

# The inflation Extravaganza!

By Senorpaper

This is a compilation of fifteen different inflation stories. All with varying themes and styles, but all falling under the same category of expansion and popping. You will find furies, farting, women, men, dragons, non-binary and anything in between. People will be getting fat, enormous even, sometimes to impossible sizes. So I want you to suspend your disbelief going into this, imagine that people can expand like balloons and are incredibly hot doing so.

If you like what you end up seeing, don't forget to check out my patreon.  
<https://www.patreon.com/c/senorpaper>

There are a lot of stories there that cannot go up on Kindle.

Table of contents

3-14: <u>Goth Blowup in Goth Ihop</u>	85-92: <u>Jackals at 20,000 Feet</u>
14-21: <u>Thicc Girls Need to Fart</u>	92-100: <u>The Warhorse</u>
22-42: <u>A Sweet Reprisal</u>	101-121: <u>The Forever Pregnancy</u>
43-48: <u>Too Much Blood does a Belly Bad</u>	121-136: <u>Out of Season Goth Blowup</u>
48-53: <u>An Explosive Display of Talent</u>	136-145: <u>Stop Stealing Fizzy Lifting Drinks</u>
53-70: <u>A lesson In Dominance</u>	145-155: <u>Two Courses to Pop</u>
71-85: <u>The Dangers of a Foodie Love Triangle</u>	155-176: <u>New Year's Gas Bombs</u>

## Goth Blowup in Goth IHOP

The franchise wars had begun, with dwindling sales and low footsteps. Restaurants and chains needed to innovate. Menu changes weren't enough, though; it was time to unseal the box. A box buried by internet trends many a year ago. The trend was themed franchises. The first to rise was femboy Hooters, a drastic boost to the free-falling wing spot. And with that the floodgates opened: monster girl McDonald's, tomboy Outback, waifu Waffle House. All of them were behemoths crashing onto the scene. But one rose above the rest, the latest to the party but the strongest contender. Goth IHOP.

Trinity could already see the line building up around the store. Every Saturday was the same, from open to close. People booked out around the block to get that kitschy goth style. Dismissive apathy, endless chains, and a gallon of black eye shadow. Trinity had been there going on a month now, and without the getup, you could barely tell she worked there. Save for her attitude, but who could work food service for a decade without gaining a constant demeanor of apathetic frustration?

The back door of the restaurant clinked open; the turning key felt like she was opening her tomb. Inside, the other staffers were already busy with the food prep. Trinity looked around for her other servers.

"This morning we got Pandora, Ophelia, Elvira, and Blair." Trinity muttered their names under her breath, only mouthing the names again when she felt something was off.

"Aren't we missing someone?" Trinity's voice barely rose a decibel as she asked Blair about the missing server.

"Oh. Raven's in the back counting stock. She got in a while ago. Went straight to the back after seeing the crowd." Blair giggled, pulling an errant strand of blue hair behind her ear.

"Okay. Just go set the tables, and I'll check on her." Trinity said, turning back to advise the girl.

"Oh. And no giggles in front of the guests. You're dour, moody, and maybe angry. But not bubbly." Trinity looked at the girl with a serious expression; a break in the mood usually messed with their tips.

"Ugh. Fine." Blair responded, slouching her shoulders, slinking off towards the dining room.

“That’s better.” Trinity responded, working her way towards the walk-in.

The sounds from inside of that frigid stockroom were somewhat concerning; the sounds of gulping and moaning broke through the constant hum of the cooling fans. Trinity furrowed her brow, her eyes darting towards the clock on the wall, measuring how much time she had to get in uniform. Parting the plastic curtains, Trinity was greeted by a fairly normal sight: wire shelves piled high with ready to cook ingredients, bacon, sausage, potatoes, and more. Near the back stood the cutting figure of Raven. Her long black hair cut in half by the streaks of red in her hair, her black top covered in a loose net. The chain affixed to her skirt jingled as the woman squirmed, a clipboard held just below her face as she scanned the back half of the room.

“Raven. We open in 40 minutes; what’re you doing back here?” Trinity asked, her voice tinged with a stern tone.

“Just *uurp* taking stock of the pantry. Helping out the cooks.” Raven’s sentence came mid-belch, her cheeks gaining a pink hue as she fanned the air in front of her.

“Okay, but why? Did one of them ask?” Trinity’s eyebrow cocked at the statement.

***Glorp***

“Oh, you know how busy they are. Just wanted to help out.” Raven’s voice stumbled as she tried to ignore the gurgling sound coming from the back half of the room.

“What was that?” Trinity’s suspicion rose even further as the noises coming from Raven intensified.

The whole situation seemed strange; Raven never turned to face her the entire time they were talking, and her clipboard paper was completely blank. Every time she tried to get a different view of her server, the girl changed angles, like she was hiding something.

“That? That’s just the cooling unit. You know how those old fridges get, always bubbling and gurgling.

***Blup***

## ***Bluurp***

## ***Guurgle***

Raven's voice turned to a laugh, an almost nervous laugh, as the "fridge" made another series of bubbling groans. The girl's other hand moved rapidly to something in front of her, gently rubbing it, the noises starting to simmer down.

"Something's not right here; you're hiding something. Turn around." Trinity stared daggers into the back of Raven's head as she issued the command.

Raven knew the jig was up; slowly she turned towards Trinity, ready to reveal the enormous tum she had been sporting. The empty batter jugs she'd been hiding behind her boots, it was all going to come to light. Raven closed her eyes as she awaited whatever punishment was about to come her way.

## ***Crash***

"Oh god. Trinity, get out here! A customer made it into the vestibule." Pandora's scream was loud enough to penetrate the thick restaurant walls.

The commotion came at the perfect timing, stealing Trinity's attention away completely as she darted out towards the dining hall. Eyes completely focused away from the protruding tum of her coworker.

"Just finish up in here and get ready. It's a madhouse out there." Trinity's voice trailed off as she left Raven to her business. She didn't really care what was happening at this point; they had to seal the entrance.

Raven gave Trinity a half-hearted salute as she walked out, holding her position while she waited to see if the girl was going to return. A minute and no sign of Trinity meant Raven was in the clear, taking a moment to cradle her gut. The batter-laden balloon stood out like a cream-colored bump on her torso, framed perfectly by her midriff revealing outfit. She looked back at the shelf; there were still 4 pitchers of the heavenly pancake batter. 4 pitchers that were about to be kidnapped by her noisy partner in crime. Giving her bloated gut a good tap, she waddled over to the shelf, holding one of the pitchers to her lips.

"They say blood is thicker than water; well pancake batter is thick as thieves." She said with a grin, eyes affixed to her rounded tum.

The girl's eyes rolled back as she lifted the pitcher to her mouth; the pointed spout was the perfect shape to fit between her lips. The girl tilted her entire body back as she suckled on the batter, the sickly sweet heavenly mixture dribbling down her throat and into her gullet. Each glug adding an extra bit to her expanding paunch. Pitcher after pitcher vanished, emptied under her gluttonous frenzy, the heavenly batter sending her taste buds ablaze as she collapsed to the floor. Succumbing to the composure-shattering mix of sugar and vanilla, her skirt was poor insulation against the cold metal floor. Her knees shook as she emptied the containers, rapping her fingers against her growing stomach. The noises from within sounded like the churning of a witch's cauldron. The girl sat in her sugar rush, drinking in everything she could as she sat to process everything; hopefully her belly would shrink down before her shift started.

---

In the dining room, things looked like a scene from the apocalypse; the rising sun shadowed the guests banging against the windows. Their faces obscured like a horde of ravenous zombies, all of them hungering for that sweet goth aesthetic. Trinity had grown jaded to the scene; what was a horror show to the uninitiated had become her 7 am. She walked with purpose to the vestibule doors, watching as Pandora and Blair pushed against the door with all their might. A group of three customers had somehow slipped past the main doors and were banging against the doors, their eyes wide with jubilation at the sight of the girls.

"Did the closing crew forget to lock the left door again?" Trinity's voice was filled with frustration as she walked over to the seating desk.

"I don't knooooow, heeeeelp." Pandora pleaded, her boots skidding across the floor as she tried to find purchase, her back pressed against the doors as the fans tried to get in.

"I am. I've got the padlocks here." Trinity's voice was calm as she pulled the chains from the desk.

They were old, the kind of lock and chain you'd see in the torture chamber of the Inquisition. Heavy dusty iron clinking with each step as the woman strode towards the door with confidence. Even though she wasn't in uniform, she captured the energy of a domineering goth woman to a T. The customers stared in awe as her cocked eyes filled them with dread, the chains wrapping around the door in a serpentine fashion as she pulled them tight. Boot kicking the gaping door shut as her coworkers caught their breath. Twisting the chains together, she clicked the padlock shut, leaving the customers to bash loosely against the door.

“Now get the tables ready. I need to get into uniform.” Trinity said with a sigh, the determination in her gait returning to the beleaguered steps of a life in the service industry.

Trinity vanished into the locker room, her suit-up having become a ritual at this point, able to apply an entire goth ensemble makeup and all in under 30 minutes. Carefully she painted the blue streaks into her hair as her nail polish dried, the white powder applied to give her face the look of the grave. Everything came together nicely as she donned the rest of her uniform; her time was up, and the day was ready to start.

Trinity could barely even unlatch the doors before the customers rushed in, all hoarding the desk as the girls started seating them. An endless throng all there to appreciate the 90's goth aesthetic. The girls hurried between the tables, each seat packed full with customers, the strain of 4 servers bussing fifty tables was more than many servers could handle. But the girls of Goth IHOP were trained professionals, serving their black skull coffee with a dismissive scoff, each order of the red death pancakes and raven stacks done without even looking the customers in the eye. As the girls brought their tickets to the kitchen, the math of the situation finally hit Trinity.

“1, 2,3,...4. Where is Raven?!” Trinity said with a look of frustration, each girl giving her the same unknowing shrug as the woman made her way back to the walk-in.

Her path was blocked by one of the chefs scratching the back of his head, occasionally peeking back into the walk-in.

“I can't believe it.” One of the line cooks said, eyes hung low, meandering towards the prep table.

“Uhhh, something wrong?” Trinity asked, motioning to get the cook's attention.

“Yeah, something's really wrong. One of your servers ate all our pancake batter!” he said, throwing his arms up in exasperation. Brushing off the woman as he grabbed a bowl, mixing furiously.

“She didn't?!” Trinity's eyes went wide as the dots connected in her brain: the odd noises, the belching, the reluctance to turn around.

Trinity bolted into the walk-in to see the truth with her own eyes, hoping that somehow she wasn't right. The sight upon entering the walk-in dashed these hopes immediately, or at least the sounds. Nestled at the back, between a box of fruit and 5 empty batter pitchers, was Raven. Half asleep and cradling a stomach that looked like a beach ball, a bubbling, stodgy noise emanated deep within it as a small belch escaped the girl's mouth. Her crimson-streaked hair hung over her sleepy eyes, expression cocked in some weird grin.

"What in the hell is that?" Trinity shouted, startling the young server from her stupor.

"What's what?" Raven said, stretching her body as she shakily rose to her feet, hand stabilizing the balloon on her torso.

"Don't you try to play dumb. The day hasn't even started, and things are already shit." Trinity's voice echoed in the walk-in as she gave the bloated goth in front of her an accusing poke. Her finger digging into the tight flesh, the contents within in giving way as another bubbling gurgle emanated from the orb.

"*Urrroorp* Careful, contents under pressure." Raven said, waving the sugary air in front of her.

Trinity could only stand indignantly as she listened to the unhealthy noises coming from the girl. She'd never seen that kind of reaction to someone drinking pancake batter, but she'd also never seen someone drink 5 full pitchers of the stuff. As Trinity gave Raven her best glower, she could swear her coworker was growing before her eyes. It had to have been a trick of the light, but she could swear the woman's torso was steadily growing. Raven could only wring her hands awkwardly, awaiting the verdict of Trinity.

"Just get out on the dining floor; I'll stay back here and try to undo the damage. Normally I'd make you do it, but I'm afraid any new batter would just end up inside of you." Trinity said with a sigh, tapping her foot as she waited for Raven to leave the walk in.

Raven smiled mischievously as she left the kitchen, eyes darting back to Trinity furiously whisking away at the batter. The girl's gut rumbled in the satisfaction of a heist executed to perfection. Her gut might be a bit too satisfied; it hadn't stopped rumbling since she finished off the last pitcher. Skin undulating and pulsing, a beast with a mind of its own, the churning sounds were enough to catch the attention of Blaire as she walked back behind the counter.

“So you finally did it. How much is in there?” Blaire said with an enticing smile.

“Oh. like five pitchers, so a few gallons.” Raven said sheepishly, her stomach bubbling in response to her statement like it was trying to chime in.

“Trinity must be pissed. Anyways, there’s like four tables waiting. Go get them taken care of, and I’ll seat some more guests.” Blaire said, handing that batter balloon her pen and notebook.

Raven simply gave a smile and a nod, striding her way over the tables on her pad, a wince of discomfort washing over her. The commotion was riling up her gut something fierce; all of the sugar in the batter must have been disagreeing with her stomach. Blaire stood watching the woman travel across the room; her stomach was large enough to encroach on her silhouette. A burgeoning sphere that rounded out in front of her, plowing the path ahead of her as customers adjusted their seats. Blaire’s observation was cut short by Ophelia nudging menus against the back of the girl’s head.

“I can’t believe she did it. Betchya Trinity’s piiiisseed.” Ophelia joked, laying the menus down as she created her tickets.

“Same....isn’t Raven lactose intolerant?” The thought suddenly ran across Trinity’s mind.

“No way. She serves those pancakes every day; it even says buttermilk pancakes on the menu. She wouldn’t be that dumb.” Ophelia’s answer was incredulous as she put the tickets up.

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” Blaire got back to work as she looked at Raven’s expanding form, the only excuse for her continued growth had to be gas.

Raven could feel sharp pains shooting through her abdomen as she took the orders from her first table. The cramping took over her as the feeling of something made its way through her lower intestines. She could barely hear her own thoughts over her cement mixer of a digestive tract. Let alone what her customers were saying, her eyes scrunched in discomfort with each scribble of the pen.

“So that’s three orders of black cakes. 2 Crow’s eggs and a round of midnight coffee. I’ll get that rung up for ya.” Raven responded with a strained dismissiveness; she could never muster as much contempt for the customers as the other girls.

“You know, girl. It’s really a marvel that you’re working while being that far along.” One of the women at the table mentioned.

“Yeah, you look ready to pop any day now.” Another man chimed in; the table seemed unable to take their eyes off her protruding stomach.

Raven gave them a curt nod, her hand bracing against her back as she puffed out her stomach. Trying her best to act like the beach ball she called a belly wasn’t just gas and sweets, her eyes looked with concern as it grew beneath her fingertips. The surface felt tight, with a slight amount of give, the sides of her belly brushing against the backs of customers as she made her way to the next table. The process kept repeating itself; Raven took orders, she grew a few inches, and got comments about her pregnancy. Lather, rinse, repeat; each step, though, was bringing on a new feeling. Like a knocking at the recesses of her back door, an airy pressure like something wanted to break loose. She tried to buckle her legs, hoping to resist the call of her body’s natural processes. The tightness in her stomach grew as she looked full-term and beyond. The words of her last table barely registered as her gurgling tummy consumed her thoughts. Only a few words broke through the fog as the pen whisked across the paper.

“So if you don’t mind me asking. Is it a boy or a girl?” The woman at the table asked, her eyes beaming with misplaced pride in Raven.

Before Raven could answer, her body had had enough of being ignored and answered for her.

***Pffrrrrrrtttt***

Raven’s face turned beet red as the gust of wind billowed from her cheeks, skirt visibility fluttering from the gust. The relief of pressure felt great; the conflict of the eased pressure and the mortification of letting one rip around guests was a rollercoaster. The girl slowly turned towards the woman; you could almost hear the gears of her robotic movements.

“It’s gas.” She said sheepishly, an awkward grin on her face as she curtly vanished.

Raven's every move was triggering another burst of wind from her backside; the dams were getting ready to break, and she couldn't do it in front of the customers. She hurriedly dropped her pad next to the computer as she vanished into the back, looking for the one woman with ideas. Trinity.

Raven spotted her furiously mixing alongside the cooks; they had been working double time to replace all her consumed batter. Raven's noisy stomach caught her attention as she stood at the door like a lost puppy. Trinity nodded to the cook as she trudged over, lending an ear to the beleaguered goth. When the dots started to connect, Trinity immediately knew the source of all of Raven's troubles.

"Aren't you lactose intolerant? There's milk in pancake batter, dumbdumb." Trinity said with a smile, trying her best not to laugh at the sputtering balloon in front of her.

"There's milk in pancake batter?!" Raven's eyes were filled with genuine shock as another spurt of wind broke, almost like her ass was just as surprised as she was.

"It says buttermilk pancakes right here, gasgut!" Trinity pointed at the menu's description of pancakes.

"I thought that was just a phrase, you know, like gluten-free." Raven's look of genuine distress contrasted Trinity's agape jaw.

"..." Words failed her; Trinity was dumbfounded enough to be left silent at the woman's exclamation.

"Please, you gotta help me. I don't wanna be the one customers call the stinky goth." Raven pleaded, her stomach's gurgling ramping up again with her pleas.

"I could just let you leave early." Trinity rubbed the back of her head as her eyes fixated on the expanse of creamy flesh before her. Despite Raven's constant venting, the girl only seemed to be getting bigger.

"No. I need the tips from today. I just bought a puppy last week." Raven's voice trailed off as her eyes scanned the room. Fixating on the stopper from the vanilla extract across the way.

"OH! Why don't you just cork me up!" Raven said with excitement, slowly waddling her way over to the bottle, the stopper breaking free with a.

***Fwoomph***

“What do you mean?” Trinity said, the cork being placed gingerly in her hand as Raven did an about-face.

“Just shove it in there. Stop me up, and I can finish the shift.” Raven’s smile was oblivious to what the consequences of such an action would be.

“Yeah, sure, why not?” Trinity’s compliance was beleaguered acceptance of the life she was living today.

With the gentle touch of a factory worker at 5, Trinity shoved the cork deep between Raven’s cheeks. The brown blockage nested itself nicely in the pressurized girl’s backside, Raven giving a thumbs up as Trinity went to wash her hands. Her mind raced to the myriad of other job offers she’d gotten before taking this one.

Raven’s work as a server continued at the same pace it had before, her gut cramping and contorting under the gassy buildup as she worked. But there were no errant gusts to be seen, just a woman, a tablet of paper, and a belly the size of a yoga ball. The groans and creaks of her skin alarming some of the customers as she worked her way through the tables. Order after order flew by as inch after inch was added onto her gut. Her tight pale skin gained a reddish hue as it strained to contain the mounting pressure. People backed away from her at the sounds her midriff was making.

“Don’t worry, everyone. Just a bit of gas.” Raven tried to reassure the crowd.

Hoping they would ignore the growling balloon attached to her torso. The sounds of fumes and gas swirling together, the sound of percolating batter as she tried to process something she shouldn’t have eaten. The cork in her ass was starting to shake, Raven could feel it trying to dislodge itself. The dining room had fallen silent; all eyes were on the gassy goth. Drawn to a stomach that eclipsed the girl completely.

Raven shook her head in embarrassment, face completely flushed at the unwanted attention. Burying her hands in her face as her stomach expanded. Each inch only increases the tightness, adding to the pressure mounting within. Her whole body quaking as it ached for release, her knees weak from sensation. She tried to take a step forward, but when her bloated stomach hit the ground, all balance was lost. The girl went toppling forward, landing square on her stomach. The impact sent a shot of pain through her body as the gas shifted. Her stomach gurgled angrily at the impact as the gasses inside intermingled. Raven couldn’t even think straight, the only thought she had was a wish for this to be over. The sound of a rubber-like creaking filled the air. A sound akin to the rubbing of an overfilled balloon. A high-pitched squeaking creak, each creak followed by a loud and angry gurgle.

***Pop***

The cork flew out from between her spread cheeks, bouncing around the room before shattering a water glass. And with that release of the stopper came the dreaded sound.

***Pfffft***

A burst of wind sent the woman's skirt aflutter

***Pfttt***

Another one, pushing back the silverware on the table.

***Pfttt***

They wouldn't stop; the dam had broken, and all of the pent-up pressure found release. Raven's face turned as red as her hair, people giving her a wide berth. Her hands and legs futilely waving and kicking, trying to right herself and leave this horrible situation. But escape had long since left the table. Now all Raven could do was sit there helplessly. Perched atop a beast she'd lost control of. Her stomach's growth was in overdrive, stretch marks spider webbing from her navel. The hue of red darkened as the strain increased. The goth woman towered over the room, sat atop her ballooning gut.

The groans were becoming deafening; her stomach was a howling beast. Crying out for release from the fate it had been dealt. Drum-tight flesh shining under the fluorescent lights. Pulsing, throbbing, she was more bomb than woman. Raven's eyes scrunched as her hand clasped at her side. Toes curled in the mix of euphoria that was her growth.

"Hit the deck. She's gonna blow!" Pandora shouted across the room. Ducking behind a table as Trinity exited the kitchen.

“She’s gonna .....” Trinity’s words were cut off by a calamitous.

## *Kersploosh*

Her face covered in pancake batter as Raven ruptured like a water balloon. The pressure within flung the batter across the room. Spraying everyone who hadn’t taken cover. In the epicenter of the muck lay the dazed goth, arms splayed out from the event.

“I knew I should have taken that job at Waifu Waffle House.” Trinity muttered to herself as she grabbed a mop and bandages for Raven.

=====

## Thicc Girls Need to Fart!

It’s a universal constant; the larger an object, the more energy it consumes. And with higher energy consumption comes higher waste output. Whether that waste be liquid or gas, it doesn’t matter; it must be let out! Which is why when encountering a woman of incredible thiccness, it is safe to assume she must fart. The larger the ass, the greater the gas, or so they say. Which is why when one Calina Rivera tried to defy this universal constant, she was met with disaster.

For you see, Calina was the thickest woman in the city by a mile. When she left the room, it took a few minutes for all of her to follow. She was a statuesque woman by all accounts. Supple caramel-colored skin, blazing red lips, emerald green eyes, and flowing auburn locks. But few remembered these features, as Calina had far more distracting assets. The woman sported an ass that could crush a car, two wrecking balls of perfect jiggling flesh that rocked behind her. Hips so wide that she could barely fit on the sidewalk. Her tree-trunk thighs were bigger than most men’s torsos. And all of it was attached to a rather thick trunk. Her waist wasn’t fat; it was simply sturdy. She was a woman best described as built, if the builder was a depraved pervert.

Today was a special day for Calina; it was new entree day at La Vienta. Her favorite Tex-Mex joint; every year they would unveil some insane, impossible concoction. Calina made sure she was the first in line each year. Squeezed into a far too small red cocktail dress. She made sure all of her curves were accentuated. The dress barely covered the landmass she called an ass. Cheeks hanging out from below. She fidgeted in line, bouncing on her heels while the cashiers inside prepped. The line behind her had wrapped around the block in the minutes before open.

### ***Click***

The metallic latch clicked as the manager opened up the door. Calina was immediately assaulted by the scent of spiced meats and cheese. She clapped excitedly as she squeezed her way in. Her body acting as a dam for the incoming stampede of people. Not like they could push her down or push past. Calina skipped her way to the counter.

“Aay lindo, what’s the new special today? I’ve been dying all week.” Calina’s heavily accented voice was husky and smooth as she inquired.

“You really don’t read the blog, do you?” The cashier remarked.

“Who’s got time for all that? Just give me the lowdown.” Calina bent over as she talked, wagging her massive hips in excitement.

The people behind her were lining up in frustration, all of them eager to get the dish, but Calina didn’t care; this was her day, and they’d simply have to wait. If they were in a hurry, they should have gotten here first.

“Alright. So it’s a few specially marinated steaks: marinade’s got thirteen different peppers in it.” The man exclaimed, emphasizing with his hands.

“Steaks? Oh, go on.” Calina smiled.

“Yeah. Four of ‘em. All covered in this special sauce. Then you take the beans, four kinds btdubbs, and you mix ‘em in with some spicy queso.” The man continued.

“Oooh. How spicy is it?” Calina bit her lip as she bent down, resting her tall body on the counter.

“Spicy enough to blow that ass to pieces.” The man motioned to the gyrating orbs behind Calina.

“You’d be surprised what this ass can handle.” Calina winked as she let the man continue.

"I bet. But yo, they take the beans, they take the steak, then they slather it in habanero salsa. Topped with cilantro and wrapped in the biggest corn tortilla you've ever seen." The man stretched his arms as wide as they'd go, emphasizing the size.

"God damn. Get me one and keep the tab open. I might want another." Calina smiled.

"You sure about that, chica? Two of those might bust you open." The server warned as he rang in the order.

"This tank's got a lot of room, honey." Calina rubbed the slight pudge that bulged from her dress.

"Alright. But I warned ya." The man hit the order button and shouted back to the kitchen. "Order up! One butt buster."

Calina gave the man a smile before taking her ticket. She took her time walking to the pickup, slowing down to give the cashier a show. Every time she caught his eyes; she'd do a little wiggle. But with her size, a little wiggle could bring down the whole house. She patiently awaited her order, seeing all the people filter in and order. She spaced out in her people-watching, admiring the crowd.

### ***Thunk***

"Butt Buster for Riverra." A defeated cook said as their tray hit the counter.

Calina's eyes were wide in joy; her burrito was enormous. She could barely lift it from the counter with its size. Staggering towards a table, ready to enjoy a torso-sized delicacy. The only thing keeping her vertical was the counterweight her ass provided. She found a table far in the back, clear enough for her to keep a good view of the crowd. Her chosen chair sank deep in her crack as she settled her weight down. She looked at the massive burrito in front of her. Steaming with heavy spices, it looked like some alien slug. Beached and bloated, practically bursting with cheese. Calina dare not lift it, lest it fall apart. The best approach was to lift up an end and devour it on the plate. Calina leant down, lifting up the meaty package, mouth agape and ready to eat. But a newcomer in the line caught her attention.

### ***Holy shit. It's Elena!***

Calina almost froze; Elena was the only woman in town who loved spicy food as much as she did. She was a beautiful bombshell in a four-foot package. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a gut that entered the room before she did. It plowed the crowd in front of her like a bulldozer. The pint sized porker ordered her meal with gusto. Calina was frozen; she'd had a crush on that girl for months. But she always seemed so distant, so far away, and yet here she was.

*Oh shit. She's coming this way. Keep cool, Calina. Maybe get her number or something. She's getting closer.*

Calina's heart fluttered in her chest as Elena waddled towards her. The big-bellied bombshell eyed up the thick amazon with a gleam of interest.

"Hey hot stuff. You gonna finish that all on your own?" Her tone had a sultry, flirty nature to it as she approached the table.

"Oh, oh yeah! I've been waiting all week for this." Calina stuttered, eyes glued towards Elena's cherubic face.

"I'd really like to see it. Maybe after we finish this we can get to know each other a little bit?" Elena winked before waddling her way towards a table.

Calina felt her heart stop; she was inches away from a phone number. She was awestruck as the blue-jeaned dynamo settled at her table. Calina was ecstatic; this was going to be her day. With newfound enthusiasm she dug into her burrito, eager to impress her lady crush. Her mouth opened wide like a snake unhinging its jaw. She took massive bites from the meaty burrito. Cheese and salsa dripped from the edges as the spicy, savory flavor exploded in her mouth. The perfectly seasoned meat meshing with the heavily sauced beans. It was all so perfect; she took another heavy bite. Eyes taking furtive glances towards her sapphic love. Each look at the mammoth woman gave Calina new enthusiasm. Bite after bite splashing her rounding stomach. The spices bubbling and frothing with the acid inside

***Grggg!***

She was already feeling the impact of all those peppers in her system. Her flat stomach rounded out with the meaty gas. The red expanse of her dress curved out as more of the burrito landed in her gullet. She was barely halfway done, but she looked nearly pregnant. The burrito hit her belly like an atom bomb. Each bite adding more gunpowder to the inevitable explosion. She could feel the telltale bubbling reach her throat. Her guts worked overtime to process it all.

***Rmbblll***

Her backside quaked at the mounting pressure, enormous spheres animating of their own accord. Her ass shook and quivered as it readied to deliver the gassy payload Calina was preparing. The burrito was nearly done; only a quarter remained. Which was good for her; her belly was so full of gas and meat that she looked pregnant with triplets. She needed to let off some steam, open up the pressure valve. Calina lifted her massive leg, tilting her body away from it. Her muscles tensed as she readied to let loose. But then she caught a look of Elena. The blimping short-stack was looking Calina square in the eyes.

*Oh god she's looking right at me. I can't do it. If I destroy this place, she'll think I'm gross. I'll just hold it in.*

With that mini mental breakdown, Calina gained a new goal. She would not fart in front of Elena, a resolution that took a monumental effort. She was trying to stop a runaway train. She tensed every muscle in her body, flexing her glutes, clutching her hands, anything to stop the gas. She could feel the pressure mounting, but her seal held. She managed to hold back the gaseous onslaught.

***Grlll***

Her stomach growled in protest, demanding some sort of relief from the pressure.

"Be quiet you; there's a girl watching." Calina gave her gas balloon gut a small thwack to quiet it.

***Grnnn***

Her stomach gave another groan of protest from the impact. Calina was already swelling from her pent-up gas. Her belly swelled out from beneath the hem of her dress as if it rode up. A sphere of perfect caramel peeking out to greet the world. Her stomach churned with overdone spices within. A squealing cement mixer of cheese turning over on itself. She'd gone past pregnancy and looked like she had smuggled a beach ball under her dress.

But Calina was undaunted; the gaze of one's crush drives many people to do stupid things. And Calina was about to do something very stupid with the grit and determination of a cowboy against the rose. Calina devoured the rest of the burrito, abandoning her strategy of slow and methodical bites. She picked up the oozing remains of the burrito, stuffing it into her face with fervor. Her bites were deep and rapid. Barely chewing the savory morsel before swallowing and taking on the rest. Her stomach bubbled with each bite as it worked overtime. Bloating out in a vast swell, a great balloon of gas and spices.

As the burrito lay defeated, the plate now empty, Calina also lay defeated. Her stomach was a grand sphere, a yoga ball-sized orb attached to her torso. Rocking up and down with her every breath as it struggled to process everything. She lay in a torpor, slumped in her chair trying not to fall asleep. Her eyes glazed over and mouth agape. This was her normal state after a new item debut at La Vienta. But today was different; this was the first time she tried to deny a rule of the universe.

***Grlll***

There was a low howl from deep inside her; Calina's gastric processes were in disarray. Gas was created to digest the food, and gas needed to be vented. But Calina was refusing to vent, which just caused more buildup. A pileup of pressure that expanded Calina's stomach, making her feel like she was hooked to an air tank. Her great round sphere of red rose into the air; a giant yoga ball of gas that flopped out atop the table. Calina was still oblivious to the goings on, until she felt a sudden twinge of pain across her stomach. The pain jolted her awake, nearly toppling her from the chair.

*Oh shit I'm huge. I've gotta get out of here. The bathroom should be safe!*

Calina hefted herself from the chair, a task that was more easily said than done in her bloated state. Her turgid body shook with every step, still billowing out with unvented gas. In the few steps between her table and the restrooms, she had doubled in size. Her massive tummy brushed against the floor as it crept out beneath her dress. She was becoming a blimp in every sense of the word, more gas than woman. Her relief was cut short when she saw the line at the restroom. Women crowded around the doorway, all in various states of bloat.

"What's with the line?" Calina asked the woman in back.

"It's full. Some girl walked in and is taking up the entire restroom." The woman replied, rubbing her own burrito belly.

"Oh, this is ridiculous. I'll clear it out." Calina stomped her way towards the restroom.

She flung open the door with gusto, only to be greeted by an enormous wall of tan flesh. Bulging out of the stall door was a gut bigger than Calina's entire body. The room was shaking with the bubbling and gurgling of that enormous stomach. Calina gave the gut a few curious pokes, just to confirm that it was a person.

"Oy. Ocupada!" The voice shouted from the stall.

"Sorry." Calina scurried out of the bathroom, the door closing on the catastrophe that was about to ensue.

*I just gotta pay and leave. Blow up the street, and come back in to talk to Elena.*

Calina repeated this plan in her head, over and over as her body expanded. Her stomach was jutting out like a blimp. Tight and enormous, it dwarfed the rest of her body. Liters of gas begged for release, but Calina held her ground. Hands balled into fists, eyes scrunched closed in focus. Calina waddled her way towards the checkout counter. Barely able to see past her own bloated stomach. She was just hoping to leave, but her hope was fleeting. She bumped into someone at the counter; the road was not clear.

“Excuse me, you bloated bimbo. I’m trying to order here.” A rancid voice shouted from behind the flesh balloon. “Now where was I? Oh yes, does your cheese have milk? I’m a bit lactose intolerant.”

## ***Grnnn***

Calina’s body wasn’t keen on waiting, groaning under the pressure the girl was holding. Her stomach inching ever outward. Calina’s dress crept over the vast expanse as it pushed out. Until her dress had reached the apex of Calina’s stomach. Her shallow navel peeking out from under the fabric like an eye. A small bit of pink was spreading across her tum as the pressure strained her stomach. As her stomach reached capacity, the gas found other places to fill. Spreading to her already gigantic ass cheeks. Her booty ballooned out behind her at a steady pace. Already the size of yoga balls, they rapidly approached weather balloons. Two grand cheeks that dragged on the floor behind her.

*Come ooon. Hold together, chica. We just need this stupid woman to stop talking so we can pay.*

“So the cheese isn’t lactose-free? Okay, well, how about the steak? Does it have lactose? Or gluten.” The customer rambled on with the clerk.

## ***Grlll***

A low and hollow growl rang out from inside of Calina’s stomach. The tortured organ was protesting the punishment it was under. The surface shook as the growth went into overdrive. It was like a switch had flipped inside of Calina; her every inch was filling with her own flatus. Skin turned red from strain as she tried to hold together. Thighs pushed apart as they expanded, dress torn at the edges of her hips as they grew. Her wide hips pushed her away from the counter and sliding tables across the room. Sweat pooled across her forehead as she strained. Steam was rising from her body as the heat increased. Her lips quivered; she wanted to let go. But she couldn’t let Elena see her like this.

## ***Rmbbl***

Her stomach rumbled like a thundercloud, the storm inside ready to break. She was ready to bust, paint the store with her gassy remnants. Her stomach rose high into the air, grazing against the ceiling as her cheeks pushed people away from the line.

“Yo I think this chick’s about to blow.”

“Yeah. Hit the deck!”

Murmurs from the crowd were barely audible over Calina's own body. She could barely keep it together, her body burned and ached. She couldn't even handle a little gas; there was no way she could handle Elena.

***Fffffbbsbbbt***

Calina's concentration was broken by a loud trumpeting fart. A burst of gas that shook the windows and the tables. She was confused; it wasn't her, no way anyone else could do that. But then she saw the massively swollen Elena standing up from her table. Belly the size of a van and fanning her rear with her hand.

"Gotta let it out sometimes, people." She boasted.

*My god. She's perfect.*

With that display, Calina relaxed. A terrible mistake.

***Splagaaamh***

Calina exploded like a bomb, her red dress torn to shreds as burrito sprayed across the room. Bits of tan skin fluttered down among the foggy gas that Calina had held. The restaurant was in ruins; the only person still on their feet was Elena.

"Damn. She held it in too long. Shame, she was hot." Elena sighed as she waddled through the broken storefront.

=====

## A Sweet Reprisal

“When I said I'd open a candy bar, they called me crazy. When I told them the candy would be to punish the cruel, they called me deranged. After they tried my sweets, they called me nothing, because they were gone.” Tasha whispered this mantra to herself as she stretched taffy over the hook.

Tasha was a witch, a witch with a penchant for confection. It started in her younger days, making cookies and homemade treats at the academy. People loved her sweets; some loved them too much, pushing her around and taking without asking. At first she didn't respond, and this led to more people taking her goods. She was never the strongest or the smartest of her class, so she felt helpless to stand up to them. This feeling of helplessness led to desperation, which boiled into malice.

*If they want my sweets so much, they can have the*

Tasha brought her batch to school, and the bullies took the candy with gusto. Tasha watched them choke and sputter, their skin turning pink and their bodies becoming taffy. She chuckled to herself, scooping the goop into her bag, and a new feeling awoke in her. She was swiftly kicked from the academy, but her path was already set. A path only solidified when she gave her headmaster candy. Despite being made with fury in her heart, the candy had no effect on her headmaster. Tasha cemented in her head that she had the chance to judge any and all in her path.

Fast forward three decades, and Tasha had made herself a decent living in her moving facade. A tiny little shop dipped in lime green paint and chromed to the edging. Her wide-brimmed hat was tilted low, leaving nothing but her grinning face for the public to view. She grinned wide when she served a sweet and grinned wider when someone came back the next day. It wasn't common, having repeat customers; when her story swapped locations, she lost all of her clientele. Those lost clientele would be replaced by a new batch of sinners and saints soon enough.

***Click***

Tasha looked at her clock as the minute hand finally turned to the hour.

“My oh my, where has the time gone? I’ve got so many waiting customers, and I haven’t even opened the door.” Her honey-sweet voice echoed through her shop as she flipped the sign to open.

The moment the sign flipped round, her shrouded windows opened up to a new city. Empty candy jars began to fill with various colored sweets.

### ***Jingleingingle***

Tasha didn’t have time to contemplate the hilariously ironic name; her first customer was already upon her. What a big customer she was as well, or rather, customers, to be more accurate. Trudging into her quaint little shop was quite a diverse pair. The first girl looked to be average height, but she was big all over. Her orange sweater barely contained her bloated stomach, a small curve of skin peeking out from under the hem. If it weren’t for her plentiful bosom, you’d think she were dressed as a pumpkin. Her green leggings seemed to be pushed to their limit by her fat hips and thighs. Her frame was so wide she barely fit through the shop door. The girl’s curly brown bobs flitted across her glasses as she turned towards her friend.

“Come on, Maddie. The batch is getting stale.” The chunky girl barked at the open door.

“Sorry, May, the sign said no shirt, no shoes, no service, and I’m wearing a crop top.” Maddie stumbled into the shop as she fussed with her heels.

Maddie looked to be diametrically opposed to her friend. While May resembled the child of a pumpkin and pear, Maddie looked like someone gave legs to an hourglass. Her torso seemed pinched compared to her other assets. Her breasts were barely contained in her crop top as they wobbled with every step. They had to be the size of watermelons; all natural, homegrown, high-GMO melons. Her hips were just as wide as May’s, just without the massive trunk to prop them up. The blonde looked every bit the mid-century blonde pinup girl, save for her glasses.

“A crop top is a type of shirt.” May shook her head as she walked up to the counter, her eyes wide as she admired the sweets.

“Well, hi diddy hey, it’s a wonderful day.” Tasha said her jingle with a genuine smile.

“It’s cold and rainy, but whatever. Give me four dark truffles, five bonbons, and a dark box.” May blurted out her order, barely looking at the display case.

“My oh my, so direct. Might I make a suggestion? We have some fabulous pineapple creams I know you’d just die for.” Tasha held out her tray with a smile as she motioned towards her new confections.

"I don't like fruit stuff; just give me the chocolate." May's eyes were cocked in indignation, wagging her finger in denial.

"Oh, can I get a milkshake? I think I want strawberry or maybe cherry." Maddie hopped around the shop, not even looking at the menu.

"I'm sorry, we don't serve milkshakes in fall." Tash's smile never faded as she explained to Maddie.

"Of course you do; I make milkshakes year-round. You wanna give 'em a shake?" Maddie laughed as she plopped her hefty breasts on the counter.

Maddie chuckled as she watched her milkbags slosh and jiggle. Poking the hefty breasts and watching them spring back into shape.

"I'll see what I can do. Could you take your chest off the glass, though? It is mighty unsanitary." Tasha smiled as she walked towards the back.

May grabbed a handful of caramels to tide her over; she didn't like waiting. Her eyes went wide on the first bite, the sugar rush overtaking her body. She gave the noises from the back no mind; the whirring of machines and clinking of glasses that roared from the kitchen. Minutes of cacophony passed while May and Maddie took their fill of the free samples.

"I do believe this should suffice." Tasha glided up to the counter, milkshake and chocolates in hand.

Tasha was all smiles as she pushed the goods forward. May immediately grabbed her chocolates, shoving them into her mouth like a handful of potato chips. Gnashing the sticky chocolates between her teeth, chewing them like a pig in a trough. Chocolate smeared across her face like paint as she stuffed herself.

### ***Oouurp***

"Pretty good. Can I get another batch?" May rubbed her stomach as she spoke.

"Awwee, I got all messy. Isn't there someone to clean me up?" Maddie bit her lip seductively as she pushed out her chest.

The blonde had managed to spill nearly half of her milkshake into her bosom. Tasha wasn't sure if Maddie was just clumsy or if it was on purpose. Tasha continued on, offering a towel to the sopping Maddie; Maddie, though, took a different approach. Maddie practically leapt chest first into Tasha's hand, giving the witch a healthy feel of her bosom. Sloppily shaking her body to try and clean off the sticky white milkshake.

“All better, thanks for the help.” Maddie gave a sly wink as she sipped her shake.

“Anything for a customer; make sure the rest lands in your belly and not the floor. We can’t waste good drink.” Tasha wagged her finger as she left from behind the counter, rag in hand for Maddie’s mess.

### ***Jinglingling***

Before the other customers had left, another barged into the shop. She looked to be an influencer of some sort, phone in her hands live-streaming her every step. She flipped her raven-black hair behind her, giving the camera a full view of her plump lips and fake eyelashes. Her mocha skin glistened in the fluorescent lights, layers of body glitter twinkling like stars. The girl barely fit in the doorway as it was, her double-wide hips being hugged tightly by the frame. Even from behind the counter, Tasha could see the girl’s enormous ass wobbling behind her. The woman’s ass looked like two beach balls shoved into a pair of denim jeans.

“Look at this little shack; god, it’s so retro. I bet the candy here tastes like dust.” The woman mugged for her camera as she strode towards the camera.

“Good morning! Welcome to my shop!” Tasha gave an enthusiastic greeting towards

“Okay, girl, just calm down. Kinda rude to ride the coattails of my stream, but whatever. Kim Torez is pretty laid back.” Kim didn’t even look back at Tasha as she spoke; her eyes were glued to the phone.

“Oh. Sorry. I’ll let you finish.” Tasha twiddled her fingers together in apology.

“Well, the intro is ruined, so guess your shop’s not getting a visual today. Besides, these folks are hungry for something different. Anyway, give me 5 of those opera creams.” Kim shoved her phone deep into her ass, slipping it past her underwear and in between her cheeks.

Tasha silently nodded as she prepared a small platter of the opera creams. Normally she would have tried to tailor a sweet towards the girl, but she gravitated towards what suited her. The threads of fate tightened as Tasha presented the sweets. Kim took to them surprisingly well, savoring each bite. Tasha’s heart began to soften, hoping that she’d found someone who didn’t need punishment. Her hopes were soundly dashed as Kim placed a hand on her stomach.

### ***Grlrlglgl***

“***Uunnnngg***. Your shitty candy, oh god, it’s upsetting my stomach!” Kim’s movements were exaggerated, like she was putting on an act.

Kim gave an about-face, sticking her rear towards the counter. The bloated orbs looked ready to bust out of her jeans; the fabric was stretched so thin that she could see Kim's panties. Kim squatted down, angling her rear higher as she clutched her stomach.

***Ppppfffffft***

A loud trumpet of a fart rocked past her bulbous cheeks. A powerful gale blew back Tasha's hat as the foul air choked her senses. Maddie and May coughed and spat in the fetid air as Kim flaunted her gas attack on stream.

***Jingle***

Fans popped on to try and clear the stench from the shop as the door jingled again. Tasha had never seen the shop so busy this early. The newcomer was a fairly tall girl, towering over the other girls by a head. Her messy brown hair was done in a tight bun, framed perfectly by her oversized lenses. Everything about her was oversized; her hoodie was long and floppy, her jeans had to be wider than a hula hoop. Her stomach hung down past her waistband like an apron. Her breasts were so large that even the triple-sized sweater couldn't hold them. The juicy melons spilled out of the V-line of her shirt.

"Good morning, Miss, I hope I can help you find something?" Tasha tried to break the stifling silence.

"..." The girl just looked blankly, her face turning red with blush.

She looked around with a flustered demeanor, eyes squinting as she tried to shy away from the counter. Her eyes filled with panic, her body tensing as she mustered the strength to speak.

"Hi... I'm Annie. Chocolate?" The girl was blubbering her words, tears welling in her eyes as she made her request.

"Sure thing, hun, I'll get you something nice." Tasha tried to comfort the girl while she searched the display.

*A rose truffle, that should be perfect.*

Tasha reached for the flower-decorated sweets, but she felt a force pull her hand. A gentle tug that guided her towards the tuxedo bonbons. It was rare that fate had to guide her hand; usually she was a great judge of character. This sheepish girl must be hiding something dark and terrible. Bad enough that the candies demanded her judgment. Tasha placed the sweets on a platter and handed them to Annie.

“Th...thanks.” Annie stammered as she scarfed down her candies.

Tasha gave Annie a friendly nod, hoping that she could pass whatever test she was being put on.

“THAT WAS MY SODA! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO LAST ME ALL WEEK! HOW DID YOU DRINK IT IN A CAR RIDE?!” A frustrated shout from outside the shop made Annie leap from her skin.

Tasha could see a pair of girls bickering outside of her shop window. Both girls barely broke the five-foot marker and oozed love-hate energy. The one shouting was a redhead, her emerald eyes sparking with anger as she shouted at her friend. The girl seemed to be fairly thick; her hips and ass billowed out behind her like basketballs. Her thick thighs brushed against each other as she walked towards the shop. Her exaggerated breasts were only made larger by her short stature. The heavy balloons jutted in front of her like blimps as she pushed open the door.

“Seriously! I’m not buying your candy today, so I hope you brought cash.” The redhead fumed as she barged into the shop.

“Come on, Clementine, I won’t do it again; just buy the snacks and put it on my *Julie’s really sorry tab*.” Julie stumbled her way forward, barely avoiding the door slamming in her face.

Julie was an equally short Asian girl, her long ebony hair done in twintails that hugged her hips. Tasha couldn’t help but admire Julie’s figure; from a proportional standpoint, she was the biggest girl to walk through the door. Her ass was barely held inside of her yoga pants; the jiggling balloons were larger than her torso. Julie was probably taller sitting than she was standing; her wide hips caught the doorframe as she walked in. Her bloated belly looked positively pregnant with soda.

**Grgglglgl**

“Don’t you do it!” Clementine gave her friend a stern look, wagging her finger in anger. “Not right when we get inside.

**Grrlllll**

Julie didn’t answer; she let her body do the talking, her stomach bloating out as a pressure filled her. The pneumatic girl seemed to be filling with her own gas; it was truly remarkable. Her ass shook as her shirt rolled up past her navel.

“Just walk outside and fart; we can’t hotbox the shop!” Clementine shouted as she grabbed Julie’s stomach.

***Pffffffffftttttt***

Julie's cheeks clapped against each other as the monstrous fart broke past her rear, gas expelling in powerful bursts that fogged the shop windows. The whole time Clementine was trying to shake Julie out of her gassy stupor.

"God, that feels better. Your soda smells better coming out than it did going in." Julie chuckled as she waved the air in front of her.

"You little gremlin!" Clementine tackled Julie; the shortstacks tumbled around the shop, knocking over displays and candy dispensers.

"Umm. Excuse me, you two. Are you going to buy some candy?" Tasha piped up, hoping to break the tussle.

The tiny firebrand stomped her way toward the counter, demeanor full of fire and brimstone. Tasha could feel the heat of her anger as she walked up.

"If you think you can interrupt me, you've made a big mistake. We'll take a handful of hard candies, for free! If you don't, well then, gasbag will go off again." Clementine pointed towards Julie, the back-heavy girl teetering on her rear like a turtle.

"Sure thing. We've got some sours you'll love." Tasha produced a small bag of glistening multicolored candies.

Clementine barged past the meandering customers and shoved the candies down Julie's throat. She took care to plant her ass on Julie's face as she enjoyed her own candies. The pair's loud bickering finally spurred the others to leave. The girls filtered out one by one into the morning sun. As they left, though, Tasha could already see her candies taking effect. The sweets had a penchant for karmic punishment; the girls were already taking on animalistic qualities. Each one was prepped to embody their attitude: skunks, pigs, and cows. Tasha could already see the beginnings of change taking hold of their bodies.

---

The first to consume were the first to feel the effects; Maddie and May were already halfway home when the telltale signs took hold.

***Grlllll***

May's stomach howled in hunger, a hunger so deep and powerful that it buckled her. May's eyes went wide; her stomach felt like it was eating itself. The fatty orb felt ready to cave inward; she clasped at Maddie's shoulder for support.

“Holy shit I’ve gotta eat.” May wanted as she looked around for the nearest fast food place.

Her salvation was at hand, the image of a bell coming into view. She craved cheap Mexican on a normal day, but today it had become a need. She mustered what strength she could and fought against the hunger pains. Maddie followed in tow, unsure of what exactly was happening. She was too distracted by the sloshing feeling in her tits. Her funbags had become water balloons that crept over the boundaries of her tube top like dough. She mindlessly followed May, giving her assets an extra jiggle and shake with each step. She didn’t even notice that May had taken her purse and grabbed her credit card.

“Give me everything, and don’t stop until I say so!” May slammed the credit card down on the counter, her face flushed pink from hunger.

Maddie sat for an hour with May as she stuffed herself with cheap tacos. They were both too preoccupied to notice the small changes taking place. May’s nose was upturning with each bite, her heavy breathing turning to snorts as her nose became piglike. A pink hue crept its way across her body, starting from her grease-caked mouth. May paid no heed: her hunger hadn’t been sated, not even when her belly looked bloated to fecundity. Her ripe belly swelled beneath the table, pressing against the lip as she felt a bubbling.

***Rmbblbb!***

Her stomach vibrated with life as the gas inside of it percolated, curving the adipose sphere outward. She paused her eating only for a second, her face scrunched in discomfort as she placed a hand against her stomach. The surface quivered under her touch as she tensed her body for a coming storm.

***Ppppfffffft***

A gust of flatus blew past her fatty cheeks, rippling against the cheap plastic chair to create a foul trumpet. Her stomach deflating as the gas found an exit, with the discomfort gone, May returned to eating. Maddie, though, had finally broken from her breast-focused stupor. She had been sloshing and patting her boobs against the table. Every so often adjusting her top to let the barest of nip show towards anyone that looked her way. Now, though, she was waving the fetid air from her face as she stood up from the table.

“Bitch! You just birthed a fart baby right here in front of my face. It stinks so bad, God, I gotta get away from you, pig.” Maddie stomped her way from the chair; the horns sprouting from her head gave her anger a fel air.

“Sure, whatever cow-tits: I’m still hungry. **snort** I’ll give your card back tomorrow.” May waved Maddie away as she destroyed another quesadilla.

Maddie strutted her way through the store, catching glances from all of the patrons within. This time the glances weren’t for her oversized and expanding breasts. Instead, it was due to the other changes taking place; her skin was growing a finer layer of white fur with black splotches. A small tail swished between her legs as she walked out of the shop. She was still distracted by her growing breasts; they had gone from melons to beach balls. Absolutely massive balloons that threatened the integrity of her top. Small wet stains were appearing around her nipples as milk pooled from them. Maddie was ignorant to all of it, instead making sure to bend over and flash her cleavage at every passerby.

---

On the other end of town Kim was busy with another live stream. Galavanting around town like she was the only citizen. She mugged for the camera as much as she could, demeaning shops and the poorly dressed she passed by. It was all just a blur to her, though, a second nature that took over when her mind couldn’t focus. Ever since the shop, she’d been experiencing an uncomfortable bloating in her stomach. Her normally trim torso curved outward with gas. It was a tiny bump in the grand scheme of her lady lumps, but it was new. She occasionally tapped at her tight stomach; the surface shuddered under her touch. She sheepishly looked around, her haughty persona melting under the gazes of the townsfolk. Her body acted on its own when she gave a small lunge.

***Pbbbbbt***

A low sputtering dart shook her enormous cheeks, the heat crawling up her back as her fraying jeans directed the blast. She had to keep up her act for her stream, though.

“Looks like we gave the town a free show, guys. Don’t worry though, I’ve saved special stuff for all you tier 3s.” Kim downplayed the massive bloat she was undertaking.

*[Yo, is her hair changing?]*

*[What’s with that white streak in her bangs?]*

*[She forget to dye this morning?]*

*[Knew she was using age filters.]*

Chat's messages caught the periphery of her vision as she kept strutting her stuff. She could feel the same tightness in her rear end, like her ass was expanding behind her. It wasn't until she saw herself in front of a shop window that she saw just how big she was getting. Her large lumps looked like yoga balls, the underside of her jeans tearing at the seams as she walked.

*[Look at her ass.]*

*[Guess it's hot out, gas expands in the heat.]*

*[Asscheeks aren't balloons.]*

"Okay guys, looks like we need to cut things short today. Make sure to tune in for tomorrow's stream; the tier 3 subscribers still get their special show tonight." Kim gave the camera a wink before locking the phone.

Kim quickly made her way home to try and investigate what was going on.

---

Annie didn't move far from the shop; instead, she made her way to the local net cafe. The tiny computer hub was her home on most days; it was an excuse to leave the house, but not her computer. She even had her own little corner to wile away the hours. She was feeling pretty off after the candy store incident. Her chest felt tight and off balance, like her breasts were filling with water. She massaged her aching melons as she flicked on the computer. Her corner was a haven against onlookers as she logged in to her favorite image sites.

The screen was filled with galleries upon galleries of women, all nude and all inflated to various degrees. Some women had breasts so large they burst through buildings; others were sporting moon-sized bellies that crashed against the earth. That wasn't what she was hunting for, though. Today she clicked to her naughty folder, the folder filled with women exploding like balloons. Enormous asses splattered like silicon bombs, bellies torn open like trash bags. Women exploding left and right; it was enough to really get her motor running. Her face turned red as she felt a familiar heat in her loins. Pleasure rose inside of her like a pot ready to boil over.

"Just a little touch." Annie whispered to herself as she reached her hand down.

Her hand snaked past the hem of her jeans and under her fatty tum. She snaked under her panties until she felt the familiar warmth of her crotch. She started slowly, toying with her clit as she looked through images. Her pleasure left her ignorant to the changes in her body. Horns were sprouting from above her ears. Small at first, but lengthening and curling upward into longhorns. Her nose and mouth were lengthening into a prominent snout as her hair changed

color. Her breasts swelled with milk, milk pouring down her chest and soaking her sweater as she soaked her pants.

### ***Thwack***

She was thrown from her stupor, left in the lurch of denied orgasm as she felt the keyboard smash. Her bloated breasts had crushed the plastic board into pieces. The plastic shards scattering across her station. She realized people could hear that; she was now perceived. With a worried look, she dashed from her desk and out onto the streets. Catching terrible glances of her changing visage as she ran home.

---

“God, how did you do it? How did you eat an entire trunk full of groceries without me looking?” Clementine was just about to rip Julie’s head off.

Julie was currently lying belly up on Clementine’s floor, her bloated abdomen stuffed with an entire kitchen of food. Clementine watched as the yoga ball of a stomach rose and fell with Julie’s labored breaths. Her shirt just barely covered the enormous sphere; her stomach was so taxed that it was turning a shade of pink. Clementine watched the girl as she futilely reached for more food. Her belly had become too heavy to even attempt to move.

### ***Rmrrmrbrbrl***

“Oh no, not again. Seriously, let me open a window first.” Clementine waddled her way over to the windowsill, trying to avoid a hotbox.

Clementine knew all the telltale signs of Julie’s eruptions. The tight gut, the rumbling stomach, the absolute helplessness, she was about to let the big one out. The rumbling only grew louder as Clementine struggled with the latch. Her short body was having trouble finding the leverage to lift the window. Her own pillowy stomach bouncing her away, she felt like there was a ball in her stomach. The tight curve resisted her every move as she flipped open the window.

“There.” Clementine exhaled, relaxing with disasters averted.

### ***Pppppppbbbbbbbbb***

Clementine stood up straight; the rumbling hadn’t been coming from Julie. Instead, her own stomach had been roiling and churning; she was just too angry to notice. She buckled over as the candy gripped her gut, her ass pointing out the window. She unleashed blast after blast of gas into the neighborhood, her noisy farts garnering attention from the neighbors. She couldn’t stop herself; she could see her ass ballooning behind her; she could feel the fur

growing on her body. Something was changing inside of her; she knew it, and she had to do something.

***Pffffffff***

Jule's ass finally chimed in as she blasted Clementine with rank gas. Julie's tight stomach deflated as she loosed her gale, all the while laughing her head off. Julie chuckled as she finally stood upright, her fullness gone and the pantry still full. This was going to be a hell of a night for both of them.

---

The next day Tasha went about her business, flitting about, dusting, and stocking. This day seemed particularly noisier; the sounds of muffled trumpets and tubas rocked her shop windows. She assumed it was a parade going through, an idea reinforced when she heard shouting outside. It was of little concern to her; she took precious time cooing to her candies before opening up the shades. Her shop didn't get any brighter from the open windows; shapes were blocking the light. Round, bulbous, and bloated shapes that looked like balloons for the parade. Tasha opened the door to get a better look; the air of the outside was scented by judgment. All six of her rambunctious customers had returned, remarkably intact, but irrevocably changed.

***Crkkk***

***Grlllll***

***Pffffffttt***

Tasha couldn't help but wonder how long her former statement would remain true. All of the girls were bloated to ludicrous sizes. Their bodies changed and warped by the weight of their misdeeds. She looked over each one with a keen and judging eye; the girls looked at her in silence. Her eyes first settled on Annie, the quiet giant turned bountiful bovine. Her skin was covered in thick white fur with black splotches; enormous horns were growing from the sides of her head. Her already plush torso had become noticeably fluffier overnight, but her breasts, well, they were truly enormous. Her overfilled tits had tripled in size, overshadowing most of her tummy and jutting off her chest like zeppelins. Her face had become completely bovine, elongated snout and pink protruding nose.

Tasha snickered as she turned her gaze over towards Kim. The rude Latina had gotten quite a complaint from yesterday's ruckus. Her ass was so large that it was touching the ground. The more notable feature was the fluffy skunk's tail rising from the small of her back. The white-streaked black tail rose like a boa behind her, fluttering from her constant gas. Her body

had become covered in the same black fur, her hair streaked white down the center. Tasha smiled as she saw Kim's rodent snout twitch with fear.

Maddie and May had also become quite the pair; May had truly taken to her pig transformation. She was a ball of lard wrapped in pink skin. Her leathery hide glistened with sweat and grease from her meals. Her bloated stomach dragged across the ground like a bulldozer, grumbling and aching for her next meal. She could almost feel the ground quake with her hunger. Maddie, on the other hand, had fully embraced her cow life. She mooed and cooed with every sway of her sloshing chest. The hefty funbags had cleavage so large you could lose yourself in them. They were also constantly spurting milk; Tasha watched the slowly creeping puddle of milk creep across the ground towards her shop. Tasha also noticed the cloven hooves Maddie had developed, a new level of transformation from her candies. Maddie didn't seem to notice Tasha was looking at her; she was too lost in her own tits.

"There's the witch! How could you do this to all of us!? Change us back!" Clementine's normal anger had a tinge of desperation to it.

Tasha looked on as the once fiery redhead had now become a redheaded skunk. Her tight belly pressed into Tasha's torso as she made her demands. Though this did little to change Tasha's demeanor, she could see the zeppelin the girl called an ass. The mountainous balloons of flesh had broken her clothes and scraped against the ground. They vibrated with unspent gas as her gale-force farts billowed into the street.

"I'm sorry, little lady, but there is no way to change back. At least not now; if you'd spent all of yesterday helping the less fortunate, maybe. Now though? You're just a bloated skunk of a girl, who could pop at the slightest breeze." Tasha chuckled before entering the shop, returning with a jar of jelly beans. "I'm not heartless though; this is a jar I use for enjoyment purposes. Maybe one of them could fix you."

Tasha chuckled as she walked back into the shop, the doors shuttering behind her as the shop front vanished. The girls stood in vacant terror as a vacant lot was left where the building stood. Clementine was the only one who looked at the jug with any consideration. For their current situation, that jug was a revolver with 5 bullets. They could risk getting worse or become normal. Clementine's rear end shuddered as she felt something rub against it. It was Kim's bloated ass; the girl had not been farting while Tasha was around. She must have been holding in her gas in some attempt at vanity.

"You know you're going to explode if you don't fart, right?! You're already twice as big as when we started." Clementine pointed towards Kim's ass cheeks.

"I won't explode; that's impossible. Can you imagine how embarrassing it would be? Exploding from your own farts." Kim did her best to deny the truth, but her growing ass was telling a different story.

Clementine watched as Kim's ass expanded while they spoke. Her massive cheeks towered above her like grand blimps. Kim's ass was so bloated that she took up the entire sidewalk; you couldn't pass by her without brushing into ass. She was a blimp in denial. Before Clementine could voice any more complaints, she was interrupted by a bored sigh.

"You guys are talking about all this stuff, and none of it is about feeding me! I'm hungry!" Julie finally broke her silence.

The girl hadn't changed much overnight, in proportion at least, not compared to her pre-pig visage. She had become bigger all around; her stomach was so large that it completely obscured her view. The tight sphere was packed to the brim with food and drink she'd gorged on the night before and the morning since. She couldn't even reach her arms around it. The pink-leathered orb made her look comical, especially when compounded with her booty. The short stack had only become stackier, and her yoga-ball buttocks dragged behind her like weights. At the small of her crack, just barely visible amongst her lard, was a curled pig's tail.

"You can't still be hungry. You just ate." Clementine sighed in disbelief as Julie started waddling.

***Grlllll***

A low growl of hunger and pang echoed through the streets. Both May and Julie were feeling the full effects of their transformation.

"***Uuooooorp.*** She's right, I'm starving for something solid." May appeared from the front of May's cleavage, milk dribbling down her chin.

"Can we drink our own milk?" Annie looked flabbergasted as she stared at her own vast cleavage.

"Oh yeah, well, I can't. I'm just too big, but I bet you could, sweetie pie." Maddie winked as she dragged her tits down the street, trying to keep up with May's determined gait.

***Pfffffftttt***

Clementine tried to protest, but her gas quashed any words she could have spoken. Instead, she just followed Julie, watching in amazement as she saw the candy jug lodged in Maddie's cleavage.

---

Julie had wandered into the nearest buffet while Kim and Clementine bickered. Kim didn't even fit through the door; she got stuck in the frame. Her gigantic hips trapped her as her ass expanded through the door. People were gathering angrily behind the door, slamming and

pushing into her expanding airbags of an ass. Yet she refused to fart; no matter how big she got, she wouldn't vent that pressure. She stuck to her guns, her ass cheeks blasting out of her jeans as her tail pressed into the glass. Her furry orbs now spread into the streets as the pressure mounted. Clementine was too busy laughing her prodigious ass off. Her bloated humps acted as cushions while she blasted farts into the restaurant. Julie, on the other hand, was gorging herself on the buffet. With a speed that was belied by her size, she dashed from tray to tray, gorging herself on every greasy food within.

***Rmmbbbbl***

"Did that girl's ass just rumble?" A guest outside of the restaurant murmured.

"That's an ass? I thought it was an advertisement. It's so big, I can hear it gurgling too." Another guest commented, brushing a hand against the orb.

"It's Kim again! Another stupid stunt of hers; she's blocking traffic." Another guest started to bash their car into Kim's enormous cheeks.

"What's wrong, Kim? Feeling a bit pent up." Clementine leant back on her couch of an ass, kicking her legs up in laughter.

"I'm perfooooouuurrply fine." A rancid belch of pent-up farts interrupted Kim's sentence.

She could feel the stares of the shop patrons, the gleam of all their phones burning through her sides. She didn't like being out of control of things; she was a helpless blimp of a girl. Her cheeks puffed with gas that she refused to let it out. Kim's tight stomach rounded out, expanding like a weather balloon. The tight gas-filled orb scraped against the carpet as she expanded.

***Grrrrlllll***

Kim's body let out a hollow growl, a cry of pain and anguish. Her body screamed at her to relieve her pressure in some way. She refused, her growth having stopped now. Her ass pressed against the shop on the opposite side of the street. Her pressurized booty quaking with pressure, her fur-covered orbs becoming see-through in the glaring sun. The prickling of static crawled against her drum-tight skin. She couldn't relent, not in public, not outside of her own stream.

***Rrmmbbbbl***

Her aching body shook the floor like a crack of thunder. Glasses rocked off of tables as the pressure inside of her mounted. She couldn't handle it anymore; she was at her limit. Her cheeks bulged with pressure as her belly surged out a final time.

***Blam***

***Blam***

Her fantastic ass cheeks exploded one after another, the force shattering the doorframe that trapped her. Her body was nothing but furry scraps that fluttered in the haze of her own flatus. People on the streets were blown away as the pressure rocked the city. Clementine, though, she didn't care; she was having a blast. For the first time in a long time, Clementine was having a really belly laugh. Her jubilation at the attention whore popping left her blindsided by what happened next. Kim's gas didn't dissipate into the air; no, her gas crept forward. A cloud given life by vengeance or by malice, it hovered over Clementine like a grudge. Clementine paid it no mind though; her every inhale took in more of Kim's gas.

***Crrrrkkkk***

Her body expanded as the gas entered her stomach; by the time she noticed, it was too late. Kim's gas was forcing itself down Clementine's throat, bloating her belly like a blimp. Her stomach shot out in front of her as the air cleared. All of the thick smog was funneling down her throat. Her stomach stretched across the shop, popping the threads of her shirt. The tight fur-covered sphere roiled and raged with life as the conflicting gasses fought. The storm raging within her stomach traveled down to her ass. The canyon of her cleavage stretched towards the back of the room, barreling over the buffet tables. She could feel something trapped between her cheeks, something round and struggling.

Julie had gotten herself lodged in Clementine's enormous ass. The cheeks wrapped around her like a rubbery cocoon, forcing her deeper into the abyss. She was too hungry to think, too hungry to do anything but move towards new sensation. She pressed against the sides of her prison, her pig nose twitching at a new scent. The gale of Clementine's constant gas had become appealing to her, intoxicating even. She moved towards the source and found Clementine's puckering asshole. A vent that constantly opened and closed with gassy expulsion. Julie was lost; she dove into Clementine's ass, sealing her lips around the puckering starfish. She then inhaled, sucking it like it was a straw, greedily taking in all of that gas.

"What the fuoooooooouurp" Clementine's exclamation was cut short by the geyser of gas escaping her mouth.

***Ppppffffft***

The constant stream of gas was like an air hose, pumping Julie up every second. Her gravid stomach pushing her up into the recesses of Clementine's ass. Her lips still firmly planted in her booty, greedily sucking in as much gas as possible. Internally, Clementine was pleading for Julie to let go, leaving her to vent in peace. This wish was replaced by frustration as Julie refused to let go.

*Fine, I'll force her to let go.*

Clementine's body tensed as she forced the gas out; liters of gas poured out of her and into Julie. The pig of a woman refused to let go, her pink body parting Clementine's cheeks like the sea. Her stomach rose up like a terrible sun as gas pumped into her. Both girls were expanding at alarming rates as they pushed each other to the edges of the restaurant. Julie's backside brushed against the ceiling as her gut filled with farts.

***Crkkkk***

Her skin made a rubbery creaking sound, like a balloon being overfilled. Her pink leathery skin turned see-through as the pressure mounted. Julie's eyes rolled back into her head as her cheeks puffed out. Her ass and breasts had given up containment as they billowed out with gas. Julie's feeling of hunger was gone, replaced with a full contentness, but it didn't stop. The feeling of fullness morphed into a mounting pressure that crawled across her skin. Her body shook like a thunderhead as the storm within her raged. The walls of the restaurant buckled under her size as her flesh pressed into the walls. Gas poured out from Julie's ass, but it only circled back into Clementine in some ghastly cycle. Julie felt a spark of lightning run across her navel, a twinge of pain that shot to her core; something inside of her snapped.

***Kerpop***

Julie exploded into a flutter of food mess and pink confetti. Her gaseous remains blew down the walls and the ceiling like a bomb. Leaving Clementine to blimp unabated, her ass blew down the back wall as her cheeks pressed into each other. The noxious fumes warring within her as she vented, she tensed her muscles, stopping the flow of gas. Her body surged out before her anus opened like a sewer pipe.

***Pbbbbbbbbbt***

The hurricane of gas poured from her like a geyser, but it gave no relief. The expulsion only accelerated her own growth. Her physics-defying body was producing more gas than it contained, and it all flowed back into her. Her stomach shot out into the streets as her backside filled the ruined restaurant. The knocking pressure of detonation hit the back of her mind. She knew it was inevitable and let her body run its course. Her stomach tightened as her cheeks puffed out again.

***Ouuuuurrrrrppp***

Gas poured from both ends like an erupting volcano as Clemeindre's blimped body expanded. Her tits, propped up by her expanding gut, smashed into her face. The pressure forced her mouth shut and left her helpless against her own pressure. She clenched her toes in anticipation as a tingling ran through her body. A tingling like she'd stuck her finger in a light

socket, a numbing, surging feeling that overtook her body. Her overtaxed skin surged a final time before it was too much.

### ***Blam***

Clementine exploded like an atom bomb, blowing down the buildings around her and leaving nothing but furry black scraps in her wake.

---

Down the road, Annie had thoroughly been enjoying the scene. Despite not leaving the shop front, she could easily see the city-leveling blimps pop. It was everything she had ever dreamed of, watching bloated women explode. She was making a huge show of herself, hand stuck down her pants in the middle of the street. Her left tit fixed firmly in her mouth as she drank her own milk. She suckled on her bloated teat as the milk flowed into her growing stomach. She was hedonism incarnate, fingering her clit with one hand while gorging herself on milk. Her bloated tits tightened in her grip as her belly filled.

### ***Mmmppph***

She moaned in pleasure as she played around inside of her cooch. She enjoyed the feeling of her stomach growing, the heavy sac collapsing her onto her ass. Annie's bloated teardrop of a belly sagged to the ground as her airbag breasts sprayed milk into her mouth. Her free hand dug further into her cooch, stimulating her folds as she tried to reach climax. Her vantage was getting more difficult; her heavy gut was forcing her hand out of her. She wanted to keep pleasuring, but she couldn't fight the urge to suckle her sweet milk. In the end she gave up and just double-fisted both her tits. They too got too big; her breasts were bloating with so much milk that they jutted in front of her like dirigibles. Milk-filled blimps that sloshed out of her hands and into the vacant lot. She panted and whimpered to passersby as her breasts expanded in front of her.

"Please. Please. Somebody? Anybody, just get me off! Fuck me like a milk blimp!" She pleaded to everyone she saw.

Only one woman listened, or at least Annie assumed it was a woman from her long hair and heels. She clacked her way to the front of Annie's cleavage. Annie could feel the girl tweaking her nipples, but the pleasure stopped as something tied around her teats.

### ***Crkkkkkk***

"There, milk was ruining my garden. Go pop in the storm drain." The voice snarled as she left Annie in the lurch.

She had tied knots around Annie's udders, the bloated breasts filling with backed-up milk.

Her body responded by going into overdrive; milk backed up in her tits, oceans of milk crashed against the inside of her skin. She thrashed her hands against her sides, desperately trying to shake the ties free. Her breasts were too heavy; she couldn't lift them an inch, she could only watch her own impending detonation. Her hide-covered skin grew transparent as the waves of milk crashed inside her; she bit her lip. Even without the assistance of her hand, her cooch was overflowing with pleasure. Rivers of sticky white liquid poured from between her legs as her breasts pushed into the empty lot.

***Rmbbbblb***

Her body shook of its own accord, rocking her back and forth as her legs vanished under her boundless cleavage. She ground her pussy against the pavement in a vain attempt at stimulation. She could feel her paper-thin skin tearing. That internal feeling of her body coming apart. Milk backed up in her throat as she dribbled over her lips. She clenched, lost in the throes of fantasy; she couldn't allow this moment to dampen. She wriggled her toes in anticipation; she hoped she was being filmed as she reached her explosive climax. She could feel the mounting pressure in her tits; they had stopped growing and simply pulsed. They throbbed with her every breath, heaving with horrible life as a tear formed at her nipple.

***"Ooooooh!"***

***Kersplooosh***

Annie's tits ruptured in unison, splashing milk against the vacant lot. The crater where she sat formed a pool for the milk to collect and a headache for the neighborhood. Bits of black leather floated in the pool as Annie's cries of pleasure echoed with the detonation.

---

***Ppppppfffft***

***Ooooouuurrrp***

In the buffet next door, May had eaten herself into oblivion. The pink-skinned pig was a mountain of lard in the aisles. Chairs buckled under her colossal girth as her blob of a body oozed outward. Her belly stretched in front of her like an ocean of fat; her massive tits hung down at her sides as her belly parted them. Her massive rear was constantly venting gas as the

blubbery mounds stretched out into the walls. She was mindlessly snacking on the last bite of food she could get her grubby hands on. The greasy eggroll splashing harmlessly on the mountain of food in her stomach. That was the last, though; she couldn't move, couldn't stretch for another. She was stranded on the island of her fat as hunger gnawed at her insides.

***Ssspppppt***

A spray of milk hit her cheek, the sickly sweet liquid trickling into her mouth as Maddie played with her tits. The bimbo had managed to control the aim of her milk cannons. The firehose spray traveled down May's cleavage like a sluice. A river of milk surged down her greedy maw. Mixing with her digesting food into a gas-producing slurry. Her stomach immediately shot out, the flabby wave tightening into a curving orb. Steadily she bloated and grew, her insatiable hunger driving her past her pain. The pressure of fullness rose in her throat as the mill started to lose spaces to fill.

***Grrrlrlrrll***

***Pffffffttt***

May's backside erupted in another haze fart, shaking the walls of the buffet as her body tried to find refuge. There wasn't any reprieve from her hunger; May had lost herself to gluttony, and Maddie was too airheaded to care. Maddie continued spraying milk from her air balloon tits. Strumming her fingers against the candy jar in her cleavage, contemplating if she wanted to stay a cow. May was happy she hadn't made her decision, gulping down lakes of milk as her body grew turgid. She drank until she couldn't swallow; milk pooled at the back of her throat like a backed-up conveyor belt. She tried to force it down, but she couldn't get enough force. May closed her mouth, gritted her teeth, and muscled against all sense. Forcing the milk pool down with a mighty gulp.

***Rmbbbbl***

That was a mistake; immediately she shook like a bomb went off inside of her. Her body vibrated and throbbed with pressure. Her body billowed out like a balloon on a faucet. Her arms were forced up to her sides as she filled with fat and gas. May's blubbery body grew tight and shiny, her pink skin drawn tight over her fatty hide. Bits of red formed around her navel as her pressure inside of her mounted. Her eyes bulged as she tried to muster a belch, but milk simply shot from her mouth like a hydrant. With a final surge of growth, her overtaxed skin ripped like canvas.

***Splagham***

Fat mixed with milk and filth, crashing against the sides of the building like a tidal wave. The impact knocked Maddie on her ass and upended the entire jar of candy into her mouth. She decided to take the plunge and start swallowing the candies. The sugar bombs exploded in her

gullet as the magics inside of them released. Maddie's body rapidly changed; her cow tail turned into a skunk tail. Her snout turned into a pig's snout, and her skin became a rainbow of pink, black, and white. Stripes mixed with splotches as hide mingled with fur. Her body contorted against all the animal reactions inside of her.

### ***Grllll***

Her stomach gave a low and angry howl, her body rapidly digesting the sugar; immediately she began to bloat. Her twiggy torso ballooned out to the size of a weather balloon with no sign of stopping. Her patchwork belly crashing through the wreckage of May like an arctic ship. Her belly rumbled as gas traveled down her intestines and into her ass. Maddie's bubble butt became a canyon of an ass, two massive orbs that broke through the store and landed in the street. The pressurized spheres vibrated with mounting gas.

### ***Pbbbbbbbtfff***

Her thunderous farts rocked cars from the road as her behemoth ass clapped. Pavement cracked under her machine gun farts as she struggled to maintain thought. The conflicting animal instincts in her brain turned into a storm of shifting interests. Her mind was left in a stupor as her eyes rolled back in her head. Head tilted upward as a gale of gas tore from her maw.

### ***Ooouuurrrrp***

A bassy belch broke a hole through the restaurant ceiling as her body grew in all directions. She looked like a blow-up doll gone wrong; every inch of the restaurant had become Maddie. Her tits pressed into the walls as her flanks became trapped. The milk flow was blocked as her production backed up. Milk coursed through her body as gas filled her every inch. Maddie's body surged out in a wave of growth, her mouth forced shut by her own smothering tits. Her body sloshed and vibrated as pressure mounted. Her ass grew so large that it clenched her ass shut. She was producing from every facet, but there was no way to relieve herself.

### ***Grlllllll***

Her churning body let out a monstrous cry heard throughout the city. Her body was collapsing under its own weight. Drum-tight skin springing leaks where the mishmashed animals met. Gas leaked from holes in her ass, milk sprang from her tits, and food spilled from her stomach. Her body heaved in a final surge of pressure as Maddie's mind gave up.

### ***Kersplooosh***

She ruptured like a bomb, destroying the city block and leaving it a ruin of gas and milk. The hodgepodge parts of Maddie rained down on the city like hail. The only thing left was a pristine candy jar in the wreckage of the explosion.

=====

## Too Much Blood does a Belly Bad

The dim glow of the setting sun faded into the cold night air, beams of orange slithering their way through the drawn blinds of the city's largest penthouse. Inch by inch they disappeared from the room with the sun, leaving only the darkness of the room and a thunderous roar from the coffin that lay within it. Felicity hungered, the dark lid of her coffin creaking open as the vampiress hefted herself from its oaken recesses. The vampiress was large, larger than most; as she found her footing at the side of her coffin; she adjusted her dress. The silky black dress wrinkling and tugging at her plush thighs; the dress would have been dragging across the floor for any other woman. But for her, it barely had the clearance to cover her burgeoning booty, the pale peach barely half concealed by the silky black cloth. The woman had the shape of a bell, and she loved every bit of it, hands caressing her body as she pulled her dress to a more comfortable position.

Felicity wasn't just a normal vampire; no, she was different: a colossus from a different time, Felicity towered over her kith and kin. At twelve feet, she was the kind of monster you'd hear stories about; a local village would tell about the crimson-haired demon that raided their neighbors the previous night. Her howls of hunger cut through the night sky like some eldritch horror; in truth, that was simply the roar of her tummy from a night of untold gluttony. The woman mindlessly tied her hair into pigtails as the gnawing of her hunger roared again. Her stomach's anger was so great that she swore the pictures on the wall were liable to fall from their perch. Her reminiscing would have to wait until after she'd sated herself; it had been months since she last fed, and her fast was now ended. It was Halloween night, and she would glut herself to bursting and beyond. The woman flicked a switch, the windows to her patio opening up like a sliding door, the cool night air flooding in. She sauntered over her balcony edge, looking down at the bustling city as lights buzzed by, cars zooming down the streets. Tonight she would make herself known to the city once again. Her heel straddled the guardrail as she hoisted herself up, sniffing the air for her most prime targets, where the most blood lay, which blood was tastiest. And every sense took her to one spot, across town, a monster movie marathon at the candy factory. Many a patron had sat near motionless for hours on end, brining themselves in sweets and soda, total darkness. It was perfect; with a simple kick, the woman

took off, like a pear-shaped kite, she glided. Floating effortlessly through the city, weaving between buildings with only minimal property damage from an alley far too narrow for her car-sized lower body. The woman landed on top of the factory with as dainty a landing as she could manage, but gravity could only be defied to such an extent. A muffled thud shaking the roof as she landed, the gravel crunching under her feet as she looked down. The place was gated off from the rest of the city, the yard quiet, but inside she could hear the making of her next meal. Fat and hefty guffaws and chatter as those within enjoyed a film she couldn't quite place, something about gold and Vegas, but she paid it no mind. She needed to eat before the next howl of her stomach set off a car alarm.

Down below at ground level, Stephanie and Liz sat outside at their posts, munching on that night's supply of candy. Both girls were barely awake; the chocolate feast within their gurgling potbellies took up all their energy. Merely digesting this enormous mass was enough to put them to sleep, but it was a yearly tradition. They agreed to stick out of the movies, and in return, they got enough chocolate to make it look like they were smuggling yoga balls under their shirts. The two were so stupefied that they didn't even notice the figure that appeared seemingly from the sky, a redhead to beat all redheads with an ass to end all asses. Stephanie's mind tried to warn her, telling her that what was in front of her was dangerous, but the sugar in her gut and the nagging of her libido drowned it out. A woman that big was all she ever wanted; even as Liz stumbled for her walkie-talkie, trying to escape the leviathan's grasp, she could only watch. The giantess's eyes flared red as fangs showed in her dismissive smile, hoisting the sugary balloon that was her friend up to her lips. That massive maw clamped down on her friend's neck, lips puckering like she was draining a straw. With only a few gulps Liz was drunk dry; her skin shriveled up as her belly evaporated as well, leaving nothing but a pile of loose skins, bones, and cloth. Liz, discarded like she was a drained juice box, but Stephanie didn't care; her eyes were drawn to the giantess' own gut. A small paunch strained against her tight black dress; what remained of her friend was now a sugar bomb inside the girl's gullet.

Felicity looked down at her first meal, a satisfying snack to be sure, but nothing to fight off weeks of fasting. She looked down at a potential new target, some blonde woman just as stuffed as her first meal, but this one. This one felt different; she was quiet, biting her lip and admiring Felicity's form. The small girl almost squeaked as the giantess approached her, bending down to talk; Felicity opened her mouth to speak before she was rudely interrupted.

### ***Brpwwaaorp***

A wet burp escaped the confines of her body, the noxious sweetness enveloping the small girl like a fog. Felicity was no fool; she knew the whims of mortals' sexual urges, and she knew the familiar scent of the wetness in the girl's pants.

"Do you want to touch it?" she teased, taking the girl's hand and placing it on the tight fabric of her dress.

The girl didn't answer, but Felicity could tell from her expression the answer was yes, letting the hand press into her. The hand sank in like it was being swallowed by the blackest pudding imaginable before it was forcefully pulled away.

"If you bring me more, then you can touch it more." The giantess tempted, standing up to full height and motioning inside.

Liz could only obey; she had heard many stories of vampires and their alluring aura, how simply a gaze could sway the souls of the most iron-willed. She never stood a chance; she was willing to sell out her coworkers, her family, and even her species for another chance to touch the tummy of the biggest woman she'd ever seen. She sauntered through the lobby as best she could, looking for something that could fill her mistress. And almost on command, the perfect treat presented itself; three of her coworkers sat straddling the soda fountains, mouths wrapped firmly on the nozzles as they guzzled every flavor on offer that night. There was a time she would have thought this strange, a candy factory that only employed women, the insane and ravenous hunger for sweets that enchanted everyone each Halloween. But it was commonplace for her and commonplace for the soda balloons in front of her.

"Okay, you blimps. I think it's time you cool off. Janitors are off duty tonight, and nobody wants to clean soda off the floor." she joked, motioning to the closest woman.

A girl so hopelessly full of soda that you could scarcely see her legs underneath the orb that was her lower body.

"I'll roll you out. Just the rest of you follow me." She said with some authority, wetness in her front would slip their notice.

The girls bemoaned the rules but complied, sloshing and shifting their way outside. They barely had time to react to the monster ahead; she drained the first one in the blink of an eye.

Felicity could feel her stomach filling as she gorged on the soda bags her new minion had fetched her. The girl tasted like a mix of sour cherries and cola, the faint hint of blood's subtle tastes permeating the whole concoction. The other two watched in wrapped horror, their first meeting with something higher on the food chain triggering something primal. One girl tried to scream, but it was to no avail. Before the shriek could travel past her lips, the vampiress was already upon her. Her gaping maw stretched over the girl's head so the sound was completely lost, muffled by the fleshy confines of her predator. Fangs sank into the taut flesh of the bloated girl; a combination of blood and soda flooded into Felicity's mouth at a rapid rate. Just like one would shotgun a beer, so too did she shotgun this girl. Everything that she was was now sitting tumultuously inside of the giant's tummy. Her eyes flared as the other girl had toppled over, her head sunken into her ovoid body as she toppled forward into the asphalt. As Felicity approached, she spotted the barest crack of the girl's ass peeking from her sweatpants.

“The mortals these days always talk about eating ass. One wonders if this is what they mean.” She joked to herself, sinking her fangs into the soda-filled rump. Felicity barely noticed her own flesh grazing the asphalt. But Liz? Liz saw the whole thing; the grand view in front of her was one of awe.

Liz watched as the soda-laden balloons disappeared into the giantess, their own size adding to hers. A once modest paunch had ballooned out to a monument of gluttony. Felicity’s tummy hung down from her gigantic frame like a teardrop, alabaster flesh peeking through the tearing fabric. The liquid-laden leviathan sloshed back and forth as it expanded from Felicity’s latest morsel.

Liz could barely breathe as she inched closer towards the object of her desire. Her view obscuring, libido beating out her common sense, she had to touch it. Hands outstretched as she kneaded the roiling orb. Hands unable to even meet on the other side as she fondled it. The smoothness of the fabric, broken by bits of rubbery flesh beneath; everything about her was so cold except for that tummy. The warmth of every morsel inside of her all condensed into one singular orb. She hugged it, pressing with all of her might, clinging to it like a long-lost friend. Up above, Felicity reveled in the satisfaction of her gluttony, the fullness she felt from the bloating orb. It was all so good, her favorite part of every month, until she felt a sudden tightness. The tugging on her tummy had popped some growing gas bubbles; she could feel it traveling up her throat. Cheeks puffing out in a futile attempt to contain it, mouth opening to the night sky.

**Bhwoooarp**

The courtyard echoed with the sound of the breathiest and wettest belch uttered in this age.

“Well, aren't you a greedy little girl? I don't think I gave you permission.” Felicity toyed, prying the girl off her tummy like she was a tick; her immense strength dangled the bloated girl at face level.

“Greedy and bad little girls should be punished, you know?” Her fangs gleaming in the moonlight, the points inching closer to Liz's overstuffed tum. Grazing across them like a pin, the points sliding across the surface. Any extra force and the girl would have popped into a messy display of chocolate and sweets.

“But you still have a purpose.” She mused, placing the girl back down on the ground. Her fangs receded as she motioned the girl back to the factory. The only thing left in Liz's mind was the obsession, the obsession to make the tummy larger. The nagging of that thought pulled her forward back into the factory.

And Liz pursued her task with a machine-like routine, entering into the theatre and motioning out hopelessly bloated girls. Each one exiting the doors to the gleaming fangs of the

giant vampire. And each one bloating out the monster's gut, foot by foot, she grew. The teardrop shape it once held was morphing into something larger and tighter. By the end of it all, the thing jutted out like a weather balloon on her torso. The remains of her dress shattered and scattered into the night air, leaving only the pale flesh. Her enormity shone in the moonlight, silky skin standing stark against the darkened asphalt. The roar of hunger that began the night had long since slumbered, and the dull roar of an overtaxed tummy replaced it.

Felicity massaged her aching tummy, still not satisfied with the evening meal. Looking down at the last remaining morsel before her. The naive minion that hopped at her every whim and call. Felicity couldn't resist; eyes gleaming with the shine of a predator, she beckoned Liz closer.

"I am so absolutely full. Come girl, come and touch. You have earned your reward." She cooed, a single finger waving her forward. Each wag brought Liz closer to the leviathan before her, her body moving as the temptress reeled in her prey. The woman was truly massive, her gut twice as tall as her and rapidly more active. The sugar inside of her, moving and quaking beneath the surface. Her mythical digestive processes ate away at the sugar and blood within. Each movement of the towering orb felt like the life of consumed prey was struggling outward. Each struggle adding an inch to the drum-tight flesh.

Liz' hands reached out, hands grazing across the tightening flesh; the skin felt paper-thin. Like a single errant press could puncture it and send all of the contents flying out to the night sky. It was so tempting, to shatter something so large and great. Liz's finger almost instinctively began to press, a single divot of pink starting to grow on Felicity's enormous tum. She was thrown from her stupor by a swift clasp of hands on her arms. Hoisted up to eye level with the gluttonous beast before her.

"What a greedy girl, always taking more than you're allowed. I said you could touch. Not prod." Felicity smiled; she had never planned to let Liz go, but any excuse she could think of as all she needed.

Felicity's fangs revealed themselves to Liz once again; the last thing she would see was them sinking into her own overstuffed stomach. With a yelp, Liz burst, splattering Felicity's face with chocolate and red. The mess did not last long as the girl puckered her mouth, sucking it all in like she was a vacuum. Until naught but a single drop of chocolate remained on her cheek and the messy remains of a guard uniform sat upon her chest. She was sweet, very sweet, cloyingly sweet; Liz felt more packed with sugar than any morsel she had had that entire night. And her body agreed, growing and bloating ever so slightly. The simple on the side of her tum, completely out of her view, grew redder. The miniscule structural compromise started to spread, the entire underside of her stomach growing pink.

But Felicity was unaware; the thundering of her own stomach as it expanded caught most of her attention. She had truly overdone it tonight; she cradled her sensitive gut as it continued ballooning. It had grown past her control and left her to the whims of her own gastric

processes. She could only sit and watch as the orb rose over her view, a white bubble expanding and growing beneath her hands. She could not feel pain, but the pressure she felt was beyond comprehension. Further and further it grew, dwarfing the building, dwarfing her; she was a blimp of a landmark. Angry, pink and ready to blow, when suddenly it stopped. She peered in rapture as her own belly sat like a mountain in the middle of this courtyard. With her conscious mind occupied, her body acted on its own, tongue darting out to clean the last speckle of chocolate from her cheek.

A grave mistake, the reddened patch outside of her view grew crimson before finally ripping open. Felicity could see the remnants of her feast dribbling out before the chain reaction began. All over leaks sprung her belly's failure, until with a deafening boom. The vampiress detonated like a blood-filled bomb. Soaking the entire courtyard in her crimson flood as the sun crept over the horizon. It's cleansing rays evaporating the blood and leaving no evidence of what happened the previous night.

To this day, the factory and what happened that night are the stuff of myth and legend. A scary story to tell among friends and family, the ghost story to end all stories. But every Halloween night, you can hear an unearthly howl ring through the city sky. A mysterious shape floating in the air; the shape is never the same size. But each eyewitness can attest to its shape, like a fat bell moving through the skyline.

=====

## An explosive Display of Talent

There's not much to tell about Floatsburg, a sleepy town nestled in the belt of middle America. A sleepy town so isolated from the world that time was at a standstill. With such isolation, creates boredom, a boredom that often leads to strange and creative innovation. This innovation was on display at the yearly talent show. A town-wide event where people would showcase something new or try to break old records. On today's show there would be a new record set, a record so insurmountable that attempting to break it was banned citywide. The record in question was about to be set by a one Betty Belasto.

Betty stood nervously backstage, fidgeting and adjusting her bodysuit. The blue and yellow spandex pairing perfectly with her blonde locks. She bit her finger, pacing back and forth

as she waited for the next acts to finish. The underwater tuba symphony, the cat language showcase, the snake swordsman. All of them were tough acts to follow; the crowd was wowed and amazed. She could hear the rowdy hoots and hollers as Fitzzy swallowed five bowling balls. It all made her talent seem a bit paltry in comparison.

“Hey Betty. You’re up next. Five minutes ‘til showtime.” An attendant called from the far end of the stage.

Betty almost jumped out of her suit at the sudden start. Her jumpsuit was built for someone much larger than her, a few sizes too small for her wiry frame.

“O’...okay. I’ll be ready.” She stammered.

*Get yourself together, Betty. It’s just ten minutes; you inhale and you hold. Come hell or high water.*

Betty nervously paced around, her thoughts racing as the heat of the stage lights seeped in. She did her best to psych herself up. Slapping her cheeks, smacking her midriff. Anything to get her mind off the people in the crowd. Her red-rimmed glasses slipped from her nose, tumbling towards the floor after a hard cheek slap. She just narrowly caught them as the applause from the previous act died down.

“Ladies, gentlemen, and the rainbow of those in between. Allow me to present our final act for the night.” The voice of the announcer bellowed through the backstage. “A homegrown hero, graduate of Floatsburg University. Journalist for the Floatsburg Review. It’s Betty Belastooooooooo!”

“You’re on, kid.” The stagehand signaled to Betty.

“Though tonight you’ll get to know her by a different name. Betty the Breath!” The announcer finished, moving off stage for Betty to rush on.

Betty bounced on the stage, still shivering and nervous. Her actions were so at odds with her mind that she came off as jerky and unsettling. Her hair fell over her eyes as she stumbled to center stage. Grabbing the announcer’s mic to start her speech. She refused to look at the crowd, her eyes anchored towards the ground. She was afraid if she looked up she’d faint.

“Hi everybody. I’m Betty Breath, and today I’m going to shatter our town’s breath-holding record.” She almost choked on those words; each one was a lead weight on her tongue.

The crowd looked in confusion and stifled muttering; it was a rather minuscule record. People barely even registered that she was speaking. The girl was frozen waiting for some response from the crowd.

“Wow, that’s a mighty tall record; fifteen minutes is a long time.” The announcer interjected, using his boisterous attitude to try and keep the crowd. “But how will we know when you start?”

“Oh trust me. You’ll know, just keep an eye on the stage.” Betty replied, trying to speak with confidence.

*Fifteen minutes?! I thought the record was five?! Oh no! My hand must have been covering the page.*

The girl stood in panic as the crowd sat in bored silence. There was an awkward energy that you could almost see. But Betty gathered her nerves, her breathing becoming loud.

*In and out*

There was a rush of air, like a gust had blown through the room.

*In and out*

Another gust, more powerful than the last.

*In and in*

There was a vacuuming sound, a rushing vortex of air centering on the stage. The front row was struggling to catch their breath. The stage was filled with the sounds of creaking rubber. Those who could keep their eyes open were greeted by a wondrous sight. Betty was expanding before their very eyes, or at least her belly was. A once flat tummy rounding out to a pert potbelly. Steadily growing as she continued breathing in, breasts joining in as well. It was like her entire body was an air tank. Inflating with the continual gusts, bigger and bigger until her stomach sat on the stage like a weather balloon. Stomach barely contained by her now strained bodysuit. A long V of fabric revealing her navel up to her bountiful cleavage.

***Mppph***

The gale stopped, Betty finished inhaling, her cheeks puffed out like she was a chipmunk. Hands at her sides as her muscles tensed. The first few minutes were easy. She just sat in a zen state, waiting for her body to process the insane amount of oxygen she took in. The audience stared with morbid curiosity, waiting to see what would happen next. The room was silent save for the sound of Betty straining. The first few minutes passed by without incident; the capacity of a normal human was passed. But now we moved into the realm of the unreal.

*God my lungs are starting to burn; this is so much harder with a crowd.*

That's when the first change started; Betty's face began to redden. A slight blush at first, hard to discern from her normal embarrassment. But it spread, starting at her cheeks and then to the rest of her face. Her head was turning a light pink as blood rushed through it. She strained and fought, clenching her hands into a fist. She strained once again. She scrunched her eyes, keeping the breath inside of her. Lips quivering to let loose the inhaled gale.

Another few minutes passed; she was at the six-minute mark. Her face was beet red, the strain pushing all the blood to her face. Muscles tensed as her enormous belly quivered. Was it internal stress or just nerves? The answer never came as the room was filled with a rubbery creaking sound. Like someone was rubbing a balloon, it was quiet at first. Then the creaking grew louder and more frequent, the source, her growing cheeks. Her chipmunk cheeks steadily filled as she strained. Blowing up the size of apples as the unspent breath forced its way up.

*God, the pressure is so much; my face is on fire. Surely they'll tell me when the time's up, when the record is broken. Will there be some chime?*

The pressure against Betty's mouth was maddening, an ever-scaling, ever growing pressure. Mounting and mounting as she passed on to the ten-minute mark. Her ballooning cheeks hadn't stopped their growth. Continuing their outward expansion until they looked like bowling balls. Tight and round, sticking off her body like ridiculous balloons. Her face was turning a purple color from the strain. The oxygen was finally gone, and it was now onto the endurance. Her body was on fire, lungs fighting for breath. Her bulging cheeks pushed her glasses into her face.

### **Crunch**

The lenses snapped under the pressure. Her cheeks bloating out like some mammoth frog's; tight and round their surface now bright blue, like two grey blueberries bouncing with her body's twitches. She had reached the twelve-minute mark.

*Gonnapopgonnapopgonnapopgonnapop. Please don't pop.*

She repeated this mantra over and over in her head as her body rumbled. Her lungs were in full rebellion, trying to find some way to relieve the pressure. The air kept bulging in her cheeks; the enormous balloons shone in the hot stage lights. Sagging onto her shoulders, huge pouches of air fought to stay intact. They grew and grew as the minutes went by. Shaking as Betty's face turned completely blue. Her legs were weak; her body was giving out.

She was there; it was the fifteen-minute mark, she could finally exhale. But her lips wouldn't open; in a cruel twist of fate, her cheeks were too puffy. They had completely sealed her lips shut. They were growing out of control now. An avalanche of creaking flesh that consumed the sides of the stage. They had lost their blue tint, now nearly see-through as the air forced outward.

***Crrrrkkk***

Her body groaned; she couldn't handle it any more. Her strained cheeks were ready to blow; each passing second was another inch in the fuse. Another second closer to detonation, but Betty couldn't help it. She had invited a beast she had no control over.

***Mmmpphphp***

She opened her eyes, looking around in panic. Unable to speak, she could only moan against her own lips. Every minor exhale threatening to pop her like a balloon. But the crowd took no care; they were enraptured by the spectacle. Only the announcer took notice when he checked his stopwatch.

"Wow! Sixteen minutes and going strong. She must be going for a world record." The announcer exclaimed, looking over towards Betty.

Only when he looked did he see the true state of things. The paper-thin skin, Betty's frantic looks, something was off.

"Umm. Betty. You can exhale now. You won."  
He said sheepishly.

***Rmmbbll***

Betty's cheeks rumbled like a thundercloud, the stage shaking under her pressurized outcry. The ground shook like an earthquake as her cheeks stopped growing. Pulsing and throbbing like they were given new life. Ready to blow at any second, her cheeks quivered.

"Umm. That doesn't sound so good. And looking at you it, probably isn't." The announcer backed away.

***Crrrrkkkk***

"Hit the deck! She's gonna blow!" The announcer cried, leaping from the stage and into the crowd.

The rest of the crowd flew into a panic, scrambling away from the bomb on stage. Betty was trapped by her own body, pulsing in and out.

***Grnnnn***

*Pleasedon'tpop.*

But her body refused. Just as she refused to listen to it. It would spite her; Betty's cheeks surged out a final time. Groaning like an old ship hull as the stage crumbled beneath her feet. And then they blew.

***Pop***

***Pop***

***Boom***

First one cheek blew apart, and then the other. The chain reaction blew Betty's body to smithereens. A hurricane of wind releasing from her pressurized wreckage. Fluttering bits of rubbery skin fluttering down like confetti. The only remains of Betty were her torn jumpsuit and shoes.

Betty beat the record, her scraps collected in a pile and photographed for posterity. The record book cementing her as the breath-holding champion. The last there would ever be.

=====

## A Lesson in Dominance

Captain, that's what she was called by any who knew her. Her real name had been lost, erased with the care of a finger smudging a label. The name didn't matter to her; all that mattered was her purpose and her goal. She was engineered, created with the sole purpose of being the strongest and the best. The green blood that coursed through her veins was filled with hormones and steroids; she had two hearts that took turns resting and pumping blood. Her muscles could amplify at a moment's notice; she could tear ship hulls from their fastenings. She was a force of nature, the strongest mutant there ever was and ever would be, or so she thought.

In Captain's world, might made right, and strength gained you freedom; she learned this when she crushed her handlers. The inverse was also true: weakness would lose you your freedom. Captain's days were spent exerting her freedom, picking fights in spaceports, and attacking bar patrons. She would pick a fight with any who didn't present her with immediate supplication, something that was rather uncommon given her appearance. Her wild red hair blazed like an inferno behind her, and her scarlet eyes burned holes through weaker souls. She stood two heads taller than most common mutants, even when you didn't account for her spiked

horns and pointed ears. Her broad shoulders tapered into hard, iron muscles that were larger than the common man's head. She stood on saurian legs with talons larger than a person's finger; her thick tail was strong enough to crush iron. All of this gave Captain an incredible air of confidence, an invincible and unshakeable arrogance.

Then she met Vishnal, an unassuming, lithe aquatic mutant from some far-flung water star. Vishnal was shorter than Captain, thinner than Captain and their spear wasn't big enough to jack off with; yet Vishnal never cowered. They treated Captain's boasts and threats with a dismissive air that infuriated her. Captain still replayed the battle in her mind; all her rage and strength was brought to bear against ghosts and illusions. Vishnal moved like the water, with the smooth flowing speed and strength of crashing waves. All it took was a single bone-crushing kick to her leg, and Captain was brought to heel. She could still feel the cold iron of the spear at her throat, yet she was not slain. Vishnal spared her life and in turn encumbered a loyal companion they were not prepared for.

-----

It was some unknown date; years had passed since Vishnal had begrudgingly taken on their new companion. The companionship was nice, but it came secondary to their lifelong quest: a geas set upon them from their ancestors. Vishnal's planet was suffering: an incoming cataclysm was set to wipe it from the stars. The only way to avert this cataclysm was to find the Shooting Star of Orihalcos, a comet filled with the sources to revitalize their planet. It was an endless journey; finding a moving body in space was a difficult and tedious task. They followed small magnetic traces of the comet, burning through fuel to try and keep up with the speed. Every pit stop increased the gap of pursuit to the point that distance gained could be measured by the length of your finger. Yet they persisted; they must.

"Vishnal! Get in here! It's time for breakfast!" Captain's voice shook the ship as she shouted.

"I wish she'd use the intercom." Vishnal muttered to herself while they threw away the covers.

Vishnal rose from their bed, rubbing the sleep from their fins as they inspected their appearance in the mirror. Purple hair was lumped in a frazzled mess, coiled tightly around their back-curved horns. Their yellow eyes hung heavy in their sockets, still shaking the sleep and fatigue away. Their sharpened, dagger-like teeth protruded from their lips as they took their time inspecting them before cleaning. They let the machine do its work as Captain continued thundering through the ship. She was a firebrand for sure, fiercely competitive in every aspect of her life. She seemed like she was chomping at the bit to prove herself, like she derived her worth from besting others; it was that quality that made Vishnal stay their hand.

As they threw on their long purple robe, they thought back to the skirmish the two had. They were unsure how Captain saw them, but Vishnal was sure of how they saw Captain. Vishnal could sense the pain beneath the woman's surface, a pain so ingrained that they doubted she knew it was there. It was the furtive pain of an abused animal, a deep-seated need to always be on the attack. Captain never talked about her past, but Vish could assume that there were many a foodless night. So when Captain gave her life to Vishnal, it made them uncomfortable, but they were not in a place to deny it. So in that moment of indecision, Vishnal gained a roommate and a small subtask. Vishnal wouldn't indulge Captain's beta hound display and would do their best to treat her as an equal.

"Get your scrawny purple ass out here before I bury you in mine!" Captain's shout rattled Vishnal's door, the lock opening of its own accord.

"I am coming. If you don't stop shouting, then..." Vishnal paused, choosing their words carefully to avoid any commanding language. "Then we'll need to double the maintenance schedule:

Vishnal's door slid open as they strode through the connecting hall; their ship wasn't the largest, but it was spacious. It was a long-distance cruiser, spacious enough for two to fit in the halls; the floors were coated in a plush blue carpet. Small cleaning modules bussed their way up and down the halls, removing the morning dust. Vishnal's eyes wandered to the outside of the ship; the glistening cosmos sparkled with purple and blue spacedust. Vishnal often questioned the wisdom of placing windows on a ship, but views like this one made it all worth it. Their travel to the dining hall was a short one, but it was enough to make them wary of what awaited them. They stretched out their hand, the door sliding away with a hiss, revealing to them a surprising sight.

"Good morning, master." Captain gave Vishnal a small bow.

"Please don't call me that." That word, master, it hit Vishnal's ears so poorly that it made them shudder.

"Fine. Vish. Good morning." Captain's face turned back to her normal gruff expression.

Vishnal looked at Captain with confusion; she discarded her normal spacefaring attire for some horrid white and black frilled dress. It must be some new fad she picked up from an ancient holotape, the same place she got today's meal. The normal protein bars had been substituted with ground wheat cakes fried in some kind of heavy oil. They had an earthy, sweet smell to them, likely from the puddles of saccharine liquid she had coated them in. Vishnal grumbled to themselves as they pulled up the chair, the heavy sweetness curling their nostrils.

"So what are these?" Vishnal pulled out a utensil as they began prodding the fried cakes.

“The corder I found them in called them pancakes. They seemed like the food of kings, which is a food you deserve.” Captain smiled as she moved back to the synthesizer for another batch of ingredients.

“It’s heavy. Very sweet.” Vishnal chewed the cloying cakes in their teeth before swallowing, the heavy mixture settling awkwardly in their gut.

“I know. They are heavy as stones. Heavy enough to make you sleep.” Captain smiled as she brandished a knife from her apron.

“They are good, though.” Vishnal held the fork to their eyes, inspecting the seeping confection.

Captain didn’t answer; her response to the statement was a vicious leap forward, the knife in her hands plunging deep into the back of the chair. She was sure that she had landed a scratch this time, but she found an elbow planted firmly in her sternum. The behemoth doubled over on herself, her head resting on Vishnal’s shoulder as she tried to put wind in her lungs. Her beleaguered breaths were interrupted by a forkful of fried cake in her mouth. She dutifully chewed as Vishnal returned to their seat, returning to their meal.

“You should eat. Your movements are sluggish without food.” Vishnal returned to their breakfast.

Captain shook the impact from her bones; she piled the cakes high on her plate before taking her place at the table. She towered over the table, barely fitting in her chair as she ate the cakes like an animal. Tearing into them like they were bloodied flesh, syrup splattering her face like a jackal in a carcass. The pair shared their breakfast in relative silence; they liked to save mission-related talks for after the meal. While they ate, though, Captain observed she watched Vishnal’s reaction to the cakes. The heavy meal was having a visible effect on their figure, causing their trim torso to pooch out with a slight curve.

***Urrrp***

Captain looked up in surprise; Vishnal letting out gas was an odd occurrence. Their normally composed demeanor left little room for public eructation; then there was another. Captain saw a look of discomfort on their face as Vishnal massaged their stomach; they left most of the cakes unfinished as they went to grab some hydration. Captain piled the remainder on her plate, a little disappointed that she didn’t adequately sustain Vishnal. This little incident gave her an idea, another way to try and prove her superiority over Vishnal.

“Good breakfast, but I’m starting to look like you on meat day.” Vishal rubbed their stomach before excusing themselves from the table.

“Please. You wish you were as big as me on meat day. The look suits you.” Captain gave a hearty laugh before digging into the rest of the meal.

“I doubt it. Once you finish, meet me in the cockpit.” Vishnal removed a death stick from their pocket as they wandered towards the cockpit.

The shining silver halls soon dulled with the thick smoke from Vishnal’s deathstick, the pitch-black rod burning orange with cinders. Every exhale of smoke brought with it a small lick of flame between their lips; Vishnal sometimes had trouble controlling their flame. When they were truly relaxed, their flame sacs went slack, the small spark of ignition igniting the gases on their breath. The billowing smoke created a dance of grey and orange that the ship’s recyclers struggled to filter out. The mechanical fans kicked into action to clear the air and scrub the contaminants clean.

Vishnal sneered at the fans; they always ruined the fun of smoking a death stick, the lingering haze of lung-marring toxins. They could set them too low, but then that would affect Captain; the enormous lass had much higher oxygen requirements. Instead, Vishnal settled for the small whiffs of smoke they could get before the fans took them away. By the time Vishnal reached the cockpit, they were already through their first stick and on their way to another. Vishnal twiddled the twig between their talons as they settled in their seat, flicking a spark from their thumb to light the inhalant.

“Damn gas guzzler. Girl’s thirsty these days.” Vishnal tapped against their fuel meter in the control panel.

The display was grungy, a wild sight when juxtaposed with the sterling silver of the surrounding halls. Vishnal liked to keep the cockpit a bit homey and lived in; the auto cleaners were barred from the place. The weathered monitors had smudges and cracks from ages-old dirt scraped by sharp claws. The fuel monitor in the center was flashing near-empty: Vishnal sighed in annoyance. Every other week they were filling that tank, losing precious time with a single pitstop. The rate of consumption had doubled since they had taken on Captain, which made sense, but it still frustrated them.

Vishnal took another long drag as they brought up the nav computer, the black and green grid panning out to a galactic level. Vishnal pinched their fingers on the screen, zeroing in on their current location and flicking a few switches. The nearest fuel depots cropped up on the map; there were two within safe distance. Vishnal took another drag as they rerouted their current course, pinning the coordinates of another stop.

“We changing course again?” Captain barged her way into the cockpit, the enormous woman cramming herself into an adjacent seat.

“Yeah. Ol’ bitch decided she’s hungry again.” Vishnal flicked their finger towards the fuel monitor.

“She sounds like me... hold up. You’re not going to stop at Succ-eeze?” Captain nearly put her finger through the monitor as she pointed at a spot on the map.

“We don’t need to stop for food; we’ve got plenty of food.” Vishnal moved the cursor back to the fill-up spot.

“I want a real worm cake, not any of this rehydrated garbage.” Captain flicked the cursor back to Succ-eeze.

“The rehydrated shit is what we live on. Perfectly suitable for my tastes.” Vishnal took another drag of their death stick.

“That’s cuz you let those things fry your taste buds. If you let me get food, I’ll let you touch tit.” Captain cupped her generous cleavage for emphasis.

“Who’d want those fun bags? If anything, your ass is a better deal.” Vishnal didn’t catch those words in time.

“Deal!” Captain locked in the travel route before burying Vishnal under her girth.

“**Mmmppph** I didn’t. Mean that! It was a hypothetical!” Vishnal’s graveled cries were muffled by muscular Captain ass.

-----

After a week of ass-based torment and enjoyment, the duo’s ship finally pulled into the kitschy ship depot. The large buck-toothed, bipedal mascot was lit up by holograms, bending down from its platform to greet incoming ships. Vishnal really hated this place; it was the type of stop that screamed tourist trap. They remembered all the obnoxious dealings with fans of the chain, how they plastered their ships with logos or tattooed the mascots to their stomachs. The thought of the last dealing was enough to make Vishnal shudder, but a deal was a deal.

“No cleaning inside. I’ve got my own crew for that, and don’t recalibrate the thrust!” Vishnal shouted back at the drones working on the ship service.

Vishnal strode their way across the landing platform and into the depot proper; they had plenty of time to fuel up while the ship was serviced. The depot ahead of them stretched further across than Vishnal’s home city; the depot was lined with row after row of tables and prepackaged road snacks. They sullenly took their seat, pulling a death stick from their pocket and lighting it.

“This is a no-smoking zone.” A robotic voice hummed from behind them.

Before Vishnal could react, a robotic arm had already sprouted from the floor and snapped away their lit stick. Captain couldn't help but chuckle as she found a seat for them, a menu already clutched in her hands. Her demeanor had a new energy to it as the server drone came up to their table.

"We'll have two of the endless buffets and two of the bottomless kegs!" Captain barked her orders so loud that it peeled the paint from the drone.

"Hungry today?" Vishnal cocked their eye at the order as the drone vanished into the floor.

"I'm always hungry, but today I'm about to see how hungry you are." Captain clicked a talon against the table.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Vishnal could intuit where this little experiment was going.

"It's simple. I am challenging you for dominance. The game will be a display of internal strength, not external. I want to see if you can outeat me." Captain slapped her tight midriff for emphasis.

"I don't really think that's necessary. Pretty obvious that a glutton like you can outeat a freighter." Vishnal casually sipped the drink that had been placed at their table, the strong alcohol stinging their sinuses.

"Is that an admission of defeat? Are you saying I'm the superior one?" A malicious grin spread across Captain's face.

"I guess this is your new way to prove dominance? Knew you were being a bit too docile during our trip." Vishnal took another sip as the drone deposited a head-sized mug at Captain's side.

"So what's it gonna be, twiggy? You admitting defeat before you start?" Captain's voice rose loud enough for all to hear as she took a heavy swig of her beer.

"I don't think I'll be giving in today. I have some stipulations, since you are obviously much taller than I am, at least twice my height. You should be eating proportional food to me, so double what I eat. That sound fair?" Vishnal held up two fingers for emphasis.

"I'll eat three times what you eat if you think that'll help ya." Captain drained her glass before shattering her mug on the table.

The two shared quiet gazes as the machines cleared up the broken glass, their stomachs grumbling like revving engines. Vishnal knew that Captain was a glutton, but they

couldn't let this challenge go unanswered. If Captain gained dominance, her path to recovery would be ruined, and they were too close. The drones arrived with the first set of plates, a plate for the both of them. Each plate was piled with a mishmash of various foods: full meat steaks, various produce from the neighboring system and some unrecognizable mash. Captain's plate was piled twice as high, the food nearly reaching her chest. They sat with forks in hand, the rumbling of their stomachs shaking them to the core as they prepared for the race. There wouldn't be any stops, no breaks on this race to satiety and beyond. They were going to eat until the other gave in; Vishnal set their jaw as their fork drew in close.

### ***Grlll***

They were off, in a flurry of cutlery and talons; the duo dug into their food like it was the first meal they had ever eaten. Vishnal cut and ate with the same oceanic efficiency that all of their movements had. Their knife cut a slab, and their fork brought it to their lips in a single seamless motion. They gnashed the meat between their teeth, savoring the taste for a second before moving on to the next bite. It was a shame this was a contest of speed, as this was a fine cut of meat. Bite after bite deposited itself into Vishnal's stomach, the morsels splashing down in an empty, elastic stomach. Their eating lacked the hunger and voracious nature of Captain's, but it was sufficient for the job. As the steak vanished from the plate, they could already feel a fullness creeping through their core, a small bloat created by rapid eating. Their trim stomach began to pooch out from under their robes, their purple skin brushing against the spacious fabric.

Captain was on the opposite spectrum; while Vishnal was proper and graceful and composed, Captain was messy and vicious. Her red eyes lit like fires as she shoved the steaks into her mouth, tearing chunks off with beastly abandon. Juices flicked across the black fabric of her long coat. Stain after stain accumulated like rainfall as she let the grease seep down her talons. Both steaks found a comfortable home in her spacious stomach, the morsels only making a divot against her muscled body. Captain's sharp teeth glinted in the cheap fluorescent lights as she lifted the plate to her craw. She lapped up the vegetables and mash without a breath, her long tongue circling them in a cozy pile. Her cheeks bulged slightly with the load before she muscled it down, the food hitting her stomach like a small comet. She was starting to feel a bit frisky; she wanted to prove just how much she could handle.

"Get a load of this, Gills. All that and not even a dent." Captain ripped her coat from her frame, exposing her bare torso to Vishnal.

She wasn't wrong; the meal had barely left a mark on her titanic frame, but to say it had no effect was stretching the truth. Her abs had curved out, a small hill formed on the plane of her torso, the tiniest of tummies. Vishnal didn't care to admit it, but she was taking this far more in stride; rich food like this always left them bloated. Their stomach had rounded considerably, still bloating with gas from the digesting meal. Their stomach bloated without any food entering; Vishnal sipped their liquor in hopes that it would help settle the stomach. Before they could blink, their empty plate had been replaced with a full one, piled high with greasy sausages and

fried tubers. Vishnal grimaced, draining the rest of his drink before grabbing knife and fork again; they barely caught the sight of their drink glass filling on its own.

The pair ate in chaos, their conflicting styles displaying the yin and yang of their relationship. The greasy meal found a home inside of their overstuffed gullets, but this time the impact was not lost to onlookers. Vishnal rubbed their stomach in discomfort, the churning gas and grease of their meal hitting their midriff with catastrophic effect. Their stomach had bloated out like it was inflating, the small curve turning into a balloon of gas beneath their clutch. The orb of a stomach jutted off their torso, stretching the surface of their robes tight. The fullness of their stomach gave them the appearance of being with brood, a look that Vishnal wasn't exactly keen on. The purple fabric strained around their midriff as it blew up with gas; even with an empty plate, they weren't spared from the growth. Vishnal lifted a hand to their lips, their heels bulging as an upheaval was taking place within their core.

***Oouuurrrp***

A lip-rippling belch broke past their purple lips; Vishnal's cheeks turned a brighter shade of lavender at the embarrassment from the outburst. They were fine with some noises in the ship; you can't avoid gas in casual living, but doing so in public wasn't doing much for their image. They took another sip of their drink, not to settle their stomach, though; they needed that alcohol to deaden the nerves that felt shame. The viscous brown liquid seeped into the digesting mush of their meal and caused their stomach to turn over on itself. Vishnal's cheeks bulged again as another small belch escaped their lips.

"You call that a belch? Please, I can do louder with my mouth closed." Captain interrupted Vishnal's brooding by shaking her churning stomach.

***Oouuuurrrrrpp***

Captain unleashed a belch so powerful and pungent that it blew Vishnal's hair back and shook food from the racks behind them. Captain was taking to her meal much the same as Vishnal, but her demeanor was victorious and raucous. Her bloated gut sat in her lap like a proud pet, a fat balloon shaking with her every breath. The orb was so engorged that it poked into the rim of the table and seeped over the edge. Vishnal watched the tight malleable surface swell with the fizzing liquid, the surface shaking as the gas bubbles popped.

***Ppbbbbfffttt***

A reverberating fart broke from Captain's mammoth cheeks; it was almost a signal for the next segment of the meal, as the plates arrived as soon as she was finished. This confection was more of Vishnal's bane, those same horridly sweet cakes that Captain had made a week ago. Vishnal grimaced before shoveling the cakes into their maw; they couldn't let a small amount of distaste dissuade them from victory. Each cloying bite hung heavy against their throat; the small pad of salted yellow fat on top only added to the greasy feeling. The sickly

sweet loads piled on top of the food they already stomached, bloating them out to insane degrees. At this point Vishnal looked more belly than piranha, the fabric at their middle tearing to make room for their burgeoning stomach. The purple cave of their navel showed itself like some deep eye, their belly actively quivering with gas and churn. Vishnal was desperately cursing their decision to stop at this stop; that ass bet, it was all a ploy. Vish's fork quivered in their hands as they lifted the next bite to their lips, their fullness reaching an uncomfortable mass. The purple of their stomach started to streak with a patch of pink, the strain becoming evident as their dull stomach gained a plastic sheen. A flash of pain shot through Vishnal's midriff, sharp enough to make them stop mid-bite; somewhere deep in their tract, something bulged.

***Ppbbbbbbfffttt***

Vish paused mid-bite; never in their life had they broken wind in public, not so uproariously at least. The trumpeting fart that erupted from their backside brought a measure of relief, though, their tight stomach slightly deflating from the expulsion. Vishnal rapidly downed another shot of liquor, not even pausing between gulps; they wanted this feeling of shame gone. This small display of dominance was becoming an exercise in public humiliation; onlookers were staring at the pair. They were being watched like they were a freak show or some seaside entertainment, two fools gorging themselves on endless food. Vishnal could only hope that the contest would end sometime soon, that Captain would admit defeat.

---

Vishnal's hopes had been misplaced; defeat was not a word in Captain's vocabulary; the only thing to rein her in was physics. The duo had been eating nonstop for over an hour, and it was starting to impact their forms in new ways. Their stomachs had remained constantly bloated orbs, but there was an extra layer of something upon them. Vishnal and Captain were unique specimens, the pinnacle of their respective species, and in that apex status came extra developments. Their metabolisms were fine-tuned, efficient to the nth degree, which meant they processed their meals at a much higher pace than others. This meant that the glut of calories was rapidly processed and turned into blubber under their skin.

The pair had become remarkably fat in the relatively short amount of time they had been eating, their taut frames having gained a considerable jiggle to them. Vishnal's light form had long since escaped the confines of their robe. Their pudgy stomach burst out from the middle of their robes like a slow-moving wave. An oozing blob of blubber that billowed out onto their lap, merging into love handles that curved to their back and beyond. They had a bloated, balloon-like quality to them; their torsos were twice the size and twice as round as previous. Every breath they took sent rippling waves of motion throughout their frame. Their expansive muffin top billowed out from above their waist and rested comfortably on their hips. Vishnal's hips had flared out to a ridiculous degree, the fat lumps spread out over the chair like hanging dough. The haunches escaped their cloth prison and draped down to calf level. This wasn't the end of Vishnal's lower body bulk; their thighs and ass had also become quite engorged.

Vishnal's ass cheeks were rotund enough to act as a second cushion to the chair they sat in, their wobbling surface wrapping around the chair back like a snake. Their mountainous cheeks rose up behind them, touching against the small of their back fat and bending the chair backwards. Mixing in with their thighs gave Vishnal's body the appearance of a twisted whirlpool of flesh. Their thighs were thicker than tree trunks, round jiggling haunches that blended upward into their ass. If Vishnal could stand, they'd be the most purple pear at the ball; instead, they were a rounded, seat-bound blob. This immobility suited them, though; in their alcohol-addled state they would tumble like a wrecking ball if they took a step, especially with their vision so obscured.

Vishnal could barely see the plate that sat in front of them; they had to move it up to chest level to even eat it. What were once mildly defined pectoral muscles had blown into full-sized tits. His hefty melons were round and squishy, big enough to give Captain a run for her money prior to today. Each breast had grown larger than a man's head and were twice as round; supported by their shelf of a stomach, the breasts created a deep canyon of cleavage. Vishnal could feel their boobs constantly moving upward, being elevated by their ever-expanding shelf of a stomach. A stomach that was tightening with every passing second, the doughy midriff transitioned through cycles of soft and tight. Currently it was so engorged that it threatened to knock the table from its fastenings. A bulbous purple blimp that was bloating with gas as they breathed; it even grew when they weren't eating. Vishnal would care on a normal day, be mortified and dismayed that they had allowed themselves to be reduced to such a state. Today was far from normal; there was so much booze swimming in their gut that the very idea of shame was washed away like footprints on the beach. Which is why they didn't bother to hide what came next.

***Grglgglglg***

***Ppbbbbbbfffttt***

There was a short gurgle, followed by a raucous trumpeting fart that shook their prodigious backside. The gassy evacuation went on for a minute as their tightened stomach deflated, the surface returning to a more soft and malleable state. This expulsion led to another odd feeling, a feeling that had crept up as a heat in their nethers. They could feel the turgid rod of their genitalia pressing into the underside of their stomach. There was a twitching as their member unsheathed itself from the fleshy folds of their pelvis, the turgid rod gaping and contracting, waiting for a delivery that would never come. Vishnal wasn't ignorant of pleasures of the flesh, but it was uncommon for their genitalia to present themselves without a partner. Vishnal felt tempted, tempted to reach their hand down and shove a finger in their shaft in an act of self-stimulation. The only thing stopping them was the defiant need to overcome Captain, a goal that was seeming more and more distant.

***Ooouuurrrrp***

“Oh. fuck. That was a loud one. Think I punched a hole in the ventilation. Hey, get back here! I’m hungry!” Captain shifted from gleeful enchantment at the hole she’d made in the ceiling tile to ravenous hunger.

Like a blind shark, she was running on instinct; it didn’t matter whose food or what was carrying them, it ended up in her gut. Captain’s iron teeth dripped with oil as she tore into the delivery drone, gnashing the metal and swallowing it with the meal it carried. Her face was dripping with grease and oil; she had lost the plot on her feast. She was ordering whole kegs of ale, punching holes in them, and shotgunning the ale like she was dying of thirst. It was hard to tell how much of what she had eaten could be considered inedible, but her body processed it nonetheless. She was a marvel of genetic engineering, somehow dissolving metals, porcelains, and plastic and converting them into usable nutrients. This conversion was almost more efficient than eating a standard meal, something that was made painfully evident by her current girth.

Captain’s muscular form had dissolved into bulbous, low-hanging fat; the muscle that defined her was now hidden under a whale’s worth of blubber. Her wrought-iron biceps were now buried under jostling tubes of fat. Her pudgy fingers bulged out over her dagger-like talons, retracting them against her will. Her defined face was now layered with a second chin and cheeks pudgy enough to hide a mug. Captain’s once modest bust had ballooned out into two blimps of heaving, wobbling fat. Their surface shook with every minor breath she took; she could lift them and use them as weapons to crush someone’s skull. The deep scar that ran across her sternum was now completely concealed, a hidden treasure for those brave enough to dive in her bosom. Her colossal, ballooned tits rested comfortably on a midriff so bloated that calling it a stomach was underselling it.

Captain’s bloated torso was a churning adipose-layered orb, a hard boulder nestled deep in a hull of fat. Her stomach was round and tight, boulder-like stomach crashed out across her lap like a wave, constantly swelling with gas and food. Her tight obliques had softened into generous love handles that oozed out at her sides. The muffintops crept out over her hips and sagged onto the floor. Her enormous thighs, now as thick as two of her former self, now sat on the cold floor. The fat-laden skin pushed into itself like a chick fighting in the nest; an amorphous blob of fat with a vaguely humanoid shape. Her ass was so large that it had destroyed her chair completely, the shattered seat lying somewhere comfortably in her crack.

If she had cared, she could remove it, but she was too far gone as well; her ale-addled mind was barely able to comprehend the world around her. She wasn’t even sure why she was in this restaurant or why she was eating; she just knew that she had to eat more than Vishnal. This competitive spirit was only amplified by the heat coursing through her frame; there was a measure of lust that came from being so gluttonous. Maybe the scientists had crossed some wires, or maybe it was by design, but the more she ate, the hornier she got. She could feel something deep within the depths of her loins, the spreading of her labia. Her love nodule was poking out from her folds; the black, dripping tentacle slapped about in her undercarriage, searching for something. It almost had a life of its own, probing the surroundings for something to kick off her pleasure cycle. It grabbed hold of some poor drone mid-delivery, forcing it

between her legs like a makeshift toy. She grinned a stupid grin as her nodule forced the minuscule drone in and out, the motion roiling up something fierce in her gut.

***Ppppppbbbbbbbbbbttt***

The tile beneath Captain's ass cracked and splintered as pent-up gas blasted from her backside, her tail swishing happily as the fart brushed her underside. Her massive cheeks clapped and shook from the force of her expulsion. The sections behind her were becoming collateral damage as her tail brushed through the adjacent seats. The pair had become a localized disaster in the truck stop; nobody could stop them, and the drones were too stupid to end their service. So their feast was allowed to continue; dish after dish found a home inside the duo's swelling guts. Their bodies billowing out like lard-filled balloons, taking up more and more space, the table getting buried somewhere inside of their girth. The more they ate, the noisier their bodies became; the sounds of raucous digestion and noxious gas swirled within the growing blimps. Vishnal was feeling something different inside of them, a tight fullness that overrode the flood of alcohol in their system.

***Grrlllll***

***pbbbbbbbbbffftt***

Vishnal's belly let out a pained growl before another blistering fart broke from their backside, the plastic chair finally shattering under the force of their flatulence. This time was different, though; Vishnal felt no relief from this venting of pressure. Their belly didn't deflate like it normally did; instead, it remained tight as ever, tighter even. A flash of pain shot through their torso; they instinctively clutched their hand to it to try and soothe the appendage. What Vishnal found under their hand didn't feel like flesh: it felt taut, unforgiving, and unyielding. Their flesh was drawn tight over their stomach, like the leather of a drum. Their belly was so engorged, so swollen, that it was pushing the fat on their middle out of the way. The realization cleared their mind of its alcohol-induced haze; they were reaching their limit. If they pushed themselves much further, they'd likely burst, ripped apart like an overripe fruit. Vishnal hated to admit it, but Captain had finally bested them.

"I ***ooouuurp*** yield." Vishnal could barely get their words out over their heavy belch.

"What was that?" Captain was playing; she clearly heard the words, but she wanted to hear them again.

"I give up. Any more and I'll ***boouuuuurp***urst." Vishnal's cheeks bulged as more noisy gas erupted from their lips.

"So, what you're saying? Is that I'm better?" Captain leant down, her bulbous body piling on itself as she lifted a hand to her ear.

“That’s correct.” Vishnal leant back in their chair, hands clutched to their gut.

“Could you say it?” A smug grin etched its way across Captain’s face.

“Say what?” Vishnal tried to play ignorant.

“Say that I’m better than you.” Captain leant in closer, close enough that Vishnal could feel her breath on their face.

“Fine. Captain. You have beaten me. You are able to eat more than I can and have proven your dominance.” Vishnal practically spat those words.

Captain started to giggle, a light, uncharacteristic giggle that turned into an ear-shattering cackle. She rose to her full height, the immense corpulence of her form making her seem more mountain than mutant. Her meaty haunches jiggled with every step; everything about her was rippling and shaking, save for her alarmingly tight stomach. She grabbed the servings from the table, her towering mountain of food and barrel of mead. She carried them to Vishnal with a domineering confidence.

“Since I’m the dominant one now, you have to do what I say. You know, I think you look really good like this, all soft and round. What if I made you rounder? You’ll get rounder for me right? I’m the dominant.” Captain grabbed Vishnal by the chin, her powerful claws smushing their puffy cheeks.

“I can’t eat any more. If I eat much more, I’ll *pmmpphhh*.” Vishnal’s words of caution were cut off by a meaty steak being shoved down their throat.

Captain pursed Vishnal’s lips open, their jaw crinkling under the force, their cheeks bulging as Captain pushed food down their gullet. She took insidious glee in Vishnal’s growth; every portion they swallowed was another inch on their waistline. The purple balloon, swelling with gas and food, the orb had crushed the table in front of them and now sat like a revving skimmer. Captain cackled like a schoolgirl, playing with Vishnal’s stomach; her free hand digging into their navel while the other fed. The moon of a stomach was getting packed tighter with every swallow, Vishnal’s navel growing shallower as time passed.

### ***Grlgg!***

The bubbling and gurgling coming from them was loud enough to drown out any other sounds. The blubber on their midriff was parting around their stomach, like a mountain rising from the sea. The soft plushness gave way to a hard-iron tightness; it was unyielding and unforgiving. They wanted to belch, wanted to push out some of that excess pressure, but Captain’s gastric assault was unrelenting. Vishnal scarcely had enough time to breathe between bites; every gas-fed belch was muscled down deeper into their digestion. A familiar pressure

wormed its way down through their pelvis. A stinging bubble of gas pushed through to their backdoor, finding exit in their voluminous cheeks.

***Pppbbffffttt***

A deep and bassy fart escaped their clapping cheeks, the blubbery mountains shaking under eruption. Vishnal's ass shook far after the fart had ended, an aftereffect of how voluminous their ass had become. Despite their fullness, Vishnal's body was still trying to process the influx of food. Fat cells exploded under their skin, multiplying like insects in spring. Their ass crept out behind them like a glacier, crawling its way closer to the door in an inevitable advance. Their robes had shattered from their body, leaving them a nude, blubbery balloon for the world to see. Their tits were so plush that Captain had to force them out of the way to feed Vishnal. She did make some time to play with them, of course, cupping the supple meat in a single claw. Her sharp claws left faint streaks of red as she fondled Vishnal's melons.

"You're so ***oouuurrrp*** fun like this. You're like my living stuffed animal! I want you bigger; I think ***ppbbffffttt*** you're turning me on. Are you turning you on?" Captain's ramblings were interrupted by wall-shattering belches and farts.

Vishnal felt helpless as Captain forced their mouth open, pouring her keg of ale down their throat. Normally they could fight against her grip, but the alcohol and food had left them weak as a hatchling. Suds poured from the cracks of their mouth as Captain tilted the glass. Vishnal was full, beyond full; any extra added had to be forced down. Their muscles only drank for survival; it was swallow or suffocate. This muscular action was a betrayal; every droplet they swallowed was burying them deeper in the ground.

***Grrnnnnn***

Vishnal's stomach was turning from fresh purple to a strained pink. The splotches of strain spread across their stomach like an oil slick on the sea. The ripples under their skin were becoming visible; every popped gas bubble was a bump under their skin. This only amused Captain; she grabbed more food, forcing it down Vishnal's throat. She could feel the creak of their skin as she compacted food into their throat. Vishnal's neck bulged around her hand as she pushed down the last load. Farts erupted from their rear in an attempt to relieve some of the pressure. There wasn't any coming back from it now; Captain had tipped the first domino in a chain that would detonate Vishnal.

***Crkkkkkk***

***Pbbfffftttt***

Something inside of Vishnal snapped, a small segment of their form that was keeping them intact. Immediately their body shot out in all directions. The fat and blubber in their frame being pushed aside by unadulterated growth. The mountainous buttocks tightened, two turgid

balloons that squeaked against the back wall. Their torso became rounded, their breasts billowed out into blimps of fat and gas. Their cheeks puffed, gas pouring out of them like a sewer. They were a vessel to their own pressure, a passenger in their own body. Vishnal could feel the pressure traveling lower, their member throbbing against their undercarriage. Then they felt something else, the probing tendril of Captain's love nodule.

"Oh god. You feel so great." Captain moaned in pleasure as her nodule invaded Vishnal.

She rubbed her pulsing loins as she guzzled down another keg of beer. She was reaching down her front, digging her claws in deep. She ran her fingers along the edge of her tentacle, plucking it like it was a violin. As she dug deeper, she could feel the immense storm churning inside of Vishnal. She spread her legs further, digging beneath her pendulous gut for that crumb of pleasure. She could feel the vibrations running through Vishnal's body, the rumbling of the coming storm. She could feel their impending detonation like it was her own; it was arousing. She was wracked with a pleasure greater than she could ever imagine; she crumpled to the ground in a heap.

***Grglglglg***

***Pnbbffftttt***

***Rmmbllblbbll***

Vishnal's body was shaking like an earthquake; they pulsed and throbbed with unspent pressure. The skin on their stomach shifted from pink to red from the strain, their body reaching a threshold of pressure thought impossible. Their skin was so stretched that a single flick could tear it apart; a peck from a parasite would be enough to pop them like a balloon. Vishnal clenched their hands, their eyes scrunching shut in a desperate prayer to weather the storm. They could feel their body welling up around them, the gaseous flood pushing their body to the limit. Their cheeks bulged, and their ass swelled so large that it blocked their anus. They were left with no ways to vent pressure; they sat like a blob, pulsing and throbbing, ready to burst at any moment.

***Rmmbllbl***

***Oouuurrrp***

Their body shook again, the floor quaking so violently that it angered Captain's own ticking time bomb. She had been chugging ale nonstop since she started this display of dominance. Her blimp of a stomach reaching a size that Vishnal would pop from imagining. This ale, it was volatile; the shakes that emanated from Vishnal's creaking form were so violent that they rippled through her stomach. The gaseous contents inside were churning and shaking, bubbles popping one after another. Captain's belly steadily bloated out as belches erupted from

her cavernous maw. She paid them no heed; she was too lost in the shared ecstasy of Vishnal's detonation.

***Grnnnnn***

***Rmbblbbbl***

Vishnal's body let out another terrible rumble, their growth having long since stopped. Their body was turgid, unyielding; they could feel the intensity of their vibrations increasing. Their body was like a reactor on the verge of meltdown: violent, deafening, and monstrous. The noises coming from them were loud enough that the few customers left evacuated. The drones were put into shelter mode as Vishnal's body was becoming an apocalypse in flesh. Then, with a final, horrid growl, Vishnal's body surged out. Their skin snapping like a rubber balloon, fat flooding out of the rips before a final.

***Kersploooooosh***

Vishnal erupted in a shower of fizz and fat, waves of digested slop, and torrents of festering fat flooded the fuel station. Their tattered skin fluttered along the crashing waves like flotsam in the tide. Captain sat in silence for a moment, her hazy mind trying to comprehend what had just transpired. She sat there unmoving, reaching out to feel at the sopping mess. Then a loose globule of fat fell from the ceiling, clocking her right on the top of the head.

"Hahaahahaha! Hahahahaha! Holy shit, that was a good one! I can't believe you exploded like that! It's..." captain's words were silenced by a howl from deep in her core.

***Grlrlll***

***Bibblblb***

Her stomach surged out, the aftershock of Vishnal's explosion rocking her to the core and angering her sudsy payload. The suds inside of her rebelled against the terrible impact, ale foaming and then popping in short order. Her belly boiled like a beaker, bubbles tumbling over themselves in a chaotic storm. Every popped bubble added another layer of size to her tightening stomach. The gas inside of her was forcing itself out of her cheeks in a noisy display.

***Pnbbbbfftttt***

***Pfffffftttt***

Bassy trumpeting farts blasted from her voluminous cheeks like bombs. Blast after blast shook her entire form, every violent expulsion shaking up the suds inside of her. It was a vicious cycle that fueled her growth; the suds caused more bloating, which led to more violent farts, which then led to more suds. Captain could feel her flanks tightening; her blimp of a stomach

crashed across the refuse that was once Vishnal. She needed to think of a solution, some way to end this cycle. On a better day she likely wouldn't have reached the conclusion she was about to leap to. If gas was causing her to shake and bloat, then she just needed to stop her farts.

### ***Phomp***

With a comical rubbery sound, she flicked her thick tail inward, pushing the tendril far into her anus. She pushed as hard as she could, pushing her asshole further than she thought it could stretch. She pushed until she couldn't feel the hissing gas of her stifled farts, her tail now acting as the perfect cork. This was a mistake; now her gas had nowhere to go, with no exit, her gas simply built and churned inside of her. Her body groaned from the sudden increase of pressure. Her belly shot out in size, pressing into the opposite wall. The fat on her midriff parted around the turgid orb of a stomach. The pale skin turned an angry shade of red as her belly strained to remain intact. Captain realized the folly of her actions, but her tail was stuck in too deep.

### ***Crkkk***

Her body creaked like a freighter in the water, her skin tingling from the pressure front pushing out. There was a storm in her belly that sought escape by any means. Her belly tensed, the surface no longer growing; it simply pulsed and throbbed. Every passing second she drew tighter and tighter, the gas inside of her reaching a fever pitch.

### ***Kerboom***

With a thunderous explosion, Captain went off like a supernova. The Succ-eeze went up in a fiery explosion with the apex mutant's detonation. Then the explosion froze, and time began to play back on itself.

---

“What a shame. They failed again.” The celestial hand of some overseer hovered over the universe.

The dusty tendrils of their grip wove through the cosmos as they turned back time. Rewinding time back to the scene at the ship, this time, though, time branched. Vishnal won out, and they went to a normal fuel depot.

“This time. This time will be the one.” The celestial being smiled as Vishnal's ship chugged their way through the cosmos.

=====

## The Dangers of a Foodie Love Triangle

Art college is often the pinnacle of creative inputs, a melting pot of cultures and visions. Often leading to bubbles of both explosive temperaments and of passionate dreams. This was no different for the cadre that called the Livingston Creative Institute home. A group of friends all orbited around a single entity. A woman so sweet and cinnamon roll that she could bind oil and water. Though with how their argument at lunch was going, you'd say they were closer to vinegar and baking soda. The quad was filled with the shouts of passion as the two key figures argued.

"I can't believe you! You seriously think that VFX are what make a movie? What about the actors? What about the human soul?!" The man's voice was almost in a sniping tone as he looked across their little nook.

The man ran his hands through his quaffed blonde hair as he made his argument, almost like he was giving a headshot. Glossy eyelashes fluttered with his eyes as he closed them at the final exclamation. His hand clutched to his lithe chest, in the general area where he believed his heart to be. This man was Keenan, a theater major of some note at the college. His tenure was filled with auditions, passion plays, and productions galore. The triple threat of actor, singer, model and the ability to make people of every gender swoon.

"You preening parakeet. You really fucking think that the actor is the soul of a modern movie? When's the last time you saw a movie that wasn't some seven foot, three-balled titan looking down at some two-foot-tall floatin fairy?! Yer a voice at most." The woman across from him stood to her feet, a cocky smirk plastered on her face.

She brushed her heavy black bang out of her face as the wind blew it from its precarious perch. Hands stuck in the pocket of her heavy red jacket, the fabric buttoned tightly to shield her from the winter winds. But her crop top and short shorts were fairly apparent from the torn edges peeking through the jacket's collar and bottom. This was Lacy, the vinegar to everyone's baking soda if she had a say in it. She was a visual arts student at LCI, and she was a damn good one. Already working indie projects and doing pro bono models for some student films,

she was the big gun; the flame thrower you locked in the cupboard. She got the job done, but would burn down everything around her. She was the person who could make people of every gender angry as hell. And she knew it.

“A voice is still a human soul! Next you’ll be telling me that voice actors aren’t real actors.” Keenan huffed, arms folded as he leant in, eyes on fire as he glared at Lacy.

“You said it, not me, bucko.” Lacy closed in, almost butting foreheads with the man as he eyes squinted, the cocky grin morphing into a sneer.

The pair resembled a movie post, eyes twitching, fists balled, ready to throw caution to the wind and come to blows. That is, until two forks were pushed into their mouths, a broccoli stalk of curled, puffy hair rising behind them. The forks were attached to a pair of sweater-clad arms, crossed in disapproval. The situation immediately diffused, boiling pots simmering down into tepid water as the two chewed gleefully on the morsel presented. This was the glue, the gel that kept the oil and water together. This was Semira, the first friend either of them had made on campus. Really she was the first friend anyone made if they met her.

She was a pudgy cinnamon roll full of sweetness, spice, and a bit of air. She was a heavysset woman with a passion for cooking and a figure to show. Though she was no student of the culinary arts; instead, she focused her efforts on photography, the art of capturing the perfect moment in time. She was a warm, cuddly teddy bear with a poofed-up hairdo. Glasses just cresting the bridge of her nose, plump features perfectly framing the grin on her face.

“I can’t take you two anywhere, can I?” she said in a saccharine tone as she withdrew the forks from their mouths.

Returning them to the large lunch spread she’d prepared for the trio, a black cherry box balanced precariously on her skirt. The size of the box and the little lap space not occupied by Semira’s fluffy stomach left it in a constant state of toppling over. An event that nearly happened when she shoved food into her friend’s mouths. The woman was barely able to save the box before it clattered to the concrete.

“Oh you can take us everywhere. *Mmm* Just not together.” Keenan joked, hand held to his cheek as he joyfully ate the marinated morsel.

“I’m happy to go anywhere with mister heartthrob over here. Just as long as you’re here to keep him from getting a black eye.” Lacy recoiled back to her cocky stance, the grin though, had dissolved into food-addled contentment.

“Oh, you two.” Semira waved her hands in embarrassment.

Lacy and Keenan quickly rushed to catch the lunch box before it toppled to the ground. Both of them blushed slightly as their hands graced Semira’s thigh, trying their best to not recoil

instantly. Playing the whole thing cool as they balanced the lunchbox on the concrete divider they'd claimed as a seat.

"Silly me. I should probably give you your portion before I send this whole thing into the dirt." Semira giggled, removing smaller boxes on the edge of the lunch box.

"As if dirt could make your cooking taste bad." Keenan said, happily accepting his lunch.

"He's right. Bet you could cook a corpse and make it taste fresh as a daisy." Lacy added in, happily accepting her box.

Semira always made way too much food for their little dinners; normally they had them inside, but the woman insisted they get some fresh air. Probably for the best, but it also meant Keenan and Lacy had no motivation to use their inside voices. The pair happily dug into their japanese-themed meal. Knowing full well that it would be tomorrow's breakfast and lunch. Semira herself taking the lion's portion of the box, the platter-sized container was packed tight with tempura, sushi rolls, eel and rice. The girl dug in heartily to the luncheon, savoring each bite. Her companions followed in kind; each bite felt packed to the brim with flavor and love. A detail not left unnoticed by Lacy or Keenan. Over the past few months the pair had become particularly smitten with Semira. When she wasn't there, the pair's conversations would naturally drift to be about her. Keenan and Lacy had also become acutely aware of the other's affections. Leaving them in a lurch, unsure how to broach the subject or if Semira even knew about their desires. She could be a bit dense at the best of times, and her natural sweet demeanor made discerning her romantic intentions difficult.

Semira herself wasn't completely oblivious to her friend's changing actions, but she was paralyzed to act on it. Her mind was always wriggling with the worm anxiety; it always dug at her every thought and filled it with doubt. What if it was all in her head? What if she was imagining it all and they were simply being nice? The girl just couldn't make heads or tails of it, so instead she went back to her favorite pastime: food. The trio consumed their lunches in general comfort, idle chit chat from Keenan breaking the silence. Until the duo had eaten their fill, their lunch boxes still half full as Semira dug into hers. The pair watching their object of affection stuff herself silly. The small hints of her stomach pushing out with each bite, the single minded look as she lifted the food up. The swaying of her curly hair as she savored each bite with a contented grin. It was a true salve for the soul, the ease of all their troubles. Until finally, Lacy piped up.

"Got dayum, was that good. I'm stuffed." The woman said, patting her stomach as she placed the top on the box.

"I agree. It was a feast for the ages. Like last night and the night before." Keenan added in, tidily packing in the box.

"I gotta ask though. Semira, why do you always make so much food? Like I know you eat a lot, but why so much for us?" Lacy asked, readjusting her newly tightened jacket.

"Oh. Hmm I guess." Semira paused to think, letting her chopsticks down to ruminate slightly.

"I guess I just do it to find my match." She said with a smile.

Keenan nearly choked on his water at those words as Lacy went bug-eyed.

"Yeah. Ideally I want to be with someone who loves food as much as I do. So I always make a ton." She giggled before returning to her meal.

Keenan and Lacy stared at each other after the comment. Their eyes crackled with electric intensity as they knew their next steps. Slowly at first, reaching for the recently closed boxes. No sudden movements, like they were confronted by a wild animal. With the click of the lunch box, they were off. Forks in hand, shoveling food down their mouths. Eyes never breaking their stare as their forks scraped wood. Fried meats, spicy tuna rolls, hamburg steak and seaweed salad. The taste sensations were not enough to shake their gaze.

As the time passed, the steam they had summoned was petering out. Each bite was the effort of pushing a mountain. Forcing a tenth pound of potato into a five-pound sack. Keenan looked at the final bite of tempura with a languished expression. Hands jittering as he brought it to his lips. The pangs of his stomach quivered through his form as he clutched the small orb. The buttons on his silk shirt were hanging on for dear life. A garment meant for someone that didn't just eat three meals in one sitting. He finally bit the bullet and muscled down that last bit of meat, leaning back in relief before there was a small.

### ***Ping***

The bottom button of his shirt popped off, the oaken disc clattering across the payment. Rolling like a quarter across the way, landing squarely under Lacy's foot. Keenan looked mortified, eyes darting back and forth to see if his comrades had taken notice. The man hastily adjusted his shirt to conceal the popped button. And also to hide the underside of his bloated gut. His worries were unfounded, though; Semira was still absorbed in her exorbitant meal. Lacy, on the other hand, was dealing with her own struggles.

The girl's bloat was far less noticeable than Keenan's, but it was no smaller. The woman's stomach pushed out against the inside of her jacket. The subtle inching of her jacket revealing more shoulder. The frayed outline of her crop top peeking out from the outline of her chest. The woman's gaze was a twisted reflection of Keenan's. Her arms still trembling, but her visage was one of anger and frustration. Cheeks bulging with escaping gas swallowed in an attempt to prevent anything else coming up with it. The last spoonful of seaweed moved ever

closer to her lips before she finally took the plunge. Chewing was slow and mechanical as she swallowed it. There was a light growl from her aching stomach.

Semira stifled a belch as she set her box aside. Looking at both her friends in a state of uncomfortable fullness. She wondered what had made them eat so much. They'd never attempted to finish everything she cooked. And yet here they were, two stuffed pigs looking at her through discomfort.

"Woof. Now that was a meal and a half. How you two holding up?" Semira smiled, patting her full tummy.

The pair gave the woman a shaky thumbs-up, lounging back in an attempt to give their overstuffed tums extra room. Eyes heavy with the onset of serotonin from such a large calorie influx.

"Doin just *urp* fine, deary." Keenan said with labored breaths.

"Yep. Still in one piece over here." Lacy added in, cheeks puffing as a bit of escaped gas slipped past her lips.

"Doesn't look like it. Looks like you two are about to bust." Semira said, packing up the trio's lunch containers in her pack.

"I swear what possessed you to eat everything in one sitting?" She mused to herself.

The duo tried to reply with some mumbling and trailing excuse, but the moment the words left her mouth, it hit Semira. They did it for her; the woman could only smile at this revelation. There was a bit of ease in her mind, that her anxieties were wrong and they were rather smitten with her. Semira meandered over to Keenan, draping his arm around her shoulder. Making sure his position was stable before doing the same to Lacy, her stout body acting as the perfect support for the soon to be comatose friends.

"There we go. How about we get you two a nice comfy bed?" She said, hoisting up Lacy and Keenan on her shoulders.

***grrrroowl***

The groaning of Lacy and Keenan's stomachs was about the only response they could muster. Helpless to Semira's loving embrace, the trio clumsily make their way to their shared dorm room. The trek was long and rather noisy, the groaning and gurgling from the stuffed friends at her side filling the quiet air. The cool fall breeze gave the whole scene a feeling of nostalgia as they entered inside. Until their goal was in sight, the stairs had been a true challenge, but they'd made it to their shared dorm. A fairly spacious domicile for one provided by the school. A shared living space big enough for an ad hoc dining room and a living space with a single couch. With great effort the girl continued hobbling her friends along to their rooms;

Keenan was the first to be deposited. He was often pretty frail and probably was having quite a time with all this effort. The man's room smelled heavily of lavender and bergamot, though the lights were dim; it couldn't disguise the violet hue of the room. She lay the bloated man down in his frilly bed, the springs groaning from the new weight. She gave him a small pat before maneuvering the bulky woman in her other hand. Taking her to the haven of her own room, a room that could best be described as grunge. Cans clanking and shuffling beneath Semira's feet as she found a spot to place the woman. Her ragged bed making a mighty racket as Lacy settled into it. Turning away from Semira, arms tucked under her head.

Semira gave the girl a warm smile as she closed the door behind her, humming to herself as she packed away their lunch. Ruminating on the developments she had encountered today. She never expected to have one admirer, let alone two, and the fact that they were her best friends made things complicated. With how explosive the pair was, she was worried that if she chose one, it would drive away the other.

"*Sigh* Guess good things never come easy." She said with a smile, dutifully washing the dishes from the day's meal.

The woman stared at the soapy water, letting the pots settle as she resolved herself.

"This might be the time to get to know them better. I don't want to rush into a decision."

The woman continued her cleaning while she ruminated on the decision, time almost washing away as she was lost in how to approach the scenario.

---

It had been a month since that fateful day, the day that changed the trajectory of the trio's friendship. Each day Keenan and Lacy seemed more engaged in eating Semira's cooking. And not just her cooking. The pair would purchase entire feasts from some new kitschy restaurant. Container upon container of food stacked high. The pair stared daggers into each other as they ate. Determined to outconsume the other, glutting themselves to the brink and beyond.

But the days weren't simply filled with mindless eating. This time was also spent learning about each other and doting upon their object of affection. There wasn't a day that went by where Semira didn't find some new present or treasure hidden in her desk or waiting at her door. There would be times they all just sat outside. Enjoying the browning leaves. Appreciating the company of each other. It seems all of the vitriol was instead focused on consumption. All of this consumption, though, was having an adverse effect on their weight.

Weeks of binge eating can collapse even the most robust metabolisms. And well, they weren't exactly the most athletic of people. Put two and two together and you'll always get four.

Today was going to be no different as Semira worked tirelessly in the kitchen. Preparing their usual Sunday brunch, this time in triplicate.

As the burners boiled, Semira heard the thumping on the floor. The plodding footsteps of one of her rotund roommates. The door at the far end of the living room opens to reveal the source of the heavy steps.

At the door stood Keenan, a bloated parody of his former self. He looked like 3 Keenans had been squished together. His body having taken on a pear shape. Thighs brushing against the doorframe as they fought against his tight sweatpants. Wide hips tapering down into jiggling thunder thighs. Each leg, thick and round as a small tree trunk, brushing against each other with each step. His sagging gut, seated comfortably in the front of his pants. jiggling and swaying like jello as he leaned against the door frame. Thick sausage-like fingers gripping the wood as he tried to give a smoldering look. Despite his added weight, his demeanor had not changed. His facial features still pronounced under his flab. Pursing his lips in a pouty look as he smelled the afternoon brunch.

“You know, if you were cooking, you could have woken me.” Keenan gave the woman a confident smile as he adjusted his hair.

“If you wanted an alarm, I coulda done the job.” A confident voice retorted from across the room.

Lacy waved her hand in front of her yawning mouth. Folds of fat rippling and undulating with the motion. Her facial features rolling over each other, like an ever crashing ocean, waves that never fully broke on the shore. Lacy had gained just as much girth as her rival Keenan. He’s just happened to be more noticeable.

The spunky girl hung from the top of her doorframe. Leaning forward, ruddy gray jacket unbuttoned, leaving her fat on full display. The woman’s cleavage spilled out over her crop top. A top hanging on for dear life that was ten sizes too small. The already frayed straps were spaghetti-thin at this point. The pert breasts were perched atop a truly impressive pot belly. Layers of plush fat rolling down across a cauldron-sized sphere. She looked like she’d gained four lifetimes’ worth of beer guts. Hanging over her belt like a heavy balloon, swaying back and forth with her every step.

“Oh? And how would you have done that?” Keenan said in a mocking tone as he waddled his way to the table.

“Like this.” Lacy said with a cocky grin, hand thumping against her chest.

***Oooouuuurrrrrpp***

The girl's mouth hung slack as she gave a low, thundering belch. The cans piled high in her room, shaking as it tapered off.

"Outstanding. I need to take another shower." Keenan replied, waving the air in front of her face.

"Kids. Don't fight so early in the morning." Semira said in a chiding tone, shaking her spoon threateningly.

Semira's flabby arms shook with the motion, while the other two had the most noticeable change. That didn't mean Semira was immune to packing on the pounds. While Keenan and Lacy's growth seemed more focused. Fat layering in specific areas, Semira was just bigger all over. Hips were more plush, tummy was more pronounced, thighs plumper and face fuller. It only added to the woman's sweet vibes. Giving her the look of someone you wanted to be held by. Big, soft, warm, and inviting.

"Yeah you're right. Don't want to ruin the meal." Lacy said with a smirk, thundering her way over to the table.

"So what's on the menu this time, gal pal?" Lacy inquired; the buttery rich scent in the air could have answered her question. But it was always more fun to have Semira describe it.

"Well. I made us all some loaded frittatas. Filled with heirloom tomatoes, pancetta, parmesan, and lots of mozzarella." She bragged, pulling the dish from the oven. "And of course two jugs of iced coffee. I know how thirsty we all get." She said with a smile.

While the food cooled, the trio took turns drinking greedily from the coffee jugs. Syrupy, sweet, creamy, and light, it was Semira's own recipe. Keenan and Lacy could never resist just a single cup of it. Between each sip they took bites of the fresh brioche Semira had made. At this point each person needed their own loaf and their own tray of butter. Lacy took massive bites of her bread, biting the end of the butter off after; it was a brutish display, but it got the job done. Keenan, of course, took the time to butter each heaping slice before indulging.

By the time the frittata was ready, the loaves were already half gone. This didn't slow down Lacy and Keenan though. As Semira took her time savoring the meal. Enjoying the compliments and company of her friends.

Keenan and Lacy were at each other's proverbial throats. Shoveling food in their mouths like they'd never eaten before. Always eyeing each other, making sure one never overtook the other. Piles of rich buttery food splashing in their stomachs, adding to the seemingly endless mountain growing within them. Bodies inching steadily outward. As if someone unseen had an air pump hooked to them, steadily pumping.

Keenan's stomach hung low, gradually billowing out under the table. Each bite adding more bulk and pulling the waistband of his shorts lower. Revealing the pudgy skin underneath, glistening with perspiration as it bloated. His thighs being spread ever further outward to accommodate for the expanse. The flabby pudge of his stomach ebbing ever outward as the feast found a home.

Lacy's stomach was like a bloated sphere, jutting out from her like a boulder. The fatter layers lose their softness. Giving way to a tightly packed orb bumping against the underside of the table. The table tilted upward to make room for her gut; the smooth wood wedged tightly between her stomach and cleavage. Her breasts spilling out of her crop top as she took forkfuls of the cloudlike eggs.

Semira to her credit wasn't in any competition like the other two were, but that didn't spare her from the sheer quantity of food. Her leisurely pace added to her bulk. The meandering consumption of a woman who didn't know the definition of hurry. Keenan and Lacy finished far ahead of her, their idle chatter tending to gravitate towards daily activities.

"That was really good. I'm so glad you guys stick around for brunch these days. Really adds something to the meal." Semira smiled, dabbing some loose crumbs from her cheek.

"Kinda disappointed it took me so long to really catch on." Lacy said with a smirk, patting the apex of her stomach.

"She's right. It's a simple pleasure we simply ignored." Keenan added in.

On the underside of the table the trio's stomachs quivered. Sloshing with the tumultuous digestion of their meals. The bloated balloons just barely touched each other, the barest bits of skin brushing against the others. The trio really were birds of a feather. Until the first of the flock rose from their seats.

"It's been fun. But I must be off. There's a few auditions I need to make today." Keenan said with a smirk.

The man's bulbous gut swayed in front of him as he made for his room. Barely able to squeeze past the frame as the door closed behind him. The man was likely finding the right outfit to flatter his newfound curves.

"Same here actually. Got a few people who need some sense knocked into 'em. Assholes think they can redo the scene lighting without telling me." Lacy laughed.

The woman hoisted her bloated gut towards the door. Nearly upending the table as she hefted the tight sphere in her hands. Cradling it like a glass bulb as she left for the main campus.

Semira was left at the table, sitting in contentment and concern. She loved that her friends were so into her food. But these constant feasts were really having a detrimental effect on their waistlines. It was an ever-escalating task to keep them all fed. As she stewed in the ramifications of everything. She decided she needed to make her decision soon. If not for her sake, then for her friends.

As the woman got up, she looked at the small centerpiece. A meager bunch of flowers in a ravishing blue vase; both items were a gift she'd gotten independently of the other.

"Maybe I could hold off a little longer." She mused to herself, gathering the dirty dishes. "Besides. They have the sense to stop if it gets too intense."

---

Semester end, the cold bite of winter blew through the drafty dorm building. The occupants inside all preparing to leave for home, save for three. Inside of their shared dorm, the cold winter winds died. Assimilated into the culminating warmth of three people beyond porcine in description. They were mammoths, glaciers of fat steadily dragging themselves around the dorm. Their every step causing the boards beneath them to creak in anguish. Pudgy feet pushing mountainous bellies. The trio was reaping what they sowed.

Semira was barely able to fit in her kitchen any more. The fact that she was still able to whip up the end-of-semester feast was amazing. Her wide hips jostled as she bounded from pot to pan. The table once housed in that kitchen had been ditched for more room. Her fat-laden arms were like hams bound together at the end. Her once unassuming bosom had bounded out to become an obstruction. Constantly getting in the way as she did her work, behind her was a hill of prepared foods and platters, all waiting for the final bit to complete the feast. All waiting to be consumed in a ravenous frenzy by the beasts behind them. Sat on the floor, back resting against the sofa, were Keenan and Lacy.

The pair were sat across from each other, dueling titans scrambling for any inch of supremacy. Keenan had become a balloon effigy of his former self. His rotund stomach had made it impossible to close his legs. Oozing across the floor like a wave of gel. His shirt barely buttoned, revealing the bunched undershirt. Stained with meals past, his flabby chest hanging over them in rolls. His legs had become rather stubby and ill-defined. Swallowed by massive piles of lard that removed the separation between calf, thigh, and ankle. Just chubby feet attached to meaty tubes, barely contained by his sweatpants. His eyes, though, were filled with fire and venom as he looked at his competitor.

"You ready to throw in the towel, you bloated blimp?" Keenan taunted

“We haven't even started yet fatass. And if you think I'll be losing to some lardball too big to see his own balls. Well you've got another think coming.” Lacy retorted, shaking her hammy fist in defiance.

Though Lacy had no room to talk or any room to move, really. Her body was just as bloated, just as warped. Her heavy stomach jutted out like a weather balloon on her torso. The layers of fat on it pushed aside for the overstuffed orbs. Her breasts had bloated to ludicrous proportions. Each one looked more like a flabby beach ball than something a human could produce. The woman's crop top hung in tatters at her side, like she hadn't attempted to change her clothes in weeks. Jacket ripped at the arms and seams as her bulbous arms tore through the fabric.

“I just thought you should give up before you bust a gut.” Keenan said with a smirk, eyeing the food as Semira waddled the last pot of steaming paella over.

“ME?! Bust?! Please, you look like you'll pop the moment you eat a spoonful.” Lacy took a big ladle of the paella.

The woman playfully jabbing it towards the bloated man in front of her before lifting it to her mouth. Letting it tumble into her waiting maw, her other hand dashing towards the fresh tortillas Semira had cooked up. Scooping the seafood dish into it to make an insanely rich tortilla, all of the food was delicious as usual. But taste wasn't a factor today; no, the goal was domination. Lacy looked intently at Keenan, the man across from her stuffing himself with an inhuman fervor. Enormous mouthfuls being chewed and swallowed, crumbs and sauce spilling from the creases in their cheeks. Every bite causing them to billow out just a tad further, with how enormous they were, the food shouldn't be impacting their size. But Keenan and Lacy were always stuffed to the brim. And each day it meant their feasts added more to their bloated forms; less fat and more tightness.

Semira was a bystander to this; she comfortably ate her meal, helpless to stop her friends. She could only watch as they blew up, their guts creeping across the floor with each bite. Their skin beginning to get flushed with the strain of their feast.

*I should say something.* Before they go too far.

Semira's anxiety had a fierce hold on her, her worry mounting with each bite. But she still couldn't decide. Mindlessly eating her food, stress eating was not something she was new to. But she'd never had such an excess of food in front of her. Her stomach steadily expanded with each bite, looking tighter by the second.

*I should make a choice.*

Semira anxiously looked up as her friends were bloating. The empty dishes clattered to their side as they reached for another. The pair were fierce, gazes never faltering. The only

thing in front of them was finishing. Their stomachs pressed into each other. Two blimps on a collision course, the encroaching stomachs smash into each other. Their steady growth was inhibited by the lack of room, causing the duo's bodies to improvise. Their metabolisms ran overdrive to process the excess calories. New globules of fat forming under their skin.

Keenan's body strained at the continued consumption. Arms gaining more flab, bursting from his shirt as he grasped for a morsel. The utensils looked like a child's toy in his swollen hands. Dainty metal clutched between two sausages as he lifted it to his mouth.

***Creeeaak***

The straining threads of his clothes were audible. His undershirt tore under the increasing fat on his chest. His sagging man boobs slipped out from the underside of the fabric. The shirt became thinner and thinner as they ate. His legs thickened under the constant caloric assault. Thick tree trunks of fat splayed out to the sides. Bigger than most men's torsos. Bits of skin peeking out from the tears in his sweatpants.

***Grnn***

A new sensation rang through his body, something he hadn't felt since that first feast. The strike of lightning through his nerves. His abdominal muscles cramped in rebellion at their abuse. The man nearly dropped his spoon as a hand clutched his stomach.

***Oouuurrrrp***

"What's wrong, fancypants? Getting full?." Lacy taunted the man, letting out a thunderous belch.

***Nrrg*** Fat chance, you puffed-up punk. I'm not the only one making some noise here." He snapped back. Words growled through stomach pangs as he continued eating.

He wasn't wrong either; Lacy had blown up stupendously in the last hour. Her breasts had tanked the brunt of her calorie bombs. Piled high on her shelf of a stomach. They were akin to sloshing waterbeds. Oceans of fat pushing themselves in her face. A constant obstacle to her continued consumption. Her stomach felt like a cement mixer. Constantly churning and writhing as she ate. Trying to do something, anything, with all the food she was devouring. Her jacket was tearing at the shoulders. The fat accumulating on her back and shoulders was simply too much.

The pair were becoming mountains of gluttony, their every bite piling on the fat. But they didn't slow down. They could barely see each other over the piles of fat on their bodies. Cheeks puffing out, like squirrels tucked away for winter. Rising into the air as their stomachs grew. Like their body was conforming to make room.

**Grrrrllll**

The noises from the pair were becoming louder and more frequent. With every bite their bodies quivered and shook. They were localized earthquakes, their stomachs undulating against each other. Fighting for space over the other tummy.

*I have to say something.*

The words had been repeating in Semira's head over and over. Every growl, every gurgle from her enormous friends was an alarm. A reminder that she had the power to stop all this. In her anxiety she shoveled a tortilla into her mouth.

**Gnnnn**

Her hand snapped to her stomach as she felt the familiar pang of fullness. She had barely consumed half of what her friends had. If she was feeling the pang of fullness, they must be teetering on the edge.

**Rmmbblll**

The titans in front of her shook, their stomachs roaring in protest.

*I need to say something.*

**Gnnnnn**

The pair's bodies groaned like a creaking ship. When Semira lay her hands on them, there was no give at all. Tight as a drum and red as fire, the skin recoiling at her touch.

*I'll say something.*

Semira pulled from the wells of her courage, lifting her arms to her mouth. Letting her heart spill out, shouting as loud as she could.

"....." Semira shouted with all her heart.

But her declaration was drowned out, just empty air from wordless lips. The disasters in front of her were too loud. The cacophony of digestive distress eliminated all other sounds. Semira could only stare on, helpless to stymie the coming tide.

Lacy and Keenan were wedged against the walls. Prisoners to their own bulbous flesh as it packed them into the walls. The mounting tightness within them was a signal. The final blare of the foghorn to signal the impending crash. But they ignored it. Against all reason, they took another bite.

***Chew***

***Grrrrrrll***

***Chew***

***Rmmmbbbblll***

***Chew***

***Grrnnn***

***Gulp***

The pair swallowed their last morsel in perfect synchronization, and with that swallow, they set off a chain of events that anyone could have predicted. Hands clutching their stomachs as the pangs ran through them. Their bodies pulsing and throbbing as their growth went wild.

***Rmmbbll***

The pair had consumed the entire room in their misguided feast. Billowing sides encroaching upon the poor stuffed Semira as she ran out of room. She could feel their bloating flanks pressing into her body. Sensitive tum able to feel every pulse and rumble.

***Grrnn***

The pair pulsed like a primed bomb, fatty flesh consuming their vision. The entire room around them was nothing but pulsing, throbbing flesh. Their very breaths adding inches to their perilous positions. Their arms propped up to their sides, the piling fat removing their mobility. The rumbling inside of them was deafening. Keenan's head was forced back into the wall by Lacy's fatty breasts. Lacy's backside was crushed by the bulldozing force of Keenan's stomach as it pushed her into the wall. The walls around them cracked as they struggled to contain the bulging friends.

***Rmmmbbbblll***

The quaking of the stomach reached a thunderous head. Their cheeks bulging and eyes going wide as they realized what came next.

***Kersplooosh***

With the force of a bomb, the pair detonated, flooding the room with their fatty contents.

## ***Sploosh***

The force of the blast was too much for Semira to withstand. Her body bursting as well, the contents of her feast mixing with the adipose wave. The windows broke with the force as yellow waves gushed out like waterfalls.

The doors to the dorm blew open from the force. The only remnants of the trio and their adventures was a lone black bento box floating in the accumulating pools of fat outside.

=====

## **Jackals at 20,000 Feet!**

Airports were a hub of mundane travels and endless mundanity; the best that someone could hope for was an uneventful trip. Very few people considered airports a place to hang out or a location to frequent, but in those very few sat a couple of middle-aged furies. Enter Drip Dry and Milftales, women who spent their afternoons hanging in the local airport bar. They spent their time trying to hook up with preflight pilots and lonely travelers, striking out more often than not. Their plays at the cougar act were only a side gig to their real hustle, the two-for-one hot wings and beer. They were never the best wings or suds, but they hit the spot, and by sundown both women hobbled their way to a cab, gassy and overfed. It was a daily routine; they would either hit it off with some new boytoy or they got to go home: those two aspects were mutually exclusive. Today though, the girls were about to see the results of when those two paths intersected.

-----

***Oooooouurrrp***

“Holy fuck, that hit the spot!” Drip waved the air in front of her as she expelled a hot belch.

***Pppfffftttt***

“Tell me about it. It hits the same every time.” Milf fanned her tails to dissipate her rank gas.

The duo leant back in their chairs, massively swollen stomachs ready to flip over the table as it spilled into their lap.

“Sometimes nobody finding us sexy is a good thing. More wings.” Drip chuckled as she cleaned chicken from the bone.

Dropped the bone on her plate as she rubbed her sauce-stained paws, Drip was a jackal of endless appetite. Her yellow fur bristled at the prospect of new food; her heavy blue eyeshadow vanished with how wide her eyes went at a plate of new wings. This appetite was on full display today, her stomach looked like a turgid beach ball, filled with low quality beer and hot sauce. Gas bubbled inside it at her every touch; she was so bloated that you could barely see her white tie top. Her jean booty shorts had been completely devoured by the burgeoning muffin top as she sat processing her intake. Her already plush thighs didn't really help; she wasn't sure if people liked the look or she did, but seeing her busting out of the shorts she wore in college was a trip. Today was a special day, just warm enough that she should wear flip-flops and let her grippers breathe.

“Yeah, I mean who really cares about attracting some guy if they can't handle all of this?” Milf cradled her swollen gut with affection.

Milftales was very much the same as Drip, a cougar on the prowl; though she was a cougar in the metaphorical sense, not the literal. Milftales was a pale yellow fox, fur so light that it might as well be white. Her eyes were framed by neon pink eyeshadow, the same color of the band that tied her tall hair. She could barely fit in the tubetop she squeezed into every day; her ample chest and normally plush torso strained the fabric. Today, though, it was being put to task as her expanded stomach strained the nylon threads. Today she was sporting a particularly short skirt that would be revealing her ass if it weren't for her plush tails. The thing that set Milf apart from most other animals was the nine tails that sprouted from her rear. While Drip's tail was scruffy and a bit jagged, Milf's splayed out in a magnificent peacock fan; every tail was thick as her arm and coated in the softest fur this side of the equator. If it weren't for her gluttonous demeanor, she would seem like a kitsune out of Japanese myth; her bulbous belly, though, made her look like a parade float. Every so often her stomach would surge out, only to deflate after she let loose her pressure. Her noisy ass and tummy created a symphony with Drip's that scared away most would-be suitors, but lucky them, it was the perfect bait for a pair of pilots.

“Hey ladies, couldn't help but notice you've got a couple empty glasses. Mind if we help with a refill.” A husky-voiced wolf approached the two from the side.

**Yeeep**

Both girls yelped in surprise before trying in vain to tuck their guts under the table; the noisy balloons grumbled in discontent. Drip looked up at the men talking to them, a pair of grey wolves poured into a pilot's uniform. Their white silk shirts barely contained their bristling muscles; from gaps in the buttons, she could see tight pecs. Drip's sixth sense flipped on and

she clocked the men as prime boytoys, they both looked fresh from the academy. With silent communication, Drip and Milf leant down and dialed up the charm; their breasts pushed up against the table to amplify the cleavage as they prepared their game.

“Oh, you mean us? I suppose we could do with a top off.” Drip slid her stein over to the pilots.

“You mind if we sit down and talk after? Seems a shame that such lovely ladies like yourself are spending the night alone.” The pilot chimed in as he eyed Milf.

***Ppbbbbbbffttt***

Milf's ass decided to do the talking for her in this moment; all of her pressing and prodding had loosened a few errant gas bubbles. She and Drip went rigid with shock as blush crept across their furry faces. They hoped the men didn't notice; to their surprise, they seemed completely unperturbed. Milf redoubled her nerves; she was going to leap on this opportunity for action if it killed her.

“I think we can move a few extra chairs over. Though should you flyboys be drinking on the job?” Milf tried her best to sound seductive and drown out her bubbling stomach.

“We've got a few hours before our next flight, so just enough for a few drinks and some fun.” The first pilot motioned back to an empty runway as his companion grabbed another pitcher.

“Well if you've got the time, then we can make some time.” Drip's snout curled into a smile as she tried to blow a kiss.

***Oouuurrrp***

Unfortunately for Drip, her attempts at blowing a kiss were undercut by a belch she'd been suppressing for the past half hour. She blushed sheepishly as she tried to play off the fact that she just belched in a hot guy's face. If she weren't a little bit tipsy, she'd be devastated about what a hot mess she'd become, but alcohol and fried foods do wonders for one's confidence. She looked at her would-be one-night stand to see what his reaction was; to her surprise, he seemed excited. She could smell the pheromones on him; he was getting turned on by this whole display.

“Sorry, just making a little room for another glass.” She lay some bait, hoping for a bite.

“Sorry for what? I didn't hear anything.” The pilot gave her a wink as his friend returned with a full pitcher.

The impromptu quartet spent the next few minutes flirting and cavorting, Drip and Milf downing beers in rapid succession as the guys eyed their stomachs. They were ready to seal

the deal and enter a new realm of bloated fantasy. The pilot's eyes had that warm look that showed they were falling for the women's ploys. Just as they were about to take each other's hands, the airport PA system ruined the moment.

*Blitz and Duke. You're needed at Gate B*

"Awww man, are you serious?!" Blitz clasped his hands to his forehead.

"Damn it, last minute too. Guess we'll have to cut this short, ladies...unless you want to take a trip." Duke tried to salvage the situation.

"I can fly, yeah. I love planes." The beer was starting to get to Drip's head as she drunkenly agreed to the offer.

"Your name's Blitz?" Milftails rose from the table as the guys left, barely comprehending what was going on.

-----

The girls needed their fair share of assistance onto the plane; their bloated bellies passed them off as overdue with a litter. A likeness that nobody ever pressed them on for worry of causing a social faux pas; with some careful finagling, they were squeezed into vacant business class seats. Despite the roomy accommodations, their bloated guts just barely fit into the seat; both yellow orbs pushed against the hard interior. This added pressure led to many a gassy expulsion, leaving the two the lone occupants of business class as the plane taxied.

"So what's the plan, girl? We hitting the mile-high club or we getting rocked after landing?" Drip leant back in her seat as she talked to Milf.

Milf wasn't exactly in the position to give her any answers though; the bloated kitsune was fighting off the effects of drinking gallons of beer. She was hunched over on her gurgling stomach, drool pooling from her mouth as she slept off the booze.

"Guess there's my answer." Drip smirked as she felt the plane begin to taxi.

Something felt off, though; her stomach felt bubblier than usual after this much junk food: she could practically feel it boiling under her skin. She brushed it off, assuming it was just a bit of a post binge discomfort. This feeling only intensified as the plane lifted off the ground, her bloated feeling intensifying as they picked up speed. Drip felt a massive gas bubble swelling inside, growing and pressurizing the inside of her stomach. Her belly was bloating out like she was hooked to an air hose, the pale yellow surface getting tighter under her grasp. Small shoots of pain struck across her inside as her gut hit the back of the seat in front of her. She rumbled and shook with pressure; something needed to escape, it felt like a caged beast was clawing at

her insides. Her belly inflated with whatever that odd sensation was until she felt ready to burst; she clenched her fists and tensed her muscles in preparation for what came next.

***Pppbbbbbbffftttt***

Drip's belly deflated as she let out the loudest fart she'd ever loosed in her life; air pushed out of her ass with incredible force. She felt her hole burning as the minute-long gas stream started to peter out. Drip's belly deflated back to a more normal bloated form as she felt relief from the pressure. The gurgling and bubbling hadn't subsided, though; it almost seemed to intensify. She could already feel her body beginning to bloat again.

"Huh? What?" Milf started awake, Drip's raucous fart snapping her out of her slumber

"Nothing, it was totally nothing." Drip's reply came through a strained grin as she tried to ignore Milf's expanding stomach.

"Holy fuck! Was I this huge before ***ooouurrrrrrrrrrp***." Milf's response was cut off by a belch that echoed through the cabin.

Drip watched as Milf's own expanded stomach deflated as she belched out gas; her yellow fur bristled under the forceful gale. Drip could barely focus on it as her own belly was expanding again, the bubbling and gurgling getting louder as time went by. Her stomach was pressed tightly against the seat; she felt it clamping down on her like a vice. Then there was that familiar sense of pressure, the welling pain that gnawed at her insides; she needed to fart. She tensed her muscles again, her stomach pushing her back in the chair as she tried to lift a single chunky cheek.

***Pppppppffftttt***

Another loud trumpeting fart blasted from her backside as she tried her best to relieve the pressure, but things were different this time. She didn't deflate as much as before, and her growth was only accelerating. She looked at the Milf and realized she was having the same internal catastrophe. Both girls could barely contain themselves as they hotboxed business class in an attempt to alleviate pressure. They couldn't evacuate things quick enough, though: no matter how much ass, they blasted, they kept on growing.

"Did those guys do something to our drinks?" Drip was practically shouting across the aisle as she tried to get Milf's attention.

"They ***ooourp*** must ***uurp*** must have." Milf could barely speak between her belches.

Both women were decidedly incorrect; whether it be their drunken state or just ignorance of the science, they misunderstood their situation. Air pressure was often a fickle mistress, wreaking all sorts of havoc on one's internal digestion. So when you have two furries who have glutted themselves on a combination of the most stomach-destroying foodstuffs, air pressure was sure to cause problems. As the plane climbed and the pressure continued to change, the ladies would experience a bloating like no other. Their bubbling stomachs rising and deflating as gasses welled within them, every second felt like they were stuffing themselves at the bar all over again. There was no end in sight; their bellies had pushed over the seats in front of them, encroaching onto the unoccupied aisles ahead. What little passengers were in their section had long abandoned it due to the gas, coach was preferable to suffocating in business class. Milf and Drip were rapidly becoming time bombs, their bloated bodies only held together by the increasing evacuation of gas. Drip's shorts had disintegrated off her body from the sheer force and volume of the pressure venting.

"Wait! Drip! I have antacids!" Milf rifled through the purse next to her, producing their chalky salvation.

"Gimme that shit. I feel like I'm going to blow." Drip held out her hand in desperation.

Milf readily produced the two chalky tablets, but there was a miscalculation; she didn't have antacids, she had alka seltzer. Both medicines had very similar functions, but drastically different methods of execution. Antacids were simple pills you took, but alka seltzer was a foaming frothing mess meant to be dissolved in water, not taken raw. So when both girls shoved the tablets in their mouth, they spelled their doom. Drip immediately felt something wrong, the bubbling in her stomach increased to a fever pitch as her swelling accelerated. She could feel the gas in the back of her throat as belches forced her mouth open, her rapidly inflating stomach now pressing into the aisle. Milf was in much the same boat, both her and Drip's gasses amplified to insane degrees; nobody dared approach the front cabin. The bubbling feeling in their stomachs began to travel lower, their asses began to join in on the growth. Filling with gasses that made them seem more like balloons than living breathing flesh. Drip tried to massage her aching gut for some kind of relief, but it quivered at her touch: she felt tight and ripe.

**CRRRKKK**

Drip and Milf's stomachs let out an odd creaking sound, not dissimilar from a balloon being stretched past its limits. Their bloated stomachs had grown past any reasonable size and looked like weather balloons with women attached. There was little space in the business class that wasn't occupied by Drip and Milf's bloated body. They could feel themselves pressing into each other as their asses spilled over their seats. Their tight tummies fought for space among the aisle as their growth continued. They couldn't speak or even think; their constant gassy expulsions were all they could focus on. The cabin was fogging up as their girls began to shake and rumble. The tension in their bellies reached a limit as their growth halted; they had run out

of room to expand and were stuck pulsing like bombs. The fact that both women were let on the plane was a violation of some ordinance act.

### ***RMMMBBLLLLL***

Their stomachs let out a rumble that shook the plane itself, their angry stomachs giving out a last cry of rebellion at their owner's stupidity. Drip tried her best, scrapping and clamoring at her tummy like she could massage her imminent explosion away. Every bit of her body ached as the strain of her skin showed through her yellow fur. Red stress marks appeared at her flanks and navel, the spots of utmost pressure. Drip looked across and saw that Milf was in a worse spot than her; Drip had grown much bigger than Milf and was pressing into her body. She could feel Milf rumbling against her body; she could feel the pressure through the Kitsune's skin. She was closer to bursting than Drip was.

### ***GRLLLLLLLLL***

Milf's stomach let out a howl, the cry of an abused beast ready to end their torment; the surface of her stomach turned beet red as she reached her limit. Her tightening stomach stood still for a moment; the gas, the belching, the growth, it all stopped. This was the eye of the storm, as after that momentary pause, her muscles gave out. Milf's body surged out in every direction, her bloated belly expanding into the captain's quarters before exploding like a bomb.

### ***KERSPLOOOSH***

She coated the cabin in wing grease, beer, and choking gas as her shattered clothes sat in her seat.

### ***GRNNNNNNN***

Drip's belly did not appreciate the abuse; her already turgid stomach noisily rebelled against the sudden shock with another spurt of growth. Her fur thinned under her balloon of a stomach as the entire blimped surface turned red. Her stomach rumbled like a thundercloud as her swollen ass clenched her anus shut; she had gotten so large that she couldn't fart anymore. There was an immediate surge of growth before the inevitable happened.

### ***BLOOOOOOSH***

Not to be outdone, Drip exploded in glorious fashion, leaving a buffalo sauce tsunami in her wake, carried by the ocean of beer she had imbibed.

After the commotion Blitz exited the cabin to look at the aftermath of his one-night stand's detonations.

"Damn, they exploded." Blitz looked more disappointed than shocked at the revelation.

“Dude, this is the third time this has happened. If you don’t stop bringing bloated bitches on the plane, we’re gonna lose our license.” Duke sighed in exasperation as he tossed a mop back to Blitz.



## The Warhorse

Since days long past, the empire of Anersius was serviced by various sects. Centaurs who had dedicated their entire lives and beings to a singular cause. You had the harvesters in the south, the fishers in the west, and the diplomats in the east. But there was one territory, in the glacial reaches of the far north. Harsh, unforgiving, bitterly cold, and desolate to a fault. This land bred something special, something the empire valued greatly. Soldiers.

The icy fingers of the northern straits bred the strongest and the largest centaurs in the world. Something about the food, the landscape, and the culture led to bigger and bigger horses. Inlanders affectionately dubbed them warhorses. Their massive size and power made them perfect for wars. Even the tallest of the central kingdom barely came up to the flanks of the shortest Warhorse. This made them an imposing force on the battlefield. Able to sweep away whole battalions with a single swing of their mighty axes. The most celebrated of their warriors were given special treatment. Often invited to the capitol for a month of rest, relaxation, and luxury. The most recent winner of this accolade brought the entire prospect into question.

Enter Ebony, the fiercest warhorse in decades, standing taller than some capitol houses. Her black coat stood as a monument to her clan’s dedication to warfare. Thickly muscled legs, strong enough to support a building. Toned flank with nary an inch of fat. And her human half was just as defined, hair tied in tight braids. She was the most imposing figure many people had ever seen. Raucous and loud, she made herself the center of every meeting and every party. But that was two weeks ago, and one thing people never learn about warhorses is their appetite.

“Hot damn, did that hit the spot. How can you eat like this every day?” Ebony shouted, her excitement reverberating through the halls.

“Well. We don’t. We only eat like this on holidays.” Lucia replied.

During the past few weeks Lucia had been the prime attendant to Ebony, her caretaker and patron. She herself was a rather regal-looking mare of middle-age; to most, she cut an imposing figure, against Ebony, she was just a toothpick. A comparison that was made ever

starker by the warhorse's gluttony. Since her arrival, Ebony had feasted nonstop, glutting herself on fried meats, heavy breads, and wine. Wine that flowed nonstop, there wasn't a minute of the day that the enormous centaur wasn't gripping a wine cask. In fact the warrior was now downing her fifteenth cask of the day to wash down the feast she just had. Looking back at the table was like looking at a battlefield. Shattered plates, bare bones, half-eaten fruits, empty dessert trays, and empty bread baskets. All of it packed into a dirigible-sized horse that seemed to have no limit.

Ebony no longer resembled the tightly regimented warrior of her first arrival; muscle-bound legs had dissolved into pillars of pure fat. There was still muscle in them; the barest hints of it could be seen when she walked, but it was buried. Her comparatively compact hindquarters had ballooned to enormous size. So large that a family of four could comfortably house within them and have room for a fifth. Every movement from the bloated horse sent them swaying like a crashing ocean. Cracking walls and toppling statues on her rare trips through town, it had gotten to the point that she wasn't to leave the castle without a carrier escort. A crew whose only purpose was to keep the ass in check. Her human half had suffered from the constant calories influxes as well. Rock-hard abs fading to a tight balloon of fat and whatever she was stuffing herself with in that moment. Large enough to birth a full-size harvester and then some, it acted as the perfect shelf to her newly formed breasts. What were once flat canvases of muscle had bloated like ticks. Resting atop her stomach like water balloons, they flowed and jostled with her every movement. Ebony's concept of modesty was already lacking, but with her newfound size, any and all clothing had been abandoned. But all of this enormity was miniscule, an appetizer to the main course of her size.

Churning between Ebony's four legs was the largest, most rotund stomach in the land, grander than the empress herself. It was a writhing and tight balloon, packed to the brim with every feast she had taken. The surface constantly quivered with every bite she took, steadily expanding outward like some black ooze. It had gotten so large that Ebony could barely walk, instead settling for a side-to-side waddle. Stomach squashing with each step as she moved from one side to the other. Even the royal airships of the trader nation couldn't compare; their gas-filled skin was a plaything in Ebony's presence. The gas they contained also failed to meet the standard set by Ebony's stomach. Nobody had ever been around a warhorse long enough to experience one in full luxury mode. A body like that was meant for rapid processing and metabolizing. And like a factory in overdrive, there was exhaust, billowing clouds of methane constantly belching from Ebony's ass.

### ***Grlllll***

Lucia knew that sound; Ebony was about to cut loose again, her eyes full of panic as she scanned the room. The sentries in the feasting hall returned her panic; they knew the sound all too well. Galloping at full speed, they retreated from Ebony's hindquarters, reaching for the switch on the wall. Emergency shutters, normally reserved for gas attacks in the palace, were now getting more use than ever before. Not exactly for their intended purpose, but Ebony could be considered a gas attack given life.

***Grnnnn***

“Ha. Better watch out guys. It’s coming.” Ebony said with a smirk.

She knew just how powerful her ass had gotten in her time of rest, the telltale twitch of incoming gas. The massive bloat of her stomach as it readied for another assault, the black balloon ebbing ever outward. Slowly occupying more of the ground beneath her, pushing away the loose chairs and toppling the table. Ebony adored it; this was her favorite part. If she were back home, she’d be getting chewed out for unloading in a public space. But here, she was the honored guest, the war hero to end all heroes. Her every action was to be met with adulation and not derision. She clasped the cask with both hands as she continued drinking deeply, her human stomach sloshing with every long gulp as the liquid emptied. Surface tightening as it filtered down into her horse stomach.

“Quickly, you fools! Pull those wenchies!” Lucia shouted, grabbing a hold of the door on the opposite end.

Lucia pulled desperately on the ropes, wheels spinning on their axles as the shutters opened on the other side. The guards threw their entire weight into the chains that controlled the main mechanism. Working against the lit bomb that was Ebony’s stomach, it loomed over them like an eclipse. The horse’s massive hind quarters lifted into the air as the gas reached maximum pressure. They were out of time; Ebony’s thick tail lifted, revealing her puckering hole. The warhorse chuckled to herself as she drained the last of the cask.

***FBBBBBBTTTTPPPPTTPTTTTTTTTTTTTT***

The sound of Ebony’s trumpeting fart was heard throughout the entire kingdom; the ground itself rumbled at her eructation. A hurricane’s worth of gas poured out of the castle’s main doors. The wall to the feast hall blown to rubble, supporting walls buckled as the stone eroded away. Guard were barely able to avoid the horrendous onslaught, plastered against the flanking walls from sheer pressure. Ebony’s hands were clenched as the massive balloon between her legs steadily deflated. A constant stream of purple fumes spouting from her noisy ass. It lasted for an eternity; it’s like the horse had no limit. Ebony could have swallowed the tempests of Galaduun and there would be no noticeable difference in her output. The castle rapidly filled with boozy mist, Ebony’s flanks returning to the size of an average blimp. She stood well above the haze-filled room, admiring her handiwork.

“Damn! Now that was big. You guys get a chance to measure that?” Ebony gloated, wafting the gas with her tail.

Down below Lucia stood hacking and sputtering, eyes burning from the aerosolized alcohol. She could feel herself getting a buzz from just being in the room, managing enough strength to pull the last lever.

### ***Click***

With a gust of wind, the fumes were rapidly evacuated, hurled into some forgotten sewer by the kingdom's strongest wind magic. The grates in the floor resealing after a prolonged period of drainage.

"I can assure you, Lady Ebony. It was a measure greater than your previous." Lucia brought a sounding horn to her mouth as she shouted.

As Ebony laughed, Lucia fretted; the poor attendant wasn't trained for this level of hedonism. At least not to this scale; a normal centaur could knock a person off their feet, yes. But when dealing with a centaur that was more loxodont than equine. The level of damage the kingdom could endure came into question. Another concern had presented itself to Lucia.

Looking at the bloated balloon beneath her honored guest. She noticed its size had not shrunken that much from her eruption. In fact, it seemed to be returning to the same size as before. Round and tight, it looked ready to burst at the slightest pinprick. An alarming prospect when you considered the size of its master.

Lucia had seen many a centaur explode in her tenure. When your role is to serve, you often serve many greedy centaurs. Serve them as much as they ask; serve them beyond their limits, and it always ended in upended tables and Lucia needing a deep cleansing. But a centaur as big as Ebony had never burst in the capitol before. Lucia questioned what would happen.

"Now who's ready for the second course?!" Ebony shouted, stamping her hoof against the ground.

Lucia sighed as she rang the dinner bell; she would just have to hope it didn't come to that.

---

The start of week three had proven just as tiring as the previous weeks. The kingdom's surplus was running low; the winter larders had opened up, and all of it was to feed a warrior who was liable to doom the kingdom she saved. A warrior that scarcely looked like one. Over the weeks the woman had devolved into a staggered pile of spheres. Her human stomach dragged down to the ground like some great balloon. Heavy with the plethora of food that could no longer fit in her stomach. The grand palace was unable to accommodate her growing hindquarters. Bulbous blimps that broke through the castle edifice like tumors. Sagging down to

the streets below, packed like full wine skins. Their black surfaces shone in the evening sun. Constantly unloading gas onto the helpless citizens.

This, though, was minuscule, a mere divot in comparison to Ebony's grand flanks. A vast wall-crumbling blimp that exploded out from all sides. Lifting the enormous equine from the ground completely. Legs splayed to her sides. Straddling the turgid orb, they lay thick and useless. The once great warrior had devolved into a completely useless blob. Leaving the chefs and attendants at a loss for what to do. Exhausted and emaciated, they could barely keep up with Ebony's endless appetite. Working all day and into the depths of night. Ebony ate around the clock, barely sleeping. It was how she was trained, able to function on far less sleep than a normal centaur.

The people were growing restless at this gluttonous leviathan, this plague given form, driving the food prices higher. The normal citizenry couldn't even afford bread with a day's wages. Let alone wine, meat, or the normal luxuries of life. The dissent and discomfort were growing, petitioners were knocking on the door at all hours of the night. Palace guards on high alert, fighting off pin-wielding would-be assassins. People uninformed about just how durable ebony was. It wasn't even a night ago when a guard had gotten the same idea. To pop the overfilled balloon and be done with it. That same guard was horrified when her spear broke against the warhorse's hide.

To her credit, Ebony laughed the whole incident off. To her it has become a game; she welcomed the challengers. To see if one would be able to pop the great Ebony. She even earned the moniker of *warballoon* during her final week. Lucia, though, she knew the sounds of gastric protest. And Ebony's stomach was growing rather loud.

"Mistress Ebony. Do you think it would be prudent to cut your holiday short?" Lucia wrung her hands in anxiety as she made her request.

"Is this a joke? You people promised a full month. A full month for any war heroes." Ebony shouted, her bellowing voice shaking the halls.

"I know. And it is a time-honored tradition. But..." Lucia was cut off.

"But what?!" Ebony shouted.

"But your waistline appears to be reaching its limit." Lucia choked the words out as she winced at the response.

"At its limit?! Are you crazy?! I bet I could eat a dragon and still be good. Heck. Bring me one. I'll prove it!" Ebony boasted.

"Please. I beg of you. If you care not for your waistline, then think of the kingdom. The larders are stretched to breaking." As Lucia spoke, her eyes caught the familiar bloat of flesh.

In between every word, Ebony had been taking swigs of drink. One could assume it was more wine. But something seemed off; there was an unfamiliar hiss to it. As if it were **carbonated!**

“Good! Maybe they can know what it’s like to have their bones broken!” Ebony slammed down another cask, barely breathing as she drained the drink. “Would be a nice change, eh? Put you blue bloods through your paces.”

***Grnnn***

The surface of Ebony’s stomach quivered as the fizzy drinks sloshed inside of her. Her black hide was once again inflating. Gas raging inside of her like a storm, shining stomach creeping along the floor. Pressing into the walls as the pressure mounted inside of her stomach, churning and gurgling as she prepared for another hurricane.

“Looks like it’s that time again. Here, I’ll sound the warhorn.” A smile crept across Ebony’s face as she did her best to lift a hoof.

The fat leg curled against the tight surface of her horse stomach, hoof twitching as she flexed. Working to let loose the biggest fart of her lifetime. She’d been letting it brew all day. And now something was clamoring to escape.

“Wait! Mistress Ebony! Stay your ass. I believe something foul is afoot.” Lucia pleaded.

Looking around, she noticed all of her guards had left, silently vacating their posts in anticipation of some big event. They’d been in on the plot; every single line of defense had gotten fed up with Ebony’s antics, and Lucia had been too dutiful to see it. She watched in horror as Ebony drank another cask. The wine frothed and bubbled around her lips as she drank. How could she not notice? How could she not taste the difference?! Or maybe she was truly oblivious to the precarious nature of her position. Draining casks as big as Lucia’s own body, Ebony continued to grow, her horse half continuing to bloat out. Pressing into the walls and rising like some great flood. Lifting Ebony into the air as her ironhide stretched, trying to make room for the influx of bubbling liquid.

***Grrllll***

“Better grab your girdle, missy. It’s almost here.” Ebony boasted.

-----

Outside of the castle, the telltale sign of an incoming ecological disaster was beginning to form. The twitching of Ebony’s monolithic hindquarters, the constant clapping of fatty cheeks, the slight twitches of her tail. People began to take shelter, closing doors and windows to avoid the incoming gale. Every citizen in the capitol was hunkering down, save for two, the winemaker

and her daughter. Above their heads they carried the biggest wine barrel the kingdom had ever seen. Their eyes heavy with shadow, it looked like they'd not slept in a week; wearily they marched. Escorted by palace guards, leading them to a conveniently constructed scaffolding, a wooden ramp leading right to the inside of Ebony's ass cheeks. Originally labeled as preparation for palace reconstruction, this ramp was the key to their assassination plot. The plan to end their suffering under this bloated "hero". The winemakers climbed steadily, enduring the shockwaves from Ebony's massive cheeks. Each one felt like a tremor from some great cataclysm, a beast working to break through the earth itself. At the top of the ramp, the winemakers' escorts grabbed ahold of the bloated flesh. Pulling apart the mountain of flab, their herculean strength on full display. Armor bursting from their bodies as their muscles strained, for a second, they had moved a mountain. That second was all they needed, the winemakers made a mad dash, running at full speed into the center of Ebony's ass. The wine barrel held like some great javelin, jammed right into the twitching asshole of the bloated warhorse. Then, promptly evacuating the scene, all parties scattered. Afraid for what would come next.

-----  
"Alright you preening blue bloods. It's time." Ebony gritted her teeth as her muscles tensed. "**Hnnnggggg**"

**Grrlll**

Nothing happened, nothing but a sudden surge of growth from inside Ebony; the great horse felt a twinge in her rear. Like a mosquito had bitten the inside of her ass cheek, a small pinprick. Nothing that should give her pause, but she felt something different, an incredible tightness somewhere on her vast body. Something was plugged; she couldn't fart, no matter how hard she strained.

**Grnnn**

"What did you do?!" She roared at Lucia.

"I swear I did nothing, mistress! It was the people; they plotted without my knowing." Lucia pleaded, dropping to her knees.

"Then you're as bad a diplomat as you are a host!" Ebony spat, hands clenched to her human stomach.

**Crkkkkk**

"Surely there is something we can do? You're the mighty warhorse; your hide is iron!" Lucia spoke to assure herself, ignoring Ebony's own plight.

The advisor tried to focus on escape; whatever was going to happen would happen. But surely there must be a way out, a way to save herself before the ticking time bomb blew. She watched in horror as the room in front of her darkened. Ebony's human body rose high into the air as her horse stomach bloated. The tight sphere of her human half bloating outward to make room for excess gas. Ebony's body throbbed with every passing second, skin turning red as the pressure mounted. Lucia scanned frantically, looking for any way of escape, but the room was Ebony. Every exit, every doorway, was blocked by gas-filled horse flesh. Lucia galloped down from her perch, clamoring down the stairs in search of shelter. The wall of flesh before her inching ever closer, she could feel Ebony's coarse hair brushing against her cheek. The roar of discomfort from inside, the popping gas bubbles sending her gut crashing like an ocean. Lucia felt against the walls, looking for a hidden passage, some kind of shelter. Until her hand sank into stone, the wall receded. Revealing a darkened passageway for Lucia to duck into, but it was not an exit. Instead, Lucia was greeted by a small alcove, a storeroom filled with dried goods. Her moment of error was a moment too late; the hole in the wall was promptly sealed by paper-thin hide. Leaving her alone in the dark, nothing but the pulsing sounds of an angry stomach to comfort her.

***"Nggggh*** Holy shit! Something doesn't feel right." Ebony's voice was strained with twinges of pain.

She felt her head touch against the ceiling as her horse stomach occupied the entirety of the room. The walls crumbled as her pressurized body fought against stone.

***Crrrrrk***

She could feel it, her skin was tightening, gas mounting within her like a bomb aching to go off. A great boiler that had lost its release valve, her skin ached, her body throbbed. A maddening feeling of ever mounting pressure. Her cheeks bulged as excess gas forced its way out of her throat.

***Uooorrrrrrrrrrp***

Great bassy belches broke past her lips as her stomachs reached their limit, unable to contain the girl's hedonism anymore.

***Rmmmbbbl***

She quaked, her entire body thrown into an upheaval as her muscles spasmed, desperately trying to force some sort of release. On the outside her ass cheeks had grown substantially, knocking down the barracks and the counting house as they filled with excess gas.

Black round balloons that glowed in the setting sun. Small spouts of purple gas escaping between them as the wine barrel blocking her ass failed.

***Grllll***

Ebony's body roared like a wounded beast, a cry loud enough to be heard in the far northern reaches. A natural disaster on the brink, her body tightened, every breath only serving to expand her form. Bloated and trapped against the crushing ceiling, Ebony was given a moment of contemplation.

*I wish I had eaten that dragon.*

A pitiable last thought.

***KERSPLOOOOOSH***

Ebony's body was rent asunder by the forces within, purple gas tearing her skin like a burst wineskin. Blowing the top off the palace like an erupting volcano, the walls crumbling down around her as undigested food and wine flooded the streets. A deluge of sludge that dyed the brick purple. Bits of black hide floating across the coursing rivers, finding their way into the city's sewer like the rest of the warhorse.

Some days later, the epicenter of Ebony's detonation was cleared, the ruined palace was nothing but rubble. But inside of the draining flood was a small room, a room containing a ludicrously bloated Lucia. Ass constantly aflutter with purple gas as her wine-filled belly sloshed between her legs. Alabaster coat now a fine wine purple that would never wash out. She gave two orders to the guards that rescued her.

"Pop the guards assigned to me that day. And no more warhorses in the capital." were Lucia's orders.

The horse then fell into a weeklong alcohol-induced slumber, ignorant of the damages she'd be in charge of repairing.



## The Forever Pregnancy

There are times in my life where I wonder what got me to where I am. Usually I reserve that question for the rhetorical, like why did I end up at the bank? Why did I buy this milk when I'm lactose intolerant? That sort of thing. Today, though, sitting atop a gut so large that I'm up in the clouds, I really have to wonder: what the fuck happened? My husband and I were trying to have a baby, something we succeeded at: too well, apparently.



"How do I look? Give it to me straight, doc; I can handle it." Gena stood in front of her seared husband, hands on her hips in a look of mock discomfort.

Gena was your fairly average-looking woman, with a homey, down-to-earth vibe about her. She usually had her frizzy, hazel hair done up in some kind of bun. Her blue eyes were a bit inset, little pits inside of her rounded face. A face that had gotten progressively rounder since her pregnancy, which was the topic of today's discussion. During the short three months of her pregnancy, Gena had progressed far quicker than most women. In fact, she had progressed faster than pretty much all women in recorded history. At a meager three months, Gena was larger than a woman at full term. Her fecund stomach jutted off of her like a teardrop. The taut surface crept out from the creases of her newest fashion endeavor.

Every week she was experiencing a new jump in growth, a jump which necessitated the need for a new wardrobe or the repurposing of old. Today she was wearing the crop top she'd sported in her fat years, and it barely fit. The green top was meant to conceal a Gena that had an extra hundred pounds on her but barely did that. Her belly poked out from the gap between her dress, her gradually protruding navel poking out like a button. Her belly wasn't just swollen with child; it was also swollen with food and gas. The developing infant had thrown Gena's hormones into whack and given her the appetite of a pre-hibernation bear. Takeout container after takeout container had found itself empty under her onslaught. The aftershocks of such feeding frenzies were quite noticeable when one looked at her protruding love handles.

On top of gaining an enlarged belly, Gena was granted the gift of extra weight. Her love handles poked out from the seam of her top, little jiggling handles of fat that wobbled when she walked. Her hips and thighs were large enough to break the seams of her leggings. Worst of all, her ass had gotten fatter; her juicy, wobbling cheeks looked like she was smuggling jello under her dress. So when she posed the question of looks to her husband, John, his only safe response was to sugarcoat the truth. If he said his real feelings, it might indirectly hurt Gena's

feelings. Truth be told, to John, Gena had never looked hotter in her entire life. He had to work to hide his chubbing member as he adjusted himself in the lounge.

“What? You mean your hair? I know you changed shampoos, but don’t believe the bottle. You can’t get an extra thousand percent sheen; it’s impossible.” John was sure he had just saved himself a night on the couch.

“Oh, stop it.” A patch of blush flooded Gena’s cheeks. “Real talk, though, how do I look?”

“Ten out of ten; would knock up again.” John got up from his seat, bringing his wife close.

The two shared a loving embrace, tightening their grip around each other. John pulled her tight, moving his hand lower down her back. They started to kiss, her hands wrapping around his waist. He felt his member hardening as he felt her tum press into his abdomen. He instinctively squeezed her cheek, kneading the springy fat. While they embraced, he felt the signal of her pregnancy’s other side effect. Her stomach rumbled, shaking against his own; he might have mistaken it for a kick if he didn’t know the difference. Her belly shook again; he felt Gena’s body language change.

***Pffffffttt***

A low and trumpeting fart broke from her backside; the gassy heat ran past his fingertips. He didn’t want her to notice, but that rumbling gas, it made him horny. Her entire pregnancy had returned a libido he thought was lost to teenage years. It took all of his power to not dry hump her like a dog in heat. He was ready to hold the kiss longer, but Gena recoiled. Loosening her grip as another low fart trumpeted from her cheeks.

***Pbbbbbbbtttt***

“I’m sorry. I had Chinese for lunch, and takeout just gets to me.” Gena looked away, not willing to meet John’s gaze over her expulsion.

“Hey, it’s alright. It’s a natural thing; baby’s probably hitting some gas pockets.” John brushed Gena’s cheek.

“I know, I probably should be cutting back anyways. All that food can’t be healthy.” Gena grabbed a handful of her muffin top.

“Nonsense, you’re eating for two. You’ve gotta get those extra calories in, and if there’s a little extra padding, well, it’s just you getting ready for the big day.” John put his hand over Gena’s.

“Little extra padding, huh? What’s that supposed to mean?” Gena gave a snarky little grin as she draped her arms around John.

“It means...that we should, umm...” John stumbled over his words until Gena planted another kiss on his cheek.

“Oh, you’re so going to the couch tonight for that one. Luckily, bedroom’s still free in the afternoon.” Gena pulled John by the hand, leading him for a little daytime action.

---

That was the start of it. I'm surprised I didn't put two and two together when I got bigger. That night, that was probably the first domino that tumbled. I didn't figure it out until way later, but that little night of pleasure, it put a baby in me. Something that should have been impossible, so impossible that John and I never bothered to use protection. We banged away without a care in the world, and that only made the cravings worse. You know those special pregnancy cravings women talk about? Where we need those strange amalgamations of flavors to satisfy some weird electrolyte imbalance. So I want you to imagine those cravings and then mix them in with two kids at different levels of growth. I ate so much in those days I thought I'd bust a gut.

---

“**Oof** I can't believe I went this far again.” Gena rubbed her stomach as she leant back in her chair.

John couldn't believe his eyes; somehow his wife had packed away an entire extra-large pizza, and it was only lunchtime. He knew pregnancy cravings were big, but this seemed otherworldly. She was taking in these kinds of meals on the daily and had been for months. She seemed to have jumped ahead a few stages in growth as well. It had only been a month, but her stomach was swollen enough to look full-term with twins. The jutting teardrop had rounded out, occupying more real estate on her expanding torso. Her stomach was filled with food, and her womb was filled with fluid and child. In the back of his mind, John knew this was out of the ordinary, but he wanted to see where it went.

***Pppppppfffffttt***

A trumpeting eruption slipped past Gena's gelatinous cheeks as the dairy did its work. Her body had changed a lot, not just in her gut either. The most noticeable change had taken place on her chest. Gena's bust was always pretty generous, only getting a slight buff at the start of pregnancy. Now, though? Gena's breasts had evolved into full-blown melons, heaving tracts of pleasing fat that spread out in front of her. John could easily lose a hand inside of her generous bust. Those wobbling melons barely fit in bras, if Gena even bothered to wear them anymore. They sat perfectly atop her belly like two little bags of fun. John could even see her areolas rising past the line of her shirt like two little suns. Her bosom wasn't the only large funbags his wife was sporting: John could see that by looking down.

Gena's ass had gotten so big that it flowed out from the waist of her pants. Any time she sat down, she gave John a front row seat to her deep crack. Her gelatinous cheeks were juicy and plentiful, large enough that when she sat down, they seeped over the edges of her chair. Every breath and hiccup would make those alabaster globes shake for minutes. The fat of her cheeks blended perfectly into her plush thighs, plump hams that strained the seams of her pants. If you could see them under her massive stomach, you would see that a thigh gap was nonexistent. Those meaty trunks flared into hips wider than her shoulders when she stood. This was accounting for her gas: the woman spewed more fumes than a factory. It was hard to find a time when she wasn't letting out some raunchy gas. The smells that came from that woman were intoxicating; John often found himself lingering around her after dinner. He would pause to savor the aroma when she blew out her panties. When they canoodled, he would take extra care to sit between her cheeks, letting her odor waft over him.

Putting all these factors together, it seemed rather strange: strange that a woman could change so dramatically in such a short time. John knew something, though; he had a little insider information. One day, when he and Gena were getting a little frisky, he felt something. When he was running his hands over her taut stomach, he felt two kicks. Normally this would be expected; babies can move multiple limbs, but he felt them on opposite sides of her stomach. Somehow, some way, there was a second baby inside of her womb. Again, not out of the realm of possibility, but the timing was off. John was trapped in an impasse; this information would be very important for them to check out. Birthing twins is much more complicated than birthing a single baby. On the other hand, his wife was so sexy now that a few extra weeks of crazy cravings wouldn't do any harm.

***Grlllgll***

Gena's stomach rumbled with hunger, even though she had just eaten. She rubbed her belly, running her hands along the smooth surface. She tried to massage out any loose gas bubbles, to push out that little bit of pressure to make room. John knew what this usually led to and swiftly took his station. He massaged her shoulders, rubbing her aching neck, working out the kinks to relieve that tension. With their dual efforts, her gas sank lower, her pressure alleviated.

***Pppppbbbbbbbbbbfftttt***

"Sorry, babe. Cannon's got some extra ammo tonight." Gena fanned the air in front of her nose.

"No need to apologize. You got a kid kicking around in there. Now how about we order some curry?" John smiled, trying to hide his deep inhale of Gena's fumes.

"I don't know if I need any more. Look at me, I'm getting huge!" Gena widened her arms into a ring around her stomach.

“Nonsense. I heard that stomach growl. That baby is hungry. Better a heavy baby than a malnourished one.” John gave Gena a small peck on the cheek as he opened up his phone app.

The two had a bit of time before things would arrive, and Gena was feeling a bit hot under the collar. Surely they had enough time to get a little action in; she knew John wouldn't say no. Gena was already unbuckling her maternity pants, sliding them down to give John easy access. She grabbed a breadstick and hiked her legs up on the table. John was already picking up her vibes: he was on her like a coonhound. His pants practically evaporated off his body; his throbbing member was already heading for home. He drove himself into Gena's tight pussy, each thrust causing her to yelp in pleasure. While he thrust, she ate, stuffing herself with the cheese-filled breadsticks of tonight's feast. All of that motion and thrusting, it was causing her gut to anger a bit.

***Pppbbbbbtttt***

Another bassy fart surged past her cheeks, rippling her body like an ocean. She was starting to feel an extra pleasure in her expulsions; she just hoped that John was alright with it.

---

Turns out John was more than happy with my gassy whale body: the little prankster took a whole extra week to tell me about the second kick. Not that it mattered much at that point; we'd banged so many times in that week that it put a few extra babies in me. I don't hold any grudges; there's no way he could have known I was still getting pregnant while pregnant. The doctors didn't even have a medical term for it; the head nurse could only chart my illness as excessive pregnancy. Honestly, at the time, I was more worried about our finances; I was eating us out of house and home. John had to go completely remote just to cook enough to keep me fed. You know? Thinking back on it? I really shouldn't be surprised that I'm so big that my gut could crush Dallas.

---

***Ommfff***

***Grlllglglg***

***Oouurrrp***

***Oomf***

***Rmbllbl***

***Pbbbbbt***

The noises that were coming out of the dining room would be cartoony in any other circumstance. The way Gena ate, the way she constantly passed gas, the way her stomach rumbled; the noises wouldn't be out of place in a video game or cartoon. It was the type of thing you'd hear when a character is exploring the inside of some giant dragon's gut, except it was localized entirely in the dining room. Gena was having another of her feasts, her gorging was becoming an hourly occurrence at this point. The amount of food she was taking in was spatially preposterous; she should be much larger than she was. Her size was probably mitigated by just how much of her food was turning to gas. This isn't to say Gena was small, far from it, Gena was an absolute cow of a woman.

"Jooooooooohn!? Where's our ice cream? I'm about to finish the roast and need a palate cleanser." Gena called out from the dining room, a slab of beef protruding past her lips.

"Coming, honey, the delivery guy is dropping it off now." John smiled as he walked to the door.

He took his sweet time passing through the dining hall, taking time to admire the blob his wife had become. She was absolutely ravishing, a beast of sexuality; every inch of her sweat-dappled flesh was a treasure. John loved to walk into the room to savor the aromas that churned from her backside. She was constantly passing gas, farting as readily as she exhaled. The gassy expulsions would vary in their qualities; some would be silent but deadly, while others were enough to garner some complaints from the Home Owner's Association. John loved to field the calls, though; he was so proud when he got calls about his gassy wife. John was so busy thinking about Gena that the process of getting her ice cream was a blur. He was already back in the dining room with a tub of Phish Food and a spoon.

"Got the tub babe; they finally got you the gallon size." John smiled, only to feel a start as he felt a hand on his ass.

"Fantastic, I'm craving some sweets. How about you get over here and put another baby in me while I eat?" Gena pointed a sly smile John's way before ripping into the tub.

"You're not concerned about what the doctor's said?" John wasn't about to voice protest; his pants were already off.

"Not much we can do now. If I'm gonna become a baby factory, let's shoot for the record at least." Gena scooped a ball of the ice cream, letting it drop into her maw.

John was eager to oblige her request, turning her chair around so he could gain access. The second child had rocked Gena's gut, but the third and fourth? They had completely

morphed her into something otherworldly. Her belly was massive, a giant toga ball covered in inches of thick adipose. Her belly had the low-hanging handles of meals past, that little divot of flesh that pointed up towards her navel. Her love handles had a second layer to them; the ridges of fat flowed from her flanks to her front. They gave her the impression of having a double gut, or they would if she wasn't so gravid. Her belly was hard, a smooth sphere akin to a rock; the bits of her stomach not covered in fat were shiny and smooth. John couldn't help but run his hands across it as foreplay. His hands moved from the smooth expanse of her navel down to her fatty flanks and underbelly. She was so tight that he could feel the gas bubbles popping inside of her.

Soon his hands moved higher, playing with the underside of her massive breasts. Gena's breasts had swollen to considerable size in the ensuing weeks. Those heaving mammaries were big enough to be called brabusters. Every time she even bothered with a brassiere, it only took a hard sneeze or violent belch to tear it apart. Each breast was bigger than his head, an expansive tract of fat that tapered down from her neckline. John could fit his entire arm into the canyon of Gena's cleavage. Her breasts wobbled like water as he played around with her funbags. Her dark areolas had taken up more real estate on her tits, looking like two dark-rimmed saucers in an ocean of cream. John loved his foreplay, but he really craved the main event.

He sank lower down her torso, sliding his hands from her cleavage to her flanks. He reoriented himself, poising his body over her massive ass. Despite the changes made to her seat, Gena's ass still spilled over the arms of her lounger. Her bare ass squeaked against the leather when she adjusted herself. The backless chair let her booty breathe in full fashion. Those luscious, juicy cheeks were an armful and a half. John needed both hands to successfully cup just one cheek; for the whole ass, he had to hug it. Something he relished, he dove his head between her massive cheeks. Burying himself deep into her crevice, savoring the aroma of her latent gas. He pushed harder, diving to the epicenter of her ass; he could feel the telltale rumble of incoming gas.

***Ppbbbbbbbt***

A bassy, trailing fart clapped out from Gena's backside, the foul air brushing past John like a breeze. He inhaled the gas deeply, letting it flood his sinuses and invade his senses. Gena's gas was a beautiful bouquet of scents, mingling sweet creams and earthy meats. Every gust of flatus had a different subtle change that kept John coming back for more. The gust soon ended, and John was left wanting, but he couldn't neglect Gena's needs for too long. That woman wanted to be plowed and woe be upon the man who denies a pregnant woman her wishes. He maneuvered around to her front, Gena still shoveling scoops of ice cream into her craw. The only indication that she was craving sex was how her toes curled. John had picked up on it when they first started dating; when she was horny, she curled her toes one after another.

John hiked up Gena's legs, those massive thunder thighs jostling around his head. The giant logs of fat must have weighed as much as Gena pre-pregnancy. The enveloping,

sweltering tubes of fat that curved into hips. John could feel his muscles burning just from lifting them, but he was here to do a job. John's dick throbbed, his tip poking past the sucking lips of Gena's genitalia. He pushed into her, driving himself as far as he could go. He penetrated her until he was balls deep and started thrusting. In and out, increasing in speed with every thrust, he pushed himself like a jackhammer. Gena's blubbery body rippled with John's every thrust; oceans of fat crashed into each other. Her tits flopped into her face, her cheeks clapped and gas erupted from her backside. John was drilling harder, trying his best to keep pace with his ravenous wife. He could see her ice cream was almost empty; he needed to turn her engine and get her another tub.

***Ooooooh***

A moan clipped out of Gena's lips; the mammoth woman quivered in pleasure. Her muscles started to spasm, her fists clenched, and her breathing increased. She bucked her pelvis in turn, gyrating into John's thrusts. The two were moving in concert, their union getting closer as their climaxes approached. They pushed and ground, their motions getting harder and faster. Gena's body shook as hot seed spurted from John's shaft. His knees threatened to buckle in pleasure as he twitched and spasmed in pleasure. Gena's own body bucked and threw as she was caught in waves of ecstasy. The pair collapsed in a heap on each other, their bodies dripping with pleasure.

***Grlllll***

It was just enough time for Gena's hunger to return; the cycle of food would continue.

---

So this all seemed well and good; sure, I was becoming a baby balloon, but they would be out of me sooner or later. That's what I thought at least, but nature tends to have a different design for some reason.

---

***Nnnngggggggg***

***Nnnnnngggggg***

Gena sat squat over the tub, trying her damndest to induce labor or cause some sort of shift. She had gone past the nine-month mark; hell, she was approaching ten months at this point. Usually this point in the pregnancy is when the baby would decide to make an exit. Where that young, strapping child would step into the world and make their presence known. Not this kid, or any of the kids; Gena's coochie was slammed shut like an overbooked club. No matter what she did, she couldn't get the water to break. She'd tried all of the crazy cure-alls; she tried yoga, she tried planks, she tried spicy food: the only thing she hadn't tried was sex, and that's

because sex was what got them there in the first place. At this point she was just trying to brute force it, just trying to push the kids out.

Pushing out a baby shouldn't be that hard, not with eight of them swimming around the growing pool of her stomach. She could hear her belly slosh when she walked, the crashing waves of amniotic fluid brushing against her insides. She felt like a whale before, but she was really starting to look the part. She hadn't gone on a trip out in over a week, she could barely fit in any clothes, and she was too damned horny! She couldn't go two feet without something phallic urging her to ravage her husband. At this point she'd just be best to sequester herself away. Build a fortress of pregnancy where none could lay eyes on the pregnant beast. She fanned herself, following her breathing to try and muscle out a big push.

***Nnngggggg***

***Pppbbbbbbbbbffffffffffttt***

She pushed too hard, and she let out an echoing fart; it wasn't an unusual thing for her these days, but being in the tub made it that much louder. The roaring trumpet blast echoed through the house, knocking one of the bathroom paintings loose: she gripped her bulging stomach in discomfort. She was hesitant to look at herself in the mirror, but it would only tell the same story she heard when getting caught in the door frame. Gena waddled her way over, watching as her gut entered the mirror's reflection before she did. The swollen orb hung off her torso like a weather balloon, sagging down and brushing against the ground. The surface rippled with life and gas; every few minutes there was some kick or shift inside. Her stomach was so large, so full, that she couldn't even turn around in the bathroom. The wrecking ball forced her to make three-point turns like she was some sort of semi-truck.

When she finally got her bulk into view, it wasn't much more heartening. Her obliques were completely buried in sagging fat; calling them love handles would be inaccurate. They were love shelves, sagging sacs of fat that draped down over her waist. The line between her gut and hips had become completely non-existent; the meat haunches were deep enough to lose your hand in. Her fatty muffin top tapered up into her back fat, which curled into her bingo-wings. Her torso was becoming a single ball of fat, only defined by her limbs and swollen breasts. She could see the evolution of her bust, the lines and stretch marks of previous growth. There were small white canyons that were carved into her wobbling breasts; they were noticeable only to her.

She didn't have the ability to appreciate the mammoth size her tits had achieved. Each breast was large enough to be mistaken for a beach ball. They hung on the cliff of her stomach like sloshing balloons, pushed up into her vision like pillows. She had to push them out of her sight to safely navigate the halls. They were absurdly soft, silky smooth, like pillows; she often found herself touching them. She would play with her own breasts out of boredom, digging her hands through her cleavage, poking and prodding them. They felt like they sloshed when she

moved her hands across them. She let her vision wander, observing the wild bush of hair creeping out from her pits. Her hormones were raging so hard that her armpit hair was growing like ivy. Small tendrils of thin black hair seeking sunlight from the swampy abyss between her arms.

Her pits weren't the only hair that was growing wild; she could see the rising vines between her ass cheeks. Small tufts of dark fuzz were creeping their way out from the crevasse of her booty. It was a wild, unkempt jungle that was only kept in check by how massive her ass had become. Each cheek was a chair-destroying mound of fat that could bury a person. When she sat down, her ass lifted her a good few feet into the air. The cheeks were soft and shaking, clapping when she breathed and walked. Her footsteps sent quakes through the rippling trunks; her farts were fierce enough to make them crash like waves. When she exited rooms, her ass would take an extra minute to catch up with her exit.

She had been filled with so much fat that she couldn't even reach her privates to play. The best she could do was feel the unkempt strands of her pubes. Her fluffy bush tickled the underside of her massive gut every time she moved. She was tempted to clean it, have it trimmed down, but it never happened. Each time she sent John down there, he'd get so close that she'd just force him into her coochie. Looking at herself, she could scarcely believe she was the same woman.

***Grlllllll***

***Pbbbbfffftttt***

Another kick and another cacophonous fart; her gas erupted from her ass in a gale. The trumpeting blast fluttered the curtains of her shower and shook bottles off the rack. Her outburst went on for a minute before the gas finally petered out. She gripped her stomach in discomfort as the roar of hunger emanated from her core.

***Knock***

***Knock***

***Knock.***

"You alright in there, honey? You've been pushing for a bit, and dinner's ready." John called through the closed door.

"I'm not in the mood." Gena crossed her arms in a pout.

"I know you're hungry; I could feel that growl." John chuckled to himself.

"I'm not being cute; look at me. I'm a whale." Gena smashed her gut into the door, slamming it open and knocking John away.

"You're not a...." John tried to assuage his wife's worry as he recovered from the floor.

"Don't finish that! You know it's a lie. We could play that not-fat game three babies ago, but not now." Gena took a step forward, letting her stomach loom over John.

"Okay, okay. You're a bit...you're pretty big. You might be a whale, but you're the sexiest whale there's ever been." John's initial thought was cut off by the feeling of Gena's colossal stomach pressing into him.

"That doesn't make me feel much better. Am I going to be like this forever? When will these babies be born?" Gena felt defeated, her body slinking down.

"Hey, hey. Don't you worry. We'll find a way through this. Even if those babies don't come out, you'll still be my wife." John cupped Gena's chin in his hand.

"You're right. Thanks... Now let's go eat supper. I'm hungry, and my ass needs attention." Gena smiled as she nuzzled into John's hand.

---

So that was my little emotional breakdown; we were a bit naive back then. We thought that this thing would go away, that there was just a bit of a hiccup in the maternity process. When the pregnancy progressed past the year mark is when things moved to the realm of the impossible. We went to the doctors; we even tried to have a C-section done. It was actually insane; the scalpels just wouldn't cut me. It was like my stomach was made of rubber; I was starting to become more balloon than woman. It didn't help that every time we banged, there was another baby. I don't know if John had super sperm or I'm just incredibly fertile, but a woman wasn't meant to hold more than ten babies. Eternal maternity was a fact I would have to live with; if I was going to be eternally pregnant, then I would have to get used to being in public. I thought people might jeer at the whale woman, but instead they treated me like a goddess. Walking down the street became an endeavor in parting crowds.

---

Gena had spent at least an hour getting ready for today's excursion, trying on dresses, making dresses. When all was said and done, she managed to fit her body in a dress made of all the house's drapery. It was an oddly matching green affair that just barely managed to conceal her bulky frame. She was glad it worked, because today was the food festival, something she looked forward to every year. Even with a growing brood inside her womb, she still needed her funnel cake. She wandered down the street, John at her hip, the scenes and smells of the fair tickling her senses.

### ***Grglll***

“Looks like it’s time for a refill. Kebabs or gyros this time?” John was the ever-dutiful husband; he already had a piled plate of goods at the ready.

“Pass me the gyro: wilted lettuce makes me sad.” Gena smiled as she took the plate from his hand.

One advantage of having a bosom the size of a small sofa was the fact that you could use it as a table. Gena had a row of greasy paper plates scattered across her cleavage. Their contents mixed in a state of empty or full, she was wolfing down enough food to put a cart out of business. It was never enough, though. Her nerves were on fire, her mind flitting with anxiety. Her body had undergone a couple of dramatic changes that made her really stick out. Her gut was as large as ever, an enormous blimp that shot out in front of her, but it wasn’t satisfied with growing forward. The curve of her gut was now growing outward, stretching down beneath her legs like a curve. Her belly was widening her pelvis, forcing her legs further out to the side. She was starting to resemble a large ball with legs attached.

This didn’t really detract from her generous assets; in truth, it made them more distinct. Her gigantic ass was large enough to be the trailer to her tractor. The enormous cheeks were constantly slapping into each other when she walked. Gena’s body was like maneuvering a small truck through the crowd, slowly pushing through the crowd of people. All of the heat, all of the greasy food, it was disturbing her gut more than usual. So when she passed gas, it was loud, loud enough to drown out the crowd chatter. Gena could feel another blast coming on as she chowed down on some meat-filled pita.

### ***Pbbbbbbfffttt***

The loud trumpet silenced the crowd; the powerful gust was enough to send the back of Gena’s skirt flapping. The throngs of people downwind of here felt the terrific force of her gas as it blew them off their feet. People were toppled over like bowling pins, plates flew from their stands, and balloons were sent helplessly into the air. Surprisingly, this didn’t garner the negative reaction one would expect from such an outburst. If anything, Gena’s flatulence was ingratiating the crowd to her. People followed her closer and closer as she strode; it was like her aura was enchanting. Every time she blasted ass, they seemed to get closer; some were inhaling her gas like it was oxygen. People took deep huffs of her constant flatulence; one woman had her mouth open at the wrong time and ended up with a belly full of gas. Everything was going about as swimmingly as one could hope, if you ignored the mortifying embarrassment. Gena’s stomach had something else in mind; all of her babies were having a simultaneous growth spurt and demanded food.

### ***Grlllll***

“Ow. Ow.” Gena would have doubled over if her mammoth stomach allowed her.

“What’s wrong, honey? Need a pit stop?” John’s worries were cut short by Gena snatching a hot dog out of his hand.

“I need more. So hungry.” Gena scarfed down the hotdog in a single gulp.

She scooped the rest of the food on her cleavage into her mouth, barely chewing as the morsels found a home in her cavernous stomach. She needed more; she ripped cotton candy from its holder and tore pretzels from their racks. It wasn’t enough; she needed real meat, real filling goods. She felt so hungry she could scream; her stomach whirled with a fury she didn’t know was possible. Even the tray of fried pickles John brought wasn’t enough to sate her. She shoved the fried vegetables in her mouth without even thinking, the tubes sliding down her throat like a log flume. She was so hungry she was panting, her breath getting ragged and her eyes dilating.

She grabbed John by the scruff of his collar, devouring the burger in his hand. “If you don’t get me more food **now**, I am going to break every bone in your body.”

“Yes, ma’am.” John couldn’t help but feel a little aroused by her assertiveness, but he did his duty.

John realized that he couldn’t satiate his wife on his own, no matter how quickly he fed her. He was going to need some outside assistance, but who could he get? Then he saw the mob of people closing in around Gena’s ass; they looked zombified, entranced. John couldn’t help but be more confused when they got close to his wife, huffing her farts as she fluttered her dress. Some tried to sneak under the billowing curtain, striving for the treasure beneath. This gave John an idea; he swiftly delivered Gena her oversized pork loins and then stood up on a nearby podium. He grabbed the microphone of one of the booth presenters, testing the audio with a few taps.

“Attention, everyone! Do you see that beautiful goddess bowling her way through the midway? She needs your help! She’s hungry and needs as much food as you can give her, more than you can give her. We need to keep feeding her until she says, stop.” John pointed to his wife, who was already head deep in a tray of nachos.

The fart-obsessed crowd happily obliged, swarming the nearby stalls with bills clumped in their hands. They bought out entire stocks: giant turkey legs by the barrow, armfuls of funnel cake, and gallons of lemonade. The greasy fair food was being brought to Gena by the dozen, her furious gluttony only increasing in speed. She cleaned meat from the bone, guzzled more lemonade than a stadium of people; she mashed fried candy bars into her mouth. Her gunk-coated hands moved at a pace faster than the eye could see, eating so fast that the stalls around her ran out of stock.

The effects of this rapid consumption were hitting Gena's body like a ton of bricks, primarily in her gut. Her already blimped stomach was expanding with every bite she took. It pushed her legs further apart as the expansive blimp took up more real estate. Her poor excuse of a dress rapidly hiked up over her expanding gut, exposing the creamy blimp to the world. Her belly filled out further, containing the deluge with a seemingly limitless capacity. Her belly was large and getting larger; she was bigger than most trucks. She inhaled the warehouse's worth of food like it was water, taking everything she was given. Her gut was growing so large that it was lifting her off the ground, her tiny legs lifting off like helpless twigs. She was growing taller, the food pushing her body upward as her flanks crept out. Her gut was so wide that it took up the entire thoroughfare, leaving little room to walk.

### ***Ripppp***

Gena outgrew her dress; the patchwork affair burst apart in a flurry of scraps. Her belly sat exposed to the daytime warmth, the smooth surface greeting people like reflections in a lake. Her bare breasts flopped out onto her stomach, the massive balloons rippling as empty plates fluttered off of them. Her perilous ass cheeks split her dress down the center, leaving her bare crack exposed to the world. The wild bush of her ass hair fluttered under her constant expulsions. The interweaving tendrils created the perfect filter for her gas, the compound smell only attracting more appreciators. Those who hadn't started feeding her occupied themselves with sniffing her crack. They buried themselves deep inside the jungle, letting the blowing gusts wash over them. Their baptism in gas only added to their devotion, redoubling their resolve to make her larger.

"It's really a fantastic bouquet. So meaty and powerful, I think I can smell the hints of beef in the gust." One of Gena's appreciators made a comment about her pungent gas.

"I would say it's a bit fattier; I can taste the oil in the air when she lets loose. God, it's so rank, I could really just live in here." Another appreciator removed his head from the fleshy prison.

"You boys and your smells. A real fan doesn't sniff farts like it's wine. You inhale it like it's beer." A woman walked out from Gena's crack with a pregnant-looking gut, tapping the surface like it was a balloon.

Next to the woman was a barrel-bellied man of similar midriff size. His hairy gut poked through the buttons of his shirt. Both duos got in arguments about how best to worship Gena's gas, their fighting getting fervent enough to reach her ears. Gena started blushing; having this much attention put on her ass was normal, but to have it put on her gas? That was a new sensation. She didn't know how to react to all the worship, all the commentary on her smells. She wasn't given much time of lucid thought as her stomach loudly demanded another filling.

### ***Grlllll***

She was still hungry, absolutely famished, but she was lacking the strength to eat. The underused muscles of her arms were lying limp at her sides. She couldn't lift a single chicken wing to her lips, but that didn't stop the devoted few. The entranced had grown obsessed with feeding her, and she hadn't told them to stop. They scaled her massive body like ants, trying to climb her flab while balancing the plates. They crammed food down her throat, feeding her like she was a helpless baby bird. Entire people's worth of food found a home inside her ever-expanding gut; her belly became more unreal by the second. The curve of her stomach pushed everything she was out of the way, her features warping around the vast curve. Her ass, was as bulbous as ever, was being shoved outward. The gap between her cheeks widened, turning the mountains of flesh into an actual canyon. Her quivering asshole was exposed to the open air, puckering and twitching to release gas. Her gusting farts were the showcase of her rear, a never-ending hurricane of flatus.

***Ppbbbbbbfffttttt***

Her anus wasn't the only newly exposed hole; as the space between her legs expanded, her cooch slowly revealed itself. First was the untamed jungle of her pubic hair, the wild black bush blossoming like a wildflower. Then came the luscious lips of her pussy; those juicy walls flexed against the bare pavement. She hid it well, but she was horny as a hare; her libido burned like a bonfire, and her pussy craved satisfaction. Clear fluid dripped from her nethers in anticipation of visitors. Her lips spread wide, like the yawning entrance to a cavern. The soft tissue inside aching for a gentle touch, a touch that others were willing to give. Those unable to feed her took to pleasuring her; the men crammed their members into her quivering lips. Thrusting inside of her like she was the only woman on the planet, shooting rockets of hot seed into her.

"Look at the fatty. Too big to even feed herself. Needs help from some sex-crazed maniacs." A snide comment from a jealous onlooker caught Gena's ear.

"Yeah, she's huge. Way bigger than an elephant, maybe whale-sized?" Another comment hit her ears.

Gena felt suddenly self-conscious, the heat of embarrassment flooding her face. Not even the bucket of Scotch eggs she was downing could dampen the heat. She felt their eyes on her, their words bringing back all those old insecurities she thought she'd grown past. She felt like a bloated blimp, a parade balloon for people to point and laugh at. Then she felt the hands; another set of women were poking and prodding at her flesh, toying with her many folds.

"Look at how soft she is, feels like I'm touching dough. Any muscles just turned into fat. What a butterball." It was hard to tell if this woman was an admirer or a fiend.

"Yeah, fatty boombalatty over here's so big she'd crush my car if she fell over." The other woman taunted, grabbing a generous handful of fat.

The women continued swarming and taunting Gena as she grew, her expanding body leaving more room for people to play. People started to bounce on her ass cheeks, hopping up and down on the gelatinous mountains. Gena could feel her embarrassment growing as the snide comments piled on. She was only catching glimpses of her emotional rock, John; the man was too busy feeding and pleasuring her. Despite this humiliation, she was still hungry; the void that was her stomach demanded more. People were hiking ladders up to her bloated stomach, climbing up it to find room to feed her. She could feel another change taking place inside of her; all that seed, all that cum filling her stomach, it was developing. Something about her ongoing growth spurt was causing those babies to develop quickly, something that only added to her hunger. She could feel herself rising higher, the people below her getting seemingly smaller. She wondered just how long her growth would continue: did it have a limit?

---

Turns out, that growth continued, like a really long time. I just kept getting bigger, and people kept fucking me, like it's crazy. My pussy was still pretty small then, but it took like, five guys standing on top of each other for me to even feel it. Seems a bit caveman compared to what they're doing now, but who knows? The crazy part was when my breasts finally realized I was pregnant and started lactating. I'd never seen so much milk; you'd think I was hiding cows in these udders. Think at that point I had maybe a couple dozen babies in me? Was way past the one-year point, going on two; so hard to tell. Don't you judge, though; you try and keep track of how many times you had sex in a year. Then after you've done the count, multiply that by the factor of, I'm bigger than a house.

---

Gena had ballooned to genuinely inhuman sizes since the day of the festival. The feeding frenzy that took hold of her lasted hours, and when all was said and done, she was larger than a house. Her body processed the food in such a way that her growth exploded. She was wide enough that the streets needed to be cordoned off, her body tall enough that she could see rooftops. This was only the start of her growth, as her food and libido had increased exponentially. People would visit her in throngs to satisfy one of her needs.

"Could you tell them to put their backs into it down there? I can barely **ooourp** feel it." Gena's orders were half belched, half spoken.

The delivery man at her cheek simply nodded, depositing the rest of the food on her ample bosom before descending the ladder. Gena had grown so large that it wasn't possible for people to reach her face, at least not without effort. Climbing her blobby body was like climbing a mountain of gelatin, fun, but dangerous. This didn't stop people from trying, though; something about being near a woman the size of a building drew them in. Gena was always feeling hands groping and pulling at her skin, mostly in the lower regions. Most people climbed her in hopes of

feeling her generous breasts but settled for her belly. Others decided to take up residence in her ass crack, appreciating the enormous prison of flesh. There were only a few capable of traversing to her massive bosom, one of whom was John.

“Hey, hun, holding down the fort?” John waltzed his way up Gena’s bosom like a sherpa.

“Aside from being huge and bloated to all hell? Pretty good. **Nnnngg** Hold on.” Gena scrunched up her face as she felt a pressure in her gut.

**Grglggg!**

**Pprrrrrrrrfffftttttttt**

A slipstream fart slipped past her mammoth cheeks, the hissing gas erupting into a cataclysmic trumpet. She was always passing gas; her body churned it out on the regular, but occasionally, some disturbance would take over. The disturbances took the form of uproarious outbursts that shook the ground beneath her. Her gas was enough to blow any unsecured devotees in her ass crack and set off car alarms. The disturbances would always return to the steady leak of gas and allow Gena a return to normalcy.

“Big one. How many people you think got caught in it?” John chuckled as he gave his wife a peck on the cheek.

“Probably a dozen? Surprised you weren’t down there.” Gena returned his kiss before returning to her food.

“Someone's gotta be on logistics. Keeping you and those babies fed is a full-time job.” John chuckled, patting the lake of breast in front of him.

“I’d rather have you on full-time baby-making duty. These things aren’t coming out, so might as well go for a record.” Gena smirked between mouthfuls of chicken.

“Ever heard of a thing called the refractory period? The spirit is willing, but the body is weak.” John motioned to his limp muscles.

“Fine, I guess I’ll settle for the stand-ins.” Gena chuckled to herself.

Down below her mountainous body was a massive throng of virile men. Each one practically fighting tooth and nail for access to her sopping pussy. Gena’s body had become rotund enough that her legs were now completely pushed aside. Her undercarriage was so rounded that her pussy itself had grown. Stretched across the vast tightness of her stomach, her coochie was like a yawning tunnel. Her bulging lips quivered in hunger, demanding Gena’s libido be sated. Waves of her pleasure would come splashing down in floods after a session of pleasure. Gena was large enough that her suitors needed to climb inside of her to try and

pleasure her. Some order had to be maintained, lest throngs of people lose their lives spelunking Gena. So John set up a system: men who wished to pleasure his wife would need to enter six at a time with ropes and harnesses. Once inside, they had two jobs: they needed to pleasure his wife to climax and then needed to reach their own climax.

The system worked well; it pumped Gena full of babies by the dozen. At this point she must be filled with a suburb's worth of babies in her womb. Yet she was not anywhere close to birthing them and likely wouldn't ever be. This didn't matter much for Gena and John; together, their lives were pretty complete. Gena's condition did matter to the city, though, as they had to plan around this enormous woman. At this rate, Gena would become a national-scale problem to tackle.

---

So that's how I got to my current state, so large I can't even see the city streets anymore. The only company I get are the birds, my husband, and the clouds. Occasionally there will be tourists; they helicopter themselves in to take a tour of my scenic bosom. Scientists are calling me the eighth natural wonder of the world and the only living one. It kind of makes me feel like a goddess, some forgotten fertility goddess come back to instil awe. It certainly feels like it; I can feel the life swimming around inside of me. Somewhere in the food and the gas, there's a province's worth of people inside of me. I can't help but think there's a reason for it, like I'm holding all these babies for some great catastrophe. Maybe I'll grow big enough to be my own planet, the baby planet. That would be really funny, but that's enough idle chatter; people are here for a show. It's feeding time.

---

Gena's meals were always an event, while she was never seen without a feeding tube, sometimes she wanted something special. Normal food was unsustainable to feed her on, at least in the regular, so scientists made a workaround. They developed an incredibly calorie-dense fluid to fuel her growth and keep her sustained. That tube almost never left Gena's mouth; she sucked on it like a straw during every conversation. She doubted the fluid's efficacy at first, but its results spoke for themselves. Over the years Gena had been on the tube; her growth had increased at an exponential tick. This moment wasn't about the tube; it was about the treat. Gena could hear the crane swinging over towards her, the tourists on her bosom being corralled away from the danger zone. Everyone knew how voracious Gena could get during her meals, and nobody wanted to lose a limb.

Gena looked on in anticipation as the heavy crane swung her meal around. She could smell the sizzling grease of fried chicken, the rich beef of gravy cut through the chicken scent; it looked like the colonel was serving tonight. Gena rubbed her hands in anticipation as the dining cart sat down on her bosom. A platoon of servers hustled out of the opened container, piles of food in their hands. The ferried pallets of chicken, tubs of gravy, punch bowls of mashed potatoes, and enough biscuits to crush a man. Everyone carefully navigated the shifting ocean

of Gena's breasts: the jiggling lakes grew choppiier as her excitement increased. People needed to be careful of the canyon of her cleavage; it was as dangerous as a fault line, one misstep and you'd be swallowed whole.

### ***Grlllll***

A rumble tore through her colossal body as the servers took their stations; her body was demanding calories. In a flurry of bestial feasting, the servers emptied the container of foodstuff. Gena, in less than an hour, could eat a sedan's worth of solid food. Servers moved with military precision, bussing chicken and ladling gravy into her lips. She lapped up the mashed potatoes like a pig, digging her face into the mush for maximum access. White flecks splattered over her face in an almost childlike mess. When Gena was finished, her face was coated in post-meal gunk, something her servers liked to tease her about.

"My, my. Looks like someone made a little piggy of herself." A server pulled out a bath towel to clean the splash zone.

"Big piggy is more like it. I think she got more on her chins than she did in her mouth." The other server taunted as they dug beneath the folds of Gena's chin.

"Don't worry, little piggy. We'll get your bottle and get you all cleaned up." The final server took the feeding tube and popped it back in Gena's mouth.

Normally Gena would protest this kind of taunting, especially coming from someone that wasn't John, but she was too happy to care. She instead suckled on her hose, her face turning hot with embarrassment. She still got embarrassed by the piggy comments, or was she getting turned on? The lines between arousal and embarrassment got blurrier every month. Despite all of the food she had just eaten, it barely made a dent in her rotund form. Her belly had become so big, so cavernous, that a single meal couldn't fill it. Anyone who could see her was able to tell.

Gena's lower body was a literal mountain of fat and flesh; everything below her breasts curved into a round swell. Her stomach had become such an enormous curve that she flattened buildings with it. Her ever-expanding waistline encroached into city blocks; to reach her backside from her navel was a twenty-minute drive or an hours-long walk. Her once ivory flesh had taken on a substantial level of tan. Being out in the sun on the daily gave her a healthy bronze hue, which, when combined with her pregnancy glow, turned her into a radiant beacon of the city. When looking at her bronzed flesh from the air, you could see small ants atop it; those ants were people. People would come to Gena's belly by the busload for a chance to feel her form. People would bounce atop her gut like a trampoline, have picnics on her flanks, and even make love to it. People couldn't get enough of her; they would dry and wet hump her gut with fervor. It was like she had a special pheromone to her, something that drew people in.

***Ppbbbbbbbfifttttt***

The enormous trumpet was a signal of that pheromone; her farts were powerful enough to be considered a natural disaster. The pavement behind her was worn down to exposed earth from the constant gassy assaults. Buildings couldn't exist in a seven-mile radius downwind of her ass; every gust would wear them down. Her constant eruptions were enough that travelers to the mighty hills of her ass needed guides. Harnesses, towlines; traveling to Gena's ass required more prep than an Amazon safari. Safari was an apt term when looking to visit her ass because, while some enjoyed the softness of her cheeks, others preferred to go deep. The hair between her cheeks overflowed from her ass and crept out into the streets like a fetid jungle. The strands of humid hair wove and tangled into a mighty wall of vines that formed a dense wall. People would make expeditions just for a chance to smell Gena's unfiltered gas.

The ones who trekked to the top of her cheeks were lucky and unlucky. Escalators had been built to make traversal to the top an easier affair, but those permanent fixtures were always under assault. The steady growth of Gena's continental shelf of an ass was always pushing the escalator's foundations to their limit. People took the trip up anyway; it was the only way to enjoy her ass in full. Each cheek was large enough to smother a city block; the fatty mountains jiggled and swayed with her breath. People would crowd around her ass crack for a whiff of her sweat-caked flesh. The lingering aroma of her gas was addictive enough that people crowded around her crack. They dove their whole heads in, inhaling deeply and conversing about the scent. Some tried to dive down her crack but were stopped by the guards. Gena's body needed twenty-four-hour monitoring to prevent people from pursuing their own demise.

This monitoring also doubled as mechanical maintenance, as Gena's nethers had become a bustling hub of industry. Her pussy had grown so enormous that it was impossible for a normal-sized man to inseminate her anymore. So to keep the babies flowing, a system needed to be erected. An industrial-sized vat of sperm from the local banks was hooked to an enormous dildo. The dildo was hollow in the center and made from the softest silicone and ribbed in all the right places for pleasure. The dildo was hooked to the largest pneumatic pump with the most sophisticated software imaginable. It was operated by a team headed by John to ensure Gena was satisfied. The dildo would jackhammer into the yawning maw of Gena's nethers, the speed and force varying to her specification. They would wait until they heard the ground shake with her orgasm and then empty the entire tank of semen into her womb.

Standing on the operations platform was a sought after station as it gave one the best view of Gena's pussy. The enormous lips were cloaked from most view, draped over with a willow of coarse black pubic hair. The flowing tendrils were wild and unkempt, constantly soaked with Gena's seed as her orgasms were near constant. The only thing separating her normal flow from her climactic ones was the sheer volume. The space in front of her nethers was a lake of her own sticky hot seed. The pheromones coming off of it were enough to drive people mad, requiring more guards and well-made PPE. There was only one person immune to these addictive scents, John; the man couldn't be more in love with his wife if he tried. Speaking of him, it was time for him to make his daily adventure to visit his wife.

John had a special crane set up; its only job was to transport him up to his wife. He rode the crane like a carnival ride, the whipping winds getting fiercer as he lifted higher. He could appreciate the full scope of his wife from this distance: her breasts as large as hot air balloons, the jungle of hair sprouting from her pits. He got to appreciate the warm air of her flatus as it drifted up to him; none of that really mattered. To John, the most important thing was seeing Gena's face, and as the sun set, he got his reward. The small glimmer of moonlight that illuminated her beautiful visage. The crane set him down on her cleavage as he stared her in the eyes.

"Hey, hotstuff." Gena gave a small smile as John approached her.

"Hey, babe." John reciprocated the smile before leaning in for a kiss.

As the two embraced, they began to nod off, John resting on Gena's rotund chest, while Gena slouched into her own padding. Whatever journeys lay ahead of them, it was something they would face together, no matter how big she got.

=====

## Out of Season Goth Blowup

The holidays are generally a cheerful time, a time where people celebrate togetherness and cheer. For some, though, the holidays were a time of hardships and want. This hardship and want weighed heavily on one group in particular, the goth scene. The sardonic jabs and cynical commentary normally enjoyed year-round, ill fit a season dedicated to joy and mirth. After the boon of Halloween, many goths found themselves in dire straits. Some are forced to take shelter in Hot Topics and Spencer's Gifts, their traditional home of IHOP was now filled with saccharine canes and jolly fat men. There weren't enough kitschy mall stalls to house every goth, and some were forced to make a hard choice: shiver in the cold or trade in their chains and mascara for elf ears and bells. Few goths survived the season, permanently forgoing their lifestyle and donning the sweater and Uggs of the basic. It was a real gothpocalypse, each December proving the naysayers right; it was just a phase.

Trinity was different; she wasn't set out to prove herself the epitome of goth life. In fact, she generally hated the goth look and style, using it for easy employment and tips. Just because she shunned the goth life does not mean it shunned her. Trinity's jaded venomosity could not be

quashed by white snow and eggnog; she was a survivor through and through. Which is what placed her in another of her personal hells, the head elf at a mall Santa's workshop. She stared out into the mall as the blinking lights etched into her retina; the zombies of food service replaced with homunculi in warm hats. She stood there, greeting every parent and child with a neutral grimace that showcases she'd rather be somewhere else. Her cheap felt dress was a few sizes too tight, and her job-supplied candy cane stockings itched. Every shift in position made her skin crawl and her legs itch; she pined for eight PM.

"Why are you frowning?" "Why is your hair black?" "Could you be nice?" Questions she was asked by a dozen children and parents every day for twenty-five days. During the season Trinity had concocted an answer, a devilish answer that would warp the children that heard it.

"It's cuz I was a naughty kid. I was so naughty that the coal soaked into my hair. I was so naughty that Santa forced me to work as an elf to make up for it. So you kids better be good or you'll end up the mean old elf." Every time Trinity said this, she got a little bit of glee.

A warped warmth of Christmas spirit trickled into her heart as the children cried and parents looked in disgust. Some were so scared that they gave the Santa a hard time, a small recompense for listening to his holly jolly rhetoric. Every action has some kind of blowback, and apparently the Happy Oaks Mall had been winding up for a haymaker.

"Trinity Trine. Could you come to my office? We need to talk." The monotonous voice of cheer manager Lance buzzed through Trinity's earpiece.

Her heart nearly skipped a beat at the call, her resting bitch face curling into a hopeful smile. She ripped the earpiece with glee, abandoning the children and line like they were trash in her hand. Her Christmas miracle was finally coming true; she was being fired.

---

"What?" Trinity sat in the office with a look of disgust and horror.

"You heard me; we're moving you to the Yule festival." Lance clicked his pen as he made some shift changes.

"I heard what you said, but why would you do this?" Trinity looked distraught.

"I get Trinny, you loved being Santa's elf, but we've gotten too many parental complaints. It's affecting our ROV." Lance did his best to summon a look of sympathy.

"No. This isn't right. You were supposed to fire me." Trinity slammed her hat on the table.

**"Hahahaha!** Fire you? Fire you? It would cost us more money to fire you than it would to move you. Thirtysomething working retail? You're a goddamned unicorn." Lance didn't bother to

hide his laughter and amusement. “Besides, Krista wanted some maternity leave, so we’re giving her a chair and sitting her with the kids.”

“That’s evil.” Trinity blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

“Blame at-will employment, she’s lucky she gets the chair, and if kids ask, official statement is that she’s Santa’s cookie tester.” Lance clicked his pen closed as he made the finishing touch on the schedules.

“Fine. When do I start?” Trinity rolled her eyes, grabbing her hat off the table.

“In half an hour. The yuletide nog hog competition is about to start.” Lance waved Trinity away as he turned his attention to the security monitor.

Trinity looked at the slimeball with as much disgust as she could muster. The man was the epitome of peaked in high school, a power-tripping manager in a cheaply paneled office. She could see the monitor was on the women’s lingerie section, and she hated it. She left the office deflated and defeated; another ten days of torture awaited her. Leaving the office she was greeted by a beach ball with red fabric stretched over it; behind it somewhere was a woman.

“Thanks so much for trading me Trinity; I don’t know how much longer I could stand there all day. My back is killing me.” That beach ball and woman were in fact just a ludicrously pregnant brunette in a Santa dress.

“Should you still be working like that, Krista?” Trinity made an educated guess that the insanely pregnant brunette before her was the one needing maternity leave.

“**Oof.** Yeah I’m fine; not due for another two months. Besides, ‘tis the season to spread joy.” Krista’s words hit Trinity’s black heart like a horrid spear.

“**Rnng.** Yeah. I guess. I’m leaving now.” Trinity was doing her best not to vomit from sentiment.

Trinity made her exit, ready to trade one hell for another. She weaved through mall traffic towards the Yule festival, the special corner of the mall reserved for events. She still remembered the heartbreak her old coworkers displayed when the Halloween bats were shattered. Now that same hall was filled with blinding ball ornaments and cheap twinkling lights. Its plywood halls now filled with fake snow and sprayed garland. Trinity’s steps got slower as she heard the dreadfully cheerful music; her stomach wasn’t ready for more holly jolly cheer. Instead, she leant against a hollow pillar and rose out the clock until her company-mandated torture would commence.

“Oh my god. Trinity!?! Is that you?!” Trinity knew that voice.

Before she could respond, Trinity was smothered in the embrace of a tall airhead with red highlights; it was Raven. Trinity's old coworker from Goth IHOP, the lactose-intolerant one that forced the store to close for a week. Trinity shuddered at the thought of cleaning up that ocean of pancake batter; in fact, it was making her lightheaded. Trinity's flashbacks were cut short by the realization she couldn't breathe.

***"Hmmpphhhldjdl."*** Trinity smacked and fought against Raven's doughy arms.

"Oh whoops, guess the hug was too tight. How have you been? I missed you during the off-season." Raven's bubbly attitude was a poison Trinity thought she was free of.

Trinity crumpled over, hands on her knees catching her breath, her gaze directed at Raven. The off season had certainly been kind to Raven; she had put on more weight than seemed possible in a month. She could scarcely fit in the jeans and ugly sweater she sported. The girl's midriff looked less tight but just as big and round as the bomb she sported at work.

"You look...healthy." Trinity composed herself, trying not to call her coworker fat to her face.

"Oh thanks! I'm on this new fad diet where I only eat cheese and buttercream cakes! It's done wonders for my mood, but I'm not losing any weight." Raven rubbed her prodigious stomach as she explained.

"I wonder why. Wait. You're lactose intolerant. Why do you keep doing this to...everyone?" Trinity backed away, ready for a Raven bomb to go off.

"There's no dairy in buttercream or cheese." Raven waved her hand in dismissal.

"No. There absolutely is. That's probably why you're so big." Trinity was floored at Raven's thickheadedness.

"Whaaaaat? No way." Raven still basked in ignorance.

"Whatever. What are you doing here anyway?" Trinity was side-eyeing the clock, watching for the hour of perdition.

"I love the Yule Festival. All the nice people and the pretty lights, oh and the great food. Way better than those gloomy old bats and cobwebs." Raven's eyes lit up with wonder as she spoke.

"...How did you get a job as a goth?" Trinity stood flabbergasted at the statement.

"Cuz of my hair. I need to go though; the festival starts soon and I want to watch the nog hog competition." Raven started to walk towards the candy cane gates.

“Thought you would be competing.” Trinity joked, following Raven.

“I can’t drink eggnog; it’s got dairy.” Raven laughed as the blast of artificial winter hit the pair.

“Wait, that’s right. Hey, could you do me a favor?” A spark of inspiration had hit Trinity.

“Of course, you’re my best friend.” Raven held their relationship in higher regard than Trinity did.

“Yeah, sure. I need you to enter the Nog Hog competition. If you win, you can keep whatever the prize is.” Trinity grabbed Raven by the hands as she worked her magic.

“But I’ll make a mess again; there may not be milk in buttercream, but I know there’s milk in eggnog.” Raven was hesitant, but the prospect of drinking gallons of sweet, creamy eggnog did sound enticing.

“I’ll clean up the mess; just drink as much as you can and try not to lose. You owe me for cleaning you up last time.” Trinity’s gaze changed stern as she looked Raven in the eyes.

“Okay!” Raven’s bubbly smile returned, the happiness in her voice struck Trinity in her soul.

“Good, I’ll enter your name in; just go out there and do Raven things. The contest is starting soon.” Trinity pushed Raven into the holly-jolly hell as she walked towards the signup sheet.

She slunk her way to the signup table; the sheet was remarkably barren for such a popular event. When Trinity saw the prize she knew exactly why nobody was showing up; the preceding years had prizes that would bring in the crowds. This year though, the prize wasn’t a car, a dress or even the newest phone; instead, it was a giftcard to the mall food court. Trinity grimaced at the thought of spending her lunchtime in the dank food court, she could smell the cheap tacos in her soul. She grabbed the pen and scribbled Raven’s name into the second open slot, looking at the competition, she felt pretty assured. She had seen firsthand just how big Raven could get, and no Beverly could stop her. Trinity stopped herself; she felt her heart beating in excitement, like she was looking forward to seeing Raven win something. She could feel the holiday season trying to unfreeze her cold heart, and she hated it. Trinity ducked her way towards the stage, barely dodging past an overstuffed woman in a rust sweater. Trinity could swear she saw red sclera under her black bangs, but when looking back, she was just a heavysset woman in a tight sweater.

All of the holiday bric-a-brac was messing with her head; something about the Yuletide festival was messing with her mind. She wouldn’t survive here for longer than a day; she could

already feel herself craving a hot chocolate and scarf. The stage was just in sight, the announcer taking her place, and Raven stood looking absently into the crowd. Trinity caught her eyes, giving her a nod as the signup sheet was handed to the master of ceremonies. Trinity had seen her before; the MC was an old acquaintance from her days at Spirit of Halloween. An orange haired woman by the name of Lenore; back in those days, she was diving hard into the vampire look. Now though, the only thing connecting her to her old life was her orange hair and emerald eyes. Wrapped in her skintight red dress and white fluff, she looked like an ornament that walked off the tree. Her newfound smile gleamed with Christmas spirit; the way her teeth caught the light caused some of the crowd to swoon. She walked up to the stage, microphone held close to her chest as she took the spotlight.

“Ladies, gentlemen, enbies and all between. Gather round, and set your eyes upon the stage.” Lenore leant back as she motioned towards the barren tables behind her. “Here in a few short minutes we’ll be starting the most anticipated competition of the season. So take a seat, and contestants, take your places.

The crowd was so set on Lenore that they were ignorant to the awkward shuffling of the two girls behind her. Raven was first, waltzing on stage like she was born for it, taking her place at the far seat. This mindful seating choice allowed her supposed competition to sneak onto the stage without commotion. Trinity looked at her with a cocked eye; she didn’t look like the type to enter an eating competition; she seemed more at home as a department store night manager. Her blue button-up and black work pants seemed ill-fitting, hugging the vast curve of her hips like a single exhale would snap the threads like toothpicks. Her black bob cut was messy and wore the wear of hours spent working with the public.

“Let’s take some time to meet our contestants.” Lenore strutted her way towards the table, carrying herself with the swagger of a classic model. “How about we start with our quickest signup?”

“Hi...um, I’m Beverly. I work at the Tuckos at the end of the mall.” Sweat was forming on Beverly’s brow, her body shaking as Lenore got closer.

“Could you say that again for the microphone? I’m sure the crowd wants to know your name.” Lenore leant down, meeting Beverly’s sapphire gaze.

“**Afnalkfnlakfna** Hi, i’m Beverly!” Beverly’s body looked ready to melt into a puddle, her voice squeaky and cracked as she blurted out her answer.

“You know, Beverly, you were the only signup until just a few minutes ago. Probably a good thing; I can’t imagine the crowd wanting to see just you and I up on this stage.” Lenore flicked the microphone back down, giving Bev a small pat on the shoulder.

“YEAH! THAT WOULD BE BORING AND TOTALLY NOT MY FANTASY!” Bev shrank under the table after the words left her mouth, her blushing face concealed under a veil of green tissue paper.

“Looks like she’s got a little stage fright, people, but don’t worry; once that nog starts flowing, she’ll loosen up a little.” Lenore chuckled as she walked to the other end of the table, her microphone held towards Raven.

“Oh Hi! Name’s Raven! I love puppies and the holidays. I ate thirteen gingerbread houses yesterday.” Raven pulled the mic in close to speak.

“I can tell, you’re a real ball of energy; must be a lingering sugar high.” Lenore cracked a smile as she felt the microphone yanked from her hands.

“Oh no, I haven’t eaten yet today. I was gonna go ham at the festival, but then I saw eggnog. So I’m here!” Raven felt her arm being pulled as Lenore struggled to get the mic back.

“Wow, so you must really love nog, coming into a competition on an empty stomach.” Lenore tumbled forward, face planting into Raven’s doughy arm.

“Oh, I’ve never had it before; it’s got milk in it and milk doesn’t agree with me. Then Trinity, my best friend ever, asked me to enter the competition, and I couldn’t say no. Hi Trin!” Raven let go of the mic to wave towards the crowd.

“That’s wonderful that you’d do a favor for a friend. Could you give us a wave Trinity? We have to know who brought this upon us.” Lenore scowled, spending time fixing her hair.

Trinity stayed silent and unmoving; she didn’t want to be spotted by the crowd or her bosses. If anyone knew she was involved in what was about to happen, she’d never escape sugar plum purgatory.

“Are you sure she’s your friend? She doesn’t seem to be cheering you on.” Lenore smirked.

“Oh, of course she is; she’s right there in the crowd. She’s just a bit shy.” Raven pointed right at Trinity, the whole crowd turning to face her.

“Now that’s a face I remember. Enough of the intro. Do you contestants want to know what you’re competing for?” Lenore pointed towards the ceiling with a flourish.

“Oh god yes please.” Bev was really struggling to come off as a normal human being today.

As the music kicked in, the squeaking of a pulley cut through the piping mall music; attached to some strings was a check the size of a person. The prize was lowered with undeserving fanfare, bathed in red and green spotlights. The cheque settled on the ground with a light thud, the dollar amount highlighted by the lights.

**[\$1225]**

“You see that right folks. The grand prize is \$1225 to our prestigious food court, along with a congratulatory kiss from me.” Lenore winked like she was staring into a camera.

**“Hgnngnlnslknslnalk”** Bev was practically foaming at the mouth after those last words.

“Looks like she really wants that cheque. That’s enough with formalities, people; now let’s get to what you really came here for.” Lenore motioned towards the backstage with dramatic fashion, lights shining down on Bev and Raven.

***Squeak***

***Squeak***

***Squeak***

Behind the contestants, two massive sloshing canisters were wheeled on stage; each one was as tall as a person and thrice as wide. The clear glass was notched with gallon amounts, currently filled to the brim with thirty gallons of creamy eggnog. The wheels of the dolly squealed from poor maintenance as the wheels were locked in place. They looked like comically oversized water coolers; the only blemish on the sterling white was a single silver spigot. Those silver spigots were fitted with what could only be described as clear garden hoses, each one wide enough for optimal eggnog delivery. Bev looked at the container with a grimace; she felt like she was staring at a train wreck waiting to happen. Raven stood in stark contrast, her eyes lit up with excitement as she looked at the massive containers.

“So ladies, how are you feeling now? Still confident?” Lenore added her little flair as she spoke.

**“Hmmmmm...”** Bev grimaced.

**“Hmmmmm!”** Raven beamed.

Raven had already grabbed the hose, fitting it in her mouth and waiting impatiently for the contest to start. Waving and giggling with the crowd as she adjusted her clothes. Bev, on the other hand, was paralyzed, looking down at the hose like it was a snake. She had signed herself up for doom and didn’t know how to get out of it and there were so many people looking at her. Her vision blurred; the only thing she could make out was the tip of her pointy nose. The crowd

stared at her with bated breath, she was holding up the contest. Bev could feel her blood pressure dropping; the cold, clammy feet of approaching unconsciousness were ready to take her. Then she felt a hand on her own, a pristine, perfectly manicured hand. Lenore was looking at her. Bev couldn't make out what she was saying; her ears were ringing too loud.

### ***Plomp***

Lenore stuck the hose into Bev's mouth, and like an obedient bottom, Bev snapped into action. Her composure and determination were restored as she looked at Raven with winner's eyes.

"Okay everyone, the contestants are prepped, the nog is cold, and our hearts are jolly. Are you ready?" Lenore held the microphone out to the crowd.

"HOG THAT NOG!" The crowd shouted in unison as Lenore flipped on the spigots.

The clear hoses provided the perfect viewing experience, slowly moving towards the contestants like a lit fuse. They both were blasted with the sickly sweet taste of high fructose corn syrup and artificial vanilla. It was addicting, horrid and painfully nostalgic; it wasn't until after their first sip that the blast of high-proof rum burned the back of their throats. Raven was on cloud nine; she sucked on the hose with glee, her black-stained lips leaving marks on the clear hose. She giggled and grinned; muffled moans of comfort and satisfaction reached the crowd's ears. Bev wasn't having that great a time; she liked good nog, but the packaged stuff triggered her or flight. Since you can't really fight a liquid, her only instinct was to escape. She wanted to leave, but the imagined kiss from Lenore gave her the strength to bury her instincts. She gripped the hose with all the strength she could muster; she summoned the strength of a thousand gnats to stop herself from yanking out the hose.

### ***Gulp***

### ***Gulp***

### ***Gulp***

The duo's stomachs bloated in unison, every gulp adding another subtle inch, until the subtle turned to overt. Their soft midriffs noticeably curved out as they filled with cheap eggnog. Going from bloated to potbelly in a matter of minutes. The crowd watched in excitement, cheers going out for both Bev and Raven as the duo duked it out. Gaps formed in Bev's button-up as her stomach pushed out against the fabric. Buttons strained as small divots of pale grey flesh poked through to greet the crowd. Her stomach shone under the hot stage lights as her insides roiled and raged. She knew drinking gallons of milk in a single sitting was a bad idea, but she went and did it anyway.

### ***Grrrrlllllll***

She could feel it, the undeniable urge to belch, to expel the welling gas. She couldn't though; there was a hose in the way, and taking it out would deny her the kiss she craved. So against her better judgement, she tensed and held, letting the gas well up inside her like a bubble. The continuous flow of eggnog splashed into the great bubble, popping it and forming more brethren. It was a vicious cycle that led to phenomenal bloating. Her growth accelerated to a degree that didn't match the amount she was drinking. A button flew off her top, her stomach flopping out onto her lap; a shallow grey navel lay exposed, staring at the crowd like an eye. Bev let her cheeks fill with the nog to give herself momentary reprieve, trying to give her stomach a rest. This proved to be a fool's errand, for when she swallowed all, she accomplished, setting off a lactose bomb in her stomach. She grimaced in discomfort, hoping to gain comfort that her opponent was having just as hard of a time.

Raven liked to shatter expectations, often doing it unwittingly; while Bev stewed in discomfort, Raven bathed in glamour. The hose stuck in her mouth delivered her an endless supply of white gold. Her fatty stomach tightening and rounding out as she suckled on the sugary teat, quarts turned to gallons until a small pond of eggnog was pooling in her stomach. She affectionately watched the edge of the nog approach each notch on the tank like it was a milestone on the road. With gallon twenty-eight in progress, she could feel herself getting larger and heavier; the same intoxicating bloat swelled within her. Her fat paunch tightening like a balloon hooked to the faucet, gas roiling within her as she massaged her gut. She drank in the attention, the crowd cheering her on, the chants to chug; it was all she had dreamed of. Then an idea popped in her head; she wanted everyone to see her grand display. With the grace and charm of a beached whale, she hefted her body atop the contest table. Raven lay flat on her back so the audience could see just how big she was getting.

"My oh my, look at you. A hog on full display." Lenore's surprise was genuine, not just at Raven's table hope but at the size.

She did her best to try and keep the show going, walking up to the nog-logged goth, wrapping her arm around the orb to show the difference in size. It was like trying to carry a basketball underarm, and the crowd ate it up; this was the most participation she'd ever had in one of these contests. She was about to say something when she heard another heavy thud; Bev had hopped up on her table as well. Bev saw how Lenore touched Raven, and she deemed it entirely unfair, so she fought fire with fire. She flexed her gut, popping the remaining buttons off her shirt and letting her grey tummy stand free. The massive orb was visibly growing as she drank, surpassing Raven's size by just a few inches, a detail that didn't go unnoticed.

"Looks like we have a race here, folks, a real battle of the bulge." Lenore chuckled at her own joke as she strutted to Bev.

Lenore did a mimicry of the act she did on Raven, poking and prodding the gut, putting her ear to it to listen. Bev was melting under her touch, the heat under her collar rising with

every dainty finger on her bare skin. When she felt Lenore's cheek on her midriff, she swore her heart skipped a beat, or it was gas; either way, she adored it.

"Looks like she's still got some room, folks. Let's hear some chants, who's gonna win this contest?" Lenore held her mic to the crowd as the two balloons behind her grew.

**25**

**24**

**23**

**20**

**19**

Minutes passed without either contestant giving in, their bellies rising like mountains on their midriffs. The girls had long passed any normal human limits and had stretched into the realms of the absurd. They were sporting beach balls on their torsos, Bev's shirt had given up the ghost and hung at her sides like drapes. Small patches of pink crept their way across her stomach as she drank deeply from the hose. There was a new feeling she was having to contend with, the unstoppable urge to fart. A mortifying fact she hadn't considered when entering this contest, passing gas was already an affair done away from private eyes. Currently she had no spot to hide, no bathroom to run to; she was stuck in front of her crush and the biggest crowd she'd seen. She couldn't; she wouldn't fart, she'd just clench as hard as she could and hope that Raven would give up or something.

***Pbbbbfft***

Bed died inside for a second; she thought it was her that let loose, but it wasn't. She opened her eyes to see Raven still flat on her back, carrying on like nothing had happened; the girl was immune to shame. Bev realized just how doomed she was in this contest of wills, just how hopelessly outclassed she was, to encounter a shameless cow. She was ready to yank the hose out of her mouth and concede defeat until she felt a touch again.

***Tap***

***Tap***

***Tap***

"Looks like this melon's getting pretty ripe, everyone. They still have over half the tank to go with no signs of stopping." Lenore had graced Bev's stomach with her touch again.

Lenore had been waiting patiently for one of the girls to finally give up, they were already twenty minutes past their allotted time. The crowd was starting to lose interest and wander off towards the edges of the festival; she couldn't blame them, watching two people drink only held so much interest.

***Grglgll***

Bev's belly let out a low and angry gurgle, a mix of fullness and distress; she was obviously pushing her limits. Looking at Raven though, she could tell much the same; both girls were more stomach than woman. Bellies creeping ever outward in a foolish contest of rampant gluttony, she could use this.

"That didn't sound good, people. I think these balloons might pop." Lenore said the magical words that brought back the crowd.

An element of danger was the spice that brought the people in; if crashes could bring Nascar millions, then popping could hold thirty people's interest. Lenore spent the next few minutes running her hand over their flanks. Feeling their stomachs with an air of false worry, it's not like someone would actually pop. There wasn't a person alive who was dumb enough to explode for a thousand dollars. Lenore, though, was sorely misinformed; both of her guests were premiers in the field of stupidity.

**15**

**10**

**9**

***grnnn***

**8**

***grglglgl***

**7**

It was the homestretch, and Lenore had grown admittedly concerned, while the crowd's fascination only grew. These dumbasses were actually going to pop themselves live on her stage. She watched the girls hit every stage of shape and roundness, going from yoga balls to weather balloons. Their sloshing stomachs pressed into each other as the tables groaned under the weight. Every passing second saw another inch added to their stomachs; each new inch added another cacophony of groans and whines. Raven's stomach had long since escaped her

sweater and billowed above her like a weather balloon. Bev's stomach had lost its signature grey hue and taken on a pinkish red; she was strained and tight.

"Okay folks, let's give these two a hand. They've really put up a good fight." Lenore tried to hide her concern as she stood at ground zero for two bombs about to explode.

6

***Grrnnnnnn***

Another angry roar came from the stomachs behind her; she couldn't differentiate anymore: both girls were unbelievably full. She had stopped touching their bellies; it had gotten to the point that she thought her nails would burst them like balloons. Instead, she could only watch as neither girl buckled.

Bev could feel her stomach roiling like lightning; she was trying to hold in a storm, the mixing of dairy and gas was sending pangs across her belly. The only thing holding her together was the promise of a kiss; she needed that kiss, maybe a kiss on the stomach. Bev awkwardly shuffled her legs on the table, trying to contain the horny thoughts she was having. Her maneuvering left her unprotected, and in that moment of laxness, something escaped.

***Fffffffffffffff***

A high whistling hiss of a fart escaped her cheeks, so quiet that the only beings that could perceive it were animals of the canine persuasion. This broke Bev; she was mortified beyond belief, she wanted to just vanish. Lenore talked about popping; well, if Bev popped, then she could escape this embarrassing situation. She grabbed the hose and sucked, drinking at an untenable pace. Heavy gulps draining more of the eggnog than the last.

5

***Grglgglglr***

"My oh my, looks like someone got their second wind." Lenore looked at Bev's tank in worry as she heard the angry groans from the belly bomb behind her. "Maybe pace yourself girl; it's a marathon, not a sprint."

***Grrnnn***

Raven's stomach let out an angry howl as she picked up the pace as well; she couldn't see Bev's hastened pace, but she could feel it. She needed to win, because Trinity asked her to win, so she drank harder than she'd ever drunk before. Both stomachs rose in the air like great

blimps, liquid-filled Hindenburgs ready to reenact the disaster. They swelled with fury and storm as the gnashing fullness in them took hold.

4

***Grnnnn***

“Oh no, now she’s drinking. Girls, let’s be reasonable; we don’t need to explode on Christmas.”

3

***Grlllll***

The twin stomachs howled in discomfort, the surface of their skins twitching with pressure, two boilers ready to blow at any minute. Lenore could feel the heat and pressure coming off of them; it was enough to make her pause, make her fear.

2

***grnnnn***

Their stomachs had stopped growing; they pulsed with pressure, throbbed with each passing minute as the girls drank. Their foolish endeavors were a catastrophe in the making, a disaster given tits.

1

***Rmbblbb***

The sound from the dueling bellies was deafening, a roaring, thundering storm that drowned out the mall sounds. The ground quaked under the catastrophic pressure, bellies shaking and twitching. Eggnog was leaking from the sides of their mouths, as it had nowhere to go. It piled in their cheeks like a backed-up conveyor belt, born on a destructive course that would free their brethren. The final colossal drop pooled in both girls' cheeks as they mustered all the strength in their body. The emptying hose was the end of the fuse that had been lit an hour prior. Both girls swallowed in unison, the sugary payload hitting their stomachs like an atom bomb. Their bellies surged out in a desperate and uncontrollable growth, seeping out onto the stage like overflowing dough. Their roiling stomachs roared in displeasure as they readied to commit the ultimate act of rebellion.

“Everybody, get down, they’re gonna blow!” Lenore leapt off the stage as the crowd scattered from the impending and unwanted show.

**0**

Nothing. There was no thunderous explosion or cataclysmic earth-shattering pop; instead, there was an eerie silence. The crowd stood paralyzed as they observed two house-sized blimps occupying their stage, stomachs caught in an uncertain limbo. Lenore felt wrong; everything felt wrong, like she was in the eye of the storm. She was relieved that nobody had blown up. She cautiously approached the stage, doing her best not to trip a girl-shaped landmine, but then she saw it. Just beyond the boundaries of the belly sat the empty containers, or near-empty; Bev’s sat at 0, while Raven’s sat just above zero, Bev had won.

“I can’t believe it folks; in an unrepeatably display of gluttony, we have a winner! Congratulations Beverly!” With a loud cheer, Lenore made good on protocol; she walked up to the grey blob that was Beverl.

She couldn’t really find her face or anything but her colossal wall of a stomach, so against her better judgement, she planted a kiss on the stomach.

“*Hhnnnnnggg*” Bev’s eyes went wide as she moaned in pleasure.

***Kabloooooossh***

The bev bomb detonated in a tidal wave of sticky sugar that coated the crowd, the stage and most of the festival. Pressurized gas flung the nog far and wide as the sludge settled, then there was a shake. Raven’s unstable belly billowed and grew in a final surge before her skin split like a wineskin.

***Blooooooosh***

She exploded with just enough force to destroy the festival, leaving the wreckage and the people coated in a sickly sweet sugar ocean. Lenore was coated in an hour’s worth of eggnog, a dopey-eyed Bev staring at her while Raven lay sleeping in the wreckage.

“Yes! Yes! I’m free!” Trinity cheered from the crowd, eggnog sloshing and splashing at her feet.

Her celebration was cut short by a message on her radio.

“Hey Trinity, the cleaning staff just quit. So I'm gonna need you to mop up whatever happened at the nog hog competition. Thanks, Bye.” The radio cut out after Lance made his declaration.

Trinity wasn't too broken up by it; grueling labor was preferable to monotonous Christmas cheer.

=====

## Stop Stealing Fizzy Lifting Drinks

The Wonka Factory tour, a time-honored tradition since the days of old, before the birth of the internet, before the advent of smartphones. There was the chase, the ultimate event, the rabid consumption of candy bars in hopes of finding that shimmering golden passport. People of all shapes and sizes spend fortunes to gain a glance at the magic inside of the factory. At the wonders held inside, the childhood wonder behind the heavy wooden doors. These days, though, the childhood part of the wonder was sorely lacking. As the tour increased in frequency, children were steadily pushed out of the candy scene. Instead replaced by well-to-do adults, all of whom wished to recapture that glimmer of nostalgia. That hint of the color that once painted their lives with a rose tint. And then there was Brittany Mayberry, a portly woman who barely knew of the Wonka tour. Here by accident and happenstance, the mindset that brought her here would spell her downfall.

Brittany shuffled her way to the factory doors, the tall brick building billowing a sweet aroma as she made the long trek from sidewalk to entrance. The woman was a monument to indulgence and gluttony. Poured into a neon pink track suit, her curves threatening to burst the zipper wide open. Every inch of her had some level of jiggling and swaying fat, a pear given human form. A narrow upper body, flabby arms, and not too substantial breasts perched atop a fairly rotund gut. A spare tire formed of folding blubber, tapering into a flabby overhang of a belly. A belly that kept causing her track top to hike up and let people say the avalanche of fat it was hiding. But even all of these noticeable traits paled in comparison to the real star of the show. Her double-wide, zoning-permit-approved, dump truck of an ass. A pair of jello molds packed into her bottoms. Crawling over the waistline of her pants, jiggling like they had a mind of their own. As a whole, her shelf of an ass was big enough to break any chair; like, any could hope to fit it. Because when taking the enormity of her hips into account, well, sitting in anything smaller than a loveseat was an ordeal. Her thunder thighs flared out like the curves of a gourd. When one observed the woman as a whole, there was a singular word that came to mind: fat.

The woman's legs were on fire as she waddled to the door; trying to keep her swaying body from toppling her was always a feat. On her approach the big doors swung open. Blasting

her with a gust of sugar-scented air. The room ahead of her was a rather drab-looking room in comparison. The tour group waited for the woman to arrive, standing in awkward silence. The wild-haired woman eyed the ground in contemplation as Brittany caught up.

“Ahh. And that’s the last of our guests today. And with that we can begin things.” The woman said, her hair flowing behind her.

She was a rather lithe woman, her purple suit cutting a rigid figure against the stark room. She quickly tapped her cane against the tile. Three taps to be precise. And with those the tiles under their feet began to move. The back wall fell away like a movie set as the crowd was pulled forward.

“Given the increase in size among our tour goers. This mode of transport has become quite preferable.” She said with a smile, her cane poking Brittany in the hip.

“It is. I thought I was gonna die today. All this walking and no refreshments.” Brittany answered, wiping fake sweat from her forehead.

“No refreshments? I thought this was a catered tour?” The woman next to Brittany complained, her bulbous belly straining the confines of her white striped dress.

“Don’t worry. I’ve been on this tour like 3 times. We always get refreshments.” The blue-skinned woman of the group chimed in.

“Yes. That’s correct. This is a tour of a candy factory. So you’ll be able to eat your fill. But one can’t ignore the protocol of pleasant company. So let’s get to introductions.” The woman said, pointing her cane at the blue woman who had just spoken.

“I am Sapphire Evergarden, your biggest fan. I’ve been on this tour 3 times. Got the blueberry ending each time. It’s the best.” The girl clapped her hands, voice getting higher pitched with every word.

“This isn’t a visual novel. They aren’t endings. You just don’t learn from your mistakes.” The tour guide said, flipping her cane towards the blimp of a woman next to her.

“I am Heather. I’m here on a bet; I’m going to drink the whole chocolate river.” She said with pride, slapping her pot belly for emphasis.

“Please don’t. And how about you, pinky?” The tour guide asked, pointing towards Brittany while rolling her eyes.

“Oh. Me? I got the ticket by accident. I was just hungry.” She said with a giggle, reminiscing back to her chocolate binge.

Brittany could picture it like it was yesterday; she was in her apartment. The palette of chocolate bars had just arrived. And she was there in the center of them. Ripping off wrappers and eating them by the handful. Until she bit into something hard and shiny, a shiver running down her spine. The inedible gold foils cronching in her mouth.

“I went to the hospital.” Brittany finished, unaware that the people around her were not in fact reminiscing with her.

“Bet that happens a lot.” The tour guide commented

“Nah. This is the first time I've eaten gold.” She said, waving her hand in assurance.

The woman continued through other faceless tour members before introducing herself.

“As you probably know. I am Ivonka Wonka. The current head of Wonka Industries. And today I'll be showing you through our factory.” She said with a flourish.

While they'd all been talking they had passed through the bland surroundings of the waiting room. Past the black walls of the foyer and into the most fantastical scene. It wasn't a room; it was a park, a real deal indoor park. The scent of sugar only grew stronger. Sapphire was bouncing in on her heels, clapping her hands as the conveyor belt took them in.

“This. Is the tasting room, everything here is candy. As edible as the food on your plate.” Ivonka said, walking off the platform and stabbing a flower petal on her cane.

The purple-suited woman taking a healthy bite of it, the pliable surface tearing off from her cane.

“See it's gummy.” She said with a strained smile.

The tour looked in wonder, wandering off to try their own flora, see what everything tasted like. Brittany satisfied herself with eating the marshmallow bricks in the road, the fluffy yellow clouds dissolving in her mouth like cotton candy. Tipper left the rest of the tour behind, venturing over to the chocolate river. Bending down and taking big drinks like a hog at a trough, Sapphire just bounced on her heels, waiting for everyone else. Brittany meandered about as she consumed her sugary treats. The fluffy pile, half gone, dissolved into a sugary goop that lay at the center of her stomach. Something else caught her interest, something silver, something shiny. At the end of the winding path of yellow bricks was a door, a door made of sterling silver. Something about it piqued Brittany's curiosity; she had to know what was behind it. She stood there, staring intently at the entrance, trying to glean its hidden purpose. Her mind wandered to all the possibilities, was it for metal candy, maybe some kind of candy hospital, or even a candy elevator? She was so absorbed in imagining tiny little candy doctors performing surgery that she didn't even notice Sapphire sneak up behind her.

“Ohhh. you found the fizzy lifting room. That place is my favorite. Well, the whole tour is my favorite, but that room is in the top 3 for sure.” She said excitedly.

“Fizzy lifting room?” Brittany inquired.

“Oh? You’ve never heard? It’s where they make the fizzy lifting drinks. It’s a drink that lets you float.” Sapphire explained.

“Like float in the air? Like a plastic bag?” Brittany’s eyes widened at the explanation.

“Exactly, or like a plastic bag if that’s your taste.” Sapphire joked.

“I wanna float. I wanna float real bad.” She said with a pouting look.

“Then go there. Miss Wonka won’t notice. She checked out a long time ago.” Sapphire explained, pointing over to the woman.

Ivonka was preoccupied with a drinkable flower, her cheeks going flush with every sip from the lily cup. At her standing point there was a pile of similar cups; Brittany could guess there was something alcoholic. The woman only stirred from her stupor as she spotted Heather glutting herself at the river.

“How many times do I have to tell you people? Stay out of the river!” The woman shouted, raising her cane in anger, rushing towards the blimping pig.

“Now’s your chance. This is gonna be a whole thing.” Sapphire said, patting Brittany on the shoulder.

Brittany nodded, skipping her way down the road, the prize of the fizzy lifting room, Brittany’s mind wandering once again. Images of her floating in the air, blown around light as a feather. Skipping through was a relative term; at her weight, it was stomping, brick-shattering ground-shaking stomps. If people cared more, she would have easily stood out, but Brittany didn’t care. She was in her own little world of childlike glee, flinging the doors open, the icy cold chill blasting her. Brittany didn’t know what she expected, probably something mundane, but instead was greeted with a wonderful sight. A similarly silver room, lined with endless rows of colored glass bottles. And in the center was a glass dome, bubbling, blowing from it on a constant stream. Floating high up, past her view and into the air ducts above. Brittany’s mouth hung slack in wonderment; there was an excitement welling up inside of her. As she looked on at the bubbles, she grabbed the nearest bottle. The top secured with a cork and a wire; with a flick of her thumb, she popped the top off. White foam billowed to the top of the glass decanter but never overflowed. It really was a marvel of confectionary science.

The girl drank heavily and heartily, the liquid draining down her throat in rapid gulps. The airy sweet taste dancing across her taste buds. She could feel the effects as the bottle emptied;

it was happening. Her body was getting lighter; she could feel the hands of gravity loosening on her excessive poundage. Until finally the bottle was drained, sudsy liquids all gathered inside of her slightly bloated paunch. The girl waited in anticipation, the bottle clattering to the floor as she prepared to be whisked away. Closing her eyes, waiting for the winds to carry her away, she arched her feet. Any minute now she'd take off like a bird or a bubble, weightless like a feather. But she never did, Brittany opened her eyes to see she was still completely earthbound, she wasn't even an inch off the ground. She tried desperately to get it to work; she did feel lighter, maybe she just needed to give it a head start. The girl jumped, her colossal body as graceful as a beached whale. Crashing up and down as the suds inside of her roiled up, she could feel her stomach bloating out. Placing a hand to her belly, she opened her mouth for a wet

***Uuoorrrrrrp***

A long and bassy belch broke past her lips, skin jiggling from the force as the gas escaped.

“Stupid drink must be broken.” She pouted.

But then an idea came to her; she was feeling lighter, so maybe she just needed more drink. With gusto, the girl grabbed another bottle; this time, the liquid inside was a nice red color, probably cherry. With another pop of the top, the girl easily drained this bottle as well, her fatty stomach bloating with each drop of the fizzy drink. The liquid drained just the same as the last, and it was happening again. That same light feeling in her toes, like she was twenty pounds lighter. But still no liftoff, the girl huffed with determination; she would drink this entire place out of house and home if it got her airborne. Another bottle, green apple, not her favorite, but not her least. Popping the top off, she was greeted with the same familiar fizz and the sugary sour smell of artificial apple. She muscled through the drink, hoping it would lead to her liftoff.

***Gulp***

The slow bulging of her throat as the drink landed in her gullet with a splash

***Gulp***

Every guzzle of the bottle pooching her bloated stomach out a bit further, like she was hooked to a nozzle.

***Gulp***

“Ahh” she gasped in refreshment as the bottle emptied into her.

***Grgglllg***

The girl looked down in anticipation; there was something happening within her, the soda was finally ready to take effect. The bubbling sensation spreading around her body, moving lower, past her stomach. Into her pelvis, a mounting pressure distressing her insides as it percolated within her. Brittany closed her eyes, clenching her hands as she prepared for the soda to finally take off.

### ***Streeetch***

The girl felt something in her lower body, opening her eyes to see the skybound wonders that awaited her. Instead, though, she was greeted by the same scenery, not elevated angle, no bobbing in the air. Just nothing, well not to say nothing, all of that action in her lower body had a substantial effect. The woman's hips had flared out dramatically, flesh now brushing against her arms. The elastic of her tracksuit held fast as her body billowed outward, her shelf as ass jutting out like pert balloons. The once flabby flesh, having lost its loose jiggle, now it was tight and shiny. The balloons crested above the waist of her bottoms like two hills on the horizon, the light of the room reflecting off their surface. The girl looked down in frustration; she felt lighter, but she was no closer to floating.

"Fine. I'll drink it all! And then we'll see who's floating." She proclaimed to nobody in particular.

The room was completely detached from the outside world, the sounds of the outside chaos a mystery to her. Two more bottles grasped in her hand, tops popped. Brittany looked at them with determination as she double-fisted the bottles. Draining, then steadily in hopes it was a matter of quantity over quality, the soda splashing into her now frothing gut like rainfall on a lake. The torrential deluge only created more foam and bubbles as they hit the surface. The woman was starting to feel more like a water balloon as she drained more of the liquid. She could feel the sugary nonsense bubbling within her as her body billowed out. Her sagging gut blowing up like a blimp, a pale orb peeking out from beneath her top. A marless surface, fatty layers, and dimples giving way to tight ballooning flesh. It was looking like she was smuggling a beach ball beneath her flesh. One that wasn't done inflating, her stomach inched outward by the second. Even as the emptied bottles clattered to the ground, its growth didn't wane. The rising gas from the forming lake in her stomach pushing against her walls. The growth was not isolated to solely her stomach, the same nagging pull of elastic gripped at her hips.

Down below her cheeks once again pushed outward, the growth from inside filling out her figure. Hips flaring to the sides, thighs wider than most men's torsos full to the brim with bubbling liquid. The line of her waist lost definition as it steadily bubbled out, combining with the growing orb of her stomach. Her body looked less humanoid and more like a ball on legs with each passing second. On the rear end, though, her cheeks were no less magnificent, rotund, and full of gas. They shook like full balloons, flesh squeaking like rubber at the girl's every movement as she sidled over to the shelf. The spheres hung down past her knees, heavy orbs billowing out behind her. If she looked back she could see her massive canyon of an ass as it

moved with a mind of its own. The woman was undeterred, though, where most would cut their losses and accept that it wasn't working. Brittany was just bull-headed enough to muscle through. She planted herself next to the shelf of bottles, setting up the perfect vantage to drink, and drink she did.

Bottle after bottle draining into the burgeoning woman, the motion was the same: pop the top, lift the bottle, drain the bottle. Repeated ad infinitum, each finished bottle increasing the rate of her growth at an exponential rate. Her stomach was so large it was pushing her thighs out of the way. A yoga ball attached to a woman, full of sloshing soda, her every movement sending it crashing like a waterbed. The gas inside percolated with a rush, bulging her cheeks as she let out another thunderous belch.

***HOOOOOOOOOUURRRRRRP***

It was the rhythm and pattern she developed to all this; after each bottle drained, she had to expel some gas. Her ass felt tight, like she could feel every bristle of the air conditioning across its rounding surface. Glossy like plastic, it grew, stretching the threads of her once baggy clothes. Two orbs consuming every bit of fabric in front of them, pants now embedded deeply in her crack. Her panties were long gone, as if they were visible to begin with, swallowed inside the monstrosity sized ass. There was a peculiar development happening within the girl, though. A new sensation; the gurgling was rising higher in her body; she could feel it in her chest now.

***Brbrbrll***

A light feeling, like her sternum was filling with air, the steady bubbling feeling growing in intensity. The gas welled up within her, rushing up the tunnel of her esophagus as her cheeks bulged into another.

***BROOOOORP***

The feeling wasn't relieved by this expulsion, though, in fact it only mounted again, rising in intensity. As the woman looked down, she could see the change in her body as she drank, beneath her jacket. She could see her just pulsing and throbbing, the bubbles finding new home in her breasts. Her tits were big on the cup scale but never noticeable amongst the layers of blubber on her body. But now, they were making their presence known, breasts straining against her bra. Rising up like a pair of balloons at a carnival, progressing rapidly from oranges to melons and then from melons to basketballs. The zipper on her top strained to contain the massive mounds of air. The metal teeth bending and bowing as the balloons pushed against them, rising high atop her chest. Brittany needed to stand up to keep them from blocking her drinking as she continued her binge. The pile of empty bottles at her feet clattered as her expanding body jostled the mess. She had lost track of how much she had drunk during this single-minded pursuit, not like she was keeping track. The shelf was looking far more barren than before, most of its contents now located within a massive, sloshing woman. Brittany was

starting to slow in her indulgence. Each draught became more difficult, like she had to fight her muscles to force down a swallow. She could feel the welling of foam at the back of her throat, each belch expelling tiny bubbles. Like she was a children's toy, curved to sit there and grow, billowing out bubbles as she was fed a mixture.

The last drained soda seemed to be having a new effect on her; the woman's breasts were growing exponentially. Bursting forth from her shirt like airbags, the zipper having finally given up the ghost. Metal teeth bursting apart as the woman's bosom exploded out, only held in place by the resilience of the girl's white tee. Her stomach was occupying more of her form now, the weather balloon of a belly. As it grew, it consumed her body, her torso rounding out, hips, waist, and belly all becoming a uniform sphere. She was a taut blimp of a woman, completely round. Arms forced out and upward as her body grew around them, thighs losing definition as the pulsing of the gas and soda settled lower. Her legs vanishing under the ever-encroaching wall of flesh that was her stomach. For all intents and purposes, she was a balloon now, a sloshing and frothing balloon filled to the brim with soda.

She still wasn't floating though, and Brittany would not stop drinking until she was a dainty plastic bag fluttering in the wind. Before the last of her mobility was lost, the girl grabbed a singular soda from the wall. A bubbly liquid tinted an aqua blue, she fought against her own body to pop the top. Arms squishing against walls of flesh, snaking their way between her cleavage to find somewhere to grip.

***Pop***

***Fzzzzzz***

The familiar sound of the opened bottle somehow sounded louder than before, like a warning bell. Something she shouldn't be ignoring, the warning went unheeded as the girl planted the bottle in her luscious lips. Tilting her head backward, her sinuses were rushed by the sting of carbonation as the soda rushed in. Her cheeks bulged with liquid as she steadily drank, her body burgeoning out at a steady rate. Each gulp erasing her body's definition, her yoga ball cheeks merging into a singular curved surface. Her feet now sat astride the rounded curve of her torso. The soda splashing in her gullet, like the steady trickle of a hose in a pool, the sound of the raging ocean in a woman. Her breasts were the next to go, her chest stretching and tightening to contain her growth. The orbs were gone by the time the bottle was drained, leaving the girl a helpless sphere. Hands uselessly slapping against her sides, fingertips barely grazing against the surface. Despite being long finished with the bottle, the girl was still growing, the raging bubbles inside of her fueling her growth. Until she was left to sit and stew, she never knew how unbelievably tight she had gotten. She could feel every bubble pop underneath the surface of her skin. It was like a small constant tickle of her insides.

***Grrrrnnnnn***

The girl's body groaned; she sounded like a creaking ship on the ocean, like a pressurized hull about to burst. She could barely see below her own rotundity, hear the room over her own bubbling. Every inch consumed by a feeling of lightness as she kicked her feet in the air. Only now did she realize she was floating, but barely; she could lift her feet, and her ass wasn't colliding with the floor. It was a relieving, if not frustrating circumstance, only added to by the sounds of voices down below.

"And that everybody, is why you shouldn't try to drink the chocolate river." Wonka said smugly, motioning towards the overbloated woman at her side.

Wonka's eyes went wide as she walked into the room, faced with a towering balloon of a woman. A heap of empty bottles at her feet, her body pulsing like a sore, barely containing the pressure within. Wonka could see the hint of rainbow-colored liquid contained inside; the girl's skin was precariously thin.

**CREAAAAAK**

The girl's body groaned, stretching like rubber, she had no more room to grow only the throbbing tightness before inevitable release.

"WONKAOOUURRRRRRP!" Brittany shouted down towards the rail-thin woman, her words interrupted by a loud belch as her body tried to relieve pressure.

"Y**OOUURRRRRRP** shit doesn't work. I'm not floating at all." The woman shouted down, her body's anger growing with her own.

"Talk ab**OORRRRRRRPP**t defective product." Brittany belched again, her outburst becoming more frequent.

The girl was about to voice her displeasure once again before she felt the same familiar tapping at the back of her throat. She wasn't going to be interrupted again.

**Gulp**

She swallowed the welling gas, sending it back down into her gullet. She had just primed the bomb that was her body. Her body rapidly expanded as the pressure mounted, pushing against the rims of the room. She couldn't hold on any longer; the mounting pressure was too much. Her eyes went wide as her vision was consumed by her bloating flesh; the last sensation she had was the sound of her own rupture.

**SPLOOOOOSH**

Brittany exploded with the force of a tsunami, waves of pressurized soda spraying out from the equator of her torso. Her body blown apart from the force like a grenade, shrapnel of the girl's rubbery skin flew across the room, carried by the incredible force of the contents within spraying over the crowd. The remnants of the girl washing across the tour-goers feet, scraps of her pink tracksuit floating amongst the midst as the girl's skin fluttered like water-laden rubber.

"That's why you don't leave the tour." Wonka said in a frustrated tone, shaking the skin from her sopping hat.

=====

## Two Courses to Pop

There is nothing more dangerous in this world than misdirected determination, the indomitable spirit to accomplish an ultimately self-destructive task. Heather was the culmination of both facets, crafty, wily, and force of will made manifest. If the woman had channeled her efforts into constructive endeavors she would be a major player, a real force to be reckoned with. But instead the woman had put her powers to work in pursuits of gluttony and its. Maybe it was due to her obsession with the Wonka tours in her childhood, maybe it was her unsupervised internet usage, or maybe she just didn't get enough approval. But whatever it was left the woman with a singular obsession that persisted into her adulthood. She wanted to devour the candy room, eat everything it had to offer.

Heather Flintwood, the premier competitive eater of North Hansborough and the reigning United States champion. She was a behemoth of a woman, towering over her fellow tour winners by a head. Heather's face was soft, her fatty cheeks framed perfectly by a rich brown bob cut. But her eyes were anything but soft, a fierce amber, they looked like the eyes of a beast. Something hungry was hidden deep within, ready to break out of its cage, and this hunger had awakened itself multiple times. The shape of her body made this painfully apparent. Her thick curves allowed her a wide berth in the crowd; her body was thicc in every sense of the term. Breasts threatening to spill from her black and white striped dress, soft and yet pert. They sloshed more than jiggled with her every adjustment, a liquid given solid form. This was often overshadowed by her prodigious gut. Layers of blubber shaped by the constantly packed orb that lay beneath them. Heather often kept it stuffed to some extent, her own version of training, an assurance that she would always have the capacity advantage. Though this often gave her the appearance of maternity or some kind of blimp woman. Her stomach pushing out the fabric of her dress, the white bands curved into crescents at the distorted bump. This blimp comparison was made even more apparent by the oversized mountains that the dress clung to.

Her hips were large enough to give trouble with single-size doors, but her derriere was a veritable dirigible. Two balloons neatly outlined by the spine of her dress, creating a vast canyon of cleavage that no light could penetrate.

The woman stood, laser-focused on the doors ahead of her; never had she been so close to her goal and yet been so far. The hands of the clock picking away at her like a miner's pickaxe. All of her energy was focused on keeping a semblance of composure, the words of the people around her bouncing off. She was a stone wall, nothing to break her concentration other than the sound of opening doors. The fat balloon reminisced about how exactly she got the golden ticket.

It was the seventh annual Candypalooza, a gathering of every chocolatier and wannabe sweetmaker. She made a bold challenge to organizers of the event, if she could finish an entire kiddie pool of Wonka chocolate, they would have to provide a tour ticket. With Wonka herself in the crowd, she had made a public declaration to force their hands. The public pressure piled on as Heather drained the pool. Full of chocolate and ready to burst, she looked Ivonka Wonka square in the eyes. Demanding the ticket. A smile crept across Heather's face as the details played back in her head. Now Wonka was standing right in front of her, unable to even look her in the eye.

Heather's foot was rapping in anticipation as she heard the doors open. The last of the tour members arrived. A pink bubble of a girl, she barely made a blip on the girl's radar. The tour went through its introductions. The floor beneath then struggles to push the colossal combined weight of the group. The belt sputtered and skipped as it pushed the fatty squad into the candy room. Heather's stomach rumbled in anticipation, the culmination of decades of practice. Years of prep and anticipation, and it was finally in front of her.

The back wall crumbled away, revealing the lush meadows of the candy room to them. Heather barely registered the words as the purple rail of a woman demonstrated. Heather's feet rocked back and forth.

*Why won't she just shut up and let us loose?*

Every second spent listening to this stick felt like an eon. The babbling brook of chocolate heaven was a few feet away. Heather could taste the richness in the air, the sugary chocolate aroma. Untainted by the production process. It was everything she wanted in life and more. The moment Wonka gave the go-ahead and she was off. Barreling past the other tour-goers, knocking them aside like weeds. Heather thundered forward like a giant, each lumbering step shaking the candy from the trees. She rampaged through the landscape, devouring as much candy she could get ahold of. Her fecund expanse, filled with hard candy berries, sugar rocks, and meringue birds. All of the crunchy sugary goodness added to her bloated mass as it rose past a pregnant swell. Her stomach resembled a beach ball being smuggled under her dress, sweets packing in as she dove down. Like a bulldozer, she let her mouth hang open, dragging up the sugary marshmallow path. The soft, sticky sugar piling in her

mouth before being swallowed in large lumps. Surging her gut out with an audible **glunk** stomach brushing across the ground with each step, the immense expanse scrunching as it filled with her sugary feast, following the path, she met the ultimate prize. The true finish to any good tour of the candy room, the chocolate river. A sign planted at the end of the path tried to give her some sort of warning.

*Wonka Co is not responsible for those who drink from the river.*

Heather approached undaunted, the path behind her barren as the winter landscape, the flowing river flowing in front of her. Until another interruption.

“You know we’re not allowed to drink that?” A blue-skinned woman piped up, her comment preceded by a cough.

Heather didn’t respond, instead looking over at the woman with a look of complete and total disgust. This woman might as well have been the cockroach in her burger, sucking the life out of the room and destroying the fun.

“Miss Wonka doesn’t like when people drink from the river.” The azure-hued girl continued

Heather continued glowering at the girl; she refused to even acknowledge her request with words.

“It slows down production. Delays the candy shipments by a month.” The girl nervously continued, trying to get some response from the glutton at the river.

“I’ll eat you.” Heather said with the seriousness of a heart attack

“Hahaha, what?” The blue girl stammered, backing away.

“Leave or I’ll eat you.” Heather persisted.

The blue-skinned girl raised her hands in submission, slowly backing away from the gluttoning woman. She didn’t want to test how much of that threat was actually valid; instead she just returned to her little post. Walking around the forest and waiting for the next part of the tour.

Heather on the other hand, returned to her previous task, trying to get back in the groove of her gluttony. Her hefty body compressing her stomach as she leant down into the silky surface of the river. The overwhelming pressure of the chocolate current threatened to sweep her away. Heather was a force of nature in her own right, though; she found her balance,

focused her mind, and opened her mouth. Chocolate rushed into her cheeks as she drank deeply of the river.

### ***Gulp***

A steady and constant flow rushing down her throat, it was a rhythmic pump of liquid. Her stomach burgeoning out with each drink, moving from a small baby bump to full term and ready to pop.

### ***Gulp***

Her hands clenched the grass in pleasure, pulling up for air before diving back into her euphoria. The chocolate matted her hair, clinging to her body like tendrils grasping at rocks. She continued drinking; her body knew this kind of rhythm, it was something she had gained during her years of competitive eating. All of it was a practice round, a practice round for the main event. The woman had no hesitation, no breaks; it was just constant drinking, the chocolate layered her tongue. Caking it in a rich layer of creamy goodness, her stomach growing as the river drained. A sphere full of chocolate growing past the size of a yoga ball, beginning to eclipse the already enormous woman. She breached the surface of the river, chocolate speckling the shore as she flung her hair back. Collapsing to her side, cradling her chocolate-filled balloon, thinking of a plan on how to get the rest of the river into her. She hadn't even begun to feel full; she simply lay there like a beached whale.

"I swear. You people. There's always one on each tour, but you take the cake." The shrill voice of Wonka grated against Heather's ears.

The woman stood over her, fuming with anger, red in the cheeks as she prodded Heather's gut with her cane. The blimped belly still had quite a bit of give.

"At least you're not gonna explode on me. I have to shut down production for the day." The woman snapped her fingers as the river's flow slowed.

"Seriously. Why!? You get as much free chocolate as you want, and yet people pick the one thing that hurts the factory." Ivonka continued her rant, Heather barely listening to her.

The girl was still formulating a plan when suddenly the stopped flow of the river gave her an idea. Like a lumbering titan, she rose to her feet, each step and movement a laborious task. Bringing her colossal bulk to bear, her swollen gut face-to-face with the diminutive stake in front of her. The purple-clad woman still ranting and fuming, prodding the front of Heather's gut for emphasis in her rant.

"Do you think you can threaten me?! I'm not going to fall for your trick again." Wonka continued.

“No tricks girlie, just chocolate!” Heather’s eyes alight with fire as she started to move.

She was like a freight train, slowly gaining in speed as her legs pumped, thick thighs brushing against each other. Stomach swaying like a wrecking ball, the woman gathered speed before leaping. Splashing in the river like a boulder, the impact sent a wave that splashed against the purple-clad tyrant. Heather waded through the enormous chocolate, gaining her bearings as she picked the perfect spot, steadying her position she opened her mouth. Like a basking whale the chocolate rapidly drained into her gullet, her throat constantly bulging. She could feel her belly pulsing outward, expanding with the chocolate filling it. The woman was so wrapped up in her task that she was deaf to the commotion ashore. The frantic orders of the factory owner as machines whirred to life around the river.

Heather’s gut was expanding under the surface of the water, uninhibited by the forces of gravity. Suspended in the thick mixture, free to grow, it ballooned rapidly, making room for Heather’s ceaseless consumption. Her skin tightened, stretching to accommodate all that she took in. The surface of her stomach broke past the surface, popping up through the chocolate like islands. As her body tried to make room, save the girl from her own hubris. It began to find room in her other assets. Chocolate slowly filtered into her breasts and ass, but it wasn’t fast enough. Her body couldn’t keep up with the pace the girl drank.

***Grrrgrrrl***

Heather stopped; a sudden unsettled bubble of gas welled up somewhere inside of her vast stomach. The surface of the blimp vibrated as the gas rose up past her throat, cheeks bulging.

***UUUOOOOOOOOOOOUURRRRRRRRRPP***

Heather's jaw went slack, lips fluttering as the gout of gas rushed past them, a long, bassy belch echoing throughout the candy room. The girl’s eyes rolled back in pleasure as she enjoyed the sheer tightness of her form. Satisfied that she had actually done it, she had drunk her fill of the chocolate river. But something felt off.

***Grnnnn***

A twinge of pain spiking through her stomach, a pain she hadn’t felt since her first days of competitive eating. She wasn’t just full, but she had reached her limit; she could eat no more. A single grape would split her apart like an overstuffed garbage bag, letting her feast spill out back into the world. This feeling only became more noticeable as the woman felt something cold on her stomach, something metallic. A net descended from the ceiling, suspended by mechanical arms. The machinery grinding as it uplifted the distended woman, the machinery threatening to shatter under her bulk. But finally her bulbous gut broke the surface, and the crowd could finally appreciate the transformation the girl had undergone. She was a tanker truck

full of chocolate, a small woman dwarfed by her own appendage. The creaking of her skin was audible as the crane maneuvered her. Every jiggle and sway of the machine threatened to rupture the overfull balloon of a woman.

***Hhooooooooorrrp***

***Uurroorp***

***Urp***

A string of belches broke past the girl's lips, body trying to alleviate the newfound pressure. The woman's using her own techniques to expel the gas; even when she landed, she remained speechless. Eyes crunched in focus, hands clenched in tension as she flexed her muscles. The dark surface of her stomach writhing with its contents, the only time she opened her mouth was to belch.

The crowd at the shore gave the woman a wide berth; even Wonka dared not prod the leviathan that had just breached the surface. Lest she wear its innards as a new fashion choice. The best the woman could do was get a little dolly underneath the perilous stomach, a set of wheels to allow for movement.

"I hope you're proud of yourself. I'd estimate you drank somewhere near six figures worth of chocolate." Wonka said, a look of cautious disgust directed at the woman.

Wonka was careful not to raise her voice, lest she hit the right frequency and burst the stupid girl.

"Pro***OUUUURR***der than you'll know." The woman uttered.

***Rmbbble***

Her body quaked with those last words, the crowd jumping away, afraid of what was about to come. Instead it was just another belch breaking past her lips; minutes of rapt silence passed. Just observing the girl, like she was a bomb ready to blow, unsure what would set her off. Each breath the girl took threatened to bust her open, her body pulsing as the chocolate slowly processed itself. A steady layer of fat multiplying upon her ass, the crowd could see the girl actively expanding in front of them. It was a sight to behold; the woman was straining with every step as she entered the next room.

The fizzy lifting room was as much of a wreck as Heather was; the bloated girl in front of them looked poised to pop. But unlike Heather, she seemed either oblivious or completely unprepared for the state she was in. Her body surged before rupturing, sending all of the tour members toppling over. Except for Heather, she was too large, too heavy to be bent, so like the



aghast at the speed she could manage. She looked fit to burst, and yet she still chewed it all the same.

Wonka's eyes went wide as Heather began to chew the gum, wondering what the gum would do to the girl's current state.

"You really shouldn't do that." The blue girl warned, slowly backing away from the bloating woman.

"It's just gum." Heather said definitely, biting down on the gummy gem.

The gum started with the first of its course, rich and tangy tomato soup, and Heather could taste it; she could feel it, the uniquely flavored juices trailing down her throat. She could feel the warm comforting feeling coursing through her body; it was like she'd just come in from a hard winter's day.

### ***Grrnnnn***

Her body creaked; the rush of flavor wasn't some illusion, the gum was somehow creating tomato soup. The red creamy liquid surging through her like a river, seeping into every crack of her sugar-laden mass. Every chew adding a millimeter of growth, the woman's paper-thin skin straining to hold together. Her stomach groaned as her body went into overdrive, processing the meal as best it could. Finding some room to store everything within her, and the prime location was her ass. What was already a set of spheres to be envied was billowing out, sloshing and swaying under the tight fabric of her dress. But the process was an exercise in futility, her body was far too taxed. At this rate she would blow apart, splatter across the room just like the last girl. Heather's determination, her bullheaded single-minded focus on completing the task in front of her would be her undoing.

"Stop chewing, you idiot. You're going to explode!" Wonka tried to shout some reason into the girl, but the pleas fell on deaf ears.

"It's impressive she hasn't popped already. It's like she's been ready to blow for hours." The blue girl remarked.

"You're just jealous. I get this gum, and you don't." Heather gloated, her stomach creaking with each spoken word.

"She's probably just jealous that she's not the one popping this time." Wonka smirked as she ushered the crowd out of the room.

Heather's breasts were now joining in on the growth, already enormous by most standards. They surged over her top, spilling out like proving dough, jiggling and sloshing with each chew. Chews that were becoming more laborious with every surge of growth, her body

was begging her to stop. But her iron will persisted, muscles fighting against their own survival instinct as the fattening woman willed them to chew. Her body steadily surging out, the taste of the tomato soup fading into something new. It was odd, savory, salty, rich, and creamy. She had left the realm of soup and had entered some main entree. The mouthwatering taste of roast beef lingering in her mouth. She could feel it, small morsels of chewed beef landing atop the mountain she was containing. Followed by the starchy mush of a baked potato, slathered in sour cream and butter. It was a feast in gum form; Heather couldn't enjoy it though, to her the gum was an opponent. An obstacle to overcome through brute force, her stomach inched ever outward. The growth was closer to a pulsing, the throbbing of a bomb ready to blow, a Hindenburg of flesh. Her dress barely hung on, the sides beginning to split from the continued abuse. Small divots of flesh crept out from the torn sides; they were red, flushed from the strain the woman was putting her body under. Her ass and hips were, for lack of a better word, enormous. Large pulsing orbs, throbbing for release as the pressure inside of them mounted. Their bulbous size stretched behind her, nearly rivaling her stomach in size, two boulders of flesh hiking up the back of her dress.

***BRRRRRRRRRMMBL***

Her body quaked as she continued to chew; the meaty droplets landing in her gullet fought for room. The definition of her body disappeared into her own expanding form; her thick torso rounded out. Rolls of fat vanishing under the woman's unending appetite, skin audibly creaking as it stretched out. Her curvature pressed into her arms, pushing out the flabby appendages, but she continued chewing, she would see every course this gum had to offer even if she popped. The border between juice and solid food blurred as the girl continued her illusory feast. Heather's stomach continued consuming the rest of her form, breasts being pushed into her face as her torso rose. She couldn't feel the front of her body; arms too restrained by unabated growth. The flavors were subtly changing as she continued chewing; the crowd backed away as the girl took up more of the room around them. The creaking and rumbling from them drowned out all other noises.

"And here it comes." Wonka said, head in her palms.

"The best part." The blue girl chimed in.

"Dessert, the part where everything goes wrong." Wonka shook her head as she moved towards cover.

Heather could taste it, the sudden rush of sugar hitting her gullet, a tangy, tart sweetness that she couldn't really place. It was familiar, nagging at the back of her mind, but she couldn't quite get enough of it to taste. The woman's jaw held fast, a rebellion of the highest order. The woman would not have it, though; she scrunched her face, every muscle in her overbloomed body tightening. All acting towards an act that defied all senses of self-preservation. She gave another arduous chew, the rubbery texture of the gum grinding against her teeth as the juice seeped out. The moment the juice hit, a chain reaction began in the girl.

***Grrrrnnnn***

“*Mmmph* What. Wash that.” Each word bursting with juice as she tried to bring a hand to her tummy.

The girl’s colossal body rumbled under the strain of what was going on, her body surging out in a last bout of growth. Her strained dress tearing asunder, splitting down the middle, and revealing her overtaxed body to the crowd. Her navel was crimson from the strain put onto it. Tight skin shining under the lights like stretched rubber, every breath the girl took caused her to pulse and quake. Her rounded stomach bulged upward and outward. She was out of control; there wasn’t anything that could keep her together.

***Creaaaaak***

“I feel funny.” She pouted.

Another strained sound from the girl’s body as she hit her limit, blue juice beginning to dribble down from the sides of her mouth as the realization finally hit her.

“Oh, It’s blueberry pie!” She choked out, her cheeks swelling with juice as her body overflowed.

Blue juice sputtered out from her lips; the groaning in her stomach felt like an approaching storm. Pulsing, throbbing, every second was a coin flip on whether she could hold together.

***Grrrrnnnn***

Another pained cry from the beast inside of the woman; her stomach couldn’t hold on any longer. Skin afire, senses ablaze, the girl couldn’t even belch in an attempt to relieve pressure. The only thing left was the wait.

***Beat***

Her belly pulsed outward again, the angry red marks on her skin growing crimson before finally.

***kersploosh***

The contents of a thousand feasts broke loose from the woman, her stomach tearing apart. The chocolate inside sprayed across the room, painting it an unkind color of brown. Wonka could only stand there in disbelief, she'd never seen two girls pop on the same tour.

=====

## New Year Gas Bombs

Every small town has its New Year traditions; some party all night. Others tend to eat certain foods to fend off bad luck. And others can follow more obscure and more esoteric measures. Drinking a gallon of wine is good for an early frost. Riding a donkey naked through town to avoid social faux pas, but in the small berg of Ambrosia, there was a different tradition. In this town they picked three special ladies at the start of the year. And pampered them, tending to their every need and whim. Until by the end of the year, they were so spoiled they stunk. It was said that these special ladies were taking in all of the bad for the year. Devouring the ill will and malice accumulated through everyday life, taking it into themselves and preparing it for the ascension. The ascension was the exciting part.

The chosen women, hand-picked by the mayor himself, were stuffed to the brim. Corrupted and bloated, given a month-long paradise of hedonistic gluttony. And then when the eve finally came, they were given special treatment. All the festival food, laced with additives that encouraged gas. Turning the girls into living breathing fireworks. Ready to go off, and all of this was under the guise of an all-expenses-paid winter vacation. This year's tickets went out to a select few women. All out of towners, spotted by scouts and chosen for various traits.

The first of these girls was Laura, a Latina bombshell of a woman. Already preened and prim like an exotic bird, chosen by mayor Richards himself. Uncovered from some fashion suit in some far away city. Enticed by the promises of exclusivity and royal treatment. Any other word was static to her ears. With promises of luxury, she jumped into the whirlwind romance with Terry Richards.

"So tell me again. Where's this resort?" Laura asked, the car jostling with the bend in the road.

"Again? I thought I told you last night. It's a little place up in Ambrosia." Terry replied, hands lazily gripping the wheel.

"Not like that, silly. Paint me a picture, like you did on our second date." Laura cooed.

“Oh, alright.” Terry couldn’t resist her when she got so cuddly. Clearing his throat, Terry prepared for a theatrical description. “Nestled in the mountains outside the town of Ambrosia. A resort sits, surrounded on all sides by glistening white peaks. It’s Eve’s lodge; family-owned for two hundred years and basked in heaven’s own glow during sunrise.”

Laura wiggled in excitement at the description, shivers running down her spine. Even though it was probably some podunk lodge; Terry just made it sound so magical. Laura lounged back as the mountain scenery whizzed by. The tiny town of Ambrosia was just a spec beneath them. She was just reveling in the promise of a secluded weekend with her lover.

---

**Zzzzzzzz**

In the back of a beat-up Pontiac, lay the second visitor to the Ambrosia resort., hand-picked by the newest talent scout Vivian. This girl was Penny, a wild redhead trapped in a nerdy frame. Every limb seemed skin and bone, not fit to hold up more than a pen and paper. Save for one asset, the girl had a sizeable beer belly. Bloated and sloshing with every bump and pothole. It moved like a water bed, filled with the spoils of last night’s binge.

Vivian had done her research as a rough-and-tumble biker herself. She was always in the thick of things, stumbling upon the candidates best suited to blow. But when she found Penny, well, she knew the girl was the one. She’d never seen anyone that small drain a mini keg before. Let alone one that kept drinking afterwards. Vivian knew the redhead would make a fantastic blast. Though sometimes a feeling wriggled its way to the back of her mine.

*Maybe I could grab someone else? Maybe this one doesn’t need to blow.*

**Kachunk**

Vivian’s thought was interrupted by a particularly deep bump. The car shook and bounced so badly that Penny rolled off the back seat. Her bloated stomach sending her to the cramped floor. The snoozing girl started from her deep slumber.

“Oh god. **Ouurrp** Where the fuck are we?” Penny groggily came to, the latent carbonation in her stomach making an exit.

“On the way to the resort, egghead.” Vivian replied.

“I know that, ya greaseball. How close?” Penny rubbed her head as she got back to her seat.

“Up in the mountains.” Vivian answered, looking up the road to see who all was arriving.

## ***Rgrgr***

“Oh fuck.” Penny cried, clutching her stomach.

“You better not puke in my car!” Vivian shouted, looking back at the beer balloon.

“**Nngg** No. It's worse. I really need to pee!” Penny shouted, crossing her legs.

“Hold it in! We're almost there!” Vivian stepped on the pedal.

“You better drive fast, or I'm gonna ruin this backseat!” Penny shouted.

The car squealed down the road, tires skidding across icy patches. The bumps sent the shocks reeling as both girls struggled to stay upright. They nearly ran Terry's Bentley off the road as they grazed the mountainside. Sparks grinding from the exterior skid as they slid into place. Snow flew up in a flurry as they parked in front of a snow bank; the door slammed open as Penny tumbled out.

“Oh shit ohshitohshit. Get me some paper!” She shouted before disappearing behind the snowbank.

“You're gonna have to wait a second. Need to make sure the engine's not shot.” Vivian hollered back. Side-eyeing the Bentley as it pulled up the hill.

---

The third of the girls picked was also the last found, a kind of downhome sweetheart. Born and raised in the sticks a good twenty miles from Ambrosia. Darcy was a tall tan-skinned girl accustomed to the hard farm life. But one day she met a man, a man there to arrest her brother. Deputy Grant had pulled up to the farm to bring her brother in. The dimwit had driven into town and caused some drunken hijinks. Knocked over a light pole, that kinda thing. But when Grant laid eyes on Darcy, well, things changed.

With some sly winks and the right bends, Darcy was able to make Grant forget all about those charges. The two hit it off after a night of passion as well. The subject of the trip came up, a homely little vacation spot up in the mountains. Darcy never had the chance to visit such an exclusive resort. With a little bit of arm twisting, she was convinced, and the two were on the road, Grant's Crown Vic tanking its way up the roads.

“So what's the plan when we get there?” Grant asked, turning to admire Darcy.

“Well. They got a nice buffet and my stomach's grumblin.” Darcy commented.

“When isn’t it?” Grant joked.

“Hey. Farm life’s tough, and besides, last time I ate was at sun up.” Darcy laughed, slapping Grant’s back.

“Hey careful. Don’t wanna send us off the mountain. Besides, nobody told you to wake up early.” Grant joked.

“An’ nobody told you to wake up late sleeping beauty.” Darcy snapped back, flipping the resort brochure over.

“Eight in the morning is not late. It’s a perfectly normal time.” Grant had his work cut out for him.

“Sure sure. Hey. They got a sauna here too.” Darcy switched topics as they came around the bend.

Grant’s mind was on the next month and everything it would lead to. Thinking about Darcy all big and bloated was definitely getting his motor going. But he had to keep it under wraps. Let something slip and it could spoil the whole fun. He remembered the drummed up charges his dad made. The town had zeroed in on Darcy ages ago. But needed the right time and place to make her take the center stage.

“Better be careful in that sauna. Don’t need you shriveling up.” Grant joked.

“Where are you at, space cadet? I said that like five minutes ago.” Darcy smirked.

“Mind’s just wandering. Thinkin about things.” Grant hoped this response would cover his tracks.

“Oh, yeah? Like what?” Darcy pressed, hugging his arm.

“Oh you know. About ... how there’s a fight happening...at the resort?” Grant was having trouble forming words as the scene at the end of the road unfolded.

---

“What in the hell are you doing? Are you pissing outside?” Laura tramped across the yard, kicking up snow as she stormed towards the bank.

“Look, bitch. There was half a keg in me. It was either here or ruin the card.” Penny’s red hair peeked from over the snow embankment.

“You were drinking? What kind of barfly drinks while she’s pregnant?” Laura retorted, staring Penny dead in the eyes, trying to ignore the rising steam from Penny’s side of the snow.

“**Nngg.** I’ll have you know. I’m no barfly; I’m summa cum laude at Harrington. And secondly, do I look pregnant to you?” Penny shouted back, standing upright.

Her body was shaking and jostling as she adjusted her clothing. Before prancing out thin as a rail, looking like she just spent a weekend with Jenny Craig.

“What the hell?! You looked like a balloon.” Laura stood aghast.

“That was all beer, babay.” Penny gloated, wiggling her hips in triumph as she walked back towards Vivian.

While the explosive pair argued, Vivian was having a chat with Terry. The conversation seemed to be fairly familiar. Their body language was at ease, lacking the awkwardness of a first-time meeting. But Laura and Penny were too wrapped up in their fight to notice. The moment Vivian heard Penny leave the snowbank, the duo changed their tone. Moving to more banal conversation.

“That’s pretty weird. Thought this resort was pretty deserted.” Vivian stated to Terry.

“Oh yeah. Normally it’s pretty clear. Strange that we both got a spot on the same day.” Terry replied, taking Vivian’s cue.

“If you expect me to share my getaway with that wretched slob, you obviously don’t know me.” Laura huffed, marching her way towards the lodge.

“Wait. My love. We still need to get your stuff.” Terry gave Vivian a nod before chasing after Laura.

As the whole scene played out, the Crown Vic rolled into the drive, engine chugging steadily as it came to a stop. The snow crunching under the tires as the engine died down. Darcy making her way out of the vehicle, shouting with all the manners of a girl born in a barn.

“What in heck was that all about?” Darcy approached Vivian and Penny.

“Just a little run in with a diva. Nothin’ to worry about.” Vivian answered.

“The woman acts like she’s never been out roughing it.” Penny replied, still fiddling with her belt buckle.

While Darcy was conversing, Grant was busy collecting the bags from the back. Stealthily fishing out his phone under trunk cover. Scrolling through his contacts until he found Terry.

*Looks like the gang's all here. Everything inside prepped?*

*Yeah. Bit of commotion, but I think I can get things calmed down. Make sure to meet me in the kitchen. We have something to discuss?*

*Can do boss. Let me get situated.*

“Graaant! Get a move on! I’m starvin’!” Darcy shouted again, throwing her whole body into the yell.

“I’m comin’. I’m comin’.” Grant replied.

Grant slammed the car shut as he followed along; all cars stopped in a row. Their owners abandoning them for a month of indulgence and pampering. The small town of Ambrosia sat shadowed by the mountain. The lodge sits in an odd twilight glow. Ill-fitting for the time of day. The gray light shadowing its rustic exterior. Log roofing caked in snow. Stone walls dotted with blue windows that seemed shrouded by something. Nobody took any notice though. Those in the know needn’t worry, and those out of the know were too wrapped up in their vacation.

---

The inside of the resort was cozy, wood furniture, and tacky veneer walls. Decorated with stuffed deer and rugged fireplaces. The whole thing screamed of hunting lodge. The low lighting gave it an inviting atmosphere as the pairs went off to their rooms. All unpacking and unwinding from the long trip.

“Man. I am hungry. You mind if I hit up the buffet? See what they got?” Darcy asked, body collapsed on the plush bed.

“Go ahead. I’ll catch up after I unpack.” Grant reassured her.

The woman left her room, traipsing down the wooden steps with happy abandon; carefree and hungry was the perfect way to start off the vacation. The peace was short-lived, as there was already a commotion downstairs.

“Oh, there’s no way in hell I’m eating in the same room as you.” The voice of Laura echoed through the halls.

Darcy's sister's sense was tingling; there was a fight brewing that needed her intervention. Her many years with a close-knit and plentiful family gave her a lot of experience. Fights at the dinner table weren't exactly an uncommon thing. And the only way to stop two angry people was food. Darcy's entrance was overshadowed by Laura.

looming over the table. Staring daggers into her dinner mate Penny. Penny lounging back in the booth, smugly looking back at her. A drumstick held between her thumb and forefinger.

"Well. You can always move to a different table." Penny chuckled.

"Why would I do that? My purse was already here; you just snuck in." Laura retorted.

"That's on you, your bag can't eat, so it can't hold a table." Penny smirked.

"Oh you uppity litl..*mphfjfh*" Laura found a roll shoved in her mouth before she could finish that thought.

Penny was about to laugh before she found a serving of cornbread in her open mouth. Darcy gave both the girls a stern look as she took her seat. A plate piled high with various high-calorie indulgences.

"Look, ladies. I think things got off on the wrong foot. We don't even know each other's names, and one of ya'll is ready to gut the other." Darcy eyed Laura with that remark. "So since we're gonna be staying together. How about we start things on the right foot?" As she finished she crossed both hands, outstretching them to the girls. "Hi. I'm Darcy Mae, and I work a farm. Nice to meet you."

Laura looked at the hand with some caution, almost inspecting the hand for dirt. Chewing the rest of the roll. The buttery bouquet of carbs sent her senses alight and dulled her previous inhibitions.

"Good to meet you, Darcy. I am Laura Becerra, and I am a fashion model." Laura grabbed her hand and shook it, hand held firm in Darcy's vice grip.

"And I'm Penny, dean's list at Harrington. Nice to meet you Darcy." Penny took Darcy's hand before stretching another to Laura.

Laura looked disgusted at Penny's hand, like it was covered in filth or muck. But a stern look from Darcy encouraged her to put that behind her. Laura took Penny's hand and shook.

"Good. And since we've broken bread and exchanged names and ain't sayin grace. Let's dig in!" Darcy exclaimed.

“Don’t have to tell me twice; I’m starving.” Penny exclaimed.

The girls heartily dug into their meals; spare ribs, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy and fries. All vanishing into the trio’s filling stomachs. The food was amazing, the best thing they’d ever tasted. Every bite was bursting with newfound flavor and saltiness. They couldn’t control themselves; it was like their first bite was every bite. They cleared their plates and ran back for more. Eating in an endless deluge of greasy foods. Plates piling high around them until the girls could stomach no more. Lying in slovenly degeneracy. Lightly picking at their foods as they leant back. The drive to consume trying to override their sense of fullness.

“Oh god that was good. Holy fuck.” Penny said with a weary smile.

The girl’s gut had ballooned considerably since she first sat down. Her stomach looked like it did when she first rolled in. Gurgling and angry at the uncalled for influx of foods. Writhing with digestive action as her tight food baby brushed the table’s underside. A pale peach of a stomach poking out from between her loose tee and gym shorts.

“I must say. I balked at the spread at first. But this is gourmet.” Laura tried to conceal her bulging belly.

Her hands pulled down the hem of her tracksuit every few seconds as she spoke. Her stomach poked out from underneath against her wishes. A caramel-colored band dividing the top and bottom of her suit. Her stomach visibly quivered under the abuse it had just endured. She’d never eaten that much in her life, and it showed. Stretch marks were already forming around the fringes of her belly. Tiny divots that gave away her low capacity.

“Gawd that was delish. Think if I ate any more I’d bust.” Darcy said, leaning back in her booth.

The button of her jeans had popped to make room for the underside of her belly. Tight and tan, it looked like her life was spent impersonating a blimp instead of being a farmhand. The tight orb writhing in unison with the other girl’s. The glorps and gurgles of stomach acid working its way through a meal. But the girl’s peaceful digestion was disrupted by a rather rude noise.

***Ppffffffttt***

Penny had lifted her leg, a fart trumpeting out as her stomach slacked. The tight orb gained some give as it deflated.

“Damn, that felt good.” Penny exclaimed.

“What a pig.” Laura moaned, only to be cut off by her own ass.

***Pbbbbbbtttttt***

A low trumpeting fart shook the booth the trio sat in, garnering a smirk from Penny as Laura shrunk in her seat.

“Well, if we’re all just lettin’ loose.” Darcy joked.

***Fffppppt***

A high-pitched fart hissed out of her cheeks as her stomach deflated as well.

***Grlll***

With the sudden absence of gas, the girls felt a renewed hunger. Like they had made room for another round of plates. With hunger driving their minds, they rose up. A single-minded pursuit of fullness they could never achieve. The girls scarfed their plates down standing at the buffet. Bellies sagging lower and lower as the heavy food weighed them down. Their food babies gave way to food triplets. Bellies jutting off their bodies like pregnant parodies. A facsimile of maternity instead of the real thing. The girls gluttoned themselves on corn cobs, taking to the tray like a swarm of locusts. Picking every cob and kernel until the weight was too much. The girls buckled under their swollen stomachs.

---

Terry swirled his glass in admiration, looking through the two-way mirror onto this year’s balloons. It was like being at a zoo, or some profane experiment. Watching your carefully set up dominoes topple over in grand spectacle. He took a hearty sip as the doors behind him opened up.

“You really picked a good batch this year, Terry.” Vivian bragged, barging her way into the kitchen.

“It wasn’t just me. We all did our parts. All I did was get some locations.” Terry replied, gesturing his drink towards Vivian.

“You’re right. And yeah, I need a drink after that parking lot debacle.” Vivian exclaimed, rifling through the cabinet.

“Don’t bother. Already made one for you and Grant. Unless you don’t drink sidecars anymore. Then I made one for Grant.” Terry joked.

“I don’t think I’ve given ‘em up just yet.” Vivian grinned, sipping her drink.

While the two conversed, Grant snuck his way through the doors. Hands wringing in anticipation of the blimps. The swollen bellies that awaited him.

“So. How are they doin?” Grant stammered, eyeing the glass.

“Come see for yourself.” Terry answered.

As Grant hustled over, he was greeted by three of the most taut bellies he’d ever laid eyes on. Stuffed to the brim and rising halfway up to the buffet tables. All three girls lay in caloric torpor, bodies trying to deal with the large influx of food. Occasionally the room shook with their quaking farts as their bodies tried to process. Their stomachs constantly quaking and rumbling.

“Wowiie. They look twice as big as last year’s. You guys do something special to the formula?” Grant asked.

“We didn’t do anything. Those girls are just special.” Terry answered.

“Well, whatever it is. It’s worth celebrating. Speaking of celebrate, who taught you to bartend?” Vivian asked, downing the rest of her drink before shaking the empty glass. “Cuz I could use a refill.”

“Oh. It’s just a hobby of mine. Let me freshen that up for you.” Terry took the glass gingerly and went to the bar.

“You remembered to keep our food separate, right? Not really keen on becoming...well, that.” Vivian asked, pointing at Penny struggling to reach the top of the table from prone.

“Don’t worry. We’ve all got our separate stores. They’re marked so there’s no mix-ups.” Terry’s voice was interrupted by the clinking of glass as he rifled through the cabinet.

“Good. Cuz I’m getting pretty hungry. Oh, and can you make that drink a double? Feelin real thirsty.” Vivian replied.

“Sure thing. I’ll fill a stein.” Terry half joked.

Terry brought over a large refill of Vivian’s chosen cocktail along with a bowl of chips. The trio sat in relative silence. Admiring their handiwork as the girls continued to glut themselves. Or at least attempt to. After a couple hours it became an almost sisyphian task. Unable to move under their own weight they lay like beached whales. Half asleep and half awake. Barely able to move.

“Well, it’s about time we collect our balloons. Let them sleep off this whole hangover.” Terry interjected.

"Yeah. It looks like it." Vivian agreed, grabbing her stein, taking heavy gulps as she left.

### ***Grill***

Vivian's stomach growled, a hollow howl filled with hunger. The sound of a stomach that hadn't felt the release of food in years. Vivian looked down at her stomach in confusion. Hiking up her shirt to peer at her flat stomach. The taut abs quivering and shaking from hunger. Vivian sipped more of the drink as she closed the doors. She shrugged it off; it was probably because her last clean mirror was a blackout behind her. She moved her way to the buffet. Ready to collect her Penny.

"Weird. Never heard Vivian's stomach growl before." Grant blurred out.

"That's because it never has." Terry replied, a smirk running across his face. Moving his way over to the bar.

"You think she's sick?" Grant asked.

"Maybe. Maybe. But if she is, that's her problem." As Terry bent down, he packed up the drink.

The bottles clinked against each other, the glass creating a deafening ruckus. But Terry seemed not to care or notice. He was focused on the bottle of cognac he used for the sidecar. Eyeing it with trepidation before screwing the top back on and sliding it to the back. When in a row with the other drinks, it stood out like a sore thumb. The top was a midnight black, every other bottle was a gold top.

---

The task of taking the girls to their room was a herculean task. Between their food-laden bellies weighing as much as two men and their insistent and unrelenting pursuit of the buffet. It was like trying to wrestle cows in heat. The girls were completely unmanageable, despite all effort. They were soundly in their beds, ready and waiting for their next day of gluttony. The girls, so stuffed and full that the moment their asses hit cotton, they passed into the world of slumber. Each caretaker was roomed with their personal balloon.

Terry sat in his room, while his bloated princess lay in her bed, snoring up a storm. The soft amber lights dimmed and dampened. Tracksuit lay in a heap at the foot of the bed as she took up the entire thing.

Terry sat at the desk across from the bed, staring at his phone. Typing rapidly, messages and emails composed in a flash. Sent off to contacts in who knows where. The man was wholly disinterested in the events going on behind him. The only reminder of Laura's obnoxious

presence was her windbreaking. Gusts sputtering through her doughy cheeks that blew the curtains and ruffled Terry's hair. Looking back at Laura with a piercing gaze, he left the room. A laptop carried with him. Walking his way towards the lounge to get some work done. He smirked as he passed by the VIP kitchen. The muffled sounds of rustled wrappers and greedy chewing emanated from behind the door. Terry left the hall and retreated to the lounge.

Inside of the VIP kitchen was an awful sight, cabinets torn open. Discarded packages littered the ground, torn of their contents. Bags of snacks lay butterflied and empty. Nothing but the barest hints of grease and salt coating the silver foil. Candy wrappers, quick meals, the trail continued on. Like a perverted trail of rose petals. Weaving their way around the cabinets. The sound of a slamming plastic door and electric hum filled the air. A woman hunched over the microwave, tapping the counter anxiously. Her body doubled over as if in pain, voraciously chewing a protein bar. Her bloated stomach pressing into the countertop with every shift.

### ***Grill***

It was Vivian; her stomach howled like a starving wolf. A desperate and maddening growl, a being on the precipice of madness. Hands clasp at her sides as the mac n' cheese spun in the microwave. The food, ignorant of its inevitable fate, bubbling tauntingly. Vivian felt like she was losing it; she'd never felt so hungry in her life. But no matter what she did, nothing filled the void in her stomach. Every bite bloated her like a balloon, filling her body, but not her hunger. She couldn't understand it, couldn't figure out why it had happened. Her mind was so wracked with the urge to consume that she couldn't think. Every line of thought speed bumped by the image of mac n cheese. The microwave dinged and her every thought vanished. She was lost in the world of excess, almost forgoing a spoon as she shoveled bite after bite into her maw.

The orange glow of sunrise flooded through the lodge. Returning the place to its rosy nostalgic glow, but in those wee hours, Terry returned to his room. He once again heard the muffled sounds of chewing and sobbing. Vivian must be at her wits end, and this was time to play the knight on horseback. Terry adjusted his face, changing to a look of quiet concern. Gently opening the door, loosing the chaos of the room onto the world. The discarded foodstuffs made the room look like a bomb went off, and at the center of all that garbage was Vivian. Bloated to the point of pregnancy, stomach beet red as it rested on the cold tile.

"Oh my god. Vivian, what happened?" Terry put his laptop on the counter, rushing to the girl's side.

"I don't know. I just got so fucking hungry. Nothing seems to work." Vivian was crying, both from the hunger pains and the desperation.

"Hey. Hey. It's gonna be alright. I think I got something for this." Terry rifled through his pockets.

Vivian could barely focus; her mind was too set on her empty stomach. But her nose twitched, the scent of something pleasant wafting through the air. Earthy and sweet, something with oats. Looking over, Terry had an open package in his hand; the foil splayed like a blooming flower, and inside of it, an impossibly dense protein bar. The thing looked more like stone than food. The surface was smooth and glossy. It glistened in the light. But the aroma, it was food, some kind of food.

“Here, it’s a protein bar and appetite suppressant. It should help ease the hunger pangs.” Terry said, offering the bar.

Vivian wordlessly took the bar, eyeing it over. Something in the back of her mind told her not to eat it. Some mysterious nagging feeling, the kind you get when near a live generator. The hairs on her neck stood on end. Shivers ran down her spine, tracing all the way to her tailbone. But the feeling and fear was miniscule when compared to her hunger. Her hands shook as she took the first bite, it was splendid. Like cake batter, she scarfed the whole thing down before Terry could blink. Her pain was gone, her body finally at ease, but something was wrong; her mind felt heavy. Like she was lost in the fog.

“What was in that?” Vivian said woozily, her legs wobbling as she rose.

“Oh nothing much. Just the second piece.” Terry said with a grin.

“Second piece to what?” Vivian said groggily.

“The appetite stimulant.” Terry replied.

Vivian’s heart dropped, her body tensing at the mention. But she couldn’t muster any effort; her body and mind moved like they were sedated. Her mind slipped as it filled with images of food.

“What?” Was the only word her lips could form.

“You see. After our little conversation about getting Penny out of this ritual. I made what you call an executive decision.” Terry’s voice quieted as he spoke plainly.

“Am... I’m taking her place?” Vivian asked.

“Oh no. She’s far too good a balloon. No, you’ll both be exploding. Together in oblivion.” Terry continued, looking at Vivian’s confused expression. “You seem surprised. Well. After our talk I realized you were going soft. Even if you relented on Penny and let her blow. What about next year, or the next? It’s just too risky.”

“But. My family. We’ve worked for you for years.” Vivian tried her best to muster some response, but she was losing herself.

“I know. Which is why this hurts me so much.” Terry sneered. “But. How about you sleep that off and join us for lunch? You’ll find things much more pleasant when you wake up.”

With that, Terry left her to digest in peace, her will fading as she nodded off. Mind drifting with thoughts of pancakes and Penny. Penny. Penny.

---

The following days were a whirlwind of gluttony and indulgence. The lodge seemed to have a near-endless supply of food. Which was perfect for the new quartet of gluttons. In the week all the girls had blown up exponentially. Their stomachs were assaulted with carbs and fat at all times of day. The only times they weren’t eating was when they were sleeping, and even that time of day was becoming less safe from gluttonous outbursts. An outbreak of sleep-eating had taken hold in the four girls. And it was starting to put a strain on things. The winter snow slowed down supply chains to the lodge.

So today they started the next step of their pampering, a special luxury service. The entire show room of the lodge had been reserved and cordoned off into sections. Each one big enough to hold a bus, specially made massage tables were rolled into each one. Big enough to fit a bear and then some. One would think it was overkill, excessive and completely unnecessary. But when those same words described the recipients of the massage, well you can imagine. The first of the girls entered their personal massage parlour. Always the most up and attem, it was Darcy.

In her time at the resort the girl had bloated up to fantastic proportions. The girl’s stomach made its entrance before she ever did. Stomach like a small barge guiding the tiny body in tow. Her stomach was tight, taller than herself by a few heads. It plowed across the floor like some mighty glacier. Every step sending it rippling like the surface of a lake. Perched atop of it were near-spherical breasts barely contained by what must have been a bedsheet. They looked like a pair of beach balls with how bloated and tight they were. Filled to the brim with loose fat. And then came her ass, trailing behind her, but no less spectacular. A pair of yoga balls on sticks. Wobbling and jostling with every step. Tight and firm, yet soft and supple, they lay in defiance of modern science.

Darcy took her time getting settled in, making small talk with the masseuses and learning about them. In contrast, though, you had Laura. She walked in like she owned the place. Ordering her caretakers like they were soldiers. Directing them on what part of her precious body to care for first, and there was a lot of body to care for. While her stomach retained a relatively minor bloat. The rest of her body looked like a beached whale. Her hips flared out past her shoulders. Breasts jiggling in front of her like cannons on a ship, and her ass, it was an ocean. A vast expanse of wobbling flesh that could no longer be contained. It would take a

whole crew to give it the proper care it needed. She didn't even bother getting settled. Instead, forcing the massage team to bring her to the table.

While Laura acted the princess, Penny and Vivian acted the fool. The pair squeezed themselves in as a duo. Smothered in each other's bloated balloons, lost in the pleasure of the other. Vivian grinding against Penny's bloated tum. Penny burying her head in Vivian's distended cleavage. The expanded couple couldn't be separated. They slept together, they ate together and they fucked together. And well, it looks like they would be getting massages together.

All the teams got to work; the monumental effort of dealing with such balls of flesh was draining. Massive bodies that undulated under every press, shifting and writhing. Full of gas and fat, their asses shaking the ground with each trumpeting fart. Dealing with the girls was like working around your own natural disaster. Darcy was awkward and too evenly big. Laura's ass would routinely devour people and require a rescue team. Penny and Viivan could suck you in. It was all just overwhelming. And added difficulty was brought on by the feasts. Their specially made lunch, mountains of food that each girl imbibed.

Morsels noisily crunching and gnashing, bodies expanding before their very eyes. A never-ending parade of trays being shuttled in. The girls ate and expanded until the massagers were pressed into the walls. Trapped against the makeshift parlours until the girls broke free. Blimps of gas, food and fat; they ate and ate. Removing them from the showroom was impossible at this point. So instead they were just fed there for the day. Left to grow and expand without restraints. A hedonistic cycle that continued into the coming week and beyond.

The girls bloated to massive sizes as New Year's closed in. Everything that was the girls' was lost, dissolved into a puddle of gluttony and relaxation. Despite her best efforts, Vivian couldn't break free of the spell the food had on her. She knew how the additive worked. But she lacked the force of will to break free, and instead gave in; freedom was a pale shadow in the light of consumption. She indulged with her lady love to the month's end. As the sun rose on the eve of their detonation. The preparations were set, and the girls were primed. Their bodies were enormous, massive enough that moving them seemed impossible.

"Why are we out here in the snow? It's freeIng." Laura complained, dragging her enormous body through the fresh powder.

"There's no way you're cold. Not with all that blubber." Vivian joked.

"Blubber? Please, I'm a delicate flower." Laura was aghast.

"Delicate whale's more like it. Here, how about I warm things up for you." Penny responded, clenching her fists, spreading her legs as she stuck out her ass as best she could.

***Pffffffttt***

Her gigantic cheeks shook as the gale force of gas broke from between them. The expulsion was hot and powerful, blasting the snow behind her. Leaving only puddles of cold water and grassy ground behind her.

“Good one, Penny. But where're those trucks? Grant said we were gonna be part of a parade?” Darcy asked, having to turn her enormous body to even see the road.

On cue the motorcade pulled around the bend, three open-top semi-trailers pulling in. Their beds opened with an enormous plush chair stationed in the center. A throne big enough to seat a whale and just big enough to fit each of the girls.

“Alright, ladies. Get on. The town’s awaitin’.” Grant shouted from his truck.

“That’s right my dear. Wouldn’t want to miss your special day.” Terry added in, piloting his own chariot.

Grant couldn’t take his eyes off the balloons in front of him. Darcy’s body towered over the truck; you could barely see her torso. Her body was crammed between a giant tight gut that pressed her boulderous breasts into her face. Her every movement caused a gurgle and a jostle. Her tanned skin taking on a slight reddish hue, an indicator of strain. She and the other girls were ripe and ready to burst. Grant licked his lips as he revved up the engines. With the girls secured, the convoy made their precarious trip down the mountains. Their gurgling bodies drowned out the sound of the engines. Gassy expulsions acting as signal horns. Farts so loud and bassy that the mountains themselves shook.

“Damn, those girls really went at it. Thought they’d bust before they got to town.” Grant stated over the radio.

“As long as we were following protocol, they wouldn’t. Unless you were overfeeding them.” Terry’s tone was dry and accusatory.

“Can’t say I was. Still can’t believe you roped Viv into this.” Grant sighed, taking a sharp turn down the mountain.

“It’s what she gets for trying to put herself in front of the town. Same thing her great-grandma did.” Terry answered. His eyes strayed back to the enormous blimps strapped to the back of the leader truck.

“Yeah. Real shame. But she’s gonna make a good bang tonight.” Grant chuckled to himself as they approached the town.

“Keep it in your pants. We’ve got a town to greet.” Terry jabbed, pulsing the brakes as they approached the edge of town.

## ***Pffffffttttttbbttt***

Laura's rumbling fart acted as a signal that the festivities had arrived. Each girl had seemingly grown on the trip down. Teetering above the town, their bodies tightly packed into sequined dresses. The light reflecting off of them speckled the ground like a prism. The balloons had arrived.

"Guys Gals, and nonbinary pals. I am so glad you could join us for the christening of this year's balloons." Terry approached Laura's side, placing a hand on her overblown flank. "With their arrival it's time we get ready to ring in the new year. And what better way than a feast!"

With that exclamation Terry jumped off the truck bed, moving out of the way as the movers swarmed them. An army of burly men gathered under the girls' thrones. Each man was built by a life of hard labor, their faces reddening as they grasped the thrones. With great effort they hoisted the girls off the truck beds. Their enormous bodies swayed with every step, wrecking balls that threatened to crush any in their way. The townsfolk were following them like lemmings, marveling at the sheer size of the girls. Their bodies heaving with every breath, expanding and deflating with every gastric process. It was like their stomachs and assets had taken on a life of their own. Hungering beasts, insatiable and terrible.

The festival coordinators, though, had other things on their mind. They poked and prodded the enormous girls. Testing their tautness, measuring their size. Stethoscopes brought to their bubbling cauldrons that they called bellies. All in an effort to measure how much would be needed to bring them airborne.

"This is amazing. It feels like I'm a princess." Laura giggled to herself.

"Not just a princess. It's like we're the prize cows at the fair. Let's hope they don't stick a ribbon on us." Darcy joked, patting what little of her stomach she could reach.

"Well they better not try and take this cow. She's mine." Vivian gloated, her voice low and velvety as she leant back.

She stroked Penny's cheek before leaning back to plant a kiss. Their couple were too large to be sat anywhere but back to back. Not that they minded; it just led to some creative kissing and some enjoying the other's fumes.

"Biggest fucking cow there is." Penny gloated, returning Vivian's affection.

Their lovemaking put to a halt as the thrones were sat in the middle of town. Enormous buffet tables stationed around each one. Mountains of food, piled higher than the surrounding houses. Steaming in the cool afternoon air as the scent drifted towards the collection of assets.

Having all this food fresh and ready would have been an impossible task. And yet, there they stood, ready and waiting to be eaten.

## ***Grlllll***

The town quaked with the sound of the girl's grumbling stomachs. Their smooth surfaces rippled at the promise of more.

"Finally! A feast worthy of ***mmpphh***." Before Laura could finish her boast, a serving spoon of macaroni and cheese was shoved into her maw.

While the girls balked, the townspeople had already lined up. Orderly rows of people stationed in ranks from the food mountain to the belly mountains. Each one ready to pass on the next dish as the previous emptied. It was a mechanical process, highly regimented and efficient. Not a movement lost, as food was shoveled into the girl's mouths. A deluge of fatty, salty foods piling inside of them. Dropping into their cavernous stomachs with an audible splash. Every bite expanding them that little bit further. Bloating them upward and outward, steadily growing. There was something different about this food; it was rich on an entirely new level. It was creamy and salty, bursting with butter, and the new additions weren't settling well with the girls.

## ***Pffffffttt***

A raucous, billowing eruption of gas broke past the girl's cheeks. Shaking the stage beneath them, the trumpeting blast lasted for what felt like minutes. But there was no sense of relief or deflation; the girl's bellies seemed to grow. Stomachs churning and bubbling under the mountain food. It sounded like a boiling cauldron. Frothing and popping with every new bite. Food audibly splashing into the mush contained in their guts. Bellies rising high into the air, towering over the cars parked alongside. Their bodies grew as the mountains of food shrank.

"I ***mmpph*** think ***snofm*** the food ***ouurp*** isn't ***munch*** settling." Darcy could barely get a word out.

Every time they opened their mouths, they found another spoonful shoved into them. Something felt off; the whole scenario seemed amiss. Why would a town prepare a feast for four girls they barely knew? Darcy wanted to stop eating, to take a second to think. But she'd trained her body well over the previous months. Whenever food was presented, she ate. The moment the smell hit her nostrils, she had already swallowed.

## ***Grnnnn***

The feeders took this as a signal; those not occupied with feeding the bloated blimps used their free hands. Exploring every nook and cranny of the meat mountains, hands reaching into the crevasse they called cleavage. Feeling the tightening flesh as it expanded around them,

the sweat-slick rubbery surfaces. Darcy could feel a particularly eager set of hands reaching deep inside her hefty cooch. Hand thrusting in and out, juices splashing out of her nethers as the hands had their way. Darcy bit her lip as she reached the precipice of climax, body quaking, gas churning and juices frothing. She ached with pleasure, body wracked in climax as she convulsed. Nearly bucking her feeders off their perch as her colossal body writhed, shaking in pleasure as she climaxed.

Laura wasn't having it much easier; the townsfolk had taken to slapping her massive ass, flesh rippling with every smack. Her dress hiked up over her mountainous cheeks, kneading and gripping her ample cheeks. Some diving in, letting the expansive flesh smother them before the gale force farts blew them away.

"What a bloated pig. Look how fat she's gotten." One girl mocked Laura as she tried to grab some of her stomach.

"She's as big as a barn. Ready to bust at any second. But she keeps on eating. Fat pig." The other girl taunted.

As the girls were assaulted from all angles, the procession of food never ceased. Whenever they resisted, they felt the powerful grip of a hundred hands. Pinching and prying their maws open. Forcing them to take another spoonful.

***GRLLL***

The quartet's stomachs growled in unison, writhing under the constant influx. Their growth having halted, teetering somewhere over the banners of the festival. But the feeding continued, the food and gas running out of places to settle as their bodies pulsed. Until a release valve was pulled, something in their bodies shifted. Their asses and breasts began to grow. Making up for the shortcomings of the stomach. The feeding continued until the sun hung low. The shadow of night washed over the town, and the mountains had nearly vanished.

***Pfffffftttttt***

The girl's gas was nonstop at this point, a constant venting of farts. The air around them becoming stagnant with the lingering methane. They couldn't think; they could barely speak. They had become mountains, towering over the buildings and houses. Hot air balloons of gas and food that were ready for takeoff. They just needed that little extra push.

"Oof. ***Pfffffft*** you ***ooouurrrp*** still with me ***goooooouurrrp***girls?" Darcy could barely speak, interrupted at every step by her own eruptions.

None of them answered; Laura was in a daze, barely able to open her eyes. The energy her body was using left her fatigued. Penny and Vivian didn't answer either. They were too busy trying to hold together. Eyes scrunched and teeth clenched in effort.

"Ladies and gentleman. With the sun down and the new year approaching. It's time we start the fireworks. I think bombs this big it's gonna take some work to get them going." Terry climbed atop the teetering stage.

His grandstand earned applause as he held up four bright candies in his hands. Bright red, blue, green and yellow. He circles the blimps, pondering on which one to light first. Until he settled on Laura, the spoiled princess who wouldn't give him peace. He crawled between the mountains of flesh she called a body. Squishing against quaking flesh until he found her mouth. Yellow candy held high, he pushed it through her pursed lips. The effect was immediate. As soon as the candy entered her stomach, her body shot out in every direction. Belly falling off the edge of the stage, breasts jutting upward like hot air balloons and her ass became hilltops. Gas tore past her cheeks in a continuous gale. Only increasing in ferocity as it turned gold, laced with whatever was in the candy. The force was so great that it fought against her enormous bulk. Sending her slowly skyward.

Terry did the same with the other girls, forcing the candy into each of their mouths. Letting their bodies bloat and expand. Turgid pulsing bombs of gas and food moving ever skyward. Their farts becoming a symphony to signal the night's finale. Their takeoff took nearly an hour, the inky skyline dotted with stars. The town below was shrinking as the girls reached their peak height and size. They were practically celestial bodies. Landmarks in the night sky. But everything has a limit, and Laura was the first to reach hers.

***Grllll***

A horrid growl shook the night sky. Rippling through the air like thunder. Laura's body was glowing yellow, gas pouring out from both ends. The stream from her mouth threatened to tear her apart with the force. Her ascension stabilized, her body throbbed. She pulsed, once, twice, before a final.

***Blaaaam***

Her body was torn apart in a fantastic rain of golden sparks. Showering down like a waterfall.

***Grnnnn***

Penny's bloated form creaked like an old ship, her heavy belly pulsing under the heat of the explosion. Throbbing in and out, only held back by the grip of her love Vivian.

## ***Ooouuuurrrrrp***

Her belches shook the night sky; she could feel it, she was about to go. Skin tearing as green sparks poured from her hide. But then, Vivian grabbed her, struggling against her belch. Placing a final kiss on the lips before her own gas erupted. In an odd exchange the girls flooded each other with their own fumes. Pulsing a final time as their turgid stomachs ripped open.

## ***Crackbaam***

They two erupted into a Saturn ring of blue and green. Sparks mingled with each other and formed a single color as they dissipated.

## ***Pffbbbbbbbt***

This left Darcy; her size didn't seem to stop, her body expanding at all times. Gas filling her every inch, ass billowing out behind her and blocking out the moonlight. Breasts hanging in the sky like blimps, nipples twitching as the gas fought to escape. Her belly dwarfing any known blimp as its once tan surface turned red. Pulsing with her every shallow breath. Throbbing with unspent pressure as her farts sent her higher into the sky. And then she felt it, the knocking against the throat. The insurmountable belch that broke through her lips and pushed her down. She could feel it, the finale was coming. But she wanted it on her terms. With a final muster of strength, Darcy shut her mouth and clenched her asshole. Body bulging out before she too erupted.

## ***Kablaaaam***

The entire night sky glowed red with the light from her explosion. Painting the countryside with her body as the sparks flew out.

The crowd below were delighted by the show and the ensuing rain. Blood and viscera splattering down like rainfall. Bits of the girls littering the land, some were lucky enough to find intact bits on their house. One man found a nipple; another woman found the remnants of Laura's colossal ass. Any bits not found were left to fertilize the fields. The plans and preparations for next year were already underway as the girls faded from memory.

---

I hope you enjoyed this little romp, it was a bit of a beast to put together and get properly edited. If you liked it, leave a review or if you want to see more, check out my patreon <https://www.patreon.com/c/senorpapel>