

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. It made her a bit jealous, but ultimately it meant she was free to indulge in her favorite Christmas treat, eggnog. Luckily, it was in generous supply, for the Grand Nog was always filled.

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.”

Cracker bathed in the words of the crowd, their murmurs and jabs only serving to fuel her little exhibitionist streak. Doing an about-face to give them a full show, swinging her gut back and forth, letting the crowd get a good listen at her contents. Her belly moved heavily, the weight of the creamy contents carrying her momentum with each gyration. Rippling towards her flank before she cocked her hip back to move it to the other side. Lagging from its own weight, her stomach reached the desired spot when Cracker was already back to the other side. Repeating this back and forth, over and over, still gulping down cream with gusto. Cracker’s stomach

continued to fill, a low-hanging teardrop that made her look with brood; her belly was breathtaking.

***Slosh***

***Glunk***

***Slosh***

The heavy sounds of shifting liquid rang through the hall as Cracker continued her gyrations, bending down so low that the crowd could feel her stomach. She could only do this for so long before her heavy stomach threatened to topple her. Heaving her heavy belly back up above the stage, the sloshing momentum threw her off balance, planting her on her ass. Cracker slammed into the wood, her massive stomach sloshing atop of her like a balloon, her small frame saving her from any undue injury. The only damage done was to her pride, as now Cracker's undercarriage was in plain sight for all. Her bloating stomach was pulling on her stockings, digging them deeply into everything below the waist. Black fabric pulled so tight that there was nothing left to the imagination; her snatch was on full display, giving the most prominent of cameltoes. A bit lower, her stockings were embedding themselves further in her ass, perfectly framing her flat ass. There was a flash of heat in her face; she suddenly became self-aware of the predicament she was in.

Stranded on stage, trapped under a gut larger than she was and still growing, Cracker could feel their stares, their judgement. Those feelings made her shrink, regret taking her first sips and her continued drinking. That feeling of shame only lasted a moment; the nog touching her tongue reignited the spark in her. She wasn't doing this for them, or for anyone else; this little stunt was for her and her alone. With the flourish of a striptease, Cracker started to pull her stockings tighter, giving the audience a better show as she drank. Wiggling her legs, pressing her knees into her gut so they could get a good view. Cracker used that extra fervor and excitement to redouble her efforts for growth.

She started to suck on her hose; not content with the river freely flowing, she inhaled as hard as she could. Muscles and throat straining as she sucked on the hose, her cheeks going concave before filling with another burst of nog. Her face went red from the strain as she accelerated her drinking. Guzzling down eggnog like it was water, forcing it down her throat and into the burgeoning ocean in her stomach. With her accelerated drinking, her gut's expansion accelerated in turn. Bloating and expanding like a bubble on a wand, cracking the front of her smock and tearing it down the center.

The creamy peak of her stomach rose up through her shattered shirt, a curved ball that had grown into a yoga ball. Smooth and shiny, the sloshing of her gut slowed down as her skiing started to tighten. Pushing herself further than she thought possible, looming over the crowd like a mountain, Cracker herself unable to gauge the fullness of the Grand Nog.

**Grnnnnnn**

**crkkkkkk**

“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.

**Crkkkkkkk**

**Bblbbbl**

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.

**Crkkkkk**

**Grnnnnn**

**grlllll**

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.

***Rmbblblblbl***

***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***

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***

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.

***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.

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.