

In a crowded workshop in the North Pole, Santa's elves were winding down after a year of endless work. Their tools discarded, thrown to the wayside in favor of mugs and glasses. All of them garbed in their usual red and green affair, diminutive workers who barely came up to a waist. The party in question could last for weeks, the type of unwinding one needed before tackling the production of millions of toys again. Food and drink clashed against each other while conversation roared. A band had been assembled to sing carols and cheerful music for the venue; it was a true shindig. Everyone was letting off steam, save for a certain elf who marched her way up the stage. Rather diminutive, even for an elf, she was rail thin with strawberry-orange hair and blue eyes that shone like snowflakes. She hip-checked the singer to wrest a microphone from his hands, tapping it to garner attention.

"Everyone! Direct your eyes to the grand nog vat." The elf paused, waiting for everyone to process the change in atmosphere. "You see that? I'm going to drink that! All of it."

This elf was a particular eccentric, known far across the North Pole for her gluttony; her name was Cracker. She ate and drank everything she could get her hands on, oftentimes stuffing herself until she looked pregnant. Despite this, she never seemed to gain any weight; her added bulk seemed to vanish overnight, much to her chagrin. Everyone in Cracker's family was a bombshell, fat put on in all the right places, yet none for her. *Some attributed it to familial oddities, but those close to her knew the real cause. It was her single-minded devotion to eggnog, a treat that she was ill-equipped to digest. As Cracker was so horribly lactose intolerant that a single cup of dairy was enough to turn her into a gassy mess. She probably wasn't processing that much of what she ate.*

A permanent fixture for any good elf party, the Grand Nog was filled with each year's special brew. A container the size of a warehouse, filled every year with the sweetest and strongest of eggnogs. Meant to supply enough nog for every elf during the entire two weeks, it was a gleaming monument to the holidays, and Cracker wanted it inside of her.

Cracker had been at the shop for a couple centuries now, and every year when she drank her fill of nog, she wanted more. In the back of her mind, she imagined herself hooking a hose to the spigot and drinking the entire thing in one night. A task that only grew more impossible as the number of elves in the pole increased. Each year the container grew to accommodate, and this year, it was the biggest it had ever been. A whole batch of elflings had turned to adults and were able to join the workforce, and the Grand Nog was filled accordingly. Maybe it was because of said challenge that Cracker finally bit the bullet and indulged in her fantasies?

That was the prime question that ran through her mind as she pulled the thick hose from behind her back. A long opaque tube so thick she could barely grasp her hands around it, large enough to make a perfect seal around the nog spigot. Affixing it to the spout before bringing it to her mouth, Cracker stopped to look back at the crowd. They all looked at her with a mix of confusion and curiosity.

“Can she do it?”

“No way, she’ll probably give up.”

“Hope she leaves some nog for the rest of us.”

The few comments Cracker heard from the crowd were vapid murmurings, mild intrigue instead of genuine attention. She’d need to give them something to pay attention to. Cracker put the hose in her mouth, jamming it so deep that it felt like it would unhinge her jaw. Giving it a few hearty tugs to test the connection Cracker turned the brass handle, feeling the hose whip in her hands as the tub behind her wobbled. A flood of sweet and thick liquid flooded into her mouth, bulging her cheeks with the dairy payload. Cracker sputtered for a moment as the blast of nog hit the back of her throat, taking a second to acclimate to the forceful flow. Only for a moment, though, as she started to rhythmically swallow the massive deluge.

Gulp

Gulp

Gulp

Cracker’s throat bulged and contracted, her cheeks deflating as the river of sweetened cream coursed down her gullet. Splashing down in her stomach like rainfall, filling the empty pit until it was full, and then making more room. The green cloth of Cracker’s suit began to stretch, drawn against the growing bubble of her midriff. Each swallow brought more of her to bear, her stomach creeping out from the hem of her dress. A peachy swell that clung to her torso like a ripening fruit. Her sloped underbelly stretched the nylon of her stockings, setting a hard and defining line against her pelvis. A black egg that curved up to her chest, her stomach gradually lost the defining lines as more nog flooded her system. Sporting a sloshing potbelly that shook like a water balloon, Cracker started to move around the stage. All eyes were on her, and the nerves she felt being the center of attention compelled her to act. She started to move around the stage, arching her back to stick out her growing gut as she suckled on the hose.

“She looks like a balloon.”

“That gut must be bigger than her.”

“What a greedy girl.”

Bblblblblb

Grlll

That last movement seemed to stir something up inside of her, remind her body that it was lactose intolerant. Her sloshing stomach began to swell, inflating with fermenting gasses that gave it a rounded look. Turning it into a rippling balloon as the pouring liquid mixed with bubbling gas, her stomach growled angrily from the sudden abuse. Cracker's movements across the stage grew clumsier as she moved about, her own tightening curves brushing against her legs. In the span of a few minutes, she looked like she was full term, sporting a stomach that was closer to a ball of rippling flesh. Growing gradually, she felt a pressure low in her body, an airy bubble that pressed against her pelvis. Stretching out her insides as it traveled lower, she knew what was about to come, but she'd never let it rip in public.

Rlrlllllllr

Biblblblb

Cracker grimaced, trying to hold back the growing flood, her expression contorted in discomfort. The pressure in her torso was making this whole thing become an activity in pain instead of joy, which wasn't something Cracker wanted. She could feel her exit flexing, ready to unleash something loud and rude. Cracker realized how dumb she was being; she was already a spectacle, already a bloated blimp, so why have any inhibitions? She wanted to enjoy this night, everyone else be damned.

Grrlrllrrlr

It was time. Cracker hiked up her leg, pressing a knee into her gurgling gut, the soft surface divoting around her leg. Her swelling stomach rumbled more fiercely, growing as the sloshing of her stomach turned into audible bubbling. The pressure forced the heavy collection inside of her to froth before she let loose.

Ppbbbbbbfffttttttt

Brrrrrrrrtttt

Two long trumpeting farts broke past her diminutive cheeks, sending a powerful gust flying across the party hall. Kicking up glitter and snow with its gust, the crowd trapped in a look of disgust at Cracker's outburst. She was having the time of her life; she loved the feeling of hot wind passing through her system, especially when it was so forceful. It turned into a small game as she continued chugging down her drink, holding in her gas as long as possible before losing it in an explosive display. Holding it longer and longer, letting her own gas proliferate in her core before unleashing it again.

Pppppppfffttttttttt

Another powerful gust blew from her cheeks, knocking the hats from the elves as their conversations were silenced. While gas blew from her cheeks, Cracker's stomach was billowing

out at an exponential rate. Past her previous record, she looked pregnant with twins, a sloshing balloon of nog that dragged her towards the ground. With her short frame, she didn't have far to fall; the apex of her stomach rested on the ground as she rolled about it. Grinding against her own gut, sucking on the hose as seductively as she could muster, becoming a true freak in front of the crowd.

Grlllll

Ppffttttt

slosh

glunk

Every shift in Cracker's movements caused the curdling load in her stomach to bubble, sloshing back and forth against her insides. Gas roared from her ass as she forced more of that sweet liquid down her throat. Looking up at the Grand Nog, it had barely budged; despite her record-breaking size, the container was barely impacted. She needed to get serious about this, to stop playing around. Cracker rolled onto her back, letting her immense blimp of a stomach slosh atop her torso. The rising mountain wobbled back and forth like gelatin as she stopped simply drinking; she started sucking. Cracker's face turned red as she started sucking down the liquid, pulling as much of it in as she could. Gradually sliding herself over to the spigot to turn the handle some more.

Gulp

Gulp

Glunk

Slosh

Cracker's gut inflated with the increased influx; long past the point of pregnancy, she was starting to look like a yoga ball of flesh. Her stocking tore down the middle to accommodate the massive swell, a scorched hole piercing the spot between her cheeks. Cracker's gas had become so ferocious that it punched a hole through her pants, leaving her pale ass bare for all to see. She was more belly than elf, more nog than girl, her skin taking on a pinkish hue as it started to strain.

"Is she really doing it?"

"No way, she's still got over half the tank."

"Hey. What if she pops?"

“That’s crazy talk. No elf has ever popped from drinking eggnog.”

Cracker could barely hear the rumors among the crowd, their hushed conversations barely registering over the sounds of her own body. Greedily sucking on the hose, gulping harder and stronger as her grand swell rose higher in the air. Behind her, the Grand Nog stood like a silent monolith, an eerie omen. Cracker’s efforts, her size, none of it compared to the looming presence of the container. Brass-wrapped and clear-glassed, a constant reminder of her progress or lack thereof. The crowd was right to be concerned; she was barely at the halfway mark and already felt her skin starting to stretch. Her natural elasticity had reached its limit, and now her efforts stretching her hide. Each undulation of her throat, each bulge of the cheek, took considerable effort. She could feel the rising tide at the back of her throat, a flood of sickly cream resting at the apex of her stomach. Occasionally bubbling as gas tried to escape from her mouth, only to be forced down with more cream.

Crkkkkkkk

Bibbbbl

Cracker’s stomach was boiling, her belly a roiling ocean of cream and sugar, churning with every new droplet that trickled in. A massive wobbling hill that rose into the air like a weather balloon. Her pink-hued expanse shifted to red as spots struggled against her growth, fighting to keep it all in as Cracker fought against her better judgement. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew that this was folly, that she should give up, but she just couldn’t do it. This stunt was everything she had been craving over the past century, and even through the discomfort and pain, she found elation. The feeling of being so large, so full, it was pleasurable; an experience that she wasn’t ready to let end. Her constant eruptions didn’t hurt either; being such a gasbag on display only added to her thrill.

Ppfftttt

Brrrrttt

Grglglgg

Fierce gales blew from Cracker’s rear, bowling over those too close to the epicenter as her winds trumpeted out. The crowd, on the other hand, wasn’t getting the same level of enjoyment; their mild curiosity was turning to something closer to concern. Their party had already been usurped into some exhibitionist display, but now it was turning into a hazard. As Cracker’s massive gut rose above her on the stage, the smooth surface shaking and rumbling with every gulp, the crowd couldn’t help but feel danger. The way her body shook, the way her gut throbbed, it felt like they were close to a bomb.

Crkkkkk

Grnnnnn

grllll

The noises coming from it didn't help either; the room was filled with the sound of angry creaks and groans. Cracker's rising stomach cried like a wounded beast, the ballooning belly pleading for its master to stop her senseless quest. Looming above them like a great bubble, casting a shadow across the room, Cracker's stomach was a blimp. So tight that there was no sloshing or jostling of the liquid contents, just a tight rubber creaking that reached towards the ceiling.

Pop

The crowd leapt away from the stage at the sound similar to a popping cork, thinking that their dumb elf had blown herself to pieces. It wasn't Cracker that had popped, but her navel; sticking off the apex of her growing moon like a bubble, her bellybutton stood visible to all. Everyone knew what was coming; it was like a pressure valve, the failsafe to warn you that things were about to get hairy.

ppfftttttttttttttttt

Brrrrrrrrraaaaapp

Cracker's whipping gusts were getting longer, getting stronger; her deafening expulsions roared over the sound of her stomach. Her body desperately trying to reach some sort of pressure equilibrium, prevent the inevitable. Searing gas had widened the hole in her stockings, turning it into a gaping crater that exposed her bare ass. Expelling gusts so powerful that it forced her legs apart, exposing her gaping hole to the crowd.

Rmbblblbbllbl

Crkkkkkk

grnnnnn

"So nasty. I don't know why I'm sticking around for this."

"Those sounds coming from her can't be good."

"Yeah, I think she's about to blow."

"Should I get an umbrella?"

“I’m not leaving this party for nothing. If she explodes, then I guess I’m going swimming.”

Vocalized thoughts from the crowd had a grain of truth to them; if Cracker continued on her current path, she would surely explode. Yet, she couldn’t stop, she was a mere speck beneath her time bomb of a stomach. Unable to move if she wanted to, scrawny arms still holding onto the hose as she glanced back at the Grand Nog. She wasn’t even a fourth of the way done; to give up now would be shameful, a failure of grand proportions. There was no way she’d get a second chance at draining the Grand Nog, so it was do or blow.

Glunk

Grllll

Bbrrrtttt

The crowd cautiously backed away as Cracker’s bloating stomach climbed further into the air. Standing tall like a blimp or a boulder, splotches of red crawling their way across her shiny stomach. Her skin felt thin as paper, like a single poke from a curious elf could tear her apart like a water balloon. Her navel brushed against the rafters, scraping against the rough wood as her stomach struggled to grow. Attained inches were gained with great struggle; breaths were forced from her chest as the immense weight above her bore down on her chest.

Looking back at the Grand Nog, Cracker could see the level lowering, the sea of white just barely above the rim of brass. All she needed was to power through a few more gulps, muscle down a few more swallows.

Gulp

Rmbblblb

Bbrrrtttt

She swallowed hard, compounding her feelings of fullness, adding to the immense pressure that was pushing against her flesh. The growing storm that struggled for freedom from her body. Blustering winds poured from her strained hole, her increasing load pushing more bubbling winds from her stomach.

Gulp

Crkkkk

Only a few more swallows and she would be done; she was in the home stretch, but she felt no relief. The painful swallows shortened her fuse, pushing her closer to the brink; at this point, it was a battle of will, not physicality.

Scrrrr

Cracker felt the stream of nog come to a halt, the sickly sweet flow ceasing as the last trickles fell into her gullet. She couldn't see who or what had ended her little feast, but they had ruined her night. Cracker licked at the inside of the tube, trying to get those last few droplets of eggnog before she felt it yanked out of her mouth.

"All of you were just going to let her blow herself to pieces?" The familiar voice of Mrs. Claus prickled at Cracker's ears.

"***Ouuurrrrppp***. What's the ***uuurrrpp*** big deal?" Cracker could barely get her protests out over the flood of escaping belches.

"I'm saving you from making a huge mess. That's what." Mrs. Claus planted her hands on her hips, bending down to stare Cracker in the eyes.

"But, I wanted to drink the whole thing." Cracker pouted a little, her cheeks puffing with a swallowed belch.

Even when she was this shamelessly big, she couldn't muster the brazenness needed to belch in Mrs. Claus's face.

"Uh, huh? And then what? You would have blown yourself sky high? Have you even tried to drink this much before?" Mrs. Claus wagged her finger disapprovingly, giving Cracker a proper scolding.

Cracker didn't answer, only shaking her head in shame, trying to shrink away from such a legendary scolding.

"I swear." Mrs. Claus shook her head disapprovingly before wrapping her hands around Cracker's gut.

Pppfffttttt

Brrrtttttt

Cracker couldn't hold herself back any longer; the pressure on her bloated stomach forced more billowing farts out. Mrs. Claus's tight grip steadily deflated her ballooned gut as she

hefted her up. Mrs. Clause had a surprising amount of strength, able to lift Cracker into the air with ease, pushing her through the crowd and to the back.

“All of you go back to partying. I’ll take care of Cracker here until she’s back to a normal size.” Mrs. Claus gave some assurance as she walked through the warehouse doors.

She wasn’t lying; she was going to bring Cracker back when she was back to a normal size, but what she didn’t mention was what she and Cracker would be doing during that time. Mrs. Clause was going to give Cracker some personal lessons, showing her how to handle that much fluid. That way, when next year rolled around, she could drink the Grand Nog and maybe, compete with Mrs. Claus herself in some belly measuring. That would be for next year; until then, Cracker just had to dream.