bloating out like a blimp, her fattening body expanding like the balloon it was. Greedily drinking down the suds the group had been provided, holding the wooden spigot with both hands. Determination flared in her eyes as she saw her rotund stomach smack against the table, her load lightening as her cask emptied. Yang's cheers only fuelled her enthusiasm as she guzzled the last bits. Seated on the floor as she hoisted the keg up in her doughy hands, Yang's assistance became less needed as she finished it off. With

a powerful gulp, she swallowed, letting the cask tumble to her side. Gurgling and bubbling filled the air as her sloshing stomach rocked with suds, her cheeks puffed as the gurgling intensified.

Oooouuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrrrrrppp

Bo let her mouth open wide as an ear-ringing belch blew past Yang's face, whipping the hair on her head as Yang covered her ears. Water parted from her eruption, rippling like she was a rumbling volcano.

"Now that's how we do it. Also, does anyone hear ringing? Think I'm going deaf." Yang chuckled, falling back into the water, her colossal ass sending waves washing across the rocky shore.

"Just you, my dear; maybe next time cover your ears before the belch." Ai smiled, removing her plugs as she took a swig of her own beer.

"Honestly, that was just so good." Hua drunkenly clapped, smacking her hands clumsily together.

Weeks turned into months, and autumn had come, bringing with it a rare delicacy for Hua: heavy ales. Ringing in the cool temperatures with some warm suds seemed to be a tradition around these parts, and it showed. Handcrafted brews flowed freely within the confines of the spring; huge casks as large as a person, and a few a bit bigger. Each one provided by the bevy of local brewers wanting to give their best offerings for the coming New Year. Hua had never really drunk beer before, often believing it to be a decadent and almost damning tincture from foreign actors. It wasn't hard to see that, as to her, it was addictive and easy to drink; the bready texture ran over her tongue, bitter tastes followed by hints of wood and fruit. While the drink flowed easily down her throat, its impact on her stomach was far from easy. Crashing waves of suds washed about her insides, splashing the excessive mountains of food inside and sending them floating. Her belly felt like a rocking ocean, everything she ate causing an audible splash in the massive pool in her belly. Tumultuous suds flooded her system as percolating gas bubbles pushed their way through her tracts.

Pppbbfffttttt

Ooouuuurrrrrrrppp

Hua let out a thundering belch, her whole body rippling from the force as the fart that preceded it parted the waters. Drinking in the middle of a hot spring felt positively decadent, a pleasure not meant for her station, which is what made it all the more tempting. In the flurry of excess, she had forgotten her mission and duty, drawn in by the plethora of worldly pleasures. Such pleasures had had a tremendous impact on her body, bloating her to a state where she would be barely recognizable from her past self. Sporting a massive stomach that stretched out like a truck in front of her, piled with clumps of rippling fat that hung off her bloated stomach. Fat

parted under the swelling balloon of her belly, the tight confines being pushed out by her gassy contents. Audibly sloshing when she tried to move, a task that was not done without assistance. With how bloated her body had become, the added buoyancy of the water was a boon to be sure. Her massive gas-filled gut floated on the water's surface like a buoy, bobbing up and down as the weight inside shifted.

The heavy mounds of fat on her hips floated freely behind her, peeking just above the bubbles like icebergs. Large as yoga balls, her fatty globes were too heavy to completely break the surface but too buoyant to fit neatly under her. She could barely settle atop them, only catching the smallest bit with her bulk as she tried to settle. Every errant wave caused by her friend's expulsions sent ripples through her form, shaking it like pudding in the dish. Her breasts were too heavy and slick to settle comfortably on her shelf of a stomach, constantly falling down the slope of her belly. Large beach balls that floated on the water's surface, her nipples just peeking above the surface. Even with the shine added by the water, Hua's body was not without mar; her constant gluttony and growth had left etches of strain.

Newly formed stretch marks were forming on the apex of her assets, hugging the curves of her stomach and the outer apex of her assets. Pink canyons flanked by numerous white valleys; Hua's body had stretched to a new limit and healed numerous times. Assisted by the constant upkeep of the palace attendants, she was breaking new records for growth. While her companions were still a bit larger, Hua was catching up to them in record time, probably helped by her extra care.

During the entire stuffing process, all four girls were given constant attention by the palatial court. Bathing their bellies in rich oils and washing them in special ointments and creams, all in service of their growth. Everywhere they went they carried the scents of flowered medicines, which did wonders to quash the prolific amounts of gas they expelled. Their attendants also filled a secondary role; not only did they care for the woman and their guts, but they ferried them around as well. As everyone, save for Yang, was far too large to move under their own strength. Yang wasn't exactly doing it with ease either, her farmgirl heritage being the only thing that let her heft her bulk around.

Being mobile didn't mean she was any smaller than the other girls; in fact, she sat in a comfortable second place. Sporting a fat gut large enough to fit a cow, she thundered with every step. Blubber bunched around the base of her stomach, she shoved it like a plow, unable to lift it an inch off the ground. Atop her grand swell sat heaving bosoms, blimps of wobbling fat, engorged to the point of absurdity. Those large boulders were easily as big as yoga balls, bloated and full, spanning across her belly and obscuring her face when she sat down. Yang's rear end didn't fare much better in the bulk department, as it had blown up to insane proportions. Her blimped cheeks were large enough to smother a car, bury it completely in her cavernous cheeks. Combined with her hips, she was wider than most men were tall and still growing as she shoved meat skewers down her throat.

“So **oommphh** who **ouuurrrp** do you think is gonna make a bigger splash this year?” Yang noisily stripped meat from the skewers, devouring whole handfuls as she spoke.

“Oh? Taking some bets already? But we’ve still got a couple months of growth.” Ai’s expression was a bit catty, but it was hard to tell from the strain in her voice.

Ppbbffrrrrtttttt

She had barely gotten her sentence out before another hurricane of gas erupted from her rear; a gaseous expulsion that sent water flying like a depth charge had gone off. Hua had at least gotten far enough into her espionage to realize the girls were planning to explode on New Years, which made ponder on Yang’s question as well. In the water, Ai was as big as a whale, suspended in her own expansive fat, constantly rippling like she was part of the water. Her belly spread wide across her hips, the mountains of gelatinous flab resting atop each other in great folds. The apex of her stomach curving out like some grand blimp, so large that she couldn’t reach the table if she tried. Her food and drink had to be delivered by the attendants. Ai’s grand stomach was a marvel to look at; aside from the sheer mass of it, the way it settled was incredibly pleasing to the eye. Folds formed in the right places, as if framing her marvelous boulder for the world to see; peachy stretches of skin wrapped round to her flanks, creating massive love handles. Her muffin top was closer to a tractor tire at this point, stretching around to her back in a thick cord of fat.

Rgglggglglg

Oourrrrp

Brrttttt

Another gusting outburst shook Ai’s form, sending endless waves of fat crashing into each other as her body collided in on itself. Heavy waves washed over the group as Ai’s forceful eruptions tumulted the water, sending more steam into the night air. Under that motion you could see the barest hints of her thighs, massive trunks of flesh concealed by her expanded stomach. Too large to be anything but showy logs, flowing in waterfalls of blubber that sagged into her haunches. Her hips were wider than Yang’s by a good margin, wide enough to smother the chair she sat on. Generous hips flowed into absurd collections of flesh on her rear, bulbous balloons that thrust off her hips and fell to the ground behind her. Her ass was something special, enormous hills of flab that required their own seat to prop up; their soft fat constantly moving with the fumes she expelled. Her ass had gotten so large that it brushed up against the rocky walls, flowing over to the floor proper like dough in a pan. If Hua had to place bets, then Ai would make the biggest explosion.

“Couple months won’t change anything; with the rates we **houuurrrp** grow, I think everything is pretty set in stone.” Yang boasted, smacking her gut as she downed another mug of beer.

“If that’s how you take it, then that means I will be the most glorious explosion.” Ai flipped a chubby hand through her black locks, flourishing her excessive form. “We all can see I’m the largest. What do you think, Bo?”

Attention focused towards Bo, the pint-sized butterball, who was still working her way through a pork belly as the question came. She didn’t need to speak, at least not for Hua; her state schooling gave her more than enough analytical skills to make a determination. Bo’s body was small, but packed a lot of bang for the buck. Fat poured across her midriff like a painter with a loose hand. Piles of flab bunched around her body, climbing their way up her front and back. Her gut was the centerpiece, a grand swell of skin that eclipsed her entirely, rippling with thinly stretched fat. Bo’s belly was large enough to push her thighs apart to be used as a table for her diminutive arms.

Her gut stood the same height as her, a bloated balloon of fat and gas that obscured her vision. Barely peering over her balloon, breasts sliding over the sphere like rolling melons, her growth had been the least flattering of the four. Her ass grew wide, but not out; her breasts barely budged, and fat swarmed her arms. Everything together gave her a sort of ball-like appearance. Hua didn’t have much confidence that she’d make a big burst when the time came, but she’d certainly be unforgettable.

Gulp

Ooouurrrrrpp

With a powerful swallow, Bo muscled down the laborious bite of pork she had taken, clearing her throat so she could speak. While she had been chewing, she had been scanning the room, assessing everyone’s sizes and growth rates, making her own estimations.

“By my count, our friend Hua is going to be the biggest explosion. If her current rate carries.” Bo’s response was fairly robotic as she returned to her feast.

“Me? That’s a bit ridiculous; I’m so small compared to the rest of you. I might not even explode.” Hua was a bit incredulous at Bo’s prediction.

“You got me puzzled girl, Why’d you pick her?” Yang took quaking steps to Hua, wrapping her heavy palms around the girl’s gut, as if assessing the size.

“Now now, let the girl eat.” Ai raised a hand to bring everyone’s attention away from their sheepish friend. “She’s got a lot of eating to do; we all do actually. And if we keep badgering her about calculations and girth, she’ll miss out on the fun. Besides, no way I’m being outdone by an outsider.”

Ai had a joking smirk on her face as she uttered those last words, her voice filled with a certain determination as she snapped her fingers. Attendants rushed into the hot spring, piled in their hands was a large variety of dishes meant for the springs. Smokey meat skewers, whole roast chickens, and piles of candied fruits. Water frothed and splashed as the girls ate furiously, the grease from their meal washing down their forms and collecting amongst the raging rapids. Tempestuous waves whirled around the center of the pond, the girls' bellies plowing through the raging waters until their navels met. Bubbles of curious gas constantly percolated the water, giving it the appearance of a boiling pot, but the heat was not nearly that great. They ate until they were double their original size, their engorged stomachs breaching the waters like some great beast. Splashing water about as their roiling stomachs processed everything they were eating, the constant digestion turning their stomachs into throbbing beasts.

While they were digesting, the army of servers gingerly maneuvered their bulky bodies out of the water. Each girl taking an entire platoon of attendants to even budge from the water, needing to be shoved in unison like a beached leviathan. Every shove forced more catastrophic eruptions of gas trumpeting through the night, growing louder like a volcano. Something like this had become a yearly signal, an omen of good fortune. If you could hear the tribute's loud gas in the fall, it meant they were healthy and large. With great effort the girls were shoved onto their towed palanquins. Heavy cotton blankets soaked up the dripping water as the attendants got to massaging their forms.

Draping soft towels across each girl's mammoth body, moving in leaping motions to remove as much of the water as possible. Ladders were needed to dry the top and reach in the crevices of their cleavage. Drying them off took the rest of the night, the dark evening growing darker as the final candlelights dimmed. With their bodies dry, the attendants could finally administer the important lotions, pink oils, and tinctures of lavender and mysterious herbs. Designed to aid in elasticity, specially brewed in the village using a local plant, it was administered to allow the girls to grow unimpeded.

With the oils applied, the girls could be escorted to their sleeping chambers; having grown too large for a communal room, they were stored in their own barn-sized rooms. While Hua was carried away, the thoughts fell back to the conversation they had all had about explosions. She had gotten definitive proof that the village was fattening girls up until they exploded, but there was so much more to it. There was little reason for her to move with any urgency, especially since she had no desire to return home. She was living in the lap of luxury, waited on hand and foot, getting everything she could ever want. Even if the other girl's exploded, there's no way she would. Hua was convinced that she could live her days sucking on the village's teat, sucking them dry like a tick. Growing large enough to smother the entire continent.

"Big" Hua drunkenly chuckled to herself as she thought about getting huge, eventually nodding off as the warmth of her bedroom surrounded her.

New Year's was rapidly approaching; in fact, it was only a few weeks away, and it had become time to show off the girls to the village. It was a tradition; every year before the event, the girls would be displayed for all to see, so everyone could be assured that their prosperity was in good hands. Even if the growth wasn't as bountiful that year, the girls would still be paraded about, as the entire tradition was built on transparency. The gowns affixed to them were tailored to show off specific portions of their bodies, to display the grand assets on display. This is where we find our quartet now, secluded in the courtyard, preparing for their grand showcase. All of them excited and happy, glutting themselves on mountains of fruit and sweets as servants carefully made preparations.

While they were to be showcased nude, this didn't mean the girls would come out completely unadorned. A certain level of ceremony had to be put in place, a ritualistic tradition that carried the hopes and desires of the village. Priests carefully surrounded the girls, brushes and pots in hand, a variety of freshly mixed paints contained within. Varying shades and shapes, all applied with meticulous precision upon the enormous canvas that was their flesh. Ladders and pulleys were needed to slather the markings on the different girls, each one with their own dedicated artist, as their designs had to be unique and fitting.

Yang was the one at the forefront, not as large as her other immobile peers, but still massive in her own right. Sporting a stomach so large that it could fit a farmful of animals inside of it, her constantly bloating stomach jutted out in front of her. A tight blimp wrapped in layers of padding thicker than your arm. Folds pulled tight against her flesh, creating a smooth canvas for servants to paint upon, something they were actively doing. Flanked on all sides, over a dozen servants were needed to fill the canvas of her stomach, painting vast fields of wheat upon them in golden paint. Their brushes dimpling the smooth surface of a stomach that dwarfed them in entirety. A mountain of food and flesh that stood taller than their homes, something so large that a single loose movement could cause it to crush them. Luckily loose movements weren't exactly an easy feat for Yang, as her body was completely immobile.

Her hefty haunches lay planted firmly on her cushioned palanquin, her massive thighs sitting like two grand silos of blubber. Immense trunks that propped up her blubbery form, her sweat-slicked flesh slathered in waves of layered gold. Their bloated surface extends into the curves of her mammoth cheeks, bloated mounds that wobbled with her billowing gusts. Painters struggling to cover her body with the necessary white lotuses and lilies for the ceremony. Yang's rear was very much the most prolific part of her body; her river-blocking booty was the thing of dreams.

Flesh stretched out in shimmering pools, endless tanned beaches of fat that could fill a foyer. Each one given life by its own locomotion, constantly shifting like quicksand, the painters barely able to keep foothold atop her shifting body. Her ass was easily large enough to smother the her of a few months ago; in fact, her cheeks were as large as she was prior to summer.

Filling out the entire backend of her green palanquin and flowing over the sides, it was truly something to behold. While her ass was something special, her breasts disappointingly were not.

Not to say they weren't absolutely massive in scope, but compared to her other housemates, they were pretty diminutive. Blimps so large that a person could rest on didn't really compare to breasts that shoved themselves in your face and blocked your view, which is the situation Ai currently sat in.

Out of all the girls, Ai was the closest to being the perfect blimp; in fact, on a normal year she would have been the grandest tribute of them all. Sporting breasts so large that they rested atop her massive stomach like balloons. Areolas so vast that they looked like ponds on her chest, soft nipples curled in on themselves from the sheer immensity of her bulk. People could and had gotten lost in those vast lakes, especially today, as they were being painted for the ceremony. Red lotus blooms and peaches spiraled out from her massive chest, spanning all the way up her chest and onto her overwhelming bosom. Huge mountains separated by a rapidly narrowing dark canyon, her cleavage spanning for great lengths in front of her. At the epicenter of that bunched flesh were Ai's plump cheeks, her multiple chins propped up by her grand bosom, constantly in motion. Servants stationed on each breast, piling massive bowls in front of her to feed the growing blimp.

Her belly was a smidge larger than Yang's, a bit softer, with more room to grow and expand. A mountainside of flesh that towered over those at her flanks loomed like some great mountain. Walking from end to end was enough to exhaust the priests painting dragons along its surface. Folds sitting upon folds, separated by small bits of expanded flesh, the only part of her that remained smooth was the growing curve of her stomach, the apex that tapered down to her navel. Sloping like a hillside, it was shiny, smooth, and tight; the only motion that came from it was from the rumbling of her stomach. Even her backside, while not as grand as Yang's, still held its own sort of magnitude to it. Yet she couldn't shake the growing inferiority in her, the sense that her thunder had been stolen by an outsider.

Pppppbbbbbbffftttttt

crassh

"Sorry about that. I think I caught a pot in that draft." Hua blushed slightly, not used to the catastrophic force of her farts.

"I guess that thing tends to happen with hogs." Ai had a venomous laceration to her remark, the friendly and catty nature of her remarks having vanished.

Ai's jealousy had grown almost as large as Hua's body had; an outsider growing large enough to dwarf the locals was absurd. A usurper in the ranks, Ai couldn't help but feel inadequate, her life's purpose made ancillary in someone else's story. Her mistrust wasn't entirely misplaced, as Hua wasn't exactly in this for the good of the village; Hua was only in this

to satisfy her own gluttony and greed. Hua's gluttony knew no bounds; enticed by the many temptations of endless food and drink, she had eaten more than any other tribute in the past. A pestilence upon the group that strained the village's stores, she had embodied gluttony in both attitude and form.

"Looks like someone's getting a bit green over there, Ai. *munch* Just means we needed to work harder." Yang's chipper attitude seemed to cut into the awkward air that had brewed between the two.

"I wouldn't say that; I'm just stating the obvious." Ai huffed a little, taking another mouthful of apples, crunching them whole.

Yang's taunting continued for a bit, but Hua didn't respond, not to the jabs or to their defense, as they were true. Hua was intending to drain the village of everything it was, prove that she could be the largest and the biggest. She wanted to become so large that people could see her from the cities, something she was getting close to. Hua's body was more like a landmark than it was a human form, a blubbery collection of hills that she wanted to make even larger. As she sat on a palanquin the size of a town square, her blobby form taking up the majority of it. Massive stretches of flesh flooded out from her backside, great expanses of flesh that rippled like pondwater. Every breath and fart sent waves of motion crashing about her form, by her own estimates, they were as large as a small cottage. Vast plains of creamy flesh that multiple people could fit upon, something that was being proven with the workers. Painter after painter was stationed atop her shaky flesh, put on hands and knees, painting bats along her rear. Done in black paint, the midnight mammals were meant to represent natural death and longevity, something to ensure the village's future. Each bat took multiple people to paint; they needed to be large to show up as anything but a smudge on Hua's burgeoning flesh. Something made harder by her constant motion.

Ooouuurrrrrppp

Ppbbfffttt

Another thundering expulsion shook her form, causing a slip of the artists at her rear, some nearly landing in her cavernous crack. While they struggled with her backside, others were dealing with her tumultuous front. Hua's belly was a mammoth avalanche of blubber wrapped around a swollen balloon. The apex curve of her stomach rose up from her midriff like a hill, swollen from the constant influx of food she was taking, shiny like a balloon. Falling down from its sides were the massive hangs of adipose that comprised her fatty stomach. Folds large enough to fit a person, gelatinous sacs that could crush a horse, and all of them were still growing. This made getting the designs on her front more difficult, the cranes atop them needing to be stretched wider to accommodate her girth. Just painting her stomach took over a dozen servants, each one using an entire pot for a single section. The ones painting around her navel were in the greatest danger, as that cavernous maw was more than enough for a person to lose

themselves in. This colossal size was shared through most of her body; as a whole, she seemed to take all of the aspects of the other girls and hold them triplicate.

Even her breasts were larger than Ai's, being slathered in white paint, depicting growing gourds; each one was large enough to be confused for her old stomach. She could have crushed herself in her own bosom; in fact, Bo could likely rest her bloated body on her cleavage.

Bo herself had gotten fairly quiet today, almost mentally preparing herself as the painters delicately painted peonies on her gut. The massive orb still consumed her body, wrapping around her like a giant snake, giving her body a more compact look. How her fat piled on, how it gathered, it gave her the appearance of a lantern. Only her plump rear and bountiful breasts were enough to break up the illusion. She didn't mind; she thought it fitting that she looked that way, given it was her fate to light up the night sky. She sat patiently chewing at her sweets, making sure not to disturb the work of the painters with her blasts.

Ppbbffftttt

Ouuurrrrppp

Grglglglg

The symphony of gastric noises continued on for the next hour as the last of the preparations were made. Everyone was fitted for the most elaborate and vast gown one could imagine. Yang was draped in a tawny robe that extended over her gut and chest; embroidered with budding fields and animals, hers was to represent the farm she came from. The gown covered most of her body, only exposing the painted sections of stomach and rear. Ai was fitted with a similar style of robe, hers an inky black with red embroidery that circled around the hems of her robe. The lower apex of her stomach was put on display, as was her cleavage, tastefully displayed to showcase the artwork, it was an alteration of the gown she wore in her escort duties. Bo, on the other hand, was fitted with a rather earthy-looking green robe, dotted with the herbs and poultices she used in medicines. By her own request, she was spared being put on full display; instead, her face was painted with the small lotuses of her heritage. When the tailor got to Hua, that is where problems arose; the girl was simply too massive for the robe they had planned. Having outgrown it by a couple feet over the estimates. Meaning she showed off more skin than was really desired; the best anyone could do on such short notice was add more layers of paint to make up for the space. With the last preparations made, the girls hoisted over the shoulders of the village's strongest men. Each one taking nearly a hundred men to lift, doubly so for Hua as they escorted them out of the courtyard, Guo standing at the gates, waiting for them to make their arrival.

“Good afternoon, ladies. I would like to say, I am proud of how large you've all become. Truly you will be the grandest tributes the village has ever seen. “Guo's eyes fell specifically on Ai, giving her a look that made her blush. “Now, let's be off.”

A single firework shot up from the estate, exploding in the air with a bang that signalled their procession. From the village proper, music started to swell, instruments playing a grand fanfare as the girls made their gradual march towards the village. Their immense palanquins barely made it through the Hua's, creating more difficulties than the others. Trees and bushes bowed under her massive platform as they moved into the village itself. The closer they got, the more decorated things became; glittering red banners hung from the trees. Banners and stalls came into view, the roar of the crowd almost loud enough to stifle the girls' noisy bodies. Laughing and cheers filled the air as the girls were escorted into the square, everyone admiring the sheer size of them.

"Wow, everyone looks so small down there." Bo spoke up, looking down at the comparatively diminutive crowd.

"Yeah, makes you feel like something else." Yang was at a surprising loss for words.

It had been so long since they were in the village that they had almost forgotten what it was like to be around normal people. The immense girth of the average villager was nothing compared to them; even the largest woman couldn't hold a candle to one of their breasts. While Yang and Bo talked in awe, Ai remained silent, bathing in the adoration from the villagers. All those nasty rumors from the past being washed away by their gasps. She felt like the prize of the parade as they were all escorted to the ceremonial feast, an offering of everything the village had to provide. Offerings not set aside for the tribute, but given from the villagers' own stocks, offerings to the offerings. The head of the procession kept a close eye on the sun and its position; the feast needed to commence at a specific time. It was one of the most important parts of the event, but there was something causing a delay.

At the back of the procession, Hua's sheer girth was proving to be an incredible problem, her bulk straining more than just her escorts. Her palanquin was so large that it couldn't properly fit down the path, the servants needing to hoist it as high as they could, lifting it over the stall rooftops to avoid shattering them. This was clumsy and difficult at best, leading to a couple near collapses as more of the village strongmen were pulled from other duties to assist. The priest at the head of the procession hurriedly beckoning them, the time of the feast fast approaching. His worry was palpable as everyone struggled with Hua's body, but he was not the only one concerned.

"You don't think this is wrong?" One of the village elders appeared at Guo's side, her arms crossed behind her back.

"It's a bit unusual, but bigger is better, right?" Guo smiled, looking down to her, seeing that she did not share his happy expression.

"She's not one of us, and everything is strained by her presence." Another elder appeared at his side, his voice stern and cold.

“She wasn’t born here, no, but I don’t think this bodes ill.” Guo had a confidence to his voice, thinking back on a picture he saw.

“I hope you are correct. For her tardiness is boding ill.” The elder pointed towards the sun.

Clouds moved across the sky, surrounding the sun and focusing its light in a single ray that filtered down to the festival banquet. The ray seemed to be slowly racing against Hua’s procession, traveling across the ground in a path towards an ornament at the head of the grand feasting table. The struggling servers barely managed to get Hua to the table as the ray reached the ornament. As soon as it did, a red light emitted from the center of the fixture, bathing all the tributes and their feast in a resplendent glow. Glittering starshine flickered across their bodies before dissipating as soon as they appeared. It all happened in a flash, so quick that only the astute caught it all, but the feast had officially commenced.

Servants bustled from the massive table to the girls, giving them each the different dishes from the village. Letting them eat to their heart’s content, and more, stuffing them silly with everything the village had to offer. Succulent meats, candied fruits, simple breads; none of it was spared from their growing hunger. Their feast was watched with enraptured eyes, each villager waiting for them to get to their own tribute. This spectacle was the highlight of the festival, going on for hours, until night fell and the tributes were eaten.

Grglgglggl

Ppbbbffftttt

Oouurrrpp

Grnnnn

This was the largest amount of food the girls had eaten in a single sitting, more than they thought they could handle. The obligation and pressure pushing them all to explore limits they didn’t know they had. Except for Hua, as she was reveling in all of the food, her every bite was fueled by the desire for more. Even after she had eaten everything in front of her, she still grasped for more. Their feast had turned all of them into gaseous blimps of food and fat, stuffed to the absolute limit, their stomachs shot out in front of them like whales. Having outgrown their palanquins, they were too large to be moved back to the estate. This was planned, as the stage they had feasted upon was set to be the stage for their liftoff and tribute.

The day had arrived; the day of tribute was upon them. Moving the girls from their feasting stage had become a truly impossible task, so instead, they stayed there as fixtures of

the town. While it was only a week, it was a chaotic and turbulent week, one filled with the constant sounds of titanic gastric action. As that is what all four of them had become, titans, masses of bloated flesh so large that they towered over the surrounding buildings. Perched upon distended assets they cast a shadow across the village, their combined masses looking like a hillside in the clearing. Yang, Ai, and Bo had all reached a size comparable to the houses around them, exceeding them in every way.

Pppffffrrrrrrtttt

Bbrrrrrrrrtttttttttt

Huuuurrrrp

Ommfff

Those kinds of noises were a usual affair around the clearing, the signals of the day's start, and today, the beginning of takeoff. Yang was always the noisiest of the crew, more bark than bite, more fart than size. While she was truly fantastic, belly large enough to fill her old farmhouse, and an ass that could fill her fields. She was grand and immense, but small compared to the rest of them. If she could muster such a motion, she'd be disappointed that she couldn't grow larger. Vast expanses of flesh were no longer fluffy and squishy; they were tight, every inch of her was packed to the brim. Yet, she still ate; she ate for the love of the game; it felt wrong to not be eating sugar dumplings on New Year's. Painful swallows resulted in powerful gusts of gas erupted from her ass and mouth. Rocketing farts that ruffled the trees and blew straw from the tops of some houses.

"You know. Never thought I'd think this, but it's a bit scary. You know? Will it be loud?" Yang asked a question between bites and belches, an uncharacteristic level of worry on her face.

"I don't like to think of how frightening it will be. I focus on the joy it will bring others and the fulfillment. We've waited our whole lives to be chosen. So don't worry." Ai comforted Yang, too trapped in her own bulky body to give anything short of a wave.

Gnnnn

Crkkkk

"Sounds like that don't really help the mood." Yang took another ferocious bite of her dumplings.

"Yes, but they are more common. It means we are close to blossoming." Ai placed a hand on what little of her breast she could reach.

Feeling how tight her skin had become was a new sensation; almost overnight she had morphed from some colossal being of fat into a fragile balloon. Her breasts stretched out in front of her, smooth-skinned blimps with cleavage so deep she could bury a brothel in them. Perched atop a creaking gut that brushed into her friends', the enormous globe of gas, fat, and food groaned from the state it was in. Just like Yang, she was full of fat, but there was so much that it had stretched her body to the limit. Supple flesh turned rubber and smooth, every nook and cranny pulled over multiplying fat. Her own ass was in much the same state, billowing out behind her like great blobs, perching her up so high that her middle no longer touched the ground.

Brrrtt

Brrrraap

Wbbblbl

Ai's own ominous gurgles were getting more frequent; her gaseous outbursts were starting to blister the tiles of the roof behind her. Each one was followed by another ominous bubbling and a tension in her midriff.

"Those poultices have reached their limit." Bo spoke up for the first time in an hour; something about her had been off all day.

"How can you tell?" Yang peered over her large dumplings to see Bo's tiny form.

"I can feel it. I used to make those creams." Bo blushed a little between words, her body quivering from the strain.

Bo's body shape had not changed much in the week; she just grew out. More a ball of flesh than a collection of blobs, Bo's body had rounded out in all aspects. Her chest stayed comparatively diminutive, tiny dimples on her vastly bloated form. With her stomach occupying most of her torso, her body was almost perfectly round, torso stretched out like a ball. Taut flesh stretched so tight that she squeaked when the wind hit her. Tiny arms looked like twigs against her enormous body. At this point she was large enough to burst out of her old medicine shop, yet she was only a pea in comparison to Ai and Yang's gourds. One thing she hadn't expected from this whole situation was how good it felt to be like this. Every inch of her bloated form felt so real and alive, even though she knew it was close to detonation.

Hnnnnnn

Mmrrrrrr

Bo wiggled in place, unsure what to do with her feelings of pleasure; it lit a fire deep in her loins that had never been lit. Poor Bo had never known much of physical pleasures, so unlike Yang and Ai, this level of sensitivity was driving her crazy.

Pppppbbfffrrrrrrrttt

Oooourrrrrrrrppp

Omff

Brrrrrrttttt

Hooooorrrp

Bwoooooopp

All of their thoughts were interrupted by the interjection of the local mountain, a mountain-sized person that was an interjection herself. Hua, the outsider, the interloper; she had gained many names from Ai, but there was one that even she didn't deny: huge. Somehow, Hua had managed to eclipse her other tributes so greatly that they barely even registered as objects to her. Their own eruptions felt like mere tremors against her rumbling quakes, as constant barrages of gas were preceded by messy and noisy eating. It was impossible to even see her head from the ground; that is how grand her bust had become, how engorged her stomach was. The surface was constantly in motion, rippling and gyrating with its own contents; everything inside of her was in a never-ending conflict.

She stood as a greedy contrast to the other girls; while their growth was grand and celebrated, hers was ominous. There was very little of Hua that wasn't enormous stomach; she was more belly than woman. Perched atop a midriff like it was a plateau, a bubbling and storming blimp of feculent gas. Rocked back and forth by her own undulating stomach, sloshing like she was a balloon, Hua was enormous. Comparing her to a building would be ill-fitting, at this point, her belly could flatten the court of the estate.

Omff

Nom

Oouurrrp

More noxious fumes spilled over the cliffside of her breasts as she ate, belches so wet you could see the mist fall down her cleavage. Buried in those building-sized breasts was Hua's still feasting head. With her arms unable to reach past her massive body, food had to be piled around her bust. Servants didn't bother to use plates, given what would happen next. Yet that didn't stop her; belief in limits was for smaller beings. If anyone was large enough to compare to

her ass alone, then she'd maybe heed their words. Said ass was gargantuan, completely consuming the staging area and spilling over the elevated outcropping. Millennia of raised rock was unable to contain or compare to a single greedy girl. In her mind, she believed she could grow large enough to smother China itself, despite the fact that her body told her the opposite. Her skin was just as tight as the others, pulled taut over glacial accumulations of adipose under her flesh.

Spppppppbbbbttttt

Rmbblblbblbl

Brrrrrrpppppppppp

Hua's violent eruptions were becoming a problem amongst the village; houses too close to the staging area had to be evacuated for safety. Guo allowed them to stay in the palatial estate until the time came for the tribute's detonation, a time that was fast approaching. Guo had been eyeing the sun all day; no matter how many times he had done this before, he still was a bit on edge when the time came. As the sun started to sink, he looked down at the silken bag in his hands. Hard weights clacked against each other as he moved them; they were the ignition pieces for tonight's fireworks. It was about the time; he started making his way over to the girls.

"I wanted to thank you all again. What you do for the village will be remembered for many generations to come. Are you ready?" Guo gave a small bow as he approached Yang.

"About ***hoof*** as ready as I'll ***wheeze*** ever be." Yang's reply was interrupted by heavy breathing, her body so labored and heavy that it exhausted her.

"You need not worry. You will continue on in the land, in the people, and the crops." Guo gave Yang's cheek an affectionate pat

The candy he pulled out for Yang was green, like the crops she tended; he placed it on her tongue and waited for the swallow. With it secure, he moved on to Ai; he didn't use the ladder with her. Instead, Guo climbed up her massive flanks on his own, taking time to give her assets some well-deserved attention. When he finally reached the top of her bust, he saw her smiling back at him.

"Getting ***urp*** a last shample?" Ai teased him as she did all of their other times together; her stifled belches and heavy speech didn't have the same pristine demeanor as she did in the past.

"Figured you could use something a little extra before it all goes off." Guo walked unsteadily across her massive bust.

“Cute.” Ai blushed as Guo placed a warm hand on her cheek, closing her eyes and leaning into it.

Words weren’t exchanged; she simply opened her mouth. She opened just wide enough for Guo to push the red candy past her lips, taking an extra moment to lay his fingers on her lips before hopping down the ballooning mountain. Taking a ladder up to Bo’s bloated body, he saw the girl’s quivering lip and blushing face.

“You nervous?” Guo tried to keep his voice a bit soft, knowing Bo’s demeanor.

“No. Just a bit. Distracted…” Bo’s lip quivered as her body rocked.

“I think I know by what. Have fun, little Boberry.” Guo pulled out a blue candy, placing it between her lips as she kept rocking.

Guo left his perch and made way for Hua’s massive form; she was too large to climb or ascend with a normal ladder, the only way to reach her top was via lift. A couple of villagers had arranged a pulley to hoist him up to her head. Walking from the landing point to her head took longer than he expected.

“I see you’re enjoying yourself.” Guo unsteadily walked up to Hua’s maw, kicking away the empty plates.

“Yeash **omf** need **ooourrrp** more. What did you bwing? **Hoooo**” Hua glugged herself like a pig; belches and sloppy eating stopped her words at every turn.

“Just a little treat to finish things off. Get you ready for the finale.” Guo produced a purple candy for Hua, placing it on her lips.

Cronch

Cronch

Huurp

“Pretty good. Got another?” Hua smirked after noisily crunching the sacred candy.

Guo didn’t bother to reply, descending from the gluttonous girl as the sun drew lower, letting the candy do its work.

Rmbblbbllbb

A twilight cast over the city as the first ominous rumble started, the escalating sound of roiling fumes.

an echo-chamber of her own orgasm. She was too lost in her own mind to notice the blue mist unfurling from her ass.

Rmbblbbblbbblbbll

Pppbbbbbbfffttttttttt

A quake shook the countryside; Hua's gut let out a singular note of distress before gas poured from her colossal cheeks. Something was wrong with Hua, though; while gas roared out of her body, she wasn't tense. Her skin wasn't taxed, her body wasn't tense, it was the same level of enormous that it always was. Even when the purple hue took hold of her gas, signifying the completion of the chain reaction, her body didn't change. The only people to take notice of this were Guo and the elders, as the rest of the village was occupied with the first of their fireworks.

Grmbmbmblll

Pppppbbbbbbfffttttttttt

Yang went airborne, her own roaring gas sending her high into the sky. Despite how heavy she was, the gas was stronger, or maybe she was lighter? She wasn't able to tell what was happening inside of her, but her body seemed to balloon. Rising higher into the sky, something inside of her rumbled a deep rumble. A gnashing sound that shook her form, causing all of her to undulate at once. Her toes and fingers clenched in anticipation.

Just a little more and it will be all over. Will it hurt? It doesn't hurt now? Will I do good? Am I good?

A barrage of questions clattered around Yang's mind as she rose higher into the sky, her paper-thin skin struggling to keep intact as chilly winds whipped across it. Yang's thoughts couldn't settle; she thought she was ready, ready for everything. Stories only did so much to prepare her; at least it wasn't painful. There was only a sense of airiness to her body, a crystalline fragility that intensified as she bloated. Gas poured from her ass with such ferocity that she thought it would tear her open. Looking up through the veil of her, she saw the stars; she had finally reached her peak.

Rllllllll

Oooouurrpp

A final uproarious belch escaped her lips, holding her in place as the pressure inside of her multiplied. Two opposing streams of gas kept her stabilized in the air, her mouth ripped wide by the force of the winds. A geyser of green mist filtered up above her as her body started to bloat; swirling mists fought against each other inside of her, pushing the boundaries of her

frame. Gas proliferated through her form, pushing her belly out further, taxing her skin beyond its limit. Gradual growth turned explosive as the tensile strength of her skin gave out.

Kerfwoooooooooossh

In a glorious display of green mist, Yang exploded; flecks of her rubberized skin fluttered in the air like spent fireworks. The gas soon ignited, the last step of the candies, turning the green mist into a chain of glittering stardust that fell upon the surrounding countryside.

Ppbbbffrrrrtttt

It wasn't long before Ai joined her; already sent airborne by her own catapulting flatulence, she ascended to the same heights, if not higher. Body billowing like some malformed blimp, large as a parade balloon. Rounded curves already tensing, quivering as she felt the world around her.

It's what I wanted, what I needed. Thousands of orgasms in my lifetime, and none of them compare. This is fulfillment, completion.

Ai closed her eyes, letting the contentment wash over her. The feeling of tension in her bloated form fell away from her mind. Even as her tits cast a shadow across the moon, even as her ass parted the clouds, she didn't notice it. There was no regard for her own form as she surged out in odd angles, her body pressing into her cheeks as gas hissed from her nipples.

Ffssshhhhtttttt

Ouuuuurrrrrpppp

Red streams poured from her breasts, her nipples widening to accommodate the outpouring fumes. Alongside the escaping mist from her tits, her mouth yawned wide, opening until her jaw trembled. From her gaping maw came a thunderous eruption of gas, a streaming torrent that turned into a great cloud. A force so strong that it managed to hold against her uproarious ass. Holding in the air, her body pushed in all directions, a blot in the sky that overshadowed the village. She could feel her body reaching its limits, her fragile form pulled by the high sky breezes. She was light as a feather, flying higher, her navel the same color as her gas before giving out.

Keeeeerrpop

Shhooooooooomm

Ai exploded; her breasts popped like small bombs, sending a shockwave down the rest of her fragile form. A shockwave that ruptured the rest of her like a paper sack, sending scraps and gas flowing out in all directions. An ignition came shortly after, friction turning that gas into

glittering sparks of crimson. Splaying out in all directions until the fulmination, for a moment, resembled a red lotus. Her sparks fell down across the village, bouncing off the form of her rising companion.

Brrrrrrrrrrttttttt

Bo's ballooned body rose high into the air, a turgid orb of blue gas. Her skin quivered with every movement, vibrating of its own accord as her strength gave out.

Why does it have to feel so good? Is it supposed to feel this good? I...I can't think. Everything is one fire. I want release; I'm craving it. Why does it have to feel so good down there when I can't reach it?

Bo curled her fingers, the desire for release overwhelmed her. Rapping her knuckles impatiently against her taut skin, the flood of arousal overwhelming her senses. Completely spherical, she hung like a second moon in the sky, growing tenser by the second. Body throbbing in and out as orgasm knocked her downstairs. Gas flooded and tickled her nethers, washing over her undercarriage in a blue haze. Pulsing in and out, she grew and retracted as her tiny frame struggled to reach the proper height.

Huuuuurrrrrrrpppp

Bo's blue geyser mixed with the remnant mists of Ai's eruption; her quaking belch sent more of her own gas into Ai's. Her heavy burp sent gas into the lingering sparks of Ai's fireworks; small sparks of blue glittered amongst the showers of red. Small trails of red stardust danced down her body, illuminating the blue gas just under her surface. It swirled under her translucent skin, raging like a storm as it pushed her out a final time.

Oooooooooohhhh

Fwoooooooooommm

Bo's cries of pleasure dispersed into the clouds as her own sundering explosion tore her body apart. Almost immediately, skin flecks were caught in the fires of her ignition, turning into a dazzling spray of blue sparks that lit the sky.

Everyone's eyes were affixed to the sky, admiring the explosions they had just seen, the true glory of the tributes. As they looked upward, the village elders looked onward with concern. Hua wasn't taking off; she grew and bloated, but her roaring gas wasn't enough to give her body liftoff. They looked on with worry; they knew what was happening inside of her, that the fat was atomizing into vapor. She had so much of it that if she didn't get skybound soon, she'd blow the entire village apart when she went.

"Do something." An elder spat their remark at Guo.

Stupid idiots, thinking a candy can make me explode? Don't they know I'm the best? I'm the biggest; I'm going to eclipse all of China. Maybe that's why they fed me the candy? Yeah? I'm going to be bigger than the moon! Bigger than the Earth? I'll be the biggest.

Hua smiled, oblivious to the state she was in. Her body grew, billowing out like some terrible cloud. Covering the entire region in shadow as her bloated form blotted out the moonlight. Ass brushed against mountaintops as she rose higher than the clouds; curls of mist whirled about her body as purple fumes mixed with the atmosphere. Even as her skin tensed, her bloated body expanding past the point of no return, Hua still believed her detonation was impossible.

Crkkkkkk

Rmbbbllll

Her creaking form resonated across the countryside, a terrestrial event so great that people in neighboring countries could hear it. Ominous rumbling filled the sky; a great thunderhead of pressure fought against her insides. Ascending past the clouds, lifting into the upper atmosphere, the pressure inside of her reached its final stage.

Oourrrrrrrrrrrpppppp

Hua's lips rippled as her belch tore across the countryside; purple mist rippled above her, filtering into the clouds and up beyond the stratosphere. Flecks of purple dust exited the earth, trailing off into space as the mist from her belch dissipated. Her body bloated further, tensing harder as the pressure inside of her welled up. Threads of existence snapped one by one inside of her; everything that held her body together gave out. Hua's body rapidly surged out again, a final leap in size, the tides shifting for just a moment as she reached her peak.

kerboooooooooom

Hua exploded in a glorious show of sparks, her purple fumes proliferating with the air in the atmosphere. Turning the sky an eerie shade of purple before her spark ignited, lighting up the countryside in a blinding glow of purple. For a moment, in all of China, it was daytime; Hua's explosion was grand enough to serve as the sun for an instant. The resonating thunderclap from her explosion carried on across the globe as those in the space station saw her grand ignition. There were no scraps of skin to see; everything that was Hua was vaporized in an instant.

Down below, nobody knew what such a tribute would bring upon them, but they did know one thing. This was the last time any outsiders would be allowed as a tribute.

