

Stop Feeding The Secretaries

Table of contents

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Prologue: Page 2 | Chapter 1: pages 2-5 |
| Chapter 2: Pages 5-9 | Chapter 3: Pages 9-13 |
| Chapter 4: pages 13-19 | Chapter 5: pages 19-32 |
| Chapter 6: pages 32-40 | Chapter 7: pages 40-50 |
| Chapter 8: pages 50-59 | Chapter 9: pages 59-69 |
| Chapter 10: pages 70-82 | Chapter 11: pages 70-81 |
| Chapter 12: pages 81-82 | Chapter 13: pages 82-100 |
| Chapter 14: pages 100-103 | Chapter 15: pages 103-114 |

“My, oh my. That’s your tenth helping tonight? Guess someone must be hungry.” A woman mugged for the camera before it panned down to her husband.

Her husband looked to be your traditional businessman, gelled hair, clean face, and a pristine suit; the only standout feature was a rather prominent stomach. His jacket was unbuttoned and his dress shirt domed out above the waist; he looked positively stuffed. His stomach looked rather absurd, cartoonishly ballooned and bumping into the table. In front of him sat an empty plate that he was still picking bits from, sauce and gravy smeared along the rims.

“I don’t know what you did, but I just can’t keep myself away from it tonight.” The husband rubbed his stomach before undoing his belt.

“It’s all thanks to that Grasco brand meatloaf mix. It’s so good, you can’t help yourself. I know I can’t.” The woman held the box up in her hands before motioning down below.

As the camera zoomed out, it showed the spokeswoman was sporting an equally full stomach. A curving belly that bulged out from her dress and made her look like a yellow balloon. Music started to play as the brand’s slogan came by, being read by a stern-sounding announcer.

Grasco. You’ll never find a better taste.

Chapter One: The Interview

Alyssa hit the stop button on her phone; she’d been watching through the Grasco ad catalogue in preparation for her interview. She was amazed at how quickly she got the callback; the position had only opened a few days ago. With how prestigious it was to work at a legacy company like Grasco, she imagined that there’d be a throng of people to fight for a secretary position. Yet, here she was, alone in the hall and waiting for her call in.

Looking around, the building had that classic feel to it, like it was a company that had just stepped out of the fifties. There was still modern technology, computers, ID badges, and security cameras, but the decor was from a bygone era. Luminescent waxed marble floors that stretched on for a mile, wood-paneled walls that were lacquered to a shine, and yawning glass windows. At Alyssa’s side was an empty desk, one with a fairly large and wide space behind; just glancing over at the desk, the workspace looked like it could hold ten of her. She nervously clicked her heels, tapping her foot in rhythm with the clock hands as the minutes ticked down. Times like this made her regret her penchant for early arrivals, but it was the only way she knew she’d be somewhere on time. This at least gave her time to do some last-minute adjustments to her outfit, using the adjacent window.

The sun was in just the right spot where she could easily see her reflection, something she made ample use of. Alyssa was a bit obsessed with her appearance; ever since her dramatic weight loss post-college, she was always taking stock of things. She walked up to the window, running a brush through her long black hair, matting down any loose ends. Opening her compact to touch up her concealer, her Greek heritage had granted her a fair olive complexion and some sharp brows. With high cheek bones and some starker features, she had a sort of classical beauty about her. This was accentuated by her figure; Alyssa was rail-thin, a tall and elegant figure poured into a pantsuit. She had painstakingly sculpted the only curves on her body that she couldn't rid herself of, which were her hips and glutes. Nicely showcased curves that tapered down from her waist in a gentle slope that her skirt concealed.

Click

Alyssa was nearly scared out of her skin by the sound of an opening door; one of the wood panels swung open as a man in a suit peeked his head out. Alyssa met his gaze and shrank a bit, hurriedly tucking away her makeup and brush. There was a sinking feeling in her heart; she'd already tanked her interview by being seen in such a candid moment.

"You must be Alyssa. Nice to meetcha, Bob Coleman. I believe you're interviewing to be my secretary today?" Bob held out his hand with a smile on his face.

Alyssa panicked a little inside; she knew the CEO was good-looking, but there was something different about seeing him in person. Pristinely kept, shortly cut brown hair that matched his subtle sideburns. He had kind blue eyes and the most comforting smile she had seen from anyone at the executive level. His trimly-fitted suit helped with the image as well; it was cinched in just the right places around his middle, enough to show off his fit figure. He looked decently fit, not jacked, but the kind of person who worked out on the daily. Overall, looking at him for too long was making her head swoon.

"I **AM** Alyssa." Alyssa's voice rose in an odd squeak as she reached out to grab his hand.

She couldn't help but look down in shame as a flush of pink ran across her face; she was sweating from nerves, but he didn't miss a beat.

"Fantastic, why don't you come on in? I've got an open seat and a couple hours to kill." Bob waved her in, holding the door open for her to pass through.

The inside of his office was a bit different than she expected from a CEO of his stature; she was expecting clean walls and an enormous desk, but Bob's was different. The room was strewn with posters and memorabilia from the company's history, along with some scattered sports tchotchkes. Looking around the place was a bit overwhelming, a storm of colorful stimuli that pulled her attention in every direction, but she managed to ground herself. On the far side

of the room, on a stretch of wall close to Bob's desk, was a familiar picture. It was an autographed picture of a woman from one of the Grasco ads. She looked massively pregnant, with a stomach that stuck out from her dress like a blimp; she looked like the woman from a commercial she saw as a kid.

"Is that Betty? I didn't know she was a real person." Alyssa motioned towards the photo.

"Good eye, she was the only actress my dad would hire for those old Big Betty's ads." Bob explained that bit of history with a wistful grin.

"I think I remember those ones; those were the nineties ones where the housewives all blew up right? You know, the 'eat Betties til' you blow' ads?" Alyssa had some very strong memories of those commercials; they ingrained themselves in her mind.

"You've got a good eye, but it's not her. She retired sometime in the seventies, became a bit of a homebody. That was her daughter; she carried that torch for a couple years." Bob was genuinely impressed by Alyssa's knowledge.

"I guess it runs in the families. The props you guys used were really crazy. Like the wave of chocolate that splashed after people blew and then the suit that Betty wore." Alyssa felt herself being brought back to those old commercials and memories of herself on the couch.

"We've got some of the best people around. Best props and best effects teams. You only get one chance at a generational Betty commercial." Bob smiled; he was ready to gush about the family history before he caught himself. "I can't let myself get sidetracked like that. We've got an interview to do."

The ensuing thirty minutes were a battering of different questions, some pertaining to secretarial duties and the others were about the brand as a whole. Despite her lack of confidence, Alyssa managed to navigate the hailfire quite deftly. Meeting every single inquiry with a satisfactory response and a follow-up plan. In the blink of an eye the questioning had come to a conclusion, and Bob seemed ready to make a verdict.

"I think, with everything we've talked about and your glowing resume and references, I'd be a crazy man not to take you on." Bob smiled, outstretching a hand. "So, if you're willing, I'd like you to start next week."

"Really? Right on the spot?" Alyssa was genuinely shocked, but her body had still reciprocated the handshake.

"You outshone any of our other candidates by a couple hundred lumens. Before I give you the tour, did you have any questions for me?" Bob shook Alyssa's hand heartily before releasing it.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what did the previous secretary leave?” Alyssa couldn’t shake the question from her mind.

“In her words, she just couldn’t fit in the position anymore.” Bob had a warm smile on his face as he motioned Alyssa to follow.

Chapter Two: She Just Couldn't Help Herself

Monday came around, and Alyssa took to her job like a fish to water, deftly forwarding Bob’s calls and keeping his schedule with the best of them. She could differentiate between people who needed a day to cool off and people who needed an urgent meeting. By the end of her second week, she had become an office staple; everyone knew her name. With that level of exposure, she often got little tours of the factory and the office, showcases of what they were working on. GrasCo was the largest food producer this side of Kraft, and they had their fingers in every pie and had a pie for every finger. Experimenting with different flavors and innovations, along with mundane technologies that improved food quality. Such access to rich and delicious foods made Alyssa’s inner fat girl go wild, made her yearn for the days when she’d just stuff herself with a box of Big Betties and collapse on the couch. Luckily, she could resist, but she had trouble when people brought things to her desk. Bob, most of all, was the biggest offender in the court of unwarranted treats. He’d often swing by to drop off some extra baked goods from the lab or something tasty from the cafeteria. During days when Alyssa got so swamped she had to skip lunch, Bob would make sure to order her some lunch from some local place. It was a gesture she couldn’t deny, but it was really throwing her diet for a loop.

“Pit stop, coming through.” Bob chuckled as he whizzed by Alyssa’s desk, a small package in hand.

“Oh, no. What did RnD cook up this time?” Alyssa rolled her eyes jokingly as Bob stopped in front of the desk.

“When you say it like that, makes it sound like I’m using you as a guinea pig.” Bob reciprocated her joke with fake shock.

“Well, being a guinea pig is at least a tasty job. What did you bring by?” Alyssa rubbed her hands enthusiastically.

She would be lying if she said she didn’t enjoy these little treats and surprises; as much as Alyssa wanted to stay on her diet, Bob just had an aura about him. Him being the hottest man she’d seen in over a decade really didn’t help the situation; when he asked her something, she’d just melt into putty.

“Well, you know our chocolate cakes? The little fudge-covered ones?” Bob scrunched his fingers together to emphasize the size.

“You mean Big Betties?” Alyssa felt her heart skip a beat at the mention of her old vice.

“Yeah, well. The boys down in the lab have been cooking up a little something and wanted to share it with the whole office.” Bob held his finger up in excitement before pulling the container from behind his back. “I present to you. Grasco’s newest treat. The Bitty Betties.”

Planted on the desk in front of her was the most nostalgic-looking box she had ever seen; it was blue with white lettering, and on the front was the same redheaded girl who was there to greet her every day after classes. In place of the round fudge-covered snack cakes was a neatly stacked pile of bite-sized versions of the same snack. Glistening on the package like they were fresh from the oven, Alyssa could smell them through the box.

“Bitty Betties, huh? Well, I guess I’ll be your best judge.” Alyssa practically ripped the package open to get at the little treats.

“You a fan?” Bob’s remark has a sarcastic tone to it, after their commercial talks, she was obviously a fan.

“Stop kidding, you know I love these. Honestly, I shouldn’t be eating ’em. I am trying to stay on my diet.” Alyssa pushed the box towards the corner of the desk as she opened the bag.

“Just a few should be fine, don’t go wild though. Sugar crash is a hell of a thing when you’re over thirty. Trust me, I know.” Bob chuckled before walking away. “If you do get a craving, I know the boys left some down in the break room for people to try out. Take them home, have as many as you like.”

As Bob sequestered himself in his office, Alyssa pulled out a handful of the little treats; they felt like tiny candies in her palm. They managed to look completely immaculate, despite rattling around in a hot office all day, and their scent was driving her wild. Rich and gooey little morsels, all begging to be eaten, and their pleas were succinctly answered. Alyssa took the whole handful and plopped it in her mouth; the flavor was so good she felt like melting. They hadn’t changed: the same moist cake, the same chocolate cream filling, and the same immaculate fudge coating. Being bitesized somehow enhanced them, giving them more chocolate per capita than their bigger sisters. Alyssa was over the moon; this was the best thing she had in ages. Before she knew it, the whole bag was gone, and she was feeling those days of lounging on the couch again. She wanted to dive into the whole box, inhale every little bit, and collapse into the chair, but that was the old her. Now, she had willpower; she could leave that box on the corner of her desk and not want to eat it at all.

The day whiled by, and she realized how mistaken she was; she felt herself glancing over at the case every few minutes, stopping herself from reaching a hand in. Her stomach rolled on itself in anguish, demanding more of the treats. She knew she could resist, knew that it would pass if she could endure, but it was getting harder. Alyssa's stomach grew angrier as the clock approached three; she still had two hours left before her shift ended. It wasn't until a phone call that she decided she needed to do something.

Groooooooll

"Miss Tranish, what was that?" Alyssa's client chirped up as the sound of her stomach broke through the receiver.

"Oh, you know. One of the girls in marketing brought her dog in today to help test the dog food, and he saw a squirrel. So, back to the schedule. Bob can pencil you in for a golf game next Tuesday afternoon. Does that sound alright?" Alyssa blushed, desperately trying to salvage the situation.

"That sounds fine by me ***uuurrluuurrrr*** Someone should check on that dog. He sounds like he's raising hell." The client questioned the sound of Alyssa's stomach as it roared.

"I know, I'll go check on it. I'll go ahead and get you down and send you an email with the specifics in a few. You have a good day." Alyssa blushed aggressively as her stomach howled over the phone.

Alyssa barely registered the goodbye as she hung the phone up, desperately scribbling down details and entering details into the computer. Now her stomach was interfering with her job, and she couldn't approve of that. Her belly howled louder as she forced it to wait a bit longer, growls echoing down the hallway and eliciting a couple confused stares from the offices down the way. Alyssa blushed sheepishly before hitting send on the email and wheeling her chair to the box of sweets.

"Okay you Bitty Bettys. This is a one-time arrangement. I eat you today, and then, we never talk to each other again." Alyssa was almost bargaining with the snacks as her hand drifted towards the container.

Her stomach rumbled in anticipation as she pulled out another bag, ripping open the top in a blink. She was hoping she could take it easy, eat a couple, and her stomach would be happy with her, but she was wrong. The moment that first morsel touched her tongue, she was hooked, on a warpath to try and get more of them. A small smattering turned into handfuls as she shoveled them into her mouth. Handfuls devolved into her pouring the whole bag into her mouth. Memories of those lazy days on the couch came back to her; in an instant her willpower fell to the tide of nostalgia. She kept going, one bag, two bags, until the whole box had found a home inside of her stomach. The trim fit of her suit, which had been a boon on a normal day, was now becoming her bane. Fabric curled around her burgeoning food baby; perfectly tailored

meant it showed off any imperfections in her body. A small slope of gray that waxed as she ate, pulling fabric away from the buttons on her shirt, and still ready for more.

She wasn't satisfied with the one box; no it only made her crave more, her stomach seemed to be rebelling for years of denial and abstinence with abject rebellion. Alyssa wanted more, and she knew where they were; almost guided by her stomach, she left her post and made for the break room. Venturing down past her coworkers, all of whom gave her a friendly wave as she tried to hide the chocolate smears on her lips. It was past most's lunch time, so the break room was fairly empty; the only thing inside were the decorations. Pale yellow tile, aged wooden vending machine, and a smattering of bright plastic tables. It was jarring to see, but Alyssa only cared about one thing, and that's what was on the tables. Stacked atop of them were a trio of Bitty Betty boxes, and they sat taunting her.

Alyssa wanted to eat them then and there, shoving them all down her craw like a slabbering pig, but she resisted. Content enough with a second and third box, she left the other on the table. Pumping her legs to leave before temptation took her again, her heels clacked against the tile as she returned to her desk. She had barely gotten into her chair when she felt her hands already moving on their own, ripping the tops from the boxes and digging in. Waxed paper crinkled as she pulled the tops from the treats, pouring them down her gullet one after another. Each emptied bag was another few centimeters on her gut, another swell that grew into a few inches. The gray trappings of her coat parted around her swelling stomach as her shirt-clad belly began to creep out. A crowning curve that blew up with her feast, growing larger as the fabric crinkled. The skirt at her waist fought a valiant battle, holding on for dear life in an attempt to keep her decent. Her tightening belly seeped over the hem of her skirt, an inflating balloon, except it was full of cake. Growing and growing, the buttons on her jacket strained to keep together, the threads keeping them attached pulling away from each other as more of her dress shirt crept out. Threads pulled tighter and tighter, only held together by the high quality of Alyssa's clothes.

Snap

Clatter

Quality could only do so much to hold off the unyielding wave of flesh that was Alyssa's gut. Her outermost button, the one stationed above her navel, had finally given up the ghost, flinging itself into the desk in front of her. Once that dam had been broken, there wasn't much to support the other buttons as they popped off in short order. Clattering to the ground one by one as her belly emerged like a hill breaking through the earth. A white-clad bubble that protruded from her torso, with hard-defined lines at the top and a flat plateau at her navel, her belly was packed to the brim. She would have kept stuffing it, but she had exhausted the last box.

Huurp

A satisfied burp escaped her lips as she leant back in her chair, mind still processing what all was happening. Once the sugar passed through her brain, she became painfully aware of the state she was in.

"My god. What have I done." She whispered to herself in shock as she looked at the mess in her desk and the wreckage of her clothes. "I need to get out of here."

Alyssa couldn't let herself be seen like this; she hurriedly swept her wrappers and boxes from the table, piling them loosely under her desk to be removed at a later date. It was almost four; she had spent an entire hour stuffing her face and not getting any work done. In her current state she'd make for a sorry employee if she let things sit as they were. So she trucked through the last hour, waiting for the clock to strike five while she did her best to hide her exposed stomach. She sat close to her desk, stowing her gut away like it was a pet she snuck into school; she waited for everyone to filter out for the day before making her leave. The only one who hadn't left was Bob, but he always stayed late.

"Okay, now that was it. After we get home, we're on a strict diet." Alyssa motioned furiously at her exposed stomach as she waddled out of the office.

Chapter Three: Eat 'em til' You Blow

Alyssa awoke the next day, seemingly in a fantasy; she was back at the Big Betty ad, something she had dreamt before but far less vividly. She was sat at the same white table as the commercial, a literal mountain of Bettys piled in front of her and the other housewives. They were just as she remembered them, curvy women from across the globe, dressed in pastel dresses that hugged their curves. There was one in pink, one in yellow, one in green, and she completed the quarter with a baby blue. Looking down, she saw that she had been indulging into the sweets as much as the other girls. Her stomach pulled the silk of her dress tight and sat on her stomach like a blob, stretching over her lap and crawling towards her knees. It was a wobbling orb of what was likely compacted sweets and maybe gas. The scent of the Bettys wafted through her nostrils and carried her hands forward, only for the woman in pink to beat her.

"Snooze you lose." The woman in pink gleefully devoured the treat, shoveling it in until her mouth was caked in frosting.

"These Bettys are so good. How did you get so many?" The woman in green directed her question at Alyssa.

"They were on sale, and you just get so many per box that I couldn't help myself." Alyssa heard her own voice echoing the exact words of the commercial.

"You better have gotten a lot, because I want to eat this until I blow." The woman in yellow voiced her boast with glee.

They kept eating, stuffing themselves with an endless supply of cakes, every time a plate emptied, another took its place. Their endless appetites drove them to eat; Alyssa could see them and feel herself growing.

Omphhh

Nom

Bbbllblbl

bpppbbbbllll

Each bite was another inch, every swallow another stretch; they ate and grew until their stomachs consumed their entire bodies. Gas billowed from their backsides like deflating whoopee cushions loud trumpets that drowned out their own messy eating. Their bloating bodies stretched out their dresses into massive spheres, their hands flapping uselessly against the taut surface of their bodies. Each woman had a singular cake still in their hands, one procured through great strain and effort.

Fffrrttttt

Brrttttttt

Urrrrrrrp

rmbllblblbl

"**Ooof** I really felt that one." The woman in pink stifled a belch as gas ripped from her backside.

Her body rumbled from strain, vibrating from pressure the closer she got to the cake in her hands. The pink expanse of her body was stretched wide, pushed into the wall, and trapped between the table. They had all wedged each other into the seemingly doorless room, their turgid bodies rumbling in concert as more gas blew from their backsides.

Grnnnnn

Fffweeeeetttt

Brruuuuuuup

crkkkkk

"Yeah, I'm feeling really full, but these Bettys are just so good." The woman in green struggled to get hers into her mouth; every time the cake touched her lips, her body responded with gas and creaking.

Biblbbibl

Glorp

Glunk

ffffffpppppbbbbtt

"Surely, we can handle one more? They're the last ones." Alyssa recanted the commercial's lines again, looking gleefully at her own cake as she tried to ignore her own gas.

Grglggglg

Crkkkkkk

qrrrrrkkkkk

"One more cake never hurt anyone." The woman in yellow shoved the cake in her mouth, chewing delightfully before swallowing. "Uh oh."

Pppppppppffffffttttt

Hooourrrrrpppp

Rmbbbblblbl

The woman in yellow's eyes turned wide, her cheeks bulged as pressure welled inside of her. Her body rocked back and forth of its own accord, hands flapping against her bloated stomach as she started to shake. She grew out of control, gas blasting from her backside in a constant and deafening trumpet. She shook violently, her body rumbling as her head was swallowed by her own stomach.

Sploooosssh

A wave of chocolate muck washed across the room, splattering the girls in sugary cake sludge.

"More for me." The woman in pink licked yellow's cakey remains from her lips, only for her eyes to bulge.

Oourrrrlpppp

Bbbbppppbbbtttt

shhskkhs

Her cheeks puffed out as loud belches blew past her lips, her body shaking violently as the pressure inside of her welled. Her overtaxed skin shook to contain the wave of cake inside of her before it finally broke loose.

Bwoooooosssh

Pink exploded in a similar tidal wave of chocolate gunk; her thunderous gas carried it across the room and shook green's body.

Rmbbblbl

Grnnnn

"Nuh, uh. If I'm gonna blow, the Betty's gonna be the one that does it." Green smiled, shoving the cake down her gob as her body shook.

Crrkkkkk

Fbbblblbtttt

Splorch

She didn't get a chance to grow; the pressure of the last Betty and the shockwave had shaken her to the core, and she exploded with a wet pop. Masses of cake splashed across the table, leaving Alyssa alone in the mess. She trembled with excitement; she had recreated this scenario so often in her head, those days eating on the couch. In her hands was a single cake, the bullet for the bullseye. She couldn't resist; her flapping arms gripped the cake and shoved it past her lips. She ate it with ecstasy, feeling the mass tumble down into her cavernous body.

Rlllllll

Umbblblblblbl

Crkkkkkkk

Ppbbffffttttt

Alyssa's body began to rock back and forth, gas billowing from her backside in ferocious gales. Her shaking form grew out of control, expanding like a blimp and pushing the table away; it was just how she remembered the commercial. She could feel her body shaking beneath her, a rumbling volcano of pressure; all she had to do was say the line.

"Big Betty's eat 'em 'til you blow." Alyssa's cheeks bulged out as the pressure overcame her.

Bloooooossh

Alyssa bolted up in bed; her heart was racing, and she was panting like she'd just run a marathon. Sweat poured from her brow as her messy hair clung to her face; she tried to get out of bed, only to feel her swollen stomach blocking her. She looked like she was pregnant, an orb of whirling gas and fermenting sugar bubbling within.

"Fuck." Alyssa cursed under her breath as her gut shook.

Pppbbbbbbffffrrrrttttt

Her stomach deflated as she let out the loudest and longest fart of her life, a raunchy expulsion that tickled her body. She felt a sigh of relief and something wet between her legs as she collapsed into her bed.

"Why was that a wet dream?" Alyssa sounded more confused than exhausted before slipping back into bed.

She wasn't sure if that was a dream or a nightmare, but this was the last time she binged on sugar before bed.

Chapter Four: Trapped In an Elevator

It had been three weeks since the Bitty Betty incident, and Alyssa's vow to her diet had gone up in smoke. Every day was a new treat, a new snack, or a free lunch. What little she could deny sat in the break room taunting her, drilling away at her willpower. All of this extra fatty food had led to a considerable increase in her weight. Alyssa went through clothes quicker

than she would like to admit, having to visit the tailor at least once a week to keep everything all together. Each time she went, she asked for a little more to be added to the stomach or a little more to the butt, but it wasn't enough. Each day she was practically busting out of her clothes, which didn't do much to help her current situation.

"Oooh, here she comes." Jenny ducked behind her cubicle wall as she saw Alyssa walk in the front doors.

"She's blowing up way quicker than the last one." Tim made his comment before retreating out of the center aisle.

Their comments had been levied towards Alyssa, who had just come back from a trip to the burrito place around the corner, a treat of Bob's. If they didn't know her schedule, they could easily have told from the way her gut swayed in front of her. The amount of weight Alyssa had put on in her month's tenure was incredibly impressive. What had once been a stick of a girl was now hiding in a couple extra inches of padding. She still dressed as impeccable as ever, wore her hair the same, but there was just a bit more to her now. Her sharper features had been drowned in a thin layer of blubber that filled out her face, but that was the last thing you could say about her that was thin. Even with her new suit, she was threatening to bust out of her strained top.

Miniscule breasts had turned into wobbling melons of pure blubber, sloshing back and forth with her every step. Large enough that you could see the flowing flesh lurch over her underwire, bulging in barely contained waves. Unable to button up her top, she had to leave her bust unjacketed, her suit framing it like an enormous shelf of fat. Some of the folks in the office had taken to using her bust as a ripeness check for the garden cantaloupe. "If they're bigger than Alyssa, then they're good to go." It was a saying passed around everyone in the office, but it hadn't caught on. Sticking out of her expansive cleavage was a book, one of the trashy romance novels she read on break. While her breasts were great, Alyssa's hips were what became the talk of the building.

Massive curving haunches of blubber that bulged out from the underside of her skirt, hugging the fabric so tightly that she bulged over it. If you ignored her gut, she had the perfect hourglass figure, huge bust, and great hips. If she took a wrong turn her, massive curves of blubber would catch a doorframe or a corner and leave her jiggling for minutes. Those massive hills stretched out wider than her shoulders, making her look like an overblown doll. Something not helped by the exaggerated cheeks of her ass, mounds of flabby fat that were barely covered by her skirt. Unless she wore a dress that day, you'd be getting an eyeful of her gartered legs every time she bent over. Which some had taken to doing on purpose, asking for help with the copy machine or knocking over pencil cups at her passage. Her coworkers didn't even need to do that, as her wobbling cheeks would do the work for her. Shaking behind her like a trailer, her cocked way of walking made that booty an object of mass destruction.

Everyone lunged their head out when she passed by the crucible to get a glimpse of that heart-shaped ass, but only the brave few took an extended glance at her front side. Those brazen fools wanted to watch the real star, her massive stomach. On the particular day, she had to give up on most of the buttons, leaving the flabby under and upper expanses of her belly free to jiggle. Large enough to be mistaken for pregnant, her gut was on a different scale; in generous round swells, her gut jutted from her torso like a blimp. Today its packed surface jostled lightly, the fat sloshing over the tightly stuffed balloon underneath it. Her blue dress shirt made her look closer to a blueberry, the round curves of her belly shining under the fluorescent lights.

“Get a pin; we’ve gotta let the air out.” Lucy chuckled as she watched Alyssa pass by to the elevator.

“No way, she’ll pop.” Tina sipped her coffee as they both shared a joke at Alyssa’s expense.

Alyssa was too full to notice any of their comments; she had overdone it at the burrito shop, taking all of Bob’s recommendations was a mistake. Now she felt like a balloon, and the gas inside of her wasn’t making anything better. When the doors closed, she felt a rush of relief, the chance to finally let loose without anyone noticing. She scrunched her face, feeling the air push towards her exit as she readied to unleash a hurricane.

Ding

Alyssa puckered hard at the sound of the elevator opening, while she had pushed the button for the thirtieth floor, that didn’t stop others from making stops. People rushed into the elevator with her, packing around her bloated frame like sardines. Alyssa was so tense, so focused on pulling that fart back up her ass that she’d let herself get surrounded. Elbows dug into her bloated flanks while backs pressed into her gut. The added pressure only made her want to fart more, but she couldn’t not in the elevator. not when she was the easiest person to blame.

Grlllll

Bibblblb

Alyssa’s stomach whined quietly as she forced her gas back into her system, clenching her hole as hard as she could. The noxious forces percolating in the depths of her stomach responded to this tension with anger. She was fighting a constant war, holding herself against a siege of wind that she couldn’t let loose now. Her stomach started to burble and plop from the shifting muck inside, giving the passenger in front of her a light massage.

Alyssa thought her struggle was over when the doors opened and the crowd around her flooded out. The feelings of bumping elbows and tense knees were gone in an instant as the

bell dinged, but her relief was short-lived. Passengers rushed out just long enough for the next floor to bring a new flood. More limbs pressed into her gut as more people crowded around her. She was caught in push and pull, relief met with restraint as each floor went by, her urge to fart being suppressed each time. There was no end to her measured suffering as she climbed a floor at a time, but the repressed pressure was having another ill effect on her body.

Roouuurrrll

Alyssa's stomach let out an unhappy groan as people pressed into it, catching more than a few stares her direction. She assumed it was just the discomfort from having so many people pushing into it, but her tightening clothes told her something different. The pent-up gasses inside of her gut were roiling; the bean burrito was rebelling, the nacho cheese was revolting. She felt like an entire government upheaval was taking place inside of her stomach, and the commotion was spreading outwards.

Churn

Burbblbb

The contents of her stomach flipped over themselves, tumbling in a violent rise as her bubbling gas snaked back up her tract. Roiling waves angered the soda she'd had with her launch, causing more bubbles to form and pop in her muck. She felt like a bubbling swamp, full of gunk and farts that just kept getting larger as time passed. Her buttons didn't even pop off; she'd learned her lesson from the last two suits, now they just broke from their loose holster. Alyssa's gut was growing, filling out with every floor; each new crowd of people was pushing her further into the back as she made room. Her gut kept growing, breaching the top of her pantskirt like a buoy of gas. Flowing over the rim as her elastic surface spread outward, stretching against the fabric and making her back arch to accommodate.

Mmrrrrt

Mmmrrppppp

The muffled sounds of gas filled her stomach; her body was trying so hard to fart that gas was passing inside of her. Popping bubbles made her stomach grow larger, distending it out from under her breasts, a silky blue blimp that pressed passengers forward. A bump that grew from fecund to round, large enough to house a whole gaggle of kids and looking closer to a beach ball than it did a belly. Growing rounder by the minute, expanding under her gaze as she gritted her teeth. Every muscle in her body was tensed, her eyes scrunched in discomfort as she tried to hold in her gas. The overwhelming need to fart was growing, rising in her mind like the sounds from her stomach.

Grrggllggll

Hrrrooooo

“So what do you think? Is it a boy or a girl?” Mac snickered to his coworker as he felt Alyssa’s gut pushing him towards the door.

“Feels more like a burrito.” Genny giggled at Mac’s joke as they both were pushed into the door.

Alyssa should be thankful that her stomach was too loud to hear her coworkers' cutting remarks, or it would only make her job harder. Opening her eyes to see the floor number, she realized that she was only on floor twenty: she doubted she could make it to the top floor. She just needed to get a few more people off so she could get to the restroom and let this hurricane loose, but people kept flooding in.

The doors opened again, this time, the flood of people didn’t shrink; everyone wanted to grab lunch from the thirtieth floor. More and more people pressed into her stomach, shoving her into the back and trapping people behind her between her bloated cheeks. She could feel something hard pressing into her rotund cheeks, but she couldn’t even blame them at this point. Her noisy stomach kept growing, the tie of her skirt digging hard into her gut as the floors went by. She felt so large that she couldn’t imagine how she looked; her strained top was starting to part around her skin, exposing the tanned flesh beneath. Little diamonds of skin puffed out from the creases as the buttons tightened around their holster. She had to use her meager room to widen her stance and make room for her gut, as it started to push her legs apart.

Snap

Alyssa groaned in relief as her skirt finally snapped from her waist, popping like a belt on Thanksgiving Day. With her gut free, it could grow unfettered, swirling gasses pushing her belly against the packed people like a wall. She panted in strain, breathing heavy in her attempts to hold in the growing whirlwind of gas. Her distressed looks caught the attention of one of her coworkers, as they were staring at her constantly.

“Just a case of the Mondays.” Alyssa tried to play off the whole debacle, ignoring the fact that her gut was currently shoved into Lisa’s face.

“Case of the Mondays or a case of beans in that belly.” Lissa rolled her eyes as Alyssa’s expanding stomach pushed her out of the way.

Alyssa awkwardly smiled as Lisa left her sight, stuck waiting for the floor to ding and her chance at relief to come. It had been taking so long, and the door hadn’t opened yet: with a panicked glance, she looked up towards the floor counter; it was almost at thirty. Just another floor and she’d be free.

Chunk

Ppbbbbffrttt

Brrrttttt

Fffrrrrtttt

Her minutes-long fart began to peter out, turning into a sputtering gale that rocked her distended hole. The wall behind her had a noticeable dent from the pressurized evacuation she had just undergone. More farts blasted across the metal surface, short and powerful bursts that fogged against the chrome. The air grew thick with her gas; the sealed chamber turned hazy with her heated farts. People struggled to hold their breath as others had their sinuses blasted by the powerful gales.

Kachunk

Ding

The elevator rose another floor, the motor finally coming back to life and lifting the choking crowd to safety. The door opened as soon as it hit the floor; the repairmen looked from their panel with hope before the fog hit them. A rush of fetid air blew out of the doors and Alyssa's coworkers with it. Collapsing on their hands and knees, coughing the heavy fog from their lungs as they gasped for fresh air. The horde crawled across the ground as Alyssa stood in the center of the room, her face bright red.

"Pardon me." She waved sheepishly as the doors closed behind her, her loose clothes hanging from her deflated body in tatters.

Chapter Five: The New Role

"Alyssaaa! Wake up! You can't sleep through your feeding." A sing-songy call roused Alyssa from her sleep.

She woke up at her desk, eyes still weary from the heavy sleep she had been in, but everything just felt off. Alyssa had no memory of falling asleep at her desk, nor did she remember there being a daily feeding, but the line before her eyes told her differently. The voice Alyssa heard was Bonny's, and in her hands was the largest cruller she had ever seen; it looked closer to a cake. Bonny practically bounced on her heels as she circled Alyssa's desk, placing the massive pastry on her swollen gut.

That was another new development; usually Alyssa had vivid and often salacious dreams after being stuffed to the brim, but there was no recollection. It only added to her confusion when she placed hands on her bloated stomach, as there was resistance. The massive blob of a belly jutted over the edge of her chair, facilitated by her double-wide seat and spread legs. Her fat thighs were pinched under her chair arms, making them look like folded dough, trunks somehow larger than she remembered. Overflowing waves of caramel that strained the wrappings of her pencil skirt, but even their vastness was still small in comparison to her stomach.

Draped in a disheveled button-up, with patches of flesh revealed between the gaps in fabric, lay her gut. A mountainous blob draped in white silk, tan buttons ready to burst from it like shrapnel on a cooked grenade. The flabby surface was taut and soft, malleable and full; she was midfeast.

"What *hoourp* happened?" A belch escaped Alyssa's mouth before she could finish her sentence, the aroma of excess sugar hitting her sinuses.

"You just had a lil' 'ol catnap, not surprising. Given how much hard work you've been putting in." Bonny gave Alyssa's gut a small pat as she comforted the bloated leviathan.

"Work? I don't...*choouurr!*" Alyssa felt a shift in her stomach so great that she had to cut her sentence short.

Inside of her belly, her entire contents had shifted, tumbling over a gas bubble that had just erupted. Between her cheeks, her hole began to quiver, the muscles flexing in preparation for the wind that was about to hit her backside.

Fllllpppppttt

"Oh, looks like we've got a bubbler!" Bonny cheered at the sound of Alyssa's blaring horn. "Now don't you go feelin' embarrassed; that gas is just part of the job. Which, you seem to have forgotten. You're the taste tester!"

Bonny already caught Alyssa's growing blush at letting such a loud ripper loose in front of a coworker. Normally she saved those blasts for private time, but she couldn't fight this one; she just felt so full. Bonny's congratulating tone really helped lighten the mood, as did the cruller she had been gradually shoving towards Alyssa's bloated chest. Alyssa couldn't help herself as the scent of vanilla hit her nostrils, the shimmering glaze resting atop the light pastry like a lake.

"I guess if I'm the taste tester, I should get tasting." Alyssa smiled as she pulled the cruller up to her lips.

Taking a deep bite, she felt the sugary explosion of airy dough melt in her mouth and the light crunch of vanilla glaze. She couldn't help herself; she dug into the cruller with reckless

abandon, shoveling it down her throat in large bites. Crumbs tumbled down the front of her gut, granules of sweetness that collected on the floor. Alyssa was in heaven; it was so good, so light that it felt like nothing.

"How was that for a pick-me-up?" Bonny put her hands on her hips as she tossed a smile Alyssa's way.

"It was amazing. Knocked the sleep right out of me." Alyssa grinned, stifling a small belch that puffed her cheeks.

"That's perfect, because we've got a lot more where that came from." Bonny circled back around the desk to make room.

Somehow she had been perfectly blocking Alyssa's view of her coworkers; lining up behind Bonny was a large assembly of people. Each person in line carried a dish with them, an assembly of oversized pastries that looked like they were novelties. Donuts the size of cakes, muffins larger than her head, and danishes like sheet cake. As soon as Bonny got out of the way, the rest of them flooded in. It was an army of baked goods being shoved into her mouth, one after another, barely time to chew. Despite the rush of it, she was able to savor each bite; the donuts were rich and chocolatey, covered in a thick ganache that made her shudder. The danishes had cream cheese so rich and tangy that she felt ready to cry when they mingled with the jam. The muffins were dense and sugary, heavy collections of sugared dough that came in more varieties than she could count.

Omph

Nomph

Showlm

Alyssa ate them without an issue, letting them tumble into her bloating stomach as it crawled across the floor. The oversized boulder inched out with every bite, her skin rippling with digestive action as she let massive chunks fall down her throat. Her throat bulged as she swallowed the muffins whole, her teeth gnashed as she tore bits of the donut away. It was a dervish of foods that made her gut look like it was hooked to a hose. Growing larger and larger; what was once an oversized beanbag of food soon outgrew itself. Inch upon inch of flesh stretched out from under her sweeping tarp of a shirt, the buttons pulling tighter as her gut expanded. Soft bunches of fat crawled across the carpet, an avalanche of flab that tensed at the highest curve. The gas inside of her forced it larger, widening the diamonds of exposed flesh until she looked more like a weather balloon. A large expanse of stomach that was far larger than she was, extending past the edge of the desk as the procession of food continued.

"Great job Alyssa."

"I can't believe how well you pack it in."

"I don't think there's ever been a better eater."

Compliments flooded in from her coworkers; their encouragement only spurring her on to eat more. Over a dozen pastries later and she was finished, the massive collection settling in her distended gut. She vacantly rubbed her stomach, trying to reach the tensest spots of the expanse, hoping to alleviate some of the tension. She didn't need to say anything as her coworkers joined in as well.

"Tell me where it's sore."

"Is it here?"

"I think it's down here."

Her coworkers covered her massive flanks, inspecting her gut for any sore spots, prodding the stretched middle for any tense spots. They massaged her aching muscles, worked away the knots in her tensed flesh. Firm hands pressed into her flesh, shifting the mass of food inside of her like she was a stress ball. Every upheaval inside of her felt like an undersea quake, a tremor that released a cascade of trapped methane. Her gut roiled, the top shifting like a choppy river as the bubbles inside boiled. The roiling gas inside of her sought some sort of release, and she was ready to comply. She adjusted her position, leaning back to ease her upcoming evacuation.

Ppbbfftttttt

Bbrrrrllllrrrrllllttffff

Bruuuuuuuppp

Pppbbbbbffttttt

An onslaught of gas erupted from her body; her cheeks shook in her chair, smacking against the creaking seat as her farts became a tantara of gas. Blast after blast rippled through her cheeks, blowing through the funnel of her dress and brushing the underside of her gut. Her coworkers paused to sniff her gas as the ventilated fumes flew from the sides of her skirt. They took the time to admire and savor the scent while continuing their work.

"What a pleasant scent."

"It smells like cherries and spoiled milk."

"With lingering hints of morning cereal."

Their comments continued as they massaged Alyssa's loosening flanks, her gut slowly deflating as the gas was worked from her system. Each blast made her feel lighter, hungrier; her increased hunger was a good thing, as from the corner of her eye, she saw a bakery's worth of pastries being carted in along with a large tank of white icing and a hose.

Bppffftttt

"Is that ***frrttt*** all for ***hurp*** me?" Alyssa' gas roared over her words, forcing her to pause between sentences as she asked about the incoming cart.

"Yep, Boss's orders. Have a whole batch of new recipe rolls to try and some icing to help things." Bonny smiled as more coworkers appeared from the halls, each of them grabbing a cinnamon roll.

Alyssa could barely get a word out as they crammed the rolls into her mouth; bunched collections of buttery bread stuck past her lips as she ate. She felt like an overfilled trash can, pastries were overflowing her mouth and sticking out in mashed heaps, but her coworkers kept feeding. They packed more cinnamon rolls down her craw, shoving in so many that her cheeks puffed like a chipmunk's; more and more, until they touched the back of her throat. Her eyes rolled back in pleasure; there was a tingling between her legs as she felt herself becoming a trach compactor. In a single strong motion, she closed her mouth, skin flexing around the mass as it traveled down the throat. The rock of dough landed in her stomach with a splash as she returned to eating at a normal pace.

Bbbbppppllllltttt

Frrrrwwwwwwttttt

More farts roared from her backside as the yeast she'd been eating reactivated; the feeling of pressurized bloat returned once again. Her belly bloated, sticking out like a taut balloon, filling with fumes at a quicker pace than she could evacuate them. She flapped helplessly in her chair, flicking her wrists in pleasure as she struggled to figure out what to do with them. Every swallowed roll was another bit of pleasure, a sensation to tickle her nerves and a growing pool between her legs. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she ate; she could feel herself reaching down between her legs, hoping to get a little extra.

While Alyssa struggled to reach her nethers, Bonny was having no such trouble; she had been fiddling with the nozzle to the icing tank. She inserted the silver pump between her legs, slipping it past the part in her lips before turning the pressurized machine on. It was a pump meant for industrial icing; a quick blast and a cake was coated. Bonny's legs quivered as the pump began, cold icing pumping between her legs, filling her pelvis with the saccharine cream. A bubble began to creep up her form, bloating her gray skirt as she inflated herself with icing; the pump whirred quietly as she moaned quietly to herself. Her skirt rose like a balloon, filling

out more and more, swelling until her pelvis quivered like a balloon. A self-made fupa that ended in two pulsing lips that poked against the fabric of her skirt. It took all her willpower not to hammer at it immediately, waiting until she was completely full. The pump struggled, cream spraying from between her legs as the last bits of icing filled her every nook and cranny. Her dress had ridden up her overly inflated pelvis, leaving the quivering ball of shiny flesh to breathe the circulated air. Thinned outcroppings of curly blond hair covered the inflated mound, once a thick carpet of pubes; now they were scattered across a gallon-sized fupa.

"Look at you all; you've been giving this poor dear cinnamon rolls without icing. That just won't do." Bonny exclaimed in an exaggerated tone.

Alyssa's eyes came back from the back of her skull, tuning in on the sound of Bonnie's voice and seeing the massively swollen pelvis. The bubble wobbled with her steps, dragging across Alyssa's gut as Bonny climbed her mountain of a stomach. Swollen lips smeared white cream across her shirt, creating a painted streak of icing that trailed over her breasts and led up to her mouth. Before Alyssa could agree or object, she found those warm lips pressed into her face. Sweet icing flowed from them in trickling streams that coaxed Alyssa to dig deeper with her tongue. Licking the rims of Bonny's lips, tracing her tongue over those soft folds, lapping up the streams of cream until she went deeper. Bonny was having trouble controlling her legs as Alyssa ate the cream from her cunt; her soft tongue tracing over her lips was like an angel's touch. Every rounding lap brought Alyssa closer and closer to the trigger, closer to the button that would set Bonny off. She rocked her hips back and forth, burying Alyssa's face in her womanhood as the pig ate.

"That's it. Good job my cute little *hnnnggh* piggy. Get it all, get all that cream." Bonny pulled her skirt up, brushing Alyssa's hair as she moaned in pleasure.

Bonny's mound began to shake, the pleasure inside making her spasm and contort as her lips tightened. More cream replaced the bits Alyssa lapped up as she dug closer to Bonny's clit. Dragging her tongue under the knob, her lips dragging across the throbbing button as Alyssa dug for more cream. She could hear Bonny moaning in pleasure, her moans getting louder as Alyssa got closer.

"Ooooh yeah! Yeah! YEAH!" Bonny screamed in pleasure as her body throbbed.

Her mound pulsed for a moment before the vat of icing she'd filled herself with came rushing out in a deluge. Rivers of thick icing spurted from her lips as she grabbed Alyssa by the hair, pushing her into her gushing pussy. Alyssa's cheeks bulged as the cream released; the massive and filling lake mingled with Bonny's own seed in a sweetly salty delight. The flow bulged her throat before it flowed into her gullet, filling her cavernous stomach. Alyssa's gut grew as Bonny's bubble deflated, the shrinking bubble of flesh feeding the massive boulder below it. Alyssa's stomach lifted, the viscous filling inflating her gut like a balloon; she greedily and hungrily ate that icing, licking Bonny's lips clean when she was empty.

"And ***huff*** that's ***huuoo*** breakfast." Bonny collapsed onto Alyssa's gut, rolling down the slick mound with little fanfare.

As Bonny was carried away by her coworkers, the rest continued massaging Alyssa's stomach, helping to coax more of the gas out of her. Her body was already working overdrive to digest the sugar bomb she had just taken in. Fat was piling up under her skin; layers upon layers of blubber collected on her gut, flowed over her breasts, and padded her ass. Her blobby cheeks seeped over her chair as they clapped against each other. The buttons on her top strained to cover her breasts; the top one popped off and exposed the growing canyon of her cleavage. Overflowing seas of fat that looked ready to swallow her bra, growing avalanches of flab that crept over the rim of her wire.

Hoouuurrrrrpp

Pppppffffffttttt

Brrttttttt

Gas blew from her backside like she was an old truck, sputtering trails of gas that smacked against her cheeks and billowed her skirt. The seat of her pants was straining to hold together; her hot gas was enough to melt the lycra and punch a tiny hole through the worn fabric. As Alyssa started to settle, her coworkers returned, a laptop in hand. It was already hooked up with a call, and the webcam was lit. Her coworkers ferried the laptop onto her boulder of a stomach, adjusting it so she could see over her growing tits, staring back at her on the screen was Bob.

"Hey champ, how ya holding up?" Bob grinned, waving at her from the other side of the screen.

"Hey, ***urp*** Bob. I...umm. I didn't expect such a vigorous breakfast." Alyssa barely covered her burp before continuing.

"Yeah, the girls down in marketing did a little collaboration with Buncha Buns, and we needed to test out some desserts. Hope you've still got enough stomach for lunch, because a hot deal just came in and we're teaming with Gut Buster Burritos. Their taster just popped, and they needed a backup, so I figured you could handle it. Anyways, gotta go: good luck!" Bob waved goodbye as the laptop went blank.

Before Alyssa could say anything or raise a question, the laptop was already gone, ferried away by dutiful employees. As the laptop left her vicinity, employees were already on their way. It was just as Bob had said, it was a co-optional deal; employees from Grasco and Gut Busters were walking shoulder to shoulder with a long tray perched between. Setting atop those silvered trays were the largest burritos Alyssa had ever seen. Long and girthy tortilla wraps, housing a host of meats inside. Alyssa could feel her stomach grumbling in anticipation,

but the nature of that grumble eluded her. She felt the familiar fullness and pain be buried under a driving urge to consume. For the first time since she awoke from her nap, she noticed that her desk was remarkably clean. The cluttered wrappers and papers of her everyday life were gone, leaving it clear for the tray to be sat upon. She watched the exhausted employees breathe a sigh of relief as the heavy tray was set down, causing the desk to creak.

"So glad you could fit this in. We were in a real bind." One of the workers commended Alyssa's gumption as they took a burrito in hand.

The wrapped tube was sturdy in their hands, large enough that it was difficult to hold in one hand. Alyssa didn't know if she could swallow such a thing, but when she felt it on her lips, she opened. Heat filled her mouth as she took the first bite, chomping on the burrito a section at a time. Her coworker dutifully pushed the burrito in as she bit, letting her eat more and more of the cheese-covered meat. The collection of beef inside was better than she expected, seasoned and salty, with the right amount of heat. Hot cheese oozed from the crevices, splattering on her exposed cleavage, painting it a smeared orange. Every bite brought a gush of cheese with it, running down her chin like a stream. Alyssa finished her burrito in quick fashion, but another came to take its place. A black-shirted employee looked at her with a nod as he brought the next burrito close.

"Thanks for fitting this in your packed schedule. You don't know how much time this saves us." He whispered, giving Alyssa a pat as she bit into the burrito.

Alyssa nodded in agreement, trying to talk through a stuffed mouth as she kept eating whatever was put in front of her. She was eating faster with each burrito, like she was gathering momentum with each swallow. Larger and larger chunks of meat were being ripped from their wrappers, almost biting the worker's hands as she took them in. Gas was whirling around her insides, spiced meats mingling with fermenting sugar in a noxious gale. Her stomach swelled out with each bite, the great boulder crawling out across the floor. The lower curve straining the button at her middle, the one affixed around the fattest curve of her gut. It rumbled, expanding with the fumes inside; each time she swallowed, it surged out a little more. The impossibly strained buttons were pulled so far apart that only a single thread held them in place. Staggered diamonds of flesh crept up her abdomen, spots where the buttons were struggling to keep in place. Burrito after burrito tumbled down her throat, adding mass to the growing heap of food inside of her. Alyssa's blubbery stomach had taken on a sheen to it, light caught the taut and rubbery expanse of her gut, displaying just how full she was. She looked like a balloon as her gut kept crawling out, the apex of her stomach reaching just past the end of her desk.

Ppppbbbbbfffttttttttttttttttt

"Excuse me." Alyssa sheepishly recoiled from the burrito in front of her as a loud burst of wind escaped her cheeks.

Pop

While Alyssa's fart was tearing a larger hole through her skirt, the button on the front of her shirt finally gave up. It popped off her stomach with enough force to embed itself in the opposite wall. With the first button gone, the rest fell in short order, a set of dominoes poised to topple.

Pop

Pop

Pop

Buttons flew off in haphazard buckshots, shooting off her distended stomach like bullets; they broke glass, broke walls, and even snapped someone's belt. With all of her buttons gone, Alyssa's avalanche of a stomach was free to flow out in front of her. It was a distended bubble of skin that seemed to rise as she ate. People kept coming, feeding her burritos from all angles; she could scarcely keep up. Bit by bit the tray in front of her began to empty; the oversized burritos vanished, leaving plain silver behind.

Ppbbbppppptttt

Fffffffttttttttt

Sssppllllllpbbtttt

Gas roiled in her stomach, blowing past her bare cheeks; hot and fierce winds had blown her skirt wide open. Alyssa's generous cake was growing in real time, blobs of fat that pushed against the back of her chair, flowing out of the holes in the mesh. Brown bubbles poked their way through the mesh, which coworkers began to play with. They ran their fingers over her sensitive fat, playing with the little nubs before pushing them back inside of the mesh. While they worked, people started to bring more than just the burritos; they were piling their lunches into Alyssa. Meatloaf, mashed potatoes, salads, tacos, everything that they had been eating. Alyssa didn't even recognize most of them, almost faceless beings that shoveled food into her mouth. It took all of Alyssa's strength to just keep up with the food being shoved down her craw, fat piling on her chin as her assets grew. Her breasts flowed over her gut, expanding blimps of blubber that were crawling past the size of beach balls. Nude from the waist up, Alyssa felt the cold air tickle her exposed nips, making them perk up in reflex. The bumpy ridges of her peaks were surrounded by a growing patch of darkened skin, her areolas stretching over the expanses of flesh. Her coworkers took pit stops, savoring her fetid airs while playing with her tits.

"I can't believe a person could make a smell like that."

"Is she even a person anymore? I think she's a hippo or something."

"Please, hippos can swim; this girl is so full of air that she'd just bob up and down. I think she's closer to a blimp or something."

They mindlessly sniffed her gas, inhaling deeply and tracing circles around her sensitive nipples, playing with the pert nodules. They tweaked and pressed her flesh, inspecting how soft it was as others started to gather. The crowd around her lingered while others worked to keep her fed, pouring more and more food past her lips. Alyssa's stomach was rising up as well as out, the fat under her skin was being pushed away by the hard boulder underneath it. A glistening and roiling orb; it shook constantly with the gas bubbles popping inside. Everything about Alyssa was becoming massive; her gut was beginning to tower over her, looming like a great hill. She could feel it pressing into the opposite wall; she was big as a barge and still growing, a slave to her own desires. Then, the feeding stopped; her coworkers had stopped giving her food and instead had taken to appreciating her airy farts.

Ppbbbblllllltttttt

Thud

Bbbbbfffffflllplpppfff

Thud

Rrrrrpppppppppttttt

Thud

Alongside her thundering gas was another quaking impact, a reverberating thud that carried through the halls. Loud enough to overwhelm the sound of gas and quash the sounds of her frothing stomach. Alyssa couldn't see the source, but she could feel it approaching; the thuds were rhythmic, like footsteps. Growing closer until the shadow of something crested the top of her stomach, and then the source came into view. It was the largest burrito she had ever seen, a record-holding log of meat and cheese.

Carried on the shoulders of three mountainous women was a burrito that looked too large for anyone to eat. It had to be tall as an actual tree, slumping in the middle from the weight of it. A thick anaconda of food that Alyssa could smell, she felt its heat when the first of its carriers placed it on her chest. The woman was impossibly tall, an amazon, layered in thick muscle and long black hair. Alyssa was ready to take a bit of it before she felt fingers blocking her lips.

"No bites, you will swallow it whole." The amazon held Alyssa in place as the other two rested the burrito on her swelling stomach.

Alyssa wanted to protest, but she wasn't given the opportunity, as she felt hands grip around her lips. The other two women pulled wordlessly at her mouth, gripping her by the jaw and opening it so wide that she was worried she'd tear. Her mouth had become a gaping pit, a tunnel that seemed the perfect fit for the massive burrito. The lead woman fed the burrito into Alyssa's tunnel, pushing it over her tongue and down her throat like a snake. The mass of flour strained her throat, making it bulge like a toad's as it fed directly into her stomach. Alyssa could feel tears in her eyes as her lungs burned; she desperately struggled to get it all down.

Gulp

Gulp

Gulp

Muffled gulps carried the burrito lower, letting it coil inside of her as its escorts kept her mouth open. The moment it hit her stomach, she could feel her gas intensifying, the roiling turning into a boiling. Alyssa's stomach pulsed with gas, the pressure inside of her mounting at an exponential rate. Her swelling stomach rode up the wall in front of her, the wood paneling straining and cracking under her increasing bulk. The more her gut pressed into the wall, the more gas was forced from her backside and the more she was turned on. Alyssa could feel fluid seeping down her pelvis, gathering in a puddle on her chair. People treating her as an object, talking about her as if she weren't there, and then the hands on her mouth, they were making her crazy. She was choking on her own pleasure, the feeling of a feverish climax she would never release. There was no way for her to reach below her whale of a gut, no way to relieve that sense of sexual frustration. She could only beg and whimper over her burrito, hoping that someone would catch the signal.

Bbwwwwwwwwoooooooffttt

Ffppppppppptttttfftttt

While more gas clapped her billowing cheeks, punching a hole through the back of her chair and melting the plastic, her coworkers gathered around another source. Their distinguished noses had picked up the scent of something different, a new kind of funk. Cutting through the overwhelming scent of yogurt and fruit was the salty fog of sex. Those curious few ventured deep into her depths, looking under her rolling boulder of a stomach. Deep in the caves of her undercarriage was the swollen mound of her fupa. The pelvic meat had been bulking up like the rest of her, a bubbling mound of blubber kept secret by her oversized stomach. The people who could fit under her gut ran their hands over her mound, feeling the wild edges of her pubes. The moist strands were slicked with sweat, an unkempt jungle that resisted them like a spring. They could barely get their hands through the carpet of hairs, but when they did, it brought them the scent they craved. The funk of pent-up sex graced their nostrils, making them take a deep sniff.

Ppppbbbbbbbtttttt

As they bent down to take a whiff of Alyssa's unkempt bush, another heated gale of gas blew from her backside. The filtered winds carried down the fraying edges of her skirt, picking up the puddle of seed that had been gathering below her lips. With a sudden gust, Alyssa's juices were flung into their faces, adding to the intense odor. They licked the speckles from their face, savoring the pungent flavor and measuring it against the odor.

Bblblblblb

Grllgglglgg

While coworkers and servers stood at Alyssa's sides, inspecting and prodding her every inch, exploring her various folds, she felt a tension. The burrito she'd been eating was starting to rebel; something had dissolved, and an explosion of gas came with it. Waves of fetid air crashed against her insides, causing her to burgeon out like a blimp. Her stomach dwarfed her completely, rising high into the air and bulging out past her sides. She was vestigial to that turgid moon as it crashed into her desk, knocking it aside and crowding the wall next to her. It wouldn't stop; it just kept growing and growing. The burrito in her mouth was endless, she was eating the world snake of burritos. Her jaws ached; the amazons at her lips had given up the fight, letting go of her jaw. Alyssa was locked; the mass of the burrito kept her mouth open as they all worked to shove it into her throat.

Grnnnn

Roouuuurrlll

ppppppppppppppffffppppppffttptp

Alyssa's stomach groaned like an old ship as the burrito forced itself lower, plowing down her throat and running into its own mass. She was a backed-up conveyor belt, food unable to be swallowed due to the amount already in there. The girls worked to force the burrito down her craw, putting both hands on the back as they shoved it in. Their shoves were met with resistance, the burrito springing out of Alyssa's throat before they tried again. Every attempted swallow made her gut lurch out, growl in discomfort from the fullness. She couldn't handle that much inside of her; the gas billowing from her backside intensified as the food forced it out. She could see the upper slope of her stomach turning red, the strain of the load inside of her fighting for space.

Crkkkkkkkkk

Her stomach began to creak as they pushed the burrito down; the angry patch of red spread further across her skin. The surface of her stomach trembled; the bulging rod of food pushed out against her skin. Sweat poured from the amazons as they fought to get the burrito

down her throat. Their immense strength acting as a blockade, step by step they pushed it down, Alyssa's gut creaking like stretched rubber with every inch they pushed in. She could feel it getting lower, their hands grazing the roof of her mouth as they pushed the last bit of burrito into her throat. Alyssa could feel the lump sitting at the back of her throat, the last bit of tasty meat awaiting her stomach. She knew if she swallowed, she wouldn't be able to handle it; the angry straining of her gut was that apparent. The way she billowed in and out, like a pressure cooker struggling to keep itself together. Throbbing, pulsing, shaking at the mere thought of taking another bite. Yet, Alyssa couldn't help herself.

Ulp

With great struggle and effort, her throat flexed in on itself, the tunnel of soft muscle ferrying the log of meat down her throat. There was a relief, the ability to breathe coming back to her as she felt it at the top of her stomach. After that moment is when chaos broke loose; her stomach billowed out, exploding in size, knocking away the women at her sides.

Oiirrorirlrorill

Grllllooiii

Rmbbbbblblblbb

Alyssa's stomach howled in displeasure; the pressure inside of it mounted as her belly expanded out of control. Flowing in a wave of flesh, it spread across the office, filling every inch with her corpulence. The turgid surface throbbed as her stomach howled in pain; atmospheres of pressure accumulated inside of her gut. The people at her backside ran over her desk, escaping from the landslide of flesh as it sprang out. The taut surface quivered as it came to a stop; Alyssa felt a powerful bloat inside of her stomach. A heavy weight that felt ready to tear her from the navel.

"I think I'm full." Alyssa let out a small and sheepish exclamation as her stomach roiled in front of her.

The building shook as the pressure crawled lower in her body, making her whole form swell as fumes struggled for room inside of her.

Bbbbbbbppppppbbbbppbpbrrrrrrrrrrrrlllllllffffppppptttttt

She scrunched her eyes as the loudest and longest fart she had ever let loose wailed from her backside. It was a trailing trumpet that only got louder and louder with each passing second, the fierce winds erupting from her like a volcano until the strain was too great.

Pppffssplloooooosssshhh

Alyssa awoke before she exploded; the last thing she had a vision of in her dream was the blossoming of her own gut. She inspected her body to make sure it was still intact, feeling the surface of her uncovered stomach. Looking around, she saw that her bed was completely bereft of covers and pillows; the sheet was gone as well. As sleep shook itself from her brain, she began to realize what had happened. Looking upon her swollen stomach, she saw uneven lumps collected within it. Then her stomach rumbled.

Ppfffftttttt

Out from Alyssa's bare backside, a puff of feathers was carried by her loud gust, they fluttered in her winds as she vented a little pressure.

"That answers that. I hope I have some more linens." Alyssa wearily mumbled to herself as she hefted her body from the bed.

Lumbering down her cramped halls to the closet, she stopped when she felt a moistness between her legs. Streams of seed dripped down her thigh, and memories of Bonny's inflated pelvis flashed in her head.

"Wait, do I want to fuck Bonny?" Alyssa exclaimed out loud before shaking her head. "Dreams are bullshit."

Chapter Six: Copy Room Malfunction

"Can you believe how much bigger she's gotten?" Janet ticked off boxes on her checklist as she eyed the experiment in front of her.

"You mean Alyssa?" Brett adjusted a few settings on the computer while he side-eyed a petri dish.

"Who else?" Janet ticked another box as she looked at the computer output.

"I mean, she's not as big as the last one." Brett's reply was rather uninterested.

"Yeah, but she was here for two years; Alyssa's only been here a month." Janet clicked a key on the board in front of her.

"True. Leti didn't get relegated to the freight elevator until the end of year one." Brett clicked another key as the simulation shut down.

"Leti didn't fumigate everyone in the office on a trip upstairs. It's for our own safety. She's such a gas bag." Janet clicked her pen, setting down the clipboard in her hands.

“Brittany still can’t smell after that. Anyways, that’s our work done until the next cycle runs through. Wanna grab lunch?” Brett set down his pen as well.

“Sure, today is pizza casserole.” Janet shirked off her clean suit as soon as they were out the door.

Both Janet and Brett had been keeping an eye on Grasco’s newest concoction, a yeast-based flavor enhancer; if they could get the formula right, it would mean a self-propagating ingredient. They had a small bit of worry about their work, though, as they knew where it would go. Traveling up the main elevator, they arrived on the thirtieth floor and were greeted by two large moons when the door opened. Alyssa happened to be walking by with a set of envelopes in one hand and an oversized burger in the other. It wasn’t even her lunchtime, but Bob liked to call it a between-meal snack. Alyssa mindlessly walked through the cubicles towards the copy room, her assets wobbling back and forth before she stopped. Her mammoth stomach started to shake.

“Damnit, I thought we were gonna dodge this.” Brett’s shoulder slumped in annoyance as he retreated to the elevator.

“Gotta put a bell on that booty; give us some warning before this happens.” Janet hurriedly pressed the door close button, the silver slabs sealing just before the outburst.

Fffffrrrrrtt

A loud whistling wind clapped Alyssa cheeks as her breakfast burrito finally reached its natural endpoint. Her fourth breakfast burrito, to be exact; it was always so hard to resist them when they were delivered to the desk. Bob always had food ready on her desk for whenever she got a bit peckish, but he brought so much that she overate. In fact, she had been overeating for a while now, and it had made her so enormous that Alyssa took notice. Ever since that incident in the elevator she wasn’t able to help herself; it was a freeing sensation, such a mortifying situation would normally wreck someone, but Alyssa seemed empowered by it. She couldn’t go any lower than that incident, so everything else was just gravy, the gravy that she guzzled every lunch day.

Bbbt

Pbbb

bbpp

After her little outburst, Alyssa's got back on the move, prancing her way to the copy room so she could get some documents ready for Bob’s presentation in a few weeks. Her little trip was dotted by a small fart at each stop; every pause of her gait was another sputter of gas.

The workers stuck at their desks were subjected to the continuous crop-dusting of Alyssa's heated gas. People sweated and choked from her flowering evacuations, but nobody dared complain; they knew what happened if she held it in. After the elevator incident, people treated her like some sort of explosive, always giving her a wide berth and a delicate touch. They had ample reason to, as Alyssa's body had ballooned ridiculously in just a month's time.

If her bubbling ass didn't alert people to her presence, the looming blob of her gut was more than enough. A weather balloon draped in a button-up, it was an enormous ball of fat that was molded by her suit and belt. Dolloping waves of cotton-cloaked blobs flowed over her belt as her belly jostled too and fro. She wasn't even stuffed; this size was her natural size: everyone had seen her get much larger at the office buffet. Just under her belt, the soft expanse of her stomach crept around the dividing belt. The zipper of her pants was constantly fighting a battle against her blimped stomach, constantly losing as the teeth undid themselves. More of her tarp of a dress shirt poked through the opening in her pants, forcing Alyssa to stop and adjust it.

"They just don't make pants like they used to." Alyssa sighed as she scarfed the burger into her mouth.

Shoveling it in with a single hand and sloppily licking her fingers and setting the papers down. Her arms wrapped around her mammoth gut, the blubbery mass undulating as she struggled with the zipper. Moving her stomach like malleable putty as she fiddled with the zipper on her gut, a gut so large she could barely even reach the zipper. She was in a constant fight with her clothes; they never seemed to hold together for long. Sweat poured down her brow as she worked the zipper, clipping those last teeth together in a grand struggle. Her massive stomach pushed her breasts into her face, knocking a few buttons loose from the top of her jacket. She was a wreck, and a mess at points in time, her ballooned breasts breaking out from her top as she finally fixed her pant zipper.

Alyssa sighed in exasperation as she went to fix her blouse buttons; maneuvering around her mammoth tits was always an ordeal. She had just as much difficulty getting her hands around them as she did her gut, but at least her gut was one mass. Those massive udders moved like they had a mind of their own; each one was as large as a beach ball and barely fit in any of her tops. She swore they sloshed when she fiddled with them; she strained and fought to get around her wobbling breasts, working her fat to try and get things under control. Each movement sent her tits jiggling like Grasco gelatin, and little waves of creamy flesh peeked through the gaps. She was half tempted to just wear an overshirt to work, but that was more clothes to try and buy and then outgrow. She'd already given up on bras unless they were for a special occasion. Alyssa struggled to button the last button, just barely getting it into its holster before straightening the rest of her suit.

"There, that's good enough." Alyssa smiled smugly to herself before picking up the papers. "Darn, no snack for the trip. Guess I'll go hungry on the jog."

Alyssa muttered to herself, giving her outfit a final patdown before making her way to the copy room.

“Oooh nooo, she’ll starve.” Benny rolled his eyes at Alyssa’s comment after she left, but not before hearing the snapping of threads.

He took a risk to look out of the aisle, putting himself in blasting range like that, but he had to know if she was really about to pop her skirt. Alyssa’s ass was a hazard all to itself, two massive blobs of fat that looked close to beach balls themselves, save for how wide they were. They moved along with her hips, stretching her whole body like it was some parody of a woman: she barely fit in the aisles these days. With an ass that could fill two chairs, she was constantly brushing the cubicle walls and getting caught in narrow doorframes. Her hips were wide enough that two people could hide behind her with each. Her blubbery mounds rippled like the ocean and clapped like thunder. Every time she passed gas, it was followed by a subtle clap of her cheeks. Her clapping only ceased when she grew so large that her panties looked more like a stretched tarp, which was the state her skirt was currently in. The taxed gray swatch wrapped around her cheeks and hugged the lower curves, accentuating the crack of her ass. Peeking out from the waistband of her skirt and belt came the towering peaks of her hillside of a backside. Curving dollops of creamy flesh that poked out from the top before curving back down into the deep abyss that was her crack, a place people went at their own peril. Benny looked a little longer, risking his life to see the source of the snapping. At the center of Alyssa’s ass, the hatched stitches of her skirt were coming apart, their surface bulging out and bowing when she stopped.

Bibblblb

Ppbbbbffffrrrrtttt

Alyssa had stopped again, grabbing a donut from the coffee stand before she made it to the copy room. The stitches in the center of her skirt bowed out as her gaseous outburst flexed them. Benny had risked his life for curiosity and was left with a choking sputter, one that lingered long after Alyssa entered the copy room.

“Now where is that machine?” Alyssa’s eyes scanned the room for a free machine of her choosing; she needed one that could collate.

Alyssa closed the door behind her before someone with better sense opened it again; the gassy girl trolloped her way across the room towards an open machine. The copy room was a rather large room, replete with various copy machines; each one had its own little staging area. Rows upon rows of whirring gray machines and soft oak tables, Alyssa’s eyes focused on one next to her desired machine. Some kind soul had brought in donuts, dozens of them, the gooey cream-filled kind. Those were Alyssa’s favorites and there were over a dozen boxes with her name on it, literally.

“Good lord, she found the donuts.” Vicky rolled her eyes, trying to rush through her work before the inevitable happened.

Alyssa stacked her papers on top of the box, maneuvering them to the staging area as she placed a sheet on the copier. She always hated using the machines; they were so cumbersome with their extra options and settings, but she needed them. Luckily for her, she had something to help soothe her shortening nerves. She wasn't a single sheet in before she'd cracked open the box, looking at the iced treats like they were treasure. There were so many sizes and shapes to the cream-filled donuts that she couldn't decide, so her stomach decided for her. Her hand reached out for the chocolate one with chocolate filling oozing from the sides. Shoveling it messily down her craw as she fiddled with the buttons: press, donut, press, donut. Alyssa had concocted the perfect cycle for her work as she pushed through the copy settings; now with everything set, she simply had to wait.

The machine whirred to life upon her button press, and she was free to eat to her heart's content. Oblivious to the growth of her bulbous belly, Alyssa used both hands to cram donuts into her mouth. Eating them in a conveyor belt of gluttony that pushed her gut further and further out. The soft and malleable surface grew tense as gas and food began to roil up inside of her, her gut inflating like a balloon as time passed. Growing bigger and rounder, stretching the fabric of her suit jacket and popping off the front buttons. She didn't even notice when her jacket tails fluttered to the side, leaving her silk-clad gut free to grow. She'd chosen white today, which only made her stand out in the yellow-tinted room. A growing blimp of food and gas that tensed as she ate, her belt digging into the crux of her navel.

Pbbbbbt

Prrrrttt

Her size was kept in check by that belt; every inch past its limit was stopped, and the pressure was filtered out. Rolling farts tumbled from between her bloated cheeks, small and repeated. Their frequency only increased as she ate, food displacing gas in a continuous struggle as more piled in. A growing mass of solid mush coalesced in her gut as she devoured more donuts. As she plowed her way through the box, her constant eruptions caught the attention of the others in the copyroom.

“Oh lord, she found the donuts.” Becky sighed as the gas twitched her nose.

“Great, and they're cream-filled. Is she lactose intolerant or something?” Yvette looked in confusion.

“No, she's just a gasbag. Lucky Bob.” John picked up his papers as his eyes started to water.

“Forgot she was his new protege.” Becky shrugged her shoulders to signal to Yvette.

Soon their burning senses morphed to burnt sinuses as Alyssa kept eating, the food winning out against her slipping belt. Curling fabric bunched against the leather shackle, the metal tooth gradually unfurling itself from its holster.

Snap

Clink

Alyssa's belt popped, the metal tooth clattering on the floor, allowing her gut to grow freely, straining the bounds of her skirt. That belt had been the last thing keeping her globular midriff from running amok as, now, the gas it had been holding back flowed freely once again. Billowing out her stomach like a massive boulder, pushing it out from the lower hemisphere of her skirt, a doming crescent of flesh that tightened every second. Alyssa wasn't too concerned; the clink of the metal barely caught her attention as she reached into the second box. Powdered sugar caked on her fingertips as she pushed another donut past her cheeks; it was so caked that a cloud of powdered sugar fluttered down about her. Caked around her fat cheeks were the remnant layers of white, heavily packed by her gluttonous mannerisms. More and more piled around her mouth as she shoved donuts past her lips, whole. Barely biting, barely chewing, her tongue piercing the center of them to let the cream flow about her mouth. As she ate, a pressure began to form in her stomach; a layer of gas was trapped under a collapsing layer of cake, an imbalance pocketed of air that grew and then popped.

Rllllll

Alyssa's cheeks bulged as the gassy evacuation coursed up her throat, her stomach growling as the rest forced itself lower. She tried to swallow it, but her body refused to have it, forcing more and more gas into her cheeks until it broke the seal on her lips.

Ooouurrrrrppp

A loud belch rang through the room, a gaseous eructation that rippled her lips and loosened the caked sugar. Clouds of sweet snow fell down around her before the gas in her stomach pressed out of her backend.

Bbbbrrrrtttt

It wasn't her loudest fart, but it had some force behind it; as her ass voiced its presence, the winds kicked up in the room. The rushing gale caught the powdered sugar cloud and blew it like a gust, plastering it across Yvette before she could leave the room.

"Oh god, it got in my mouth." Yvette coughed out clouds of white before rushing out of the door.

“Sorry, should have warned you about the splash zone.” Alyssa’s face grew bright red; she’d never painted someone in her gas before.

Rustle

She wasn’t given much time to appreciate her feat, as her wind had picked up something important, the only thing that could pierce her gluttonous thoughts. One of the copies from the stack had flown off the machine, landing on the ground beside it. Alyssa practically leapt down to grab it, to catch it before it fell; she did not want to spend hours collating presentations by hand. In her haste she failed to account for her massively distended midriff, as when she bent down, it went past her knees. Descending like a moon upon the planet’s surface, it squashed under her weight. Buttons popped as her flesh distended, her bare stomach showing from the split seams in her top. The contents in her stomach upheaved as she bent forward over her gut, reaching for that paper before the next batch went through. Struggling and sweating, her stance going wider to try and maneuver around her blimped belly, the swollen lips of her nethers gracing the clothed surface. It never occurred to her how sensitive she became when she was eating, how aroused it made her, so the moment her lips touched cloth, her body convulsed. A shiver ran down her spine that made her lose her footing and tumble onto her stomach.

Rnnnnn

“Uh, oh.” Alyssa felt the sensation shift in her gut, the pressure surging hard against her back door.

She felt herself pucker, a momentary defense against the coursing storm; she’d just barely managed to grasp the paper in her hands before it hit. In desperation she planted her hand and the paper atop the pile, stabilizing her body against it as her whole form shook. With her legs split over her gut, she began to widen, her hole contorting around the coursing storm. Her cheeks parted, and the wet heat of her insides steamed the inside of her panties before the tidal wave hit.

Fffppppppppppppppppppfffbbbbttttttt

In a howling gale, the gathering lactose-induced gas roared through the copy room, fluttering from her tautly bound cheeks. Gas flowed down her skirt like a sail caught in the wind; cloth bowed outwards in an attempt to keep it all contained, but the structure of her skirt was already compromised. Threads snapped under the burgeoning gale, streams of wind pierced through the widening gaps as her skirt failed. In a catastrophic eruption, a hole tore through her skirt, punching through it like paper. The ruptured threads fluttered under her turbulent gas as winds flowed unabated. Her gassy fanfare lasted more than a minute, moving so forcefully that it started to burn. Her bulbous gut slowly deflated as the winds rushed out of her, shrinking to a more manageable size until her gas sputtered. Kicks of powerful gas bucked her rear in the air, shaking her atop her gut as everything came to a standstill.

"I think...that made me hungry." Alyssa chuckled as she felt her stomach rumble beneath her.

She was happy that she managed to salvage the papers; not a single one was out of place. When she got up is when she realized the real problem, she was half-nude. In the torrential outpouring of her ass, she'd blown her skirt clean off her hips, and her buttons had popped off her shirt completely. Only her jacket was left to keep any semblance of her decency as her fat orb wobbled beneath her popped buttons.

"This is bad. Oh, this is really bad. How am I *huuurp* gonna get out unnoticed?" Alyssa realized that no amount of excuses would save her from indecent exposure in the workplace.

She wracked her brain, thinking about what she could do before she remembered an old trick she used to do in college. Alyssa pulled her jacket off, letting her exposed belly flop out over her waist. Satisfied that her breasts still stayed contained in her button-up, she wrapped the jacket around her waist, using the sleeves as a belt. There was no way she could fit them around her stomach, not without another failure, so she secured it just above her pelvis. Even with her jacket billowing as a curtain, she was still barely covered, her bulbous cheeks poking out from the tails like two massive hams. Against her cheek she felt a vibration, a rumbling weight that bounced off her flesh, it was her phone. Alyssa struggled with her flab, working to reach around her body and grab the device.

"This is Alyssa." Alyssa hadn't even looked at the ID before answering.

"And this is Bob." Bob mimicked Alyssa's business tone.

"Oh, Bob. What's up? I don't usually get calls on the clock." Alyssa worked to get the papers in order.

"Well, it's been about an hour, and I kind of need those papers for the quarterly meeting." Bob's tone was a mix of jovial and concerned.

"I'll be up right away, but I think I'm going to have to leave early." Alyssa felt embarrassed to make such a request.

"You didn't eat any of the squid, did you? I told the boys that stuff wasn't fit for human consumption yet." Bob sounded very concerned on the other end of the line.

"No, I've just had a bit of a..." Alyssa struggled to find the words to describe her predicament, saying she farted her clothes off wouldn't be business appropriate. "I had a bit of a wardrobe malfunction."

"Oh, is that all? Bring the papers up to my office and we'll have it all sorted out." Bob's tone flipped on its head to abject joy.

Alyssa didn't get a chance to respond before the call clicked off; she was left in the lurch, confused on how to proceed. Ultimately she decided to acquiesce; Bob had always taken care of her in these sticky situations. She gathered herself as best she could, keeping the papers closer to her clothes chest as she scurried down the halls. Her jacket fluttered behind her as her blustering farts crop-dusted her way to the freight elevator. The office was surprisingly barren as she made her way to the elevator, able to travel up to the top floor in relative peace. Poking her head out like a rat, she dashed down the hall with all the grace of a bloated cow, her blubbery assets flopping out of her top as she knocked on Bob's door.

"Looks like you got her just in time; you're about to bust out of that thing." Bob hurried her into his office, closing the door behind her as he clicked a remote.

Before Alyssa could orient herself, the opposite wall began to open up, the one with all the memorabilia. The wall lifted like a garage door, revealing a walk-in closet the size of an actual garage. Outfits of various styles and sizes hung on hooks that stretched back to the end, all set up in order of size.

"Why do you have all these?" Alyssa walked up to the rack in amazement, pulling the closest outfit to her.

"They're kind of hand-me-downs. Old outfits from the commercials." Bob was having trouble containing his smile as he looked at them.

"Is this the one from the nineties commercial? It looks like it's the right size." Alyssa draped a yellow dress over her distended gut, the slack cloth flowing over her like a curtain.

"It is. There's a bunch of old commercial props back there." Bob blushed as he saw Alyssa gut poke out from the yellow tarp. "Wear whatever you like; there's enough clothes in there to dress an army."

Chapter Seven: Meeting Daydreams

"Thank you all for coming. I know there're so many meetings that could be an e-mail, but this one is a bit special. We only get four quarterly meetings a year, and I need to put those public speaking classes to use." Bob waited for the few chuckles that his joke would garner before continuing. "Oh, and feel free to grab some food; just be careful. Get too close to Alyssa and you might get sucked in."

Alyssa had barely registered the comment as she was busy stuffing her face; putting such a huge mountain of free food next to her was a huge risk. Not like she could help herself; she was a mindless cow these days, eating whatever was put in front of her. The choice of black and white pantsuit seemed like the most apt choice from the special wardrobe. It was large enough to fit a cow, and it still had trouble wrapping around Alyssa's bulging body. Her bulbous stomach stretched the jacket until it looked like a distorted balloon on her torso. Black splotches were tastefully poised over her breasts, just over the spots to match her distended areola. Large as saucers, covering the front of her blimped breasts, they were the most surprising trait with her weight gain.

She expected to get a fat ass, which she did; she expected to get a huge gut, which she did, but changes in her skin tone hadn't been accounted for. The tan hue of her body had darkened patches from the spots her heavy flanks rubbed against each other, dark recesses that covered damp pits. Her body moved with the noises and consistency of a swamp; she was constantly jiggling, constantly wobbling, and constantly bubbling. Even as she sat idly munching, her stomach was a churning storm of muck and miasma that made the massive orb under jacket look alive.

Glorp

When Alyssa swallowed the last bite of her triple-decker grilled cheese, she felt the contents of her stomach sink. The heavy rock plummeted down into her gullet with a wet and heavy plop. Her stomach burbled unhappily as she grabbed a handful of crackers for the mountain of cheese dip. Alyssa's noisy stomach didn't go unnoticed, though, as she felt the eyes of the room on her gut. Eyeing the orb as it bumped into the bottom of the table, normally she could dissociate into her own world, but not at this moment. If it weren't for Bob's presentation, she would be the center of attention.

"As you can see, our prize pig is eager to start the meeting. So I won't keep her." There was an almost malicious tone to Bob's words.

Alyssa perked up at the mention; she'd never heard Bob speak like that to anyone, and he'd never called her a pig. As she looked up from her plate of crackers, she saw the first slide of the presentation; it had a photo of her.

"As you can see, this was the budding seed of project Blimp." Bob motioned towards a photo of Alyssa on the first day. "Not much to go by, a bit scrawny and flat if you ask the people up in marketing, but I saw potential."

Bob flipped to the next slide on the presentation; there was a graph on one end with a single flat line. The left side of the graph had measurements; they looked like outfit measurements, the kind you saw on a tailor's table. Bob traced the flat line across the graph, showing its gradual and then plateauing rise.

"The analysts weren't that confident either. They predicted she'd be stuck at the bloated cow stage for her whole career, but that was before the incident." Bob flipped the slide to the next one, showing off Alyssa's post-Bitty Betty gut. "Nobody could have predicted this. A person stuffing themselves until they burst through their clothes is never on anyone's radar."

Alyssa felt mortified that she was being put on display like this, her concern growing as the slide changed again, showing off photos of her exaggerated curves. They were all placed next to the graph and surpassed the expected growth by double. There were photos of her plump thighs ripping through the gym shorts she wore; the photo of Alyssa's trainer was explicitly used for reference. Her massive and glossy hams were wider than her trainer was, wobbling trunks of fat that would make a tree fall in jealousy. Somehow a video had been embedded in the presentation; Alyssa didn't remember any cameras being around her at the gym. The video played, and it showed Alyssa struggling to do a squat, her clothes ripping at the seams as she dipped lower while the instructor gripped her thighs. The video ended before she fell over and Bob moved to the next set. Photos of her expanded assets were plastered all over the graph.

There was the incident when her fat hips got stuck in one of the bathroom stalls, the guardrails preventing her from taking a seat on the toilet. It was so mortifying to watch, her overstuffed gut wobbling in the camera as firemen had to come and free her ass from the stall. Another picture was shown; it was during the new test of Grasco's habanero cheese, nobody had told her about the spice, and she bloated into a huge balloon. Her gut broke tables and ruined the whole thing, garnering laughs from the people in the meeting.

"As you can see, our little blimp has broken all of the projections by triple. So I had the math nerds down in physics whip up some new ones." Bob clicked the slide again, moving to a graph that looked cartoonish and insulting. "As you can see, with her current rate of growth, Alyssa will be a gas blimp by next year."

Bob traced a line along the graph, following images of Alyssa in her current state, to an artist's rendition of Alyssa as big as an elephant, to a stock photo of a blimp with her head and tits added on.

"The boys down in livestock even said that she'd give enough milk to supply the whole company for a year, probably more, if she holds." Bob motioned towards Alyssa at the back of the room, pointing a light at her tits.

Alyssa was as red as the pointer centered on her bust, too mortified to even speak; she simply continued eating. She'd been eating this whole time, her pace increasing with how much embarrassment she felt, and it wasn't helping. The cheese and crackers had already vanished down her gullet, but it didn't go to her gut. As if by some miracle of science, the cheese she'd been eating was filling up her tits, making them into wobbling balloons. Which only made things worse, as when Bob put his pointer on her chest, the button popped off, releasing a tidal wave of flesh.

"Guess I spoke too soon." Everyone in the room laughed at Bob's joke, poking Alyssa's expanding breasts with their fingers. "Now, it's not all roses and growth; there have been a few complaints around the office. Anonymous, of course."

Alyssa grabbed the largest sandwich in the bunch in anticipation of what the next slide was about to show. She wasn't prepared for the complaints; they were so numerous that they filled the entire screen. Bob had stopped speaking, giving the room a chance to read all the individual complaints.

I don't know what's up with the top floor, but it smells like a sulphur mine up there, especially around Alyssa's desk. I know we're not supposed to point fingers, but after that elevator incident, it was probably her. She farted so loud yesterday that it blew out my headset microphone, she wasn't even next to my desk.

Hey, I'd, um, like to lodge a complaint. Alyssa is too huge, like way big for our hallways. We need to make some renovations or something. I made the mistake of trying to slip by her when she was raiding the snack table. I was stuck between her hips and the walls for over an hour.

Idk if this is the best place to lodge a complaint like this, but I'll toss it in. We were going to have some watermelon for a snack in the agriculture department, we'd been growing a big honking one. I was showing it off in the break room and left it in a chair so I could bring the department up. I came back, and there was no watermelon; instead, there was Alyssa. There wasn't any refuse or remains, like she ate it. No, I think she sat on it. I saw her gut bulging like a beach ball and her looking really weird. I don't want the melon back, just idk, see a doctor, girl. Your ass isn't supposed to be able to fit a toddler-sized watermelon without breaking it.

The complaints kept going: Bob clicked through slide after slide, showing more complaints, so many that it seemed endless. Alyssa was panicking; the burning anxiety that seared her neck was making her eat haphazardly. Not even bothering to chew, she shoveled whole sandwiches down her throat like she was a cartoon character. Every bite made her balloon all over; her booty, her breasts, her gut, and thighs were all growing with each swallow. It was like a conveyor belt of food; grab and eat, grab and eat. As Alyssa hurried through the pile, she could feel the familiar rumble in her gut, the coursing pressure of rude winds. She wanted to hold it in, but it was impossible, and she knew that. Her gut surged forward in that familiar bloat from her swelling gas bubble, growing wider and longer by the second. The black buttons pulled over her inflating stomach, popping left and right as gaps started to form in her dress shirt. The barest bits of bristling flesh appeared in growing diamonds that widened.

"Oh great, she's gonna blow. In the metaphorical sense." Betty rolled her eyes as she plugged her nose in preparation.

Bbbppppppppffftttttt

Ffrrttttttttttfffffitt

Hooourrp

Ooourrrllloop

Betty was the only one who got a chance to brace herself for the winds; Alyssa's gas came hard and fast. A rolling thundercloud of gas clapped her enormous cheeks, reverberating throughout the room in a deafening clap. Even when seated, the forceful eruption was enough to force her body to move. Those winds were followed by a back-breaking belch, one that forced Bob into the wall and blew back the chairs. Papers fluttered with Alyssa's outbursts, but she didn't feel the same relief she had before; in fact, the outbursts were only making her grow. She felt it; her gas was multiplying inside of her, bubbling up through her system like a broken main. Each fart she ripped seemed to make her grow rounder, grow larger; it wasn't until her gut hit the table that she realized something was wrong.

"Thought you said she was going to blow." Josh motioned mockingly towards Alyssa as he walked towards her. "She's still got plenty of room."

Josh began to smack his hand against her exposed gut; impacts muffled by cloth echoed through the meeting room. She sounded like a hollow basketball when he smacked her, her hollow form bubbling under his grasp. He could feel the rumbling of her gassy gut as it grew before him, her body billowing out of control as all eyes fell upon her. She couldn't bear it, the attention, the ire; she wanted to vanish.

"God, she's such a pig. Look at her. She's still eating." Lisha mocked Alyssa as she joined Josh in his mockery.

Alyssa didn't even notice she'd grabbed another burger; every time she tried to put it back, more food appeared in her hands. It was a curse; the only thing she could do was not eat, but that didn't help things. More of her coworkers made comments about her gut and body, rude and cutting remarks that made her feel so small. She knew how they talked behind her back, but she never imagined they'd say it to her face. The uneasiness she felt in her mind was being mirrored by her gut.

Rrgglglglgg!

Fffrrrrttt

Brrrrtttt

Uuurp

Orp

Bbbppppbbb

She couldn't stop herself; gas rolled from her flapping cheeks like she didn't have muscles, flying freely as she tried to leave. Her growing body was trapped in her spot, unable to leave; her inflated hips bounced off the table when she ran. Her struggles and strain only elicited more rude winds from her backside; belches and farts roared so forcefully that she felt like she was a vessel. The pressure just kept mounting, fueled by her own embarrassment, her body started to billow out of control.

The swelling in her lower stomach began to travel lower, adding to gaseous pressure in her pelvis as it billowed out. A growing bubble that pushed out against her lower stomach as her shirt unfurled from her waistband. A massive and swollen fupa that forced her already swelling nethers outward. Her growing form stretched her gait wider as her stance widened; her engorged thighs moved with them, giving her body the bulk and width of a sofa. Her massive backside clapped behind her as gas kept pushing past her oversized ass. Each cheek was large enough to crush a chair, and she was twice as wide as the hall she came in from. She could feel her bloated sides brushing against the walls as gas continued welling up inside of her. Alyssa could feel the buttons on her shirt start to strain, but they never popped; they simply grew with her oversized stomach. They stretched to match her swell, growing impossibly large over her turgid body. Her vision was growing obscured, not only from her inflated bust but because her gut was being pushed up into her face. The growing balloon of her pelvis was propping it up, raising it higher as her bloated form turned into an enormous collection of balloons.

As she grew, the crotch of her pants began to unzip, teeth loosening themselves as her pelvis pushed out against them. Between those unsealing teeth came what looked like spider's legs; curling brown strands crept their way out from the growing gap. Those were no spider legs, those strands were her pubic hair. Her large and unruly bush was poking its way out of the growing gap in her pants, keeping only the slightest bit of her decency. Thick as a jungle and equally as misty, her burgeoning tuft of hair brought a heavy musk with it. It was an alluring scent, the collection of weeks of unwashed funk from her nethers; she had gotten so large that she had been neglecting to take care of that particular region. It kept rising with her, growing like it was alive, its heat fogging the meeting room windows.

"God, what is that funk?" Pauline crinkled her nose in a mixture of curiosity and disgust.

"I think it's coming from the blimp over there." Bob had stopped referring to Alyssa as anything more than an object.

Bob and Pauline made their way across the room, gathering Alyssa's coworkers with them as they sniffed to find the source. Their noses tested the air, taking deep inhales before her choking gas burned their sinuses. It didn't take them long to find the source, as Alyssa's bloating body took up more and more of the room. The alluring scent of her unwashed bush brought them in, pulling them into its folds. They gripped her oily strands, running their hands through the jungle of hair before planting their noses in. Bob and Pauline inhaled deeply, breathing in that grease-laden scent with gusto. No matter how much they sniffed, they couldn't get enough of it; they grabbed and tugged at her bush in a frenzy as she grew.

Bbbbrrrrtttt

Rrrttttttttt

Ppppbbbbbb

Alyssa panicked, unsure what to do about people investigating her unkempt pubes; she tried to turn. All her movements did was force more gas out of her cheeks and wedge her tighter into the room. Her embarrassment was at a critical threshold; the heat of embarrassment was making sweat pour down her back. Her silken suit was soaked through as she grew out of control, body flowing like a crashing wave of flesh. She washed over her coworkers like a flood, pushing them away or burying them under her flab. Their struggling impacts bounced off her sensitive flesh, each punch and poke making a small puddle of seed filter through her bush. She grew further, her body stopping just shy of the last seat, where Yvette sat. She hadn't been paying attention the whole meeting, letting herself be absorbed into her phone in hopes that it would end.

Crkkkkkk

Rmbbbblbb

Bbbbbbbppppppppppptttttttt

ffffpppprrrrbbppppbbbbbttttppllppp

She started to shake, her whole body convulsing in a quivering mass as her skin started to creak. Increasingly powerful and long bouts of gas turned into hurricanes in the room, gales of fetid winds that cracked the glass around her. Alarms started to go off in the building as she violently shook, her body quaking and vibrating as her growth stopped. She was trapped, the

pressure inside of her mounting as farts roared from her taut backside. Her asshole felt like it was going to tear apart, rupture from the force as more winds erupted from her. As the pressure in her body rose higher, her cheeks started to swell. She could taste her own gas on her tongue as she filled up, pressure so great that her vision started to blur. Alyssa's eyes started to cross as she shook more violently, boring vibrations cracking the floor beneath them.

"What is that smell?" That was the only acknowledgement Yvette gave to the explosive blimp behind her.

In an act of flippant disregard, she picked up her stylus, pumping it over her shoulder like she was loosening her joints. Its tip gleamed in the office lights, metallic and blunt, something that should have no effect on any balloon, but Alyssa was in a precarious state. Moving precariously close to the exposed plain of Alyssa's flesh, careening closer like a dart until it made the faintest of contact.

Bang

Alyssa shot up, bouncing in her chair as she looked around the room. The meeting had only just started, and she nodded off for a moment, sandwich still in hand. She ran her free hand over her body, inspecting it to make sure she'd sprung no leaks.

"Everything alright Alyssa?" Bob called from the front of the room, the slides in front of him filled with sales figures.

"It's nothing, thought I spilled some cheese on my suit." Alyssa played off the little outburst as everyone looked back to the slides.

Chapter Eight: Costume Issues

Alyssa's life had been a whirlwind of activity and events after that quarterly meeting; she was busy prepping everything for year-end. While her job was normally busy, the rush of calls and emails she had to deal with were endless. She barely had time for a lunch, let alone her normal snack times. This led her to become more of a homebody gasbag than an office-based gasbomb, something she didn't mind. After her dream at the quarterly meeting, she was trying to watch her figure a bit more, and this flood of work helped that. The diet didn't do much to shrink her size, but at least she wasn't getting any larger. When October rolled around is when things started to settle; the office tensions released a little bit, and people could relax. This seemed to be a yearly occurrence as Bob had planned a Halloween party for the whole office, alongside the unveiling of a new product. The only problem with this whole shebang is that it

was a costume party, and Alyssa hadn't fit in a costume for a few months. Which is why she was in Bob's office.

"Come to raid the closet again?" Bob chuckled as he looked up from his desk.

He was lucky that his office had double doors; otherwise Alyssa wouldn't fit in them anymore. She stood in his doorway, shuffling in when he acknowledged her; Alyssa was draped in a mint green gown that would have worked better as a tarp. It was an old thing, Grasco's holiday line, and it fit her like a glove, a bit too well, as it hugged her inflated curves tightly.

"I need a costume." Alyssa closed the door behind her.

"Oh, for the party? I think we've got some old stuff." The wall opened up again, displaying the endless row of clothes. "Take your pick."

Alyssa nodded, running over to the changing blinder to strip off her clothes. Bob took his seat behind the desk, trying to act like he was working, but it was hard to. Alyssa had outgrown the changing blind by a few inches, so when she stripped, her assets poked out from the sides. Tan gut protruding from behind the veiled wood like a boulder rolling over the hill; the same was true for her cheeks. Those blubbery beanbags bounced up and down as she pulled the dress over them, her panties practically swallowed by them. From the front, Bob could see the barest tips of her nipples; they peeked past the edge like little budding sprouts. Soon after disrobing, she sprinted towards the back, her heavy footsteps thudding across the carpet.

"Hmm, this looks a bit on the nose. Think I can pull off a pumpkin?" After a few minutes, Alyssa had come to the front in a great orange tarp.

"That could work, but umm, there might be a problem with the bottom." Bob motioned towards the bottom of the plastic orb.

Alyssa had gotten so excited that she didn't realize that the plastic dome didn't fit her quite right. It made it over her gut, so it passed the first test, but she didn't notice that her gelatinous bubbles poked out from the bottom. She was left bare-assed in front of her boss.

"Oh, god! One second." Alyssa retreated back into the wardrobe, the sound of knocking plastic and clinking hangers. "How does this one look?"

Alyssa came out in another commercial prop; this time it was a set of lauderhausen from their Alpine Rush chocolates. She had crammed herself into an enormous set of pants and a barely fitting shirt. The round ball that was her gut stretched out the fabric and strained the straps, her entire underside looked like a bulging brown balloon. She was shaking from how tight everything was; she was red in the cheeks, like she was struggling. That's when Bob realized she was sucking in her gut.

"Go ahead and exhale. Then I'll give my thoughts." Bob chuckled as Alyssa's eyes lowered.

She exhaled slowly, her body expanding back to its full size as her bloated assets relaxed. Straps snapped and buttons popped, turning the costume into a disheveled mess of tan flesh and exposed cleavage.

"Okay, so, not this one." Alyssa blushed, putting her arms over her chest to cover her breasts.

"Not if you want to breathe during the party. Here, let me find something." Bob walked back through the racks, delving for the perfect little costume.

Alyssa watched him flit through the racks, combing through the clothes until he found something that lit up both of their eyes. It was a large blue jumpsuit, a piece bisected by a red belt, and it was more than baggy enough to fit Alyssa.

"Where'd you find this thing?" Alyssa took the costume from Bob's hands as he let her change.

"It's an old thing we borrowed from a stage play." Bob waved his hand dismissively as Alyssa got changed.

"The Wonka one?" Alyssa poked her head out from the blinder as she changed.

"Yeah, we were doing a little commercial-tie in for them at the time and someone wanted to have violet in it." Bob chuckled as he remembered the commercial.

"Well, the star must have been big, cuz this fits me perfectly." Alyssa came out from behind the blinder with her hands out.

She looked stunning, hands planted on her blubbery curves, showing off the dress like she was modeling it for the runway. Pushing out her hips and sticking out her gut in a test of the outfit's stability. The rubber stretched with her, and she barely showed; she looked like the spitting image of that old stage post. On her body, the blue top looked like a mini-dress, a button-up combo that bloomed just above her hips.

Grllrl

"Ohh, I think all that moving around upset something. Excuse me a sec, thanks for the costume." Alyssa rushed out of the room, holding the apex of her stomach.

Bob watched her waddle out of the room, her body language tense as she kept her cheeks clenched together. She barely made it to the door before her attempts to tense things backfired.

Fwwweeet

A low and hissing fart escaped from her cheeks, something Bob tried to pay no mind to as she escaped, but he did see something that caught his interest. The backside of her outfit billowed out after that little bit of gas, like there was an extra bit of air on her body. When she left the room, Bob made a few alterations to the party plans; that little bit of gas had given him an idea.

Chapter Nine: Problems At The Party

When the day of the party came around, everyone was eager to listen to Bob's new presentation and then get completely hammered. Everyone was in costume, ranging from the plain sexy witch to the elaborate cosplay of Jane from marketing. A whole range of costumes that Alyssa seemed to fall on neither side of, her Violet getup paired well with Bob's Wonka getup, but that was it. She was at least happy that she could walk around in peace, the baggy costume had enough give in the right areas to not ride up in unpleasant ways. Normally she'd use that as an excuse to dive into the snacks, but she was resisting, her willpower holding strong. She waited at the podium next to Bob, as people slowly filtered in, the last of them closing the door behind them.

"Evening everyone, I see you've all gotten the spooky spirit going on. Just remember, if we find any loose eyeballs or rubber fingers in the punchbowl again, we're keeping them." Bob chuckled as he rifled through the notes on his stand. "I guess we should kick things off with our newest product and the bulk of tonight's refreshments."

Bob clicked a small button on the side of his podium to signal the chefs to come in; a procession of the kitchen scientists came in, all dressed as famous movie cooks. In front of them, they pushed a massive cart up the stage, draped in a fine silk cloth that draped over it in a pyramid shape. They waited at attention for Bob's signal to unveil the treat.

"We've been trying to capture that important taste of summer without having to wait for summer to come along. The taste of fresh blueberry pie right out of the oven, and many of you may be wondering if we're finally going to be making those blueberry pie puffs. Well, I'm here to put a little damper on those dreams, as good as our stuff is, prepackaged jams and jellies never taste right. So, instead, I had our boys whip something special up." Bob motioned towards the cart that the cooks were already unveiling. "I present to you our Blueberry Bettys. The perfect summer treat."

As the cloth fell to the ground, the treasure it unveiled was a towering mountain of prepackaged sweets. Blue little daisies of fondant that wrapped around an angel cake center, with just the right amount of cream spread within. Seeing those little treats made Alyssa's eyes

widen and her stomach grumble; a new Betty was not what she needed in her diet attempt. It only got worse when Bob cracked open a wrapper, filling their vicinity with the heavenly smell of blueberry chocolate. He cracked it open to show the crowd that the insides were just like they were displayed on the box before taking a bite.

"Now these little babies are a culinary marvel. They realized that the best way to get that rich and tangy flavor without using overworked jellies was with chocolate. They infused them with some blueberry oils, and then the rest was heaven. I'll even have our amateur taste tester give her review." Bob handed a package over to Betty, placing it atop her swollen stomach like a treat on a dog's nose.

She stared down at the package, her greatest weakness in confection form; she couldn't deny it with all eyes on her. In a moment of weakness she grabbed the package, tearing it open with more fervor than Bob had planned. Holding the unwrapped cake in two hands, pursing it between her fingertips like it was uncovered treasure, she brought it to her mouth. Taking a long and savoring bite, she chewed happily, humming as she ate.

"Don't hog all the fun to yourself; tell us what you think." Bob motioned for Alyssa to speak.

"It's amazing! Blueberry Pie and Cream! It's like I'm eating the real thing. I might be going crazy, but I can feel the berries bursting in my mouth, the cream rolling on my tongue. It's as though I'm swallowing heaping spoonfuls of the best blueberry pie in the world." Alyssa spoke between bites, closing her eyes to channel all of her senses towards taste.

"Well, there you have it folks. Taster approved." Bob laughed as he looked back towards the table, spotting Alyssa reaching for another one. "Better grab one before they disappear; someone is going in for seconds."

Everyone laughed as Alyssa's sugar sobriety was broken, her willpower shattered on the first bite. She grabbed one after, pulling them from the wrapper and eating them in short order, gnashing her teeth against the toothsome surface. The texture, the flavor, the sweetness; it was all balanced to perfection. They were rich and cloying, but not to a detriment; she felt like she could eat a dozen without blinking. This wasn't a far-off estimate from what actually happened, as she had eaten three in rapid succession. She was about to reach for a fourth when the contents of her stomach did a somersault.

Orrlbblluuurrl

Grooooll

Sppppgggg!gl

"Oof What is wrong with me?" Alyssa whispered to herself as she felt something shifting in her stomach.

Instinctively she looked around, seeing if it was a bad batch, seeing if anyone else was having the same trouble, but she was the only one. Everyone happily ate them without a single note of gastric distress, or at least none as audible as Alyssa's. Her stomach bubbled and growled, the sounds of myriad bubbles frothing on the surface of her still-digesting dinner. A heavy and mucky rumbling that made her sound like a cement mixer filled with pudding. The contents of her belly plopped over themselves as massive bubbles of gas bloated her stomach. It wasn't the normal growth; it was a pressure that filled and then emptied, forcing its way out of her distressed system. She clutched at her stomach, feeling the surface bubble beneath the surface of her dress. There wasn't even a chance to prepare herself to try and squeak out her fart; the gas arrived like a storm.

Fbbbbbbbfbbbbpppttt

A long and trumpeting fart blew past her cheeks, clapping them together as the torrent of wind slipped past her self-made thong. She had hoped the outfit would muffle some of it, but her long expulsion seemed to reverberate inside of the suit. Her noxious outburst gained some attention from the people drinking their fill of alcohol. She was still up on the stage, still the center of attention, which only made it feel worse.

Brrrtttt

She didn't even feel that one course through her body, a tiny blast of gas that bubbled out from her gelatinous mounds. There wasn't any relief in it; the gas pouring from her body only angered her stomach. More bubbles popped and formed on the surface of her stomach, effervescent air that somehow formed without stimulus. Every bubble that popped on her insides was another snaking fart from her backside.

Prrrttt

Frrrtttt

Bbbbppppp

Pppppffffffffffbbbbttt

There was no end to her gas; she kept farting, pushing out expulsions of all shapes and sizes in an effort to alleviate her discomfort. She was actively forcing them out now, hoping that it would end before she became much more of a spectacle, but that ship had already sailed. As all eyes fell upon her, partially for the noise, but more for what was happening to her suit. Alyssa's Violet costume was made for a stage show, so it was meant to be inflatable, to turn into a massive blueberry. This meant that it was sealed, meant to hold in air, or in this case, gas.

Around her midriff, the space between her gut and the costume began to widen. The large swell around her middle increased in circumference with every one of her outbursts. She noticed the eyes falling upon her, looking down her own expanding suit with blank surprise before looking back at the crowd.

"I feel funny." Alyssa quoted the movie verbatim without realizing it.

Bbrrrrrr

Ppppllllbbbbbrrr

Pppbbbbbrrrr

She scrunched her face, shifting her hips as more gas poured from her clapping cheeks; she was like a factory at this point. More methane was coming from her ass than an entire field of cows, and it was all contained in a growing suit. The rubbery surface was inflating as quickly as she did in the elevator, rounding out her entire form into something more spherical. A grand globe with two thick trunks protruding from the bottom of it. Alyssa's blank eyes stared in wonder as her hands parted in front of her, forced away by her own growing clothes. She grew wider and wider, stretching the bounds of the suit before the belt cut off the growth. Just like her belt in the copy center, it forced her bubbling farts lower. Her arms and legs began to puff up with gas as she couldn't stop her gas.

"She's blowing up like a balloon." A fake Elvis called out from the audience.

"No, like a blueberry." An overinflated Charro cosplay corrected the Elvis's assertion.

Fpppppttttt

Ppllpplpplp

Bibllbbbbbrrttt

Alyssa could barely hear their comments over the constant rippers she was letting loose; it was nonstop. Her stomach was an earthquake, shaking more gas out of it with every attempt at movement she made. Rapid-fire cannon-bursts of flatus that bulged her suit out while she tried to manage whatever was going on. The red belt around her waist was looking more like a thread, stretched tight and failing at her growth, warping in unnatural ways. It was designed to pop off, but she was inflating too fast, and the suit couldn't keep up. Below her stomach, the growing ball of her undercarriage was occupying more of her space, pushing her legs apart to accommodate it.

Brrrrttt

Fffftttt

Snap

That last bout of gas was the final nail in the coffin for Alyssa's belt, the strained leather snapping as the metal broke. Instead of flying off like a hazard, it simply collapsed at her side, smacking her in the rotund ass. It was at that noise that Bob had finally made his reappearance; he had been struggling to find an air tank to fill the costume and complete the scenario. So when he saw his effort was for naught, he was both frustrated and elated. With a jaunty skip he made his way to the stage, cane in hand.

"What's ***hnnnggg*** happening to ***hrrrgggg*** me?" Alyssa struggled to get her words out, having to stop to muscle out her gas between sentences.

"They never could get the formula quite right." Bob overplayed his words, exaggerating them for the crowd, joining in on their jokes. "Don't worry, I looked at the ingredients; turns out the berry extract in these girls is something you're intolerant to. We're removing it in the next batch."

Bob leaned in to whisper those words of assurance to Alyssa, but they didn't do much for her in the moment. Whatever those extracts were, they were waging a war inside of her gullet and the suit was the casualty. More gas fluttered from her flapping cheeks, stretching more of the suit's leather. Her arms and legs were slowly subsumed by the encroaching rubber, forced out to the sides in a figure five.

Bbrrttt

ppppbbbt

"They all become blueberries in the end, just not ones quite so pungent." Bob chuckled, the crowd joining him in laughter.

Bob moved around Alyssa's expanding form, his hands draped around the burgeoning surface as her toes tapped weakly against the ground. Her miniscule steps turned her with him, following his movements as they shared a confused glance. Alyssa couldn't tell why Bob said what he did, but the worst was how it made her feel. Such cutting comments from her coworkers made her feel shame, but from Bob, they made her feel something different. When he said such words to her, they tickled her ears and spurred attraction: she wanted him to say more. As she turned, more gas rebounded within her stretching suit, its rumbles being followed by the sound of stretching rubber.

"Someone looks a bit hungry; how does a little treat sound?" Bob's voice shifted to a playful tone as he grabbed another Betty from the table, unwrapping it for Alyssa.

The crowd had started following Bob's directives, rolling her gassy body towards the exit, farts clapping her cheeks with each push. It was all going so well until someone started humming a tune, a jaunty little working song. Everyone started humming it, a tune ripped from the same stage as the costume. The free-flowing alcohol had hit some of them a bit hard that night, flipping the switch that urged you to sing karaoke.

"Oompa, Loompa, doompety do." Before they could finish, another chimed in.

"I've got the perfect puzzle for you." The song became a round as others sang merrily.

"What do you get when you take a fit girl?"

"Stuff her with food and give her a whirl?"

"Fill her up full like a gasoline tank."

"Watch blow fumes like a processing plant?:"

"I don't like the smell of it."

Bbrrrrttttttt

Fbbbooooootttt

Bwwwooooottt

Alyssa's gas was getting louder, bassier, sounding more like a tuba than a trumpet, loud and blasting farts that made her suit vibrate. More air currents rebounded off the taut walls, sending streams of air back and forth across her puss. The heat, the speed, it was the same as her nights alone with a vibrator. She could feel her lips twitching, aching for a touch, but she was bound by her suit, unable to touch it. Fumes coursed through her folds, caressing her sensitive bits and making her gush. Every trumpeting blast was another splash on the bottom of the suit, another rainfall. As she was rocked around the room, the puddle of pleasure sloshed round with her, kept away from her gut by the layers of air pressure. Caught in a constant stimulus by her own trumpeting gas, her head was starting to conflate her already jumbled emotions. Pleasure and humiliation were joining into a singular feeling that was warping her perceptions, and she didn't realize it. The only thing that Alyssa knew was that her coworkers playing with her like she was a toy was making her more hot and bothered than she wanted to admit.

Pwoooooot

Brrrrrrroooooooo

Rrrrraaaawwwp

While she struggled with her conflict, her coworkers were having the time of their lives, rolling her back and forth, slapping the sides of her suit. They surrounded her, spun her, sang their self-created tunes in a merry whirl. All of the playing and jostling didn't help matters at all; they only shook her up more. Her already upset stomach roared louder, the heavy muck within breaking in waves against the inside of Alyssa's cavernous stomach. More gas flowed from her cheeks, bubbling farts that just kept breaking past her burning hole, but her coworkers didn't care. They thought it was so funny that they had stopped trying to get her to the door; they just kept singing and bouncing her between each other. Rolling her around like a soccer ball as her suit began to creak. The rubber was starting to strain; marks of white were creeping their way across the surface.

"Here, eat up, little piggy. You know you want it." Alyssa couldn't even see who was talking to her, but she could smell the cake.

She stuck her nose up at it, trying to pry away from the temptation, but she couldn't hold out. A hand came down, pinching the front of her nose, making her lungs burn until she gasped for air. The moment her mouth opened, another of those cakes was shoveled into her craw. There wasn't an ounce of resistance when that flavor hit her tongue; she chewed and swallowed like the pig she had become, trying not to wince at the displeasure in her stomach. She could feel her body rumbling in anger as her gas intensified, blasting from her ass in impactful gusts. The back of the suit started to bulge from where her gas was hitting it, bubbling out further as she filled.

"How about we give our girl what she wants? Whoever can fit the most cakes into Alyssa gets a fat holiday bonus." Bob's claim was slurred, the drink in his hands sloshing as he downed it.

Everyone swarmed her in a drunken frenzy, their drunken instincts taking over as they mobbed the dessert table. Stuffing her so full of treats that her gut was starting to grow, to expand against the atmospheric pressure inside of her. Crumbs and melted chocolate caked around her face as she happily ate every bite. Food came from every direction, assaulting her in a dizzying display of excess and gluttony. She could barely keep up as the entire test batch was pushed into her waiting maw. Every morsel packed into a catastrophic meteor that sank into her gut.

Bwoooooooooooooooooobbbtt

Rrpppppppppppppppppppprrrrbbbb

Flllllpppppppplllllffffftttttt

It was happening, the beginning of the cataclysmic, the swirling miasma that would choke the whole building. Gas roared like a dragon's howl, blowing in white-hot gusts from her backside. Ferocious enough to shake her body, rocking the people climbing her suit like she was a bronco. People grabbed a hold and let her flailing form guide them, hollering and hooting like she was a mechanical bull at a bar. Rising gas stifled the crowd's cheers as she kept pumping full of her own fumes, expanding so large that she loomed over the crowd. Her legs and arms were buried deep in the recesses of her suit, her head barely a divot in the sea of rubber.

Crkkkkkk

Rmbblbbblbb

Pppbbfffttttt

Her suit started to vibrate; the rubber began to creak as its critical mass was being achieved. The enormous pressure inside of it swirled like a storm, moving about her body like a localized tornado. Pushing against the strained rubber as a large band of white appeared along her equator. Nobody cared; nobody bothered to check on the suit's condition, not even as it started to rumble. So inebriated, so drunk that they couldn't think straight, her coworkers upended the Alyssa balloon. Flipping her onto her rotund back and some chose to clamber atop her burgeoning surface. Their sharp heels and ridged flats scraped against the surface, threatening to cut or puncture it at a moment's notice. There wasn't a worry in their minds as they leapt, bouncing up and down without a care. Their combined weight warped the suit, making it bulge and distort, the growing equator of strain becoming more prominent as their impacts sank deeper before being propelled in the air. Bouncing higher before bringing the weight of their bodies down upon her ballooned frame. Up and down, over and over as their impacts sank deeper. Alyssa could feel their feet brushing against the surface of her stomach, a feeling that elicited more than a few pleased whimpers.

In another time, in another life, Alyssa would be mortified at her current self; to be aroused with people stepping on her gassy tummy would be shameful, but not now. In her current state, she was a simpering blob aching for release. Heavy flows of hot pleasure flowed from her quivering lips, their soft tissue bloating with her own pent-up seed as the scantest of impacts struck her stomach. The growing puddle at her cheeks was being flung to all edges of the suit, the force of her gas causing it to splash around in a mess. Her gas only intensified when people touched down on her tum, the slight pressure was enough to make her vent like a whoopee cushion. Then it came, an impact too deep, an impact too hard. Someone's narrow heel dug deep, pushing the rubber with it and hitting the bullseye that was her navel.

Pppppppbbbbbbpppoooooillppppbbbbbbbbbtttttt

Grnnnnn

Crkkkkkkk

rmbblbbllbb

She was so pressurized, so full of her own farts, that that little impact was all it took to send her over the deep end. A long and blasting fart roared from her clapping mountains, the foghorn of a ship about to make port. Deafeningly loud and rebounding against the rims of her suit, straining past its limit. Creaks and groans of strain emanated from the suit's surface as Alyssa's torrential outpouring of gas flooded it. The white band was turning clear, pulled so far that the pigment had separated, leaving the swirling blue mist beneath its surface. It was like a piece of bubble gum, growing larger and more fragile, a fleeting immensity before the inevitable.

Kerboooooommm

Alyssa's suit exploded in a shower of scraps, pressurized gas flooding the room in an instant and tearing her suit apart. Her nude body plopped to the ground with all of the grace of a flopping fish, trumpeting ass planted in the pool of her own cum. People landed atop her stomach, pushing more gas out from her backside and turning the light fog into a choking mist. Around her it was misty as the rainforest, humid clouds of blue lingering in the air as her ass kept blasting farts. Her swollen nethers poked out from between her thighs like a fleshy chasm, breaking out from the heavy folds of her budding fupa. She was glad that her gas was tinged blue so nobody could see the unkempt state of her lower body. A budding bushel of pubes that had grown like weeds since her gaining journey. She sat there in a puddle of her own seed as people slid off her stomach, choking on her noxious fumes.

Ppppppbbbbttttt

It was an exhilarating experience, but not one she was eager to repeat, as there was a problem. She was **still** farting and likely would be for some time.

Chapter Ten: An All Inclusive Experience

Bwoooooopppp

There had been complaints to the management about how loud the cruise ship foghorns were getting, but to those who knew, those were no foghorns. Grasco had sent its employees to a work retreat in the Caribbean, and one of those workers was Alyssa, and the foghorns were her fat ass. Ever since the party, she'd become less bashful about her gas; every rocketing blast made her want to dig her hands deep into her crotch. The only thing stopping her was her own trepidations, the last screaming bits of her shame that made her question things.

Am I really getting turned on by my own gas?

It was a thought she asked herself often, especially when she was done with her work for the day. Staying at a resort was nice, but sometimes she just wanted to hole up in her room and hermit for a bit. She had all she wanted up there; rapid room service, a blank check to get whatever she wanted, and free WiFi. Normally she'd be hitting the gym, but she was prescient enough to know how that would go. The last time she hit the gym was months ago; after the seat of an exercise bike ended up inside of her, it was deemed that her excusal from the gym was better for all parties.

She lay on her bed, mindlessly picking at the empty dishes she had requested for dinner. It took multiple plates to fill her up these days; a full dinner was at least five dishes, and today she had gone for six. With her tablet resting on her bloated shelf of cleavage, she watched some shows while watching her massive stomach rise and fall. Her choice of silk nightgown made it entertaining; it was like watching a ghost rise and fall on her chest. A massive mound that wobbled in preparation for whatever fumes she was about to release. She saw a shake and hiked up her leg in preparation, her fat trunk bumping into the massive orb as her hole began to quiver. She could feel it pushing past her barrier, ready to break loose in a bedquaking cloud.

Bang

"Oh good, I'm glad I caught you before you went to sleep." Bob burst into the room, his perfectly quaffed hair still stiff from today's meetings and his face painted with urgency.

"Hiiii?" Alyssa awkwardly lowered her leg, not wanting her boss to see her in such a debauchurous state.

"Sorry, I know it's late, but the figures are all messed up. We need to get things straightened out, quick!" Bob barged further into the room; behind him was the sound of squeaking metal.

"Umm, okay. Do you want me to change?" Alyssa started to adjust her angle, the sudden change putting an unwanted pressure on her gut.

Brppppbbbt

The gas she'd been holding in trumpeted out of her backside, thankfully muffled by the sheets into a shaking rumble.

"There's no time. I already ordered room service, so stock up." Bob moved out of the way, positioning himself on the other side of Alyssa's bed.

He was acting a bit strange, odd in a way that Alyssa couldn't place, but those worries were quickly buried by the sight of the room service. It wasn't a room service, it was room buffet;

dishes were stacked atop of each other, ferried by the resort wait staff. Carts that stretched far into the hallway and around the bend, out of her sight, and they were all for her.

"Isn't this a bit much?" Alyssa tried to hide her excitement at the prospect of more food.

"Nonsense, we'll be working hard; you need the calories." Bob brushed off the comment as the carts bussed closer.

"For me?! I couldn't eat all that." Alyssa played coy, adding an exaggerated eyeroll to the comment as her stomach grumbled.

"Sure you can. You just need a little coaxing." Bob got surprisingly forceful, his hand pressing into her gut.

Alyssa felt an unusual heat run across her cheeks and a tingle that crept down her spine and between her legs. Bob had pulled the top dish from the cart, a heavy and meaty roast. It was slathered in sauce and accompanied by crispy golden fries; the smell was so alluring that Alyssa didn't need coaxing. Bob continued anyway, straddling her enormous gut and impaling a forkful of the roast. Alyssa's face was twisted in a crooked grin as she felt something hard poke against her stomach. She quickly stowed her tablet between her tits and opened her mouth wide, an enormous and dripping maw that awaited the dainty forkful.

"That's a good girl." Bob smiled before bringing the forkful closer.

Alyssa whimpered at the remark; it bored down to her core and ignited something she didn't know was there. She happily ate her food, taking bite after bite, indulging in the sumptuous feast like there was no tomorrow. Only a few moments had passed, but she'd cleaned the plate clear, and it now sat in her bubbling stomach. The fumes that remained in her gut began to bubble and quake, the fatty morsel mixing with her already digesting sludge and forming a feculent mire. Gas forced itself lower, stretching her insides as more food came her way. She wanted to hold it in, but she was compromised; the warmth of Bob's legs over her gut made her weak.

Bbbppppppfffftttttttt

She couldn't hide the blast this time; her position was too compromised; without the muffling assistance of the sheets, her gas was unfiltered. It blasted like a loud trumpet that echoed on her walls, a fart worthy of warranting a noise complaint. In that moment, her shame mixed with her arousal again, leaving her in a lurch. There wasn't an appropriate reaction, nothing that could come to mind as she stopped taking bites. Swallowing in a bashful mess, she looked up at Bob.

"Excuse me." She turned her head away, closing her eyes as blush painted her cheeks.

"You're excused, but we can't stop to apologize for every outburst. We have to get you packed full for the work tonight." Bob motioned to the other carts as he grabbed another plate.

Alyssa blushed heavily, bashfully opening her mouth in a teasing manner, acting like she didn't want to be stuffed like a hog. As soon as her maw was open, the flood of food continued; it was a whirlwind of dishes too numerous and filling to name. Bob eagerly fed her, sliding lower on her massive stomach, stopping at the ridge of her bust. She could feel the growing hardness in his pants as it pressed between her soft hills. The more Bob fed her, the bigger she got, her already bloated stomach rising in front of her like a mountain. Her stomach swelled with a mix of gas and food, bloating like a bubble on her chest, wedging Bob between it and her cleavage. She could continue as long as he did, and he kept feeding her. Another dish down, another lost in the sea of her growing gut, the bubbling growing fierce as she swelled.

Pbbbbbbffttt

Her gas flowed freely; the moment she felt the pressure, she let it rip, no shame or hesitation to be felt. That echoing trumpet alleviated some of her swell, made her gut a little easier to manage, but did little for it overall. The apex of her stomach still domed like a balloon, rising up behind Bob like the moon over the sea. Silk clung tightly to her swell, the strained threads starting to thin and pop over her massive gut. She was large, large as she'd ever been and a bit bigger, swelling inexplicably with the food being crammed down her gullet. Her stomach kept rising, looming over the both of them like a mountain of flesh; every bite was another inch on her waistline. The feeling of fullness in her gut made her writhe and squirm, rocking back and forth in pleasure as Bob pulled out the next dish. It was an enormous dish of mac and cheese, steaming and bubbling, still fresh from the oven.

"How am I supposed to work with that inside me? Do you want a gas balloon between your legs?" Alyssa winked before opening her mouth.

"You'll be a gas blimp by the time we're done." Bob's reply felt intense and fevered, like he was driven by desire.

Alyssa took that first creamy spoonful, holding onto the spoon for a moment like a dog yanking at their treat. They both shared a moment's gaze, one of longing and desire, before returning to their feeding. Bob was pushing food down her throat faster than she knew she could swallow, each spoonful larger than the last. She felt her cheeks bulge just trying to take it in, her throat undulating with a comical lump as she swallowed without chewing. The lactose lump sailing down into her mountain of food with an unflattering plop, its presence sending her gut into a frenzy. The contents roiling as her body struggled to process the massive lump of fat and carbs. A gas bubble formed, one that grew larger and larger, inflating her gut from the inside like it was a balloon. It grew large enough to push the food into the back of her throat, the mother of all bloats. Her rising stomach grew a head taller than Bob before her dress finally gave out.

Riip

"Oops, looks like I busted through my nightgown. Should we *urp* get another?" Alyssa motioned towards her bloating stomach.

"We can leave it; we've got so much work to do." Bob drew in so close that Alyssa thought their lips would lock, only for the rest of the dish to be put up to her lips.

It was mostly thick cheese sauce, loose cream, and leftover butter, an indulgent and gluttonous thing to consider eating, but she was an obedient eater. Putting her lips to the tin, she felt it tilt aggressively, the warm remnants moving over her tongue in a continuous flow. She could taste the extra ingredients of the dish; the sour cream, the garlic, the cottage cheese, a horrendously bloating concoction. A concoction so bloating that its effects were felt immediately, the bubbling wave that pushed against her inner walls, coalescing with the massive bubble forming in her gullet. Her massive stomach poked through the chasm in her dress, a seam that parted to make way for her burgeoning bloat. Alyssa's stomach parted those seams like a whale breaching the waves, the shining surface quivering from all the gas that welled up inside of her system. There was a blockage of epic proportions taking place, some lump or mass that blocked her easy evacuation. Bob had taken his hands away, stopped feeding her as he felt her doming stomach looming behind him.

Ouuurrrrr

"Does piggy need a tummy rub?" Bob ran a hand under Alyssa's chin, teasing her as she leant into it.

"***Mmmmm mmmmm*** Who knows?" Alyssa's lip was quivering at the prospect of Bob's hands atop her gut, a fantasy she could have only dreamed of.

"Then oink for me, oink for me piglet, and I'll loosen you up." Bob's smile turned gleeful, almost threatening as he pinched Alyssa's cheek.

"***Snooogg hooog***." Alyssa snorted happily, doing her best impression of a piglet.

Alyssa's entire body was jostling from the roiling gases inside of her, the pressurizing air carrying itself through more than just her gut. She could feel her ass start to bloat, lift her off the bed; she could feel her chest start to wrap around Bob's crotch before he removed himself. In addition to all of those, she felt the heat in her loins return; it was the unmistakable feeling of her pelvic floor contracting, putting pressure on her nerves. Her lower lips greedily quivered in a yearning gape as fluid began to run down her crevasse. Small droplets that increased in flow as her own pressure did. Her body was looming above her, bumping into the cover atop her bed, an extra luxury that had been provided to her.

Blllooggllll

Gllloorrlll

"What an impatient piggy." Bob teased her, freeing himself from the tightening fold of her gut and cleavage, his erect member pulling the fabric with it and worsening the tear in her dress.

He didn't immediately go to attend to her gut; he moved to one of his trays first, pulling the cloche from the top. Two trays and two covers removed, revealing crisp and golden pies beneath. Between the golden laces of pastry, Alyssa saw the dark and jammy filling; they were blueberry pies. She practically bounced in the bed, rocking the bed frame with every move as Bob approached, laying those magnificent tins on Alyssa's exposed bosom. Despite how large the tins were, her cleavage still outscaled them; slivers of flesh crept out from the sides of the tins as their warmth dispersed across their skin.

"Good piggy's eat their dessert without help." Bob placed the tins down before moving back to Alyssa's gut.

She was a massive whale of a woman; her gut was so taut and swollen that it was hard to find purchase on the slicked surface. Bob had to stretch his arms so far that it looked like his arms would pop from their sockets. His bare hands inspecting Alyssa's quivering mountain, parting the fart with his fingertips as he pressed in. Poking and prodding until he found a spot that seemed tighter than the others, one that elicited a rumble when he touched it. Bob splayed his fingers around the spot, putting enough force to make her massive stomach rock. Like a teetering buoy on the water, it shook, wobbling back and forth as the pressurized bubble that terrorized her insides distorted. Whatever mass that was in her tract was moving, the smallest hints of relief coming from Alyssa's gut as it distorted.

Pop

She felt it, the force of some great bubble of air popping inside of her, the bubble profusing through her internals and nearly forcing the avalanche of pie back up. During Bob's little inspection she had been glutting herself on pies like a good girl. Dunking her face through the crust, taking heaping mouthfuls of the delicious treats. Letting the jam stain her face and the crumbs gather around her neck like a gorget, getting trapped in the growing folds around her neck. Only halfway through the first pie, she stopped, her gut crashing like the night sea as the gas inside of her released.

Fffffpppppppppppppttttttttttt

There was a change in the air pressure and the temperature as her cheek-clapping gas broke past her lady humps. Bassy and loud, blowing the curtains on her window and knocking away the loose dishes, it was the first of many as Bob's massages had released an army. Following behind that minute's long fart came more bubbling outbursts; she was constantly expelling gas, venting the fumes from her dairy indulgence.

"Snnffff Ahh, what a pleasant concoction. I think I can taste hints of rot and sewage." Bob snickered after taking a long whiff of her first ripper.

Ppbbbbffftttt

Brrrrtttttt

Ffpppppbbbt

More gas rolled out of her twitching hole, her swollen cheeks parting to make room for the blasting winds. After each expulsion, Bob took a deep whiff, inhaling the scent, savoring it before exhaling it like cigarette smoke.

"Not bad, a little fruity. Tastes like you had cobbler for dinner." Bob took another whiff before continuing to massage.

Bob did his best to soothe Alyssa's swollen gut, but only so much could be done when the avalanche of food kept falling. She devoured everything in front of her, swallowing the pies in greedy gulps, licking the tin clean from crumbs and jam. She sat satisfied for a moment, watching Bob just rub her immense stomach, but then he noticed her.

"What a naughty girl, not even telling me when the plate is empty." Bob gave her an admonishing grin.

"What happens to naughty girls?" Alyssa wiggled in her spot, trying her best to be seductive.

"They get fed." Bob snapped his fingers as the rest of the staff filtered into the room, grabbing the tins like an army.

Bob removed his hands from Alyssa's gut and planted his face between her legs, pulling her legs apart like the seas. When he parted her legs, the sealed juices in her fat folds released, spraying him with a squirt of love.

"Sorry." Alyssa blushed; she didn't expect someone to be plumbing her depths so soon.

"No need for apologies; it's part of the package." Bob grinned as he dove down between her legs.

Below her massive gut was a wild and unkempt bush atop a flabby fupa; it was a dense and thick mass of spindly hair that looked like underbrush. Bob ran his hands through, the greasy hairs releasing a funk as he broke the treetop seal. Trying to run his hand through was like pushing through sand, soft but unbelievably dense and unyielding. Alyssa's pubes bristled under his fingertips, his probes combing lower until he felt the bulging button of her clit. A soft

nub at the apex of her folds, a twitching nodule that he brushed against. That single touch sent her rocking and made her lower lips tense, squishing around Bob's thumb like a trap before he moved on. The musky odor that permeated her lower half was an addictive funk; he couldn't get enough of it from standing height. He dove down, pushing his head into that massive bush, inhaling the scent as deeply as he could. Enjoying the pungent odor that filled his nostrils and left a tang in the back of his throat. The scent was so addictive, so driving, that he went deeper, parting the massive folds of her fupa, and started to lick between. His moist tongue passed over the gelatinous folds of her fat until he found that nub again, using it as a guide to her cavern.

Frrppppptttt

The stimulus was a bit too much for Alyssa to fully resist; it made her body quiver, and another heavy fart slipped out. She felt the need to apologize between bites of food, but Bob signaled the okay from the side of her gut. Alyssa was satisfied and continued her feasting. While Bob had been caring for her lower lips, the staff had been attending to her upper ones, ferrying dish after dish into her mouth. She could barely keep up with the whirlwind of drivers feeding her from all angles; food came from her left and right. Her head twirled behind bites, gorging herself on whatever was put in front of her. Pizza, burgers, chicken, pastas, the whole gambit of comfort dishes traveled down her gullet. Each dish was larger than it seemed at first glance, or she was just unimaginably full, as her body kept billowing out with her swallows.

Alyssa's body was inflating at a heightened pace, her belly breaking completely free from the trappings of her gown, the white silk lay split at her sides. The quivering mass rose higher and wide, spilling over her fattened trunk and onto her sheets. A widening mountain of food and gas, a tanned moon that burst through the wooden frame above her. Crashing the bed cover to the side and wedging itself between the frame. Alongside her gut, her breasts began to billow out, seeping over the rim of her gown like free flows of fat. Darkened skin poked out over the hem as her dinnerplate areolas began to make their presence known. It was like she was inflating with her own fat, the food she ate almost immediately being processed into calories. Her hedonistic feast pushed her breasts into absurdity, moving them from huge melons to bloated beachballs that smacked against her gut. A person could comfortably lose themselves in her luscious expanse.

Bbrrrtttttt

Fwwwtttttttt

Pppffftttttttt

Refusing to be ignored, her ass chimed in on the festivities, playing a symphony with gaseous contents. Blasting more farts than she had on Halloween, a machine gun of hot gas washed over her lover. All the while, her ass was still growing, still bloating. Those mammoth cheeks were seeping out from under her like creeping oozes, blowing up with fat, the same as her breasts. Pumping with adipose and creating deep pits in the mattress, they flared out with

her hips as they brushed against the bedposts. The towering trunks she called legs were enough to break a person in two. Huge and lumbering logs of fat that made the large curtain of her fupa near inaccessible. They brushed into her pelvis and her meaty folds, creating a jumbled maze of fat and flesh. All of it, all of that mass was growing as she ate, expanding without a known limit.

"Thank god this guy's rich." One of the servers chimed in from the back of the line.

"Yeah, seriously. I don't think I'd be dealing with a cow like this if it wasn't for the cash."

"A cow? This girl's more like a blimp. Look how big she is."

"Well, I've never seen a blimp fart this much."

Comments like that continued, the servers throwing cutting remarks Alyssa's way as they waited their turn to feed her. Even with her feverous eating, it was a backup; lines continued on further than the eye could see. Servers were starting to get antsy, impatiently looking about the line as they waited to get their job over and done with. Their tension was palpable, a panic that filtered through the procession until one broke rank. In a bolting sprint, a server rushed past the others. Claiming a spot atop her gut, they shoved a whole sandwich down her craw, pushing it past her greedy lips with force. With that one break in line, the entire procession fell apart; people swarmed Alyssa like gnats. Crowding around her head to feed her in a frenzied rush, feeding her so fast that it made her dizzy. She was eating dishes whole, swallowing as fast as she could and not even bothering to chew.

Crkkkkkkkk

Ppbbbbfftttt

Grnnnnn

Alyssa was having trouble discerning if the creaking groans were coming from her gut or from the bed. More rumbling gas slipped past her gelatinous cheeks, eliciting more excited inhales from Bob as it passed by. She kept growing, kept expanding, her belly bulging out from the wooden frames as cracks formed along the rods. It was a contest of physics, and in those contests, mass beats mass. Her gut sprang loose from the bedcover, snapping the rods down the center and bringing the whole bed down with them. Her own added bulk along with the servers was too much for the fixture to handle. She crashed down on the bed with all the grace of a walrus, her wobbling frame jostling back and forth, but she kept eating. Almost without a beat, she was back to consumption, letting dishes be shoveled down her greedy lips like the air.

Bbbpppppprrrrr

Urrlrrlrul

Mmmpppphhhh

A hurricane was flowing from her cheeks, a whipping tempest of gas that tore gashes into the wall behind her. Winds so fierce that they stripped Bob of his suit, leaving him bare in front of Alyssa's gushing lips. Streams of pleasure spurted from her fat nethers, squirting gushes that resembled a pressure cooker ready to burst. Omnidirectional streams of cum that were blown away by her flowing farts. She cried out in muffled ecstasy, curling her toes in anticipation of the coming flood. She ached for release; she needed it, an end to the maddening pleasure that clawed away at her mind.

Rmbblblblblbl

Grnnnn

Her whole body rocked, muscles spasming in an uncontrollable flail as pleasure overtook her. The burning wick of her orgasm was running low, a lit fuse about to reach the payload. A groan followed her shaking body, the piledrive of food finally striking her core, piercing the unseen heart of her structure. Whatever it was, it was the last nail in the coffin, the final support for the dam. As in an instant, her body bulged out, flooding the rest of the room and burying the lights in her own flesh before it grew too much.

Oooooohhhhh

Bloooooossh

Alyssa woke up at her desk, panting heavily, the exhilaration of her dream still vivid in her mind. She could still feel Bob's tongue between her lips, still feel the unimaginable pleasure of her senses being assaulted. Instinctively she reached down between her legs, shuddering at the sticky puddle on her thighs.

"Fuck. How am I gonna explain this one?" She pulled her hand up, thick and viscous fluid coating her hand. "And why do I keep dreaming of Bob stuffing me like a pig?"

Alyssa had a lot of time to ruminate on those questions as she slopped her way back to the office, ready to grab a change of clothes.

Chapter Eleven: The Ball of the Ball

"So, what do you think ol' Bobby boy's got in store for us this year?" Penny took a swig of her drink as she stood gossiping.

"If it's anything like last year, we're probably going to be seeing a lot of the butterball over there." Tony took a sip of punch as he glanced towards Alyssa.

"Probably. Wonder how she'll take it? Last girl had to be rolled out of here by the end of the party." Penny chuckled at the thought. "That was pretty funny, though, when she got stuck in the door."

"I'm a bit curious how she'll do. Aloni took like three years to reach Alyssa's size." Tony finished his punch and made his way to grab another.

It was the Grasco holiday party, a company-funded event that happened every year, come wintertime. A massive and special affair, a party that was pulled straight from a postcard, the party hall was draped in tinsel so bright that it gave the room a warm haze; the tree in the corner stretched up to the ceiling and was wider than Alyssa. Tables were placed against the far walls, stacked high with punch, liquors, and more food than you could imagine. Old Grasco postcards and ads were plastered on the walls, blown up to poster size so everyone could admire the detail. In the center of the room was a rotunda stage, a special pedestal wheeled in each year for whatever announcement was to be made. Normally Bob would be there with his pet project at the time, but today the stage only had a single occupant, Alyssa.

Alyssa felt a bit nervous looking about the room; she was vulnerable to all eyes, everyone able to see her from all angles. Being the center of attention was becoming more of a common occurrence to her; that didn't mean she was fully used to it, especially not in her current outfit. She had been agonizing over what outfit to choose for such an upscale event; none of the things that fit her were baggy enough, and the baggy ones didn't fit at all. She remembered scouring Bob's wardrobe until she came upon a single dress that caught her eyes. It was metallic and shimmering, with embedded bits of gemstone that made it glitter like snowflakes. At the time, she thought it was a great idea; it looked so good on her, when she got to the party, she realized how much it made her stand out. Lights caught the edges of her dress, making her sparkle in the showroom like an ornament on the tree.

The comparison wasn't helped by her rotund body; even moderately empty, her gut rested in front of her like a massive globe. It was a massive moon of a gut, a blob of flab that undulated between her legs as it flowed over the edge of the chair. She had gone into the party empty, per Bob's advice, and she was really feeling it at the moment. Her stomach grumbled like a howling beast, adding an odd melody to the cheery music that the live band played. Alyssa bit her lip in anticipation, gripping the arms of her chair as she looked at the glistening food on the

table. Watching people eat without her being able to only made it more torturous, watching as they took massive slices of glazed ham and helpings of scalloped potatoes. The anticipation made her readjust in her seat, which only served to shake up her massive assets. Her dress was an open-top one, thin straps of rub draped over her shoulders as enormous cups held her breasts in place. Vast tracts of tan flesh that swayed like the ocean, bulbous balloons of fat that were only outdone by her enormous backside. Her ass flowed through the arms in the chair, massive walls of blubber that seeped through the gap between chair and arm. The chair squeaked every time she adjusted her weight, waiting for Bob to come and save her from this starvation. As if on cue, the double doors on the end burst open, Bob pushing his way through.

He was draped in his holiday best, a pristine green suit with red accessories that made him fit the holiday perfectly. Striding across the room with confidence, stopping to greet everyone and talk about the party. His slicked hair was a wave of blonde locks that fit him perfectly, immaculate strands that accentuated his image. Alyssa couldn't help but get lost in his looks, watching him with admiring eyes as he locked with hers. There was a momentary exchange, a knowing glance that held different meanings for both. Alyssa was entranced, wrapped up in Bob completely; Bob, on the other hand, was admiring her rotund stomach, eager to see what it would look like by night's end.

"Gotta say, you look like the belle of the ball tonight." Bob stepped on the stage with his arms wide open, gesturing towards the crowd and back to her.

"More like the ball of the ball. Everybody's been looking at me all night." Alyssa looked a bit embarrassed as she caught more glances.

Even with her exhibitionism at Halloween and her ravenous dreams, she wasn't ready to fully indulge in her other side. She still wanted to keep that side of herself hidden, but all it took was a little encouragement from Bob to bring her around to things.

"What can I say? You glow." Bob chuckled before planting a hand on Alyssa's gut, giving it a few jiggling pats. "How's the tank doing?"

"Empty. I'm starving." Alyssa blushed at Bob's touch, feeling his hand sink into her empty balloon was electric.

"Just a little longer; the surprise I've got in store for you will solve that hunger problem." Bob removed his hand from Alyssa's gut as he saw to more festivities.

More time passed as Bob flitted about the party, mingling with all of Alyssa's coworkers and keeping up appearances. Occasionally people would walk by to greet Alyssa; they'd talk shop and the like, but it wasn't enough to distract from her hunger. After a bit more time, Bob approached the stage, the far doors opening as he did. Entering from those double doors was a cart, a cart that was four lanes wide and long as a banquet table; it took five people to push. The wheels squeaked in strain as the music quieted, and Bob pulled a microphone from his pocket.

"Thanks again for coming out, everyone; it's really special to see you all here every year. And don't worry, your checks are in the mail." Bob paused a bit for the crowd to laugh at a joke that got a few chuckles. "Now, onto the important matters. You know there's an important announcement at every one of these little parties, and my track record is going to continue this year."

Bob stopped again, repositioning himself on the stage, moving to the side as he motioned towards Alyssa.

"Sometime last February, my last secretary moved on to better pastures. So I opened up the position, and that's when we got our dear Alyssa. I feel like she's managed to make a good impression, whether you can hear her coming from four rooms over or you're trapped in an elevator with her. We've all gotten to know Alyssa pretty intimately." Bob waited for the chuckles about Alyssa's size to pass before continuing. "But not all positions are permanent. Sometimes there's a better spot for someone, no matter how well they do."

As Bob spoke those words, he moved in front of Alyssa, getting down on one knee as he pulled a box from his pocket. It was a small box, just big enough to fit in the palm of his hand, draped in red velvet with a snapping clasp. Alyssa felt her heart skip a beat; she'd had a crush on Bob, but they had never done anything to signify a relationship. A proposal was something pulled from her wildest dreams, the fantasies she dare not share with anything other than her journal. Her fluttering heart and blushing expression changed to confusion when Bob opened up the box; inside was not a ring; it was a pin.

"Alyssa. I would like to offer you the highest honor one can get at Grasco. I would like to make you our official taste tester." Bob pulled the pin from the box; it was a small enamel pin in the shape of a pot roast.

"I...I don't know what to say. Could I get some time to think about it?" Alyssa put a finger to her chin as Bob affixed the pin to the side of her gown.

"I've gotta tell you, Alyssa, you can think on it, but what is there to think about? It's the highest-paid position in the company, it's the cushiest job you can ask for, and you can eat as much as you want. So what is there to think about?" Bob got up, pulling Alyssa's hands between his own.

"Oh. When you put it that way, what choice do I have but to accept?" Alyssa blushed, looking Bob in the eyes as she answered.

"You have no idea how happy this makes me. It's a bit rude to put you on the clock in the middle of a party, but I think you'll get a kick out of this." Bob motioned for the cart to come closer; the cart whirred as the table rose to be level with Alyssa. "It's the New Year's line of goods, all ready for a certain woman to give her seal of approval."

With Bob's signal, the assistants pulled the cloth from the immense mountain on the cart, revealing what Alyssa suspected it was. Before her was a yawning table stacked high with goods, steaming dishes of all the holiday classics prepared with the greatest of care. It was a banquet table's worth of food, and all of it was for her; her inner pig wanted her to leap on it, to devour it hand over fist without a care, but a more reasonable voice won out.

"It's so much food. Don't you think it's a little excessive?" Alyssa tried to play things a bit bashfully.

"Nonsense, you can handle this, easy. Once you get in the groove, you'll feel great." Bob grinned, pulling a dish from the table.

He had grabbed the glazed ham, an enormous leg of pig glazed in honey and roasted to absolute perfection. Alyssa's stomach grumbled the moment the meaty scent hit her sinuses, eliciting a smirk from Bob and a grin from herself. Though it was on a plate, Alyssa felt compelled to grab that ham by the bone still in it. Using it as a handle to take an enormous bite, she was supposed to be a tester, but that first bite was just so addicting. In moments she had cleaned meat from the bone, tearing away succulent chunks as juices dripped down her cheek. Honeyed grease flowed down her neck and onto her cleavage, making her breasts glisten like the ham she'd eaten.

"Such a messy eater. Here, let me help you." Bob smiled as he pulled a kerchief from his pocket.

With a flourish he patted the grease from Alyssa's chest, rubbing the oil across her breasts and making them glisten. Her enormous orbs shaking with each press, she swore she could feel him playing as he pressed in. Pushing into her breasts, letting the soft mounds divot under his touch before releasing them and doing it again. She was about to make a comment before he finished and grabbed another plate from the table. This was the roast beef, the centerpiece of any good feast, but Bob didn't give it to her. Instead he sliced massive hunks of meat from it, holding them at the tip of his fork, letting the juices fall on the plate. Alyssa leaned forward, obediently opening her mouth to take a bite of the sumptuous meat, her satin lips curling around the seared grains. Pulled it off the fork, graciously chewing before swallowing, it was a rich and buttery slice of meat, but she wasn't given time to savor it. Immediately after that first bite, another was on its way, a larger and heartier bite. Bob's eager grin encouraged her as he fed her at a frenzied pace.

The bites she took cleared the dish in moments, with another in its place for her to enjoy; it was a dizzying feast that she could barely keep up with. She ate and ate, her empty stomach burbling happily as it filled with the food she'd so ravenously desired. She ate until she was full, her belly bloating from the massive load of food gas that was bubbling within her. She finally felt normal, like she wasn't fading away, and now came the fun part. With her yoga ball of a belly rising up on her lap, the wobbling layers of blubber settling atop the tight bubble, she began to

grow. Pushing past her previous limits as more food found a home inside of her gullet. Alyssa's heightened metabolism took to her cause like it knew about the duty before she did, piling fat upon her filling midriff and her burgeoning body. Every bit of her was growing, like she did in her dreams, but this was real. Her gut flowed over her fat thighs in waves of blossoming fat, the soft haunches getting lost in the clothed globe. The tightening balloon inside of all of that fat just kept growing, expanding like it had no limit, pushing into Bob as he leaned over her. She could feel his hardening cock pressing into the side of her gut, the hard rod pushed into her flowing fat as Bob leaned closer. She could feel him reorienting himself, maneuvering around her massive blimp, leaning to find the perfect vantage. When that throbbing rod planted itself in her shallow navel, the barest tip trapped itself inside her cave, her skin pulling as Bob removed himself.

Having him so close, feeling his weight and his heat on her chest, made her quiver; it made her want to reach out and grab him, but she was a bit occupied. The food flowing into her was only increasing; Bob fed her like he was a machine, replacing each forkful with an already full one before she could recover. Each morsel that tumbled down her fattening throat landed on the growing mass of food in her gullet with an unflattering squash. She didn't bother opening her eyes; she kept them closed and enjoyed the ambience of everything. The band had changed to playing a slower and more whimsical song; the heat had been turned up to shield them from the frigid outside. It was all miraculous, like something from one of her trashy movies, and then the comments came.

"You know, when Bob mentioned pastures earlier. I thought we were shipping Alyssa off to one. Give her a chance to roam and graze."

"What?"

"You know, cuz she's a fat cow? Like look at her, she's massive."

"Not like a cow, more like, I don't know. What are those sea cows? Manatees? She's closer to a manatee."

The comments, the cutting comments of her coworkers, hit her in her core and made her shudder. Not from sadness, but from excitement; the scene was complete, her dirtiest fantasies given life as she kept eating. Fat flowed over the rims of her dress as her breasts swelled with fat, growing over the edge of her dress in seeping flows. Heaving mounds that actively grew with her bites, inches added to inches as her breasts grew beyond melons. They were becoming expansive mounds that could easily conceal a head or two, resting upon her burgeoning stomach like lazy blobs as her dress dug into her chest. It wasn't stopping with her breasts as her hips and ass were joining in on the fun.

Alyssa was growing wider by the second; her massive haunches stretched the confines of her dress and made the fabric cling to her form. Growing over the edges of the chair and wedging against the massive throne, she was sat upon. The arms hugged her flanks, digging into her burgeoning lovehandles and trapping her in their confines, her blubbery obliques

enveloping them as she ate. Even with her double-wide chair, there was no chance of it comfortably holding her as she grew. Her blossoming ass kept pushing her forward, trying to scoot her out of the chair, but to no avail. Her heaving cheeks rode up her back, growing mounds of flab that bounced with growth, each one large enough to take up a spot on the couch. Yet they paled in comparison to her gut as the massive garden of flesh blossomed in front of her.

She was large, large enough that Bob had to climb atop her gut to keep feeding her, not that she minded. Assistants had taken to handing him dishes as he straddled her gut, legs placed atop its surface like he was riding a bronco. Alyssa could see the prominent bulge in his pants, the massive indent it made in her fatty gut. Just the sight of it made her blush; she tried to give him a sexy wink, but it was lost between massive bites. She wasn't the sexy diva of her fantasies; she was, in fact, a rather clumsy landslide of a woman. Her goofy demeanor wasn't helped when Bob adjusted, almost purposefully thrusting into her gut before handing her another spoonful of cream. Her gut encroached onto the floor, gradually consuming more of its real estate as she ate to her heart's content. Eating was about all she could do with how fast Bob was feeding her, his eyes wide in a feverish dedication as her gut burgeoned in front of her. The underside of her belly was reaching the stage, the fat fold bunching against the wood in heaped folds as the colossal weight of her stomach bore down on it. As she continued her decadent feast, she felt another spoon approach from the side, a creamy casserole pushed through the corner of her mouth. Alyssa opened her eyes to see her coworkers lining up around the table, grabbing dishes to aid in feeding the beast, all of them beckoned by Bob.

"That's right everyone, let's help our tester get through her first shift. Cram her full and keep going." Bob was waving people up to the table; people slowly filtered into a line to feed her.

It was just like her fantasy, a spoon from the left, a fork from the right, and a tilted dish from the front. Rotating shifts of food that piled atop her tongue in heaps, she was having to take larger and larger mouthfuls to keep up. Her cheeks bulged as she took the massive piles in hearty gulps. Chewing had become a thing of the past; she relied on her coworkers' restraint in everything going down smoothly. With the transition from chewed food to whole morsels, what was once an easy task was becoming an arduous one for Alyssa's stomach. Acidic muck bubbled around the unchewed slices of ham, frothed at the floats of potatoes in her gullet. With that frantic dissolution came gas, more gas than she could easily handle. By some miracle she'd managed to make it through the entire feast without passing any gas, but that wouldn't stay true for much longer. The dripping basin of her internals was beginning to whirl, beginning to froth, forming gas sought an exit, an avenue to move its vaporous form. Its first attempts were to stretch the soft insides of its master, pushing against Alyssa's gut with great pressure.

On the outside, the fluffy surface of her stomach began to tighten, rounding out as the growing bubble inside of her displaced everything. Rising from the folds and turning into a smooth balloon, her upper belly rumbled between Bob's legs. Shifting contents and twitching muscles gave him a massage as he put down the plate, handing it off to a gossiping coworker.

Breaking the romance of that moment was the loudest, rankest gust of wind that had ever escaped Alyssa's backside. The rims of her dress fluttered as the gas blew from her hole; the hours of feasting and good behavior were destroyed in a moment of release. Sweat started to form on her strained face as the blustering gale roared from her backside; the strain from her tensed muscles burned as much as her hole. She could feel her sphincter widening, turning into a wind tunnel just to facilitate all of the gas she'd been containing. There was wetness forming between her legs, her tensed muscles and the sensation of the gas ripping from her body getting her worked up. Her clenched lower lips tingled as that fart kept going, lasting over a minute and fumigating the surroundings with her expulsion. Going until it started to taper off, her widened hole shrinking back down as her muscles puffed the last few sputters of gas.

Ffrrrtttt

Brrlrrlrlfff

A few last outbursts came from her hole, the only sounds that could be heard, aside from her own stomach. Her outburst had stifled everyone, quieting their talks and discussion into a deafening silence. Alyssa could hear their awkward shuffling, the quiet clearing of their throats, and the coughs and sputters her gas caused. She went bright red; the shame she felt was overpowering her lewd thoughts. Even she, wasn't immune to her own unladylike behavior, feeling the pressing heat or boring eyes, she turned from her coworkers to Bob.

"Hey, look...I'm really...***mmphph***." Alyssa's apology was interrupted by another forceful kiss.

Bob had dragged her in, locked their lips as passion overwhelmed him, fueling his desire for more of her.

"Please, I know there's gonna be more of that. Let's see how loud we can make 'em." Bob retreated from her lips, grabbing food from a growing pile behind him.

Her coworkers had been passing Bob food to feed her once their little exchange was done. It heaped behind him in a massive mountain of fried and baked goods, rich dishes that she had trouble identifying, but ones that all ended up inside of her. The rush of food continued, doubling in speed as Alyssa's massive stomach bloated with goods. Growing out from her dress, the faintest hints of her caramel balloon showed from beneath her shrinking dress. The stretched threads of her gown had given up on trying to conceal her body and opted for survival. With the increased pace of her feasting, Alyssa's body blew up at an exponential rate, her metabolism running in overdrive to try and process it all. Everything billowed out as blubber formed under her skin, growing her from a heavy woman into a mountain made flesh.

Crkkkkk

Snaap

The arms from her throne snapped off the chair, clattering to the ground as her freed ass seeped over the edges. Hanging down in waterfalls of fat that were cinched by the edges of her dress. As soon as she broke the arms off her chair, there were two more to take its place, to catch the overflow of blubber. A pair of armless chairs was grabbed from the party floor and propped under the growing ass. Her coworkers had to work in pairs to lift one of those meaty flanks as the third slid the chair underneath. Some of them lingered a bit longer, kneading her soft flesh as it grew, giving her bloated bottom heavy smacks. Those who had lost their chance to feed her had taken to playing with her booty, giving it idle pokes and prods as they stood clear of her gas.

Bbrrrrttttttt

Fffppppppppppbbb

With her accelerated metabolism, her gas was pouring out in liters, constant and continuous flows of rancid farts that could kill a bear. The cushioning at her rear was starting to peel away, fabric wearing away under her blistering winds. There was one thing she could hear over her own gas, and that was the comments from her coworkers.

"Dare you to take a whiff." Larry taunted Gina as they backed away from Alyssa's bloating ass.

"Hell no, I'd die or go bald. That shit's like a toxic hazard." Gina noted the wilting flowers above Alyssa.

"Come ooon, it can't be that bad. Tell ya what. You last five seconds in there, I'll cover garden duty for the next month." Larry gestured his hands into a finger five.

"Deal." Gina seemed incredibly eager to be rid of gardening duty, as she practically leapt into Alyssa's expanding cheeks.

Bbrrrrtttttt

Brrrraaaaaaaaaaaa

Alyssa's overwhelming gales fluttered from her cheeks in tapering trumpets; blast after blast washed over Gina's body. She had gone whole hog, diving deep into Alyssa's crack, head buried between her mounds as Larry counted. After the five seconds were up, she removed herself from Alyssa's ass and staggered over towards the group. She had done more than endure Alyssa's gas; she swallowed a bit of it during that whole test. Her bare gut hung out from her top, peaking over the waistband of her pants.

"**Hurp** Suck it Larry. Your turn to play in the mud." Gina belched out a small puff of gas as she drunkenly slurred her words before collapsing onto her own stomach.

While Alyssa's ass was considered the danger zone, her front was far from dangerous; it was desired. A select few had been scrambling to get between her thighs, navigating the looming glacier that was her belly and squeezing between her folds.

The moment they lifted the heaviest crease of her gut, the fold where her belly and thigh met, a burst of steam rose in the air. A hot and humid mist emanated from the secluded cavern her gut had turned her pelvis into. It came out in a musky perfume, a mixture of her heavy sweat and sexual funk, a pleasant bouquet that drew them in. Something about her scent acted like a pheromone, driving them to dive into her depths. Parting her lips like a curtain, they found the source of their desire, plump mound covered in matted hair. Glistening with sweat as the lights shone through the depths, her lips and fupa wobbled like a gel. Those who could reach lunged forward, diving deep as they stuck their finger deep into her lips. The wet flesh squelched under the driving tip as they moved up and into her bush, mingling the scents of sweat and pleasure before withdrawing. In an act of manic depravity, they held it to their nose, running it along the digit as they sniffed deeply.

"Fuck dude, it's like a good cheese. It's primo." Chet exhaled in euphoria as he encouraged Lana to go.

"Hell yeah, hold this and let me get some of that." Lana didn't hesitate, diving as deep as she could.

Without an ounce of dignity, Lana dove under Alyssa's gut, ready to let herself be crushed by the heavy boulder before Chet caught it. She dove into Alyssa's bush, no shame, no inhibition. She ran her tongue along Alyssa's pubes, letting the crinkling and textured hair dance across her tongue, filling it with the funk she desired. She sniffed deeply before she noticed the cave begin to tremble above her; Chet was losing his grip. Lana got a final sniff and then left before Alyssa's gut collapsed upon her.

"Yeah, no, that was worth some broken bones." Lana shoved her nose into her palms as she shuddered from pleasure.

Everyone continued playing with Alyssa's growing body, grabbing what they could, when they could. The when was becoming the tough part, as Alyssa's body was overflowing the stage; it was hard to get a grip on her without being forced away. People had to climb her folds, scaling her massive body to continue feeding her. She was a behemoth, a blob of flesh that wanted to consume all around her. Growing near endlessly, expelling more fumes than a volcano as she expanded. The food on the table was almost gone, her feast almost depleted, just the scraps of dessert left over. Her current indulgence was a punch bowl of pudding, with a rim wider than her head; she needed Bob's help to scoop it past her eager tongue. She lapped it up like milk, rolling dollops of heavy sweets over her tongue before swallowing them. Despite her growth, she seemed to be sinking, falling lower towards the ground.

Crkkkkkkk

Grrnnnnn

Accompanying her sinking were the sounds of groans and creaks, something close to metal or a ship in the harbor. Next to the blistering sounds of her gas and the disharmonious sounds of her filling stomach, the groaning created a deafening cacophony. Nobody could tell the source, and they assumed it was Alyssa; she was bigger than anyone had ever been, and surely she had a limit. Even the biggest balloon could pop, so what made her any different?

Creaaaaaakk

"Damn it, everybody hit the deck." Greg called out to the crowd as Alyssa started to shake.

"Great, this is Fern all over again." Bertha shook her head in dismay as she leapt into the crowd.

The creaking only got louder as Alyssa started to shake, her body wobbling like there was an earthquake beneath her. She paid it no mind, still eating without a care in the world, eating whatever Bob handed her. The shaking grew more pronounced as everyone vacated the stage, anxiously looking at the bloated mountain like it was a bomb.

Ppbbfffttttt

Fwwwwwttttttt

Rmbblblbbbl

Crash

With a stupendous fall, Alyssa crashed to the floor, the chairs underneath her shattering under her weight as she fell on her back. Food flew into the air, splattering around her in a mess as collapsed chairs vanished somewhere in her mountainous form. Bob was flipped into the air, launched skyward, only to land squarely on her blubbery stomach. Alyssa's blimp shook back and forth, wobbling like an enormous mound of gelatin as Bob rested atop of it. He and Alyssa shared a look, her face curled into a dopey smile.

"I think might be a bit big." She grinned towards Bob, shoving her exposed nipple back into her top.

"Not big enough." Bob chuckled holding up a cupcake that managed to not splatter against her stomach.

"You fill me much more, and I'm not gonna be able to walk out of here." Alyssa kicked her feet happily as she faked movement.

"Who needs to walk when you've got industry?" Bob tossed the cupcake down towards Alyssa's head, she ate it happily. "Alright people, go get the shipping flat. We're gonna need to get her out of here. Until then, hand me some more food."

Chapter Twelve: Musings On Growth

You'd think it would be hard to remember things when you're a massive gas blimp being stuffed with food, the night was a bit hazy for me. But remember some key things. With all the food they piled inside of me, things kinda seemed like a dream. A little after they got the flat cart out, they rolled me onto it. It left me a bit exposed, but I wasn't complaining. People could jam whatever they wanted into me, as long as one of them was food. I ate, I belched, I farted. Fuck, that was a good night.

I remember that freak Tina, she kept running into my ass, trying to inhale some of my gas, she was looking like a balloon by the end of the night. Especially when she tried it while they were trying to squeeze me out of the door. Turns out, doors are built for people, not for blobs. They pushed and they shoved, digging their hands into my bloated gut, which felt great, but they couldn't quite get me out. I was a bit too flabby, a bit too full, and Bob was not helping with that matter. They decided to juice me, like in that Wonka movie, but replace juice with gas. They gassed me. The entire workforce was pushing on me from both ends; people dug into my ass and back to stabilize, while others pressed into my gut. It felt...it felt really really good. I've been bugging Bob to get me a little personal squeezer for nights. I'm feeling real gassy and full, cuz damn was that great.

Let me tell you, having thirty balloons of gas evacuated from your body all at once, better than sex. Back on Tina, that poor girl, she was face first in my ass when the whole thing went down. I think she busted out of her clothes, and they just had to leave her, but I had gotten out of the door and made it to the first floor. They had to roll me on a flatbed truck and parade me downtown to get me someplace I could fit. Bob was crazy about it, though; he dropped everything to make sure I got to a nice place. Then, he and I had a little alone time. He filled me with holiday cheer, a lot of it actually. Who knew one person could make so much, but it turns out, it was a lot. Everything that night was so magical, so filling, that I could hardly believe it. Until the next day came, and the day after that.

It took a week for all of that food to finally digest, on top of the food I was eating every day. Calories in the hundreds of thousands being processed while you're eating ten thousand a day. It adds up; I outgrew Bob's entire stashed wardrobe, blew up like a hot air balloon. Tailors

are working on me night and day, taking multiple measurements and estimating my size. Bob put the girls in data to try and chart my expected growth, but that didn't help much. Every day is a new set of tapes around my tits, and that's about the only thing they can use it to measure. Science team is using lasers to keep track of my size now; the scale they use for me is the same one they use for trucks. Weighed at start of day, and weighed at the end. They cart me around like I can't move, but I'm not complaining. Pretty sure I'd do more damage if I just got up. I save that for special occasions; you've never felt a man go stiff until you've sat on him with an ass that weighed more than a bus. My bouts of mobility do have their perks.

That leaves me in my current state; after a month, I think all of that food has finally processed, but I'm huge. I grew up and out; I'm like Mt. Woman. Kids could take a field trip to me; heck, adults do. When I'm stuck in the cafeteria for testing duty, some people just climb on me like I'm a playground. As long as I get to keep my trashy romance novels and they keep giving me food, I'm fine. It's a pretty nice gig, pretty stable, really different from how I expected things would go, but there's a problem. I've gotten too big to feed myself. Bob's a resourceful one, though; he found a workaround. He set up an employee incentivization program; you get a bonus if you help feed me each day.

Chapter Thirteen: Life As a Blob

Alyssa was lost in her thoughts as she sat in the cafeteria; true to herself, she was a mountain of a woman. Looming like some great mountain in the distance, she sat against the wall, her colossal rear parked in front of a vent to help relieve her coworkers from her constant fumes. Custom furniture had been made around her, pieces that could hold the little bits and bobs she needed for entertainment. She had taken her work as a taste tester seriously, getting a computer that would record her notes about the foods. Hooked to a headset that recorded her voice when she spoke, her dictations were often broken up by loud belches that overwhelmed her words and the sound of chewing. Both of those were constant with her attempts to describe the foods being fed to her, they were as common as punctuation in her transcripts. Today's spread had yet to be fully appreciated, but the ham she was eating was the first on the docket.

"Trying the **huuuuuurppp** Teriyaki glazed ham. **Nomph omf** Taste is fine, strong notes of salt and umami. **Rurggg!** Has a noted sweetness, will do well in American markets, but glaze overwhelms the ham. Elicits thirst." Alyssa reached for her drink glass, her fat fingers struggling to get to the table.

Her own fat was proving hard to move against, but a handy helper moved the glass a bit closer so she could snatch it up. Alyssa could easily get up, but with all the food piled atop her mammoth stomach, it would cause a continental upheaval. She was really quite large, her blubber-bathed abdomen stretched out before her like a swimming pool. A grand and wobbling

mass of fat that moved in waves when food finally hit her stomach. Longer than any banquet table, it was closer to a small whale or a car than a piece of human flesh. People who wanted to feed her needed step ladders or stairwells to set the food on top of her. The girth of her stomach had extended back to her body as well, her plush love handles having bulged atop of each other as her stomach stretched her torso. She had gotten taller in the months since she started the position; her head sat a bit above her breasts, just enough to see the massive curve of her stomach. She couldn't see the slope of her stomach, but the people feeding her certainly got a nice view of it.

Looking at her from the front was like staring at a cliffside, a massive glacier of blubber; it was gelatinous and remarkably sturdy, held in place by the packed state of her stomach. Despite her massive size, she had managed to stay remarkably clothed, a feat possible by the team of tailors that worked on her. Today's outfit was a remarkably bespoke business suit that wrapped around her curves like a glove. Around her navel was a belt as thick as a forearm, a band of pristine leather that was hitched around massive corduroy pants. The belt dug into her girthy stomach, pressing into the flab of her gut and making it flow over like proofing dough. Below that overhang of flab was a bulging wall of blue fabric that held her lower gut into place; the massive and heaving blob rose and fell with her breathing. Every little swallow was another bulge in the cloth and another tooth unlatched on her towering zipper. A zipper that trailed up her curvature like a tree, dizzying rows of interlocking teeth that snapped away as she ate. Little by little, throughout the day, her mammoth underbelly would be unveiled as a patch of growing fabric. There was already a large triangle of white showing with today's meal, meaning she was wearing white panties today; just above that patch of white, and above the belt, was her pant button. It was a poor and abused thing, a disc of metal like a manhole cover, pulled tight against her blubbery body and stressing against her expanding flesh. So beleaguered that it was merely a gleaming button of gold underneath squished fat. Her gut wasn't the only treasure contained in her pants, for those bold enough, there was something more.

Just behind that leviathan of a stomach, along the expanse of her protruding clothes, was another bump. If one were to trace the bump, they would see it led all the way back to her pelvis; it was her fupa. In her growth, Alyssa's fupa had expanded and swelled dramatically; packed with fat, it was another cliff in the mountain of her body. People stuck their hand in to see how deep the crease went; their repeated impacts led to tears in the fabric, which let her funk seep into the world. The scent coming from that particular portion of her body was alluring and refined, the months of unwashed fluids collecting into a pungent aroma. Poking out from that torn porthole was a small bushel of her unkempt pubes. Sprouting like a shoot in the ground, her pubic hair protruded, a tuft of coarse hair that led to something grander. People had taken to getting whiffs of it when they passed by her immense body. Burying their heads in the stiff bristles and nearly passing out from the overpowering funk. Buried deep in the folds of stomach were her legs, immense bundles of fat, huge pillars that supported the whole frame. Powerful columns that were concealed by massive overflows of hip and thigh fat, making them appear as a uniform blob on her body.

The front was the only portion that most dealt with on a regular basis, as traveling near Alyssa's backside was a hazard. No matter what time, no matter what she ate, her ass was always ready to erupt in paint-peeling blasts of gas. Her massive cheeks were held in that cage of cloth, but just barely. Stuffed into a prison that they could easily outgrow, that she could shatter the bars of with a single outburst. Something that had happened on the frequent, any time she wore pants, she risked a blowout, and the same was true today. The vast curves of her pants contoured her bloated derriere; each cheek was a mound of collected blubber that rode up to her back. Those vast tracts of flesh wobbled with each breathe; their wondrous folds could fill a pool and go further if needed. Above the cloth, in the place where pant would normally meet suit, the canyon of her crack was exposed. A chasm darkened by its depth, the bottom of which lay inaccessible to those without tools to dive, winds occasionally filtering up from those massive cheeks. The back of her jacket fluttered from her gas before it was sucked down the vent behind her.

Alyssa's body barely fit into her jacket; the flowering fat of her body pushed the fabric and its stitches to the limits. Crosshatched threads stretched tightly over the joints in her outfit, visible against the avalanche of fat under her skin. With trunk-like arms that flowed into biceps wider than Bob entirely, soft clubs that scrunched around her elbow when she bent her arm. Tapering up into her shoulders, which merged into the fat of her neck in rounded mountain peaks. Around her neck the bulbous sea of fat hung down from her chin like a frog's, a smooth bubble of flesh that jostled between chews. Surprisingly, her head was incredibly mobile, twisting about to see the things around her as more people left food on her stomach. Bob's insistence on personal feeding only meant that the crowd around her grew.

He had stationed himself on her cleavage, walking barefoot across her silken dress shirt. Ferrying as much food as he could to Alyssa's waiting mouth, having to climb the towering peaks of her cleavage. The design on Alyssa's shirt made suitable handholds for him to climb up, as each breast was too bloated to scale without assistance. Her breasts had become voluminous collections of fat, large enough for Bob to park a table on top of. The legs of which were constantly sinking into the spongy masses of gelatin. Between her massive tits, the cloth of her top was parting, the plains of breast becoming visible beneath. Shimmering pools of blubber that heaved with Alyssa's swallows, slicked with her constant perspiration. Every belch or fart was like an earthquake up there, almost enough to shake the table off her bosom. As she finished her last bite, Bob approached with a dish of mashed potatoes in hand, Alyssa's pudgy fingers readily accepting it.

"How was the ham?" Bob smiled as he took back the plate. "Wait, wasn't there a bone in this?"

"It did feel a little gritty towards the end, but that didn't factor into the taste test since I was sampling the glaze. How much more is there?" Alyssa held the dish to her lips, lapping up a large section of the potatoes in a single stroke of her tongue.

"Still got a bit, plenty of new products to test today, but don't worry. We've got a ramp coming in. Should speed things up." Bob gave Alyssa's cheek a healthy pat; she barely acknowledged him as she dove into the food.

"Don't you think I've eaten enough today? There's no way we have this many new foods debuting next year." Alyssa let the dish fall into her cleavage; it wedged itself deep into the folds of her shirt before Bob could catch it.

"Well, that's gone..." Bob paused, watching the dish tumble further until it landed in the depths of Alyssa's bosom. "And don't be silly; we're not testing all the new dishes. This is a retroactive taste test."

"A retroactive taste test?" Alyssa cocked her eyes at the expression as she bit into the cake Bob pushed her way.

"Yeah, we haven't had a tester for years. So we have to make sure all the dishes meet the new standards, besides." Bob hopped off of Alyssa's wobbling cut, catching the front of her pants as he slid down. "You're not even close to full."

Bob pushed into Alyssa's gut with a surprising amount of strength, his hand planted on the lower reaches of her gut. His hand sank in, sinking into her core until her elastic size rebounded against him. Bob was forced back, sliding across the tile floor with a squeal as her angered stomach shook. Wobbling back and forth in an angry gyration.

"Now look at what you did. I hope your ventilation system is ready." Alyssa peered over her stomach towards a grinning Bob; her admonishments were said with a smile.

Rmbblblblblbl

Rooooouurrlll

Her stomach howled loudly as the lights on the vent behind her started blinking, the fans kicking on in preparation for the blast. Her booty began to shake, vibrating with the storm that snaked through her system. The fans ran in overdrive; winds flowed over Alyssa's body as everything rose to a cataclysmic tremble.

Ffffffbbbbbbbbbbpppppllllllll

Sound dampeners did little to help with the terrible noise that her gas caused; the erupting gale reverberated so loudly that it shook the floor. The fan at her backside sputtered and choked on the pressurized thickness of her gas. Her bassy outburst carried on for tens of minutes, enough to interrupt her eating and to give pause to the feeders. A massive and evacuating expulsion that ended with a sputtering taper as the last of the gas blew out.

"See, now you've made some room." Bob hopped up on Alyssa's hip, taking a waft of the air around her.

"You're incorrigible. Do you really think it's healthy to keep eating like this?" Alyssa still had her hangups as the good line started moving again.

"Look, I'll be honest. If there were any health problems with this, they would have shown up when you weighed less than a bus. At this point it's all fun." Bob looked up at Alyssa with loving eyes.

"When you put it that way." Alyssa grinned, leaning down to kiss Bob, nearly smothering him in the folds of her armpit fat.

Who was I to complain? I had everything a girl could want. A stable job, a dotting husband, and more food than you could ask for. All it cost me was a few dress hundred dress sizes, and that's not too high of a cost at all.

Alyssa's mind wandered as her day blurred into a whirlwind of food, the last traces of her shame fading away with each bite she took. Hours could have passed and she wouldn't have been able to tell until the last buzzer rang. People flooded her as she let her mind devolve into pleasure. The mixed feelings of shame and pleasure were overtaken by pleasure; the thought of growing, the thought of expanding, it filled her with ecstasy. Eating food was enough to send moans of pleasure through her core, cries that reverberated through the halls and shook her gelatinous body. She couldn't help it; holding in her pleasure would be a disservice to Bob and her coworkers. Her cries turned into an accompaniment for her rampant gas, gas so billowing and powerful that it overwhelmed the fans. Relentless bouts of gas that shook the cafeteria and rocked the foundation of the building. Blasts loud enough that they could be heard through the building walls and traveled up to the greater floors. Everything was out of control and running off the rails quicker than you could mention.

Sometimes I wonder just how I'm getting so big, how I've been growing so large, but I know the answer. Bob thinks he's a sly fellow, but he's horrendous at paperwork; it's why he needs me. He's been lacing some of my food with a fattening agent, something that doesn't alter taste but will accelerate my gain. I could have stopped it, walked away at any time, but I think I abandoned that long ago. I wanted this weight, this bulk; it's my true form. I fattened myself as a child, a caterpillar that strove for metamorphosis. My thin self, those decades of quiet dieting, were a prolonged chrysalis, a self-imposed roadblock on the path I was meant to be. Now though, now I am free to unfurl and become the beautiful butterfly I was meant to be. I will grow, grow as large as can be sustained. I think I've been reading too many romance novels; even my thoughts are getting poetic.

Alyssa stared at her book on the screen, using her eyes to flick the pages with motion commands. She easily could have turned it on her own, but her hands were otherwise occupied,

eating and gorging herself as the feeding hour approached. Lunchtime was a twofold event at Grasco these days; people who wanted to, took their lunches down there, but they did so with another task in mind. The specially prepared food was always ready in the waiting, and her coworkers were eager to feed her. Many skipped their lunches altogether to get a chance to cram food down her hole, just so they could watch her grow. With her gas mostly handled by the vents, the only thing they had to deal with was her noise, the deafening noises of her paunch.

"Alright, get those stairs secured; it's about to be showtime." Bob called down from the cliff of Alyssa's stomach.

Below she could see the mobile staircases being pushed into place at her flanks and front, the pathways to feeding. At dedicated mealtimes, they were placed next to her burgeoning body, locked into place for secure passage. Mobile stairs were deemed the best way to feed her, as stationary fixtures often broke under her burgeoning bulk. Alyssa still swore there was a staircase lodged between her cheeks, but nobody had been able to find it in over a month. With a heavy thunk, the latches of the staircases locked into place, just in time for the first rush. Alyssa could see them already lining up, grabbing the jumbled dishes at the cafeteria entrance, eagerly waiting for Bob's signal. They were too tiny to discern at this distance, their faces blurring into a blurred mess until they got closer. She waited for the signal, waited for Bob to initiate their little playtime. Looking his way for affirmation, she saw Bob give the stairs a hearty shake before flashing her a thumbs up.

"Oooh nooooo, I'm out of food. Won't someone feed me?" Alyssa let out an exaggerated cry of anguish, a playful call to signal people to her.

The bit was her idea; she loved playing the distressed princess around the office, and now she couldn't be around the office. So the only way to really outlet those desires was in a mock play. Her little cry was the signal that brought her coworkers into a stampede; their thundering steps rushed up the staircases, trampling her ample body like it were a worn walkway. Their combined weight was enough to actually make her bust bow as they rushed her face; this was when her real job began. Foods of all varieties, too numerous to measure or track, were suddenly in her face. She didn't have time to chew; it was a game of swallowing and inhaling. Gulping down burgers and fries, whole fried chickens, everything deposited into her gullet. Air came with them, filtering down into her system and then becoming trapped by the deluge of drink she was provided. Those brave few who chose hydration over satiation were the real heroes, even if soda was their form of hydration. Grasco-branded sodas, milkshakes in a can, and sweet juices. They came with the flood of food in a whirl of gluttony that whipped the wind around her.

Alyssa was eating so fast that her bulbous chin was clapping against her skin, whipping up a breeze as her flab caught the wind. Sweat pooled in her cleave, a stream that vanished in the lower reaches of her body. Her metabolism was kicking on, activating at the first hints of that ultra-processed food hitting her tongue. The gradual meals inside her gut were being digested in short order, stored as fat on her body to make room for more. Enough food to feed multiple

office buildings; tons of it was now roiling within her stomach. The uneasy perch of her body was growing, shaking as she bulged from the food. To anyone of a normal disposition, her weight gain would seem explosive and concerning, inches of flab poured below her skin to fill the cracks. Adipose nestled into new homes with its brethren, her arms and legs bloating up and straining the jacket on her back. While it seemed like a lot, when one's body is better measured in yards, an inch is nothing. Her stomach rumbled beneath them like a piece of machinery, bellowing and braying as fumes poured from within.

Maybe that's a better way to think of myself. I'm a factory now, a food processing plant. I take in energy and turn it into gas.

Bmbblbmbml

The upper expanse of Alyssa's stomach began to tighten, shaking from the flood of gas that was erupting within. The flabby surface rounded out as the shaky footholds became sturdy, ballooning flesh rising to the surface. Buttons began to strain as the fumes of her body struggled inside of her; bubbles broke themselves against her inner walls in an attempt to escape. This growth didn't stop the feeding; in fact, it sped it up. People knew the telltale signs of an incoming Alyssa fart, and didn't want to miss it. They didn't bother with the exiting via her stomach; they simply scaled her back, climbing over her flabby folds. Alyssa had a dopey grin on her face as she felt them land on the exposed flesh of her ass. She could feel them crowding around her canyon, tugging at the hairs that stuck out from her crack. It was their risk to take, but she hoped they were ready, as she felt the pressure grow.

Blupblupblup

Hrhghlgl

A rumbling crept across her body, a bubbling tremble that started at her gut and traveled lower. Those atop her gut and of the saner persuasion put on their gas masks and clothespins, pinching their noses shut in preparation.

"You got a little gas there, piggy?" Beverly taunted Alyssa as she fed her a bucket of fried chicken.

Alyssa simply nodded in response, her mouth too busy eating to make a comment.

"What a stinky girl, so naughty too, making us out on gas masks like this." Beverly's taunts were compounded by Tiffany's own jabs.

Their footing became shaky as Alyssa's stomach domed out, rounding like the blimp it was and pushing them away from each other. It was time for her gas to make itself known.

funk, which filled her dismay. Gina was crushed that such a great scent had died out so quickly; there was nothing more to have. So tucked in the warm recesses of Alyssa's backfat, lodged in the caves of her clothing, Gina did the unthinkable. In an act of depravity, she licked her finger, running her tongue over the accumulated funk from Alyssa's backside. She felt it, that same euphoria that she had before. Gina would stay in Alyssa's back, trapped and unnoticed until Alyssa's feeding ended.

On the outside, Alyssa was still eating up a storm, pushing through the myriad dishes supplied to her. Rich cheeses, heavy creams, succulent meats, and rich desserts. The timing of things barely mattered anymore; the only thing she cared about was that she was eating. Alyssa was letting herself get lost in the feeding, letting the food tumble down her throat like she was a trash bin. The fat in her body bubbled with the excess calories; all of her coworkers had been turned into faceless feeders by their gas masks. Plates towered at her sides as carts ferried the person-sized stacks away. She grew larger by the second, her rotund body expanding with each bite, her gas rumbling from her backside.

Frrrtttt

Pppppbbblblbllllll

Her first big gusts during a meal were always explosive, as her ass was more sealed, still tight enough to keep it all contained. After her first gust, though, it was free real estate. Putrid fumes trumpeted from her gelatinous ass at a rapid pace, blowing one after another and filling the room with her heated winds. Each blast of gas only added to the strain of her straining clothes. As the lunch hour turned to dinner and the endless feast continued, Alyssa's folds started to bulge against her trappings. Her farts pooched the seat of her pants, rounding it out with each gust, like a sail catching the wind. Every blast wore away at the already strained garment; threads as thick as rope unwound themselves from the seat of her pants as her enormous cheeks pressed into them. As time passed, her ass became more defined, the rounded curves packing her flesh tightly into the corduroy. Fat flowed over the waistline of her pants as her backside became more visible, running over the belt of her pants in great hangs of flab. Seeping out as the rest of her body fought against the fabric, wobbling with each bite and each bout of gas. Her growing size only drove the worshippers at her ass into a frenzy, fueling their lust in unimaginable ways.

Brrrrrrtttttttt

Fppppbbbbbttttffff

Uncontrollable bursts of gas flowed over them, drowning their senses as they explored her body. The men at her ass had thrown off their pants, letting their throbbing cocks stand erect like proud oaks. Driving them into the deepest reaches of her crack, letting the clapping cheeks drive their pleasure. The women had to get more creative with their erogenous acts, grasping her crinkled hairs and bracing themselves against the weathering gas. Their legs spread and

their dresses poised, they took Ayssa's gas within themselves. Her farts filled them until they were rolling off her backside, cradling their bloated stomachs as if they were with child.

Bbrrrrtttttt

Frrrrwwwwwwwwpppppp

Frrrrrrttttttttpppbb

Crkkkkk

That last bout of gas caused a tremble to run through the back of her pants, a quaking ripple that carried all the way to the ground. Her cheeks had stopped their gradual march towards the wall, but the fat kept flowing. Waterfalls of flab were running over her waistline as it kept expanding, struggling to find its home. The defined curves of her ass were getting more pronounced, the textured surface of her pants becoming more prominent as the threads stretched to the absolute limit. Her ferocious gas echoing through the vent behind her, repeated explosions of gas snapped a thread at her crack. Crisscrossed ropes broke a piece at a time; with every break came another inch of white-clad flesh. Failing one at a time with her eruptions until it was finally too much.

Ppbbbffrrrrtttt

Ffffttttttttttttt

Fwoooooomf

All it took was a little more gas, another round of blustering winds, and Alyssa's pants burst open like a trash bag. The seat of her pants splitting apart and freeing the avalanche of her ass. Free-flowing fat surged out, snapping the back of her panties as another roaring fart punched a hole through her panties, revealing her spiderwebbed crack. Bristling hairs crept out from her canyon like limbs, fluttering against the breeze she created. With her explosive growth, those atop her ass were knocked to the floor as her ass lodged itself into the vent behind her. Bloating fat that seeped out from the rim of the metal, making it creak and groan as her farts echoed through the metal vents. Alyssa herself breathed a sigh of relief, her massive body relaxing as the tension in her ass left her.

In the front of her body, the calamity was more contained, but that was rapidly changing. With her lower stomach riding against the fabric of her pants, the zipper was undoing itself, the teeth unlatching little by little. Tears were forming in her white panties as her unkempt gunt snapped the elastic. With her zipper opening, the state of her stomach was becoming visible, the image of untrimmed skin becoming visible. Paths of raven hair sprouted from under her navel, jagged and ripe bushes of belly hair that trailed down into her folds. Slightly more washed

than her pubes, they had a shimmering look; the flowing sweat of her upper body had been trapped in those interlocking tufts. The expanse of hair trailed down, merging into the grand jungle that was her bush as it revealed itself.

Snap

Alyssa's belt had finally given up, the leather band snapping at the clasp, failing against the burgeoning wall of flab. Her belt snapped apart in a violent thrust, flying apart and bounding around her body like a cord. With its failure, the rest of her stomach was finally visible; the front of her pants fell to the sides, the brass teeth wrenched from each other in quick succession. Falling as her ocean of a stomach burst from her white panties and brought the jungle with it. With her panties no longer hiding them, her overgrown bush was free for all to see, creeping out from the bottom of her massive stomach like a peeking cavern. Uncompressed, her fupa gradually unveiled itself, pushing her lower stomach out of the way and springing to full size. The gelatinous and wobbling surface of her pelvis was now open for her adoring feeders to play with, the reward for their dedicated feeding. The gates had been opened, and her coworkers swarmed her nethers, a frothing throng of people that threw themselves upon her.

At the head of the pack was Yvette, that bright-eyed girl who had once mocked Alyssa's size and smell, now desired it above all else. She dove into Alyssa's bush, vanishing into the forest of her pubes. Coarse and flecked hairs brushed at her body, tearing her clothes and leaving her bare. Yvette crawled through Alyssa's jungle, pulling herself forward, swimming through the endless expanse like the rest of her coworkers. Taking deep whiffs of her scent, putting hairs into her mouth, sucking on them in rapture. She dove as low as she could, reaching her hands out to get a feel of the blubbery flesh below. While Yvette drove herself mad with Alyssa's pubes, her other coworkers ran amok on her body. Exploring the folds of her flesh and diving into the depths above, moving towards the ominous crevice below her belly.

At floor level, people plumbed the depths of Alyssa's throbbing lips, venturing into the fatty folds as they stripped their clothes away. Bare down to their undergarments, her coworkers rushed into the folds of her pussy. Staring down the wrinkled and yawning cave mouth with brazen confidence. Pushing aside the folds as they crept deeper into her narrowing body, smothering folds pressed into them, surrounding their body in the darkness. On all sides the moist fat of her flesh surrounded them, the steaming heat of her perspiration shrouding them in a fog. The only signs that indicated they were getting closer to their treasure were the rumbling twitch of soft muscle and the growing pool of cum at their feet. Tides of sticky seed washed over their ankles as Alyssa's flowing pleasure leaked from her hole. She hadn't had a real orgasm in some time, not after she flooded that hotel room, but she was always aroused these days. The feeling of pleasure from her constant stuffing was always driving her mad, edging her closer to an orgasm.

While all this was happening, Alyssa hadn't stopped feasting, her ravenous hunger numbed her mind, pushing any thoughts from her mind that weren't hunger. The growing desire to eat more, the burgeoning urge to be larger, that is all she was at this time. In the moment, she

was an animal, a machine, pursuing pleasure to its heart and deigning to take a bite. The various foods became a singular whole, the figures at her chest a globular blob that blurred into a series of hands. The food inside of her piled high, almost an impossibility with how much she could fit. It grazed against the surface of her stomach, raising the roof of her internals as her belly grew out. The buttons on her shirt were already pulled to their limit, those manhole covers pulled away from the threads holding them in place as she grew. Yawning stretches of skin grew in the gaps, sweeping people off their feet as they presented her with food. Her feverish consumption had slowed, her exertion having caught up with her and leaving her in a beleaguered state. Her exhausted head collapsed in her own fat, propped up by a collection of blubber as the crowd thinned. Alyssa was left writhing, her body heaving as people explored her caverns, picking at her pleasure in their craze. Only two were left on her expansive cleavage, her growing breasts bulging out from the loosening buttons on her top; one was Bob and the other was a woman she didn't recognize.

Slosh

Slosh

glunk

She was large, reminding Alyssa of herself during the elevator incident, belly like a yoga ball and breasts crammed into an ill-fitting top. Her shirt was stained with wet spots, growing pools of moisture darkened her jacket as she approached Alyssa's mouth. She seemed full of something, her body audibly sloshing when she moved. Her distended stomach dragged heavily across Alyssa's chest. She closed in, pulling Alyssa's eyes up to meet hers.

"I think she's about ready, Bob." The woman called back towards Bob as she used her free hand to slip underneath her buttons.

"Yeah, I think that's all of the food we've got today. Gonna have to get a rescue crew for the people down in her unmentionables. That place is dangerous for inexperienced explorers." Bob flashed a knowing grin as he walked up next to the woman.

"Just make sure they are out of there before the real action happens." The woman popped the last button on her top, her breasts flopping out onto her bloated stomach.

Alyssa was barely cognizant; Bob's words were the only thing that registered in her mind as she saw the woman in front of her pull her shirt up. Her stomach was strained, poured into a compression suit that was white and black, spots painted on like a cow. Above her massive stomach, she pulled the shirt off her breasts, letting those bloated beach balls slap freely against her stomach. She wasn't wearing a bra, her breasts were too large for such; the only clothing on her massive chest were two plugs affixed to her large nipples. Alyssa could see milk dribbling out from her plugged tips.

"This is gonna seem a bit unorthodox, Alyssa, but there's a new product I've been wanting you to test. The newest product in our line of childcare, the formula. It's a high fat milk that's created by a pill. The mother takes it and boom, milk factory. Perfect for those girls who have trouble nursing. And well, there was one thing we needed to test. Janet here is a bit of a milk balloon; it's one of the side effects we are working on...and...you can see where this is going. I need you to drink your fill." Bob put a hand behind Alyssa's neck, cradling her as Janet closed in.

Alyssa's eyes flitted between Bob and Janet, meeting his loving gaze before returning to her stern expression. Alyssa had never seen someone look so cold when they pulled a rubber stopper from tits bigger than their head. The moment Janet removed that stopper milk flooded down her gut like a river.

"Whatchya think about it, love? You hungry for a little more?" Bob jostled her neck fat as Alyssa opened her mouth wide, puckering for Janet's nipple. "Atta girl!"

Bob stepped aside as Janet lifted her balloon of a breast, the globe sloshing as she brought it to Alyssa's waiting mouth. Her distended nipple fitting in her mouth like a straw, immediately a rush of sugary sweet milk flooded into her mouth with great pressure. Alyssa felt her cheeks bulge as Janet moaned in relief, her shaking gut beginning to shrink as the milk evacuated her system. She must have been under unimaginable pressure; all it took was a simple suck for milk to flow like a river. Alyssa gulped greedily and repeatedly, draining that sweet nectar from Janet's breasts. Janet's oversized stomach gradually shrank as Alyssa fed, milk flooding her stomach and bloating her stomach.

Bruuuuuuuuaaaaap

Brrroooooooooottt

Loud foghorns of flatus blew from Alyssa's ass when the heavy milk hit her gullet, her system immediately rebelling against its presence. Blast after blast poured from her clapping backside with each gulp of milk. Alyssa's fat arms struggled to reach around her own body to Janet's bust, unable to reach the udder for more milk, but her demand was clear. Janet acquiesced, eager to rid herself of the burdensome milk and spurred by the pleasure it gave her. She grabbed her other breast, removed the stopper for Alyssa to suckle freely; milk-filled flesh wobbled in Alyssa's lips as Janet kneaded her breasts to force the milk out. Flowing like silken dough, her hands ran over her bust, pressing and squeezing the milk from inside. As Alyssa drank and gas roared from her ass, a new change was taking place.

Bob looked down in glee as he saw Alyssa's shirt buttons pop off her top, clattering down to the ground as her massive breasts engorged. Expansive hills of flesh began to fill with milk as Janet's infectious flow ran into her. Alyssa was so large that the milk's effect amplified; her swelling breasts burst from her top. Her chocolate nipples erecting as small dribbles of milk began to flow from them, they were little hills on the massive fields of her areola. Darkened

expanses of flesh that covered most of her breasts, large enough to get lost in, growing large with her breasts.

The feeding continued into the night, the employees having all left or been dragged away from Alyssa's body. A team of tailors had been called in to fit her for her new outfit, measuring her current growth for new estimations. While they prodded her body with tapes and ran their machine canners across her surface, Janet was just finishing. Up top, Alyssa had been drunkenly inhaling her milk, sucking Janet dry, taking in every last drop.

"Guess that's it. No more milk in here." Janet smiled with glee as she let her bodysuit slide off her.

She was completely drained; every bloated aspect of her was now in a normal state; she looked like she did months ago. No longer forced to wear that ridiculous compression suit or exhaust herself each day. She happily strode away, leaving Alyssa to grasp for more, mouthing at the empty air.

"Is that all?" Alyssa pouted as Janet strode down the steps.

"At least from Janet, but maybe I've got a little milk for you?" Bob shared a smile with Alyssa as he undid his pants.

Unfurling from his slacks came the largest cock Alyssa had ever seen, not that she had seen many. Bob's member was aching and throbbing, turgidly twitching with pleasure from all of the teasing fun that had gone on that day. He had been watching Alyssa grow and feed for hours that day, and he craved her. Bob kicked his pants away, losing them in the bottomless pit that was Alyssa's cleavage. She gave him a teasing look as he presented his hardwood; his dick was almost as long as his quite thick. The fact that he kept it secret during the day was a marvel of tailoring.

"Oh? I wonder if it'll be as sweet." Alyssa cooed as she wrapped her lips around Bob's soft-flesh.

Her pillowy lips dripped with her own saliva, a slick lube that soaked the tip of his cock as she drew him in. Alyssa was monstrously strong, her added weight making her an unstoppable force as she sucked his cock from tip to base in a single purse of her lips. The intense suction drawing him in and out, playing with his body like a carrot in her mouth. In and out, taking him in until his flesh poked the back of her throat. Her mouth was hot and wet, tight and cavernous, a collection of beautiful flesh that was greater than any toy. Bob grabbed her by the hair as she sucked, thrusting hard as his pleasure grew, unable to contain himself. He pushed and pushed; Alyssa's cheek bulged with the indent of his dick as she angled Bob's thrusts. His fingers ran through her hair, scraping against her scalp as he rocked back and forth. To add to the experience, Alyssa wrapped her tongue around Bob's rod; she encircled it with her budded

appendage. The textured surface created by her tastebuds stimulated his sensitive nerves in new ways, adding opposing movement to his thrusts.

Their movements became ferocious, blurring into a whirlwind of twitching flesh that spasmed in pleasure. Bob could feel his muscle rebelling, disobeying his commands as the pulsing heat of ecstasy climbed towards his tip. Alyssa closed her eyes, imagining his dick as a lollipop, licking it ferociously as she sucked. Pulling him in and out as she reached her hands around to try and grab his legs, but she was too large. The best she could do was massage the flesh of her tits, running her hands in concentric circles as Bob's body tensed. His cock throbbed another time before white-hot seed flooded her mouth. A salty-sweet tincture that she had tasted many times in the past, it washed over her tongue and down her throat, falling down into the yawning cavern of her gut. Alyssa kept sucking, greedily drinking as much of Bob's seed as he could make. His hardened rod tensed with each push as it shot against the back of her throat in powerful spurts.

"It was a good dessert." Alyssa hummed as she removed Bob's pleasure from her mouth.

"Glad...***huff***... to be of service." Bob felt his muscles collapse; his body toppled onto the soft sponge of Alyssa's breasts.

"But, you know. I'm pretty full up here, but there's a place that hasn't been satisfied yet." Alyssa managed to rock her gut, bouncing Bob onto his front, his hard dick sinking into the flesh of her bosom.

"I think I know what you mean." Bob's response was muffled by ample titflesh as he regained muscle control.

Bob didn't need much direction on what Alyssa craved; during her growth, she'd gained a certain sensitivity, an erogenous desire in the depths of her stomach. Bob grabbed hold of her flesh, slipping down the mountain of her stomach. Climbing over her massive tits, scaling her upper belly until he found the yawning folds of her navel. An endless cavern of flesh that curled in on itself, wrapping into a spiral of fat and nerves. The entrance was just large enough for Bob to venture down, spelunking deeper until he found the tightest part of her flesh. It was a small and throbbing collection of skin that spiraled deeper into her body. It was Alyssa's hidden fourth hole, the treasure that nobody knew about. Bob braced himself against the ceiling of Alyssa's bellybutton, gripping the unkempt bellybutton hairs as he shoved his cock deep into her navel.

Oooooohhh

He struck gold; as soon as he penetrated the deep confluence of flesh, his dick hit the back of her bellybutton. He collided with the raw bundle of nerves, sending quivering pleasure down her spine. Her whole body convulsed, rocking on itself and sending Bob tumbling around her gaping portal. It was a dangerous job; a single misstep on his end and he'd be crushed by a

cave-in of fat. Bob waited for things to settle before striking again, burying himself to his balls in Alyssa's rubbery flesh. Another world-shaking moan and another convulsion of Alyssa's body, Bob had thrust so hard that he felt himself hit the back wall, the magic button. He didn't wait for things to settle, he kept pushing, thrusting in and out as he adjusted his handholds, the scraping hairs of Alyssa's navel pulling free from their loose hold as he whipped her into a frenzy. Every motion from Alyssa was quaking, he could feel her shift her body. Alyssa had gotten to her feet, grinding her flopping cunt against the tile floor in hopes of pleasure herself. Bob felt like he was trapped in an earthquake, a shaking act of nature that could crack the earth. He could hear the building creak and groan as she hammered herself into the tile, the measuring teams backing away as she began to swell.

Hueh

Hueh

PpbbbfTTTTTTT

Oooooooooohh

She screamed in pleasure, moaning and panting as a lake of fluid pooled under the fold of her pussy. Splashing seed washed across the shores of her folds, smacking against the loosened tile as she pushed and pushed. She thrust so hard that a crater was forming in the floor below, a small indent that grew as her titanic body whipped into a frenzy. Despite experiencing constant pleasure, Alyssa was still wild during her orgasms, still uncontrollable. She was moving so fiercely that it was forcing more gas out of her mountainous rear; each thrust she did forced another gale of gas from her cheeks. Pulling her blubbery bergs from the vent, they began to clap with her blustering gales, wobbling back and forth with her gyrations. Powerful thunderclaps of flesh that echoed throughout the building, fleshy plapping that was loud enough to set off car alarms. The few cars still left in the lot blared as she pounded the tile, windows in the floors above cracked from her powerful smacks. Her wobbling thighs burned as she forced herself harder and harder, her movements outside matching the rhythm of Bob's inside.

The tight folds of her rifling navel were the perfect contour for Bob's member, the perfect hole for him to fit into. It held him tightly enough to make each thrust a new penetrating venture; every push took the entire strength of his body to manage. Over and over he jackhammered that hole, driving as hard as his muscles would allow. Each thrust drove deep into her gut, far enough that she could feel it inside of her stomach. The massive cavernous maw was being divoted by a single hard rod, in and out, thrust after thrust. Bob could feel the heat rising in her navel, her sweat and his mingling into a mist as her motions turned her navel into a sauna. Bob could feel the pleasure mounting in his tip, the neurons firing in the signal to erupt, to fill the hole with seed, but ignored them. Bob gritted his teeth, keeping himself under control until he heard Alyssa reach her own climax. All around him flesh shook and rocked, knocking him around like

a buoy on the night sea. Wild and bestial moans of pleasure roared around him; the growing pants of Alyssa's orgasm were mountain.

Hueh

Hueh

Hueh

Bbrrrrpppppppttttt

Splap

Splash

Alyssa was reaching the edge of her mind, the pleasure of her climax climbing to heights greater than she ever thought possible. Gas forced itself out of her cheeks as their blubbery expanses clapped violently, smacking into each other in wet smacks. Her panting got louder and more frequent, tile upturned at her rocking grinds as her mammoth lips dragged across them. Her fupa folded in and out, the generous expanse of fat curling into her sopping puss and touching the top of her clit. The sensitive button twitched; the impact was almost enough to send her over the edge. Juices splashed around her as she slammed into the pavement, a mindless and heaving mountain of flesh; her only desire was climax. At this size, the only one who could truly bring her over the finish line was Bob; her dopey grin turned crazed, she bit her lip as she felt the floods coming. The burgeoning milk in her breasts flowed down her body in rivers, spurting from the tip of her nipples as she got closer. Heat rose in her loins, the friction causing a boiling steam to proliferate in her cavern, her body beginning to spasm as she hammered against her clit.

Bob was holding fast, muscles starting to fail as Alyssa's navel rocked with her movements. The bubbling beyond the wall in front of him, the rising heat of her climax, and the tumultuous nature made it feel like a volcano. He could feel the walls closing in on him, her abdominal muscles tensing with her pelvis as her pleasure reached a head. Bob just needed to hold on a little longer; he ached for that release, the gnawing tingling in the back of his cock was driving him mad. He thrust with exhausted muscles, involuntary spasms carrying him the rest of the way as he kept pounding Alyssa's hole. Relentlessly pushing into the balloon of her stomach, forcing the mountain of food to shift. He was so close; he just needed to hold on for a little longer, ride out the cataclysmic movements around him. Then he felt it, everything went still, the rocking stopped, and the walls around him hardened.

Hooooouuuuhhh

Huuuuueeeehh

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Alyssa froze, the rising tide of her climax locking her muscles in place as her pussy throbbed and flexed. It swelled with pleasure, rising out of her flappy fupa and ballooning the whole thing into a quivering mound of pleasure. The pink of her lips crept out from the unfurling lips, the nub of her clit throbbing as her nethers expanded and grew. Moans echoed through the building, shaking it to the core like an awakening dragon's roar. Loud and louder, debris fell from the ceiling as her primal moans of pleasure shook the foundation. Her lower lips rocked her body like a balloon, a ballooning swell that quivered with floods of precum. Clear fluid washed across the tiles in waves, filling the growing crater below her as everything reached a fever pitch. Her locked legs bucked once, twice, muscles spasming uncontrollably as her moans rose in volume. Her pussy swelled so large it looked ready to pop; steams of pleasure shot out in piercing squirts before the dam finally broke.

Sploooooossh

Alyssa's orgasm came out in a flood; a sea of viscous white erupted from her lips like a ruptured dam. Her swollen pussy went lax, deflating as the sloshing lakes of come sputtered from her nethers. Loose tile, broken dishes, and food crumbs were all cut up in that crashing wave as it broke against the opposite wall. Her fupa convulsed as her receding pussy convulsed, upheaving to evacuate the river of her seed. The crater she made filled with her seed, turning it into a small swimming pool of pleasure as she kept going. She came and came, running like a revved-up engine, unable to stop herself as she collapsed onto her fat ass. Thick rivers of viscous sea spurted from her lips in a continuous flow, soaking her pubes in a coat of white as she twitched. Her body convulsing involuntarily as a stuporous grin plastered itself across her face. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her fingers clenched with each eruption, her gelatinous gut upending and brushing against the ceiling as everything settled. The growing tidal wave washed over her folds, riding up her crack before it broke down the doors and flooded the hallways. A tsunami of white-hot seed rushed down the halls and flooded the offices around the cafeteria. Waves of sticky seed lapped against utility doors and seeped under the frame, flowing down into the heating system.

Bob had managed to hold on long enough to match her orgasm, filling the deep recesses of her navel with his own seed. The twitching pit of her navel sputtered and bubbled with cum as Alyssa collapsed over herself. Bob barely managed to crawl out, his limp muscles working to their limit, pulling him by the hairs out of her cavernous belly button. Bob emerged from her depths, bathed in sweat, soaked in her own moisture as he descended the hill of her stomach. Toppling down onto her breasts and lying down next to her face, their eyes meeting once more before they passed out from exhaustion. In the back of his mind, Bob knew there would be hell to pay for this. The cleaning crew was going to need extra bodies and triple pay to deal with Alyssa's mess, but it was worth it. It was all worth it.

Chapter Fourteen: She's Becoming a Hazard

The cleaning crew never got the stains or the smell out of the old building; Alyssa's wave of cum had completely ruined the heating system. The whole office reeked of the sea and ammonia whenever the heat kicked on; luckily, they didn't have to endure it for too long. Alyssa saw to that; with the unstable pill working through her body, she ballooned up considerably. Bob decided to make her an official Coleman, placing a ring on her finger and securing their matrimony. The ceremony was a lavish and exhaustive feast and party; guests of importance attended the main ceremony on her breasts, employees attended the accompanying parties held on her ass and gut, while the rest were allowed to celebrate in the splash zone. After the wedding, things seemed to become a whirlwind of incidents. Alyssa's body broke through the office, exploding out of the tenth floor and bringing the building down around her. Luckily it was during an employee work trip, but there was still a problem. Her growth was becoming exponential; her milk fueled her more than she expended, and the mad creations Bob made to feed her didn't help the situation. Food had to be flown in to sate her desires, and factories were dedicated to the act of keeping her fueled.

In any other situation she would be a blight upon the land, draining it of resources until nothing was left to feed her, but Bob's obsession had turned into a boon. The milk that flowed from her breasts seemed to be more calorically dense than it was draining, which meant she was able to feed herself when things were properly designed. This development led to such an explosive bout of growth that she became a national concern. Bob had been flown to the CDC headquarters to address the growing issue that was Alyssa.

His helicopter touched down on the landing pad; the glass walls below him shone brightly in the hot Atlanta sun. Men in suits waited for him at the doors; heavy shades covered their eyes, and their cold demeanor marked them as security. Despite the surroundings, Bob felt confident and cool, he had prepared for any possible issue that would arise with his mountain of a woman. They didn't understand, but they would; they would learn just how great she was and would be. He followed his escorts down the halls, trying his best to make small talk to address the serious mood.

"You know, I thought the CDC only dealt with diseases. Didn't know my wife qualified as one." Bob chuckled, hoping to get a laugh out of his escorts.

There was no response, just a quiet resolve as the steel and tone walls passed by, a confusing blur of similar design. Bob was having trouble keeping track of where they were as the halls got barren. People that shuffled between offices vanished as they reached the heart of the CDC; a conference room opened up in front of him. Inside of the room was a roundtable; six

very important-looking figures were stationed around the table. Bob recognized a few of them; one was the head of the FDA, the man who did all the testing on his food, none of the others really stood out, save for the new woman. She had long blonde hair, so blonde that it was almost white; her light hair contrasted her skin, which was notably tan, she sported glasses that hung off her broad nose. Her nose was far from the only thing on her that was broad, as she was absolutely enormous. Her monolithic frame dragged across the floor as she moved, her bloated stomach stretched the blue of her undershirt and jutted from her lab coat like a bubble. It wasn't stuffed either; it was all fat, the same with her bulbous cheeks that shook behind her. Bob couldn't help but feel a little flutter when he saw her, but his heart belonged to another.

"Oh, good. You've arrived. I can be done with this small talk." The woman's heavy accent rolled off her tongue like velvet.

The rest of the attendees sat back in their seats; Michael, the head of the CDC, took a speaking position as the lab-coated woman sat on her ballooned rear.

"So happy you could join us today, Bob." Mike took his time introducing the figures around the room, nameless scientists that Bob paid no heed to, until Mike stopped at the large woman. "This is our special guest advisor, flown in from the Netherlands. Her family has special experience with this kind of situation."

"Quite a ways to fly; I didn't think Alyssa was becoming an international concern." Bob chuckled as he gave the woman a small bow.

"Well, normally it wouldn't, but she insisted when the news came across her television set. But I'll let her speak for herself." Mike took his seat and let the woman speak.

"I thank you. You may not have heard of me or my family, so I'll make my own introduction. I am Anitonia Von Berg, the heiress of the Berg dynasty and leader of the ministry of size." Anitonia held a hand to her bosom as she spoke, emphasizing the pride in her voice.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Anitonia. Can't say I've ever heard of a Ministry of Size. So what brings you over my way?" Bob relaxed in his seat, keeping his same assured attitude.

"You are not familiar with my family's history, so I'll forgive it. The Ministry of Size was founded before my birth, in the age of my great-great-great-great-great grandfather, the first king of the Netherlands. He had an obsession, much the same as yours. My grandmother, his wife of the same age, was very similar to your Alyssa. A woman able to grow to prodigious sizes. I think she ended up outgrowing the castle by the end of things." Anitonia's explanation was cold, and yet her expression showed a modicum of affection in it.

Bob had to cross his legs to keep himself from moving out of control and to hide his hardening member. He felt the tinges of pleasure flooding his lower regions at the mention of a woman larger than a castle.

"So you're saying that Alyssa's going to be as large as a castle?" Bob couldn't hide his dopey grin when imagining it.

"That was not what I was leading towards, but yes, likely bigger." Antonia paused as Bob let out an audible gasp. "The size is both the issue and not the focus. My ancestor stopped at castle size because the country could not sustain her. Her rule was a drain on the land and led to a time of famine; her size carried through to all of her children. All of us were a plague of hunger upon my country, our size getting smaller with each generation. But that's why we founded the Ministry of Size, to predict incidents like this one. The fact you skirted beneath our notice for so long is impressive."

Antonia moved over to a projector, flipping open the screen to a chart with a map of the city next to it.

"With the marvels of modern technology, I expect your Alyssa to grow to about this size by the end of the year. Then to this size in another ten years." Antonia circled the map with a pointer she grabbed from her bosom.

The area she circled on the map started as the city block around Grasco, occupying most of the surrounding areas. On the next point, she circled the map of the county, showing that Alyssa would outgrow the county and potentially the state.

"That's...that's more wonderful than I could have ever imagined." Bob voiced his thoughts without thinking.

"Of course it is; you must carry the same obsession, but it's impossible. At that size, your woman would lead the entire country into ruin. Logistics would outstretch capabilities; her emissions would quicken our already growing climate crisis." Antonia closed her pointer as she made her points. "As you can see, we can't allow Alyssa to keep growing."

"Those are all some really good points, but I think you've underestimated Grasco's capabilities. We've got some of the best scientists in the world." Bob stood up, awkwardly hiding his legs to conceal the growing boner in his pants before tossing a packet towards Antonia. "If you'll flip through those figures my people cooked up, you'll see that Grasco is perfectly capable of handling our mountain. With that milk she's producing, we can make food that will outpace her hunger, using the excess to supply people around us. As for her fumes, our lead scientist thought of that. She's cooked up a device that can harness all the methane Alyssa pumps out and refine it into something usable. I dare say, she's a clean burning blimp."

Antonia was silent, flipping through the dense pamphlet, scanning over the documents with keen eyes. Silently scanning over the numbers and figures presented, doing her own mental math before looking back at Bob.

"These numbers look accurate. Fine, I'll accept your proposal, but expect visits from the Ministry. We need to verify your progression." Anitonia snapped the file shut as she looked at Bob with steeled eyes.

"I'd expect nothing less." Bob sat back down, shifting his legs so his aching cock could breathe freely.

The rest of the meeting was a boring and awkward affair, Bob doing his best to not bump or jostle Anitonia; the last thing he needed was an international incident. After they finished, Bob returned to his helicopter, flying cross-country to his bubbly wife. His hands were occupied texting city crews and officials; they needed to move Alyssa to the countryside. Then he looked out on the horizon, the city skyline coming into view and his butterball of a wife with it. He sent her an affectionate text as the helicopter whizzed through the air. There were going to be some big changes coming, and he welcomed them.

Chapter Fifteen: The Living Mountain

The aforementioned year had passed, and Antonia's projections were not wrong; Alyssa had outgrown the block. They had managed to get her out of city limits before she reached that stage. Just moving her was a marvel of engineering; the truck that transports the space shuttle had to be used to get her out into the countryside. With her body unbound by city limits, Alyssa had become a landmark, a fixture of the environment. The Grasco headquarters had been reconstructed, the office itself using her massive body as a foundation. She had grown so large that it was the only way to make use of the space, as her growth would make any attempts to build around her impossible. With how large Alyssa had become, she was a national landmark and the subject of many a news segment. Bob had taken to simply giving free tours of the Grasco factory, special adult-only tours that could show off the true scale of his honey, one of which was set for today.

"I'm so glad all of you could join me today for a tour of the Grasco complex." Bob looked out to the small crowd that had come to the foothills of Alyssa County.

"A complex? Sir, that's a woman." One of the tour group pointed up towards the withering heights of Alyssa's body, her bustline so high up that it looked hazy.

"You are correct, but we at Grasco are economical people. We don't want to take up so much space without making good use of it. Here, let me show you." Bob smiled, leading the tour to a helicopter he had ready to start the tour. "I hope you all like flying, cuz we're going to go top to bottom. More fuel efficient that way."

The group enthusiastically followed Bob onto the helicopter as it took off, all of them chattering as the bird lifted them higher into the air. Moving so high that the temperature changed, growing colder as they moved outside the haze from Alyssa's body. Her overheating body hit the cold air and created a sort of mist that left her upper peaks concealed. All they could see were massive hoses jutting out from the mist, huge tubes that must have been multiple yards in diameter. Clear tubes made of space-grade plastic that were constantly pumping a flow of sticky white substance out, a waterfall of the stuff flowing down and into tall silos located far away from the massive mountain of flesh. Bob signaled for the helicopter to stop for a moment, hovering as he turned to the crowd.

"Now, before we go in, can anyone tell me what's in those tubes and behind that wall of mist?" Bob smiled, practically beaming at the chance to show off his wife.

"Is it milk?" One of the tourists raised her hand sheepishly.

"Exactly right, that milk is from our grand ol' girl, doin' her darndest to help out the company and feed herself." Bob patted the pilot on the back, urging him to radio someone.

Oourrrllllll

As soon as the radio clicked off, a low and rumbling growl came from Alyssa's body, her stomach shifting and rumbling. Her mountainside of a stomach wobbled as some kind of calamity was taking place inside.

Brroooouuuuuuppppp

The helicopter shook as the rumbling stopped, a belch so fierce and loud that it whipped the countryside, a breeze that carried far into the city below. With Alyssa's massive belch, the mist had cleared, and the group was given a clear view of her massive body.

To say Alyssa was massive was an understatement; her breasts alone were enough to crush dozens of city blocks. Enormous blimps of fat that rested atop a cliffside of fat, tits taller than a warehouse and wider than multiple city blocks. Massive blimps of caramel flesh that sloped down into pristine curves. Heaving blobs of fat that ended in enormous nipples, tubes of flesh that could fit a car inside of them. Behind those nipples was a darkened expanse of flesh, discolored plateaus of chocolate flesh that comprised her areola. They were lakes of glistening and beautiful flesh, almost consuming the entirety of her breasts. Resting atop her massive nipples were the mentioned clear tubes, tubes barely big enough to fit on those distended tubes. People with keen eyes could see the flesh bulging against their prison as milk spurted from their ends. She was incredibly soft-looking; even from a distance she looked like she had the consistency of whipped cream, and yet she was sturdy. Sturdy enough for multiple office buildings to be built atop the ocean of her flab. Two tall skyscrapers that rose above her head, rising high into the sky and breaking past the cloud cover. Their massive structures stayed

seemingly still, despite the great undulations of Alyssa's bustline. Bob gave the crowd a few minutes to drink in her bustline before directing the pilot to fly closer.

"I know some of you may be wondering about this, but why build our new office on top of Alyssa's body?" Bob opened his arms to see if the crowd had picked their jaws from the floor.

"Yeah, isn't it incredibly unsafe?" one of the tourgoers questioned Bob's motives.

"You would think, but it's a marvel of the modern world. Even though she's a mass of jello down there, she doesn't move. With a little trick of engineering, we can make it so the buildings sway with her. And there's no winds that can outdo our own lady's; she's a force of nature herself. As for the why, it's as I said, we are economical, but also, feeding her is an all-hands-on-deck affair. Most of those offices are dedicated to working out logistics and dealing with the influx of food, also to help work with her output." Bob smiled as he motioned to the silos down below.

As they closed in on Alyssa's body, he explained her current role in the company and her status as the primary breadwinner. The milk she produced was more than enough to keep her fed, a sort of miracle product, and something had to be done with the excess. Excess milk was being mixed into the Grasco food products, substituting and then replacing any need for cow's milk. Alyssa's byproduct was so creamy and delicious that store shelves were soon filled with Grasco milk, jugs that had a cartoon version of Alyssa's smiling face on them. Cheeses, pastas, ice cream, all of them had their markets muscled in by Alyssa's prolific production. She was an overwhelming force, free food production that only needed to be processed. The crowd listened enraptured as the helicopter touched down on the landing pad on her tits.

"Looks like we're just in time for lunch. I hope you're ready to see a real sight. Not many get to watch this." Bob led the tour out as he hopped in the motorized cart on the landing pad.

They hummed across the vast plain of her bustline, the textured tires struggling to find a foothold in the soft flesh of Alyssa's body. The path ahead was wobbling and soft, but as they closed in, they could see heavy dump trucks leaving the bases of the office buildings. Their beds were filled and overflowing with various foods and goods; each truck had enough to stock an entire store, and the crowd counted at least three. Gasps of wonder and excitement filled the air as they closed into the hill at the center of that expanse, the blobby head of Mt. Alyssa.

Their black-haired beauty was practically buried in blobs, a small hill atop the mountain. Her cheeks were flabby, so full of blubber that they rested on her flowing neck fat and rippling chins. Her chins rippled like a lake, folds upon folds upon folds that all bulged out from each other like bubbles. A cascading waterfall of fat that trailed into the seamless expanse of her body, she looked like a listless blob, barely animate. Yet, when she saw the crowd, she flashed them a smile, winking like a star. There was an attendant pedaling away from her as the trucks closed in, a heap of books piled in their basket. As the dump trucks came to a halt, Bob looked back to warn the crowd.

"I know you're going to be tempted to leave and see it up close, but I assure you. This is the safest distance to watch Alyssa eat. She can get a bit enthusiastic at lunchtime." Bob slowed the cart to a stop, pulling the brakes.

As Bob brought things to a halt, the ground beneath them started to shift as Alyssa opened her mouth. Her yawning maw extended down like a cave's mouth, widening like a great beast's. Steam rose from the gaping pit as her hot internals met with the cool air; the trucks took that as their signal, backing to the edge of her mouth, making sure to not get too close. Their beds upended, dumping tons upon tons of food into her, all tumbling down the soft flesh of her throat and into the cavernous pits of her stomach. It only took a few moments for those trucks to empty their payloads and even less for Alyssa to eat them. The food piled around her maw in a grand hill that vanished as soon as they were done. Chewing wildly, gnashing like tectonic plates as she crushed the offering and swallowed. The group watched this process repeat three times; more trucks replaced the empty ones until Alyssa was finally sated. Her eyes drooped in calorie-induced haze as crumbs and slop were cleaned from her lips.

"Now if you're wondering what happens to all that food, let's go back to the helicopter." Bob wheeled the vehicle around.

The cart buzzed across the landscape, whizzing by at incredible speed as the tour group returned to a refueling helicopter. It took a lot of fuel to get up Alyssa's peak, and they would need a lot more to finish the tour. After the crowd loaded in and the chopper took off, they stopped just outside of the misty expanse of Alyssa's bust.

"As you can see, her stomach is rather massive. The last time our scientists took a measurement, she was about a hundred square miles. Which is just over half of her circumference. It's really quite impressive." Bob tossed out binoculars to the tourists so they could see the true grandiosity of Alyssa.

She was breathtakingly immense, more a piece of the earth than flesh; her titanic stomach bulged out like a grand shelf. Flows of fat as wide as rivers and deep as a trench marked her grand swell. It sat like a landing pad for her breasts, those mammoth tracts of land looking like mere molehills in comparison to the grand expanse of her stomach. Facilities had cropped up on the stretch of her stomach, factories to produce food. They sat close to her breasts, resting atop the flattest part of her gut before it sloped down into an impossible cliffside. Round and rippling, constantly moving from her internal action, Alyssa's stomach was titanic, a mythical thing that seemed impossible. Sweat poured from her rotund form, mingling with condensing mists and turning into rivers that flowed down her body. They stream down her expansive body in erratic paths, flowing across the contours of her fat and getting lost in her body. Wraps of blubber trailed around her body, massive platforms that trucks could be seen driving up, paths that only the most dedicated of workers would take.

Just below her midway point sat her navel, a gaping and tremendous pit in the expanse of her stomach. It was a steaming cave mouth surrounded by a bristling forest of hair; the trail of coarse hair that tapered from her navel to below was dense as a jungle. Swaying in the breeze, too strong to trim with anything but the most powerful of shears. As that outcropping of jungle continued down to her nethers, eyes were drawn to the contouring overhangs of her gut. The crescent peaks of fat that connected to her navel and curved over her massive fupa, ending in immense love handles. They were vast collections of skin and fat, held together by impossible genetics; love handles so grand that they buried her thighs completely. Only the barest bits of her oversized haunches could be seen from the sky; you needed to cave dive if you wanted to see any more. That concealment, though, was because Alyssa was sitting; should she ever decide to be mobile again, you'd get a good look at them before they cracked the earth.

Urbblblblbb

The front of Alyssa's gut rumbled, quaking as the meal she had finally eaten reached a point of processing.

"Now we get to lunch, part two. I hope you brought your gas masks, everyone, because we're about to see some toxic fumes." Bob and the crowd chuckled as the helicopter circled around to Alyssa's backside.

The pilot looked at Bob with dismay as they veered the copter around Alyssa's flanks, giving them a better view of the cliffside of adipose that was Alyssa's flanks, flowing shelves of fat that collapsed over each other in heaps. Swooping curls of fat that ascended up her body in ridges, getting smaller before they amassed at her underarms. Wings of fat had turned into bergs of blubber that squeezed out around her swallowed arms, rippling wings of blubbered fat that sat above a jungle. Deep in the crevice of her armpit; a forest had sprouted up, the unkempt tips of her armpit hair poked out from her folds. With tips that glistened in the sunlight, encrusted in the salt of her own sweat, and bustling with workers.

"If you can see over there, that's how we recycle a bit of salt. You have no idea how much you lose during the day." Bob pointed towards one of the workers as the tour pulled out their binoculars.

A worker was suspended by ropes at Alyssa's pits, crawling around the deep folds of her armpit fat; a pack was tied to their back. They used a pickaxe to break away the massive clumps before depositing it in the bag. The tourists watched them work, gathering more crystals before stopping, pulling off their mask, and diving deep into Alyssa's folds. The crowd watched their elation as the worker took a deep whiff of Alyssa's pits, a bulge growing in their pants as they went back to work. Before the crowd could get more invested, the helicopter banked further around, the cabin tilting as the pilot took them to the start of Alyssa's backside. Rivers of supple flesh flowed over themselves in vast collections, widening as the layers of blubber thickened under Alyssa's flesh. Her hips were the first things one could see, towering walls of curved blubber that poked out from the shadows of her love handles. Massive and wobbling haunches

that towered over the countryside next to her, the towering treetops that remained at her side struggled to brush halfway up her thighs. Rounded cliffs of sheer blubber, smooth and round, only marred by waves of motion near the base. Ground upturned around her haunches as her settling body embedded itself further into the earth. Trucks drove around her base, transporting large canisters from her backside towards facilities off the road.

As the helicopter swooped around, the tour was given a better view of Alyssa's grand backside. Football fields of flesh that settled upon the earth, stretching far beyond her back and out into the fields behind. Miles upon miles of luscious gelatinous flesh that merged into her hips into wide blocks of adipose-riddled flesh. Constantly rippling and moving ranges of flesh that rode up past the hips they were attached to. Humps of skin that were too vast to even imagine, so large that it was impossible to comprehend until you saw the miniscule trucks driving across them. Alyssa's ass was larger than her bust, fields of flesh that were best left to the realms of myth. Despite their size, there were no buildings affixed to those immense glaciers, and that was due to their constant motion. As the group approached, the sound of rumbling thunder rang through the cabin, overpowering the noise cancellation. Shifts in pressure rocked them, catching the rotors in turbulence as rumbling fumes belched from her backside.

Rrrrrbbbbbbbbbbbtttttt

Pppmmmmmmmmffffffffff

Muffled and booming farts rocked Alyssa's backside, sending quakes across the rocking expanse of her flesh. Every bit of fat was turned into a wave for the trucks to navigate as they drove about. The sound and force from her expulsions felt like a volcano, shaking the air like a violent quake. A scent flooded the cabin; the smell of heated cheese and sulfur flooded their sinuses. Those unprepared felt their sinuses blister as they reached for a gas mask; as gas continued to filter through the cabin, the heat rose. Sweat pooled on the guest's brow as the copter continued rocking violently with the passed winds. The crowd clung to each other for dear life as the turbulence came to an end, the breaking wind settling as they got a better view of Alyssa's backside. They expected to find a deep and shadowed asscrack, but not the parted seas of her flesh. Alyssa's gargantuan ass was parted, both cheeks pulled apart by concerted collections of supports and pulleys, all working to keep her cheeks from clapping together. The helicopter tilted as the crowd fought over each other to get a better view of what was going on between Alyssa's cheeks. Nestled deep in her crack was a monumental pipeline, wider than the grandest silo, wider than a reservoir drain. A titanium forged pipe with soft silicon edges as it fed into Alyssa's hole; pink muscle wrapped around the soft cover, puckering as it flexed. Alyssa's hole was open for the world to see, surrounded by a carpet of hair on all sides. It looked like the mouth of some ancient leviathan, hungry and twitching as small puffs of mist escaped the imperfect seal. The crowd sat wide-eyed and silent, wordlessly following the pipeline with their eyes as it ended in a massive facility. A processing factory built from sturdy concrete, perched atop an even larger treaded platform. Dotting the factory's surroundings were voluminous silos of clear metal; their insides were dark and foggy. Bob waited for them to regain their composure before he continued gushing about his wife.

"You should be thankful that pipe's sturdy; if we caught one of her blasts full force, we'd be in a wreck below." Bob chuckled as he gestured towards Alyssa's crack. "In case you're curious, that pipeline and the attached pipe are all part of our recycling program. Alyssa puts out enough methane to fuel global warming on her lonesome, but we found a way around that pretty quickly. All of her gas gets pumped into our processing plant, where we refine it into something a bit more clean-burning and then ship it out. Also, the turbines in there are like little wind farms; we just need to get some better batteries to store it all. Alyssa's ass is fueling the entire eastern seaboard and probably the whole country soon. As you can see, for such a complex facility, we need a way to move it, especially when you have a woman whose yearly growth is measured in acres."

Bob finished his explanation as the copter moved around to give the passengers a better view of Alyssa's ass, circling around past her crack. Deep inside those fields of flesh there were lighter patches, expanses the sun had not touched, pale stretches concealed by thick hair. Workers walked between bridges amongst her jungle, checking supports and writing numbers on their pads.

"Hey, Bob. Why aren't those people wearing masks like the others?" One of the guests motioned towards the maskless workers.

"That's because those folks are a special breed. They live in those fumes; hell, they breathe it on purpose. If I told them to wear a mask, they'd get so worked up they'd tear it off and pass out. They love being down there." As Bob explained, the guests caught the worker pulling tufts of hair towards their face and licking it. "Oh, that reminds me. How are we looking on fuel?"

"We're at about half, enough to get back to the front." The pilot's reply was stern and calculated.

"Well, folks. Looks like that's about all we can see of Alyssa's ass today. If you want to get more in-depth looks, you can always check out our resort package. For now though, we have to go back around front; we've got one last place to visit." Bob wrung his hands apologetically as the crowd let out a morose sigh.

This part of the tour was always a roller coaster of emotions for the unprepared, as the helicopter banked back around, it began the long trip back to Alyssa's front. The muffled surges of gas that erupted from her backside were volcanic in their heat and ferocity; it wasn't until they were out of her ass's pull that things returned to normal. The rotors above them whirred at a blistering pace as they circled back to her front, descending slowly to give the crowd a full view of Alyssa's pelvic region. It was Bob's favorite part of the tour; looming in front of them like a mountain was Alyssa's fupa. A collection of wobbling flesh hidden in a misty rainforest of her pubes, chaotic outcroppings of coarse hair stretched out in bundled stalks. Each strand was thick as a juniper tree and stretched into the underside of her gut. Clinging to those strands of

coarse hair were dewdrops the condensed mist of her perspiration and the temperature difference. The entire expanse had a heavy fog floating through it, a gray mist that wafted through the pubetops. Littered among those towering stalks were what looked to be vacationers, people climbing the tops and camping amongst her bush.

Wind blew and scattered the mist on the periphery as the helicopter set down on the ground, giving the group a better look at Alyssa's yawning cavern of a pussy. The overhanging fat folds of her fupa were propped open like curtains as people filtered in and out, some coming out quite a bit larger than the rest of them. Below the gaped cavern of her fupa, carved into the ground, was a great trench that ended in a lake of white. The surface of that trench was glistening and shining, a constant trickle of fluid flowed down it and into the pool. As the helicopter came to a stall, the rotors dying out as Bob opened the door.

"And here is the last spot on our tour, everybody: our little resort. I call it the F.F." Bob chuckled as people filtered out the door.

"Does that stand for Fat Fupa?" Someone turned to ask Bob the question before stepping out.

"That's right, it's our little spa. I can only give you a small tour today, since the more exclusive parts are a paid experience. Just go ahead and follow me." Bob gave a cheerful reply as he led them out of the door.

The trek to Alyssa's nethers was a daunting one, a long and scaling trek up the hillside to her lips. As they walked, they saw people sliding down the sluice next to them, all in bathing suits and some incredibly rotund. One woman was practically rolling down the slide; every tumble of her body elicited a small spout of fluid, like she was a balloon. When the tour got to the maw of the cavern, they saw the source of the fluid and the sliding guests. Alyssa's cavernous fupa led to an even larger pussy, pink tissue that arced into an undulating ceiling that they couldn't see the top of. Shadowed ridges of convulsing muscle trailed down the yawning cavern; it was wide enough to drive a car through, wide enough that the group could spread out and leave room for the other passersby. This width became less true the further in they went, along the edges of Alyssa's pussy were vacationers, desperately lapping at the sides of her caves. They drank her seeping fluids like they were nectar, letting it drip into their mouths while others rested on the soft floor. As they passed the threshold into her genitals proper, the concrete gave way to soft muscle, and they were instructed to take their shoes off.

They obliged, walking deeper as they ventured into her depths, the juices of her pleasure squished between their dotes as heavy flows fell from above. Roper ladders had been tied somewhere above her fupa, their rungs twirling as motion from above carried down.

"As you can see, we are in the epicenter of Alyssa's pussy, a nice and quiet place where weary people can relax and indulge. It's free for any of my workers to attend as a getaway, though some parts are a bit booked. I think you saw the slide down below; that's for people who

get a little overzealous. People love to try and see if they can get Alyssa to climax, but so far nobody's gotten the technique down." Bob chuckled before he heard a rumble from the cave around them. "Speak of the devil. Yvette?! Is that you?"

Bob pulled out a flashlight to illuminate whatever was at the top of the ladder, and his assertion was correct. Yvette had managed to lodge herself over Alyssa's massive clit, nearly pulling herself apart from the sheer size of it. Her feet wrapped around the tip of the massive knob as she rode herself up and down Alyssa's swelling clit. The entire cave was starting to narrow as a rumble emanated from Alyssa's core, the sound of rushing fluid gathering all around them.

"Looks like the tour's being cut short, but on the bright side, you get to see something pretty rare." Bob hustled the tour alongside him, rushing them towards the cavern entrance.

Around them the walls of flesh began to close, pink tissue swelled, flexing outward, pleasure coursed through Alyssa's system. Her walls began to inflate, pushing her bloated lips out from her hanging folds like a balloon. The top of her fupa rose and swelled, growing apart to accommodate the growth below. The folds of her fupa pulled away to reveal the throbbing lips; the flow of liquid down the sluice increased as waves of pleasure fell down them. A lazy stream turned into a raging river; the gathering moisture of her climax accumulated as her pussy swelled larger and larger. Her massive lips were like towers of flesh, shining and taut, trembling in anticipation of the climax to come. Inside Yvette was running wild, impaling herself so thoroughly on Alyssa's swollen clit that it bulged against her torso, her legs splayed impossibly wide. She rode it harder and harder, until her own climax threw her from the vibrating nub, sending her tumbling towards the cave mouth. She toppled over herself in a heap, careening towards the light before she was trapped by those closing walls. Stuck between Alyssa's massive lips with her upper body poking out, she sat embarrassed by the disgruntled crowd about her.

Rmbllblbl

Yvette wasn't given much time to feel shame as everything around her shook; Alyssa's looming lips had trapped her tight. The muscle twitched in anticipation as she kept growing, smothering more of Yvette's body in her turgid folds. Her lips expanded until they looked like a hot air balloon of hot seed, the inner pink of her pussy pushing out as a building climax readied for release.

"Okay everyone, out of the splash zone; she's gonna blow." Bob had a grin on his face, doing his best to lead the tourists away.

Many of the vacationers were either too large or too entranced to leave, so they just waited. They watched as Alyssa's growth spread to her fupa, the mountainous mound expanding higher, stretching out like a bulging dam. The rumbling from her twitching muscles shook the ground below her, tumbling the earth around her like a jackhammer. The quakes

could only carry so far; shockwaves turned into light tremors and then into a slight jostling as nerves carried signals to Alyssa's peak. Up top, she was busy eating another delivery of food; dump trucks had just poured their payloads into her mouth when she abruptly snapped her jaws shut. Swallowing the mass in a heavy gulp as she scrunched her face, trying to figure out the odd sensation below.

"I think i'm about to cum." Alyssa cocked her face, craning her neck against her own fat as she braced herself.

Splooooooooossh

Down below, Alyssa's swollen lips relaxed as a flood of seed coursed through her swollen cavern. Lakefuls of pent-up pleasure washed through her system, flowing towards the only exit, an exit that was currently blocked by Yvette.

"It's totally fine guys; she's just ***mmppphhhh psshfflfffs***" Yvette's attempts to get rid of some of her heat were cut short by a flow of heavy, thick cum spurting from her mouth.

Yvette's body swelled immediately, blowing up like a balloon as Alyssa's cum flowed into her. Lakes of seed flowed between her legs, forcing itself into her system and growing her body larger and larger. Her skin stretched like a blimp, red marks of strain appeared on her form as she blew up to the size of a weather balloon. Yvette's cum-soaked form began to slip, her tight body losing the fight to keep itself lodged in Alyssa's lips. With an unceremonious plop, she was knocked loose, tumbling down the sluice like a bowling ball and splashing down into the lake below. Her body bobbing up and down in the growing white lake as Alyssa's dammed cum flowed freely. An explosive spray of white showered the crowd around them as her lower lips deflated, shrinking back into their damp caverns as more seed flowed. It was enough to overflow the lake, white lapped across the shores in crashing waves as Alyssa's mound shrank, everything returning to a state of general relaxation.

"Not bad, champ, you got a little ghostgasm from her." Bob walked up to the lakeside, placing a hand on her turgid surface.

"Biblibbbi" Yvette's only response was to open her mouth and let the cum dribble down her pleasure-drenched face.

"Truer words were never spoken." Bob chuckled as he turned back to the crowd. "As you can see, Alyssa has pretty intense climaxes. That one was a half orgasm, a small one compared to what she can really do."

"Wait, that was a mini one? What happens with a full one?" One of the guests looked at Yvette and then back to Alyssa's deflating mound.

"A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell, but let's just say it's a national event. You can hear her moans all the way in California." Bob looked pleased as punch when he said those words. "Now, with that. The tour's officially at an end, so feel free to walk around and enjoy the facilities. At sundown you'll be escorted out if you're still here."

Bob left the tour, cleaning the specks of cum from his coat as he left the tour to their own devices; he had spent enough time away from his love. He got inside of his car, a shining black luxury car with specialized tires; he let the engine turn over, inspecting the lights and meters before taking off. He aimed for the lowest fold of Alyssa's thigh, a secret little path he'd discovered when she'd grown too large for an elevator to reach the top. It was a bumpy and dangerous path that circled the vast expanse of her body, taking him from the low folds of her hips, the curling cliffs of her gut, up the fat ridges of her love handles and through the shelf of back fat opposite her cleavage. It was a long drive; if he didn't have the modified fuel tank, he would have run out of gas before reaching the top, but as his car sputtered and died, it reached the top of her body. Slowing to a crawl just past the edge of her arms. Bob walked casually across her body, strolling as if it were any day.

The sun set behind him as he walked towards Alyssa's head, passing by her twiddling fingers, stopping to play with them in her stretched fat. He sat for a moment, holding her hand as she held his. Admiring the heat from her body and the cool air around him before continuing his little trek. By the time he reached Alyssa's head, the sun had completely set, and her body was bathed in the dark of night; the office lights and hanging lanterns above her acted as guiding stars. Bob finally came face to face with his love, just after another set of dump trucks had deposited food in her hungry gullet, her woozy face twisted in a grin as it moved through her system.

"Feeling satisfied?" Bob upped his pace to a jog, getting close enough for Alyssa to hear him.

"Nah, I *urp* want more." Alyssa twisted her head towards Bob, a surprisingly demure burp slipping past her lips.

"I'm pretty sure we can have that arranged. Might need to get a feeding tube." Bob wrapped his arms around Alyssa's massive jowls.

She craned her neck into his arms as his arms dug into her folds, hefting them up like blankets of flab. Ahead of them, the large office screen had turned on, speakers had been placed around the both of them.

"So, what's on tonight?" Bob relaxed, collapsing into Alyssa's jowls.

"I think they said it was one of the National Lampoon's movies. European vacation?" Alyssa cocked her eyes as she tried to remember what the assistant told her.

"I love that one. Has one of my favorite scenes in it." Bob and Alyssa shared a glance as she grinned.

"I wonder which one that is." She smiled widely before pursing her lips.

The two of them exchanged a glance before kissing passionately, Bob letting her black lipstick smear across his face. Their time together seemed like it had just started, and Alyssa was already as big as she was. As Bob kneaded her chins, he couldn't help but wonder.

How much bigger can she get?